

Space Brigade

Part 3

A bronze fist tore through the ranks of the prisoners, sending a rainbow of different colors of blood flying through the air. Floats retrieved his hand, which was covered in an unattractive goo. He reluctantly snapped it back into place, wincing.

Marderer jumped over Barbarian's head and plunged his blade deep into a prisoner's face, twisting it and further disfiguring it.

"AH HAHA!" He cackled as he kicked a man's knee cap in, then slashed his throat open. The girl watched Marderer with great interest, staring at him dreamily.

Barbarian karate chopped another prisoner in half, then watched as a prisoner socked his chest. The impact reverberated through the metal, then back out, rupturing the assaulter's hand, and splitting it open. Before the prisoner could scream, Barbarian grabbed either side of his head and tore it open.

Floats found himself cornered by three prisoners, all wielding sharp pieces of metal. Edwardus lay at his feet, asleep. "Listen, fellas, we can talk about this." They all laughed, edging towards him.

Floats shrugged. "Fine, but you asked for it." Floats nudged Edwardus, who *was* sleeping, but was now awake and pissed. Edwardus growled, and burped his cosmic fire out at the three prisoners, vaporizing them.

"Nice." Floats said, rubbing Edwardus's back.

Goat could only hear the screaming and cracking of bones, but he could smell a lot more. Blood and the smell of death loomed all around him.

"What's the beautiful man's name?" The girl asked, leaning on Goat's head. "The bronze one?" "No, everyone with half a brain knows *him*. I'm talking about the pale one." "Mardy." Goat said quietly. "Why the hell does that matter?" "I think I'm in love." Goat snorted. "Yeah, *right*."

Marderer kicked another prisoner over, and proceeded to stab his stomach, tearing out his entrails. Barbarian loomed over him, catching a prisoner before he could attack Marderer, and popping his head off like a child with a dandelion.

Marderer slapped Barbarian's thigh, and said, "Nice one!" Barbarian didn't so much as look at him, simply

walking away quietly. Marderer shrugged, looking over to where the girl sat, with Goat and Gal.

"Hey! Do you like blood?" The girl looked around awkwardly, then pointed to herself. "Me?" Marderer rolled his eyes. "Yeah." "Oh-err, do you like blood?" "Love it." Marderer said sarcastically, making the girl's head sink.

"Uh, y-yeah, then I like it." Marderer watched as her green-blue face blushed a dark blue.

The last remaining prisoners were either stabbed by Marderer, knocked out by Pete, or crushed by Barbarian. After the cleanup of the flood hall, the Brigade surrounded the girl, cracking their knuckles, and grinning (in the case of Marderer).

"Let them go, little girl." Floats said, crossing his hands. "This won't end well for you otherwise." "I think it will." She said defiantly. "You take a step forward and I shatter your friends. They'll never be the same." A sadistic grin grew across her face as she spoke.

"We played your game, now give 'em up." Pete nodded. "It's the right thing to do." Everyone looked at Pete incredulously. Floats snorted. "You think this dumbass cares about morality? Get ahold of yourself."

Pete frowned. "She is confused. I've seen it in a lot of people before. She doesn't know what's good or bad. All she knows is what's *fun*." "Yeah!" The girl said clapping. "I'm having loads of fun!"

Floats rubbed his hands together, concocting some sort of plan. "Ok, how about you and Marderer go play a game of tic-tac-toe." Marderer cocked his head. "I don't like tic tac toe." Floats face palmed.

"Just keep her busy," Floats hissed. Marderer shrugged, and approached the girl. Weirdly enough, she didn't stick to her word, and instead threw herself at Marderer, hugging him.

Marderer turned to Floats and said, "Can I stab her?" Floats shook his head, and pointed to a cell. "Just lead her into a cell and lock it or something." Marderer did as he was told, and lead the girl by the hand into a cell.

She clapped her hands happily as he shut the barred door. Floats untied the wire holding Goats and Gal, and unwrapped the bandages covering their eyes.

Goat stood up, and rubbed his wrists, which were red from chafing against their bounds.

"Good job Floats." Goat said, nodding. Gal tore her blindfold off and threw herself onto Floats, burying her head into his shoulder. Floats's floating hands pressed against her back awkwardly, and patted her shoulder

blade. Her long pink ears were ecstatic, just as she was, hopping up and down with her as she did a little dance, much to the enjoyment of Goat and Floats, who clapped.

Meanwhile, Marderer shut the cell behind him, much to the disappointment of the Green-blue girl inside. She clawed at either side of her face, screaming.

"MARDY! I LOVE YOU!" Marderer turned around and leaned against the cell bars. "Oh?" "Mardy... don't leave me here." "I could kill you." "No, I don't want to die."

"Oh, ok. Then I'll leave you here." "No, don't do that either." She said, standing up, and swaying towards him, her hips doing more work than they should have to walk.

Marderer looked unimpressed. "I don't care for your feminine advances." Suddenly, her hand lashed out, a grabbed his forehead. Her nails dug into his forehead, and his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

She laughed as she produced a key from her belt, dangling it from her finger. "Sorry Mardy, but you made me mad." He smiled. "You forget-I'm already insane."

She unlocked the cell and shrugged. "True, but you are still paralyzed from the neck down." She then ran, jumping into a warping sphere that she produced from a Spree projection bracelet.

Goat and the gang left the citadel, a smoldering mess, or as Floats commented, a massive shit pile. After entering the ship, Goat and Gal entered the captain's chambers and stayed there for the night. Floats and Marderer made some jokes about the recreational activities they carried on inside, while Pete cringed, and attempted to fall asleep, the creaking of springs making his sensitive ears twitch, while Barbarian stood in the corner, unmoving.