

“Ohhhh Hebi! Come out!” Mizuki called out for the ancient man,  
“What is it you want?” He came out from his bedroom.  
“I want to know. How am I able to perform these weird powers like slowing down time and higher pain tolerance?” Hebi only stared at her,  
“I’m not going to simply give you the answers you want Mizuki. But I can point you to a man who can give you information on what is inside your programming that allows you to use these objects to their fullest.” Hebi explained,  
“Is that all? Are you serious!? I just survived a club fight a few days ago! Can’t I least get some answers here from you!?” Mizuki asked,  
“Fine then... here’s how you’re able to do it: magic!” He said before walking away.  
“NOT HELPFUL!” Mizuki yelled at him,  
“Send the man I just mentioned a message that you would like some explanation. When you’re sending it be sure you tell the hawk the name Klinkski. Got it? Good. Now let me go back to my nap.” He said before closing the door behind him.  
“Fine! Maybe I will!” Mizuki said before walking away.

In the courtyard she quickly put together a note and called for the hawk. She tied the note around one of its ankles and whispered into its ear,  
“*Send this to Klinkski.*” The hawk understood immediately and flew away. It flew past a few mountains and past a small valley, until it flew into an Akronian Rebel Prison. The guards outside didn’t seem to take notice and passed the hawk off as nothing out of the ordinary. It flew down to one of the prison cell windows. In there a buff Akronian wearing a hockey mask, bandages around both his forearms and hands, white wife beater, and the usual Akronian prison clothes (an orange jumpsuit) was resting on his cell bed when the hawk came in.  
“Whaddya want? Has Hebi sent another note to me?” He asked getting up and walking over to the hawk. The bird slid the note out of its tie using its beak and handed it to the man before flying away. When he opened it up he read this:  
‘Dear Klinkski, my name is Mizuki and Hebi said that you had some answers about my programming. I hope you can come over and tell me. Please visit us at any time so we can talk over some drinks and snacks. Sincerely Mizuki.’

“So this girl needs my help huh... too bad I’m stuck in here thanks to my good for nothing brother...” He growled,  
“I wanna rip that little arrogant smile right off of Edkrin’s face...” Klinkski sat back down. Soon a newspaper was slid through his bars by an Akronian guard who wore light riot gear. He didn’t want to take a look at the headline just assuming it was hailing his brother as a savior to the Akronians. But when he took an actual look at it he realized that it was questioning if his brother was actually loyal to the Akronians.  
“It’s about time his antics caught up to him. But it still doesn’t excuse that he’s still somehow a general. He stole my beloved Teatea from me and ruined my life. Along with that he got his son sent to jail and put into solitary just because he found out what he was doing was wrong; so Edkrin had to label him as a rebel and get him arrested. What a great f\*\*\*ing brother and

father he is..." He took one more look at the note and then back at the article.

"I wonder..." An alarm suddenly rang and the doors opened up.

"Free time you lousy sacks of s\*\*t!" A guard announced.

Klinkski was buffer than pretty much every other prisoner in this Akronian prison but that didn't mean he was liked or respected very well. Most if not all the others avoided him or gave him a dirty look. He was afraid he was going to start a fight if he even bumped into one of them. The cell block Klinkski was placed in had two hallways consisting of two floors of cells, a main room where the indoor fitness equipment and cafeteria were located, above it was the guard quarters next to the cafeteria, and on the other side of the room was the solitary cells. He managed to get to the solitary block where he opened up one of the views and looked inside. In there was a teenager taller than him and a slightly buffer than him. He was wearing an orange jumpsuit like him, had a bandana on his head, and sported black biker gloves.

"How're you doin' sport? Still alive in there?" He asked,

"Yeah uncle. I wish I was dead though." The prisoner replied back,

"Hang in there Ogaron. I know what to do today. It's a surprise." He said,

"Can't wait to see what it is." The teen responded,

"Hope to talk to you later." He said before closing the viewer and walking away from the solitary cells.

