

The small black helicopter flew steadily over what appeared to be an old abandoned Air Force base. Michael let his eyes wander over it for only a few seconds before focusing back on the task at hand. Much as he'd love to poke around, they were on a schedule. Even if those doors to an underground hanger DID appear particularly inviting...

Without warning, a rocket fired from what he could only guess to be a hand held RPG, streaked through the sky to impact with the copter's rear rotary blades. Attempting to keep the thing steady, he finally managed to land upon a small patch of grass within the base, not too far off from the hanger doors.

"What's going on?" Twilight asked besides him. He held up his hand in warning to remain silent.

"Whoever shot that can't be far, they may fire again, we need to get out of this thing NOW" He said making haste to unbuckle his harness and exit the winding down copper. Twilight followed suit, and soon they were both standing in the grassy field. Michael desperately trying to detect any movement.

"Mighty Sorry bout that rocket." A voice suddenly called from a building to their right. Michael spun toward the sound, grabbing hold of a small pull wire upon his watch as he did so. He couldn't see the man at first, but it was soon apparent that whoever it was, wore atop his head some sort of leather cowboy hat.

"Had to get your attention somehow, and I didn't think you'd come down for tea and cookies if I asked." The man with the cowboy hat continued as he stepped into the sun. Ditching the now empty RPG launcher as he did so. Michael nearly lost his composure at the image of the man who stood before him. It was like the guy stepped right out of an old western film. Though looking more closely he could tell there was a modern take to the entire thing.

"Who are you and what do you want?" Michael asked, his hand still upon the pull wire. Twilight, unable to use any magic in her current human form, stepped behind him. Michael breathed a slight breath of relief. That was actually the best place for her if things went as he feared.

"The name's Hawk," The man replied, "We'll get to what I want in a moment. First I want to know if you have anyone traveling with you besides the young lass behind ya, and don't lie. That just complicates things."

"So what if I am alone?" Michael challenged. He didn't feel like beating around the bush either. Besides, he could take this guy.

"So you really ARE alone. Quite the Pilgrim ain't ya?" Hawk said pulling out a 45 Magnum from a gun holster upon his side. With a quick expert move, he had the barrel aimed directly at Michael's head.

"Well then, let me extend the greeting for why we are both here." He grinned before raising his voice to the same level and tone that an announcer might take.

"MISTER PILGRIM!" He yelled, pulling back the hammer on his gun, "I am the first of the Possible Candidates to be shipped with Twilight Sparkle in the Conversion Bureau fanfictions. If you wish for that spot to be won by you, then you'll have to defeat me!"

Michael could only grin.

"So... That IS what this is about after all?" He called back with a smile of his own.

Twilight merely walked off, knowing now there were in no REAL danger. The wind picked up then, making the entire ordeal all the more dramatic. They two stared each other down for a few moments before the words: **ROUND ONE. FIGHT!!!** Appeared in big bold letters above them. The moment the words vanished the two leapt into action. Hawk firing a round directly at Michael.

Michael, in turn finally pulled upon the wire that was attached to his watch. Causing the micro magnetic gyroscope to activate and produce a small magnetic shield in front of him. Deflecting the bullet harmlessly away. As Hawk readied to fire another round, Michael took a chance and reached into one of his pockets to pull out a very special little device of his.

Spinning in place to grab as much momentum as he could, he flung what appeared to be a small black circular disc. It was as large as a DVD in it's circular length, but just about as thick as a swift army knife. Which was made apparent why, rather quickly as a group of four blades popped out of the thing, turning it into a deadly spinning saw blade.

Hawk wasted no time in countering. Throwing his magnum up and forward into the air with one hand, he reached behind his back with the other to unsheathe a machete knife. Rushing forward, he knocked the disc of death aside, before stomping a particular area of the ground with his boot. Causing a hidden cargo box to pop open and toss up it's contents. Which just happened to be an SMG Machine gun. Throwing the blade into the air this time, he began to fire the gun at Michael, causing him to bring his shield back up. As the bullets sprayed, Hawk casually caught the magnum, having fallen just before him, from when he threw it earlier. Flipping the gun so he could grip it by it's handle once more he aimed it back at Michael, as he stopped firing the SMG. As Michael watched, the machete came back down blade first. Hawk tilted his body slightly, allowing the blade to land perfectly back in it's sheath. Michael couldn't help but whistle.

