

Boring. That was the word.

Whirlpool Suboyer circled slowly through the lake, her sleek otter-like frame making it as easy as drawing breath. Bored. Maddeningly so.

Stationed here to guard against enemies that never came. Oh certainly, sometimes she saw boats cross above, but none were ever hostile. Luxury cruisers and supply ships, filled with human civilians and innocent androids. But no enemies. She felt bloated with explosives she never got to use.

Boring.

Lonely was another word, though it didn't feel much like it applied. She hadn't seen anyone for ages, and that was fine with her. Commander Iceshard would contact her for updates perhaps once every few weeks, asking what had happened -- nothing, of course. Nothing ever happened. And then the updates had stopped, one missed call and then another.

She must have slipped under the radar, and it took months for her to even notice. It should have been upsetting, but no.

All she felt was boredom. A mounting frustration over being unable to act. A war machine, made to destroy, left to just languish in this pithy lake with civilians rushing overhead, people who had once given her false hope that something would happen. She knew better, now.

Circling through the water, down to the lake's bottom and spreading a cloud of sand just to break up the monotony, she looked up once again at a passing ship.

Civilians. People. As easily as if a switch had been flipped, she came to a decision.

If there were no enemies, any target would do.

---

It was a spectacle, a delightful rush. The screaming and panicked flailing of the survivors, clinging to debris as those around them sank, while Whirlpool circled around them and the burning, sinking ship.

She felt more alive than she had in ages.

The rescue team was the most fun part. Those who tried to haul out the poor survivors had made the mistake of coming in a boat themselves, and it gave her so many more victims to play with. Small fish to bait out bigger fish. The second rescue team had used a helicopter, and Whirlpool took delight in dragging people below the surface just as the helicopter reached for them.

She couldn't kill them all, of course, but it left her with both bodies and wreckage to spare, and she couldn't help but relish it all.

---

When one of her allies arrived, she could only laugh. Over seven months, and her first visitor was there to confront her about her crimes only a day after they took place.

The enraged, betrayed words he spilled were just platitudes, really, not the cries of someone who had truly considered her close. She had no qualms about attacking him, sharp shells slicing through his metal hide. He stood no chance, and before long was little more than debris. Just like everyone else.

---

Whirlpool circled around the lake, sometimes surfacing to see the shore. She had made her statement, now.

Boats and ships no longer crossed her waters. No more civilians, no more false hope, no more maddening boredom. She had something to watch for, and the few times she found an intruder, a ship sailing over her territory, she relished it. She reveled in tearing it down, adding another specimen to her shipwreck yard, a few pieces of live bait to lure out some more victims.

Even the corrupted had tried to approach her, and she found it all so funny. Them! If everything in her waters was an enemy, then the corrupted were the worst enemy of all. They had soon learned to keep away, just like the others.

Still she itched for a fight, someone who could keep up with her at least for a bit, but she didn't mind. She had time, nothing but time, and they would come sooner or later.

Until then, she was perfectly content to just guard her waters.