Klinkski stared at the solitary button contemplating is he should do it or not.

*'Just do it! You've got nothing to lose anyway and this is the best time to do it seeing how security's scrambling after an article like that, but what if there's a chance that Teatea will discover the truth? But then there's Ogaron...'* He was soon interrupted by a guard yelling at him from across the solitary hallway.

"Hey! Prisoner 676! Quit staring at the button and move along!" He ordered him. Klinkski decided it was time

*'I will. I'm going to make Edkrin pay.'* He walked towards the button,

"Didn't you hear me!? Are you deaf!? Get away from the button!" Klinkski didn't listen to anything he said and punched the button.

The first thing he could hear was the deafening sound of the alarms blaring signaling a lockdown. The guard across the hallway was now furious at him and ran towards him with his electrified cane at the ready.

"Why you little piece of s\*\*t!" He yelled. Soon though the solitary doors opened and the guard was tackled by a familiar teenager.

"Let go of me!" The guard fought for freedom only to have a fist delivered by Ogaron that broke through his visor and crushed his face.

"You're the best uncle a teenager could have." Ogaron said,

"Don't mention it. Now let's crack some skulls. We're not going to make it out of here without opposition from both the guards and prisoners." Klinkski said.

"You're definitely right about the prisoners." Ogaron said. Klinkski looked behind him and saw

the entire prison had now erupted into chaos. Prisoners were all over the place and the guards were having severe problems getting them under control. Ogaron had fetched a baseball bat and a nightstick from the guard's cubbies.

"Take this. You might need it." He handed his uncle the nightstick.

"Thanks." He said before taking it.

The two ran into the fray and joined the chaos. Just like Klinkski predicted the prisoners were both hostile towards the guards and each other. He swung the nightstick into one carrying barbell bar smashing him to the ground. Quickly he ripped the barbell bar from his hands and finished the Akronian off. He then proceeded to slam the bar into another guard's chest crushing it. Ogaron took his baseball bat and managed to get a prisoner carrying a metal food tray clean across the face but unfortunately breaking the bat in the process. He scoured the floor for anything still intact; after some searching he found a monkey wrench.

"*This'll have to do.*" He mumbled to himself. As he stood up a guard had hopped onto his back and held on for dear life. Ogaron clawed at him to let go but the guard was persistent to stay on. He then began to put his hands around Ogaron's neck,

"Uncle!" Klinkski turned around to see what was going on.

"Little wimp! Is that all-!" The guard could feel himself get smashed off by by a barbell bar.

Ogaron turned around and caved the guard's face in with a monkey wrench.

"Just in the nick of time, huh?" Klinkski asked,

"Yeah, Klink. Uh, oh. Look!" Ogaron pointed back over to the solitary cells.

As Klinkski turned around he could see two more prisoners coming out. One was shirtless, covered in tattoos, and wearing black boxing gloves stained with pintoil while the other looked normal wearing a bandana except that he was easily twice the size of Klinkski and practically a giant. The two turned their attention back to the fight just in time to both knockdown a prisoner carrying a nightstick.

"You deal with the boxer while I deal with the giant." Ogaron said,

"Alright. Be careful." Klinkski warned before running off to deal with the boxer. He looked around for his first victim to bully when Klinkski came up to him to fight.

"You looking for a fight? I got one right here." He swung the bar down aiming for the boxer's head only to miss. Klinkski was then knocked to the ground from a right hook. He could tell that boxer was wearing something underneath those boxing gloves.

"I may now be in over my head this time..." Klink looked up to see the same hawk watching the entire riot from a comfortable vantage point. Before he could say anything however it flew away from sight leaving the two to fight their way out.

"Goodbye..." Klink said before he narrowly dodged a strike from the boxer's fists.

At the temple Hebi had awoke from his nap just in time for the hawk to arrive.

