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Sora No Otoshimono: - The Higgs Mission

Prologue

On the twenty-second floor in a high-rise located in Washington, Robison sat in a thick leather chair and shifted through reports about strange occurrences and satellite surveillance footage.

He watched Mr Smith (if that was his real name) gaze through the wide windows at the cities skyline. Mr Smith turned towards him and his iron-grey hair was visibly noticeable against the sunlight. His immaculate suit was always kept pressed, as well as making himself professionally presentable for moments like this.

"Are you sure these reading are correct sir, this information looks like a child's fantasy." Robison said. Mr Smith was still standing at the window as LCD screens flashed on the adjacent wall.

"No, the information is one hundred percent accurate. We've even sent agents into the area to monitor the activity.

"But sir? Angels? Girls with wings? This must be some kind of joke?"

Mr Smith walked over to the oak table and entered a few commands into the computer consol. A video played and a girl appeared on the largest screen on the wall.

"She is called Ikaros and as you can see from this footage, she is some kind of warrior. About a month ago satellite images picked up a massive disturbance on the outskirts of a small town called Sorami in Japan."

"Most impressive what is she?"

Mr Smith sat at the table and poured himself a glass of water. "We believe she is called a Angeloid and why she's on Earth is another question."

Robison placed the documents on the table. Fascinated by the video. "Do you know where she came from, is there any more?"

"We've only detected this creature and we believe she came from the unknown hole that had been drifting through the skies of our world long ago. What she is and her mission remains a mystery. That's when you come in."

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, do you know someone called Carl Higgs?"

"Vaguely."

"He used to work with the United States military, and very good at... Getting things. Now after his little adventure with a few young girls in the Philippines he has been kicked out and now works with the CIA."

"Yes, I remember that, he said he was innocent." Robison drank from the glass opposite him and continued. "But why are you asking about him?"

Mr Smith stood and handed Robison the mission file. "You are to bring Carl Higgs here and prepare to send him to Japan. He's to capture Ikaros and bring her back for matters of... national security."

"Sir, he won't stand a chance, did you see the video footage?" *That was a dumb question, of course he did.* Robison thought, but continued. "She'll kill him the moment he touches her"

Mr Smith Smiled. "I know. He's expendable. You will also arrive with a extraction team to evaluate her strengths and then, once she is at her weakest, capture her." He turned towards the window. "Besides, Carl Higgs's smarter then he looks. Give him a chance. I am sure he'll capture her for us. If not, he will give us valuable information... by his death."

Chapter 1

In the waning hours of a somewhat hot day, Carl Higgs huddled in the waiting room with his thermal mug and a magazine, of which the content was more boring than the secretary at her desk doing nothing.

He *was* sure it would involved his passed indulgences within the United States military and the head of the CIA would drag him into some backwater country to be used as the latest Ginny Pig.

In the past four years, Carl served his time within the military and gradually worked his way up the chain of command, until he finally fizzled out his luck with some hooker who tricked him. Then she publicised his adventures on the Internet. This failed to amuse his commanders and he was soon booted out of the service.

Still, things got worse for the young man. Everything started to go down hill and he ended up with the wrong crowd. But despite his misfortunes, he was good at his job and damn good. This soon drew the attention of the CIA who employed him as a part-time spy and material gathering agent.

A man called Robison, who claimed to be security of state, sat opposite him and continued to rummage through his list of documents for half an hour. But Carl could not fathom the reason for why he was here. From his initial observations within the waiting room, he noticed an unusual number of staff that scurried around with reports of Sky Angels and massive battles that happed on some distant part of the world.

Great, another war to watch. Carl thought.

Opposite, Robison stared at Carl, and his leering glare did not go unnoticed.

"Who are you?" Robison asked.

"Carl."

"Do you have a second name?"

"Yes."

"What is it?" Robison asked, getting angry.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I'm asking the questions."

Carl swirled his cup of tea he ordered from the machine and tried to find something to preoccupy his time. He didn't want to ask or answer any questions--too many people peeking into his life--but he could clearly see the man impatient in his peripheral vision.

"Carl. Ah, now I know." Robison exclaimed, sitting upright after remembering his name from a deep memory.

"Know what?"

"I remember you. You're the one that caught sleeping with that fifteen-year old Philippine girl?"

"I didn't know she was fifteen at the time."

Robison leaned back and carried on. "So, why are you here? Looking for a way to get back to the Philippines."

"No, I was ordered."

"Perhaps the young girls are ordering you?" Robison smiled, "Am I right?"

"No, are you deaf?"

A side door opened and both men stared in the same direction. A man dressed in a business suit introduced himself as John Smith, although Carl came to the ultimate conclusion that his name was fake.

"Gentleman, if you could please enter, we have a lot of work to do." He said casually.

Carl walked in after prompting Robison to enter first. He never liked the idea of someone behind him and this often led to some unnecessary questions about his past. But this whole operation seemed fishy for some reason. He did not trust anyone, especially the United States government.

"There's something going on in Japan." Mr Smith slammed the door shut and dumped a load of papers onto the oak desk that was partly filled with monitors embedded inside the wood.

Mr Smith sat down in his leather chair and tapped on the computer terminal. A projection of a young girl with pink hair appeared on the projection board.

"What the hell's that?" Robison asked.

"It's called an Angeloid."

"A what?"

"You must be deaf." Carl interjected, leaning on the table.

Still, as Carl looked at the image, he could only wonder. *What the hell is that?* The young man wanted to say that, but that would contradict his own outburst towards Robison. For the time being, he decided to listen to what Mr Smith had to say. *This seemed like an interesting story, especially with a girl with wings. Just what is going on in Japan and why was I ordered here?*

Chapter 2

In all his life as a young boy attending school and living his life to the fullest, Tomoki Sakurai had never thought that he would have the responsibilities of caring for a girl, let alone an Angeloid Pet-Class. But she has proven time and time again that this Angeloid was so much more.

The final battle that waged between Ikaros and the two Harpy's shook his very understanding of reality. But it also cemented his friendship with the Angel girl.

His flare for the dramatic always resided with his perverted need to discover Sohara's underwear colour and any improvement on her breast size. But the constant threat of a kung-foo chop always kept him in check. He often tried to rationalise the crazy events that had currently unfolded, even if it's been a month since the attack.

But in the end, not even Tomoki could assist in his latest attempt at adult responsibility.

"Are you sure it's safe to do that?" Sohara questioned, hand on chin and confident Tomoki should not be doing that.

"Don't worry Sohara! I have seen them do this many times in the past. I know what I am doing."

"Hmph, the last time you said something like that the world nearly ended."

"Ah, I think I found it." Tomoki reached higher towards the ceiling as if he could find his final victory. He almost felt himself indestructible since he survived the battle with the Harpy Ambush Angeloids.

The end of Tomoki's exploration into adulthood experiment was so abrupt that he was not prepared for the fall. After he touched the wrong wire inside the florescent light, he caused a huge power surge that sent him flying onto the floor. Ikaros scurried over and placed her beautiful face into Tomoki field of vision. The pink hair and the wide fluffy wings, ho, how he wished he could get over his boyish habits.

"Are you Okay master?"

"Owe... Owe... Owe... How can electric be so hard? It looks so easy when I watched them do it..."

"Perhaps you should leave it to the professionals." Sohara mused in the corner not concerned for her friends fall.

But Sohara was unaware at what Tomoki was staring at, as he had fallen into the perfect position to look right up her skirt. *Perfect.*

Tomoki stared at her underwear and his heavy silence -that lasted a few minutes- was broken. He could not keep back the words that began to flow out of his mouth. "They are glittered pink. Soooo... Luring."

Though it was late and the darkness was rapidly approaching the small group in the room, it took a moment for Sohara to understand what he muttered.

She immediately closed her skirt and went berserk. "Tomo-Chan..." She raised her left hand, ready to strike.

With a spring in her pounce she bolted for Tomoki smacked him dead centre. Unsatisfied with that result, she shouted pervert, shouted more of his name - although he was touched she used his name in such an instance- and continued to beat some sense into him.

Hands flew and body parts swayed and flung in the air as Tomoki tried his best to dodge, duck and sway her moves. Although he was improving, she was more agile and direct.

After a moment of calm and a few passing vehicles pasted outside his window, the smoke began to settle. Sohara spoke. "I thought you were going to stop all this perverted nonsense!"

She continued. "Needless to say you won't be leaving your old habits behind. If I had one of Ikaros cards, I could put a stop to all of this."

"Please forgive me, it was an accident, I won't do it again." But deep in the recesses of his mind, he thought. *I'm a growing teenager; I will never suppress my perverted feeling. In fact I will build and panty shrine to immerse myself in the way of the panty god!*

Tomoki was unaware that he was daydreaming in a far too revealing manor. Once he regained his eyesight from his dream, Sohara stared right back at him. She knew and he was about to experience even more pain.

Chapter 3

"Please sit." Mr Smith said and the two of them finally sat down around the oak table. "Thank you. Now, nobody knows this, but some strange activity has been detected in Japan and our intelligence gathering team has come up with some strange results."

Carl murmured. "Yeah, they can't tell the difference from a retard and a grumpy old man."

"Is there something you want to say Mr Higgs?"

"No, no. Carry on." Carl was suddenly seized with an urge for some water. He stretched and grabbed the full glass of water that was placed on the table before they arrived.

Mr Smith continued. "So far, our satellites have picked up an unknown 'hole' floating around a small village in Japan."

"Do you know what this hole is?" Carl questioned

"I don't know what it is.

"Then who does?"

Robison stood up and walked over to the projection. "Agents in national security have sent several teams to infiltrate the town and gather intel. We have gathered all the information required and now your expertise is required."

Carl stared in disbelief; his shirt began to itch, an annoying feeling too. He gulped the rest of the water and asked for another; the room felt hot.

"I don't understand, do you mean you are sending me to Japan?"

"That's correct Mr Higgs."

Robison interrupted with a grin, "It should be right up your ally, lots of young Asian girls for you. You should be right at home and happy."

"Where is this town I am going to?" Carl made a point to raise his voice slightly at the word 'town' and leered at Robison.

"We will be sending you to a little town called Sorami." Mr Smith brought up the town on the main screen. "We have your passports ready and there is more information on the people you will meet and your mission once you are on the plane."

"Well, it just so happens that I am happy where I am and I don't feel like taking a trip abroad. Or a trip to Japan, and especially to some backwater place called... Sorami. So you can take that passport and papers and shove them up your ass. On second thought, why don't you shove the passport up Robison's ass then we'll be happy together."

Mr Smith almost dropped his glass of water on the floor. After an uncomfortable long pause, which he was speechless, he regained his composure and continued.

"Mr Higgs"

"Don't call me that."

"Carl, remember who you work for, and there is a handsome sum of money in it for you."

Carl raised his head, now he was interested.

"Now you are talking my language. How much and when do we leave?"

Now the office was clear and Mr Smith and Robison were together, they completed their talks.

“Do you think he can pull it off?” Robison queried.

“He better do, I can’t think of a perfect weapon to study.”

They turned towards the screen and looked at Ikaros who was singing at a school play. It was breathtaking, but the government agents had other plan for her.

Mr Smith placed his hand on his chin, supporting his head. “It doesn’t matter if Mr Higgs can capture Ikaros. If he is killed, then we’ll know exactly what she is. It’s time we have more information other than satellite images. ”

Carl was far away, with the distance from the United States growing ever so distant. After being shoved on a military plane in the middle of the night with only a few possessions and the documents he colourfully volunteered to shove up Robison’s ass, Carl had plenty of time to kill.

He shifted through the documents as he laid out on a folded down-bunk as the plane continued to rattle all around him. He studied all the documents, snapshots and information that were sparsely translated from Japanese. He didn’t have a clue how to speak the language so keeping quiet would be the best course of action.

He turned the page and more pictures dazzled his eyes under the faint light.

‘Ikaros, an Angeloid Pet-Class.’ “What the hell is that? Angel as a pet I suppose.”

Then he moved to the next image. ‘Nymph, Electronic Warfare Angeloid’ “Looks cute. What can she do, dazzle someone to death.”

He looked at both women. “What’s with the wings? Consumes?” but the more he looked at the file, the more questions filled his mind. He tossed the documents onto the floor and turned in his bunk. He listened to the steady hum of the engines and the idle chatter from the individuals on the other side of the wall. Unwillingly, he dozed off.

Chapter 4

After their botched mission to capture Ikaros's Uranus system core and her variable wings, the Angeloid Interceptors, Gamma and Harpy were in deep trouble.

Returning to the palace in the sky, or Synapse, they were met with disgraced looks and idle murmurs. So much so, they were better off staying on Earth with the Downers.

Sat at the table like a group of hound dogs the 'Masters of the sky,' carried on with their pleasurable eating and gambling. An activity they took up frequently and learned from the Downers.

Dragged in front of their master, Gamma and Harpy cowered on the floor hoping for forgiveness on their catastrophic failure. The chains around their necks were a clear indication that they belonged to the king of the sky, their master. But as he looked down upon them, he was furious.

"You two have failed me." He stood up and walked away from the table. The sky looked menacing in the background. "I'm very disappointed in both of you. You are my most skilled Angeloids, yet you return empty handed."

"But master, we..."

"*I don't want to hear any excuses!*" He yanked on the imaginary chain that linked them and they fell to the floor, grovelling.

"It's clear that you two have outlived your usefulness." The master dropped the chains on the floor and turned his back towards them. A sign of disgrace they assumed. But the two Ambush Angeloids were not prepared for his punishment.

"I am feeling generous. I would normally have you two dismantled and thrown to the sky. But since you two have failed, I can only assume that both of you wish to go back with the downers..." He turned and his grin crept along his face. "You'll be sent as Pet-Class Angeloids to serve some downer scum... I'm confident you can make your new masters happy."

He chuckled as he walked over to his comrades eating at their table. More female Angeloids pampered and looked after their master. He raised the chain that linked Gamma and Harpy and yanked it away from them. They shuddered and fell to the floor. Completely submissive with their slim bodies showing. They were at the mercy of their master.

"Please... don't force us to obey petty humans like Ikaros. We underestimated her. Let us prove our worth master." Gamma's calls for mercy sounded desperate. But she could only see a dismissive gesture from her master. With a wave of his hand, the two were mercifully dragged away by the other Angeloids. Presumably to be reprogrammed and dumped back on Earth as sex slaves. The question remains, will they remember all of this, or will the past memories be locked away.

Gamma and Harpy struggled as they were dragged out of the palace; their screams and cries were drowned out by the laughs and cheer from the Master and his many associates.

Chapter 5

Somebody knocked on the adjacent wall, speaking gently, "Carl Higgs. You're needed in the briefing room; we're nearly at our rendezvous point." Carl squeezed his eyes open and gazed around the dull room. Typical, he wanted to sleep longer, but he knew it was time to get up. Get up and make some cash... dollars... euro, or whatever the currency is these days. He'd forgotten what the currency was because all his transactions were transferred by bankcards and he never paid any attention to it

He left his cramped room and followed the individual through the dark aisles between the empty bunks and finally into a small room somewhere in the middle of the plane. They sat around a desk with a laptop, can of coke, cigarettes and a pile of paper that looked as if it will fall over at the slightest hint of turbulence, although Carl thought that smoking on a plane was unsafe, this did not deter the agent from lighting up.

The man showed the image of the pink haired angel girl on his laptop. "This is your target. You are to capture her and rendezvous with us at the pickup point just outside of town. But first you are required to study her and find out everything you can first. You are to mingle with the school and the local village. Gain their trust."

"Japanese?"

"Yes, they are Japanese."

"Thought so."

"You're not very bright are you Carl?"

"You're not fast to catch on. Unless I'm on a completely different planet, I don't speak a word of Japanese. How am I to... *Mingle?* And one more thing."

"You ask a lot of Questions." The man leaned on his chair and scratched his head. "Go on."

"I am not a teenager, how am I going to school?"

"You are going in as an English teacher, it's been taken care off."

"*What?* You are going to have me teach English to students? I'm a secret agent not a teacher; I have no idea what to do."

"I think it suits you. But it's not my choice." The man opened the file and gave him the necessary documents. The room now seemed smaller to Carl.

Carl sloughed on the table, "Can I have some tea?"

"You will be staying at a small bed and breakfast during your entire time and I suggest you read this file."

Carl looked at the brown folder and muttered, "I'd love some tea."

The man gave him a mug of tea and proceeded with more information.

"One more thing. We are not landing; you're to parachute down. We don't have the clearance from the Japanese to send you in. In fact they don't know we are here at all. A man is going to meet you and he will prepare you for your task. Good luck."

Before Carl had the chance to blur out more questions that would hit the individual like an avalanche, he vanished. Fifteen minutes later he was shoved into a parachute and tossed out of the aeroplane like a lemming high on crack.

Chapter 6

Tomoki Sakurai went back to his original mission to get Ikaros to smile. Huddled around the small table Tomoki pondered over the question. *Can she smile?* He tried it once, but it ended up with more trouble than it was worth, then again, perhaps things are better now.

“Remember Ikaros, the art of smiling is to be happy. Are you happy?”

“I am happy master.” Her tone sounded plain and unemotional.

Then Tomoki had an idea, it was simple and something he’d wished he had thought of before.

Using great skill, he stood up and strolled over to Ikaros, her eyes followed him, such puppy dog eyes and she was not prepared for his little experiment.

“Ikaros let me take your hand.” He gently took her hand and gently talked to her. “So, I am sure you can smile, you just need a little help.”

The out of the blue, his hands rushed up her arms and began to tickle Ikaros around her waist. The desired effect was bound to provoke some kind of response and Tomoki went mad. Her soft skin, smooth clothing and before long he was overexcited.

“Tomo-Chan, what are you doing to Ikaros?” Sohara entered the room, curious about the commotion and of course, thinking the worst.

Ikaros sat on the floor with Tomoki’s hands all over her body, what was she to think? This pervert had finally taken the initiative and began to abuse his power.

Sohara could not allow this to happen; she needed to save the cute angel.

Tomoki hesitated at the question and instantly knew what was installed for him. He needed to use his smart intelligence and explain quickly.

“Sohara... Ah... Erm... I am trying a new technique to get Ikaros to smile.” However the evidence that was on display for Sohara was quite the contrary.

Ikaros did not flinch or make a move the entire time, in-fact she was quite puzzled at the momentary release of energy, and she’d never felt this experience before. With a blank expression on Ikaros’s face, Sohara could only see a young perverted teenager exploring his male desires with a girl, and of course she will do anything he commands because she is an Angeloid programmed to follow her master’s orders.

Tomoki backed away with his hands raised. “I am determined to make Ikaros more human, I am sure she can smile. I have faith in her.”

He looked at Ikaros and held her hand. “I thought tickling her would help. She is my best friend and I am determined to help her achieve her goal and have a fulfilling life.”

Tomoki’s meaning was good, and Sohara accepted the reason and she, herself felt slightly touched at his words. *So Tomoki is not so hopeless.*

However, Sohara didn’t want to carry on down this particular path of conversation and decided to change the subject. “Hmph, well anyway, have you seen Nymph? She said she was going out for a little bit, but that was over an hour ago.”

“She’s left?” Replied Tomoki

“Yeah, I’m wondering if you know what she is up to.”

“She didn’t tell me anything.” Tomoki turned to Ikaros. “Do you?”

Ikaros got up. “She said she was going to stretch her wings for a little, she was mortally wounded when the Ambush Angeloids ripped them off.”

Even if Ikaros was able to feel the pain of human emotions, all of this was locked away in some kind of code that could be broken from time to time. Although

she's the Uranus Queen -the most powerful Angeloid- she was reprogrammed to be an Angeloid Pet-Class and sent down to Earth. But her experience and love for Tomoki has made her more human than she realised. Now Nymph, who was sent to bring Ikaros back to the Synapse, had her chains removed and has now accepted Tomoki as her master. But where had she flown off too? Ikaros felt trapped in her own logic and didn't know the true answer for that.

"I'm sure she will be back." Tomoki said.

"I hope so, its very dark outside and I don't want anything to happen to her."

"She can look after herself Sohara, don't worry."

Chapter 7

The conversion changed when Harpy was about to receive her transformation. Gamma had already undergone the changeover and now the greed haired Ambush Angeloid had become a basic Pet-Class. *How humiliating.* Harpy was not going to let this happen and she vowed to save her partner.

The monstrous Angeloid placed his hands on Harpy's head and began to transformation, but she loaded her hand cannon -the Prometheus- and fired it directly at the creature. He staggered back and shouted. The creature was in no hurry and lunged forward. "You've been ordered to submit, I will not allow you to escape your fate."

Gamma remained kneeling on the open floor and waited for her instructions, she waited to be thrown down to Earth from the clouds. Her fate is now lost. But Harpy decided to make a brake for it.

"Come on Gamma, I'm going to get you out of here, there is no way you'll be a slave to the downers."

"I have no master, I must wait to be assigned one."

Gamma acted like a wiped child, completely free of her emotions and unable to respond. It was sad and humiliating, but Harpy wasn't going to give up, she needed to do something, she was the only one who could.

She grabbed her companion by the hand and dragged her out into the open palace grounds. The leader, or ex master bellowed out. "You two will be dismantled for this behaviour, you have nowhere to go."

"We are no longer slaves to your desires. You have betrayed us. We offered our vengeance, but you turn us into Pet-Class Angeloids. You can go to hell, if such a place exists."

"That can easily be arranged."

He raised his hand and almost instantly, energy discharges rained from his hand towards the supporting structures of the palace. He was building up energy to fire.

Harpy realised this and back away towards the edge of the grounds. A few steps would send them hurtling down through the sky. It was the only place to go. She grabbed Gamma and made a run for it. The master fired his weapon.

The indecent bolt struck the grounds at their feet and Gamma and Harpy were thrown into the sky. They fell. Wings damaged and unable to fly, they fell through the hole and back towards Earth.

The fall felt like eternity and Harpy could only remember the failure of their mission, how their master had turned against them and his cruel punishment. *Why didn't he just terminate us?*

The wind blew in her face and it wasn't until her thoughts finished that she realised that her companion Gamma had disappeared. Where did she go?

Harpy felt the chilly air rush through her brown hair while thoughts of panic steadily filled her reactor. *Where is Gamma? She cannot fall to earth without me, if she sees the first human, she will imprint him as her master. Ho no! I must find her!*

She frantically tried to get her wings to work, but they were too badly damaged. Harpy was falling and she could do nothing to help her companion, Gamma. She would be defenceless and vulnerable in a world of human scum who would do anything to her.

Chapter 8

Being thrown out of an aeroplane at 24,000 feet, Carl reminded himself to review his acceptance of the lucrative deal. It appeared it was not as appealing as he first thought and as the chilly wind rushed around his body, he wished he beckoned Mr Smith for more money. But that might be pushing his luck.

Boy, he wished he had some tea now.

It was cold and he was falling fast

I need some tea.

At the appropriate time, when he was able to see the faint lights of the town called Sorami -he hoped- Carl released the parachute and was instantly jolted back up into the air. The sudden deceleration caused some pain in his arms and the sudden rush of blood to his feet made him dizzy. But he'd been used to such things before. Now he had to land.

He thought long and hard about his mission and its reason, some parts didn't make sense, why did they want to send him? Why capture this girl that looked like an angel? Or she could be a simple high school student in a costume and the video was completely fake. But as Carl racked his memories he could not understand why anyone would invent such a hoax.

The ground grew larger and the details became apparent, even if it was all lit by the moonlight there was not enough light to make out all the details. But Carl had time to think some more.

Then it came to the part about his mission to infiltrate the school, capture the angel girl and drag her cute ass back to the pickup point. What could the United States government want with a girl that dresses up like an angel? *It must be that. Angels don't exist.*

"She must be the daughter of someone important. Umm, blackmail I suppose. Well, the missions started." Carl murmured to himself. He had no feelings for the girl or the mission at hand. All he cared about was the opportunity to clear his name, get paid and perhaps live a normal life.

Skimming to tops of the trees, Carl glided the parachute into a landing vector towards a landing clearing, but before he had the chance to position himself, something smacked into him plunging him to the ground.

Grabbing onto anything he could, his parachute became entangled and he had no choice but to abandon it. He dropped to the floor like a stone while the object that slammed onto him remained stuck on him.

With a violent crash to the ground his feelings slowly returned, but everything remained dark. Then suddenly, he felt something warm and soft. His hands were touching something. *What the hell?*

He also felt something pressed on his lips, warm, wet and soft. He'd recognised this feeling before. His eyes shot open and before he realised. A Blue haired girl had her lips pressed on his. Her eyes opened, her face changed. His hands froze as he also knew what he was touching, her breast and ass, *what else can go wrong?*

She realised her lips were pressed on his and instantly yelped. She felt his hands on her breast and ass. She jumped off. Carl was frozen solid; he could see the girl: Blue hair, white cybernetic clothing, very young and attractive. She held herself in a feminine way, recovering from the ordeal. Then before Carl could utter a word of apology, she jumped into the air and flew away, her wings were like fine

transparent blue paper and she felt very luring and silky. A sensation he's never experienced before and something he'll never forget.

Words blurted out in shock, while staring in the sky, eyes-blazing. "You got to be fucking kidding?" *A blue haired angel? What the hell is going on? There's more than one angel? No wait, I saw her on the profile.*

Chapter 9

The night continued, which hid secrets that caught Nymph by surprise. The night was going to be off confusion for Nymph and a long one too.

Who was that man? Why was he touching me? Questions kept drifting in her mind one after another. His touch and the sudden explosion of feelings, it was something she had never experienced before.

She crawled back through the window of Tomoki's house. The place was dark and undisturbed. She could hear nothing but the sounds of her own body. But she still could not escape the memory of his hands touching her. Touching in unusual places. She grew distressed, *what is happening to me?*

Nymph finally crawled under the blanket and got warm; she could not see a flicker of light anywhere, she didn't want to see anything. She was in turmoil. She had no idea who the man was or the actions he was doing to her. She couldn't close her eyes for a long time.

But when she finally managed to regain her senses and sleep, Ikaros walked into her room. She sensed her friend's turmoil and came to investigate.

"Nymph..." she paused, looking at her friend, "what's happened?"

Nymph was anxious and wanted to forget the ordeal, but she had to tell someone. "I... I... *Someone kissed me!*"

Ikaros appeared to back away slightly, perhaps shocked.

Ikaros didn't expect that remark from Nymph. Had Nymph found a boy? Was she seeing someone in secret and it went too far? Did she *kill* him? Her own feelings for Tomoki began to creep out from her mind, feelings of love for the adolescent teenager.

But as Ikaros stared at Nymph cowering in the corner, she could clearly see that something emotional happened. She wanted to help. They may have been enemies in the past, and Nymph betrayed her, but that was only in the past and she had already forgiven her. Now she needed her help. Ikaros decided to get to the heart of the matter. "Nymph, I sense that something unsettling has happened to you. Please tell me."

Nymph hesitated for a moment and strange sensations coursed through her body. She began. "Memories about the removal of my wings by the Ambush Angeloids made me upset. So I decided to escape and fly in the night sky until the memories have gone. But while I was flying, I flew into someone."

"Flew into someone? An... Angeloid?" Ikaros eyes were narrow, a faint shiver of energy statically danced along her cybernetic implants. "Did the Synapse send someone to collect me again?"

Nymph shook her head. "No, it was a human." she grew angry. "That bug, he put his hands on my body and... And... He kissed me!"

Out of the blue Tomoki popped his head around the corner, half asleep. "What's this about you kissing someone Nymph?"

Then the young boy allowed his imagination to run wild; he could see Ikaros and Nymph in close proximity, almost kissing and he could not control himself. WOW. *Two Angeloids kissing; this is turning into a marvellous opportunity.* "Kissing, you two were kissing! *What!*"

Nymph jumped back, shaking her head. "No... No... No... We did not kiss." Nymph face changed to a shade of red. Tomoki thought that was cute. She continued, embarrassed. "I flew into someone and we plunged to the ground. When I woke up, his lips were on mine and his hands were all over my body!"

The flashback of the ordeal made Nymph curl up in the corner. "Who was he? Why did he do that?"

Tomoki moved closer to Nymph and she held him tight. The past months have been painful and this incident was too much for the poor girl. "Don't worry Nymph, you're safe at my house. Ikaros and I will protect you, you will not be harmed again, I promise"

Nymph felt warm and close, she held him tightly, while Ikaros watched in the background. Strange feelings of lost and loneliness flooded Ikaros' reactor. Even an emotion that resembled anger crept in. *What was this feeling? I love Tomoki, but I can't stand Nymph getting his attention. What shall I do?*

Chapter 10

Carl wanted his tea, and he wanted it badly.

The agent was unable to believe what happened to him. Completely unprepared, he stepped back. Sure he'd read all the reports and looked through the photos of the pink haired girl, but not a girl with blue hair and delicate wings. Her sweat pleasurable taste lingered in his mouth. Carl shrugged at the pleasant memory of 'accidentally' touching and kissing her... Wait, she kissed him!

He watched the trees dance in the background; the bushes rubbed each other and the flurry of nightlife scattered around before the vibration of his mobile phone startled him.

He answered, "yeah?"

"Glad you made it safely Carl." The voice sounded ghostly.

"Something's come up, so I won't be able to meet you today. You have been booked into a room above the local pub called the 'Nagasaki.' You will be staying for the duration of your mission. I'll meet you tomorrow morning at eight AM." the call ended before Carl could utter a word.

He fidgeted with his phone for a few minutes before he got to his feet. Then caught up in the parachute cords, he saw a cluster of blue hair.

He untangled the cluster of hair and then glared at its shininess. It could have only come from that girl. For some reason, he decided to hold on to it. Perhaps she lived in the village like the other angel. For the moment, he'd forgotten her name. *Never mind.*

His momentary train of thoughts was cut short when a thunderous din drowned out all background noise. Carl put the cluster of hair in his pocket and went to investigate. He did however notice the eerie silence that followed, but he was not the type of man to be stifled by such disturbances.

Minutes later, he came upon a freshly made hole in the ground, as if a meteor had smashed into the place. Dirt was uplifted into a ring-shaped crater and the small cloud of something was slowly dissipating. He muttered a few words of, "what the hell is this?" and "what a day I'm having."

Once the commotion had settled down, Carl was unprepared for what he saw.

Lying in the middle of the shallow hole he saw what looked like a scruffy woman. Then upon closer inspection he'd discovered that she was also an angel, or Angeloid. *What's this, an angel party in this town?*

Carl stumbled back, fell over a rock and came crashing down. The vibration awoken the green haired woman and she began to awaken. She mumbled a load of words in incomprehensible language (probably Japanese) then she stared directly at him.

