

Dark Matter

The Wolf Warrior

The Heart of Warriors



Chapter.1 First Notice

pg.1

It was a typical day leading the **Skull Alliance**; I was feasting on one of my androids because it disappointed me, as usual. The idiotic bank clan keeps on sending those worthless human-bots to me. They *say* they're good, but the only good they are to me: is an energy snack.

I need to feed the energy ruby that got stuck in my heart years ago, or else I will be history.

Then my blind 21 year old "daughter", Emerald ran into my side. She's learning to heighten her other abilities, so she can use those as her eyes. She had white fur with long black hair with a little red on the ends of her bangs. Her emerald green eyes had a hint of pale green.

Four black spots were under her eyes that were lined from biggest to smallest. Emerald's pink nose on her long snout was always sniffing the air as if she was looking for something. And her long ears always go back and forth.

I kidnapped her when she was just two years old, but I accidentally dropped her on her head when I was trying to make my escape.

That's how she got blind; I escaped when I kicked her father: Sensei off some cliff. And I guess he lost his memory about Emerald because he never spoke of her again.

“Ouch! Mama, is that you?”

“Yes, but I’m busy. What do you want?” I asked a little snappishly, these were one of those times when I’m glad she’s blind.

If she saw the dead android with its throat split open, it could traumatize her at this age.

“Mom, I think I’m getting sick. My throat hurts.” Emerald said before she coughed.

It got me a little bit worried, this is the third time she came running to me with a sore throat. I gave her medicine twice but with no response.

“Ok, ok, ok. I’ll take you to the medical center.” I said as I picked her up and carried her to the medical center down the corridor.

The doctor examined her but it took about an hour. Well, at least it appeared too. The doctor looked at me with grief and shook his head.

“Well, what’s the matter? Even if she’s sick, we are as fully stock as any hospital.” I growled at him.

“We don’t have the kind of medicine she needs.” The doctor said quietly.

A sudden chill traveled down my back, I knew that this was bad news; but I tried to keep myself calm.

“Mom, am I going to be all right?” Emerald asked me.

“Yes you will, I’ll just find the medicine, shouldn’t be too hard.”

The doctor took me out of the room and said one of most horrible six words I’ve ever heard, “I think she has something serious.”

“Ridiculous, that is impossible.” I snarled at the doctor.

“The same thing happened to some of our other cadets. This is no laughing matter, empress.”

An idea popped into my head, “The peace keeping scum! They figure that since I have their key to take over the galaxy, they have to destroy it.”

I remember that day when I took over sector 2; a Softie vowed that I will regret the day I had kidnapped the princess, my daughter. But it doesn’t really sound like them. Well, we know how the old saying goes, “desperate times, call for desperate measures”.

“I will find a cure, and have my revenge.” I told him, “Keep the cadets alive as long, as possible.”

“Yes, Empress,” The doctor told me, and he went back into the room when I headed out for revenge.

I took the *skull crusher* to sector 9, enemy territory. I might die there, if I didn’t send a message to them in time.

Letting them know that I wanted to call a meeting. The Snow Alliance never turns down a complain notice, I called them to their command ship.

I waited about a minute for the Softies to put me through. It was the Snow Alliance scum's best general; General Silver Frost. He's an impressive robot, I'll admit.

He had silver plates on his head, chest, and shoulders. Frost is mostly composed of the color white with a little black around his eyes and cheek. He has golden eyes with a little brown around that burned with a fighting spirit. Frost also can deploy his robotic arms into four separate ones.

"Snow scum, I want to know why you poisoned my apprentice and cadets. Isn't that a little too low for even you to stoop?" I growled at him.

"We did NOT poison the children! The same thing is happening to our cadets and soldiers as well!" Frost snapped at me, his pain was almost convincing.

I was a little surprised that two enemies were facing the same problem, I began to wonder. What if we have to work together to find a cure?

"I do not believe you, show me proof." I snarled at him.

"Very well," Silver Frost sighed.

He took me to their medical center, and it was worse than I imagined. We stood behind a wall with a wide window.

As I looked through the window I could see children and cadets lying on beds with their skin turning grey and their eyes were pale as snow.

