

Team Grey

June 30, 12:15 PM, Raynesville, Hunter's Guild

After three hunters warped to the city of Raynesville, they went to a local hunter's guild to turn in their findings and get some cash needed to buy their supplies for the search trip. Spice turned in her recovered artifacts to a client, a curator who needed some new exhibits. The gray-haired old man examined the quality of her findings before he deemed them good enough and said, "Hmm, looks good! I think I can put them in my museum."

Seeing as how they were accepted, Spice inquired, "So, how much am I getting from them?" She was eager to see how much she was getting paid, so that she can determine how much stuff she needs.

The curator put the objects to the side and said, "Well I do believe that they'll come up to 1600 energy crystals."

The woman was content with the payment and said, "Good! That's enough to buy me a journey's worth of food and other stuff." Seeing no EC in sight, she asked, "So where's the money?"

The curator answered, "Be patient, miss. I'll write you a check right now." The man wrote down the amount on the check he had left out on the table. Then he tore the check out of its booklet and gave it to the hunter. "Here you go!" he said. Spice took the check from him, which she folded in half and then put into her pocket.

Meanwhile, her two companions were over at the front desk turning in their spidril orbs. The brown-haired man behind the counter gave them 300 EC for each orb, thus totaling up to 1200 EC as their payment. After the man gave them the money, the teens turned and walked away. Ashe looked at the money in her hand, thinking about all the possible things she could buy. She mused to the boy next to her, "You know? If we didn't have Spice to help out, I would be buying myself some brand new clothes right now. I could get myself some sexy shorts, some cool-looking jeans, an awesome hat... Stuff like that." She imagined herself in the most stylish clothes she can dream of. Then the girl looked at her friend and asked, "What about you, Grey? What would you buy?"

"Well..." said Grey, who tried to think about what to do with his money. His eyes looked down to the floor in thought. What would he buy if Spice never joined them? That question seemed to be a bit hard for him to answer. With nothing interesting in mind, the boy guessed, "Er, probably a candy bar, I guess."

"A candy bar? Really?" asked Ashe, who was a bit disappointed with her friend's boring answer. So, she tried to persuade him into getting something much more interesting. The girl playfully asked, "Come on, Grey; why not get something cooler like a handheld video game console? A manga? Or a sci-fi novel? You know? What guys like."

The boy thought over his friend's suggestions. They did sound appealing to him; especially the sci-fi novel. He could pick up a book that catches his eye and read it for fun. He said, "Well I guess that would be better."

Ashe smiled, glad that he liked her ideas, and replied, "See? That's what I would rather buy them if I were you. It's more fun than eating just a candy bar."

Then the teens heard a disapproving voice behind them scolding, "Excuse me, but did I just catch you wanting to buy useless crap?" They turned and looked to see Spice, with her disgruntled frown, approaching them.

Grey assured her, "Don't worry, Spice. We were only talking about what we would get if you weren't with us."

"Good," said the woman, who was content to see that they had their priorities in place. But to make sure they go through with it, she threatened, "Because if you did, you're gonna get hurt!"

Disliking the tone and attitude she was given, Ashe decided to retaliate with an equally annoyed look and said, "Sheesh! No need to be brutal, bitch!"

Riled by the insult, the woman balled her hand into a fist and shook it in a vibrating manner. She asked, "What did you call me?" She was about ready to knock the lights out if the girl said the wrong words.

Unfazed by Spice's anger, Ashe told her, "You heard me; I said bitch, because you sure act like one."

Oh now that girl was going to get it. Spice was going to teach that pony-tailed brat a lesson she'll learn. As she came at the girl, she yelled, "I'll make you swallow your words, you little slut!" Ashe was ready for to deal with whatever the woman threw at her and return it double.

But before any fighting broke out, the clerk stopped the woman right within a second. He told her, "Hey, chill! This is a hunter's guild, not a boxing ring. So take your fight elsewhere."

The girls would gladly do what the man said, but Grey had a better idea that would end this conflict peacefully without any black eyes. He said, "Actually, let's not fight at all."

"Huh?!" said the females, who dropped their hostilities and turned their attention to the boy.

He spoke specifically to the woman, "Spice, Ashe is right. You do act like a bitch to us and we're the ones who are helping you find Siarnaq. So, either show us some respect or we'll leave you to look for him by yourself."