Carl flinched, as if a gun was pointed at him. Then she muttered more words and raised her left hand. A chain began to develop out of thin air, *out of thin air!* And it began to creep towards him. Carl panicked and shot to his feet. He ran on wobbly legs as fast as he could to escape the chains that appeared to chase him.

He looked back, saw the relentless chains and then fell. He failed to notice the boulder and hit his head on the tree. Blackness, that's all he could remember as he finally gained his vision. He saw someone in the darkness, the same girl. But this time she had no chains, and was much cleaner.

"My master?" she said, friendly and obedient.

"Excuse me."

"You are now my master. I will be yours forever. I am created to make you happy."

"Huh?" not the word Carl wanted to say, but it slipped out nonetheless and his head began to pound. Pain streaked through his body.

"I'm created to serve whomever I came in contact with. I met you. You're my master. We're connected by a link chain."

Carl raised his hand with the chain attached.

"This... this... is very strange. And...and... a strange dream I am having." Carl felt like his own mind was playing games on him. Words slumped out as he found it hard to concentrate.

Carl thought on, he still could not believe the story about angels, even if one was right in front of him. He was confused, more so from his injury.

Then reality hit him like a hammer blow. Although Carl had been in dire situations before and escaped by the skin of his teeth, nothing could prepare him for the after-effects of unconsciousness.

Instantly sick and unable to move his legs, this was the first sign that his body was yelling at him. Moments later he was flooded with headache symptoms, dizziness and the inability to see clearly. He needed help.

Then a familiar voice called for him. "My master, are you okay?"

On the edge of despair and throbbing pain, he called out to the voice. "Help me"

"Yes master."

Suddenly he felt like he was enshrouded in a warm environment that overwhelmed his senses. A bright light, then, like he was reborn, Carl awoke without the after effects of his accident.

He got to his feet and was instantly transfixed to the person stood in front of him. The same person he was running from, and the chains. *Wait, where're the chains?* He looked down and saw the thick chain leading from his wrist to what looked like a collar around the woman's neck.

Just what is going on?

She spoke. "My name is Gamma, an Angeloid pet-class. We Angeloids were created solely for our master's pleasure, please command me to do something to please you."

Carl backed away, she looked docile and controllable, but something deep down told him not to trust this current situation, especially with the chains attached to him.

"This has to be some kind of joke. Just who are you and what is with this chain?"

"The chain links us together, I will be connected to you and must obey anything you say."

Sexual desires quickly skimmed Carl's mind, but he focused on the more immediate problem. Obviously this girl is delusional. No wait, that can't be it, she has wings!

Carl did not know what to do. "Boy, I wish I had some tea."

"As you wish, master."

Chapter, 11

Carl stared at the creator in front of him, then the phone call reminded him of his mission. He could not get distracted. He needed to ditch the girl.

With a harsh tone, he ordered Gamma to go away and remove the chains.

"Yes master." The Angeloid did not argue, did not flinch. She did what she was told.

Good I got rid of whatever that was.

The chain vanished and the girl flew off. However he did see that she could be upset. Perhaps she failed to do something. *Hell, I don't care.* His thoughts were focused on this mission and he didn't want a freak hanging around.

Thunderstorms hung overhead and the first sputter of rain began to fall. Carl needed to make a break for the pub. His room was waiting.

After a moment of stumbling around in the forest, Carl finally came into the quiet town of Sorami.

The rain had begun to fall down steadily and Carl had no idea of the location of the pub, or how to get there, it would have been nice for his superiors to leave a map. "Where's that damn place?"

It was dark and wet. Streetlights lit the path with a warm orange glow and then a limousine pulled up.

"My, my, look what we have here. Looks like someone from abroad came to visit our small town?"

Carl followed the woman's voice to the back of a rather long limo. He saw purple long hair and an attractive face. He could not resist.

"Hello gorgeous. You're speaking good English?"

"My family does lots of business in England and naturally a girl of my looks and intelligence would pick up on such things."

Although Carl was born in England, he spent most of his life in the USA and decided to keep this fact quiet. He didn't want to build ties and leave a string of friends who might one day start to ask questions. "So you're a local to this town?"

"Of course, we own the residence..."

The rain began to fall harder. Carl decided to use this opportunity to his advantage. "Do you know where the Nagasaki pub is?"

"Steady on there stranger, we just met. I know the English are fast, but are you sure you can handle me?"

Perfect, this broad thinks I want to have sex with her. Well yeah and no. I want to get out of this rain.

"No. No, it's not like that all, I have a room there, that's all."

The purple haired woman looked over his wet body, almost drooled down herself and then finally crossed her legs. "Get in, we can take you to the pub."

Carl had no problem with that; in fact he could use this opportunity to gather more information. On the town and its inhabitants.

They had only moved a few meters before a word was spoken.

"So, what's your name stranger?" Mikako Satsukitane asked.

"It's Carl."

"Well Carl, what brings you to our little town?"

"Work."

"Boy, have we turned to single sailable all of a sudden."

Carl looked around the spacious limo with leather seats; drinks and all the basic necessities a rich girl needs. Carl had been in many limos before, most of them

not on good terms. Usually it was to be reprimanded by the government, gather intelligence or to be hassled into a limo to see the boss of some large corporation he stuffed over. This was a change.

"I am working at the local school as an English teacher."

"A teacher, I can't wait to see you at school later."

Carl decided to change the subject. "Aren't you a little young to be picking up stringers you hardly know?"

"I have a weak spot for handsome foreigners in wet clothes." She may speak in a 'Japlish' accent, but he understood that remark clearly.

The driver spoke, informing Mikako that they are approaching the destination. The vehicle pulled into the parking lot and stopped.

"Looks like we've made it. Thanks for the ride, I hope to see you in class too." Carl wanted to get away and dampen any idle curiosity and local knowledge, until he had the chance to speak with his contact. He was supposed to arrive tomorrow. It was already late.

Mikako waved before the black limo disappeared into the rainy night.

Carl walked into the local pub and finally got the keys to his room. It was located on the landing at the end of the corridor. It wasn't big and it had windows overlooking the town and the emergency staircase at the side. Just the way he liked it.

Carl dropped his bag on the floor and inspected the basic facilities, bathroom and a small kitchen that was connected to the main room that also served as the bedroom. Simple, elegant and sweet and to top it off, he can leave everything in a hurry, a thought he quickly got used to from past experiences.

He looked around the room and felt a bit chilly. The heating was all interconnected, but a small unit on the wall should provide warmth, if it worked. Carl spotted a door in the corner of the room and opened it. A small closet with clothes was discovered.

Carl inspected his new wardrobe. The clothes were hanging in a standard fashion, colors and styles relevant to the local community. The government really wanted him to fit in. In the rack, folded up was his work clothing (presumably) with the latest in communication and recording equipment. Carl doubted that any of it would not be as detailed at their interrogations, but he guessed they wanted to keep an eye on him.

He inspected the drawer that contained all personal effects like socks and underwear. *Perfect, nothing much to do.*

After a moment of arranging his room the way he wanted it, Carl had a shower, changed his clothing and sat on the bed reading the file. *Tomorrow should be an interesting day.*

Then he spotted a figure outside the fire escape window. He sprung to his feet and went to investigate.

He opened the window and pointed his firearm at the individual. Thank god the United States government gave him a weapon before he was tossed out the airplane.

Then much to his surprise, the cute green haired girl stood there, dripping wet.

"What the hell are you doing here? I told you to get lost!"

"You're my master, I must be with you."

Carl pointed his weapon, cocked the round into the chamber and warned, "I want you to leave me alone. I'm not your fucking master and I don't want you around me. Now go back to where you came from."

He slammed the window and shut the curtains. Gamma sat down beside the railing and could not do anything. She wished her master would ask her to kill herself. But he didn't.

Few hours later Carl woke from his sleep. The local streetlight illuminated the room and the same figure was still outside.

Did she stay out there in the rain all this time? Carl just had a vivid dream that changed his perspective of the green haired angel. Someone came into his dream. Someone from the clouds and it said, "cherish and protect your angel. She is yours."

Carl did not know what the dream meant, but he decided to act on it. He pulled the covers to one side and got out of bed.

He opened the window and saw the angel drenched and cold. "Why are you here?"

"You are my master."

Carl didn't know what to do. He was affected by the dream, like it touched a thread in his soul; he looked at the Angeloid and felt sorry for her.

"Come in." said Carl, he extended his arms into the rain and pulled her drenched form into the room. He grabbed a long towel and began to dry her.

"What's your name? I can't call you Angeloid pet-class."

"Gamma"

"That's an unusual name." he hesitated for a moment when he rubbed her soft body, then took extra care to dry her feathered wings.

"I'm sorry I told you to go away, I was harsh." her feminine and defenseless posture encouraged Carl to be more compassionate.

"It's okay master." she looked up into his eyes. Carl noticed her shivering. "I'm here to serve you."

"You're cold, take off your clothes."

"Yes master." Gamma stood up and un-strapped the holdings for her attractive cybernetic suet. Carl was pleasantly surprised to find her with human skin and nothing horrid, but he still acted gentlemanly.

"Here, get into bed, it will keep you warm while your cloths dry." Carl placed her clothing by the window and was preparing to sleep on the floor, when he noticed Gamma still shivering. *Well, I can't have that.* The only thing left was to jump into bed with her.

He had wanted to do this from the start, a chance to snuggle up to the attractive woman that called him master. He'd still not wrapped his head around that!

He undressed down to his pants and got into bed, she looked at him as submissive as she could. Then Carl wrapped his hands and pressed his body to hers, allowing their combined body heat to build up. She seemed to like her master's close contact.

"I don't want you to get ill, I'll share my body heat and get you warm again."

"Thank you master."

"I'm sorry for my behavior to you earlier"

She cuddled him more, and her soft skin aroused Carl, but he remained in control and kept her warm.

"So, you can do anything I ask?"

"Yes master."

"You can also create anything?"

"Yes master."

"What kind of weapons do you have?" Carl did not mean that as a sexual question but he was weighing his options to the progressing mission.

"I can manifest my primary weapon, the Prometheus."

"Can you make yourself invisible?"

"Yes master."

Carl smiled at her, "looks like you can help me out on my mission."

They fell asleep and Gamma felt warm and satisfied.

The next day Carl's phone rang and he released his grip on the sleeping angel. She moved and her eyes opened, the aura was intense like a high-powered light turned on and Carl knew she was awake and alive.

He turned and answered the phone. "Yes."

"Carl Higgs, meet me in the bar in half-a-hour." the call ended with a static then click.

Carl got out of bed and looked around the well-lit room. The blazing sun had warmed the place and Gamma's clothes looked dry. He picked them up handed them over.

"Here, your cloths are dry, put them on. I have to see someone so stay here."

"Yes master."

"Don't call me master. Call me Carl. Or something else."

"Yes Carl."

Carl put on some clothes and left the room. He smiled gradually at the clerk at the desk and a few other people as he walked into the main bar and scanned the area for someone looking suspicious.

He finally noticed a foreigner sitting at the table in the back of the bar looking completely out of place, the fool could not hide himself even if he tried.

He strolled up and sat down on the empty seat beside the individual.

"You're in the wrong place." A familiar voice called out from behind him.

Carl looked around. Another foreigner stared at him from the table behind. Someone he didn't notice when he scanned the room, boy he was damn good at hiding.

Carl made his apologies to the stranger and sat at the right table. He hid his embarrassment. The other man growled and then finally spoke.

Chapter 12

By the late morning, Tomoki's house was a bustle with activity. Ikaros was learning the finer points of human hygiene, by washing, brushing her teeth and fixing her hair. She could have done this automatically by utilizing her gifts, but Tomoki told her not to. It would be cheating.

After finishing, they sat happily around the main table in one of the rooms and discussed matters before going to school.

"So, Ikaros, are you sure you'll be okay returning to school after all that's happened?"

"Yes"

"And what about you Nymph?"

Nymph was in the other room watching television and munching on a bag of crisps, completely oblivious to Tomoki's question.

He raised his voice. "Nymph, are you listening to me or dreaming about the man you kissed."

Nymph jolted with shock, she heard *that* remark. "I did not kiss that bug. He took advantage of me during the accident." she murmured more comments under her breath. "I'm going to find that human and send him to hell."

Ikaros got up and went over to Nymph in the small room. Then out of the blue, she patted her on the head.

Tomoki stared, not knowing what Ikaros was trying to do. Perhaps she was still supporting her friend.

A few minutes later, they left the house and proceeded along the main road to the school. Nymph was tempted to fly, but that would appear awkward and unnecessary, Tomoki reminded them it was better to walk together.

Sohara trotted behind with her ever-watchful eye on Tomoki and his perverted behavior

Birds fluttered in the sky and the sun shone a perfect beam of light over the local farm, the mood a perfect.

"Master, why does Sohara call you a pervert?" Ikaros' question dispensed with all pleasantries and both Tomoki and Sora stared in shock.

"umm... Don't worry about such things Ikaros. Angels such as yourself don't need to know."

Ikaros kept her blank appearance then asked. "What is a pervert?"

Sohara made a rude noise and then Tomoki jumped around like a boy having a tantrum. Nymph said and did nothing

"You cannot ask such questions, they are not good questions and certainly not questions you ask to your master." Tomoki wanted to end the topic completely and changed the subject to other matters.

Students arrived at the school grounds all-full of energy and prepared for another brilliant day. Well, not really, the teachers wanted this effect but the day was the same as all the others.

Tomoki, Ikaros, Nymph and Sohara walked through the gates and this time, the illusion of the angels had vanished. Tomoki decided to ask Nymph to conceal Ikaros' wings and her own, as to not arise any unwanted attention.

During the past few months, the appearance of the angels had caused a slight ruckus at the school. Groups of boys waited at the gates to take snapshots and others

tried their best to recruit the angels in some kind of manga project involving them stripping. Tomoki was overexcited with the idea, but Sohara saw right through it.

"Please Sohara, you don't understand how delightful the project is." said one boy.

"Hmph... I will not allow Ikaros to do such distasteful things. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Tomoki sat, staring at the ceiling. Ikaros naked? *Ok seen that before, but what about in my favorite cosplay clothing. Brilliant. I am the master of ideas.*

Nymph sat behind them eating sweets again. "I don't understand the human desire to see Angeloids naked."

"They are uncontrollable teenagers that need a lesson on manners." Sohara stared at Tomoki; a murderous aura lingered around her.

"Ikaros, it's up to you, what would you like to do?"

"I'm here to follow your orders and grant your every desire master."

The group of boys offered their support in the way of awe's and strange sounds while Sohara and Nymph stared at their unbelievable behavior.

"There's always room for you to join in on the manga project Sohara. I, we think that you would look nice in a pink frilly bikini." The boy did not know the trouble he just stepped into.

Sora jumped from her desk and practiced her karate on the individual.

An hour later, when the dust had settled and the classes were in switchover the 'new age world discovery club' was active.

Tomoki, Ikaros, Nymph and Sohara were summoned to the club and they found Eishiro Sugata parked at his computer shifting through files and making remarks to Mikako Satsukitane

The new arrivals took their leisurely places and waited for what Eishiro had to say, but they had to call him professor because he was their teacher at the school.

Eishiro looked at his notes, cleared his throat and began. "Nymph, and Ikaros, according to my notes you two are able to enter and exit the anomaly?"

Nymph looked with a blank stare while Ikaros replied. "I have no data regarding the anomaly."

"Well professor, why do you want to know? Are you planning to take a trip?" Mikako interjected.

"You're not going to jump off the roof again in your flying contraption?" Tomoki asked.

The professor adjusted his glasses. "It was an idea, but since I don't know the effects of the anomaly I will hold it off for now."

He sat down and accessed his computer. "The other reason to why I sent you is that two more objects have been seen leaving the anomaly. One fell down to the Earth like a stone and the other disappeared at an erratic course." the professor stood. "I believe the new world you've come from has sent more Angeloids to collect you."

Everyone reacted with shock. Nymph backed into the shadows, trembling and Ikaros remained steady.

Tomoki gathered his emotions and said, "they... they sent more?"

Nymph said softly. "They sent the ambush Angeloids again." She began to weep. The last time she was face to face with them, they tricked her, damaged Ikaros, betrayed her trust and pulled off her wings. She shivered in fear. "They'll be very angry."

Tomoki approached Nymph and supported her, she shivered and her wings vanished. She was very scared.

Chapter 13

Throughout the night, Harpy raced as fast as she could to locate her companion. But in the end, she was unable to locate her. Her tracking system was unable to locate any sign of Gammer and now the daylight had stifled her search.

She could only imagine her companion reduced to a common Pet-Class slave for some sleazy downer, there was nothing she could do.

Harpy thought long and hard as she walked through the woodland. She surmised that Gammer must have impacted somewhere in this area and it would be the best place to start. But as she strolled forward, she could not stop thinking about the past.

Their original masters betrayed them, forced them to be slaves for the downers and then finally tried to kill them. Harpy felt caught between two worlds, but one thing remained clear, she needed her partner.

But as her distant memories disappeared, she focused on the task at hand. During her nighttime flight, her tracking systems had picked up some trace signals around the local area. So with the daylight making things easier, she proceeded to the location to investigate.

More thoughts about the failed mission slowly crept back. What should have been a simple retrieval mission to bring Ikaros back to the Synapse ended in disaster. Now they were running for their lives. They underestimated Ikaros' immense power and that fool Nymph got in the way. *Damn her!*

Harpy wasn't sure, but she started to get the idea that their master might forgive them, if she returned with Ikaros. He might reinstate them within the Synapse and Gammer will have her memories and status restored. It started to form into a new mission for her, a mission to restore their honor. *Yes that might work, perhaps if I bring her back to the Synapse he must forgive us.*

But first she needed to find Gammer. Ikaros was far too powerful to combat alone and even with her companion working at full strength; Harpy was skeptical that the two of them could combat the Uranus Queen. She needed a plan.

Upon entering the clearing, which was a change from all the densely organized shrubs and interlocking trees, Harpy accessed her senses and performed a full scan on the area. Her wings spanned out as she tilted her head back, searching.

Finally, after a half an hour, she detected something. As hope filled her reactor, she rushed out of the clearing towards the town. It was easy to spot the ringed crater and Harpy surmised that this was the area Gammer landed in. Now that she had the landing location, she could finally pinpoint her location by the aurora she would have left behind.

With finely tuned senses, she was ready. But after a moment of studying, she realized that Gammer was not alone. She bent down inside the crater and touched a footprint. It was unmistakable. A downer had taken Gammer.

Harpy screamed. She was too late. A human, or downer had taken her friend and now he was doing all kind of things to her. There was only one thing she could do, find Nymph and force her to erase the implanted information. Only Nymph can do this.

She got to her feet; strong resolve filling every part of her body. The town was in the distance and even though Nymph had severed her link to the Synapse, Harpy was convinced she could find her.

That downer, Tomoki was a good place to start. A teenager downer has kept the Angeloids for himself; there was only one place they could be at this hour, the local school.

With so much worry in her reactor, she pressed forward with determination. She would not abandon her partner, no matter what.

Chapter 14

For Nymph, the thought of facing the Ambush Angeloids was too much to bear. They savagely attacked her and Nymph knew they would do the same again, perhaps worse. Eishiro Sugata's damning report about them returning to the land of the downers, or bugs, as she likes to call it. Nymph was lost.

There was no way she could combat the Angeloids that came from the Synapse. Ikaros did send them packing before, but they've returned. She assumed they had only one chance left, to bring back Ikaros and herself.

Nymph could only imagine the pain and suffering she would endure before succumbing to the deactivation routines forced on by her ex-master. There was little to do but stay with her group of friends.

"As you can see, one of the objects crash-landed near the town, while the other flew off in what appears to be a search pattern"

Mikako did not understand the seriousness of the situation and blurred out something typical to her character. "E-Ehm... maybe someone is looking for their lost love."

Eishiro took off his glasses and placed them on his desk. "Before I lost contact with it, I performed a more detailed surveillance on the area. I also hacked into a few satellites that happened to be 'conveniently' over the area at the time. I've downloaded the images."

He loaded the satellite images and one of the Ambush Angeloids could clearly be seen.

"That's Harpy. She's returned." Ikaros said, while holding onto the Eishiro's glasses. She fidgeted, peeked through the lenses and finally bent the frame out of shame. Eishiro grabbed his bent glasses, while making a rude noise.

"Do we know where they are now?" Sohara asked, adding her piece to the conversation. She could see Nymph in some kind of distress and felt motivated to get rid of the enemy.

"Unfortunately the uplink to the satellite was lost and all contact with it. But according to recent sightings, she is approaching this town."

"Good. Then we'll be ready for them. When they arrive, Ikaros can defeat them like that last time. I see no problem." Tomoki began to daydream. His visions contained erotic thoughts about the angels fighting each other. Naturally he would be in the middle to 'record' and 'experience' all the happiness that would fall upon him.

Reality soon drifted back when Sohara stated the obvious. "We can't battle the Angeloid inside Sorami, we would kill hundreds of people."

"She has a point, perhaps we should lure her out into the open?" replied Eishiro.

"So far, she's not shown herself inside the town, and another question, where's the other Angeloid? Don't they work as a team?" Sohara paused for a moment and suddenly got an idea, "Ah... I got an idea. Why don't you wish for them to be banished from the town? You know, the same way I banished Tomoki from seeing any ladies underwear."

Tomoki got a jolt of reality as he remembered that incident. Every time he'd lay his eyes on a pair of ladies underwear, they'd blow up in a dazzling display of fireworks. Type, color or style didn't matter, as they simply blew up. It was a very painful experience because he had plastered his own house in all the underwear that happened to 'fly' back to him that day. One peek, then bang.

"Ah... I remember that, you even had my underwear. I never got those back by the way." Mikako sneaked closer to an already red-faced Tomoki. "Have you got them hiding under the bed in some secret drawer? I didn't know you are into that kind of thing... Young man."

Tomoki couldn't help but notice Mikako's huge breasts that were begging to be touched. But as soon as he spotted Sohara staring at him like a hawk, he bottled up his perverted behavior and neutralized the conversation.

"No, non no. I don't do things like that, but we should really get back to the matter at hand." he turned to Ikaros. "Ikaros can you send them back to where they came from?"

"I don't know master. But I can send them anywhere on this planet." Ikaros grabbed a doll that was sat on the table and began to move its arms and legs

"That's settled then. Tomoki, keep a close eye on Ikaros and Nymph. If they turn up, command Ikaros to send them outside the town and then defeat them. This should prevent anyone else from getting hurt."

"Okay."

"Perhaps if you take them all to the after school activities, this might provide the perfect location to spot them." Mikako gave Tomoki a cheeky grin. "I'm sure you will like it."

Tomoki smiled in response. He had no idea what she was talking about, but he felt confident she would reveal everything after school.

Chapter 15

Sat in the corner of the pub, the two men discussed matters involving the mission.

Carl had ordered himself a basic sandwich and a warm drink to wash down any unpleasant aftertaste. The pub was quiet and pleasant with not many people around. The place was lit to a degree as to not draw any attention to the foreign visitors.

Carl knew nothing about the pub or its history, but understood that it resisted the test of time and stood for many hundreds of years. The old-dish feel was proof of that. Waitresses dressed in traditional clothing walked around cleaning, talking and adding to the authentic feel.

"Looks like you made yourself at home?" the agent said.

"I've settled in."

"Good."

Carl took a sip from his cup and started. "So, what's the plan?"

"First, you need to know what you are doing. As you have been told, a collection team will arrive soon to collect this girl." The agent handed Carl an electric LCD pad with an image of Ikaros.

"Yes, I'm aware of this."

"Good. Now that your place of rest has been setup, you're to start school tomorrow and gather information on this girl. But for today, you're to monitor her and discover what makes her work."

"I was told all this before. What's new?" Carl began to eat his food and grew impatient at the same time.

"There're several records downloaded on the pad. There are also language programs and recordings, which you will need to study. They should help you blend in."

"What about money?" Carl looked at his sponge cake, if he could call it that.

"Don't worry about the money, the school should provide you with all the spending money you need and your room has already been paid for. I'll arrange food to be given to you daily and I might even arrange some Asian girls to attend to your... activities."

Carl paused, lifted his head and stared into the agent's eyes. "And what is your name?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Off course it matters."

"Not to you it doesn't. Just do your job and get Ikaros to the pickup point. I'm here to report back and make sure you don't fail."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're asking a lot of questions."

"It's my job." Carl scrunched his nose and plopped the spoon on the table after tasting the cake. "The Japanese call this a sponge cake?"

"Eastern food is very different."

Carl wiped his mouth with a napkin. "Yeah, I gathered that."

"So tell me, how the hell am I supposed to capture this girl? I've seen the video file, I've seen the weapons she uses..." he paused when the waitress appeared.

The area was silent while she gave a graceful smile. "Is everything okay gentlemen? Are you pleased with your food?"

Carl smiled, even though she spoke English with a Japanese accent, it was entertaining to listen to. But he controlled his emotions.

"I want some tea."

"Yes sir, what type of tea would you like?"

"Normal tea."

She looked confused.

"I don't understand sir, we have a wide selection of teas from around the world."

"Just get him red tea." the agent said impatiently.

"Yes, right away."

"Was that necessary Carl? She was staring at us longer than she needed too. Remember we need to keep a low profile."

The waitress disappeared and the two got back to business.

"So, how am I going to apprehend her? Ask her nicely to come with me?"

The agent did not respond to the smart-ass remark. "In the chest of drawers back at your room and I mean the last drawer, there's a tranquilizer gun. Strike her neck and you should be able to knock her out. Also there are some shock rounds that will also stun her. We believe they should work."

"Should work?" Carl exclaimed.

"Yes..."

The waitress arrived with a fresh pot of tea and then left on the agent's command.

"Forgive me for saying so, but this plan is not installing me with a lot of confidence. Where is my backup?"

"Listen Carl, you are ordered to apprehend *that thing alive* and take it to the pickup point. You are not paid to ask questions."

The agent stood up and finished his conversation. "My number is on the phone you found in your room. I suggest you complete your mission otherwise you will not like the outcome. Good day."

The agent placed his dark colored hat onto his head and walked out of Carl's view. Once the mysterious agent was out of view, he pulled a mobile from his pocket and dialed a foreign number.

He walked towards the center of the pub and eventually into an isolated area. Once his call was connected, the mysterious agent began. "Get me Moscow."

The place had an eerie calm as everyone sat at their places completely unaware of the treachery that was undertaken. The individual leaned on the wall and kept his eyes open.

"This is the Russian Minister of Defense, I am told you have a report for me?"

"I have made contact with an American agent called Carl. I took care of the original agent and nobody suspects a thing. He has been given the necessary tools and should deliver Ikaros to the drop of point. Once Carl has her out of Japan, my agents on the chopper will kill any resistance and fly the Angeloid to Moscow."

"Have you prepared for any eventualities?" the voice on the phone said.

"Yes, we do not anticipate any problems. The Japanese government is completely unaware of our operation and I would like to keep it that way."

"If the Americans get news about this, it could cause an international incident. Make sure nothing goes wrong."

"Don't worry sir, I will keep a close eye on him and when the time is right, I'll deliver the girl to you." The agent paused before continuing. "Sir, what about Carl, after he's completed the mission?"

"The plan is still the same but with one update. If you are unable to frame Carl for Ikaros' death, you are to kill him. The disappearance and plausible

deniability is our last option. Americans are so gullible that way. Call me when everything's arranged."

The call ended and the agent left the pub to begin his sinister plans against Carl.

The cute oriental waitress arrived at Carl's table and plunked a bowl of noodles and a few other dishes he'd ordered beforehand. After all, he'd better start the day with a full stomach than starve.

The waitress smiled then handed him a business card. Carl looked on the back of the decorated card and discovered a number. *Defiantly her mobile number.*

Carl gave her a gentle wink and she trotted off with a grin on her face. He'd never anticipated that result.

The outside air was hot and Carl instantly felt the wall of heat as soon as he stepped out the front door upon finishing his food. "God, how can the Japanese live in this?"

Carl wondered through the streets and around the outskirts, marking the land and confirming the data that was on his data pad. So far, so good.

Several locations were marked as frequent spots for Ikaros and the blue haired girl. First the prominent purple tree outside the town looked like a promising location to spy on her. Then there was the house a boy called Tomoki lived. *That place must be filled with data.*

But he couldn't barge into the boy's house now, that would be plain suicide. He needed to study Tomoki's habits, which he continently had on the data pad, *I better get studying.*

But at the moment, Carl needed to remain unobtrusive and spy on the small group from a distance, then when the time is right, he'll spring, like a curled up snake.

Chapter 16

For a perverted teenager, this moment was the perfect time for Tomoki. He saw himself as the king of perverseness and this moment was like discovering the crown jewels.

All around him, young girls were laid out on chairs and a good number of them bathed in the school swimming pool.

Dressed in swimsuits and showing more flesh than Tomoki could bear to stand. He shifted in and out of the crowds, taking in the female form.

The after school activities provided the perfect opportunity for Tomoki and his gang to record all the delights the last few hours had to offer. Groups of girls were instantly spotted by the gang as they played with a ball in the pool.

Dressed in skimpy swimsuits that didn't require any imagination, the video camera was secretly recording in perfect unison with their movements.

Girls with green hair, brown, red, blue, yellow were jumping with their cleavage on display. Tomoki was hypnotized.

"Hay, look at that one, she is spread out perfectly. If you zoom in you might get a clear view" a boy enthusiastically said to Tomoki.

"Right, I've got good line of sight" Tomoki lined the camera to the target. "I have the target. I'm now zooming in. Prepare for victory boys, this girl going to make the ultimate Tomoki collection.

"Can I have a copy?" someone filled with excitement exclaimed.

"The perverted Tomoki group can have unlimited access."

Tomoki looked through the camera's viewfinder and aligned the lens perfectly to capture every curve. He chuckled with excitement and his pulse raced as every detail was recorded.

With sweaty hands, he followed the contour of the red haired student who was lying on a chair, bathing in the sun's rays. Tomoki had never seen a more perfect candidate for his video archive.

Meanwhile, Nymph was enjoying the sun and water by herself. She'd brought herself a new swimsuit, on behalf of Ikaros led to participate, and arrived at the after school activities. Dressed in a black swimming costume with prominent red stripes around her curved areas, Nymph looked cute and innocent.

Tomoki hadn't noticed, but other boys in the area gave a pleased look, although Nymph couldn't understand what was happening.

