

Hebi sat there cross legged in the middle of the courtyard contemplating something. As he was deep in a train of thought he didn't notice Mizuki walking up to him and trying to get his attention,

"Hello? Hebi? Are you still there? Yoo-hoo?" She waved a hand in front of his face. Hebi let out one more deep breath and came back from his state of meditation. Unfortunately a bit too late, "HELLO!?" Mizuki scared the living daylight out of the poor man. He immediately got up and clocked her across the head with the bamboo stick he had.

"Ow! What was that for!?" Mizuki yelled angry,

"Don't yell in the ear of a man as old as me! You nearly gave me a heart attack! What do you want?" Hebi asked calming down,

"I just want to know; has that man gotten any information out of that Akronian yet?" She asked. Hebi only sighed and shook his head,

"No; he hasn't. Why don't you go and take a little break?" He suggested,

"What do you mean by break?" Mizuki asked,

"Go somewhere nice and relax. You've recently become incredibly stressed and you need some time to unwind." He explained,

"Well where do you think I should go?" Mizuki said,

"How about a club? You've always said you wanted to visit one." Hebi suggested once more,

"I'm not sure about leaving Fritz here all by herself though." Mizuki voiced her concerns,

"I wouldn't worry about her. She's in good hands with the medicine guru." Hebi reassured her.

"Okay then; I'll go check one out." Mizuki agreed.

Later that night Mizuki walked out into the courtyard wearing a new scarf that was blue and parts of pink that resembled cherry blossoms. She still carried the swords with her for self-defense reasons.

"Are you ready?" Hebi asked her,

"More than ever." Mizuki responded,

"You have the phone I gave you?" Hebi asked,

"Right here." Mizuki said showing it to him,

"Alright then. Enjoy yourself." Hebi opened up another portal and led Mizuki through.

"Be sure you come back in one piece please!" He called out to her just before she completely teleported through. As she opened her eyes a club came into sight; the night club scene looked incredibly active with tons of Akronians hanging outside. Though they didn't seem like the kind of people who would be into this scene around here. Mizuki just walked past them trying not to make eye contact with any of them. At the entrance a bouncer stood guarding the front.

"Mizuki?" He asked. She only nodded in response. The men outside looked at her upon hearing the name uttered.

"Come on in." He gestured her to enter.

"You think that's the girl?" A thug wearing a football helmet and shoulder pads asked,

"Think so. Though we need to be patient and wait for the perfect time to strike..." Another thug wearing a biker helmet, goggles, vest, and pants along with a bandana covering his face said.

Inside the club Mizuki could see feel it to be a lot friendlier than outside. Most of the Akronians in the club had those afros on that could protect them from head trauma; personally Mizuki found quite ridiculous looking but that was just her. They were wearing those stylish glasses and clothes that “humans” wore during the “disco” era.

“Just more proof that we take after the creatures we conquered over many years ago...” Mizuki mumbled to herself. She always had to wonder what few civilizations still remained standing even after many years of relentless assault from the Akronians since they first began their quest for world domination. She walked up to the bartender who was cleaning out a glass,

“What would you like tonight miss?” He asked her,

“Hmm... could I have a chilled metal please?” Mizuki replied,

“Right away.” She pulled out the Akronian’s form of currency: nuts and bolts. Nuts were like cents while bolts were like dollars. She produced five bolts from her purse and handed them over to the barkeep.

“Here we go.” He handed her a drink that had the appearance of liquid chrome.

“Thank you.” She nodded her head before walking to a table to have her drink.

After a while of sitting and sipping away through her entry point (where her navel would be) Mizuki felt a buzzing on her phone. She took it out and noticed she had a new message. She opened it up to read what it had to say,

“Listen. I don’t have much time I have to talk to you.” Confused Mizuki texted,

“Who are you?” Instead she was greeted with this text,

“They’ve got the place surrounded. They want those items of yours and the bounty on your head. You’re going to have to fight your way out.” Mizuki irritated texted the sender,

“That doesn’t answer my question. Who’s got the place surrounded?” Quickly her phone buzzed with another notification,

“My identity doesn’t matter; just watch yourself! It looks like those clubbers have brought more than just some money and their dance moves.” Mizuki looked up from her phone to see some of the clubbers begin to pull out what seemed to be brass knuckles and switchblades and one even pulled out a pair of Nunchucks; though it was hard to tell since it was so dark in the club. But one thing she couldn’t mistake was that some were approaching her with weapons in hand.

Quickly Mizuki drew hers and looked around her. She noticed that in a few mere minutes a huge fight had just broke out in the entire club. Akronians were throwing punches at each other, chucking bottles, and even some who had taken switchblades with them had already stabbed a few brawlers. Even the bartender and security were looking to get in on the action. Mizuki on the other hand only cared to get out of there as fast as possible; but that would be a bit of a problem seeing as there were quite a few guys who had set their sights on the female Akronian.

