Chaos-Bringer - Birth of Chaos, part I

RPG FIRE! WE'RE HIT!
HANG ON TO SOMETHING, BOYS, WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
Blair Thompson, you are officially discharged from the United States Marine Corps...
One, Two, One, Two! G'wan, ladies, put your back into it!
Don't ya fret, I'm gonna wait for ya, Blair baby...
Get outta here, ya no good basterd!

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Sight came back first. At first, the lights were too bright... somehow I could not blink or squint... but they dimmed soon enough. I was looking at a pair of big lamps, like the ones you see in stadiums, but they were... the angle was wrong. Then they began to tilt up... or I was tilting down, yeah, I was on some kind of table and... I could not see where, and my head was held by... a face came into view, a black face... he said something...

"... me back, American. I am Dr. D'muba, can you hear me?"

He was shining some kind of pocket light into my eyes, but it bothered me none. I felt hot, but not just from those big lamps.

Then the table stopped tilting, and there was some kind of... mirror... no, it couldn't be a mirror... NO!... IT COULDN'T BE!!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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Sanity came back later. Words that made no sense were starting to align themselves right. The Black Hawk I was on had crashed. I was injured. Badly injured. D'muba had found me and "spared" me. He needed me, or what was left of me. The guy was a genius, but not many wanted to work with him. He was a monster, too. Making monsters.

"And how are you today, American?" D'muba had noticed I was awake.

"I'm gonna kill ya, ya pissant..." I growled.

"Good, good, my Chaos Bringer is more coherent today - and before you try anything, understand this: this shell you are wearing is full of explosives, and I can blow you up at any time. Nod if you understand me."

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I was strapped to something, but I could move my... limbs slightly. I turned my head. D'muba was next to me, with the look of a kid on Christmas with a new toy.

Then it happened. I heard it first, that tell-tale hiss that gets bigger and bigger, then that big BOOM! The wall blew up, the table I was strapped on was overturned and the straps snapped. D'muba had been thrown against the far wall and was too stunned to get back on his feet.

I moved this new body... dang! That thing was faster than it looked. I was next to D'muba in an instant and I hugged him close to my chest. "If I blow up, you blow up too. Now where's the detonator?" D'muba's eyes were wild with fear, and he looked downwards to his chest pocket.

"Goodbye, pissant". I moved my hand.. claw over his face, and squeezed. His screams were loud at first, but they died down real quick.

I looked around. The place was in shambles, and I could hear the sound of small arms fire in the distance. I needed to get out of here. I needed to get somewhere safe. Some place where I can get that gorram thing off. Without blowing up.

Morocco. Carver in Morocco, he owed me a solid.

I started walking.

Chaos-Bringer - Birth of Chaos, part II

Ok, Thompson, time for a sit-rep: you're in the middle of a compound that belonged (you think) to a madman called D'muba, who turned you into a Creature Feature's reject. Belonged past sense 'cause I took care of the sumbitch when the shelling started. Oh yeah, this place is also lighting up like the Fourth of July and I need to get my steel-plated (or whatever) ass out of here...

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What's this? A guarded building? Shells are falling, people are screaming and running everywhere, and those two clowns are standing there? What the hell is in there? Transport, maybe?

... Come to meeeee....

Huh? What was that?

No matter... This bod' can move fast, but can't run beans, and those.. claws sure aren't made to pull any triggers. So I'll just take my chances and rush 'em.

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Ha! Caught 'em flat-footed, slammed one into the building's wall, I bet that hurrrrrrt... rrricochets from the other one's AK-47, STOP THAT! Eh, caught his jaw in my back swing, man those claws are wicked...

... Come to meeeee...

What the hell was that... is it coming from in there? Only one way to find out.

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Damn! No transport in here, the place is empty... and... no good, I'm leaking... stuff or something. One of those slugs must have punctured a hose or something. Already feeling a bit...

... Come to meeeee...

Alright, enough with the spooky voice! It's coming from one of those crates... Whoa, that's a big ass sword!

... You arrrre The Chaos-Bringerrrr... You arrrre The Chosssssssen...

What? A talking sword? Wicked...

And it looks like those new mitts of mine were made to hold that thing...

... Pain anddd dessstrucctionn... Slauuuuughterrr...

Sorry, sword, all I want to get the hell out of here. And... aw, man, I'm busted. OK, guys, don't you if you can understand me, but I. SURRENDER. *Comprende?* I... what the! Where are those sparks comin' from? I look like a sparkler on a...

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Whoa.

Whoa.

That was intense...

I took out these six guys in just a coupl' swings or three, and I swear they fired a few shots at me, but I did not feel a thing. In fact, I feel better, better than I've felt since I woke up in this hellhole. Is that your doing, sword?

... Blooood will runnnn like riverrrrr...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure. C'mon, sword, you're up to a little trip to Morroco?

Chaos-Bringer - Birth of Chaos, part III

Mah name is Zebedee Carver... jus' call me Carver; everyone does. Ah'm a... facilitater, o' sorts. Ya need sumthin'? Ah got it, or ah know a guy that got it. Ah made my 'base of operashions' in Tangier: nice city, nice weather, lots o' contacts here.

Ah was jus' comin' back from the local waterin' hole when a fella the size of a Mack truck fell from the rooftops to block mah path. Ya don't do that to ol' Carver; ah whip out mah trusty Desert Eagle and plug him three times dead center. Ah hear the clink of the slugs fallin' back down in the dirt, then this voice like comin' from beyond the grave: "Nice way to greet a friend, fleabag."

The only guy to call me that... was dead. Then Mack Truck took a step forward, and ah got a good look - 8 feet tall and comin' straight from Hell, I reckon. Ah fell back against the wall behind me, holdin' mah Desert Eagle even tho ah knew ain't nothin' this side of Damnation could kill that thing. It then removed its helmet, and... the face was zig-zagged with scars, but ah, know it.

"Th-Thompson?"

That's when ah must have fainted.

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Next thing I knew, ah was on mah back, and Thompson was lookin' at me.

"Ya gave me a scare, Carver." *His voice wasn't the spooky one ah heard earlier; it must have been the helmet.*

"Blair! Sonavagun, man, what happen'd to ya?"

He started to explain, but ah cut him off. "Not here, ah know a place..."

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Back at mah place, Blair told me his sorry tale, how he got shut down, and turned into a Creatures Features reject.

"Lemme make a few calls, an' we'll see what we kin do about this."

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"Ok, Blair, ah got good news and ah got bad news. The bad news is, that freaky armor o' yers is what keepin' ya alive. Don' ask me how, even the eggheads who prodded and poked ya earlier - sorry about that, by the way, an' yer sword sure got one hell of a temper - don't know what keeps ya tickin'.

"The good news... ah got words of an outfit in the U.S. called the Wild Cards. There's a witch doctor by the name o' Windaji workin' with them, and if anyone can put ya back together, it's her. And guess what... they're recruitin'."