She munched on a bag of corn puffs and strolled around the area. Once she was in a clearing Harpy unexpectedly pounced upon her.

Harpy grabbed hold of Nymph's imaginary chain that has yet to be linked to a master, and she dragged her to a small private area.

Snarling, she said. "You little troublemaker, we had the perfect plan that day and you ruined it."

"Harpy! What are you doing?"

"I've come to punish you, you little bitch."

"Please don't hurt me, you promised to take Ikaros back alive, not kill her."

"What my master plans has nothing to do with you. I ordered you to do something and you failed, then got in the way."

Harpy threw Nymph to the floor and un-materialized her wings. She wrapped a hand around the base of Nymph's wings. Nymph remembered that sensation and was on the brink of panic.

"I would like to take you apart bit by bit," she paused, "but need your skill to find and reprogram Gamma."

Nymph laid on the floor, tears streamed down her face as she feared for her life. Her treatment and suffering was too much for her, but Harpy's new goal might give her a chance. But she did not trust the brown haired interceptor Angeloid.

"If I help you, will you let me go?"

Such a foolish creature Harpy thought. There's no way I will let you go. You got in the way of the most important mission Gamma and me were given by the Synapse and we've have been severely punished for it. Let you go... Yeah right...

Harpy could not hold back her evil grin. With Nymph pinned under her foot, she replied, "yes, of course I'll let you go."

"Perfect, just perfect, another girl for my collection. Perfect pink swimsuit, smooth skin and fantastic..." Tomoki's drooling moment was cut dramatically short when he suddenly discovered that the woman he was spying on was Sohara. She looked straight *back* at him.

Tomoki clenched the camera; his eyes were glued to the viewfinder, Sohara moved closer as a murderous aura followed above her.

She stopped for a painful moment; the battery indicator began to flash empty.

She moved closer and Tomoki became frozen. He heard the scurrying of panicked feet as his companions scattered around him.

Sohara walked past the first intersection of the swimming pool and judging from her distance, Tomoki performed quick calculations and worked out that he should have enough time to escape.

Everything was moving too fast by the time the young teenager had gotten over the initial shock. By the time he had realized this, she was standing in front of him.

"Tomoki-san, what are you doing?" she questioned.

The question made his core body temperature rise; there was no way to escape. His life flashed before his eyes. -What was left of it.- He removed his eye from the camera's viewfinder and stared at Sohara.

Sohara saw an innocent smile creep along his face.

"Erm... Sohara. Umm, I am doing a school research project, a... About the life of students after school." He raised his free hand towards his head and stifled his immense fear. *Please don't look at the tape.*

Sohara was not a fool, she knew the perverted boy's habits, but decided to play along. For a very short time.

"Tomoki Sakurai!" She interlocked her fingers together and gave a cute pose. "What a wonderful idea. Why don't I help you? Let's see the footage you've already captured."

Tomoki panicked, made his usual funny noises and then manage to say. "No...no...no... It's okay; we're working perfectly fine on our own and the battery is almost empty."

"Who *is* we?" she glanced around, staring at the empty area.

After a few tense moments, she snatched the camera, played the footage and exploded when she saw the footage of herself resting at the poolside.

"Tomoki! This does not look like school research to me."

Hands flew in the air and Tomoki was beaten to a pulp. With his head firmly pinned to the ground with Sohara foot on it, the stunned bystanders took heed of her

dangerous glare and carried on with their fun. The princess of pain stood, ramrod straight.

Tomoki on the other hand became aware of a small mistake she made. He instinctively raised his eyes and saw the golden jewel of all his perverted behaviors could possibly capture.

His eyes gazed up her legs and then to the red swimsuit that happened to move slightly to the side. Sohara was unaware of what happened. Tomoki stared in awe at Sohara exposed part.

Without control, more words that would give him pain spewed out his mouth. "There is hair down there!"

Sohara instantly realized what happened, she jumped in the air, covered the 'mistake' and then backed away.

Tomoki grinned like a boy. "Don't worry Sohara, your secret is safe with me." She growled.

Sohara walked away; *better not give that perverted boy anything else to fantasize about.*

Minutes later, before Sohara was out of earshot, Tomoki realized someone was missing. Ikaros tried to swim, unsuccessfully. Mikako was sunbathing her creamy skin; her swimsuit resembled a bikini made from string. Eishiro was... In the shade working on his latest reading, but Nymph had vanished.

"Hay, have you seen Nymph?" Tomoki said to Sohara.

"Don't change the subject Tomoki."

"No, I am being serious, I can't see her anywhere."

Sohara returned and after a moment of careful looking, she discovered that Nymph was really missing.

"You're right. Where did you last see her?"

"Umm." Tomoki could not answer; he was so busy chasing all the girls with his camera he'd failed to spot Nymph. With a swift decision, he went to Eishiro, who by this time was sitting comfortably drinking a soft drink.

"Eishiro, we've lost Nymph, we are unable to locate her."

Nymph stopped his reading and looked at the two students.

"Is Ikaros still around?"

"Yes," replied Tomoki, he then began. "I have sent her out to search for Nymph and we've also looked all over the entire area."

Sohara interjected, her voice clipped from running. "Do you think the two women from the previous battle might have her again?"

"It's unlikely. From my studies, the two Ambush Angeloids are separated. I've discovered and each incident was caused by separate causes and the two of them haven't been seen together."

Eishiro placed his glasses in the table; Mikako arrived after overhearing the conversation.

"I believe one of the Angeloids have taken her..." Eishiro paused when he spotted Tomoki's camera. He'd seen the boy wonder running from one end of the pool to the other taking video footage. It could hold some background information, Eishiro had to find out.

"Tomoki, can I look at that camera?"

"Erm... Yeah." Tomoki reluctantly handed the camera over to Eishiro and waited anxiously for him to connect the device to his laptop.

The screen suddenly changed to that of, sneaky recordings Tomoki had been doing. Close ups of girls swimming, their abs, backsides, breasts, everything was captured. Eishiro seemed unruffled.

Mikako watched his stony expression and became puzzled. Surely a normal man would react with excitement. Then Mikako suddenly thought that Eishiro could be gay.

Eishiro re-winded the footage until someone with blue hair appeared behind the main shot, a young girl wearing skimpy swimsuit was talking to her friend.

But in the background, Nymph was resting on a wall before someone dragged her away.

Tomoki jumped to life. "Hey, that's Nymph!" he voice softened. "And that's one of the Ambush Angeloids. They've taken her."

"It looks like she was taken to a concealed area," Eishiro pointed to the location. "Look at the time on the video, we might have time."

Tomoki grabbed Ikaros and the group hurried over to the last known location. Sohara followed behind while Eishiro accompanied Mikako. The clock showed that mere minutes had passed and this gave the group hope.

However, once they arrived at the location, they were already too late.

Chapter 17

Dragged into the open, Nymph became hysterical. She tried to escape and panicked when she couldn't. *What does she want with me?*

Then Harpy explained the situation. With a tight grip on to her chains, she began. "Our failure has infuriated our masters. As punishment they're going to convert us into common pet-class Angeloids to serve the bidding of some human scum. We escaped.

"So why have you taken me?"

"My companion, Gamma was not so lucky. She was converted. When we tried to escape, we became separated."

Harpy strolled around the woodland and continued. "My senses tell me that a downer has already found Gamma and she has now become a slave." She finally got to the point. "You're required to erase that programming and restore her previous status."

"I refuse." Nymph crossed her arms in defiance, eyes closed.

"You'll do what I ask, or I'll tear off your wings."

Nymph shivered, she became frightened again.

"I don't know Gamma's location but your tracking systems are far more superior than mine." Harpy wrenched at the chain, bringing Nymph closer. "Get to work and track her down!"

Settled comfortably in the small apartment, or condo, Gamma fiddled with a few items. She was clueless to their function but she soon found a way to activate the television. She jumped back momentarily when it came on, then took the time to study the programs on it.

She was in the room alone for about an hour before Carl walked in.

"I see you've found out how to use the television. Although all the programs are in Japanese, I assume you can understand?"

"Yes master, I am equipped to understand all languages if required."

Umm, very useful person indeed.

"Have you finished your meeting master?" It wasn't the brightest question Gamma could have come up with, but she was reduced to a pet-class model.

"Yes, it's finished, I'll need your help... I need to find this person." Carl handed Gamma his data pad, which displayed a clear image of Ikaros taken by a spy before.

Gamma took the pad and stared at it. Her docile complexion was clearly displayed on her face. "I remember this person."

Carl looked at her, as he did not expect that kind of response. "You what?"

He strolled closer to the Angeloid who was perched on the end of the bed.

"You mean to tell me that you have had contact with this person before?"

"I don't know Carl."

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"I have no data relating to this person."

"Yet you just said you know her?"

"I'm sorry master, I just feel something."

"Looks like everybody's feeling something today." Carl sat on the bed and continued. "So, what do you know about this Ikaros?"

"Ikaros?"

"Yes, that is her name." Carl said as he took the data pad.

"My job is to gather information on this person."

"Why master?"

"You're asking a lot of questions Gamma."

"I'm sorry master... Carl" Gamma didn't know what to call Carl. She was ordered to call him by his name, but something told the Angeloid to call him master.

"Come with me, I've located Ikaros near the local school and I also need to study the town."

"Yes Carl."

Walking through the streets with Gamma at his side, Carl was glad that he'd took the time to stop of at the nearest cloths store to get his new accomplish something to wear. Walking around in the cybernetic clothing was eye candy, but it would draw too much attention. He'd even asked her to hide her wings. That too would cause a 'small' problem.

Gamma's clothing was nothing more than a basic dark blue dress that made her green hair stand out. A small belt and a few other necessities added character to the Angeloid.

Gamma felt strange wearing something so simple and yet so light. The warm air helped settle her down and Carl thought she was cute too look at.

They dropped by a small corner shop and gathered some supplies. After they bought a few items in the shop, Carl ordered Gamma back to the room. But she was free to look around. Carl decided to give her freedom to 'stretch her wings,' but he really wanted time to himself so he could investigate the outskirts of the town. He still didn't trust his new partner with the truth and waited to see how she acted with small matters.

Carl walked through the country with his hands deep within his pockets. He saw the huge purple tree in the distance, a symbolic trait of the town. Carl assumed. It was also the place, he believed, the young man called Tomoki first bumped into the Angeloid called Ikaros. Next he trotted off to the surrounding woodland, making mental notes and highlighting good ambush points.

He also took it upon himself to survey the pickup point and searched for any ambush positions. The mission seemed simple enough, but when the United States government was involved, nothing is normally that simple.

After he was satisfied with his survey he headed back towards town to perform his next mission.

Carl finally arrived at a riverbank that housed a dingy looking tent and a few necessities. From his notepad, this was Eishiro Sugata's house. Why he lived in a tent was something Carl could not figure out, but his mission was to snoop around and take pictures.

He pulled his high-resolution camera from his rucksack and began taking pictures. First he took images off the outside and then moved inside the tent for more detailed and invasive pictures.

Nothing looked out of the ordinary and the task was soon complete. When he'd finished and filled the camera's flash card, he took the card from the camera and copied the entire contents to his data pad.

Carl heard a rustle from a neighboring bush and quickly wedged himself into the woodland. Luckily Carl didn't disturb anything, and was surprised to discover Eishiro's home early than usual. The notes from other agents had mentioned his

habits, although Carl started to suspect that some of the information was fabricated. *Just what was going on?* Carl was beginning to feel problems he didn't like.

Eishiro took his top off, and changed into something that might resemble a combat uniform, *how peculiar*. Then out of the blue, three more people arrived.

Tomoki, Ikaros and Mikako all joined in, pumped up for something.

Carl laid out on the floor, his data pad at his side and camera ready. He began to take digital images of the whole thing.

A boy that looked Tomoki spoke first. "So what's the plan to get Nymph back? Do we even know where she is?"

Eishiro pushed up his glasses and replied. "The plan is to use Ikaros to locate her. I've studied Nymph in more detail and discovered her energy signature that should allow us to track her whereabouts. But I don't have that kind of technology with me. I assume Ikaros can pick up the signal?"

"I have located the signal master."

"Excellent Ikaros, we'd better get going, Nymph must be out of her mind," said Tomoki, jumping to his feet.

Carl watched as the group steadily walked away from the camp. Ikaros stopped dead in her tracks though.

Carl's heart almost stopped and his core body temperature jumped. *Did she detect his presence? No, surely not, I was careful.*

But she turned in Carl's direction and stared at the bush he was hiding in.

Shit now I've been made.

As if saved by the bell, Tomoki's voice bellowed out over the forest sounds. "Ikaros come on, we got to save Nymph."

Carl finally looked up and saw Nymph walking away in the distance. He exhaled in relief then told himself to leave the area before someone saw him. He didn't want to press his luck any more.

Chapter 18

After collecting all the information and tools needed, Mikako Satsukitane offered them a lift in her family limo. Wide eyed and overjoyed, Tomoki was ecstatic over the prospect of traveling in such style. But everyone else looked worried. Nymph was kidnapped by something and they had no idea which Ambush Angeloids did the kidnapping.

"Hau~ Look at this, we even have our own bar!"

Sohara snatched the bottle from Tomoki's hand; a growl crept from her throat. "Control yourself... Nymph's been abducted... show some respect."

"A teenager cannot solve an unsolvable problem without a little bit of alcohol..." he went for the bottle. It was his mistake.

As the two lovebirds fought each other in the back of the limo, Eishiro pulled out his laptop and displayed the map of Japan. "Ikaros, can you interface with my laptop and show Nymph's location?"

"Yes."

Almost instantly, the scientist noticed Ikaros' irises change into a complex display of calculations and numbers as she began to interface with the laptop.

Then, without the professor noticing, a beacon appeared on the screen. It rotated within a harmony of colors and shapes. It was indicating Nymph's exact location.

"I have located Nymph my master."

Ikaros glanced toward Tomoki, who by this time was loosing to the fight he started with Sohara.

Ikaros repeated her message, but raised her voice. "Master, I've found Nymph."

Tomoki noticed the voice, as sweet as honey. It can only be Ikaros. He turned towards the location and finally stopped his childish behavior, he'd taken note and eventually calmed down, *time to fix my mistake*.

"Nymph's been found?" Tomoki stopped fighting, placed the bottle on the floor and stared at Ikaros, hungry for information.

"Yes master."

Eishiro interjected, "according to the readings on my laptop, Nymph is currently outside the town about one hundred kilometers from our present location."

Mikako leaned her head through the limo's driver window and talked to the driver. She sat back down. "The driver tells me that it will take between ten to fifteen minutes to get there."

"That's too long!" Tomoki said. "By the time we arrive, she will be long gone."

Tomoki paused, placed his hand to his chin and thought hard. True, his first comment was correct. If they arrived in the given time Nymph would have been taken to another location. Also the Ambush Angeloid could sense their approach and leave anyway.

No, there was only one way to solve this. Tomoki looked up from his deep thinking and made a decision, the only one he could think of. "Ikaros can you take me to where Nymph is being held?"

"Yes master."

"Wait Tomoki! You can't go alone, you will be killed if they see you." Sohara exclaimed.

"Yes I agree. I wouldn't recommend you two taking on the ambush Angeloids by yourself." Eishiro removed his glasses and stared at Tomoki. His expression was

unreadable but Tomoki was unruffled, Nymph was his responsibility and he failed. Hopefully he could bring her back. They have the element of surprise after all.

"I promised Nymph I would not let anything happen to her. But I failed, I allowed Nymph to be captured and now she's gone." Tomoki opened the limo's sunroof and prepared to stand. "If I can find a way to bring her back, I will. This is something I must do. Besides, we have the element of surprise."

Tomoki placed out his hand towards Ikaros. " Ikaros, please take me to Nymph."

"Yes master."

Her wings expanded, she grabbed Tomoki and they leapt through the sunroof that was conveniently big enough for the both of them.

Once Tomoki had escaped from the claustrophobic limo, he felt his freedom. Being beaten up and karate chopped by Sohara made the whole limo seem smaller than it actually was, but Tomoki decided to focus on the mission at hand.

Soaring through the air cradled in Ikaros' arms, Tomoki felt safe. She glided over the treetops and the fading sun continued to cast light upon the open land, such a beautiful sight. Ikaros saw farmers in the fields ploughing their rice plants and some vehicles moved on the road. After a few moments they finally spotted something in the woodland.

"Master, we are approaching Nymph's location."

"Great Ikaros, but we need to be careful, we cannot barge in with all your guns blazing, we need a plan."

But for Tomoki, the thought of making a rescue plan was too much for him. He was the type of person who would 'find' away out of trouble on the whim and the only enemy he really fought was Sohara. *How the hell am I supposed to pull something like that off with an Ambush Angeloid?*

Chapter 19

During his last mission, Carl nearly got himself caught. But this time he had scoped the land before repeating the mistake.

Stood outside Tomoki's house, Carl made himself auspicious by dressing up as the locals. He even diverted from his route to get himself a straw hat, for the sake of 'blending.' But today was extremely hot. Carl thought to himself lucky that he didn't live in this town, which was stuck in the back of beyond. He would be pleased when the mission was finally over.

Staring at the back door, Carl gazed around at the neighbors. The house to the left belonged to the Mitsuki family, which was empty and the house on the right belonged to someone else. Carl needed to keep an eye on that property.

Perfect, I have the house to myself.

Luckily for Carl, street life began to settle down and he was able to enter the property through the back door after picking at the simple lock.

Inside the hallway, a mat was laid on the floor. Carl read somewhere that it was Japanese tradition to remove ones shoes and wear house slippers, to preserve the floor. Carl did not respect the tradition. He walked straight in.

As he walked towards the first room, Carl began to pickup the fragrance of female accessories such as perfume and body wash, nothing important.

He held his camera in his hand and inspected each room one at a time. He found the toilet, kitchen and spare rooms. Clothing and ready-made beds indicated that more than one person was living here. With his curiosity sparked, he began to look deeper.

Carl pulled open a door that was partly constructed out of paper and he looked around the room. Most of the internal walls were paper with wooden joints and Carl thought that it wouldn't take much to break, but it was definitely a fire hazard.

Moving deeper into the room, he saw a small table and two objects that appeared to be chairs. Carl wondered how anyone could sit on them and it was beyond his understanding. *The Japanese, such a strange people.*

Carl had never been to Japan before and this moment of exploration was fascinating. He had the opportunity to dive into the lives of Japanese people. He took pictures of everything and he needed to take fast pictures first and fast in case anyone arrived. If the unfortunate did happen, the spy could escape and then review the images in high detail back at home. He could also use the pictures to look carefully, in case he missed something.

In his search, Carl found some documents relating to 'The New World' run by Eishiro. *Looks like things are on track.*

However it was not all fun and games. Upon searching Tomoki's room he discovered items of a periodical adult nature hidden under the bed. *So a basic teenager with an angel, what else does he do with her?*

But his biggest break was when he'd searched Ikaros' room (he assumed) and discovered a fresh feather. Carl could send this back to his superiors for DNA tests and he could finally have some information on their makeup. He'd considered using Gamma's feathers for the test, but he wanted to keep her out of the picture for now, his little secret.

After finishing up, he departed the house through the way he'd come in. So far, so good. He'd cleaned all evidence that might have been left behind and no one saw him exit. Carl vanished into the darkness.

But unaware to him, an elderly lady was currently being strangled on the high balcony overlooking Tomoki's house. She was unable to make a sound as the stranger, dressed in black, strangled the life from her. He released his grip and her body plumped to the floor.

"Carl, Carl, you're getting sloppy. Leaving witnesses behind." The agent walked back into the darkness and past the window. A body of an elderly man was slumped on the kitchen floor as his blood seeped into the woodwork. He'd been shot.

The agent pulled out his phone.

"Get me the Russian minister of defense."

A deep voice replied. "Yes, what's the update?"

"I've just had to clean up Carl's mess, he trespassed on the targets house and two civilians spotted him."

"You're supposed to keep him out of unnecessary trouble. You are a double agent.... What about the witnesses?"

"They've been taken care off."

"Good, get rid of the bodies and keep an eye on Carl. I want updates on your progress." the call ended with a click. The agent looked at the dead bodies and squinted his nose.

Half an hour later, the house was ablaze with fire, the two dead bodies were burned to ashes. The agent removed all trace and removed the bullet beforehand. The whole incident would look like an accidental fire. That's the way the agent liked it, easy, simple and clean.

Only two locations remained and the daylight had finally turned into darkness, just the way Carl liked it.

The next location was Mikako Satsukitane's house. According to his database, they spent time at her family home and Tomoki had even got himself into a spit of bother with the family. The last place on the list was the classroom, or the new world discovery club.

But as Carl struggled to climb the wall into Mikako's home, he was soon apprehended by the Satsukitane mob. He probably just climbed into the most fatal mistake he would ever make.

The well-built and impeccably dressed Japanese men all stood around and smiled. "Looks like fun has come to us! We better contact the master."

Chapter 20

The only option for Nymph was to accept Harpy's request for as long as possible. After all, Harpy needed Nymph, but Nymph didn't trust her.

Harpy had explained why she was taken and now she was about to begin her search. Nymph had no idea of the consequences if she brought the two of them together, but she was afraid for the worst.

"Now can you locate Gamma or not?" Harpy snarled, arms crossed, making herself appear taller.

"Yes. I think I can."

"Good now get to work."

Harpy pointed to the dark blue sky, which was setting in for the night. "Now Nymph, lead me to Gamma."

Reluctantly Nymph expanded her wings and took for the sky with Harpy close behind. She held on to her imaginary chain, keeping her close.

Then out of nowhere a hot indecent ball of fire rippled through the sky and smashed into Harpy, sending her plunging to the ground, like a bird shot from the sky.

Nymph yelped for a second before she discovered Ikaros.

Ikaros glided in the air, wings expanded and had her bow weapon deployed. Tomoki held onto her back.

Tomoki shouted for her benefit, "Nymph, we've come to save you."

Nymph was instantly filled with joy and happiness. The evil Angeloid is gone and she could not control the emotions that bubbled up through her reactor. Swept away by the moment, she flew towards Ikaros. She pounced and hugged her tightly. Ikaros looked puzzled by the sudden emotion and Tomoki clung on, trying not to fall off.

"Umm, can we get back to the ground first?" Tomoki said, his legs became sagged and his arms ached from clenching so hard.

The incident was over within minutes and any damage and witnesses would need to be dealt with. Mikako was more than willing to provide the service because her family was aware of the group's misbehaviors and have been cleaning their mess for some time. Her limo finally pulled up at the clearing and Sohara wasted no time in jumping out to welcome Nymph back. Tomoki had already expressed his apologies for the incident and Ikaros had returned to her basic pet-class state.

Some of Mikako's clan members searched the area, but nobody could find a sign of Harpy, not even a body. It was clear that she still existed and would try and capture Nymph. But one question remained, when would she return?

Mikako talked on her mobile phone. "Have the search teams found anything?"

"Not yet ma'am, we are still searching but things are not looking hopeful."

"Okay, let me know if you find something."

Mikako shoved her phone into her pocket. *Looks like that little witch escaped.*

"The question remains." Eishiro popped his head out of the limo window. "Why did she take Nymph?"

Everyone stared at Nymph, who stood beside Ikaros.

"She's looking for her partner Gamma. She had her mind erased and became a common-pet class Angeloid. Harpy wanted me to locate and reprogram her."

Tomoko looked puzzled. "What happened? Why did Gamma change in the first place?"

Nymph explained everything in detail, the reprogramming of Gamma, the escape and their eventual separation when they crashed to Earth.

"So she is looking for her friend?" Sohara interjected, her tone was cold.

"It appears that way," said Eishiro. After a brief thoughtful moment, he continued. "I expect once Gamma and Harpy are reunited, I calculate that they'll be wanting to clear their names with the Synapse. We must prevent this from happening. She'll be after Ikaros and could start a battle over Sorami. A thought I do not relish."

Almost at the same time, Mikako had to leave the group and answer a phone call. A situation back home has caused her to investigate.

From the call, Mikako had learned that someone had been trespassing through the outer borders of her family's land. Because her family is the ruling clan member, the townsfolk would never do such a thing.

Everyone knows that permission must be given before entry is given. If not, they have the right to take the law into their own hands.

She smiled as she talked on the phone. *The poor man, she thought, I will have fun with him!*

Chapter 21

Long before dawn or night, (Carl didn't know because the room was dark) the only light that lit the area came from a cheap lamp in the corner of the room and he tried to make sense of his strange surroundings.

For a long time now he worked hard, recalling his movements, analyzing the current predicament and planned his escape. Who would know that a cute woman with purple hair wielded so much power. Pity his superiors failed to warn him about the (Mikako family) and their connections.

Carl was thankful in the sense they could have killed him and then dumped his body in the gutter to rot. But he knew that they wanted answers to a whole lot of unanswerable questions. Knowing that he was in Japan and tied to a wooden chair in the middle of a room, Carl knew all too well the techniques the hard men would use to get it

But he had bigger concerns, he could not allow his cover to be broken and if that purple-haired beauty recognized him at school or on the street, the whole plan would fall apart. So he needed to escape. *Now!*

Carl looked around and the room that was constructed of thick walls and barred windows, he assumed it was some kind of storage space under the main house.

How long he would be alone was uncertain, his captors might be back at any time and Carl used the personal time to wiggle himself from the restraints. Any other person would have screamed, or shouted for attention. That was often their mistake and a lost opportunity to look around and study the smaller points.

Carl did not. He stayed silent, worked on loosening the ropes and studied the contents of the room.

The place smelled musty and sour, like they stored the family food and sauces in containers. He saw a table, chairs and old books on a dusty bookshelf that was partially obscured by darkness.

Then he heard the door open and footsteps progressing down the wooden stairs.

The four men stood in the darkness; Carl gazed and studied their stony expressions. There was no doubt about it; they were there to interrogate him.

From what Carl could see, this interrogation will take four men, and being Japanese, he knew that it was not going to be pleasant.

The interrogation would basically start with a fine looking gentleman dressed in a business suit. He would ask basic questions. If Carl refused, he would signal his heavy hitters, who were two beefy men in the background. They would use heavy-handed tactics that would involve injury.

More than likely, Carl guessed that the baby-faced looking doctor, who was wedged in his lab coat, would inject some drug to force him to confess his sins.

On second glance, the Japanese looking man in a business suit spoke. *Now it begins.*

"You are foreigner, yes?"

Carl gave a sarcastic look and said nothing.

"Now, now, there is no need to be resistant. You were clearly caught breaking into the Satsukitane's residence. A crime punishable by whatever the family sees fit."

"And what did they decide?" Carl knew the answer, but he wanted to be surprised.

"The family has ordered your execution, but they want to know what you were doing."

"Do you think I was born on another planet?" Carl looked into the man's eyes. "You lot don't get out that much do you? You just told me that I was to be executed and now you expect me to confess? Kiss my American ass. I would say it in Japanese if I knew how too."

"Mr..." the agent waited for Carl to slip his name. Carl was aware of this trick and created a name from a cartoon character. 'Bob'

"Now Bob, could you explain what you were doing on the premises?"

Carl hated being tied up, hated the smell and hated the people in the room. They were the ugliest oriental individuals he'd ever seen. He had a saying and wanted to use it. *These men must have fallen out of the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down.*

Carl refused to tell the truth. "I was picking flowers, they're very nice this time of year."

The men were not amused. The smart looking individual looked in the direction of his heavy men and then to the doctor.

When the doctor moved towards Carl and sort of waved a needle at him, he asked, "what's that?"

"This is going to help you tell the truth."

"Really, than what happens if I am already speaking the truth?"

"I don't really know."

"Well, it just so happens that I am already willing to tell the truth. I haven't lied to you now and I will not lie to you later. However, if you are so keen to check, why don't you ask me something before I escape?"

The doctor looked puzzled then continued. "How will you escape? You're tied to a chair and trapped."

Carl took that as a legitimate question and explained about what he will do.

"Well first I'm going to kill you by twisting your neck. Then remove the needle from your dead hands. Disable the guy in the suet. Remove his gun and then shoot the two heavy guys in the head and walk out."

"How are you going to do this, your hands are tied." the businessman questioned, almost laughing at the thought.

Carl moved his hands from his back and showed everybody that he was free. The businessman and the doctor failed to notice his untied feet, until it was too late. What only took a second to do, Carl acted on his explanation.

He sprang to life, grabbed the hypodermic needle and twisted the doctor's head until there was a snapping sound. He whizzed over to the businessman, broke his kneecaps and then shoved the needle (crookedly) up his ass. Then, after swiping the businessman's gun, he shot the two heavy guards down cold.

Carl heard nothing but eerily silence. The automatic handguns were not equipped with silencers, so someone would have heard the shots. He needed to act fast.

On the other side of the house, Mikako's farther watched the event unfold in the central security chamber. Knowing what Carl had done, he wanted to capture the foreigner and get some questions answered. He clearly was not your average person and there was more than meets the eye.

The old man said, slowly and methodically. "This Carl, he's killed four of my employees. I want him captured now."

"Yes sir." His men scurried out of the way yielding automatic rifles and samurai swords. The leader was the ruling clan of Sorami and he vowed hot to let some foreigner cross him.

He stood, walked out of the security chamber and retired to his room. He needed to ahead to his family's tradition and prepare his mind and body for the day's events.

Carl had managed to escape from the room. Now, however, escaping from the house proved to be a challenge of its own.

Everywhere he'd looked, someone or something was waiting for him around the corner. The walls were so thin in sections of the residence that the slightest noise could be heard meters away.

If that wasn't hard enough for Carl, the floors were made of wood and squeak when walked on. A fact he found out when he tried to adventure down the nearest hallway.

After slugging six men in black suites and swiping one of the men's sunglasses, (Carl could not work out why they wore sunglasses at night) he stumbled upon the holy bathing area.

It would have been nice to have a bath, but his first task was to escape. Then he spotted the security cameras. He had to find the control room and wipe all evidence of his presence.

He proceeded deer into the house, dodging armed clan members and hiding in obscure places. Carl was good, yes very good at hiding. This moment reminded him of the Russian embassy scenario when he was almost captured.

The United States sent him in undercover to steel back top-secret documents relating to the missile defense system. The Russians had obtained the documents by means of spies. While Carl tried to escape, he was inadvertently caught on a security camera. He had to wipe all the data and escape. Kind of like now.

Carl followed all the cables that lead off the cameras and it wasn't long until he came upon the door where all the cables bunched through a small crack in the door.

He checked his weapon, put in a fresh clip he nicked from a guard and barged in.