It was truly not a pretty sight to see, some were even shot because they let out a deep moan. Zombies were my best guess at this point.

Emerald!!! I instantly thought.

We heard a gunshot in another room, someone was shot.

How could this happen?!

“You have to stop trying to treat them, their too far gone to be back to normal.”

“We tried everything, but at least some breeds of life forms only take this plague as a cold. We have the plague pretty much under control.”

“What do you mean ‘pretty much’?” I raised an eyebrow or what was left of it.

“We had to kill so much of our own; it’s not so easy letting go.” The General said quietly.

“Then.....I guess we have no choice, we have to settle our differences with a temporary truce; until we find a cure or survive together.” I couldn’t believe what I was saying; even the General was shocked as well. But I had no choice, or the war could be over for both of us.

“I—we---but...” Silver Frost stuttered in shock.

“For someone who makes the red rain pour constantly, she can still speak words of wisdom.” A voice said behind us, it was the king of the Snow scum.

He was an old man with a long white beard, shining blue eyes and pale skin. He wore a long dark blue hooded-robe with gold lining.

He also had long white claws, a cat’s nose, and long bended dog-like ears. His name was Sensei, he was probably was about 30 years older than me. Sensei has always been on my nerves since the beginning of the war over 50 years ago. He was also: the King of Heroes.

Our powers are evenly matched: he would win some; I’ll win others. Neither of us could get the upper hand.

I glared at him, but he just smiled.

“Even a ravenous beast of darkness can come to her senses when the time is right.” Sensei chuckled.

I let out an intimidating snarling growl.

“Sensei, I’m so glad you’re here!” the general cheered, but Sensei gently put his finger on the general’s mouth.

“Let’s not celebrate yet, General. A dangerous path lies among us, and it doesn’t intend to be over quickly.” He said as he slowly took his finger away.

“Ye—yes, Sensei,” Silver Frost spoke softly.

I rolled my eyes, because I was starting to get bored and it was only the beginning of this nightmare.

“So what do you suggest old wise one?” I hissed at him.

Sensei slowly gave me a dirty look, “We need to round up as much survivors as possible.”

“I must contact my medical center; I hope it’s not too late.” I ran to the nearest hologram projector to find out what’s going on there and miraculously the message actually came through.

“Empress, is that you!?” the doctor cried out, there were blood stains on his jacket; his eyes were full of fear.

“Doctor, what’s going on down there?”

“The cadets turned into monsters!”

“What about Emerald?” I asked impatiently

“She’s fine; she’s holding a miracle close to her. She’s in sector 2 with Ice, Zira, and Rexie! The robot soldiers have gone mad and they’re starting to kill each other!” Then to my surprise I saw little creatures and two of my combat robots start to bite into his legs and neck, “Ahhh! Get away from me! It hurts! It hurts!” the signal got cut off.

I was relieved that there were survivors and more than half of them are warriors that I can trust; except Rexie. He can be a complete dumbbell: that’s what everyone says about him, but he’s Emerald’s best friend.

Sensei came behind me and put his bony fingers on my shoulder. “Like you said before, we could survive this together. The princess could provide hope for a cure.”

“We’re not going to cut her open to find a cure.” I snarled in reply. “That’s not what I meant, but we’ll see what happens.” Sensei put his hand away and put his fingers together, “But what we can’t do, is to be sitting ducks.”

“We’re going to sector 2 then, someone is waiting for me.”

“Very well, then let’s go.”

We went to the landing bay and over fifteen zombies were already there. We even saw one eating another zombie. We couldn’t tell at this point if they can see, hear, or what they were capable of.

We didn’t have time to think about it anyways; what was important was that we get out of here alive.

Four or five zombies grabbed a human female engineer, “Help me! It hurts! It hurts!” she screamed at the top of her lungs when the zombies started to eat her.

“How do we get to the ships?” the General asked.

“I’ll clear a path.” I said, pulling out my sword that was bejeweled with energy rubies on the handle. I pressed on the biggest ruby on it and out came a long red blade.

Sensei didn’t hold me back, “So be it.”