Spice found it annoying that she had to be controlled by her subordinate like that. It was like a child telling his parents to be on their best behavior or get grounded. It was humiliating; but he had a point. They could leave her anytime they wished if they didn't like the way she was treating them. The woman let out a groan and said, "Alright fine, I'll be a little nicer to you kids. Now can we go get our stuff now?" Then she quickly resorted to using the polite word as proof that she was 'nice', "Please?"

Ashe smiled; she was glad that Grey showed their leader who were the ones really in charge. She replied, "Well since you said the magic word, then yes." Then in an enthusiastic manner, she beamed, "Come on, guys, let's do some shopping!"

Team Grey
12:25 PM, Raynesville, Shopping Center

The trio had reached the shopping center that had the two shops with the needed supplies: an armory, a convenience store and a pharmacy. Spice organized the team on where they should go. She planned, "Alright, here's what we're going to do. Grey and I will go over to the armory to get some ammo, grenades and traps. Ashe, you go over to the pharmacy and buy us some medicine, bandages, food, drinks and get our sub-tanks refilled." Then she quickly remembered another important and personal thing to get. The woman told the girl, "Oh, and don't forget to get a pack of e-cigarettes, too."

The teens looked at her as if she was crazy. Did she just ask for electronic cigarettes after being dead set on not buying trivial items? How hypocritical of her. Ashe, in wide eyes and dropped mouth, asked in a surprised tone, "Why would you need e-cigarettes?!"

The woman explained, "Because one, Siarnaq and I like to smoke; it's something we do for fun." Unlike humans, reploids could never be addicted to drugs as their lack of biological organs prevents nicotine and other dangerous stuff from affecting them. But as Spice said, they can use them as a hobby. She continued, "And two, since he knows that's what I like to do, I can use its smoke to lure him over to me."

Ashe found the woman's idea to be creatively smart in a fun way. She smiled and said, "Using a hobby to get someone close to you? That sounds like a fun idea!"

The woman put her fists onto her hips and smiled with closed eyes. She was looking smug and feeling proud for her own idea. She agreed with the girl, "Of course it is! It's a win-win idea." Then she dropped her arms and reopened her eyes as she said, "Now come on, we got some shopping to do." Then the hunters split up and went to their respective shops.

Ashe entered the pharmacy and felt the cool atmosphere of the AC blowing inside the building. It was quite refreshing after being out in the burning heat all day. The girl looked at the few aisles of various

things like health & beauty products and snacks. She took up a shopping basket from the stack and went to the back of the store to fill it with things needed for the team's injuries. Then she went over to the customer service and placed the sub-tanks on the counter. The girl told the service representative to refill them, which the woman did after accepting payment from Ashe. After the sub-tanks were full, the girl went over to the snacks section where they had candy, chips, cookies, and many others. She filled the basket with the foods she knew that she and Grey liked. She even got some that she thought Spice might like such as the hot fries and beef jerky. After Ashe had enough food, she went over to the far side of the shop where drinks were stored in a wall of coolers. She picked out some bottles of soda, juice and water from each cooler before she closed the doors.

With everything that was needed, the girl to join the line to pay for her purchases. On the way, she found a rotatable display with a bunch of gift cards for various restaurants, stores, and online shops. Eyeing the iTunes card she noticed, Ashe got a sneaky idea in her head. She looked to the left side of her hip, where Model A hung, and asked him, "Hey Model A, want to buy more Justin Bieber songs?"

The biometal's excitement for the offer rose up, but at the same time, he knew that it was wrong to go against Spice's order. Model A asked, "Really Ashe? I mean sure I would, but what if that Spice girl yells at us for this? She'd be pissed."

The girl smirked deviously and assured him, "Relax, Model A. I'm only going to buy us a 10 EC card; it's not going to take much of our money off. Besides, if we use the card right after we buy all this stuff, Spice won't know a thing."

If biometals could smile, Model A would be doing that right now. He liked the plan; it was like taking candy from a baby and getting away scot-free. "Sweet! Let's buy it!" the biometal beamed. Ashe took the iTunes card off the display and went to the cashier. The man rang up all the items and put them in bags before telling the girl the total amount for everything. She paid for the supplies and told him to keep the receipt. She didn't need Spice to know what was typed on paper.