Monitors where spread all over the far wall with two men sat watching and controlling everything.

Carl pointed his weapon at them, warned them not to do anything stupid and then finally tied them to the leather chairs they were sitting in

After a few minuets, Carl was ready. He searched the recordings through the computer and any disks. But he had run out of time.

Because the security personnel was tied up, they could not answer any calls from other security teams. This quickly drew attention of the rest of the teams and they went gunning for the control room.

Carl watched the monitors. Scores of people rushed through the corridors and his time was severally limited. He looked at the banks of computers and emptied his gun into them. As the first bullet hit the hard drives, everything shorted out.

Sparks flew and fires began to melt everything on the desks. Computers went up in flames and everything died. Now Carl needed to move, escape. Before he departed the room he saw a cave system near the border of the house. *A secret passage* Carl thought. It was his way out.

With careful steps and fast movements Carl made it outside towards the mouth of the cave. But someone was standing in his way.

An old bald man with prominent striped markings on his head stood in his way. He yielded his sword and stood tall and his face looked stony. Carl instantly knew this was the head of the family. He will have to deal with him to escape.

Chapter 22

Harpy failed, an occurrence that was starting to become a habit. Lucky for her, she wasn't under any orders from the Synapse and she could only blame herself for the mishap without any personal punishment.

But she had lost her most valuable prize, Nymph. How was she supposed to find Gamma without her tracking systems? That Angeloid, Ikaros, swooped in and ruined everything... Again.

She found herself a secluded spot and focused her mind on the problem at hand. She waited for an idea that might bring her companion back. But as she sat there under the interlocked trees, she couldn't think of anything.

She recalled the moment they were brought together, during the times of certainty and happiness, shining with expectation. Then, the honor of being personal guards to the Synapse. She was the strongest of all Angeloids and performed her mission admirably. Her master was pleased. But she had competition, Gamma.

Gamma slowly worked her way up the ranks and was eventually spotted by the master.

As a show of force, the two were asked (or commanded) to fight each other. They reluctantly agreed and this was the moment Gamma and Harpy fought each other to prove their worth, as the master sat on his throne chair, watching.

After the duel went on for an hour, the master was so impressed with their performance that he decided to call it a draw, ruffling up the air with cheers. As a reward and they were given the Prometheus cannon, their personal status upgraded and finally reassigned as personal bodyguards.

Ho, how Harpy wished to be back in the sky again, but she was trapped with the downers. She dismantled a small dandelion plant as her mind wondered.

Harpy inclined her head. "Gamma where are you?"

Next, she got up and went for a long walk in the forest surrounding Sorami, then she focused her senses on locating her friend, she could almost feel her presence, she just needed a moment of clarity.

Gamma sat in the apartment and skimmed the channels on the television, a habit she slowly developed. Though it was a good way to study human behavior, some concepts still escaped her. It was necessary to continue, to be better for her master's wishes. She was a pet-class Angeloid after all and must fulfill every desire.

Nearly bewildered by a strange anime show, Gamma grew concerned about her master. Midnight was near, and Carl was not home. But the more she thought about it, the more she felt tired, then she inevitably fell asleep.

In her dreaming state, a hidden life began to emerge. Gamma saw herself wielding the Prometheus cannon at some other Angeloid, but her image was only a silhouette. She couldn't work out her features, but she recognized her.

Then the nightmare began. A battle that waged in her mind was about failure.

She was forced to recall the damning turn of events that led to her incarceration and eventual escape. She was forced to explain how a simple mission that was to capture someone, had failed. This inevitably led to her sentence of damning proportions.

Gamma tossed and turned as she remembered painful snapshots of events.

Pain, sorrow, grief, they all came at once, like a mortal blow to an already wounded animal. Then blankness.

Trapped in her own thoughts Gamma was still encased in darkness. *Was this a dream or reality?*

Then she awakened to familiar surroundings of the room. The television was still active in the background, but the terrible experience was something she'll remember.

Who was that girl that looked like her? Who was Harpy?

Chapter 23

Carl could not believe -what his eyes were telling his brain- what he was seeing. A wrinkly old man that looked like he would die from a heart attack blocked his freedom. Dressed in black, he had noticeable bald and striped markings on his head.

Carl could almost imagine the wrinkled up body propped up with rope and duct-tape under his black robes. But the man stood, clearly confident in his ability to block his path.

"Out of my way old man. I do not wish to hurt you."

The man did not falter; he remained motionless with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Don't you understand? Are you listening to me?" Carl raised his 9mm weapon. He didn't want to shoot the old man, but with alarms sounding and footsteps bellowing closer, he had limited options.

"You have killed a great number of my men." The old man's accent bordered on Japanese, but was deep and serious.

"They left me with no choice. Now, move or do you want..." the old man moved closer. Carl got nervous and cocked the gun, it was ready to fire.

"Don't come any closer!"

The old man didn't heed the warning. *No problem* Carl thought, time to neutralize him. Footsteps grew louder as the security teams rushed closer giving Carl no choice.

He aimed for the old man's legs and pulled the trigger. He made sure only to injure, not kill.

Carl heard the shot, saw the smoke from his gun and knew he'd fired. In what looked like a split second, the old man pulled out his hidden sword, swung it around at breathtaking speed and struck the two bullets, splitting them in half.

It took Carl a second for his mind to process what he just saw. It was impossible, outstanding. The old man stopped two bullets dead in their tracks. *Bullets*, he could not believe it.

But as he recovered from his dazed state, he forgot the imminent problem. The old man was still in his way. If he stopped two bullets, just think about what else he could do.

The elderly gentleman stood straight, "I suggest you give yourself up. My men will be upon you shortly."

Carl had no choice, he needed to escape.

As he hesitated, the old man took a step forward and went for Carl. The agent fired his weapon at the man, emptying the clip.

Carl moved, ducked and watched as the man cut up every bullet. *Impossible*. But he kept on coming and the agent found it hard not to falter under the sudden danger he was facing.

The secret agent backed away and tried to make himself ready for the old man's advances. In the time it took him to reload his weapon and get it ready, the old man was already upon him.

Carl knew the old man was about to kill him.

Instantly, the old man grabbed hold of Carl's neck and spoke. His voice was hard and impatient. "Listen to me you foreign shit. What gives you the right to barge into my house and kill my men?"

The old man appeared to be throwing a tantrum. But the old fool was so preoccupied about his vengeance that he failed to spot Carl reaching for his second weapon, after his pistol was snatched from his hands.

He wedged the stun weapon into the old mans chest and stunned him to the ground. It acted fast, simple and Carl was free.

The old man laid on the floor like a bag of meat. He also urinated himself and the pungent smell of lime filled the air.

Carl wasted no time, the thunderous footsteps echoed louder and louder. The secret agent ducked into the dark opening and vanished before the gang had the chance to arrive.

The cave system was cold, damp and dark. The trickling of water and the howling of wind sent shivers up Carl's back, but he kept going. He continued to hurry along the caves path to escape any pursuing men.

Carl used his wits and followed a large chunky cable that should lead him to an exit, or another building. It was a high voltage shielded cable and definitely connected to something. He used it as a guide.

Trekking through the caves, Carl was suddenly faced with an obstacle. A gaping hole blocked his exit. The secret agent assumed it was a well, by all the water that poured into it. Phosphorescentrocks that surrounded the ceiling illuminated the entire cavern. The entire area was beautiful to see, but Carl had limited time.

He clenched his jaw and finally spotted a ringed ladder just a few meters left of his position.

After ten minutes of descending, he was breathing heavily and was pleased to discover a ledge below his feet. After gaining his balance on the ledge, he took the moment to rest and listen for any sign of pursuit.

Carl preferred to be on the surface smelling the roses, not miles underground like a mole. But as he heard distant voices in the distance, his trivial concerns had to take a back seat his life depended on it. *Such hard cases and exciting adventures, then to be in a hole under the ground.*

So, as he trudged further into the darkness, using the thick cable as a guide, Carl was glad that he nicked a LED torch back at the Satsukitane residence. It turned out to be a useful tool.

However, out of idle curiosity, Carl turned off the light to see how dark it actually was. He'd never expected to be surrounded by the color of ink. He had the strange sensation of knowing his hand is in front of his face, but he was unable to see it. The experience bewildered Carl to the point of turning the light on.

Carl knew that he had a good five or six hours of flashlight left. He moved on and followed the cables. He felt the exit ahead; *I just have to keep going.*

Chapter 24

Nymph was finally safe, but for how long? That was the question. Settled back at Tomoki's house, Nymph remembered her ordeal and the possible threat that still lurked in the shadows. But she was safe for the moment.

In an effort to cheer her up, Tomoki interrupted the stale silence. "Hay Nymph. If you want, there is a whole collection of sweets in the cupboard I got just for you."

The young man's attempt worked. She jumped to her feet, shuffled around and her overexcited words barely made any sense.

Tomoki was pleased with the result; his eyes flickered at the blue haired beauty that was munching on a bag of sweets. He knew she was easily pleased with such distractions.

However, sat in the corner of the room Eishiro Sugata still had his own nagging concerns.

"Eishiro, why are you in my house?" Tomoki was sure he didn't invite him. But then again, he vaguely remembered inviting Sohara, who was investigating his room for perverted material.

"Your companion was asking me questions on how to keep Nymph out of trouble. So we're organizing a plan to locate the Ambush Angeloids."

"Ho, I must have forgotten." Tomoki made a dismissive gesture.

"You seem to forget a lot of things Tomoki." Eishiro pocketed his glasses. Sohara interjected.

"Tomoki always forgets things, kinda like this magazine I've found."

Sohara held up the adult periodical and Ikaros glanced at it.

"Master, what is this?"

The young teenager jumped, danced and then tried -but rather unsuccessfully - to hide his embarrassment.

"Erm... I don't know how *that* got there."

Ikaros glanced away from the ruckus and was immediately focused on something. She was particularly interested by a mark near the back door. She felt an aura about the house, as if someone had been trespassing. She remembered this kind of feeling before. It was similar to when everybody returned to Eishiro Sugata's tent.

While Ikaros tried to understand the significance of this discovery, she opened the door and walked out to the garden.

The night was dark and the moon projected shadows on the floor that danced by the movements of trees. A small fountain next door filled the sky with a gentle melody of natural sounds, crickets made their mark and the air smelled fresh.

As Ikaros immersed herself in the cool night, she heard footsteps from behind.

"Ikaros, you're enjoying the night?"

"Yes master, it's very soothing."

"It's been very busy and chaotic today. I wish we could have done more to help Nymph recover from the ordeal she went through."

"I would be happy to grant your wish master, but I'm unable to undo activities that have been done by other Angeloids."

"I didn't know that. So if you are killed by an Angeloid, that means." Tomoki stepped back in shock. "I cannot wish for you to be okay?"

"I'm sorry master, my power cannot conflict with the wishes from another like me."

Tomoki vowed to be stronger, a concept he'd always stretched for, but never achieved. He placed his hand on Ikaros' shoulder. "Don't worry Ikaros, I'll make sure you're not harmed, you are my ang-"

Interjecting, Sohara marched up to the two. "So, this is where you two have been hiding. I can only imagine what kind of things this teenager has been saying."

"Saying, what do you mean? I've been the perfect gentleman to Ikaros."

During Sohara's cheerful speech, Ikaros wondered over to the neighbor's garden and placed her hands on the wooden fence. She looked at the charred remains of the house next door.

"Master, what happened to the house next door?"

Tomoki looked puzzled for a moment, not understanding what Ikaros was talking about. Sohara looked over towards the burned house and then pointed.

They stared at the black empty space for a good five minutes before the silence was finally broken.

"What the hell happened to the neighbor's house?" Sohara said.

Tomoki grabbed Ikaros' hand and hurried her back into the house, Sohara followed behind.

They barged through the front door and onto the street. A small crowd of dispersing people began to leave the scene.

"I don't understand. How did we miss all of this?" Tomoki looked perplexed and dazed.

Eishiro indicated towards the side entrance of Tomoki's house. "We entered through the side entrance and would have missed all the activity."

"But still, we should have noticed something like this. Just what the hell happened?" Tomoki asked, all the while, looking at a scruffy looking man who was heading in their direction.

The group stared at the individual who was in his fifties, gray hair and wearing long coat with deep pockets. He appeared to be the investigator and Tomoki used this opportunity to get some answers.

"Sir, are you with the police?"

The man put a cigarette into his mouth, took some long lazy puffs and then exhaled while removing it. He spoke with a shallow well-spoken voice.

"Yes, I am the lead investigator. So you must be Tomoki Sakurai and Sohara Mitsuki."

The two teenagers backed away in shock. The investigator knew their names, why?

The large man continued, his leering eye watched for any mistakes. "So, do you have anything you wish to tell me?"

That question was like a stab in the back, Tomoki knew he was completely innocent, but it was obvious that the detective had them in his sights.

"What! You don't think we had anything to do with it?" Tomoki became angry. Sohara tried to control him, as it would be pointless to get into a fighting match.

"Ho, I didn't say anything of the sort. You see, I have to follow up on all the leads. Two people have been killed in the blaze and the initial investigation is indicating that this fire was deliberately set."

Tomoki reacted with outrage. "What! Someone killed my neighbors? Who would do such a thing?"

"I was hoping you could tell me son." The investigator went up to the young man. "Would you mind coming to the station with me? I would like to take your statement."

His iron-fisted grip on his shoulder indicated that he had no choice. To the investigator, Tomoki was the only suspect, with or without a motive.

The investigator often heard reports about the unruly teenager and his perverted tactics. Even he didn't believe Tomoki was capable of such a task, but he still had to follow the rules and question everyone that might have been involved.

Eishiro came forward, hopeful to resolve the misunderstanding.

"I can assure you lieutenant, this boy is innocent and he was with us the whole time."

"Good, then perhaps you all should come down to the station and clear this all up. I don't doubt your innocence, but some of you might have seen or heard something."

With no choice left for the young individuals involved, they reluctantly went along to the station house inside the local town.

Chapter 25

The hours began to creep away from Carl as he huddled himself through every nook and cranny he could find. Then when all hope was about to be lost and his torch fading, he saw the exit. *Yahoo!*

Emerging damp and dirty, he stretched his arms and took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the fresh aroma of the forest.

Hopefully he was far away from the Satsukitane residence and away from that old man that appeared to be an android covered with flesh. He still couldn't wrap his head around that.

At that moment he felt lucky that he escaped by the skin of his teeth. So much could have gone wrong and he was spared. Carl was not a religious man, but he felt some divine power hard at work.

As the minutes crept passed, Carl decided to head back in to town, if he only knew the damn way.

He'd found the nearest road, but that didn't do any good. The signs were in Japanese and were of no use to him. The only smart thing he could do was to pick a direction and hope for the best. *I hope more of god's divine intervention exists.*

But his directional choosing did have some skill behind it. He looked at the sign and calculated the kilometers to each town. The shortest route should take him somewhere near Sorami.

Carl only took the tools he needed. Luckily, his cautious behavior prevented his whereabouts from being tracked. The Satsukitane family were none the wiser and Carl liked to keep it that way.

The agent heard the hum of a distant vehicle and then spotted its lights reflecting off the nearby trees. He wasn't sure if the family was out looking for him, but he couldn't take the risk. Diving into the nearest ditch, he kept his head low to avoid detection.

The vehicle flashed by and Carl could not make out the driver or vehicle identification. All he saw was the flash and then distant sound of the motor.

Dragging himself from the ditch, Carl thought about his new companion Gamma. How did she fall into his lap? What are the true powers she carries and how could he use her?

But first, he strolled along the roadside towards an unknown town.

Hours later, as Carl calculated the time, he assumed it to be around midnight and he decided to head back without any further interruptions. He has a new job to start tomorrow and arriving late would not be good.

He stumbled into the town and broke into an old banger at the side of the road. After crossing the starter cables, he progressed down the side streets until he saw a familiar sign, marking the way to Sorami.

Carl was only a few miles out, in the wrong direction. But the vehicle he 'borrowed' would allow him to travel that much faster than if he was on foot.

So far everything was going according to plan and he was racing down the road, keeping his head down and making no sudden moves. So far Carl spotted no coppers and kept to a reasonable speed. The last thing he wanted was to be pulled by the local law.

Carl drove for fifteen minutes before he eventually reached the town of Sorami. The road originally diverted him further out, but soon changed direction; Carl thought the road layers diverted around some sacred tree, *just like the Japanese.* But to his surprise, roadblocks hindered his progress, however that didn't stop him.

As the streetlights came into view, Carl leaned forward from his womb-like chair. For a beaten up old banger, he was surprised that the seats were extremely comfortable. But still, as he pulled into a side road, he could not ignore the nagging feeling in his stomach, which was for food. He could not remember the last time he'd eaten and a tiny shop came into view that sold noodles, ready made.

Carl parked the small polo and stepped onto the curb. With his mind firmly set on food he entered the empty establishment and ordered some random selections on the menu. Carl assumed that the chef did not understand English and kept everything down to 'pointing and showing.' it was just as efficient as talking.

Carl gave the appropriate cash, received his food and sat near the window so he could keep an eye on the dull street. His dark blue banged up vehicle was parked lazily at the parking bay.

To make himself blend in more, he kept his gazes and excited eyes to the table. Most newcomers would be staring in all directions with their eyes darting around feeling guilty that they were trespassing in another culture. No matter how hard they tried to hide this, their body language would give them away. Carl knew better.

His thoughts remained on the mission and the plausible problems he would face. He'd already run into some setbacks: the sudden appearance of Gamma and being captured by the Satsukitane family. This was all in the course of two days.

He took a mouth full of noodles and the spicy taste nearly made him launch into orbit. He could not understand how the Japanese could eat something so spicy or drink the juice that was left over. But he gritted his teeth and satisfied his hunger.

When the time came for Carl to leave the small establishment, he nodded to the chef and left. He stepped towards his car narrowly missing a Japanese girl in a skimpy red dress. She noticed his stealthy glance and responded with a turn-on smile. Carl could have pursued that signal, but he slipped into his vehicle and headed home. It would take him about an hour to find it.

Chapter 26

Chaos exploded all around as Mikako walked into the central house. The sudden escape infuriated everybody and they were even more hyped to capture the individual who eluded the family.

She was informed about the intruder (a man) and was more than thrilled to 'play' with him, but once the news broke that he'd escaped she was furious. *How could this scurrilous person cause so much havoc?*

This so-called individual had made a mockery out of the entire family and even attempted to kill the head, Mikako's father. She could not let this incident slide and really wanted to face the person who defied the entire family.

But as she tried to gather information on the individual's identity, she was hindered by dead ends. All footage on the security system was deleted and over thirty agents that have seen his face had been killed or seriously wounded. But she wanted to know the most important thing, news about her father.

Mikako entered the reception hall and interrupted an agent who was speaking on an earpiece.

"Do you know what's happened to my father?" She tried to keep worry out of her voice

"It's ok, your father is in the other room. He is currently coordinating a search for the stranger in question."

She took heed of the news and decided to visit her father herself. Mikako rushed into the next room and the agent couldn't stop her, nor would he want to, she was his boss's daughter.

She slid the doors open and walked into the library that had a range of assorted books dating back centuries. In the corner of the room a scented candle burned away on the table. Mikako's father was settled in his chair behind his desk in front of the only window overlooking the vast wilderness. He looked perplexed and overworked. He answered calls and rushed through documents that were stacked on his table.

"Father, I heard about the intruder. Can you tell me what happened?"

"Ah, my daughter, there was no reason for you to come all this way for a small problem such as this."

"Father, I was on my way to see the person you've captured. But when I heard he'd escaped and killed many people..."

An agent walked into the room and interrupted the conversation. "Sorry to disturb you master, but I've been updated with the new death counts from the doctor." The agent hesitated for a moment. "Two more guards have died."

Mikako's father placed a scroll onto his desk draw and bowed his head with respect. Nothing in his entire life could prepare him for what happened here today. How could a simple foreigner cause so much trouble and escape. Now he wanted to do something. He was retired, but this numbskull made him reconsider.

He grabbed a picture that was on his desk, stood up and strolled over to the agent. "I believe you have seen this individual?"

"Erm, yes, that is correct sir."

"I would like you to take my daughter and find this individual. Drag him back if you have too, I don't care anymore. There're only two foreign people in this town and the remaining one starts tomorrow as a school teacher." The old man extended his arm and gave the agent a mug shot.

"I can confirm that this was the individual who attacked our home and killed many good men. This person cannot trespass on our land and get away with it."

Mikako took a sneak peek and instantly recognized the individual that was in her limo yesterday. The American, born in England, seemed like the perfect toy for her to play with and handsome too.

She worked her brain; this individual has been in the town for two days and is already on the Satsukitane hit list. He must be a very bad boy and Mikako was excited in more ways than one.

With more eagerness than a five-year-old child with a bucket of sweets, she happily accepted the challenge. But she wanted to know more about him first.

Chapter 27

Now that his hunger had disappeared, Carl made his way home.

He shifted gears and kept to the speed limit as much as he could. But time was not on his side. He'd already burned most of it getting out of trouble and he never expected the Satsukitane family to be well protected. They were like a mob family.

But Carl also surmised that they would be after him and leaving so many witnesses behind, especially the old man. He was sure it would not be long before they zeroed him.

Then he knew that his time was extremely limited. He would have to act tomorrow. Forget about getting any more information, his cover was blown. The school grounds would be the showdown, a place he would have to disable Ikaros and drag her to the pickup point. *Yes, that idea sounded good.*

He knew that Ikaros attended the local school and that will be her weak point. Judging from the data on his pad, back at the room, this was the only way left.

Satisfied with his decision, he played through the events in his mind, factoring in every defect, every possible worst-case scenario and the possible casualties, if any. He wanted this to go like clockwork. He wanted to return home, but then he remembered Gamma. What the hell was he going to do about her?

He made a sharp left turn into an alley and recognized the area. He was near home. Now Carl needed to dump the vehicle and proceed on foot to his apartment.

Pity he destroyed his phone, he could have used some assistance during his capture. But the danger at being tracked was too great.

The open air had a bitter chill about it. It caught Carl's attention because the night should have been warm like the previous one. But he zipped up the long coat that he'd found on the backseat of the car and went towards the pub.

The main entrance was locked but the side door remained open to allow entrance to tenants who returned late. He was given the key and tested it for the first time. He climbed up the metal stairs and slipped the key into the handle. With a lazy breath, he turned the knob and heard the satisfying click. The door was open.

A whoosh of warm scented air welcomed Carl as he entered making sure to close the door behind himself.

He walked to his room and entered, making sure to look around every corner and inspect every shadow that lingered in odd places. So far, so good.

Gamma stood beside the door, like a dog able to sense its master arriving home. Carl stared at her.

"I thought you would be asleep?"

"I was master, but something bad happened and I'm now awake."

"It's probably a nightmare."

"A nightmare?"

"Yes." Carl went to the bathroom and washed up. Once he'd splashed his face with water he explained.

"A nightmare is a fantasy reality that you experience in your mind while your body is sleeping. Your experiences, desires and feelings will be portrayed in your dream by many factors."

"I don't understand master."

Carl gave up, better quit while he was ahead. "Don't worry about it. You should be safe now. Do you know what the dream was about?"

"It was about someone that had the same weapon as me." Gamma looked down. She was still dazed by the whole ordeal and unable to make any sense of it.

But time had taken its toll on Carl and he also needed to be in school soon. He reassured Gamma and finally went to bed. Tomorrow would be checkpoint time and his Angeloid would always be at his side.

Chapter 28

The local nick or the town's police station was nothing more than a small building with a sign on the front with the words, 'Sorami police station,' written on it.

The small group, which was 'asked' to come to the station, waited in a small room with no window.

Tomoki was the last to go and the group was promised they could go home after his interview. But his excessive staring towards every detail would probably have the opposite effect.

"Now, lets see. You were out searching for your missing friend and away from your neighbours house?" The beefy officer puffed on a cigarette and then added his smoke to the cloud above them.

Tomoki nodded. He wanted to finish up and leave, because he had school in the morning. But he couldn't understand why the police could drag civilians to the station past midnight, especially students. *The police can't do this kind of stuff.*

"And what about the rest of your companions? Could they account for your whereabouts?"

"Yes, that's correct. We were looking for our missing friend, Nymph."

"Nymph. Yes, I talked to her and she confirmed your story. She has an interesting name. Where is she from?"

Tomoki hesitated, scratched the back of his sweaty head and responded. "Erm... You're the police, didn't she tell you?"

"Yes she did." The officer leaned on his chair and stumped his cigarette out on the table. "She said she's a foreigner visiting this country. Can you confirm this?" The investigator finally leaned back and stared at him.

The young man fiddled with the buttons on his clothes, looked down at the table and then *lied*.

"Yes, that is correct. She's an exchange student from... China."

That slight pause was enough to make the agent doubt the young boy. Although he might have been telling the truth about having no involvement with the fire, the investigator was now curious about the two new additions to the town. Ikaros and Nymph, they have no identification papers and his initial search for their identity revealed nothing. The harder he looked the more questions they raised.

"C'mon! As I said, we were out looking for my friend and had nothing to do with our neighbor's fire. I know them, I employ you to find out what's going on."

"Don't worry son. I'm one hundred percent on this case. We'll find the people responsible." the agent took another lazy breath from his cigarette.

"I can't hold you any longer. If you or your friends remember anything, let me know." The beefy man held out his business card and left the room. His dark figure strolled down the Spartan hallways and he vanished out of sight.

Tomoki was escorted out of the room and reunited with Ikaros. He felt confused and angry. *Why did that man drag us down to the station to ask useless questions?*

Eishiro pushed up his glasses and assessed the situation. During the whole operation he studied the police force and tried to ascertain their motives for the questioning. They could have questioned the group on site, but something had clearly diverted the police forces' attention.

Next, Eishiro assumed that the Angeloid's identifications would be a mystery, which would flag some questions. Yes, everyone had some explaining to do later. But for now, they were free to go.

The exhausted group said goodbye to the police station at three in the morning and hurried through the narrow streets, heading back to their respected places. But the lingering fear that the ambush Angeloids were still out there remained.

Once they were in the middle of the park, Tomoki broke the heavy silence.

"Phew... That was an unfortunate development. If my neighbor's house was burned to the ground maybe Harpy caused it?" Tomoki stopped mid stride. "What if she's trying to kill me?"

"That's highly unlikely. From my observations, I believe she wants to get her companion back first. There is no reason to attack your home." Eishiro responded.

"Tomoki, you're a regular bundle of trouble. No matter where you go, someone's always out to get you." Sohara glanced around; her wide smile clearly indicated that she was teasing him.

"Huh, Erm... No, no, you can't say that. I've done nothing to anyone."

Sohara stopped, placed her hands on her hips and glared at the teenager. Her haunting expression told a different story. "Nothing to anyone? Hmph! You have an extremely short memory."

She shoved both hands deep into her pockets and strolled away from the group. "I have school tomorrow. You can stay up all night with Eishiro, Nymph and Ikaros, but some of us have to get ready for the school's yearly festival."

Tomoki's eyes filled with excitement.

"Ah! That's right, I totally forgot." He rubbed his perverted hands together.

"All the schoolgirls dressed up. Different classes doing different activities, this will be magnificent."

Tomoki couldn't wait for the day's festivities to start; the troubled little man had more than one mission up his sleeve.

Chapter 29

Noon approached Sorami high school's skyline and the students streamed through the gates in all kinds of costumes. Today was a big day for everyone because the school celebrates another year of success and prosperity.

Once a year the school invites each class to do something for their own group, and it could be anything within reason. Class representatives would chat about their role in the festivities and others had minds on other things, especially the male division.

Young boys from all walks of life -god help them- looked around with wide-eyed and overenthusiastic attitudes. Ho, the delights they were about to witness.

As students entered the school buildings, everyone was amazed with excitement. Ribbons and decorations aligned the walls, each classroom had their own individual activity and posters indicated each class project. It was magnificent. Tomoki barely held his excitement. Today was the day. Three classes decided to perform a cosplay-cafe with different themes and he was ecstatic with excitement.

His own class even volunteered, although some believe the young adventurer only listed a few choices at the beginning of the day, namely the cosplay cafes, such a wide choice.

The young wonderer glanced in all directions before focusing his gaze towards the innocent girls that were dressed in different uniforms, portraying different anime characters. Tomoki wanted his camera, but he wasn't aloud to bring it. Even Sohara had to dress up in something sexy. Tomoki nudged the perfect outfit towards her, and waited with high hopes and anticipation for the outlook. Then she arrived.

Completely out of character, she looked magnificent in her white and blue made outfit. She clasped her hands together and tried to hide the over-embarrassed flush that crept on her face.

Tomoki froze; he'd never seen a hard-nut-girl change to a flower, like a gem bestowed by god. He wanted to hug her.

"If you think about hugging me, I'll beat you to a pulp." Sohara placed her hands on her hips. But the shy lonely girl looked like an open flower, ready to be plucked. Still, Tomoki did not want to take the risk.

Silence filled the atmosphere as everyone glanced at Sohara. They spoke words of, "she's so cute," or "beautiful and defenseless."

Sohara fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable towards the situation and her outfit. If she accidentally bent over, everyone would be able to see her... She held her breath, holding back such thoughts.

More students entered, tall and pleasing to the eye. Their outfits' were custom made to the stile that suited them. The men wore hero costumes, while the girls wore revealing tight dresses in frilly patterns. Sexy desires, from the boys, floated across the room while teachers cramped themselves into the corners, dreading the complaints from parents.

At first glance, Tomoki failed to notice the strange occurrence. There were lots of people with wings, *cosplay on angels?* Tomoki didn't understand.

Then everyone froze as they glanced towards the main doors.

Ikaros and Nymph walked in, complete in their Angeloid uniforms, with wings. Everyone was gob smacked, trapped in there own fantasies. They never seen a sight like this before: Ikaros looked so attractive that some boys fainted in the crowd. Nymph seemed the cutest and stared with wide-eyes, as she could feel the

immense pressure from all the young boys desperate to hold her. A crowd soon developed around them and Tomoki was forced out of view. It would take several minutes for the initial commotion to settle down.

When Carl finally entered his classroom, all the time in the world could not prepare him for what he was about to see. He'd finished his introductions with the head master and was told to start straight away. Carl thought he was holding something back. But now, as he stood at the entrance of his classroom, he was completely unprepared.

`Stood in the backdrop of light and dressed in suitable clothes for the lesson, he felt miles out of place. The students stared at him, whispered and then laughed.

Carl signed. It was going to be a *long* day, but he couldn't forget his mission. To capture Ikaros, today!