I sliced the zombies one by one, head by head. It was a joy to me, but I kind of miss the screams of others that had met my blade while still alive.

Blood poured onto the floor with every strike until I was done. Over ten zombies had met my blade and their blood had coated my sword.

Sensei tilted my sword slightly down, “This should be analyzed so we could find out exactly what we’re dealing with. Maybe even an answer against this unknown.” He held a small tube under the blade and drops of blood were poured into it. Then he quickly hid the tube back into his robes.

“Alright, fine. Let’s get out of here.” We took my ship, the *skull crusher* to sector 2 where survivors were waiting to be rescued.

We saw a small ship floating in space; it appeared to be one of my ships. It was dark grey with sharp edged wings like a falcon. I tried to contact it two times, until I finally got through.

“Empress, is that you?” Ice asked; his furry hooded cape was stained with blood. His round yellow eyes were filled with fear, his dark grey metal body was very petite like a girl and his long sharp claws had smears of dried blood.

“Yes, Ice. I have enough room in the back for you to land your ship.”

Ice landed the small ship in the back of the *skull crusher*; I turned on the auto pilot and then went to the back. The small ship had splatters of blood and oil covering it.

They came out of the ship out of breath. Either they're exhausted from fighting the dead, or the ship was just a little bit too much to handle.

"Thank you so much for coming for us, master." Zira said as her brawny body was covered in blood splatters. Even her spiky metal hair piece had blood on it as well.

Rexie let out a bark and started to wag his tail. I guess he was just happy to be alive. He then spun around a few times panting happily.

"Where are we going now, mama?" Emerald asked me, she was shivering badly.

"We're going to...um...to..." I didn't know where to go; it was the first time I didn't know what to do.

"To neutral space: in sector 6. There is a hidden planet that could help us." Sensei interrupted me.

"Fine," I grumbled.

"No, no, no, no, no. I—I don't think that's a good idea, Sensei. What if survivors see us as intruders and what if the disease spreads faster than we expected?" Silver Frost exclaimed, running in front of the controls.

Sensei put his hand on the General's head, "You are in a lot of pressure, General. Why don't you recharge?"

"But—but—but...."

Sensei's hand started to glow yellow and the General slowly powered down with droopy eyes.

“I understand the situation; we're all concerned about our safety. But sometimes we have to take dangerous paths to find harmony.”

I threw Silver Frost to the side so he wouldn't block the controls.

“Alright, we're going to sector six.” I put on the hyper drive, and we were well on our way.

After an hour went by, we saw a foggy planet with city lights. It looked very usually, I never seen a planet that was a huge city before.

“Is that the planet you were talking about?”

“Yes, Ronio: The city planet. I sense the answer is just right in front of us, but there are a few spots that will keep us safe.”

I landed the ship to a landing bay, the closest one I could find. When we got out of the ship, we didn't see any sign of the monsters.

“The coast is clear.” I said.

We quietly ran out of the landing bay without trying to draw attention to ourselves.

As we ran into the street, we noticed two zombies were crossing the street across ahead of us. I tried to pull out my sword, but Sensei held my hand. I glared at him, but he was looking in another direction. I looked at his direction and saw over ten zombies were up on a hill next to us.

Sensei was trying to tell me that it won't be wise to strike right now. He tried to put my sword back, but *I* knew that this was an opportunity to attack and clear a path for us.

“Dark Matter, don't!” Sensei yelled, but I refused to listen to that old fool. I knew exactly what I was doing.

I sliced the zombies down, one by one. From slicing off half their body, to slicing off their heads and from making the zombies bleed to death by cutting open their chest.

A zombie tried to sneak up on me; as I had heard its deep moan. I pierced its face with the blades on the lower part of my metal arm. But the zombie actually screamed out bloody murder as if the zombie was still alive!

It appeared that I took care of all the zombies in this area, but I noticed one zombie that fell to the ground tried to pick itself up. When I saw it, I lifted up my foot and smash its head to bits. Brain matter splattered on the ground along with splatters of blood all over the area. It felt like being on the battle field again, it felt great!