Ashe carried the bags to the corner of the entrance and held the card and Model A in separate hands. She said to herself, "And now we scratch off the card and add our money." She scratched off the gray latex hiding the number with the tip of Model A's ear. The biometal felt shaken by the moving hand holding him. But he wasn't going to complain about that; his biomatch did use him to scratch off cards before and he was used to this. With the code number revealed, Ashe took out the iPad Ultra and entered it into the iTunes store. Then after adding in the 10 EC, she started to download a Justin Bieber song they haven't heard yet. The girl laid back against the wall and waited for the blue line to go in a complete circle.

12:33 PM, Raynesville, Shopping Center

Three pseudoroids entered the shopping center to track down the signal of one of the missing biometals that their creator had lost. The biggest of the three, an orange allosaur-like pseudoroid, looked around at the many stores, sensing a strong signal coming from somewhere. He believed that they might find just the thing in one of them. He spoke, "So this is where one of the biometals landed. Such a shame it had to be in a public place."

A yellow fat boar-like pseudoroid made a pig-like snort before saying in a southern accent, "Yeah, tell me about it. We can't even kill da witnesses there without being put on the news." He grunted a couple of times before continuing, "So what do ya suppose we do?"

The shortest of the trio, a lilac rabbit, had already thought up a cunning plan to get to the biometal. In a stereotypical Japanese accent, he suggested, "Why it's simple, my fellow pseudroids. We simply go in and find someone who has the biometal. We approach them like honest men and simply ask for it. Once we get the biometal, we leave and then transfer data of the witnesses' faces to our mechaniloids. Then these mechaniloids will later go out to hunt these people and kill them swiftly in secret. Our plan will be successful like a superior warrior killing a hundred men by himself." Maybe the simile may not be the best comparison to his plan, but the rabbitroid was sure that this will be go without a hitch. Should anyone refuse to turn in the biometal, then they will tell them that they came from Master Thomas. They will say that the biometal is government property that must be returned or the person will be charged for theft.

The boaroid took a liking to the brilliant plan and said, "That sounds like a great idea, Bunnin!"

The rabbitroid bowed politely and replied, "Why thank you, Zappig."

The dinoroid saw a light blue-haired girl leaving the pharmacy with a bag in hand and dropping a card in the trash can. What really got him to notice her was that he sensed a biometal on her. But it was not one of the biometals that Master Thomas made as its signal was not on the database for them to track. Without taking his green eyes off the girl, the dinoroid said to the other pseudoroids, "Guys, look over there. It looks like we found ourselves a mega man."

The shorter pseudroids looked in the direction he was facing and found the girl moving away from the pharmacy through the walkway. They too sensed her biometal, but Zappig felt that they did not need to concern themselves with her. He said, "Yeah, I can sense biometal on 'er. But it ain't one of ours. I dun see why she's important."

The dinoroid explained, "She may not have what we're looking for, but we still need to go after her. As a mega man herself, she could pose a threat to Master Thomas's plans. If we take her out now, we'll have one less nuisance to deal with in the future."

Bunnin added his reason, "And we'll have the biometal she's hording and deliver it to Master Thomas to

make more soldiers."

The dinoroid looked at his small comrade with pleasure for having read his mind. He said, "Exactly right, Bunnin! We'll be killing two birds with one stone this way." Then he looked at the fat pseudoroid and asked, "Do you get it now, Zappig?"

The boaroid answered, "Yeah, I hear ya loud and clear, Pyrosaur. So how do we git that girl?"

Pyrosaur told them the plan, "Bunnin will distract her with a nice little chat. And then you, Zappig, will go behind her and knock her out. Then we'll carry her over to a transerver and warp to a place where we can kill her in secret."

Zappig commented, "That sounds like a great plan. Let's do it!"

Following the plan in order, Bunnin was the first to act as he hopped over teenager and stopped in front of her. As soon as she saw him, the surprised Ashe said, "Whoa!" Instantly, her feet stopped in their tracks to keep the girl from walking into the pseudoroid.

The rabbitroid started the conversation in a polite manner, "Greetings, young lady. It's such a nice day outside, is it not?"

"Uh... yeah," said Ashe, who felt a bit awkward by this random stranger suddenly meeting up with her. But seeing as how the robot cut in front of her like that, she figured that he wanted something from her. The girl asked, "So, who are you?"

As Zappig started to stalk quietly towards the girl, the rabbitroid answered, "Why I am Bunnin the Rabbitroid. I've been so lonely today. I want somebody to talk to. You look like someone who is nice. Shall we talk?" The longer Bunnin can keep the girl distracted, the less likely she was to not find out who's going to hit her.