Chapter 30

For Mikako, this was the day she could really 'strut her stuff.' Since she was the class rep that organized the little party to celebrate the schools passing year, she took the time to enjoy the recent activates. Out of all the classes, only one caught her attention, the cosplaying class.

While students listened to the new teacher, she leaned on the doorframe, admiring the spectacle. The teacher was foreign, English, yes... She had found the individual responsible for trespassing, killing her clan members and threatening her father. Though it was perfectly permissible to kill him now, he did look dashingly handsome and a little out of his depth with the activities in the room.

Stood in front of the class, Carl tried (unsuccessfully) to control the unruly students and make his mark. Mikako grinned at his horrible failure. How could this man surprise her family and not be able to control a class of teenagers?

She whooshed out a big breath then, as she moved into the classroom, the attention of everyone shifted towards her.

Mikako wore the kinkiest and eye candy costume anyone could have imagined, black laced and dotted with a dance of colors. Her uniform, rather form fitting, was the latest craze and Mikako wore it perfectly.

"Eehhh~? What do we have here?" her voice carried the hint of mature sarcasm. "Hehe, this is no way to treat our new transfer teacher."

She sexually strolled over to Carl and held him in a strange but satisfying embrace. Wow, she really went and done number on him. Carl turned red-faced and her hands stealthily explored his chest.

"Geez~, what are you doing?"

"Wow! You're so soft and muscular; I can hardly control myself. I love foreign teachers"

"B...B...But, This is no way for a student to behave!" Carl choked, took a moment to control his bodily urges and then pushed her away.

"Wh... Who are you?" then his memory came back. *Shit this was no coincidence, she knew exactly who he was, and she was teasing him.*

Carl felt threatened and glanced around, even through the windows. But he could see no gang members. *Just what is she up to?*

"Aww, just calm down teacher. This is the school's celebration day and each year the school holds certain festivities to celebrate the years passing of old students. It is our custom. I'm so thrilled you can join us!" Mikako attempted to jump on Carl again, but he held out his hands.

"Well, it's a very, delightful, but you need to restrain yourself... Hah!"

She ran forward and grabbed him again. "C'mon teacher..." she chirped adventurously. "Are you getting excited seeing students dress up in this manner?"

All the female students' appearances changed to cute shy maidens waiting for their master to command. Carl knew they were making fun of him, probably some kind of ritual. The Japanese are so strange. But cute. Even a manly American could not hide his eagerness for attractive young teenagers. But as Mikako tried to make him feel welcomed, he knew that she knew his secret. It was a matter of time before something gave.

Mikako stayed in the sidelines and shuffled in and out of the activities giving Carl the odd teasing glance. People stared and idolized her. She liked that too, but always kept Carl in eyeshot. She wanted to know everything about him and she assumed he knew nothing. She liked to keep it that way.

"Kyahhhhh! Mikako, you look very reveling today." A familiar voice boomed through the crowd.

She turned and saw Tomoki stroll up in his un-concealing uniform that made him appear almost naked, what was he thinking?

"Unyaa! What are you wearing Tomoki?" a cute voice echoed from the hallway.

Tomoki sighed at the familiar voice that signaled trouble. For once he wanted to show off his God-given talent. But that girl Sohara got in his way... again.

"Erm... Sohara? What are you doing here?"

"I go to school here you idiot. Now what is that *thing* you are wearing?"

Tomoki glanced at his half naked body and summarized. "This is a symbolic blend of nature inspired by natural clothing, mixed with hero induced black PVC fabric." He posed like superman, hands on hips. "Rather hot looking, do you think?"

"It looks ridiculous, you need to change."

"Not me, I am the master of perverseness. Look at my abs, and my ass. See, perfection all in one hit. If you want, I'll allow you to touch my..."

Tomoki would require about ten minutes to recover from Sohara's controlled karate chops.

But listening in the sidelines with her eyes and ears open, Mikako kept watch on the prized target.

She watched the foreigner slide in and out of the crowds. His attempt to blend was slow and painfully obvious. But deep down, Mikako knew he was up to something. However, as soon as Nymph and Ikaros entered the classroom, she noticed Carl staring at Ikaros like a hawk. Did he have a fascination with Tomoki's friend? What was he after?

Mikako decided that such thoughts would go nowhere, and decided to investigate Carl further; killing him now would be pointless. But before she had the chance to follow the teacher, who left the room, Eishiro interrupted her.

"Mikako, you are looking very..." he hesitated, "different."

She gave a hearty smile and replied, "You're looking your normal self. Haven't you got anything to do? Or would you prefer to hang around with me?"

Eishiro failed to respond towards that little joke, or so she thought. His actions and body language were hard to read.

"I've brought you a drink, since you bought one for me a few days ago I thought this might be the perfect time to discuss my research on Ikaros and the Ambush Angeloids."

The drink was a very kind gesture and something completely unexpected. By this time, Mikako had grabbed a chair and maneuvered herself into position. She slurped at the drink and the effect was almost instantaneous.

From the initial taste, it did seem like a normal soft drink, but the flavor was very different.

She smiled again and said with a pleasant laugh. "Wow! Eishiro, are you trying to get me high on alcohol?"

Flustered at what she said, Eishiro looked at the glass and discovered he'd got the wrong drink. Completely surprised, he apologized and went to remove the drink. But Mikako was more than happy to hold onto her beverage.

Apparently a student had spiked a drink container and the students were experiencing a new level of relaxed behavior. But for Mikako, she couldn't handle her drink and it wouldn't take long for her to be completely drunk.

Chapter 31

With new dilemmas comes new ideas, and Carl had a new idea. After that dramatic encounter with Mikako, he knew his time was severely limited.

With many years of advanced training under his belt, he crept out of the festivities and began his surveillance of the school. During the morning, Carl studied the maps and possible exits of the school. Knocking Ikaros out should prove easy. His idea would be to ask her for information on the school course and then stun her. His final task would then carry her out of the school property.

But as he leaned over a desk inside the new world discovery club (a place he accidentally found,) Mikako walked in.

"Ah! Hello mysterious stranger... What are you doing here?"

Carl felt like a child caught with his hands in the cookie jar, how was he going to explain this? But Mikako looked more docile than usual, slow and swaying. Then it hit him. She was drunk. *Perfect.*

"Erm... I was looking for the bathroom and lost my way." *There, I'm sure she would believe that in her state.*

Her eyes blinked and then moved. *Was she looking over my body?*

Carl couldn't be sure, but Mikako seemed softer and submissive, he wondered what she was up to. Then she straightened and came towards him.

Thinking it was an attack, he raised his hands, but it was too late. She had wedged herself inside his arms with her busty chest pressed on his. Carl noticed the smell of alcohol and her high body temperature. Her skimpy clothing began to excite him. She wrapped her left arm around his waist and finished the last drops of wine from the glass she was holding.

Carl froze, unable to believe what was happening.

"Geez~ Mikako, what are you doing?"

"Ehehe, you excited me the other day... When you slipped into my limo."

She maneuvered her hand into Carl's trousers and glided it into his underwear and firmly grabbed his manly profits.

"Oops," she teased. "When I heard that you're working at our school, I could not resist anymore."

"M...Mikako, you're drunk, you should control yourself."

"Eehhh~? I've seen you watching me today. And the other days, is this what you want, some Japanese love?" She sucked on his ear and Carl became hard.

He gulped, "th...th... this is wrong. This is not what I intended, it's a mistake."

But Mikako became even more excited. She tossed him on the table and mounted him; her short skirt covered his hard genitals.

She chuckled, "Aww, you might be sorry, but this is what I want *badly.*" She unzipped his trousers and slipped the foreigner inside herself. She was slow, wet and enjoyed every inch.

Carl could not resist, as soon as he felt the inside of her, his animal instincts took over. He grabbed her body and released his sexual tension that had built up over the course of two weeks. He was in heaven. This beautiful purple-haired girl - who had devious plans- was having sex with him.

But Carl knew she was drunk. What would happen when she recovered from her mad state and remembered being penetrated?

As she stroked him slowly, Carl could not think anymore. He was forced to thrust deep inside her and his mouth ached with desire. He smacked his lips on hers

and kissed madly. Cool flavored juices flowed from each other's mouth and he could feel her climaxing soon.

Like a wild animal, Mikako took every inch and tried to drain him dry. She seemed possessed and drugged up with alcohol. Carl enjoyed it immensely and could not hold back any longer. He released his full load, causing Mikako to cum in unison. A symphony of moans and groans signified that it was over, now what?

Carl watched as Mikako remained on top, with every inch of him inside her, soaking wet. She remained still and appeared to cherish every moment. Carl was troubled. She was doing something below, some kind of squeezes that began to excite him further. It looked like she was not finished yet.

Before long press made Carl hard and they began thrusting each other for twenty more minutes before she finally collapsed with exhaustion.

While the two lovebirds took a moment to recover from their romping in the new world discovery club, Carl had to ditch the girl. He pulled out his stun weapon from his pulled down trousers and shocked Mikako into unconsciousness.

Her disappointed and hurt look was something he would not forget. He didn't want to do that. The girl was fun and kinky, but the mission came first.

He cleaned her up and laid her down, taking care as not to injure her. She was a wild animal and it was the best sex he had in a very long time; she deserved better treatment.

Now with nothing to stop him, he left the office and put his plan into action.

Chapter 32

"Is there something I can get you master?" asked a young woman in a cosplay costume. Tomoki stared at the cute girl with big wide-eyes overenthusiastically. The female maiden was so adorable; the young man could hardly control his manly urges.

"Aww, yes, I would like to... play with your breasts, see your pan..."

She almost dropped the tray onto the floor. After a long painful pause, in which she was completely speechless, she managed to utter, "Erm... I... I don't think that would be good idea."

Sohara, who sat on the other side of the table, picked up a chopstick and wedged it beneath his chin. He soon got the message.

But as the waitress wondered off, Tomoki glanced at her from a distance and thought strange and wonderful ideas about her.

The class they 'happened' to stumble into was that of a new freshman year. But it was the new female students that caught his attention and he couldn't wait to explore his new realm. All around, he could see worried looks and embarrassed faces and Tomoki felt like a king, no, more than that. He was a master ready to teach all the new young maidens the rules of the school and what was to be expected.

As other classes were more open and embraced the Sorami tradition, the newer classes would eventually adapt. The festivities for this current class were to dress up in a cosplay characters and serve the older students, as if they were at a cafe. Something Tomoki enjoyed.

"Master, what was that stuff you said?" asked Ikaros, still unable to understand the colorful habits of her master. Sohara interjected and told her not to worry.

But as she tried to process the information and absorb all the evidence, she felt an aura near the door. That same kind of feeling she experienced when they were at Tomoki's house and Eishiro's camp. She needed to investigate.

Tomoki and the others failed to spot Ikaros leaving, a mistake that would turn out to be catastrophic.

Ikaros followed the trail from the hallway all the way to the other side of the school. She was not sure what it meant, but she needed to find out. Perhaps someone was following them, a human. She definitely knew it was a human and not an Angeloid, but what did he or she want? More importantly, did this individual intend to harm her master?

Acting as Tomoki's protector, she gracefully walked along the corridors and through the doors to the outside. The momentary glare of the hot summer sun blinded her for a mere two seconds, but it was enough for someone to stun her.

She fell to the floor, but was still conscious. She refocused and looked at the individual. Her eyes changed to a flurry of complex symbols and a crimson glow. The air began to rush up in a torrent of dirt, and a small tornado swirled around the two people.

"What are you trying to do to me?" Ikaros asked. Her voice was cold, threatening and confident.

The human just stared at her for a mere moment. Ikaros was not sure if he was scared or just pushing his luck. She decided to get some answers.

Ikaros raised her hand and the battle was about to begin. A battle far beyond anything a human could neither comprehend nor win.

Chapter 33

Carl could not believe his luck today. First he was making out with a hot purple-haired girl, now he was face to face with the very person he was supposed to capture... Unconscious...

That plan didn't go well. Now he was trapped with Ikaros in all her fury.

His initial plan to lure her out of the school grounds went bad after she followed him unexpectedly. But using his quick wit and on the spot planning, Carl was able to stun her, or so he thought. Now things went straight to hell.

Ikaros grabbed hold of his hand and here eyes went crimson. Symbols intermixed with numbers rotated in her eyes and Carl felt the murderous aura about her. A lightning sharp pain streaked up his arm, causing him to drop the stun weapon.

Ikaros' grip tightened to borderline bone crunching force.

He pulled out his 9mm handgun that he conveniently hid in his trousers and shot indiscriminately into her chest. The initial surprise caused her to release her grip, but the battle was far from over.

Carl backed away, but the small tornado that engulfed him soon picked up speed and he felt light-footed. His clothing flapped furiously and that cute girl didn't seem cute anymore. The stun weapon should have worked, but it didn't. What went wrong?

As Carl stared on, she raised her hand to deliver the mortal blow. Something in the form of a bow and arrow appeared and her wings expanded twice their size.

As if he'd awoken a dragon, Carl could do nothing but watch the turn of events unfold at breathtaking speed. Relying on his skill and training, he danced around on wobbly legs, dodged and ducked flying arrows and flew behind any form of shelter. But it wasn't enough, he was struck in the arm and the wrenching pain was hard to control.

He held his gun and peeked around the corner to get a lock. But like a horror movie, she was waiting, just inches from his nose.

Staring right at him, Ikaros sprang forward and suspended him five foot in the air. Hell on Earth was clearly displayed: Scorch-marks followed by melted fences and a path of destruction. Carl was obviously doomed.

Then an indecent ball of fire struck Ikaros, sending her hurtling towards the ground. Carl used the opportunity to replace the shells in his weapon with tranquilizers and shot her several times. After a few moments Ikaros finally passed out.

Gamma hovered in the air with her Prometheus cannon deployed and she monitored Ikaros, just in case she woke up again.

Carl needed a moment to recover from the initial shock -he seemed to have a lot of them recently- and finally glanced around at the disturbed site.

He needed to act fast. It wouldn't take long for the authorities to arrive and he could already see the shocked students gawking through the windows of the school in the distance.

He picked up Ikaros, plopped her over his shoulder like a bag of coal and made his way to his car, the same old vehicle he nicked the day before.

Gamma faithfully followed behind and took in all the information, although she still didn't understand what was happening.

But even if he managed to nick Ikaros out of the school grounds, he still wondered what the rest of the group would do. Nymph was still an Angeloid and

the agent was not aware of her powers. It probably wouldn't take long before Tomoki and the rest of the gang were in full pursuit. Yes, again, Carl needed to act fast. He shifted gears and kept the accelerator pedal as close to the floor as possible. He preferred this mission to go secretly, but blowing up the school grounds was something he could not hide.

Now, as he raced through the streets with Gamma and Ikaros in the back seat. He wondered about his contacts, skill and the possible repercussions. But after five minutes of driving, his phone rang.

"I heard you got yourself into a spot of bother?"

Carl recognized the voice on the phone. It was the individual he met in the restaurant. He often wondered how this person shifted through social circles without being detected; he's like a ghost and Carl didn't like that one bit.

"Yes, my identity is now in question after I was captured by the Satsukitane family. I had to act quickly. I've got Ikaros and proceeding to the pick up point."

"Yes, we've been monitoring your situation 'and have made the necessary arrangements' to pick up the girl. *We'll be waiting.*"

The agents' voice sounded strange. It had a hint of betrayal, or something that Carl didn't trust. It was crackled and deep, and one more item caught his attention. The agent said that the team was ready to pick up the Angeloid. *But what about me?* Something wasn't right but Carl decided to play along.

"Okay, we should be there in ten minutes, however I believe I'm being followed, have them ready."

Carl hanged up the phone and kept close eyes on the mirrors. Yes, as true to his words, a black Mercedes was seen following them all the way from the school. It didn't even try to evade and Carl saw it easily.

"Gamma, there's a black vehicle following us, can you deal with it please."

"Yes master."

Carl kept his eyes on the road, felt a sudden rush of air through the vehicle and finally jerked the wheel when he saw a flash followed by a defending explosion.

He quickly looked behind and saw the Mercedes engulfed in flames.

"Gamma, what did you do?"

"I used my primary weapon to remove the vehicle."

Carl stared at her through the rear view mirror; she sat like an innocent child waiting for a command. So cute and defenseless, he could not believe she caused the destruction that was shrinking in the rear window.

"I only wanted you to blow out a tire or break the engine, not blow up the vehicle."

"I'm sorry master." Gamma looked down, her wings sagged in the car and she stared at Ikaros who moved slightly.

"Never mind, let's get Ikaros to the rendezvous point. If she wakes up again, shoot her with this gun." Carl handed her his weapon with the tranquilizer cartages. It won't be long until Tomoki and the rest of the gang were in full pursuit. Hopefully she could cause no damage with that. He hoped.

The Angeloid took the weapon and kept it beside her. Thank goodness she didn't look down the barrel and shoot herself in the head that would be problematic.

The built up areas soon changed to wide-open space and shortly after, an outline of a forest came into view. So far, everything has proceeded according to plan that Carl made up in a short space of time, but he knew it would only be a matter of time before everything went wrong, it always did.

Chapter 34

Mikako was pissed, more than pissed actually. She picked herself from the floor and brushed down the creases in her clothes.

In all her years with men, nobody had pulled a trick like that, or had the guts to do so. This person, who violated her, knocked her out and left without so much as an apology. She was more than pissed, yes, she was furious.

The one question came to mind, *just what was he doing in the new world discovery club?*

She looked at the ruffed up table and memories about him penetrating her flashed through her mind. She was still drunk from the ordeal, but her perfectly disciplined mind helped her focus, but it failed to work during *that* moment.

Now, where is he? What is he up to? And he'll pay for taking advantage of me.

She leaned on the table feeling sheepish, still recovering from the initial shock and then Tomoki barged through the door.

Wide-eyes and anxious, the young boy shouted the news that instantly drew all the pieces of the jigsaw together.

"Th... That teacher." he paused to catch his breath. "The foreigner took Ikaros. They have left the school."

Then rest of the team barged through the door. Eishiro, who also witnessed the ordeal, scrambled to his laptop that recorded Ikaros' statistics.

"I believe the teacher was a new addition today and it appears he was employed to do more than just teach." Eishiro informed.

"What do you mean?" asked Tomoki.

"I don't have all the facts, but I can guess that the foreigner was sent by some organization to capture Ikaros, or Nymph."

Nymph staggered back and clasped her hands over her face. Now the pesky downers want her.

"Nymph should be able to use her tracking systems to locate Ikaros, but if they leave Sorami, it might be hard to follow."

"Don't worry about that Eishiro, my family will be more than happy to track that creep down. He can't be allowed to escape. Not after what he'd done to me..." Mikako's voice sounded like an emotionless ghost inside an abandoned cathedral. It sent shivers down Tomoki's back.

When the group finally scampered out of the room in search for Ikaros, Eishiro grabbed his laptop, papers, mobile phone and something suitable to defend himself with. He wanted to be prepared and assumed Ikaros would fight; it was an encounter he wanted to monitor from the start

He had the chance to record something during the huge battle with the Ambush Angeloids, but he had missed that opportunity.

Mikako seemed the most keen and said a few more reassuring words while she cleaned herself up.

"I'll instruct a car to meet us immediately. Nymph can track Ikaros and if they leave this country we can charter a jet."

Tomoki grew excited and couldn't wait, but his companion Ikaros was in danger and he slowly became bewildered. His peaceful life has definitely changed to that of action and adventure, ever since Ikaros showed up.

The driver of the limo waited patiently outside the school gates. Mikako, Nymph and Eishiro had everything they needed, but Tomoki bounced out the school entrance and hit Sohara accidentally.

Sohara growled and noticed he was staring at a young girl in a bunny uniform. She then 'gently' -according to her standards- shoved him into the limo slurping out a few words.

"You'll never change Tomoki."

"Geez~, something just distracted me, that's all."

"Sure..."

The limo began to pull away from the school and Nymph activated her tracking systems and gave directions to find Ikaros. They hoped it wasn't too late.

Chapter 35

Satisfying his dry throat with a fizzy soft drink, Carl nearly jerked at its reaction to his mouth and throat. It's been a while since he drank and the taste was awful.

The road began to branch off into smaller country lanes that would require more concentration and reduced speed. Something he didn't want to do at this delicate stage.

He wasn't sure how long Ikaros would be unconscious for and she could wake up at any moment. He'd seen the video clips about her destructive power and raced as fast as he could. When the vehicle eventually reached the clearing and the road disappeared, they opened the doors and got out.

But almost immediately, Carl felt unsafe. He closed the door and took Ikaros away from Gamma. He propped her up then looked around the shaded area for any other people, he couldn't escape his hunch of betrayal. Better safe than sorry.

The immediate landscape was quiet in the north outer section of the town. It was on the boarder of a densely populated forest and the beginning of a cliff encased the meadow in a horseshoe shape. Perfect for Carl's associates to stage a pickup.

But as he looked up towards the cliff banks and around the immediate area, he felt uneasy.

Carl dialed the agent's number for guidance. But the call failed to pass through. At that moment he felt a chill up his back, *was this a setup? But why and how?*

Bewildered by the situation, he made plans.

"Gamma, I want you to carry Ikaros further into the forest, I'll get the weapons and scout the area."

"Yes master."

If there was anybody watching then the best place for them was on the cliff ledge overlooking the small clearing. The agent didn't trust anyone that easily and always kept betrayal and possible traps in the back of his mind.

Scavenging in the car, he placed a knife and handgun into his pockets, closed the boot of the car and proceeded on his quest for the truth. A distant thunder echoed overhead and Carl recognized it. He moved away from the car and ducked into a nearby bush. This activity was beginning to be a novelty.

The sound of a helicopter's engine grew louder and louder as the green military chopper came into view.

Carl knew that his time was nearly up. He could leave the town and all the troubles behind, something he did in every country he visited or invaded. His faithful companion, Gamma would probably follow behind, so he prepared the situation for it.

"Gamma, thanks for the help but its time for you to go back to where you came from."

"Master?"

"I'm telling you that you're free, you can return to the fantasy land you came from."

"But I can't, I'm an Angeloid pet class designed to serve my master...you." she bowed her head. "I cannot return home. The only way I could leave was if you commanded me to terminate myself."

Carl placed a compassionate hand on the Angeloid's head. "Don't worry, I won't ask you to do that. You can come."

He smiled and Gamma felt like she belonged to someone. Her master was not going to reject her.

The army helicopter landed in a flurry of dirt and wind. Before he rushed from his hiding spot to greet the individuals, he checked the area. The soldiers inside the helicopter appeared genuine and match the stats that were sent to his data pad. Satisfied, he came out of hiding.

Gamma was ordered beforehand to hide, but fly close to the helicopter. He explained that they would be leaving the country and all the activity should settle down. Gamma did not, or could not know the difference from a peaceful life or an action packed one. She wanted to protect and be beside her master.

Carl tossed Ikaros into the loading area of the helicopter and jumped on board. The men looked as normal as any military personnel and he greeted them with open arms.

"Cheers for the lift back." The helicopter took off almost immediately. "I was starting to get sick with this small town. You can tell Mr. Smith that he can go and fuck himself before I'll take on another mission like this."

His little attempt at humor did nothing. The military men remained motionless. Hard hats and thick boots made the air stale.

Carl felt out of place. The two men remained still and failed to respond. It was odd; normally military types would talk all the time mainly taking the piss, especially if there was a cute Japanese winged female on the floor.

But these men did nothing, as if they were impotent or god forsake, gay.

But Carl spotted a smear of blood on the metallic panel and instantly thought of something else. What if these people were not who they say they are? What if Mikako's family managed to discover his plan? *Shit, how can they know this, and so fast?*

Card placed his hand near his weapon, like an old cowboy getting ready for a draw in the old-west.

Then the fight was on. The soldier that was sitting opposite reached for his weapon and Carl's suspicions were proven. Within half a second, he pulled out his gun and shot the individual dead center in the head, but as he aimed for the second soldier, the pilot reached over his chair and shot Carl.

He jumped, strafed and ducked as the bullets streaked past, until the unknown men finally subdued him.

They sent a flurry of fists and kicks into Carl before they tossed him and his weapon off the helicopter. By this time, they were already hovering ten thousand feet above the surface and the drop would kill him.

The sudden drop and increase in wind woke Carl into a nightmare. He was freefalling and the sound became deafening. But shortly after, tender hands and a warm soft grip held him tight.

Gamma had rescued Carl again and gradually flew him down to the surface. He held onto her for dear life and Gamma was thrilled that she was able to perform an important task for her master again.

But the moment he blessed the angel with wings, chaos engulfed everything. Without warning Carl found himself falling...again. He crashed through the trees, but due to luck, he was close to the ground. The impact, cushioned by the trees, was not fatal but Carl would be facing several days of leg pain.

He stood as best as he could while injured and glanced around. What just happened? Where is Gamma?

But, before he could move, gangs of men surrounded him, weapons drawn.

"Looks like we found the individual. Better call Mikako, she will be delighted." the lead man chuckled.

"Damn. Not again!" Carl hissed.

Chapter 36

When her mobile finally rang, Mikako held it with sweaty hands and hurt feelings.

That foreigner took advantage of me.

She clasped the ringing phone, unable to answer it. She recalled the moment he grabbed and kissed her. His smell, the way he penetrated her and the seed of life he injected inside her. Then he stunned her and ran away.

That bastard, he fucked me!

To add more fuel to the fire, he even nicked Ikaros. How could he do such a thing and why? What was it he wanted from her? But she could not hold back her inner desires, the desire for revenge.

This foreigner must die...

She finally answered the cell phone and almost jumped for joy. It was the news she was waiting for.

After ten minutes of driving, the group entered a freshly cut field and a black fog of men surrounded someone who was beaten and bruised. Mikako took the liberty to purchase a bazooka and strolled to the center of the commotion. She looked at the American.

"What's your name?"

"Carl." He was kneeling on the floor, such a poetic position.

"You...You're an animal. How could you do that to me?" Mikako was on the edge of crying, angrier than she'd ever be. If news escaped about her drunken behavior the sexual encounter, she would be severely punished and tarnish the family name.

Carl spoke up. "You know, you lot are so pathetic." the crowd of people gasped and pointed their weapons rigorously. "You have most of your forces out looking for a small obstacle such as me, yet you still require a bazooka. Isn't that overkill?"

She stared at him and made a rude noise. She primed the bazooka and it was ready to fire. "Overkill? It's my style. I like big things."

"Well, you think small and if you want to kill me and involve the rest of your team...go ahead. But mark my words: if you kill me you'll never see your friend Ikaros again."

Mikako raised the weapon into the sky and laughed, "you've got to be kidding. You were tossed out of a helicopter and from the looks of things they were not the people you expected... So what happened?"

Carl stood up and pointed his index finger at one of the closest weapons and gently pushed it aside.

"If you tell your trigger happy gentleman to put their weapons away we might be able to talk."

"You'll talk now, who took Ikaros? Who do you work for? By damn, if anyone harms her I will kill you first."

Mikako and the rest of the young group looked perplexed at Tomoki's sudden outburst. He waved his fist madly in the air and demanded the information.

"I might know someone that set this up. But you need to let me go."

"Do you know who did this? Who took Ikaros?" Tomoki stepped closer, violating Carl's personal space.

"What guarantees do I have that you'll let me live if I tell you?"

Mikako stepped forward and added her two-cense. "You don't!"

"Well, sorry to spoil your fun gorgeous-" Carl winked at her, "-but I've been betrayed more than once... Tell your men to back down!"

With little choice and no room to maneuver, Mikako and the rest of the team reluctantly accepted. Carl said his final words. "We need to get back to my apartment and contact my special friend, who I believe is a double agent."

But Carl was still puzzled about Gamma. What happened to her? She mysteriously vanished and there hasn't been any contact at all. What an interesting evening this is turning out to be.

Chapter 37

Grabbed by an unknown force, Gamma was tossed through the air and landed smack on her ass miles from her master's location. She awoke inside a three-meter crater and pondered over what just happened. But she wasn't alone.

"Who are you?" Gamma asked.

"I'm Harpy. Gamma, do you remember me?" She stood at the edge of the crater as the wind blew a gentle breeze through the fine trees and undergrowth of the forest.

"Where's my master?"

"*Master?* You don't have a master. You're my friend, my companion." She came closer and tried to shake some sense into her. But deep down Harpy knew it was too late. Gamma was reprogrammed and had obviously been imprinted with a master. *A human, a downer!*

"What is your master's name and can I see him?"

"My master is Carl, if he wants to see you then I guess its okay."

Harpy looked away and knew her friend was a typical pet class Angeloid and nothing remained of her old self. Her memories would have been suppressed or deleted. But she knew that the only person who could undo this mess was Nymph.

"I want to return to my master." Gamma stood up and prepared to leave. Harpy could not let this happen, she pinned her to the ground and a small skirmish broke out.

Slaps, kicks and punches blew up a cloud of dirt that concealed the commotion. But after two minutes both Angeloids sat side by side.

After an awkward silence, Harpy was the first to speak. "You were my best friend and I want to help. It's okay; I will help you find Carl. Will you allow me to assist you?"

Gamma agreed and Harpy was glad. But she had no choice. Gamma was hooked on her new master and the only way to free her was to confront Carl and break the chain. She had to help Gamma, to help herself.

But deep down, she hated Ikaros, Carl and the downers even more; she blamed them for this mess, the banishing from the Synapse and the wiping of her best friend. She would have her moment soon, but first things first; she needed a place to start.

She helped Gamma to her feet and plotted more devious plans. Yes, she must restore her companion, and then she could regain her honor with their true masters by capturing Ikaros and her master, then delivering them to the head of the Synapse. That would surly win in her favor.

But as the two Angeloids stood face to face in the deep crater, Gamma only had one thing on her mind.

"We must go, I sense my master is in danger. I was protecting him before you stopped me..."

Harpy took the cold comment with grace, she knew that the days ahead would be the most challenging she ever faced, but she was confident in her final mission.

After they dragged themselves from the shallow crater, they brushed off the mud and worked out the best route to the town. For Harpy it was simple, all the downers lived in their infested town and that was the best place to start.

Gamma straightened her skirt, fluffed up her wings and prepared to take off. She had her reservations on this new Angeloid but kept all judgment to herself because chances are, her master Carl was in immediate danger and needed help.

With a final glance at each other, they took to the skies.

Chapter 38

It didn't take long before the news about the disastrous situation reached its way back to the secret service head office.

The mission that involved a lot of agencies and people, including the president himself, was a failure, as if someone shoved the entire organization over a cliff.