"So Mizuki took my advice for once?" Hebi said as he walked over to pet his hawk. He could notice that the bird seemed rather angst about something,

"What is it? Would you like me to finally give you a name?" The hawk began incessantly

squawking and flapping its wings.

"Is there trouble somewhere? Does Klinkski need my help?" The hawk nodded.

"Then I must go off and assist him." Hebi collected his sword, opened up a portal, and quickly ran through to aide his friend in the fight. On the other side he could see the mayhem that had ensued. He searched frantically for the prisoner until he saw a boxer beating up on another Akronian wearing a hockey mask. Klinkski was losing severely to the prisoner since he didn't seem to be taking many injuries throughout the brawl and was pummeling him to the ground with his powerful punches. Now the boxer was closing in for the kill and ready to ditch the toy for a new one. He wound up for one more devastating left hook. Klinkski closed his eyes shut wincing at his imminent demise.

Soon Klinkski heard a cut and opened his eyes; half of the boxer's forearm was now on the ground spurting out pintoil. Like a cheetah Hebi had wasted no time coming to the prisoner's aide when he figured out who it was. Surprised but not shaken the boxer unleashed an uppercut with his remaining arm only to be avoided by the mysterious man who had just entered the prison. As he was busy fighting the new fighter, Klinkski got up and put his hands on his knees. When he felt like he could fight again he looked at the two duking it out with each other. He saw this as a way to get the upper hand on the fight; he took the barbell bar and ran to the two brawling. Hebi could feel his friend was planning something and at the right time ducked to avoid a blow from the bar; but for the boxer the attack came completely out of thin air. The sheer force of the heavy bar completely destroyed the prisoner's chest and lower head. Pintoil leaked heavily all over the floor.

"Hebi am I glad to see you." Klink said.

"And vice-versa. Right now is not the time to talk." Hebi pointed back to the giant free-for-all. Klinkski turned around to see his nephew getting thrown into one of the tables by the giant prisoner.

"Ogaron! You okay!?" Klinkski ran up to him and helped him up.

"Y-Yeah... I'm okay..." He responded,

"He is a big guy. Isn't he?" Hebi said examining the giant throwing somebody into the kitchen.

"Yep. He sure is. And he hits hard." Ogaron replied,

"Good to know. His large shape though makes him an easy target. Stay back, allow me to weaken him." Hebi readied himself before charging into the fray. He weaved his way through the crowd until he reached the giant. He swung his sword at the back of his knee causing a small chunk of it to fall off. Completely unfazed the prisoner chased after Hebi. He threw a punch at the samurai connecting to his back. He screamed in agony as his aged spine was nearly shattered.

"Hebi! We need to help him." Klinkski said before running towards the giant.

"Wait up for me!" Ogaron followed close behind.

When they got to him Ogaron found a machete laying on the ground next to its dead owner. Klinkski slammed the barbell bar straight into the giant's back bruising him severely. He

fell to his knees allowing Ogaron to drive the machete into his chest. Surprisingly he still stood up from that attack with the blade now stuck in his chest. Ogaron quickly dodged a blow to the head and picked up Hebi. He supported him and asked,

"You okay?" Hebi signaled to let him go and steadied himself.

"Yes. It's just that I'm pretty fragile due to my age. My bones are required to have some kind of frame around them just so they can support the body their carrying." He explained.

"Alrighty... let's just get back to helping my uncle with the big guy." Ogaron pointed to the fight between Klinkski and the giant.

"Right. See if you can weaken him in any way to leave him open for attack." Hebi picked up his sword.

"Umm... man..." Ogaron tapped him on the shoulder,

"You can call me Hebi- what the heck!?" He dodged a swing from a taser. He looked at the Akronian in just his underwear attempting to attack the two. When he jabbed at Hebi, the samurai grabbed him by the arm and caused him to tase the giant instead. He dropped to the floor on hands and knees allowing Klinkski to deliver a strike from the barbell bar. He swung with all his might severely damaging his head.