Ashe did not see the harm in having a conversation and said, "Well I got some friends I need to get back to, but I guess we do that on the way."

'*Drat!*' Bunnin thought, knowing how her walking over to her friends would foil their sneak attack. He didn't have an idea on what to say to make her change her mind or slow down without sounding suspicious. He only hoped that something would show up along the way to slow her down. The pseudoroid replied, "Okay then, we do that. So, what do we talk about?"

They started walking together as the girl thought about what to discuss. "Well..." she said while placing a finger on her chin in thought. She wondered what would be a good topic for this conversation. Should she talk about Spice and her quest to find Siarnaq? Should she talk about herself being a hunter and good she is at it? Or something else? The first option quickly became something she would be interested

in talking about. After all, she was helping Spice right now. Ashe said to the pseudoroid, "I guess we talking about this lady I'm helping out to find her friend. Her name is Spice and she's a hunter just like me."

Bunnin played along with the topic and pretended to be interested. He asked, "Really now, a hunter? So that's why you have these bullets on your belt?" He pointed to the ammo carriers on her belt.

"Yep!" said Ashe with a brief nod of her head. "Otherwise, I'd be in the juvey for carrying a gun without a license." She let out a short laugh to which the pseudoroid chuckled along.

Bunnin laughed along, "Oh ho ho! That you would be." Just as they got to the red brick crosswalk, a blue car drove by in front of them. The two had to stop to let the vehicle pass before they could cross the street to the other side. The rabbitroid was lucky and glad to have the car come to stop them, so that Zappig could get closer, even by a short distance of a few inches. Buying more time for the boaroid was another car that had been behind the blue one. The driver in the white vehicle did not seem care about the pedestrians on the side, unless he never saw them, as he just simply drove on by and turned around the corner.

Thanks to the cars, Zappig had finally gotten close to the girl. His sped-up walking, when she started moving, had also helped to close the distance between him and her. Getting eager to knock her lights out, the boaroid lifted both arms and turned one hand into a fist. He threw this fist into the palm of his other hand and built up energy for the hit. Model A noticed the yellow bulky body coming their way and took notice of the pseudoroid's use of his hands. The biometal immediately took this as a warning sign that his biomatch was in danger. He yelled, "Ashe, watch out behind you!" Unfortunately, his warning came too late. As soon as the girl whipped her head around, Zappig's fist punched her hard in the head and knocked her out. The girl went down like a tree chopped by a lumberjack and hit the concrete. Model A became terrified for her safety and life as he shouted, "Ashe, no!" Whatever malicious reason the boaroid had for the assault, the biometal knew the girl would be unable to defend herself in her current state and he alone was powerless to save her. If only Grey was here, then these two would megamerge and turn that fat hog into metal bacon.

Zappig looked down at his unconscious victim and said in a triumphant tone, "Yee haw! Take that, lil' lady."

Model A looked at the boaroid angrily and yelled, "Alright, you fat bastard. Why'd you come up and hit my friend like that?"

Bunnin heard the biometal speak and went to answer for the other pseudoroid, "So we can kill her and take you away."

Model A was at first surprised until he quickly remembered how the rabbitroid met Ashe. He thought the bunny rabbit found the girl cute enough to want to strike up a conversation, but now the truth

reared its ugly head. He yelled, "So that's why you just showed up like that. You weren't here for just a simple chitchat at all."

Zappig giggled for a bit and said, "So you figured it out, eh boy? Too bad it won't save you or your girlfriend from what we're gonna do." He picked up Ashe and carried her body over his shoulder as if she was a towel. The boaroid and the rabbitroid made their way back to their friend as the former called, "Hey Pyrosaur! We got da girl now."

The dinoroid noticed Ashe on the boaroid and replied, "Yes, I can see that, Zappig. Good job, now let's get over to the transerver and go to Garant Caves." Then he told the rabbitroid, "Bunnin, keeping tracking down the other biometal. We'll meet you over at the transerver once we're done with that girl."

Bunnin's simple response was, "Okay." Then he hopped away to go retrieve the other biometal from wherever it was. The other two pseudoroids followed the route to the nearest transerver that they passed earlier.

Model A was dreadful of what was to befall him and Ashe, especially the latter. He needed to get help fast before it was too late. He started shouting as loud and hysteric as he can be, "Someone, help! We got a couple of big bad pseudoroids kidnapping a girl! Grey, Spice, where are you guys?! Ashe is being kidnapped! They're going to kill her and steal me! Help! Help! Police, police! HEEELLLLPP!"