The Angeloid, Ikaros was the number one prize for the military and one man allowed her to escape. Nevertheless, Carl was alive and he would be the patsy for the mistake.

The mysterious man, named Mr Smith was the very first person to hear the news. After that, all the subsequent parties that were involved fell upon him like a tone of bricks.

If the blame needed to be placed on someone, Mr Smith would be the ideal choice. The president, the head honcho, approved this mission for the good of the United States. The horror on his face when he learned of the Russians involvement and the capture of the most deadly weapon known to man could not be imagined. Something needed to be done.

Even though the Russian government was not involved, certain factions within the new ruling party sought out to damage the relations and start a war.

But Mr Smith didn't know about that yet. He was given one last chance and ordered to retrieve Ikaros at all costs. But Mr Smith was no pushover and had developed many skills of his own to maneuver around such matters. He would find a way to blame the secret agent that is currently serving in Japan.

As usual, the meeting took place in the high-rise building that overlooked the city. Mr Smith sat at his rather long table with a warm blanket around his lap and a glass of milk on the table. He shifted through the newspapers, picking out the latest stable stock options (which was rare nowadays) as he waited for the secretary of defense to arrive.

His own personal secretary shuffled in her chair and appeared edgy; Mr Smith knew she would be completely useless in a matter like this, even if her job was to take notes.

Then the double doors opened and the Minister Of Defense strolled in dressed in his immaculate uniform and his slightly bald-head matched his aura. He dismissed his aids and the doors closed behind. The awkward chitchat began.

"Mr Smith, I'm here to investigate the blunder that has caused a great deal of fine people to question the reliability of this administration."

"Why am I not surprised? Something always ruffles the feathers in the Whitehouse." Mr Smith said, taking a sip from his glass.

The defense minister pulled out a chair and sat down. He plopped his black briefcase on the oak table and released the locks, causing Mr Smith to glance at it with care.

The secretary scribbled something on her pad and Mr Smith had no idea why. He would have words with her later.

Then the Minister Of Defense spoke. Finally, they could get to the heart of the matter. "What do you know about the current situation in Japan?"

Mr Smith mentally prepared his speech and began. "As you know, the president had arranged this department to intercept and capture the life form Ikaros. But somehow in the process, the Russians got wind of this and killed the pickup crew and escaped."

"Somehow?" the defense minister questioned.

"Yes, the whole operation was leaked."

"So, you're telling me that someone inside your organization leaked information to the Russians?"

"That's not what I am saying."

"It certainly sounds like it to me."

Mr Smith slammed his fists on the table causing the secretary to flinch. "All my operatives have been fully vetted and are of the highest standard."

"Highest standard you say?" the Minister Of Defense leaned in his chair and gave an -I know something you thought you kept a secret smile.

Mr Smith stared with livid eyes.

"What are you implying?"

The Minister Of Defense leaned forward and inched onto the table with his elbows. "I know about Carl Higgs. Not the best operative, from his file."

"What do you know?" Mr Smith pushed aside some documents and gazed into his stare head on.

"Your operative Carl is quite the character. Perhaps he's your spy?"

"He may have a flaky background, but he no spy." Even at this point, Mr Smith was unsure himself, but he had to defend his decision that could cost him his job.

"You better make sure he isn't or at least, make sure he's not talking to anyone who is." the Minister Of Defense pulled out a file and tossed it onto the desk.

"What's this?" Mr Smith placed the glass on the table and picked up the brown file, almost spilling its contents.

"We've detected Russian communications from the town your *man* was assigned too." The Minister Of Defense used the term *man* loosely. But continued, "and we are also tracking the helicopter that was hijacked by agents believed to be working within the Russian government."

The Minister Of Defense then went into more damning matters that would require urgent thought. "In five days, the new Russian president is going to sign a new peace treaty that is said to strengthen the ties between the United States and Russia. This means trillions of dollars in trade and also...oil. We'll secure this country's supply of oil for generations to come."

His tone changed as he leaned on the upholstered armchair. "There are factions who strongly oppose to this agreement and are determined to do anything to stop it, even kill the new Russian president. That's why we believe they have taken Ikaros, to stop this from happening."

Mr Smith stood, his secretary dropping her pen on the floor. "You can't be serious?"

"Your man Carl might be responsible for the biggest fuck up this country has seen in years. The images in the files are of an abandoned oilrig outside of Japanese waters. We believe they are going there to brainwash this creature and use her against us. Fix this mess up and I'm expecting a status report from you every hour."

The Minister Of Defense stood up and headed to the closed doors. But before he left he ended the meeting with a few blunt words. "If this gets any worse, you'll be visiting the White House and this agency will soon have a new director."

The meeting was over.

Chapter 39

The military helicopter cut through the dwindling sky as the sun slowly set in the horizon. But for the men in hard boots and green uniforms, this was another victorious day for the resistance fighters. Ever since the new president took charge one year ago, the outlook for the once powerful Empire now looked bleak. His idea of world peace and sharing resources was a vow that would cripple the country. Something had to be done and it all lied within the girl they had captured.

Ikaros laid flat on the floor. Her skirt fluttered in the passing wind and her cleavage bounced around as turbulence gripped the helicopter, causing the hard men to take curious glances at her intimate parts. They enjoyed the ride and would be sad to see her go.

As the oilrig came into view, they sky dazzled its viewers with an assorted array of colors that swirled within the clouds. Like bruised scenery, the sky slowly revealed the old neglected structure that stood for years in the middle of the baron sea surrounded by fog.

Pillars of metal stretched forth into the sky as a faintly lit helipad guided the way for the lone helicopter that gradually edged its way down. Swirling wind blew the deck clear and hordes of people rushed on stage to take Ikaros to the lower decks. The men took turns to carry their prized possession away and some even made unsympathetic comments about the whole mission. Others had uncertainties that this young girl, dressed in a fairy costume, could wield such power.

As the helicopter powered down, a disgruntled man with a hat and cloak marched upon deck brandishing a walking stick and a long deep pipe that stuck out like a saw thumb through his salt and pepper beard. He gazed towards the last soldier who was leaving the helicopter.

"Is this the girl?" The individual looked down at the half conscious Ikaros and watched her white cybernetic clothing wave in the chilly breeze.

"She is, sir."

"Get her down below and prep her for study. My superiors need her active as soon as possible. We only have a few days at best." Replied the old man.

"Very well sir."

"And what about that US spy? Did you take care of him?" That question seemed to put the god of fear into him, which was displayed by the soldier's cowardly movement towards the door that lead into the structure.

"He...was thrown out of the helicopter at ten thousand feet. We should not have any problems."

"You were required to bring him back for questioning."

"He discovered the trap before we could sedate him sir."

The old man heard enough; with a dismissive hand, the soldier opened the door and hastily escaped the scene before anything else was asked of him.

Stood next to the railing that was unused for years, the old man gazed over the baron sea that was being swallowed by the darkness. *Yes*, he thought to himself. Russia will have a new dawn indeed. He took in a deep breath and savored the fresh ocean aroma before retiring back into the stuffy structure.

Ikaros was tossed into the room and quickly bound to the nearest table. Men in white coats and machines surrounded her, adding to the already hostile aura of the place. Ictus didn't like it one bit and she was preparing to fight. She moved her head

from side to side, trying to grasp her location and shake off the drug effect, but it was no use. They injected her with more paralyzing agents that caused her to finally sleep.

Completely defenseless and open to any form of abuse, Ictus laid on the table with only her thoughts as company. *What is happening to me?*

But she drifted off to sleep and began to dream of Tomoki and the others.

Chapter 40

The atmosphere in the limo was stifling, and Carl could not imagine it getting any worse. He sat in the back seat huddled amongst the Satsukitane family's hit men, with weapons and swords drawn at his throat. He assumed that any wrong move would be his last, or the thought of someone breaking wind would probably finish him off anyway.

Tomoki sat opposite, as did the rest of the gang. How so many people could fit in such a small space was beyond Carl's understanding and his sporting glances at Mikako revealed that she was still fuming with anger. Or she was fuming at herself for not firing the rocket launcher in the first place.

But at least Carl could be thankful that Mikako didn't execute him on the spot. He would like to know what happened to Ikaros and to discover who the imposters were. Did his own government betray him? This was one of the many questions he asked himself.

Out of habit, Carl waited for someone to make the first move. He glanced at Tomoki who was conveniently trying to stare down Sohara's frilly top and Mikako continued to stare at him, eyes blazing.

She pulled out a thick-bladed knife and touched the blade in her hand. Carl shuddered into the depths of his chair and Tomoki stared in disbelief.

"Mikako, what are you going to do with that?" asked Tomoki.

"Nothing that concerns you. I've just got some pruning to do." she grinned evilly as she crawled across the already crowded floor of suited men and weapons.

Mikako's aura turned troublesome and she continued her approach towards Carl, who by this time feared for his life. He had to say something or lose a body part, but more importantly, he could not lose his composure.

"Mikako, we had an arrangement. If you do anything to me, you can forget your friend." Carl leaned forward and caressed her face. "After all, it was you that kissed me first...then jumped me."

Carl's sneaky kiss made Mikako explode. She raised the cutting tool and buried the blade into the leather seat.

Carl sat there without so much as a flinch. His manly profits still attached and the rest of the hard-bald men leaned back and gawked in horror, obviously stunned their leader was able to control herself while being kissed by an American.

Carl back into his chair while Mikako stayed in her revealing position, completely unaware of Tomoki's perverted ogling at her rear end.

"Mikako, what's that liquid running down your leg?"

"Eehhh~? It-It's nothing."

Mikako immediately felt the onset of embarrassment, clutched her skirt and immediately returned to her seat, leaving the young teenager pondering over a new discovery of female anatomy.

Then out of the blue and a welcome break for Carl the driver indicated that they had arrived at the address given to him beforehand.

The limo conveniently parked behind the cleverly hotwired polo that Carl used before and the trio of people squeezed out onto the sidewalk, like a group of cadets preparing for a review.

Carl took the lead and marched towards the entrance of the pub. He suggested it would be wise for the rest of the suited men to remain outside because too many people would cause suspicion. But before Carl could debate the matter further, the lights went out in his room. He knew Gamma would not turn on the

lights and he speculated that she would not return to the room without seeing him first. The only person he thought could be in his room was his old contact, probably wiping out all trace of his existence.

Carl needed to act swiftly. He hurried into the bar and went upstairs as the gang followed. Upon reaching the outside door, Carl heard rustling on the door handle and he knew that surprise was on his side. Before anyone had the chance to discuss the plan, the front door opened and Carl stared right in the face of his so-called companion.

With just one word, "hi" Carl pushed the man into the pool of darkness, leaving Tomoki and Mikako ogling at the entrance.

Tomoki was unable to see anything in the inky darkness. Only sounds of fighting and half completed words were heard before a faint blue spark, indicating a stun weapon was used. Tomoki maneuvered his hand inside the room in an attempt to locate the light switch. After a few excruciating minutes, he finally located the switch and turned on the light.

From what Tomoki saw, Carl attempted to grab the intruder, stunned him and then struggled on the floor. The mess in the room indicated that the initial surprise had gone wrong.

"Damn, the batteries are dead." said Carl. He head-butted the man then threw him across his room. The man slid out a knife then began to wave it around in the air before Carl realized he was armed.

Carl looked around for a tool to defend himself with, but was left with nothing more than a chair.

With brute force, he picked the chair with both hands, yelled like a cave man and whacked the individual over the head. His method of using acceptable force to subdue the individual left Tomoki gob smacked.

The man collapsed and Carl regained his composure.

"Looks like my trusty little partner was up past his bed time cleaning out my room." Carl strolled over to the half beaten individual, grabbed him by the neck and heaved him off the floor. "Now, who do you work for?"

The man coughed out some blood, then spat in his face. Carl felt disgusted; the smell of blood and the wet silky mucus slithered down his face. He took a tissue from his pocket and wiped the horrid mess away. Then he continued.

"That's not very nice, what happened to friendly cooperation?" He let the sarcastic tone weigh heavily in his voice.

"I do not work for the united states... You can't force me to say anything."

Carl knew he would not answer any questions. Looking at Mikako, who was by the entrance, he passed the individual over to her. "Here, if you want to hurt somebody, take it out on this guy."

The Satsukitane mob huddled the individual away and Carl knew that the chances of him living were slim.

Mikako walked through the scruffy room and examined Carl's things. The overturned table, the bedroom, even the kitchen was looked over. She gazed at everything like a ghost, trying to piece together the man she allowed to violate herself. She remembered everything, and Carl did have a point, she forced herself upon him. How would she explain this sexual encounter to her father? No, not yet, we need to find Ikaros.

Eishiro nudged forward and offered some advice. He'd been watching from the sidelines, and although he stayed away from the problem, the much-needed help would, in his eyes, start the search for Ikaros.

"The way I see it, there's only one person that could track Ikaros down and provide the support we need...it's Nymph " he turned towards Tomoki who was prowling around the room. "Tomoki, where's Nymph?"

"Nymph? She's back at my house." The young man paused for a moment as he thought of something. "Geez~, i hope she's not eating all the sweets I bought the other day!"

But secretly, that was not what he feared; Tomoki held back his concern because he'd unwittingly left the door open to his secret panty shrine that he started the other day. Tomoki felt proud of his momentous achievement, but the star prize would be one of Sohara's pants. The pair she was wearing right now would be perfect. But his perverted behavior would have to wait until he recovered his friend and angel, Ikaros.

The group left the small apartment and headed back to the limo. The traitorous agent would be taken back to the Satsukitane Mansion for interrogation, something Carl was all too familiar with. However, Nymph was the key to the whole mission and everyone headed over to Tomoki's house.

Chapter 41

Now the darkness had finally covered the sky, defenseless Nymph curled up in bed like a small kitten. The crisp white sheets flowed around her tender young body and gathered in a pool beside her slim stomach. However, when the piercing light came on, awakening her from her slumber, she cursed the human invention.

Then the familiar voice broke the silence.

"Tomoki!" she exclaimed. "Have you found Ikaros?"

"No, not yet Nymph, but we are trying." Nymph forced herself up and saw that Tomoki was surprised by something.

"So, Ikaros is still missing?"

"I'm afraid so, but don't worry Nymph, we'll find her soon. We've brought someone with us that can help." Tomoki gestured towards the door and someone stepped inside the room, accompanied by Sohara, Mikako and the bi-speckled Eishiro.

Nymph recognized the stranger, but could not remember the details. Curious, she walked towards the pale white human and watched him glance around the room. When his eyes met hers, they were both locked in unison.

Tomoki nudged closer as he too felt something from Nymph.

"So, this is the other Angeloid?" said Carl.

"That right, her name is Nymph, she can help us locate Ikaros." Tomoki glanced at Nymph. His bright eyes prayed that she could do something.

"Nymph, can you find Ikaros with your tracking systems?"

She put her hand on her chin and thought for a moment. "I believe it's possible, but if Ikaros has been taken outside my search area, I won't be able to locate her."

"What do you mean?" Eishiro interjected with interest, as if this was something new to add to his already bulging database of Angeloids.

"My scanning range is for one hundred kilometers, I can't exceed that limit."

Eishiro pulled out his notebook and scribbled down some information. But Nymph could not shake Carl's familiarity. She felt sure she recognized him.

Slowly, but surely, the incident finally came back. This was the filthy downer that crashed into her that night trapped her on the ground and finally touched her private parts. This was the dirty downer all right.

Nymph swiftly rushed over to Carl and slapped him on the face. But in her hasty decision for payback, she slipped on some rubbish, fell over and landed on Carl.

When the smoke finally calmed down, Nymph opened eyes and realized she was riding Carl in the most revealing manor, with her pants exposed towards Tomoki's direction. Not only this, but she felt her breasts hard pressed against his and Carl's left hand firmly on her butt. Then she felt hardness between her legs. What was it? She dear not think about it.

She heard old stories from her masters about Angeloids mating with the downers in ancient history, something she never believed possible. Was this prologue to such an act? Would she do such a thing?

Strolling back into the room, after talking on her mobile Mikako stared with wide-eyes at the display.

"Carl, what's this? Having sex with me wasn't enough? You have to try and get it on with an Angeloid too. Are you sick?"

Carl glanced at the inescapable situation, jumped up from Nymph's hot embrace and felt the weight of the world on him. "Ah, sorry! Sorry! Sorry! Nymph, I was only trying to prevent you from hitting the hard floor."

Nymph wasn't impressed. She finally stood and felt anger boil inside her; she had nothing to say to that filthy human.

But Mikako filled in the awkward silence.

"You mark my words, once this is all over you're mine." she purposely strolled closer to Carl and continued sinfully, "and your little bag of tricks won't help you out of this one."

"Geez~, you are like a little demon who'll never go away. What's with you, I already told you, you were the one who jumped on me. You're the one that started it all. If you want to blame someone, blame yourself."

Mikako slapped him on the cheek, "a real man would have not taken advantage of an innocent girl."

"You don't appear to be an innocent girl."

"What does that mean?"

"It means exactly what it means."

"Hmph, you foreigners are all the same and remember what I said."

"It's nice to be wanted, especially by a sweet girl like you."

Carl hit the nail on the head and caused Mikako to grow pink in the cheeks. He could tell she was still mad, but at the end of the day, she was the one to 'jump on him.'

While Carl and Mikako had a small lovers quarrel in the corner of the room, Nymph sat beside the window that lead out to the upstairs balcony. She wanted to get away from that creep downer and this seemed the best place.

Tomoki walked in and recoiled at seeing her. So defenseless, yet so appealing, Nymph was sat with her legs curled in a comfortable seating arrangement as she glanced through the window.

"Nymph, what are you doing in my room?"

"Master...Tomoki, I-I-I wanted to be on my own...why is that filthy human here? Why is he in your house?"

"I already explained it to you Nymph, he's helping us find Ikaros. He's the only that lost her and in exchange for his cooperation, we'll let him go."

"Do you really think Ikaros is okay?"

Tomoki looked towards the stars that twinkled through the sea of darkness. He could feel Ikaros out there somewhere. The question was, where? "I know she is okay."

Detecting that she was lonely, Tomoki edged closer to Nymph and held her in his arms. She was shocked at first and then accepted his warm embrace. But that passionate moment was rudely interrupted when he heard something outside the balcony.

Startled, Nymph and Tomoki rose to their feet and gazed at the inky window and saw their own reflections.

Tomoki looked at Nymph's reflection on the window and was captivated by her aura that had a misty serenity about her looks, as if the darkness added that much more mystery to the baby faced Angeloid.

She smiled back at her own reflection and the both of them had almost forgotten the reason they were looking at the windowpane in the first place.

Then Nymph jumped back in horror as two individuals came into view. Tomoki yelled like a hyena before the glass shattered into fragments as two Angeloids marched through, welding two large cannons.

The young man looked in horror, but Nymph appeared worse. Huddled in the corner she was hysterical... "Its, the Ambush Angeloids, Gamma and Harpy, they've come for me!"

Gamma stepped forward and aimed her weapon at Tomoki's face. "Where's my master?"

Confused, Tomoki could only utter, "huh?"

Chapter 42

As the sky sunk into a slumber of darkness, the old man stood on the deck of the oil rig and admired the panoramic view. He'd seen many spectacular views before, but nothing compared to the breathtaking angle they captured.

If he was younger, he would defiantly keep her to himself, but his country needed him to act the part.

The man took his pipe and wedged it into his beard until he struck home. As he did this, he heard the footsteps of someone approaching.

"Nikolai, we've secured the creature and we're ready to start at your command."

Nikolai turned and analyzed the individual in a white suit. Sure, they might have secured the creature, but if she wakes up everyone would be killed.

He removed the pipe from his mouth and began. "Are you sure that thing is secure?"

"Quite sure sir."

"And the medication?"

"Yes sir, we have followed everything, according to your order."

Nikolai strolled closer to the suited up man and drilled some sense into him. He could tell that this person was not taking the threat seriously and one overlooked routine would cost everyone their lives.

"This creature must be under constant supervision. If it wakes up, we're all dead," Nikolai looked back towards the ocean and continued. He felt that explaining what he saw on the video feeds might help the scientists understand the amount of destruction she was capable of.

Still, as he explained, Nikolai felt like he was talking to himself. However it was time to see the prized possession.

Deep inside the bowls of the oilrig Ikaros lay strapped to a table with machines and probes that snaked long cables to and from sensors and diagnostic equipment. The room was sparsely lit, but an observation room, separated by a glass screen offered a first class view of the Angeloid in all her beauty.

Nikolai took his spot beside the window and gazed at the creature.

"Haven't you seen anything so refined or elegant? This is magnificent."

"Yes," replied the scientist, who strolled into the room. "It's a pity that she's a weapon of mass destruction."

"Well I suppose only God can create Pandora's box and we have it right here." His tone slithered like a snake.

"Are you re-considering using this thing?"

Nikolai snapped, "Certainly not. My superiors would have us executed before we even leave this place."

He placed his pipe on the unused table and removed his long coat. "Lets do this. Follow me."

He opened the intersection door that lead to the room. Ikaros was strapped to the table and the old man took a short hesitant breath. Now was the time to make or break her. Once the door was fully opened, they walked in.

"What's her current status?" Asked Nikolai.

"All systems appear to be functioning properly, but we've never seen this life form before. Our scans show that she's part human and something else."

"Can we use her?" Nikolai said, his voice sounding husky and dry.

"I believe so. From the video and reports you gave us, this creature only responds to a single human. Like a partner. Someone she is connected to. I believe that if we manage to fool her into thinking that you're..." the scientist shuffled his paper notes until he found the right one. It was just a name and Nikolai could have told him anyway, but he found it amusing to let him struggle.

"Tomoki. Yes, that's the name." The scientist seemed jumpy, as if in a hurry to impress. Or keep his life; there was no room for mistakes.

"So, you think this can be done?"

"I believe so, it just requires some hacking and tests, we should be ready in a few hours. We'll let you know once we're ready."

Nikolai turned and walked towards the exit, not speaking a word.

Chapter 43

Once again Tomoki was in a situation that saw him in the middle of a crisis. Nymph stared at Gamma, trying to analyze the bizarre situation and finding away to save her future master, even if the young man didn't know it yet. With guns pointed at Tomoki's head, no one saw the funny side until Carl rushed into the main room.

Carl raised his hand and commanded her to stop; luckily he'd gotten into the situation and was thankful nothing went wrong. But what he failed to notice was the uncharacteristic excitement Gamma felt and he was ill equipped by her reaction.

She un-deployed her weapon and hurled herself towards the agent. The excited Angeloid, who continued to hug him in front of the entire gob-smacked people in the room, failed to notice the scene she was creating.

Mikako was mad. Not only did this scrawny little foreigner use her, but also he was clearly abusing something else at the same time. Carl's reputation was spreading and Tomoki couldn't hide the cheeky grin that grew on his face.

However, Harpy stood in the darkness outside. She felt the anger build up, and the need to kill Carl was that much difficult to control. But she persevered, for now.

"Master, I was so worried about you ever since we lost contact. I've tried my best to find you." Gamma exclaimed.

"It's okay Gamma, you've found me. But where did you go once you rescued me from the helicopter?"

"Some..." Gamma was unable to finish her sentence because Nymph burst out with horrendous cries in panic. She recognized the two Ambush Angeloids and assumed they wanted her.

In desperation, Nymph jumped, grabbed something to use as a weapon and attempted to attack Gamma and Harpy.

But Carl intervened just in time and restrained her. "Nymph, what the hell's wrong with you?"

"What are those two doing here?" she ejaculated. "These are the two Ambush Angeloids that tried to capture me and Ikaros. They tore off my wings!"

Carl looked at Gamma perplexed, this was new information and by Nymph's behavior and body language, he could tell that she was telling the truth.

He stared at gamma. "Gamma, is this true?"

"I don't know master. I have no memory of the incident. I am a simple pet class Angeloid manufactured to serve your every desire."

A small rustle of giggling and smirked murmurs broke out across the Japanese style room. Carl felt embarrassed and Mikako made a rude noise with her throat.

Carl saw Mikako leaning on the outer wall. She looked shocked, but in her own way, she was secretly mocking the secret agent and surprised at the simple ness of Gammas confession. This felt embarrassing to the spy.

"Serve your every desire?" Nymph stared at her with curious eyes. She'd expected sly and crawl words to flow from her mouth, because the last time she'd remembered Harpy, she was captured and forced to reprogram Gamma. An act that eventually ended in failure.

"Looks like something's changed?" Nymph queried with a slight tone of misbehavior. "Don't worry Gamma, I'm just going to scan your core and discover what happened to you."

Gamma flinched as Nymph's soft touch reached deep inside her soul and her prodding finger mingled around inside her mind, like an imposter trying to discover her inner most secrets. But after a short moment, she was released from the powerful grip. Nymph preferred to do more, like revenge, but from her initial scans Nymph was satisfied with the punishment she was currently under.

"Looks like your reactor was completely reset Gamma. The Synapse has really punished you."

Harpy walked in from outside and interjected, "Yes they did. Nymph, you must do something to restore Gamma."

Nymph turned, deriding Harpy. She still remembered the ordeal that scorned her a few days ago. Now they were right back where they started. Harpy wanted to use her.

No, Not today. She thought.

"Can you restore her system?" Ordered Harpy.

"Wait," Carl interjected. "You mean to tell me that she doesn't act like this?"

"Yes," replied Harpy

"So, what is she to you?" Carl watched, as his question seemed to infuriate Harpy. She soon regretted her promise to let Carl live, but for the moment all she wanted was Ikaros.

However, Harpy answered the question reluctantly. "She's my companion."

"Companion?"

"Yes, she's my companion. Did you not hear me the first time?"

"I did, but I don't understand why the two of you act so differently." Carl strolled towards Harpy, pushing Nymph to the side.

Nymph was glad someone was taking the heat and she didn't want to get involved in matters that concerned the two Ambush Angeloids. She was unsure on Gamma's behavior because she could change at any moment. Even the way she looks was unnerving.

"Are you a pet class Angeloid too?" Carl enquired.

"WHAT?!" Barked Harpy.

Shocked by the sudden outburst, Carl backed away. Judging by her heated reaction she was not, but she still shuffled on her feet in a fit of rage, a scene that looked entertaining. Carl could hardly control his laughter. Harpy acted more like a complete moron than a deadly weapon.

"How dear you call me a pet class! I'll never stoop that low you filthy downer. I should rip out your heart for that."

Eishiro Sugata slithered in from the darkness and had something important to say. "The way I see it, this argument is getting us nowhere. We should locate Ikaros and, if I may add, Ikaros is the most deadly weapon I've ever seen."

The professor looked at the group and spotted Tomoki hiding in the corner, trying to be unobtrusive. However, Sohara noticed his mysterious behavior and went to investigate.

"Tomoki, what are you up too?" she asked.

Tomoki looked around and tried his best not to look guilty. His primary concern was the hidden trapdoor Eishiro was standing on, the door to his magical panty shrine.

But the young man breathed a sigh of relief once Eishiro moved away from the trap door that could have exposed his most perverted secrets.

"Its okay Tomoki, I know you are upset about Ikaros, don't worry, I'm here to look after you. I'll give you strength." Sohara felt his 'so called sorrow' and hugged him. Her breasts rubbed on his cheeks and he was unable to control his perverted

hand that wondered on it. Sohara released a slight yelp and responded by a satisfying slap that echoes around the room like an announcement.

Meanwhile, Mikako just got of her mobile and crept uncomfortably close to Carl, so close in fact the agent noticed the ribbons in her hair. The proximity was too close; it dragged the eerie silence for a painful moment. Mikako took a deep breath and finally told everyone the news they wanted to hear.

"My comrades have managed to intise a confession from your partner," Mikako projected a dirty glance towards Carl.

"He's not my partner."

"Could have fooled me."

"That's not hard to do."

Mikako stared at him with wide-eyes, "what does that mean?"

"Nothing...anyway, what did my 'so-called friend' have to say for himself?"

"Your so-called friend finally spilled his guts." Carl wasn't sure if he should take that statement literally. "His confession stated Ikaros was taken by the Russians."

"Russians?"

"Yes"

Carl sat on the nearest chair and was lost in deep thought.

"Your contact added that she was being held on an oil rig just of the coast of Japan, before she's to be moved."

Carl glanced into Mikako's eyes, but he saw nothing but hate. He thought she should be over the incident by now, but the cool breeze did nothing to alleviate the situation.

Nymph sat in the corner and tried to keep a low profile. She overheard the two humans arguing and thankfully discovered the whereabouts of Ikaros. But Nymph wasn't worried about such things. The collar around her slim neck still barred the scars of her treatment and banishment. She stood up and walked into the little bathroom that had the basic necessities. Looking in the mirror, she reflected on her choices. She was without a master and the Ambush Angeloids were next door. It would only take something small to upset the one called Harpy. She dreaded the moment.

She touched her choker and yearned for commands. She was an Angeloid after all; created to fulfill commands of their master. But as she stared at herself, she wondered what her function was. An Angeloid without a master. Even Tomoki was reluctant and didn't issue orders as much as she would have liked.

She finally wiped the tears that creped out of her eyes and left the bathroom. Tomoki seemed his usual self, full of hope about the discovery of Ikaros and then a command shook her from her daze.

"Nymph, could you use your tracking abilities once we enter range of the oil rig?" Carl asked.

"Y-Y-Yes." Nymph hesitantly replied.

"Looks like we need a ride across the sea." Carl gazed in Mikako's direction and noticed that she had changed into short school uniform. Looking stunning and luring, Carl was sure she was teasing him deliberately and decided to piss her off some more. "Honey, since your family used unprecedented resources to track me down, can you charter a private jet?"

Mikako threw an object at Carl that almost left him in a coma. But she overlooked the sarcastic comment and acknowledged the request once Eishiro rephrased it.

Carl thought his charm was slowly rubbing off on her. He hoped.

Chapter 44

The original mission to fool Ikaros into accepting another master had mysteriously failed after repeated attempts. Test after test indicated that the whole technique should have worked like clockwork, but it didn't.

Then when they strolled through some more interesting ideas that eventually failed, the scientists developed more ingenious ways to hack Ikaros' mind.

But as everyone assumed the worst, there was some hope of success. The lead scientist, Ivan had finally managed to hack her first level of operational code. This intern allowed some form of control. But it wasn't enough as the test a few minutes ago proved.

As the scientists recovered from wounds Nikolai remembered the disaster clearly.

During the installation of their latest patchwork programming and hacking improvements, the sleeping drugs were removed and they all waited anxiously for Ikaros to awake. But Nikolai still had doubt about the test. He equipped himself with a tranquilizer gun and waited for the worst.