“Let’s get that son of a-!” One of them yelled before he was decapitated immediately by Mizuki’s blade. The rest approached her quickly and attempted to strike; none of them connected. They either had been blocked by her sword or missed Mizuki completely. She made quick work of the Akronians without afros but the ones with those hairstyle choices were much

harder to dispatch as Mizuki's sword would get entangled in them if her attempted swing was aiming for them. She was forced to aim low and strike them in their torso which was easier said than done as they seemed to be made out of a special material.

As she cut through another one when she looked at the barkeeper who stood there unmoved by the whole fight.

"Now that's just weir-" Mizuki was suddenly hit on the head by a pair Nunchucks that the barkeeper was keeping under the bar counter.

"REALLY!?" Mizuki screamed at him. He walked out from behind and confronted Mizuki in hand-to-hand. He swung once more only to have the Nunchucks chains cut by Mizuki. He began throwing punches; even when Mizuki impaled him through with the sword he still kept going.

"What does it take to kill you for good!?" She yelled at him,

"A lot more than just those few petty swings!" He yelled in response. She couldn't cut through his head thanks to an afro protecting his skull. She pulled her sword out of the afro and swung downwards managing to get his arm on the way down. Mizuki watched as the limb came clean off and fall to the ground. But the bartender still wasn't going down. Now growing annoyed with him Mizuki threw a slash on his kneecaps cutting them straight off. With quick reflexes the gynoid ran over to him and put a footless leg through his chest finally finishing him off.

As she pulled it out Mizuki could feel the Akronian's mechanisms brushing against her leg. When she managed to get it out she brushed off the pintoil,

"Eww! Why did I do that?" She asked herself. Before she could ponder that question any longer however she turned just in time to see a baseball bat coming right at her face. Mizuki was knocked right off her feet; and to add insult to injury she felt a cane go right into her stomach hard enough to knock the wind out of a human. She opened her eyes to see a pimp sending his foot down right on top of her face. Though Mizuki was quick enough to catch it and throw him across the club into another group fighting. When she got up she could see the owner of the baseball bat: the DJ. She watched the pimp quickly get up and approach her with fire in his eyes.

"How many people in this club want to kill me!?" Mizuki exclaimed. The duo's answer was a swing from their weapons that Mizuki both dodged. She unleashed a powerful slash from her sword that cut the two in half. With them done Mizuki looked around to see the current state of the club; and it sure wasn't pretty. Pintoil was painted in every corner of the club and across the dancefloor and body parts were aplenty. The worst part about it all was that this was pretty much a normal club fight for an average Akronian. When they started a fight, one should expect very few Akronians making it out of that alive.

Mizuki finished off the rest of the club-goers still fighting and prepared to leave until she heard a voice coming from the off-limits office. As she cracked the door open what she could see only repulsed her. It was the same general from the labs along with two more of those motocross looking soldiers. It seemed he was talking to the owner of the club,

"So do we have a deal Mr. Gregory?" He asked,

"Why of course we do..." An Akronian wearing a white suit with expensive jewelry on it and wearing a cowboy hat with wads of cash wedged between the one straps around it said, "Good. We'll pay you in full when you capture the girl and extract the program from her." The general said before turning around. When Mizuki got a closer look at his chest she became horrified; he wasn't just any general, he was an Akronian Military General. Mizuki quickly took out her phone and snapped a couple of pictures of him with Gregory.

'How could such a respected title and honor be used like this!? Not only did this man attack the labs I called home and kidnapped my mother even though we did nothing to hinder the Akronian's progress, but now he's dealing in some kind of shady business with people like him! Lady Oleria would never tolerate this kind of behavior! How has he not been stripped of his title yet!?' Mizuki was too caught up in her thought process to realize the door had been opened.

"So we have a little spy..." The general said,

"Lady would not approve of this-!" Mizuki started saying until she was forced duck to avoid a punch from the man,

"Enough of this! Gregory! Deal with her!" He yelled as Mizuki began to run away.

"My pleasure..." He replied pulling a golden katana off the wall and began to chase after the girl with his guards.

"As for us; we must vacate the premises immediately and report back to Lady Oleria. Let's move out men!" He said before taking leave to the roof of the building.

Back at the temple Hebi was meditating once more when Fritz had gotten up.

"Hello there Mr. Hebi! How are you!?" She called out to him.

"*Sigh* what is it would you like?" Hebi asked,

"I want to know. Could you drop me off where Mizuki went? I want to check up on her." She requested,

"Don't you think you need to rest just a little bit more?" Hebi asked before receiving a text from Mizuki herself.

"On second thought. You may go over there right now." He said after reading the text.

"What is it?" Fritz asked,

"Mizuki is in trouble. I'll send you there immediately." Hebi said opening a portal. Fritz didn't ask any more questions and went through.