Zappig looked to Ashe's side where the biometal hung on her belt and scoffed, "Quit yer blabberin'! Nobody's gonna hear ya. They're just normal people; they can't hear biometals like we can." As truthful as the pseudoroid's words are, Model A was not about to give up for the sake of the girl's life. There had to be a mega man out there, somewhere. Even if Grey and Spice were too far away to hear him, the biometal hoped that someone will come in to rescue them. So he persistently kept calling and calling for help.

Pyrosaur looked at the way his cohort was carrying the girl and thought that this might warrant some unwanted attention. He told the boaroid, "Hey, Zappig. You might want to carry her in bridal style. Some people might know we're up to something bad."

"Oh okay," Zappig replied. He followed the dinoroid's correction and took Ashe off his shoulder to hold on his arms. The pseudoroids left the shopping center behind and walked in a linear path to the transerver's building.

Team Grey

12:40 PM, Raynesville, Shopping Center, Armory

The two hunters had been in every section of the shop, looking for the best equipment they would need to kill mavericks and weaken Siarnaq, should he attack them again. Spice took up a few grenades off the shelf and held them in her arms. The woman looked to Grey, who was taking up a box of ammo to add to the other stuff he picked. Curious about the boy's relationship to her ninja friend, the woman said to her, "So, Grey, was it?"

"Yeah?" the boy responded.

"About Siarnaq," Spice started to ask. She thought about her encounter with him today and got to wonder about his change of behavior. In concern, she asked, "Was he always this vicious and talked like a robot?"

"Yes, he was," Grey confirmed her suspicion. "He was working for Master Albert. You know, the man who tried to reset the world?" Oh yes, Spice certainly did know the former sage trinity member alright. In fact, the whole world did. The man had been front page news on every news media for his committed atrocities. The boy continued, "Siarnaq was collecting Model Ws for him to create Ouroboros. He was one of those guys in it to become the Mega Man king. But he never told us why."

The woman was appalled to hear about her friend's participation in the villain's schemes. She could understand if Siarnaq had been paid a whopping billion of EC to do this; after all, assassins like him were paid to kill. But him wanting to becoming king? That felt like a totally different story and unlike the man she knew for a long time. She asked in shock, "The fuck? You're telling he was in all this just so he can rule the world?" Was this same Siarnaq, her Siarnaq that she was hearing about? If so, then he was pretty good at hiding his intention. He never showed any signs of it before his disappearance.

Knowing the 4 mega men, the boy knew that it wasn't for a simple world domination. He shook his head and replied, "I don't think that was why he did it. Every mega man who worked for Albert had their own reasons for being the king. Aeolus wanted to wipe out the 'fools', Atlas wanted the world in an eternal war and Thetis wanted to destroy all of mankind to save the ocean."

Spice was disgusted with the three mentioned mega men and their brutal goals. She thought, *'What bunch of psychos!'* This kind of trio would put the Nazis and their holocaust to shame. They should be shot for wanting a big fat massacre.

Grey continued to say, "There must be a good reason why Siarnaq would be in the Game of Destiny in the first place." He almost asked Spice if she would know what led him to it until he remembered that this woman wouldn't know a thing about the ninja's new self. So until they find Siarnaq and beat the information out of him, the world may never know.

Spice felt that this was unimportant and said, "Well whatever, it doesn't matter anymore. Master Albert is dead and Ouroboros is destroyed. Siarnaq shouldn't have a reason to continue this Game of Whatever anymore."

The boy disagreed, "I wouldn't be so sure. I mean he just attacked you today. There must be a reason why he would kill a friend like that."

The boy was right; Siarnaq had to have a motive for this attempted murder. No one would kill their friends for no reason at all. "I guess you're right," said Spice. "The only reason I can think of him doing this is if he was hired to kill me, but I don't see him doing that. Siarnaq's too loyal to his buddies to want to do this. It has to be something else."

"Yeah, but what?" asked Grey, trying to figure out the man's motive.

The woman shook her head and replied, "Who knows, maybe time will tell. Come on. Let's go pay for our stuff."

With their shopping done, the duo went to the cashier to pay for their stuff. The man rang up every item to the total amount of EC needed for the purchase. The cashier told them, "That will be 1000 EC." Grey and Spice took out their energy crystals and paid their halves to the cashier. The purchases were put in their backpacks as there was no need to bring them in plastic bags that would be disposed of pretty soon.