As expected from fate, Ikaros slowly woke and Nikolai was disappointed in her reaction. She just laid there motionless, like a doll. Then, when Ivan gave her a command, Ikaros stared right into his eyes. Her expanded wings twitched, and then she killed him with an arrow she mysteriously created.

Nikolai didn't need an excuse, he shot Ikaros five times before she succumbed to the drugs and now the pesky scientists wanted to do it again. Didn't they learn from Ivan's death?

"Things are ready to go sir."

"Ready? Are you sure? Last time Ivan said that he ended up with a arrow through his chest."

The scientists stared at each other and let the silence hang for a moment. Nikolai knew, from the expressions on their face, that the data they collected could only be tested when she was awake.

"We're ready."

"Okay, proceed." Nikolai said as he prepared his tranquilizer gun.

There was a moment of anxiety in the room as one of the scientists took a bold step towards Ikaros' form and deactivated the sedative machine. She twitched, then, moved with ease as she slowly woke.

She muttered something incomprehensible in another language then appeared lost inside her own soul.

"Sir, we've masked our hack attempt and locked out Tomoki's imprint. She will be looking for a new master now," said one of the scientists.

"Are you sure she's harmless?" Nikolai asked.

Ikaros slowly heaved herself up and sat at the end of the bed. She muttered something in gibberish and then finally said something Nikolai wanted to hear.

"I am Ikaros, a pet class Angeloid designed for my master." Ikaros looked sad, "I have no master."

Nikolai looked through the protective window and studied the attractive angle. He himself had the odd perverted thought, but his Russian heritage controlled that.

"Good. Looks like she's good enough to imprint me as her master. Good work boys, but I need more tests before I go in there." he paused. "Just in case she's not wiped."

The scientists scurried off, leaving Nikolai alone in the small observation room. He pulled out his pipe, prepped the tobacco and lit it as gracefully as he could. *Yes* he thought. *This will be a new era indeed.*

Chapter 45

In the nasty little war between Mr Smith and the higher ups, both side's continually lobbed threats at each other to get what they wanted.

But for Mr Smith, this little round of 'play the monkey' was getting ridiculous.

His reports about the operative Carl Higgs was less to be desired and the higher ups wanted him extracted. Mr Smith was doubtful, but he still had to defend his decision for sending him in or his reputation would have been ruined.

He didn't know the extent of the misfortune or how much damage control was needed, but this new threat for the Russian president was on the top of everyone's list, including his. But Mr Smith was more concerned about the Angeloid Ikaros and the damage she could do. He was very careful about what he said during the meeting with the higher ups and off course, wasn't surprised when the president didn't show up.

As Mr Smith wondered into a small side cafe that was half full with bewildered customers and the odd few students, he ordered himself a warm glass of milk and some cookies. The worker stared at him for an incredibly short moment before he gave him such a look of scorn he returned to his duties.

Mr Smith then took a seat making sure to face the window, but not to draw any attention to himself. He always liked to know when someone was following or about to arrive. His habit of being prepared was often beneficial, a teaching his old man gave before he passed away.

It only took half an hour before Robison arrived, late. Mr Smith frowned, but didn't let his disappointment show as Robison entered the small cafe. He looked around like a complete idiot and completely missed Mr Smith twice before recognizing him.

Mr Smith assumed it was nerves and waited for him to sit, which took longer than expected. Impatient, Mr Smith began. "So, you know why the brass are after me?"

"I assume it has something to do with the operative in Japan."

"That's correct, since the Russians acquired our prized target things haven't been going well."

"Nothing's been going well recently."

"You got that right." Mr Smith said, taking a sip from his cup.

Robison ordered some tea and a sandwich and as soon as the waiter had gone, he continued. "Do you want to send in someone else to collect Carl and put together a raid team to capture Ikaros?"

"Create your raid team, but leave Carl where he is. Sources tell me that this Ikaros is controlled by a young boy, called," Mr Smith shuffled around in his notes until he found the name. "Tomoki. He is currently in Japan and with Carl."

"It may be difficult to contact him sir. The contact we sent to offer assistance has vanished and only our tracking equipment and on the ground teams know where he is. I suppose we could use them, but that has an element of danger."

"Such as?" asked Mr Smith.

"The teams are in the country illegally and any transmission to them would be picked up by the Japanese authorities. We could blow their cover. That's why we sent a contact. He was skilled in this type of thing."

Mr Smith used all his concentration to hide the sarcastic comment. "Looks like he wasn't skilled enough."

"True, but we also believe the Russians were behind that problem too."

"So Carl was sent in there without a chance in hell of succeeding?"

Robison rolled his eyes, as if he knew this situation could have been avoided.

"It looks that way sir."

Mr Smith took a bite from his cookie and continued, "What I don't understand is how the Russians learned about Ikaros?"

"We believe there was a spy, sir."

"Spy?"

"Yes, sources gathered from the agencies servers showed a huge data upload to Russia. We don't know the perpetrator, but the package did contain information about Ikaros."

Mr Smith felt his anger swell up. He wasn't sure if this new news could have been helpful during the meeting at the white house, but it seemed it could have made things more worse than good.

As Robison shoved a huge piece of sandwich into his mouth he plopped a brown envelope onto the table, tipping the contents. When he finally swallowed, he said, "we managed to isolate the location signal and should be able to send a message to Carl's data pad, if he still has it. This envelope contains his new IP address and allow us to connect directly to it."

"You know he'll be doubtful about anything we say. He probably thinks we set him up."

"True, but we have to try," said Robison.

"Has he tried to contact us on his own?"

"Not that I'm aware off."

"That says a lot, I'm sure he would have by now." Mr Smith finished his milk and went to the next matter at hand.

"Are you also aware of a small mob clan that looks after the town?"

"You mean there's a gang in Sorami?"

"Yes, while I was in the Whitehouse getting my ass chewed off by the higher ups, they filled me in about the local mob."

"And?" asked Robison

"It seems the town is protected and run by the Satsukitane family. They're also the local town mob and could cause a problem for us in the future."

"Satsukitane mob family you say?" Robison leaned on the table and finished his section of sandwich.

"Yes. It looks like we might have had a run in with them before." Mr Smith explained. "During our surveillance on Ikaros we've had the unfortunate experience of running into them. Agent Hammers sent me a report after he managed to elude the gang and warned the rest of his team. Carl might have been under surveillance as soon as he arrived in the town and that would have made his mission harder."

"That makes sense, do we have any current information?"

"No, it seems that communication in the area has been lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, there have been several explosions on a large scale that have disrupted satellite communications and that hole over the town has been emitting some strong radio waves. That too has been making things harder." Mr Smith informed, washing down the final slurps of milk.

"I see, so what are your final orders sir?"

"Set up the interception team to get Ikaros from that oil rig, and I'll get some specialists to try and contact Carl. He's our only agent that has some idea on what is going on."

Now that the meeting was over, the agencies involved could finally focus their efforts on retreating Ikaros. Mr Smith had the information at his disposal and he wasn't going to let it sit on the sidelines.

A team of crisp clean men, all in black uniforms and armed to the teeth, were prepared for the final go-ahead. Mr Smith made his own plans to contact Carl and find out what he knew.

He spent the rest of the night going over his file, trying to judge the type of character he was and the best way he would solve the mess he created. Furthermore he wanted to know if Carl was trustworthy.

The flickering computer monitor was not the best method to look up such information, but paper files did not exist. Mr Smith was an old-fashioned man who rarely ventured into the cyber world and knew nothing about chat rooms and vaguely used e-mail. He preferred pen and paper, because if anything went wrong, it could be burned.

But the more he dived into Carl's past, the more he wished he didn't. *Just what's his fascination with Asian girls?* He thought.

Chapter 46

Carl didn't know why, but Tomoki's idea of knowing what to do seemed to border on the insane. Why anyone would think that a swimming pool could help track Ikaros was beyond his understanding. But the young man had insisted.

Tomoki stated that it would calm the nerves and he had a very special request for him, alone. But Carl was optimistic. Why did he drag everybody down to the Satsukitane family pool?

The place was a bustle with activity and Carl lingered at a pool slide, which was larger than necessary. The pool went around in a doughnut circle and the place was a flurry of high-ranking girls with thrilly bikinis. Carl had to control his sexual desires while Gamma stood like a lost child with little or nothing to do.

Sohara began. "Tomoki, why are we here? We should be looking for Ikaros."

"Progress requires a relaxed and satisfied mind. I'm in the perfect place for total control."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mikako. "Looks to me that you are fulfilling more of your perverted fantasies. But why select my family's facilities for it?"

Tomoki stood at the poolside and pointed a calm finger at everyone. "Now, now, now. Questions will only dampen the seed of creation in my inventive mind. Now everyone, please take a few hours of peace while I talk to Carl."

It was half an hour later Carl knew something was dreadfully wrong with Tomoki, who had no sense of loyalty to his own Angeloid. Carl pondered over a few facts. He had to say something. "Tomoki. I'm a highly skilled agent with years of training, service and awards. Also, I have the experience of killing many people, but I can't help but wonder how you managed to convince me to have Gamma change us into mice."

"Waah!" Tomoki acted like a complete pervert.

Using Gamma's metamorphosis device to transform them into mice, Tomoki edged Carl into the girl's changing room. With more important things going on, Carl thought the whole ordeal was a waste of time.

Tomoki also took note of Carl's secret job, "now I know your occupation."

"I'll ask Gamma to wipe that from your mind later."

"N-No, don't worry. I won't tell a soul."

Carl came closer on his mousy feet. "You better not, or I'll kill you!"

Tomoki swallowed a knot in his throat and then glanced at his next target. Like small rodents; they scurried along the floor and hid inside a pool of shadows.

One brunet strolled close to their location, bent over and slid her pink thong down her golden legs. With a first class view, both adventurers stared in disbelief, but it was painfully obvious Tomoki was more than just thrilled.

Carl received a call through his communication device Gamma gave him. Her voice tone was filled with confusion and he could only imagine the look of disbelief on her face as she watched the whole spectacle unfold. But her warning was of Tomoki's heart and adrenaline levels. Apparently if someone got too nervous or excited while transformed, they'll revert back to their own self.

But as the young beautiful girl continued to wiggle her behind at Tomoki, the young man, disguised as a mouse, swayed from side to side, following her butt cheeks.

She then straightened up and slipped inside her typical full body swimsuit, but this still didn't dampen the young man's mood.

Carl knew it was only a matter of time before someone spotted them, but a bellowing scream from across the room confirmed his worst fear.

Clutching her hands and standing on the bench, one of the beautiful young ladies quivered as she yelled out, "Waaaaah! Rats. There're rats here."

Well, lets just say that Carl and Tomoki had more than they bargained for as they scurried through the small hole they used to gain entry.

Once they returned to their formal selves, Sohara stood next to Gamma in all her glory. She didn't care about Carl, but she did focus all her attention on Tomoki. All Carl heard was the faint cries for help as Sohara dragged Tomoki's flapping form away from the area.

As Gamma packed away the machine, she began. "Master I don't understand what you were doing."

"Don't worry about it Gamma."

"But I'm still confused."

"Tomoki wanted to see what young girls look like without clothing. He asked for my help."

"Without clothing?" Gamma looked down at her own cybernetic clothing.

She appeared quite sexy and cute while accidentally posing erotically. Carl could not hold back the dirty thoughts, but he had to get to grips of his feelings. However seeing all the naked girls in the changing room hindered his efforts. But he was a highly trained agent, how hard could it be to control his sexual desires?

Later, stood in the background like two school children about to see the governor, Mikako continued to stare at Carl for no obvious reason while Sohara gave Tomoki the lowdown on how to treat women. From Carl's point of view, Sohara was better of talking to a dog.

But when they left the Satsukitane Family pool, after more romping around, the group set plans in motion to find Ikaros. Luckily, Nymph was able to rest and flex her scanning beams, but Ikaros was still out of range.

They all hopped into the family limo and headed to the airport. The journey only took half an hour at night and like all tough people, the entire crew had fallen asleep, except Carl and the driver.

Carl had seen and done many battles in the past and adhering to his role-playing habits, sleep was something he could control or skip if needed.

However, Nymph and Gamma were fast asleep, probably a new program Nymph created and shared with Gamma. The illusion of sleepiness was portrayed well in their relaxed bodies that clutched onto each other like two lovebirds in holy harmony. Carl knew Angeloids don't sleep, so they were probably on standby.

The vehicle eventually pulled into the private car park and a group of suited men rushed over to the limo, creating a line of people to the entrance of the airport. Mikako awoke from her slumber and gave Carl more looks of scorn. But he dismissed the glances as annoying looks. Out of spite, he blew her a small, slow, kiss and she leapt out the limo, not wanting to have anything to do with him.

The rest followed suit and staggered into the airport, following the all too clear path. The only thing missing was the red carpet.

Once they entered the oversized lobby or booking in hall, everyone stared in awe. It was as if they stepped into a huge banquet hall for a king.

The support beams were styled with fancy robes and huge chandeliers hung from the ceiling. Tables covered in silk cloth were stacked to the ceiling with a wealth of food and decorations that matched the style slithered along the rafters and support beams. This made the place anything but an airport.

Mikako stood at the entrance, beaming. "Welcome to the Satsukitane private airport. We offer the highest service to our personal passengers and guests."

Carl strolled over to the food table and picked at some exotic food. However, Mikako slapped his hand. A clear signal that he was not allowed to touch. But as soon as she turned her back on him, his free hand quickly nicked the food, like a snake striking its prey.

"This is certainly impressive." Eishiro said maturely. "Your family likes to take things to the extreme. But tell me Mikako, why have *we* been given the honor of this delightful surprise."

Mikako made a sharp rude noise and then finally replied, "Hmph, it's not for this occasion. It was supposed to be a celebration once we shipped Carl's body back to the United States, as an example."

"Thanks!" Carl interjected, as sarcastically as possible. "So, have you chartered a plane or an airbase?"

Carl was not here for the view or the food, but to find Ikaros and discover what the Russians were up to. This had the signs of something serious and of course, Carl wanted his freedom.

Feeling the need to move on, Carl directed the idle comment away from trivial matters. He stepped away from the banquet table and simply stated, "so, where's this plane? We should get going."

Mikako pointed to the runway and waiting was a fleet of helicopters, jets and a standard private plane designed to carry a small group. If Air Force One could be there, Carl imagined Mikako could pull the strings to make it happen.

After a few minutes of excited chatter and nonsense, they boarded the private jet and finally took off, in the hope of finding Ikaros.

Chapter 47

In the darkness of the small room, Nikolai cautiously walked over to Ikaros and assessed her current condition. With his tranquilizer gun ready he wasn't going to take any chances.

But as he moved closer, he felt a murderous aura lingering in the air. He wasn't sure but this creature seemed to hide a dark secret. But as he stepped closer, all he saw was a cute docile creature, submersible to any form of abuse.

"Who are you?" Nikolai began. His voice sounded crystal clear over the faint currents that brushed the legs of the oilrig.

"I am Ikaros, are you my master?"

Nikolai smiled evilly. "Yes, I'm your master."

Ikaros slid off the end of the table and approached Nikolai. He wasn't afraid, but kept his hand firmly on his weapon. When she was perilously close, Ikaros said. "I am a pet class Angeloid, created to fulfill your every desire. What do you desire master?"

"I want you to strip."

"Yes master." with out even thinking, or considering her own feelings, Ikaros detached her cyber suit and it dropped to the ground with a fabric-metallic thump.

Nikolai stared intensely. Ikaros was perfect in everyway. Her firm pointed breasts, her butt cheeks that were perfectly toned hung in the air like titanic pearls of beauty and her surreal figure glowed as the florescent lights reflected perfect beauty from her white skin. Her body-odor was gratifyingly approachable and hypnotically addictive.

"Is there anything else master?" She tentatively teased.

Nikolai hid his bemusement. She would really do anything and for a man, that offer was too much to refuse, but he was a married man and true to his word.

"You can put your clothes on now, I am satisfied with your loyalty. Meet me behind the door once you've finished." Nikolai departed and left her naked form in the darkness.

Once Ikaros was ready, she opened the door with fluid grace. Nikolai had never been the one to linger for a while and the two individuals quickly departed to the lower bowls of the oilrig.

Once they entered a small dark room with an old fashioned lamp, Nikolai showed an image to Ikaros. The picture was of a man in his sixties with silvery flowing hair and a face that looked like it was chiseled out by a blunt instrument.

"Do you see this picture?" asked Nikolai.

"Yes master."

"I have a job for you to do, which I want you to do to the best of your abilities. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes master."

"This man is very bad," Nikolai simplified his words. He knew Ikaros was like a child and he didn't want commands getting crossed. "His name is Vladimir, the Russian president. He has done many bad things and I need you to kill him. Do you think you can do this for me?"

"Yes master."

Nikolai leaned back in his chair and smiled. "Good my angel. You can find Vladimir in America, in a city called Washington. I want you to go there, immediately and kill him. Kill anyone who stands in your way."

Nikolai nodded to his assistant and data files were uploaded to Ikaros' mind, blue prints of the city, leaked documents containing the whereabouts of Vladimir and his current hotel.

"Go my angel, make me proud." Nikolai projected as he pointed to an opening large enough for her to fly through.

Ikaros said her farewells, expanded her graceful pink wings and shot through the opening, leaving only the wake of feathers drifting down like snowflakes.

The battle has begun; the world will see a new era. Nikolai thought as he sucked on the end of his pipe.

Chapter 48

The private jet rumbled all around as it took to the night sky. Nymph look intently as everyone took their seats and made themselves comfortable for the ride that should see them heading for the oilrig, where in theory, Ikaros could be saved.

Nymph wasn't sure where they were going, but from bits of information she could gather, it was some structure in the middle of the sea.

As she sat down, Nymph noticed Tomoki staring at her in the most unusual way. With water dripping from his mouth, she was sure that his boyish attitude was going a little too far.

Sohara was next to him, monitoring everything he was doing and it was obvious that Tomoki was about to get himself into more trouble for messing around.

"Tomoki, what are you looking at?" Asked Sohara in the most polite way she could.

"Huh... Nothing Sohara. I was just looking at the chair."

Sohara knew that this little troublemaker was not just looking at any chair. He was peeking at Nymph.

Even if Nymph was just sitting in her form-fitting suit that matched the elegance of her slender body, Sohara became enraged with jealousy layered over the top. *Why doesn't he look at me in that way?*

Carl sat back in his chair. So far everything had been going according to plan. Mikako had chartered a jet to this so-called oilrig that was located out in the middle of the sea and as he sipped his tea, he thought about what to expect. Would he still find Ikaros alive? And what was he going to do about his mission? He can't return empty handed to his boss.

His long-winded thoughts were suddenly diverted when he spotted someone staring at him eerily from the opposite chair. He gazed up from his tea and stared at Mikako. She was still wearing the school uniform and looked more dashing than a stripper at a nightclub. He couldn't resist.

"So...my little kitten, why are you dressed like that?"

"What! Kitten? You've got a foul mouth you English pest," exclaimed Mikako.

"English Mikako? You got to be kidding, I'm American."

"American, yeah you could have fooled me. You're nothing more than an inconvenient twat that we have to keep alive, for Ikaros' sake. But you make...."

Cal raised his hand in a dismissive gesture. He'd heard the last sentence more times than he wanted to. "Yeah, I know what you are going to say. But you mark my words. I still find you cute."

This added more anger to an already exploding woman, who was the daughter of the most influential man in the village of Sorami.

No matter how stifling the air had become inside the jet, Eishiro still sat with his laptop firmly in his hands. He had been researching the black hole that was floating above Japan. Its superstitions that it would lead to his New Word only heightened his dreams of trying to make it through. With that paramount idea inside his mind, he vowed to use any resource in his arsenal to achieve this. But first his mission or task was to find Ikaros and hopefully things will settle back down. He knew Ikaros possessed the power for a lot of good and she held the key to a lot of secrets. Perhaps the research on the oilrig could help him understand her makeup.

But as more dreary readouts appeared on his computer screen, something vibrated in his bag. Investigating, Eishiro suddenly noticed a large data pad belonging to Carl. He remembered Carl slipping the device into his rucksack after they left his apartment. The helpful information Mikako managed to interrogate was indeed the key to this mission. Now a message has arrived for Carl. He tried to activate the pad, but was confronted by a password screen.

He could have cracked the simple password, but there was not enough time. As Eishiro stood, and the sudden stretch of his legs gave him a moment of satisfaction. Deep-vein-thromboses were troublesome, but at least he would not suffer today.

Carl noticed Eishiro coming towards him in his peripheral vision and ignored the ranting and raving Mikako was broadcasting. Before he had the chance to think about an appropriate response, he noticed the pad-like device.

"Is there a message for me?" Carl began.

"Yes, looks like someone has been trying to contact you. But we are thousands of feet in the air. I don't understand how anyone could contact you unless you are connected via satellite."

"Very good Eishiro, you are smarter than you look." Carl responded sarcastically. "C'mon, lets see what it is."

Carl took the device and placed it on his lap. Mikako became curious, unstrapped her belt and casually walked over to Carl. But a small bump in turbulence caused her to lose her balance and fall right beside him; Carl could not let a derisive comment slip. "I didn't know you preferred to sit beside me. If you asked, I would have gladly given you this space."

He was just about to snake a creepy hand around Mikako's, but she rejected the offer with spite.

She continued. "So, what's that? More of your deep-rooted secrets being unraveled?"

Carl gave Mikako a sporting glance. "Wouldn't you like to know darling?"

Mikako responded by making a rude noise with her throat and dismissed anything further he had to say. Such an arrogant man, yet what he did to her back at the school still resided deep within her soul. Something she could never clean, no matter how hard she tried.

The data pad came to life and a man appeared on the screen. "Carl! Thank god it's you. We've been trying to reach you for days. What the hell happened? What the hell happened to Ikaros? And have you got any idea about the shit you put me through?"

Carl shook his head ever so slightly as not to cause suspicion to the man on the other end. The data pad was equipped with a small camera that transmitted a limited view of everything. The data connection was not perfect but it did slightly lag in real time. He had to start somewhere and this person, Mr Smith, was his best contact.

"Mr Smith, the mission was a failure. Looks like the Russ..."

Carl was rudely interrupted. "I know that. You allowed a few Russian agents to nick the most important asset you were supposed to capture, what's wrong with you?"

Carl became angry. "Excuse me sir! I had nothing to do with this. They'd taken the helicopter before I even arrived on scene. I stood no chance. How did this happen?"

Mr Smith appeared angry and refused to listen to reason, as more important things seemed to bother the old man, more than this little diversion.

"Mr Smith, do you know where Ikaros is at this very moment?" Carl knew the answer; he just wanted to find out what the agency knew already.

"Our sources have told us that she was taken to an oilrig just outside Japanese waters. We don't know what's going on, but I hope you are on your way to find out."

Carl fidgeted with the pad before continuing. "Our sources told us that the Russians are using Ikaros for some purpose. I'm not exactly sure yet, but we do know her location. We should be there shortly, according to my friend." he glanced over at Mikako and made sure his words slithered out in an almost sexual manor.

Mikako still ignored him and blindly stared out the window that displayed the night sky.

"We're on our way." Carl leaned closer to the data pad. "But I get the feeling there's more than you're not telling me."

Mr Smith appeared to look around the room, as if he was checking to see if there were any eavesdroppers. Once he was satisfied, he continued. "We also believe that a rebel faction within the Russian government intends to assassinate the new Russian president and use Ikaros as the tool."

"What!" exclaimed Carl. But he also noticed the shocked murmurs from around the small room. "You can't be serious."

Mr Smith's expression did not change. But he did respond, eventually. "This is no joking matter, you need to stop her at all costs."

"That should be no problem sir, we have Tomoki here, Ikaros' master."

"Master?" Mr Smith replied, puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"That's right, you don't know about this good news," Carl mumbled sarcastically. Good job the established spies know what they're doing, they couldn't even find the Russian mole.

But Carl decided to inform Mr Smith the good news, without the sarcastic comment. "Apparently Ikaros is connected to a master who controls her every command. All we need to do is get Tomoki to her and..." Carl spoke with increased speed, "we can send her back to Japan. We should be at the oilrig shortly."

"Japan? Wait," exclaimed Mr Smith. That was not the reason he was sent into Japan in the first place and Mr Smith was going to make sure Carl knew his place, but a rushed message took Mr Smith away from the topic at hand. He appeared anxious.

"Carl, We've detected something entering American Airspace. We believe it's this creature Ikaros. You must divert your plane and arrive at Washington. We estimate she will be here in less than one hour."

Carl looked at the data pad and it split into several satellite views. Eishiro leaned over and confirmed his finding. He also believed they could be there in shorter time if the pilot increased his speed.

"According to my calculations," Eishiro interjected. "Ikaros is heading straight for the Russian president. Mr Smith, where is he at this exact moment?"

Mr Smith seemed apprehensive in giving away the information. But with added comment from Carl, he gave up the information.

"The Russian president is in The White House."

Carl exclaimed, "Mr Smith, you must warn The White House and the president, we believe Ikaros might have been ordered to fulfill her task. We don't know yet but you should evacuate just to be safe."

“Are you crazy? I just had a meeting with him not long ago. The president is just looking for an excuse to get rid of me,” replied Mr Smith.

“There is going to be *no* White House if you sit on your fat ass and do nothing.” Before Carl closed the channel, he ordered one more thing; “I suggest you send a team to the oilrig and survey what they’ve done to her, we’ll be in Washington soon.”

The data pad was shut off.

Carl glanced around the room and saw the crowd of people looking in dismay. Tomoki stepped back, unable to believe the news. How could Ikaros do such a thing?

But now, all they could do was rush to Washington and prevent a disaster that could destroy the city.

Chapter 49

The oval office was an excellent example of how an office should look. Potted plants and prominent flags of the United States hung proudly in the wall spaces that connected the windows.

In its respected place within the room stood a huge oak desk with an assortment of documents that screamed for attention. Fine leather chairs were placed in their carefully selected positions around the gleaming carpet that was as crisp as an oil painting on a warm summer day.

Sat at his desk fingering the reports, president Sae grew impatient at the idle glances his members of staff were giving him. They had sunk so far into the chairs the president thought they'd been dumped there forever, ass's glued to the spot.

Sae begun. "Tell me gentleman. In my entire term in office, why does this character, Smith, act like he's in charge?"

Sae wasn't sure what course of action he should take on this individual. In all his years in service this was the first time he'd come face to face with the head of that particular organization. He never knew about Mr Smith existence until he saw him chatting at the meeting through the CCTV camera.

The organizations existence was a mystery to him. A mystery the president wanted to solve. But Mr Smiths crazy story about a girl who was an angel was pretty hard to believe. This only made him eager to pull the plug on his whole operation that was costing the taxpayers millions.

However, Sae had more important things to do and decided to shelf the crazy ordeal until later. He was about to plan the greatest peace and trade treaty in history. Cementing ties with the new Russian president was something he was proud of, and his envoy was due at the White House at any moment.

As he slid the documents to one side of the table, he spotted the lone glass on the table. It was stained with a misty white color—indicating that it was once filled with milk—and it was a constant reminder of Mr Smith's presence. Sae called for his aid to remove the 'glass' and was surprised she had not removed it sooner.

As the minutes slowly dwindled away, the call he'd been waiting for finally came on the many phones that were stationed on his desk. The Russian president had arrived at the White House.

A convoy of bulletproof limousines slowly snaked their way around the curricular entrance, with the prominent vehicle marked with flags of Russia on either side of the bonnet. Two support vehicles pulled up and secret service personnel spilled out into the crisp clean open. A mature man stepped out of the main vehicle, wearing a decisive uniform. With his back lined straight, he slowly walked into the most important building inside Washington.

The Russian president had the shell of a stone, but the intelligence to outmatch his own predecessors. His own scheming and eventual takeover of Russia has left many in doubt and angry with his rough handed techniques. But he wanted what's best for his country and if making peace with the United States and opening trade agreements was the next step in cementing the union, then so be it.

However just as he stepped in front of the doors to lead inside the building, a small rustle of activity broke out.

Stood in the darkness on the green lawn, special agents pointed their weapons at something that looked like a girl. Huge spotlights from the roof of the

White House shone down illuminating the area in a sea of white. To everyone's amazement it was a girl, but she was equipped with huge wings that fluffed and trembled in a threatening manner.

The cold air stirred around Sae and he felt the prelude to something terrible. The next thing he noticed was the glowing red eyes and strange behavior of this girl.

One secret agent in black pulled out his side arm and took defensive position while the others hustled the presidents into the White House.

Stood in front of him, the creature looked menacing and un-afraid. She also appeared to be some kind of human/bird hybrid. The agent could only imagine what strange scientific experiments had created it. But what was she doing at the White House.

The agent instantly spoke. "You there, get down on the ground now. You're trespassing on government property."

Sae praised the man's bravery, but was instantly horrified to see this creature lift up her hands and mysteriously create a lethal weapon that she skewered the agent with.

With the horrifying seconds ticking away, the creature finally spoke in English. "Removing safety of the variable wing system." More of her clothing materialized, covering more of her fleshy skin in some kind of armor that the agents could not identify.

"Mode Uranus Queen: On." Smoke and a ring of plasma began to stir the already hostile environment. Her eyes changed to red, wings expanded twice their normal size and a halo of an angel appeared over her head.

The agents didn't need an excuse. Instantly, shells and gunfire opened up all around the front of the White House. Windows smashed. Brickwork was turned into dust and the smell of suit began to fill the air.

Sae was dragged off towards the opposite side of the building unable to imagine the chaos that was erupting on the White House's lawn.

Ikaros continued her deadly barrage at the men penuriously trying to take her down. Hidden humans on the roof fired machineguns and men on the ground shot hand weapons from any location they could. Lights were turned on and Ikaros was on display. She did not like it.

Ikaros hovered in the air and materialized her bow and arrow. With swift strikes, the arrows impacted the soil, creating five-foot craters that sent men tumbling in all directions.

Strike after strike saw each if the men take direct hits as bodies began to pile on each other. But Ikaros still had her command: to find the Russian president and execute him.

She changed her vision and was able to see through the walls of the White House. Instantly she began to track the targets and Ikaros made her move.

But before she could fly over the building and kill the presidents, a human flying machine appeared out of nowhere and opened fire with a hail of bullets.

With wind whaling in all directions, Ikaros had little if no chance to strike back; the high-powered weapon that was trained on her continued to rip through her Aegis Shield and the shells came at her like a downpour.