Over at the club Mizuki was avoiding Gregory at every step she could as whenever she attempted to swing at him he would barely take any damage from it and his guards were making this a nightmare. As she landed on the dancefloor she suddenly felt herself slip on a puddle of pintoil. As she tried to get up she was pinned down by the guards with their tough grips. She could only watch in agony as the man walked up to her holding a flash drive meant to drain Akronians of their memories and important programs.

"Lift up her scarf." He ordered one of them. One of them took the scarf and pulled it down to reveal the Headband of Invincibility.

"Well I just struck lucky today. The very woman I'm lookin' for is right here in my own club. Now hold still sweetie; this'll only hurt a bit." He said before opening a drive point in Mizuki's

headphone shaped ear unit and inserting the flash drive into it. She could feel herself having the energy drained from her; she felt tired, powerless, and unable to do anything as she was at the mercy of this Akronian.

"You'll make a very fine servant for the Lady once this is-!" Gregory began to say until he was knocked clean out by a bar stool being decked across the back of his head. Mizuki could barely feel the flash drive being ripped out of her head thus interrupting the process and forcing her to go into a restart process.

"You will never treat my friend like that. EVER." A stern voice with a heavy German accent said.

"F-Fritzi..." Was all Mizuki could utter before going into restart.

"You can't tell me what to do missy. You in the lion's den now. Guards! Get her while I get that program out of Ms. Mizuki over there..." He said. The two guards charged at Fritzi in full force. The first one swung a right hook at her only to have it dodged. The second grabbed Fritzi hugging her with all his might; though within a few moments he was forced to let go. The Akronian combat unit had used her jagged jaw unit to bite the guard's ear unit off. He screamed in pain and gripped it as pintoil squirted out from the gash. Fritzi then approached the second one and grabbed him by the head.

"Hey! What are you-!?" KRUNCH! Was heard throughout the whole club. Gregory and the remaining guard looked in horror as they watched the man's head get twisted all the way one-hundred-eighty degrees causing his face to now face backwards. The second pulled out a taser and attempted to immobilize Fritzi. As he jabbed his taser at her Fritzi grabbed his arm and struck him over the head with a bottle before stabbing him in the head with said bottle. With both of his guards now down Gregory approached Fritzi instead,

"Now yer becomin' a real thorn in my side..." He said lifting up his golden katana getting ready to swing at the girl.

"Well maybe I wouldn't be if you weren't trying to kill my friend." Fritzi retorted, "Enough!" He swung at her only to have it barely miss. Fritzi grabbed a chair from behind her and slammed it down on top of Gregory. He could feel the blunt trauma as he got up and lifted his sword once more.

"You ain't... leavin' this place... alive..." He raised his sword steadily trying to power through the pain and headaches. He as he threw it into a swing once more he felt the sword fall from his grip entirely. When he looked at it he found that his whole upper arm was missing. When he turned around he could Mizuki back up and ready for combat once more.

"You'll have to go through both of us if you want me dead for good." She spoke. Gregory tried to reach for the sword once more only to have his other forearm sliced off.

"W-What are you!?" He asked,

"Simple. I'm an Akronian." Mizuki replied before she unleashed a slash right down the middle bisecting the club owner in half.

The two looked at the body and then at each other. Suddenly the two ran and embraced each other.

"Fritzi! I'm so glad you're safe!" Mizuki exclaimed,
"And vice-versa!" Fritzi said back,
"I'm glad I made it just in time." She continued to say,
"Me too. Now let's get out of here-" Mizuki was about to say until the front doors burst open and a group of thugs came in wielding various weapons.
"Or maybe not..." Mizuki sighed,
"It's just a bunch of thugs. Nothing too serious." Fritzi said until a big burly one came in wearing a 1920's football outfit with shoulder pads and padded boxing gloves.
"You were saying?" Mizuki said,
"I stand corrected..." Fritzi bowed her head down.
"Well let's get to fighting them!" Mizuki said before running at one of them and cutting his torso diagonally.
"Right." Fritzi agreed before grabbing another thugs and throwing him into the speakers.

The two cut and punched their way through the little group of thugs.
"This is easy!" Fritzi said,
"*Too easy...*" Mizuki mumbled. Everything was going alright until they got to the big guy. When Mizuki swung a sword into her head she noticed it practically bounced off. She was too shocked to dodge the Akronian thug's powerful punch. Fritzi watched as her best friend was launched across the dancefloor and into a wall causing serious damage to it.
"Be... careful..." Mizuki said picking herself up.
"No way. How are you still able to get up from that?" Fritzi asked. Mizuki could feel that same entity starting to take control of her mind. But this time it seems she could control herself little. Soon the thug was charging at Fritzi coming in for the kill.
"Fritzi! Look out!" Mizuki yelled getting up.
"What?" As Fritzi turned around Mizuki watched as time slowed down once more around allowing her enough time to get over there and strike the thug before he could catch Fritzi. Time quickly resumed normally as the thug stumbled back from the attack.
"How did you... you were just like a lightning bolt." Fritzi said,
"Didn't time slow down for you?" Mizuki asked,
"Nope." Fritzi simply responded. The thug got back up and ran towards the two.