Spice turned to the boy and told him, "Alright, kid. Let's see if your girlfriend's done shopping."

Grey's face blushed a rosy red at the thought of having Ashe as his girl. She was certainly pretty in appearance, had a likable fun personality, and was pretty cool to hang out with. But he did not see her as more than his best friend. Their relationship hadn't gotten this far yet. The embarrassed boy quickly said, "Uh, Ashe isn't my girlfriend. She's just my--"

The front door swung open and a rabbit pseudoroid entered the armory. He looked at Spice, sensing a biometal radiating from her; the one Master Thomas created. Knowing what to do as he suggested earlier, the rabbitroid went up to the woman. He said to her, "Excuse me, miss. But I'm looking for a lost object that I tracked down. I think I sense one on you. Will you give it to me?"

The reploids took notice of the pseudoroid's accent. The way he spoke made it sound like he came from somewhere in Southeast Asia. Spice ignored it for now and asked him, "What object?" He never specified what it was, so the woman had no idea.

Bunnin explained, "The head-like thing with green eyes. Master Thomas sent me here to take it back. It's a government property, so please give it back to me."

Grey knew what the pseudoroid was talking about and told Spice, "Sounds like he's talking about the biometal, Spice. You should give it back to him."

The woman objected to the idea of giving up this powerful tool too early before Siarnaq and protested, "No way, I need that thing. Can't I just give it to him later?"

The boy reasoned, "I'm pretty sure we can do without it. Ashe and I are pretty capable of handling mavericks and you have your gun. So we'll be okay." Even if the woman's weapon does not do much to a maverick, the stronger Model A mega men would be able to make short work of the enemy.

Spice looked to the purple biometal in her pocket, feeling reluctant to surrender it away. It was amazing being much stronger hunter than she was and having the powers of a megaman. The power to crush her enemies with ease, to run faster than normal and transform into a wolf. Without Model T, she would be just like any regular person, not that she really thought of herself that way. Now here she was, being faced with the choice to either return the biometal or face federal punishment. Not wanting to risk her career and chance at seeing Siarnaq again, the woman let a defeated groan and said, "Fine, you can have the damn thing. But the next biometal I find, I'm keeping it for real."

The cashier, who had been watching the whole situation, got a skeptical hunch about the mysterious pseudoroid. As Spice was about to turn Model T to Bunnin, the cashier asked the pseudoroid, "Excuse me, sir. But are you really a government agent?"

Bunnin looked to the man and answered, "Of course I am. What do you think I am?"

The cashier retorted, "I think you might be some kind of sneaky little swindler trying to rob this lady. If you really are working for Legion, shouldn't you show some kind of proof to them first. You know? Like an ID or Legion's emblem printed on you?"

The man's questions had wised up Spice and made her just as suspicious as he was. She scowled and asked, "Hey yeah. Why didn't you show us, you prick?"

The pseudoroid gulped and tensed nervously under the distrustful gaze of the humanoids. The jig was up and he had no way of proving them wrong. Master Thomas had been careful in telling his engineers to not put any hint of Legion on his pseudoroids in case that they were caught doing malicious acts, killed and then investigated. The sage couldn't risk the public suspecting and knowing of his conspiracy. That would bring the whole world against him and foiled before he was truly ready to take them out. Bunnin twiddled his thumbs before saying, "Eh... Sorry, gotta go!" He quickly turned and hopped out the door. His plan had thwarted and all because of a single cashier. But fortunately, the pseudoroid still had Plan B. He had the faces of the humanoids scanned and kept in his database. Even if he did not get the biometal the first time, at least the mechaniloid soldiers have the chance to do so next time.

Spice angrily huffed at the fleeing rabbit and said, "That deceitful little turd! Trying to steal my biometal. I ought to kick him in the ass for that." Next time she sees him, she'll be sure to shove her foot up his mechanical rump. Once the woman had calmed down, she turned to Grey and told him, "Come on, let's get out of here." The two left the store and went over to the pharmacy.

12:45 PM, Raynesville, Downtown

The pseudoroids were still on their way to the transerver. During all their time walking, Model A's shouts for help had still not garnered any attention for the rescue. That was until now. The sound of a police sirens roared behind them as red and blue lights flashed at the surroundings. The sound of running tires drew closer and closer and the trio knew a police car was coming up. Zappig stopped to see what the cops were up to, but Pyrosaur quickly told him, "Don't stop, Zappig. You know what's going to happen if the cops see you carrying that girl."