The giant got back up and growled at the three. Klinkski swung once more into his chest maybe at least bruising one of them but finally breaking the bar in the process.

"Perhaps that's why he was put into solitary..." Klinkski said staring at the broken barbell bar in front of him.

"Just find something else to throw at him!" Hebi demanded. Ogaron quickly took the first thing he saw and chucked at him. The thrown object was an apple. Hebi looked at him with a face that told Ogaron: did you just really? And began to talk,

"An apple-"

"You said throw something at him!" Ogaron retorted.

"Just hurry up and find something else!" The two looked back over to see the giant holding Klinkski by the neck.

"Hold on!" Ogaron called out. He looked around for something when he found a pintoiled weight lying around. He picked it up and with all his might threw it at the giant. It hit him on his back dropping Klinkski. Hebi took the opportunity and charged at the prisoner.

The two watched as Hebi jumped and unleashed a slash down the middle of the giant. He completely bisected the prisoner in half finishing him off once and for all.

"Finally, he's down." Ogaron let out a sigh of relief until the one in his underwear got back up and ran at him with the taser. He let out a right hook to the prisoner's face and snatched the taser from his hand before finishing him off with said taser.

"There shouldn't be that many people left." Klinkski was correct. The entire prison was coated in a nice shade of pintoil.

"Good thing too... unbelievable..." Hebi muttered. The uncle and nephew looked around for Hebi was so surprised about. Soon they saw it: the giant's halves were reattaching themselves to make him whole. He then opened his eyes and looked around.

"I didn't know he had self-repair..." Hebi said. He got up and huffed at the three before opening the prison gate and leaving.

"Must be returning to his family. He was wrongly convicted of being a rebel just like us."

Klinkski said,

"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US THAT BEFORE!?" The two glared at him in fury,

"Just slipped my mind while we were fighting him. I'm guessing it also slipped his mind since he's normally friendly to us." Klinkski explained,

"This is what these brawls and riots can do to you Akronians..." Hebi said.

"True, that reminds me. Hebi, I think you're in due time for an upgrade." Ogaron smiled, "What do you mean?" Hebi looked at one of the bodies and quickly figured out what he was talking about.

"You mean give me an Akronian body? Don't you know how risky that could be?" Hebi was in complete disbelief,

"Yeah but your life is slowly slipping away from you in those ancient bones of yours. It's either become an Akronian to continue helping in this battle against General Edkrin or die in a few days. Even though you said you'll probably never get to see the day where Akronians can finally declare independence from Aliearon; we want you see the day where Edkrin's reputation is permanently ruined. You can think about it on our way out." Klinkski said.

"Guys! Let's get going!" The two looked over to see Ogaron already carrying a dead prison guard and halfway out the door.

"You realize I can just open a portal and return to my temple just like that, right?" Hebi said,

"Then shouldn't we tell the giant that-!" Ogaron looked out to see a hole in the wall down the hallway and the same giant getting onto an armored bus with his family and escaping.

"Never mind." He walked back over to the two before they felt a rumbling.

From the roof an armored Akronian about as large as the prisoner came crashing down carrying a Minigun and electric club knocking down Ogaron causing him to drop the body.

"A Riot Queller! Hurry!" Klinkski called out for his nephew.

"Just let me get the body and we'll get out of here." Ogaron called back. He scoured the floor for the body and picked it back up.

"Coming!" Ogaron ran towards the portal jumping through followed by Hebi and Klinkski. Back in the temple the three had a rough landing; unfortunately for Hebi his landing caused his frame and back to completely give out on him for good.

"AAAAAUUUUUUGH!" He cried out in agony. This woke Mizuki and Fritz from their sleep. When they came outside they could see two prisoners carrying their master. Hebi lifted up an arm in a weakened state only to have a familiar face come through. The Riot Queller jumped through the portal once finding out where it led. He closed the portal just in time to prevent anything else from coming through. Mizuki drew her sword and ran to help them.