"That's pretty impressive!" He said while catching the now, non-bladed disc in his hand as it flew back to him. Hawk just grinned.

"Thanks, now what say we-"

Dun Dun Dun Dun- Dun Dun Dun Dun Dun...

"-What the heck?" He finished hearing the strange sound that seemed to be coming from below them almost. Michael too was taken aback. Even more so when he recognized the tune.

"Is... Is that the bass line for the battle music from Final Fantasy two?"

Before Hawk could respond, the warning lights for the underground hanger doors buzzed to life, as the doors began to open off to the side of the battleground. As the doors opened wider, the music got much MUCH louder.

Staring dumbstruck, the two watched as the platform rose into view. Two VERY large speakers set up on the far back corners of the thing. An amp hooked up between the two. It was this sound set up that was blaring the loud music. But it was what, or who that was standing in the center of the platform that was causing the sound.

In the center, standing before a white motorcycle, stood a single person. Younger then

either of the other two combatants, though for some odd reason sporting pure white hair. He wore a simple black T-shirt, with a pair of torn brown jeans. In his hands he held the Nevan weapon from Devil May Cry 3. An otherworldly guitar that was causing a strange pattern of what could only be described as bats made out of some sort of shadow energy around him.

(Weapon image: http://images.wikia.com/devilmaycry/images/a/a3/DA_Nevan.gif)

The platform stopped, reaching it's full height. The figure stopped his tune as more words flashed above him in big bold letters.

A NEW CHALLENGER APPEARS! JAMES!

"You didn't think you could do this without *ME* now did ya?" James said with a cocky smirk.

"Great, it's you." Hawk said with a sigh, "Just what we needed. Mr. Gary Stu himself."

"Dang it I am NOT a Gary Stu!" James protested. It looked as he wanted to say more, but Michael interrupted him.

"Wait, should you and I even fight? Aren't we suppose to know each other or something along those lines?"

"Eh, not really. Sonic never read far enough in my story to know that I claimed Jack was my uncle and that he got you to help make me that replica of Lady's Motorbike from Devil May Cry three. Even if he did, it's all alternate universe anyway. Twilight certainly didn't spend time as a human before I met her in my story. Unless my story was suppose to take place BEFORE your story, but then that doesn't make sense as there are no magical humans in sidelines..."

"Enough!" Yelled Hawk, "Let's just fight alright?" The other two nodded.

"That is why I'm here. I won't let either of you be the one to be shipped with Twilight!" James said taking up his guitar weapon once more.

"That's all nice to say..." Hawk said aiming his guns at James, "But the problem you don't seem to realize here, is that I use guns."

With that he began to fire some shots at James, Michael deciding to take advantage of this to throw three of his blade discs at James. Hoping to take out the new challenger rather quickly. Sadly for both of them, the projectiles seemed to slow just enough to allow James to counter. Being that's how it always seemed to work in silly movie/comic book parodies such as this.

"Heh." James chuckled readying the Nevan. "Looks like this Party's getting Crazy. LET'S

ROCK!"

He jams a rift on the guitar, causing a shock wave to produce from both it and the speakers that not only knock both the bullets and disc blades away. But also branches out far enough to cause both Hawk and Micheal to brace themselves.

Causing the beginning to what could only be known as:

The Scott Pilgrim style battle for Twilight Sparkle!!!

Meanwhile off to the side. Human Twilight hangs out with the pony Twilight's from both Yellowstone and Fragments of Regret.

Human Twilight: They... They do realize that since each of their stories take place in a different universe, there are actually three of us, and this entire battle is pointless right?

Yellowstone Twi: I think Hawk knows. He just wants a good fight. Though I have to say. After everything I've seen. This is the weirdest thing yet...

Fragments Twi: Ugh, try living in my world for a day. It doesn't get any more bizarre then Dante out of nowhere.

The other two just look at her oddly.