But his warning was too late as the two police cars stopped at the sidewalk they were at and them cops got out of the cars with their guns at hand. They aimed their guns as the sheriff shouted, "Stop right there, kidnappers! This is the police!"

The pseudoroids jumped in fright and their hearts skipped a beat. "Shit!" Pyrosaur cursed.

Model A could not contain his excitement at the kidnappers finally being caught and the police here to bring them to justice. He cried, "Yes! Ha ha, you guys are gonna be in a lot of trouble now! You're going to get shot and you'll be meeting Big Bubba in hell."

Zappig looked at his comrade and knew that the biometal was right. He said, "Ya hear that? We're screwed! We're gonna die and get sent to the scrapheap."

The pseudoroids fearfully awaited the inevitable to happen as they shut their eyes tightly, expecting gunshots. But thankfully, there were none. As a few seconds went by, they heard two men being dragged as they shouted protests at the cops. Pyrosaur and Zappig opened their eyes and looked to what was happening behind them. The men being handcuffed and thrown in the backseat of the car were the criminals that the police had been going for, not the pseudoroids. A crying girl, the one who had been kidnapped by the criminals, was being cheered up by a policewoman who assured her that she would be safely back with her parents. Everyone got in the cars and drove away from the scene. Relieved that they were not going to be terminated, Pyrosaur looked down at Model A and sneered, "You were saying?"

The biometal was disappointed that the situation did not go in his favor. He was also mad at the dinoroid for rubbing it in his face. "Oh, fuck you!" he cursed at him. Then the biometal went back to crying out for help as they went on the move again.

After a little while later, they had finally reached the transerver building. The biometal was beginning to feel hopeless and that Ashe's death would be most-likely inevitable. Just as they were going to the door,

a blonde-haired woman came out the door of the transerver building. She was nearly bumped into by the two pseudoroids, who halted in surprise just in the nick of time. They had not expected a human to be right inside the building they were going for. They were hoped that she didn't get wary of them carrying an unconscious girl around. The last thing they needed was to be reported to the authorities and put on the criminals watch list. The woman saw them and realized that she had accidentally got in their way. She apologized, "Oops! Sorry, I didn't mean to get in the way. I was just coming out."

The pseudoroids forgave her as Zapping made a friendly reply, "No harm done, missy. We were just gonna git to da transerver. So we kinda got in yer way. My apologies."

The woman smiled in forgiveness and said, "No worries; it's just a simple coincidence. That's all." Just then she noticed Ashe in the arms of the Boaroid sleeping like a doll. The woman felt that there was something wrong with her and felt concern for the girl's well-being. She asked, "Hey, is she okay? What happened to her? She looks like she's been hit on the head and knocked out."

The pseudoroids flinched fearfully at the question. It sounded like the human was coming onto them and it made their circuits shudder to be exposed in public. Model A on the other hand was cheered up by the woman's notice of the situation at hand. This may be his last chance at being saved. "Busted!" he mocked the pseudoroids. Then he told the woman, "Quick lady, call the cops on them now!"

Zappig tried to come up with a good excuse for Ashe's condition. He answered as calmly as he can be, "Well, ya see? We were playin' baseball with some kids and our friend here got hit on da head by da ball."

The boaroid pointed to his noggin to gesture where the girl got hit as Pyrosaur hastily nodded and said, "Uh-huh."

Zappig continued, "She got knocked out, so er... we're gonna take 'er home to 'er parents and tell them what happened."

The woman bought the story easily and said, "Well that's so sweet of you to look after her like that. I hope she gets better soon."

Pyrosaur said, "We do too, miss."

Model A was dismayed with the woman and yelled at her, "No, no, NO! You dumb blonde! She's being kidnapped! Can't you see that?! They don't want to take her home; they want murder! MURDER!!!" Like all the others, the woman didn't seem to hear him as walked away and left. The biometal felt crushed; his last chance for a savior had failed. He thought about his friend as his heart sank with sorrow. He thought, '*Ashe, I'm so sorry.*' The pseudoroids went inside the building and went up to the transerver. Pyrosaur input the location for Gavant Caves and stepped onto the transerver's pad. The light beneath

him flashed as the machine started loading. Within moments, the dinoroid was warped to the caves. Zappig followed after him and was teleported there as well.