As they attempted to fight the Akronian with the damaged man Mizuki jumped in front of the two,

“Get him to safety! I’ll deal with this guy.” She ordered,  
“Way ahead of you.” The two carried him off to the side. Mizuki stared down the Riot Queller with fury in her eyes.  
“Nobody hurts my friends and family.” She charged him with her sword at the ready. The Akronian however had pulled out his minigun and charged it up before letting it loose. Ogaron and Klinkski watched in amazement as Mizuki sped up like a bullet avoiding the Akronian’s heated lead before slashing straight at his neck slicing it clean off.  
“That... is the power of the Oni’s fury... when it is in the possession of a spirit like hers.” Hebi heaved through his breaths trying to remain conscious,  
“She has... the program...” He continued.  
“Good to know. Do you have a room where you can recover?” Klinkski asked. Mizuki overheard this and ran to her master’s aide.

“Don’t worry. You’ll live right? Right?” Mizuki asked deathly worried,  
“Unfortunately I think he’ll have to go into slumber with that Akronium core of his if he wants to survive.” Hebi began to cough and sputter.  
“Please... be... patient... Mizuki...” He closed his eyes and stopped breathing.  
“We need to extract the core from him immediately. The spirit must have all exit points sealed to fall into slumber.” Mizuki ripped off Hebi’s shirt and hesitantly cut open his chest. A flurry of various bugs and rodents came flooding out.  
“EWWWWWW!” Mizuki jumped back in disgust. Klinkski dove his hand into the pile of maggots and pulled out a silver-blue crystal.  
“Why would you do that!?” Mizuki asked shocked,  
“Trust me, I’ve had to stick my hands into nastier things... that we will not mention. Just, Ogaron you take this gem and the guard’s body to the medicine guru while I talk to Mizuki about a few things.” He stood up and signaled Mizuki to follow.

In the living room Klinkski and Mizuki sat down in front of each other. Klink cleared his throat and began to speak,  
“My name is Klinkski and you must be Mizuki. Now that I have seen you in action I know exactly who you are. You have that program.” Mizuki looked confused,  
“What program?” Klink rolled his eyes,  
“Oni.exe, did Hebi ever mention knowing you since the day you were born?” He asked,  
“Yeah...?” Mizuki replied still confused,  
“Well that program I made was uploaded to your spirit by him to give him a next of kin to pass the sword down to. He decided you were the best choice believing that you would grow up to become a skilled swordsman. I can see he was right.” Mizuki still had more questions,  
“But why do I need this program?”  
“People without the Spirit of the Oni or the program cannot do anything with the items. They’re pretty much just a sword and headband without the spirit. But that program you have in your head is highly sought after. Especially for Edkrin.” Klink let out an angry huff.  
“But now that I’m here with my nephew we’ll make sure that program stays inside of you. I

want Oleria to see Edkrin for who he truly is." Klinkski said.

"Anything else?" Mizuki asked,

"That's all I know. I don't know what kind of powers that grant except for a quick burst of speed or how the items came to be." Klinkski sighed.

"You seem to have quite a hatred towards Edkrin. Why is that so?" Mizuki leaned in,

"It's because he's my brother and my nephew is his son." Mizuki looked at him in shock,

"He got us arrested and thrown into prison because he knew that we would get him disbarred for his behavior and actions." Klinkski continued bitterly,

"I... can't believe that. I'm so sorry that happened to you two." Mizuki laid a hand on Klink's shoulder causing him to smile.

"You don't have to be. Edkrin has made the big mistake to make us his enemies and he's going to soon see the consequences of his actions." He stood up.

"Now let's head into the wardrobe room. We need some new clothes." Mizuki stood up right after him.

"Agreed. I've got the perfect outfits for you two." She said leading him into the room.

"Can't wait." Klinkski replied before following her.