"Hold your ground Fritzi." Mizuki said,
"Way ahead of you." She replied,
"We need to aim for one spot and strike it repeatedly. How about the head?" Mizuki suggested,
"Sounds like a plan." Fritzi responded. The two jumped out of the way and struck him both in the head. They continued to do this back and forth. Mizuki let out a slash while Fritzi threw a punch. The thug took all of this and was still going but the two wouldn't let up once in their assault. Soon he showed some signs of weakening as his head took the brunt of the attack. Finally after multiple heavy hits the thug stumbled around, his face now just pintoily mess, before collapsing to the ground in defeat.
"He's... finally done for..." Mizuki let out a sigh of relief,

"Yeah. We would've been done for if it wasn't for that strange state you went into. We should talk to Hebi about what those items are doing to you." Fritzi suggested.

"Agreed." Mizuki replied. As the two looked around at the club which was now practically the scene of an Akronian slaughter they caught someone using a flash drive to take something from Mizuki's phone.

"Hey!" She yelled at the Akronian.

"I swear I was just copying pictures! I'm a journalist!" The woman got up.

"A journalist... I think I could tell you what I know about this whole fight, but you have to keep my identity a secret." Mizuki offered,

"Agreed!" She said.

"First, let's go somewhere... a bit less messy." Mizuki said referring to the place's current state.

The general was looking through battle plans once more in his base when a video chat request came up.

"Who could it be?" As he brought it up he could see it was Lady Oleria. As the Lady it was no surprise that Oleria wore fancy dresses and capes to showcase her power and wealth. She had her hair in curls like Fritzi except hers were pulled back to reveal her forehead. Her face actually featured a mouth unit that allowed her to smile or frown. Her eyes were black with red cog-shaped pupils. Currently she looked furious right now.

"Lady Oleria; what brings you here on such a fine-" The general began to speak until he was interrupted by Oleria,

"SILENCE!" He immediately jumped back in fright.

"Today I received the news as usual where this time on the headlines it seems another club fight ensued. Then I decided to check the military section to see how my generals were upholding the military's reputation when I see a picture of you Edkrin, my very own husband, with that dirty scoundrel club owner and the lines reading: Akronian Military General making shady deals? And the article goes on to explain that you had promised the man an unknown sum of money if he got a program from a specific someone. And that you placed a bounty on her head." She couldn't hold in her anger anymore,

"THIS IS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF UPHOLDING AKRONIAN PRIDE AND HONOR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS GOING TO DO TO THE REPUTATION OF THE MILITARY!?" She screamed at him at the top of her voice chip,

"N-Now... honey... p-p-please listen..." Oleria didn't want to hear it,

"NO! YOU LISTEN! I TOOK THIS SPOT FROM MY TYRANNIC FATHER TO SET A NEW EXAMPLE OF AKRONIAN HONOR! AND HERE YOU ARE GOING OFF AND RIPPING IT APART JUST LIKE THAT! A-And..." Oleria began to tear up.

"I don't like it when you keep things like this secret from me. I feel like you don't trust me and that you have to keep everything a secret." She began to cry,

"No! Please! Sweetheart! I would never do that! I swear!" Edkrin said.

Oleria wiped away her tears and looked at him once more.

"Well, since I'm very forgiving of you I'm giving one, I repeat, ONE more chance. If I see another

headline or here about you going off and making more shady deals. It's over. You will be stripped of your title and disbarred from the army for good. Am I understood?" Oleria asked, "Loud and Clear Teatea." Edkrin replied, "What did I say about calling me that!?" Oleria angrily asked, "My apologies." The general replied, "So have you decided on what to do with the woman we captured?" Edkrin asked, "Yes. She's being put into research to see if there's anything special to her. We might even discover a way to create those super soldiers I've been talking about for a while. I'm so excited!" She smiled for once. "Oh yeah. Two more things, I want you to remove that bounty of whoever you put that on and I want you to report in with me every week to see what you're up to. No complaints. That is all." Oleria said before hanging up. Edkrin sighed, "We'll have to be more careful this time. Wife or not the Lady cannot see what we're doing or else it'll ruin our whole plan. Akronians are born to conquer; and we are not cowards. We are warriors." Edkrin said slamming his fist down on the table. "No one will get in our way. And we'll get those items and program no matter how great the cost or how many have to die before we can get it." Edkrin said referring to Mizuki.