“*Now* the coast is clear.” I called out to them. I think I put Sensei to shame by showing that the sword *can* be mightier than the pen. Negotiating is NOT an option in this war for survival and “surrendering” means sudden death. My guess would be that if you get bitten, it's over.

Silver Frost sneaked out of the pack and went around a dark corner of the landing bay.

“I hope the machine isn’t damaged. They’re too weak.” He said to himself as he took a communicator from under his shoulder blade. Silver Frost waited for a signal for a few seconds, and then an image of a humanoid female professor with sleek pink hair that rested on her shoulders appeared. She also had two pink furry dog ears; one was straight with two red earrings, and the other was bended with no jewelry.

She wore a white rubber lab coat with a little black where the zipper was, along with dark brown pants.

She wore a gas mask that only covered her mouth, showing her dark green eyes with a hint of lavender; and little three black dots were under each eye. Her skin was almost as pale as her lab coat.

The woman’s name was Saya Mist; she used to work for Dark Matter until she was reported missing ten years ago. Everyone had assumed she was dead after years of searching. Saya ran away from the Skull alliance to discover new things besides destroying them. Dark Matter always forced her to make poisons, viruses, and new weapons for massive destruction.

Saya took an escape pod from an assault that made it the perfect cover; until she found a smuggler’s ship.

The smuggler was kind enough to let her stay on the ship until she can find another vessel. After two weeks of life in an old ship paid off; the smuggler got her a small ship that was in good shape.

“Our test subjects are too weak; it seems as if the machine isn’t working as it should, Saya.” Silver Frost said a bit upset.

“Well, you are right. The machine is a bit weak; but I’m working on it. It should be working properly by tonight.”

“Tonight, are you freaking damn lazy?!” Silver Frost snapped.

“Don’t push me, rust pile. You’re lucky that I am helping you. Remember; you owe *me* for saving your butt.” Saya snapped back.

Ten years ago when she was reported dead, Saya found the General in bad shape on a ship wreck. Part of his right arm was missing with a big burn mark that started from his left eye all the way to his nose. He also had a foot missing that was oozing with oil.

Saya repaired him and took care of him for a few days until Silver Frost was back on his feet. Before Saya let Silver Frost go back to the Snow alliance; he suggested that they should work together to end of the war. Saya agreed.

They built a huge machine in a shape of a generator; that made people go mad, but it seems to only effect humans: which is the Snow alliance’s whole army.

Except for Sensei, for he’s not a human.

Even robots can go mad, but the effects on robots were slower. The machine can eliminate both sides by making them kill themselves.

Silver Frost let out a growl while showing his razor teeth, “Fine, tonight.”

“I promise it will be ready, now just relax. The ‘zombie’s’ bite isn’t very contagious right now, because it seems to have different effects on different species.”

“I’ll meet you at the factory.”

“When: General?” Saya asked.

“Tonight if I can,” he answered. “But I have one question.”

“What?”

“What should I know about these zombies?”

“They’re sensitive to sound, visually impaired, below average vocabulary, stomach starvation, hurt skin color, poor body structure, and their nerves a bit numb. They should be considered ‘dead’ tonight.” Saya answered patiently.

“Thanks.” Silver Frost said calmly.

“General?” Sensei called out.

“I got to go.” Silver Frost turned off his communicator and hid it back under his shoulder blade. “Sorry, I—I had to tinkle, Sensei.”

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Rexie started to bark but Emerald calmed him down before I can hit him to shut up.

Silver Frost walked back into the group calmly.

“General, you seem tense.” Sensei said staring into Silver Frost’s golden eyes.

“I—I—I am very.....um.....”

“Hey! Are you coming or not, old man?!” Zira called out. The group already started to move out.

“Come on, General.”

“OK, Sensei.” Silver Frost said.

I lead the group over the hills until we found a café because Emerald was hungry and it was starting to get a little dark.

There was a lock on the door and the blinds were closed: either the workers were still alive or they locked the zombies inside.

“Ice, Zira, go take Emerald over there just in case if there’s any unwanted visitors in there.” I said as pointing down the street. The street was safe; or at least to a point.

“Yes, master.” Zira and Ice said; they took Emerald down the street away from the café.

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