With interconnected strands of will, Ikaros reached into the reality layer and called for the Uranus System. Her wings sank into the sky and intricate strands of a huge machine slowly heaved itself into existence. With titanic cannons solidifying into this world, Ikaros was about to initiate her reign of terror upon Washington.

Chapter 50

It was supposed to be another run-of-the mill exercise for the military pilot hank. He cycled through the systems on his AH-64 Apache Longbow when a call came through about an unidentified flying object.

Hank was a man that followed his heart and was good at what he did. Not very handsome, but he managed to have his fair share of girlfriends and preferred a night out with the lads. Computer games were his specialty, especially flying. This inevitably led him into the air force, after being nudged in by the employment office.

Although he never saw himself as someone who would scrounge of society and do nothing in return, most people got that impression. It wasn't until a few years ago Hank changed his style and was rapidly raising up though the chain of command within the military.

But as he held the controls of the chopper and waited for the ammo to be loaded into the 30mm automatic Boeing M230 chain gun, he studied all the mistakes he made in the past.

His biggest mistake was getting drunk and hitting his girlfriend's father, who happened to be a police officer and had ill feelings towards him, anyway.

Hank used to live in a small town where everybody knew everybody and it wasn't long until he fell in love with a young girl called Sophie. Shortly later, he mustered up his courage and asked her out. But Sophie's father was the town sheriff and had forbidden her to date the local lads, stating that they were dirty, lazy inbreeds. As you can imagine, this didn't go well with Hank and they decided to keep the relationship quiet.

However, just when he thought it was safe to begin a sexual relationship with Sophie, Hank was none-the-wiser because hidden behind every corner, Sophie's father was watching and he knew about their relationship.

Thankfully, seeing that his only daughter was happy in a relationship with this man, Sophie's father kept his distance and allowed it to take place.

It was later that Hank developed deep feelings and was planning on marriage. At twenty-four, he thought it was time. But one dark evening at the local pub, things took a turn for the worst. Something he regretted later.

As he clenched the controls of his helicopter and listened to the rattle of the ordnance loading, the memory of the bar came back into his mind. It was at that moment he knew his life had turned for the worst.

The first thing he remembered was the defining din of the celebrating public. Then it was the drinks he continued to down one after another. Hank didn't know it, but after having one too many at the bar, he began to get raucous with the local ladies. Of course, with the town being small, it wasn't long until Sophie's father arrived.

By this time, the party had gotten into full swing and the rowdy adults had turned the place into a nightmare. Fights broke out over the chaotic crowd and innocent people began to spill out into the street.

Arriving in the nick of time, Sophie's father attempted to calm the crowd. But when he eventually came face to face with Hank, he listened with rage as the man tried to escape the situation by talking at a snail's pace, using his daughter as leverage.

When that failed, Hank then insulted the sheriff and spoke some very harsh words about his family's past status. Hank was later arrested and thrown into the street with little or no mercy. He staggered home and collapsed.

Later that night when he recovered from his alcohol induced coma, Hank soon realized, that, what little chance he had with Sophie was now over. With his own heart in tatters, he decided to leave his old life behind and take a new route. One that could make him forget the mistakes of his past.

Too this day, he was denied access to Sophie and they had never met again. Hank always kept a passport picture of her in his wallet. A sign of respect for his first love. He pulled out the picture and looked at it. Her soft brown hair brought out the smile on her face; her soft ruby lips encouraged a shiver up his back.

A call disturbed him from his dreaming. "Eagle one, you are clear to intercept, that object. It will pass your location in two minutes, make yourself airborne."

Hank stuffed his wallet back into his thick jacket and responded. "Roger control, beginning startup sequence."

The Apache helicopter took to the sky in a flurry of activity; dust and wind blew in all directions as the flashing lights of the tail finally dissolved in the sky.

Hank looked at the digital readouts and the overlaid course to intercept the unknown object. He assumed it was some thrill seeker piloting a homemade contraption around the high-rise buildings. They had a number of those incidents recently from a group that called themselves 'Hire for Life.'

But as he approached closer, that wasn't the case. He noticed a human shape shadow with wings, and so high up! Surely it was someone on a glider taking the piss?

Hank flew closer and the high-powered light shone through the deck of clouds. As soon as the light beams struck the object, Hank juddered the controls so hard in shock; he narrowly dodged something she fired at him.

With no time to think, Hank was out of control and plunged through the clouds into whiteness.

When he regained control, Hank hovered the Apache above the clouds and used the radar to relocate the unknown object. But it accelerated away at breathtaking speed.

He called it in. From his initial estimations, it was heading for the White House district and it wasn't friendly. Patching a channel to his base, Hank had to be very careful about what he said. And he couldn't tell them about the woman with wings.

"Control, I have made contact with unidentified object and was fired upon. It's currently on course for the White House, I'm unable to keep up with it."

"Have you confirmed the target's identity?"

"Negative, object was unlit and obscured by the clouds. But it's the size of a small aircraft. It might be some kind of terrorist attack."

"Eagle one, you should leave that judgment to the officials. Alter your course and intercept. We're dispatching a squadron to your location."

"Roger."

The flight to the White House was faster than he'd expected, but something terrible was already underway. He was about to dive right into the heart of the battle.

Stood in front of him, a young girl with expanded wings and red eyes gazed into his cockpit. Hank felt an incredible sense of danger and when the secret service personnel for the White House sprang around the corner, they opened fire with a barrage of bullets, taking direct hits on the creature.

Hank looked around the White House lawns and saw a bruised and battered landscape. The front of the building itself was torn to shreds and it was obvious that she was the cause.

When this mysterious creature exterminated the ground men with her weapons fire that mysteriously appeared out of thin air, Hank let loose with the 30mm chain gun and the Boeing AGM-114D Longbow Hellfire air-to-surface missiles.

Stream after stream plummeted the creature faster than she could react. The force feedback from the controls sent a wave of satisfaction through Hank as he fired 625 rounds a minute into the creature.

But when the shells finally ran out, the winged creature unshielded her eyes and appeared to do something with the air.

As if a huge machine was suddenly dragged from the depths of the ocean, the device slowly slithered out, partly transparent in all its glory.

Hank did not wait to find out what would happen as the gigantic cannons pointed at his tiny helicopter; he cycled the controls and made his escape. Any way he could.

Chapter 51

Tomoki, somehow, managed to slither several copies of his porn magazines onto the private plane. How, or why was something he kept to himself. The young man also knew that Carl was the only one that could possibly understand his dilemma. After all, he was a cold-hearted human just like himself. But as Tomoki turned a sticky page and prepared his final voyage into bliss, an impatient rattle shook the door.

"Tomoki, what's taking you so long? Some of us have to use the bathroom!"

That unmistakable angry tone could only come from no other than Sohara. He felt his excitement fade, like the waste in the toilet and tried to find a good spot to stash his prized possessions.

After stuffing the periodical down his pants, he left the cubical with a devious aura clearly noticeable around himself and Sohara detected it.

"What were you doing?"

"Sohara, do you really need to ask?" He replied in Japanese with a hint of sarcasm layered over it.

Sohara cut him off with a dismissive wave. Tomoki took the hint and left the area while he had the chance. After he approached the main section of the plane Tomoki stumbled upon Nymph taking a nap.

So cute and cuddly, he could almost imagine himself snuggled upon her tiny body. After all, if he became her master then she would have to do anything he commanded. But he still felt awkward about it. Should a human control two Angeloids? Would they try and kill each other? Ikaros possessed great power and her potential for destruction would be troublesome to control.

Tomoki decided to hold the matter for now, after all, they had to save Ikaros first.

Tomoki strolled through the isles, making as less a scene as possible. With the magazine digging into his crouch, Tomoki knew he had to loose the merchandise.

Once he approached Carl's resting place, with Mikako keeping a close eye on her prized possession, Tomoki sat next to him.

"Hay, Carl. Could you look after this for me?"

Carl took the warm magazine, not realizing where it had been.

"What's this?" he enquired.

"This is my prized possession." He secretly placed his hands over the magazine and glanced around the area, making himself appear more suspicious than ever. Tomoki failed to notice Harpy sitting opposite and she instantly grabbed the periodical.

Carl leaned back in his chair and could not understand how a simple porn magazine was so distracting. The girls inside were basic and perhaps some hot stories lingered on the pages, but everything was in Japanese and he could not understand any of it.

"So, this is what you downers like to do with your spare time. I guess you don't need the Synapse to wipe you all out, your females will do the job for us."

Eishiro Sugata popped his head from the chair in front. "So, the new world is called the Synapse? Is there anything else you could tell me? How can I get there?"

Nymph overheard the entire conversation and was horrified to learn that Harpy divulged information about the Synapse. How could she be so blunt? Nymph instantly shot to her feet, place her hand on Eishiro's head and began to wipe the information.

"You're as stupid as that Delta class Angeloid. Why would you tell *him* of all people about the Synapse?" Nymph extended her beams and began to wipe the memories; she felt obliged to do something. She could not risk the organization sending someone else down to 'correct' any mistakes.

After Nymph was finished everyone blacked out.

Carl woke up to find Tomoki shoving a porn magazine into his hands. Strangely, Carl remembered Harpy sitting next to him, but she was gone. He got to his feet and found her with Nymph and Gamma. *Just what were they up to?* He thought to himself.

However, the plane was struck by a violent impact and the force was enough to send everyone hurtling towards the ground.

"All passengers brace for impact. We've just been hit by something. This is gonna get ugly " shouted a frantic voice.

Carl shot to his feet and shouted his command. "Gamma, teleport us down to the ground immediately."

Gamma looked towards Carl and granted his wish. Within a flash, everyone transported down to Seaton Park. With the hug

Washington Monument towering in the background, everyone took the moment to grasp their location.

A sudden crash bellowed out in the general direction of the Lincoln Memorial near the river. It was their plane, and luckily Gamma had teleported everyone out of the aircraft before it crashed.

Looking in the general direction of the Whitehouse, sparks and fires raged throughout the area. This was the start of a huge battle and Carl knew that Ikaros was the cause of all this. She must have been corrupted and Carl hoped that her master Tomoki could return her to Japan and undo the damage that has already been done to the city.

Chapter 52

All through history, war has always been an ugly affair. People die and property destroyed, and for what reason? No one really knows. People think it's to do with land, money and resources. But for the leaders in Washington there was a whole new reason, the chance to survive.

Ikaros couldn't know what pain she was causing or the damage she was inflicting on the beautiful city. She was created to follow orders from her master and that's exactly what she intended to do. Face to face with a primitive-downer-helicopter, Ikaros found it hard to lash back. Its relentless bombardment of hot shells had weakened her Aegis Shield and the striking rockets had plunged her off course. She needed to strike back.

Tomoki and Carl stared in awe as they approached the disaster zone that was ablaze with flames, which curled up in a flicker of yellow light and black noxious smoke that choked the area in a deadly smokescreen. Wrecked buildings and craters surrounded the Whitehouse in a landscape that made it almost impossible for anyone to approach.

The two stunned individuals watched closely as Ikaros lashed out with rockets that materialized from thin air. Supersonic jets screeched across the sky and released their deadly arsenal, which rained down over Ikaros' head. Unprepared for the surprise attack, she was thrown into the Hotel Sofitel, located near the Lafayette Square behind the Whitehouse.

Ikaros felt the deadly impact and because her Aegis Shield encased her in an impenetrable bubble, she was able to surf the shockwave into some unlucky building. She whooshed aside the fallen walls and returned to her feet. Dead bodies and electrical sparks sparkled down from the floors. She homed in on the supersonic jets. Feeling the rage deep inside her reactor and the overall desire to kill, she materialized her preferred weapon (her bow and arrow) and let loose. The jets banked, swerved and corkscrewed in the air to evade the deadly weapons, but Ikaros had no mercy for them and sealed their fate by guiding her arrows to their targets. One by one the jets fell from the sky in a fireball that blew up into several mushroom clouds down the street. Satisfied with the result, she refocused her attention to the lone helicopter that hovered over the Whitehouse. It only shone a powerful spotlight on the area, but she wanted to take out the object that offered the most resistance and prevented her from reaching the Uranus System.

Still, as she continued to relentlessly fire her rockets at the lone helicopter, Ikaros was surprised at how ineffective her attacks were. The helicopter would somehow find a way to dodge the attacks, even if the rockets were carefully guided by herself. Judging from her observations, the human contraption had excellent maneuvering capabilities.

With time dwindling away and her mission firmly set in her mind, Ikaros had to decide if it was worth attacking this obstacle.

Hank dodged more and more weapons fire as this creature continued to cause havoc. Luckily the American and Russian present had been loaded on the emergency chopper and it was slowly taking off. Hank had to keep that creature busy, but he had a feeling that this 'thing of the sky' was only holding back her true potential.

Hank looked towards his co-pilot who was rooted to his seat in terror. He appeared lost in his own panic and unable to understand the dilemma they faced. He was a military man and Hank jerked him out of his trance-like state. Together they kept the chopper in the sky, but it wouldn't be long until the two pilots received help from other units.

Carl refused to stand around and let the battle unfold unhindered. The group walked closer to the bubbling Haupt Fountains and Carl decided to give Gamma and Harpy their own commands. He was apprehensive at first. He didn't want his own Angeloid involved in the battle, but Carl had no choice. "Gamma, Harpy, can you stop Ikaros?"

"If you order Gamma, we're confident in success," replied Harpy as she stared towards Ikaros and her constant bombardment at the lone helicopter, that seemed to hold its own airspace. She hoped Ikaros would eliminate that contraption quickly and felt a rush of sadistic pleasure.

"Gamma, I want you to disable Ikaros and help Nymph reprogram her back to her formal self. Can you do that?"

"Yes master, I'll try."

Both Ambush Angeloids extended their wings and took to the night sky with their Prometheus cannons deployed. The metallic cannon that replaced their hands should have caused some discomfort and obstruction. But as Carl looked on, the Angeloids flew with fluidic grace unhindered by such things.

Tomoki listened to the rhythm of the background noise and allowed his mind to drift into chaos. He could not understand why his own Angeloid would do such a thing. The cries from the public, the demolition of buildings would have been something out of a nightmare. But every time he pinched his hand or closed his eyes, he was still living the nightmare.

He eventually opened his eyes and saw Carl walking towards him with a data pad in his hands.

"I'm sorry Tomoki, the video shows Ikaros being brainwashed. The interrogation team searched the oilrig and found positive evidence supporting this. It looks like it was very intrusive." Carl hovered the data pad in Tomoki's view and the video was played. The footage was so painful for the young man to watch that he closed his eyes and strolled into the shadow of a nearby tree.

Carl turned towards the huge monument in the center of the park and thought long and hard about his mission. He was supposed to take Ikaros back with him, but there was no way he could do that now. He became familiar with Tomoki and the gang and even had a fling with Mikako. It seems like his mission had turned into a pointless game which only added one question, what was he supposed to do? But as he gazed at the highest point of the monument, a dazzling flash indicated Gamma and Harpy had begun their battle and Carl saw the lone helicopter take more than its fair share of fire.

High above the ground, where the stars struggled to shine through the dusty clouds, Hank fought to control his Apache Longbow and continued to aim his Longbow Hellfire air-to-surface missiles at the strange creature. It continued to fire something that looked like rockets at him. He strafed left and right and the quick maneuverability of the helicopter managed to dodge every strike. But one stray blast

struck the back and caused the helicopter to spiral out of control. But Hank was a trained pilot and knew how to control any damaged system.

But much to his surprise he could not believe who joined the battle. Struggling to determine which side the new combatants were on, Hank was almost vaporized when a superheated fireball hit the main creature head on.

Ideas flooded into his mind and it was soon apparent that the two winged angels, that joined the battle, were after the first angel too. Perhaps the United States had created a group of these *things* and one of them had gone rogue. But one thing was for sure, the battle continued to tear up the surrounding landscape and both parties seemed to have little interest in the damage they were causing.

Blast after blast, from the Ambush Angeloids, continued to miss Ikaros with deadly consequences. With each miss, the fireball ploughed into the surrounding buildings, causing chaos and devastation on a scale no one had seen before.

Renwick Gallery was the first to go up in a plumb of smoke. The building that stood the test of time finally succumbed to its fate and continued to burn when an incinerating fireball struck it. With its raging inferno in the background, the Gallery lit up the night sky like a second sun, displaying the second unsuccessful attack upon Ikaros by Gamma.

Struck dead center in the chest, Ikaros could not counteract the initial blast and was catapulted into the Whitehouse. The aftershock from the impact created in an awe-inspiring blast that engulfed the entire square in a pyroclastic cloud. It left nothing, as if a volcano blew its top off in the center of the Whitehouse.

Tomoki rushed forward towards the outer gates, placing his hands on his cheeks almost crying himself silly. Tomoki saw his angel, someone he'd grown fond of, take a direct hit and fall to the ground in a ball of fire. Then as if fate was tormenting him, the young man witnessed the area erupt in a raging fire. He felt hopeless and knew his Angeloid couldn't survive that. But something drew in his attention, like a voice from within his soul. With his head nestled in his hands, Tomoki slowly looked up and saw Ikaros casually walking out, like she was leaving a hot spring in the dead of night. Tomoki wanted to rush over and hug Ikaros, but Carl held him back with a warning.

"Tomoki! Your Angeloid has been reprogrammed. She'll kill you the moment you set foot in there."

Tomoki rejected Carl's hand, "She's my responsibility. I must stop her. She won't hurt me!"

Even though his words were short and straight to the point, Carl could almost relate to Tomoki's grief. What if Gamma behaved the same way? Well, Carl was not that close with his Angeloid and perhaps the result would have been different, but the principal was still the same. Here was a young man who loved his angel, and his Angeloid had gone crazy.

Still, none of that mattered while both individuals watched the afterburners from a bunch of missiles streak away from the helicopter.

Then sirens slowly filtered through the din of collapsed buildings and raging fires. To their surprise, police cruisers pulled up from H Street, 17th Street and G Street. Doors opened and teams of police officers spilled out, ready with their weapons drawn. With direct communication to the helicopter and observing the battle with the unknown creature, the police officers opened fire on Ikaros and engulfed her in a storm of bullets.

Ikaros was attacked from all sides and she slowly rotated her head and surveyed the situation. Shells continued to bounce off her Aegis Shield but the helicopter had stopped firing. She extended her wings and decided to return the favor by releasing all hell on Earth.

Once she had extended her arms and her wings had expanded to their outer most points, she let loose with all the missiles she could create. Shooting out in all directions, only a handful of missiles struck the two Ambush Angeloids. Sadly, Ikaros's anger was focused towards the humans, as if she remembered a deep hatred for them, or something she'd done before.

Like a scene from a police action movie, the missiles rained down on the armed men. Squad cars blew out in all directions, hitting the buildings like ping-pong balls and ending up several blocks down the street. Those that survived had to run for their lives as stray missiles struck the overhead buildings, creating a wash of broken glass and falling metal.

Fires that started out as small spits slowly engulfed the local parks, burning the already dead citizens of the city. Burned and charred, the area sank into a slumber of deadly ash, uninhabitable and intimidating. Fire crews finally arrived on the scene and tried in vain to contain the damage and put out the fire, but even valiant men who save lives everyday were in the crosshairs of Ikaros.

The Ronald Reagan building and the International Trade Center were the next casualties of war. Gamma managed to score a direct hit on Ikaros, sending her flying across President's Park, into the building near 14th Street.

Now Carl was in the mist of the battle. Even though his location was safe, deadly chunks of hot rubble still rained down, heightening his awareness that they were only small targets in a huge game. The air smelled of ash, his skin burned and his eyes stung. Carl felt the hot ash in his hair and Tomoki was struggling to control himself. Sohara had to control her own fear, but was more worried about calming Tomoki, who still tried to wrap his head around the current disaster. Still, far away in the distance, bellowing explosions and police sirens echoed throughout the city. But even Eishiro Sugata knew the police force was no match for Ikaros.

"Carl," Eishiro began. "We must find shelter immediately."

Carl turned and replied, "We're stuck out in the middle of nowhere, where do you suggest we go?"

"Look!" Eishiro pointed towards the Organization of American States.

It was an impressive building hiding behind greenery and displaying two huge flags on the end of poles, it looked like a stable and old building, but anywhere was better than here. Still they had to run fast and it was still a distance to travel.

"I'm sure the place is evacuated by now and unlocked." Carl grabbed Tomoki and they legged it towards the building.

Carl thought it was pure luck that they stumbled near Constitution Avenue. If they were near the Washington Monument, it would have been a dangerous journey. However, as the group passed the DC Canal Lock House they saw tanks and military vehicles pass by.

With most of the streets closed, military vehicles and M1 Abrams tanks roared off the Southwest Freeway and clamored around the park area. They waited for nothing. Huge rattling explosions from M68A1 rifled gun fired high explosive anti-tank rounds that continued to level the already destroyed Ronald Reagan building in

which Ikaros had been blasted into. For good measure, another tank lit up the area by firing its white phosphorus rounds and set the building alight.

However, blast after blast was met with a devastating response. Ikaros flew out of the burning rubble and tossed the armored vehicles up and down the Agricultural Grounds Park like toy cars.

Then she changed her posture, dug into the ground and began to flap her wings towards the Washington Monument. Her progressed flapping began to stir up the air, which began to create a hurricane-sized storm that blew down the park. It uprooted trees and became so powerful; the remaining tanks took to the air.

As Carl took shelter inside the Organization of American States, he watched the mighty towering Monument bend, sheer, buckle and collapse under the tremendous storm Ikaros had created with her wings.

Rubble from the Washington Monument was hurled all the way down the park, sprinkling the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool with brick and dust. Trees were uprooted and left on the grass and several buildings along Constitution Avenue had their fronts ripped off, allowing the storm to suck out the hiding inhabitants like some ghostly hand from the heavens.

It took a moment for some direct hits to distract Ikaros, but once she was fighting other forces, Gamma flew down to check up on Carl.

"Master, are you unharmed?"

Carl studied the remark and then focused his gaze at the Armageddon all around him. He saw Mikako struggling to her feet and felt the urge to help her. But his recent experience told him that she'd probably kill him for being so close. Besides, she *wanted* to kill him. Let the bitch suffer.

Still, Carl was unable to find Eishiro but Sohara's efforts to help Tomoki created a lot of noise outside the building. Carl looked back towards Gamma and he knew what had to be done. "Gamma, you must stop Ikaros."

"Yes my master."

Carl jumped onto Gamma as an overhead blast flattened everything. Like an atmospheric nuke going off, roofs were ripped off and Carl felt the heat from the flash simmer on his skin. He looked up and saw Harpy plummeting to the ground in a ball of feathers, but a direct shell hit from a newly arrived tank caught Ikaros off guard.

Unprepared for the arrival of another human vehicle, Ikaros was once again blasted into another building. But the blast was so powerful, she was blasted across the other side of the park straight through the Smithsonian Institution and she continued into the adjacent building. Both buildings still stood, but when Ikaros finally came to a stop after digging a huge ditch across 4th Street NW, she was furious.

She hovered in the air, then after a moment, glided over to the Spring Grotto and made herself comfortable for the main event. Ikaros built her power to the maximum. The area around her body swelled up in a small tornado and anything that was within ten meters was sucked up and blown away. But that was miniscule compared to the energy she released shortly afterwards.

Everything within two hundred meters was vaporized into a dark crater, leaving Ikaros hovering in the wake. In response, and something that surprised Ikaros again, artillery fire from Constitution Avenue redirected her fury. She was confused at how and why the downers could create such fierce resistance. The last time she was face to face with a human army, she obliterated them without so much as a scratch to her Aegis Shield. Now, however it looked like the humans learned

from the past and made bigger weapons. In a fit of rage towards the constant bombardment, and inability to attack and kill her target, she surrounded the entire area in a long jet blast that incinerated and destroyed everything in one direction. She also leveled Union Station for good measure.

Carl opened the door to an abandoned taxicab and hurried everybody onboard. He thought it was time to do something about the situation and Nymph had run off scared. Mikako was in bad shape too and he assumed that it wasn't his reluctance to help her earlier on; still he did feel sorry for her.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it. Why am I here? Why is Ikaros doing this?" Sohara sobbed.

Tomoki placed a supportive hand on Sohara's shoulder and watched through the window. Buildings continued to fall all around them. News helicopters and military vehicles gathered around the besieged area. Tomoki knew that everything humanly possible was being done and Ikaros had not seen the full force of the human military. He still wished he could contact her directly and command her to stop. But from the video footage, this was impossible because he knew that his precious angel had been reprogrammed.

Carl turned on the taxi's radio and almost immediately the news presenter bellowed out cries of terrorism and Russian involvement. He knew the situation was only going to get worse, so he had to do something before Ikaros leveled the entire city.

But where was Nymph? That was the one question that slowly dug itself out from Carl's mind. Then Gamma chimed in as she sat in the passenger seat of the cab. "Master," Tomoki and Sohara slipped in the back, causing Gamma to pause slightly. "I saw Ei-kun taking her away."

"Away? What do you mean?" Carl stopped his car, checked the route and looked directly at Gamma.

"Just away," she pointed towards the Lincoln Memorial.

"What the hell is he up to..." Carl mumbled to himself. He had enough problems to deal with and having one of his team members... No not his team. But still, Carl felt responsible for the safety of the group. A rule that was brought down from his military training and now was being put to the test in the most unorthodox way possible. He clenched the wheel of the vehicle and decided not to let the incident get to him. But as he lowered the driver side window to talk to Mikako, he found the purple haired beauty intermingling with the military personnel who were more than willing to share their weapons with her.

"Mikako, get in the car. Eishiro has taken Nymph and we're going after him."

"My, my, my. Are you trying to become a taxi driver now?" Mikako exclaimed sexually, holding the rifle in her hands and posing like a requirement model for the local military campaign.

Carl ignored the remark and studied the young woman who appeared to be acting childish and out of character. "What are you doing? Ikaros is leveling the city and you're reasserting your alter ego on the military boys? Grow up."

Mikako pointed her gun at Carl and fought back the urge to kill him. "I give you my word that I won't kill you. But you're trying my patience now, Carl."

Carl didn't flinch, but a huge flash in the background indicated Ikaros had just destroyed something and Harpy was struggling with the battle. Carl gave orders. "Gamma, continue to help Harpy, but monitor the military frequencies for any messages I'll give you. Also don't kill Ikaros or yourself."

Gamma acknowledged his orders before she disappeared into the night sky. But Mikako was still in a world of her own, as if some crazy character possessed her.

"Are you coming with us?" His question was blunt and simple. But judging from her uninterested reaction, Carl decided that she was able to look after herself. He put the vehicle into gear and raced down Constitution Avenue towards Lincoln Memorial.

It only took a few minutes to arrive, then a few more minutes to find Nymph, but by the time they'd arrived at the location, Carl spotted Eishiro acting very suspiciously.

Once he stopped the vehicle on the one-way system, Tomoki stepped out and raced over to Nymph. Carl was not far behind and he noticed the area cleared of people. He knew the reason, but it was still an eerie feeling being alone.

"Nymph, what's wrong?" exclaimed Tomoki.

"This is too much," said Nymph, resting her head on her hands. "I'm not programmed to handle this destruction. Why is Ikaros killing everyone?"

Tomoki knelt down beside her while more flashes of destruction bellowed throughout the skyline. "I don't know Nymph, but I think it's time to find out."

Carl interjected. "What were you doing with Nymph?" Carl thought that question was understatement. He did see Eishiro with Nymph, but the scene he saw was that of an older man bent over and harassing a young girl, something he thought was very strange and demanded a more direct question. But what is said was said.

Eishiro turned sharply to Carl, as if he was insulted by the comment. "What do you mean by that statement?"

"The statement is exactly how I saw it. And from my location it wasn't good." Carl drew closer to Nymph. "Why's Nymph here? Why are you here? This place is the Lincoln Memorial, hardly worth any attention."

Eishiro pushed up his glasses, calculated Carl emotional state and noticed Tomoki in the background listening intensely.

"That's enough Carl. Eishiro's our teacher and I promised Nymph that we'll rescue Ikaros and bring her home," Tomoki interjected. He stepped forward, kneeling down beside Nymph.

The young man could understand the Angeloid's position. Alone on this world and the only friend that was like her, Ikaros, had gone completely insane and was now destroying the very world she wanted to stay on. She risked everything to escape the Synapse and live a peaceful simple life, as he once did. Now however it seems that trouble always finds them, like metal to a magnet. Still, Carl was not helping matters and the last thing Tomoki wanted was another out of control Angeloid.

Meanwhile, Hank still had a job to do. Hovering over the ruined park, he tracked the last known location of the flying creatures. It wasn't long until he was over 5th Street, near Capitol Hill.

The area was clear except for abandoned vehicles scattered up and down the road. Buildings were damaged and the street itself looked like a battleground.

Hank maneuvered the chopper towards the flashing lights in the distance and discovered the creatures fighting. There were three of them, again.

Using hand-to-hand combat, Ikaros received a deadly kick and was sent hurtling towards the nearest shop. Harpy swooped down and dragged Ikaros' still form out onto the street. But Ikaros only paused her attack until the right moment, which was now.

In the process of being dragged, Ikaros got up, spun around, grabbed Harpy's head in a vice-like lock and tossed her like a rag doll back onto the street. Refusing to let go, Harpy deliberately forced Ikaros along with the momentum; she didn't want to go down alone.

Gamma prepped her Prometheus cannon and watched the two Angeloids hurtle objects at each other. When Ikaros picked up a double decker bus and tossed it into the air towards Harpy, Gamma stepped in. Using her Prometheus cannon, the blast blew up the bus in a raging fireball. Ikaros saw the return of Gamma and decided to connect with her Uranus System. But Hank arrived in his chopper and leveled the area with rockets. In the raging firestorm, nothing could survive.

Military teams rushed in from all sides, blocking all escape routes. Hard men in hats and jackets jumped from their protected vehicles and set up mortar and rocket positions. Heavy artillery personnel setup their M134 Minigun's and took up positions around the area.

What was left of Union Station quickly became the headquarters of the new campaign to squash this invasion and most of the area had already been evacuated.

A smoke cloud began to sink heavily over the area and made visibility that much harder. New tanks rolled in, equipped with flamethrowers and more heavily armored rockets. Teams received word that a whole fleet of F-22 Raptor's and helicopters were on their way and should be on the scene within moments. Everyone was confident that the creatures would be stopped.

But Ikaros had her orders and nothing was going to stand in her way. With her Aegis Shield deployed, she stepped out of the inferno and was instantly besieged by the M134 Minigun firing. Sparks, hot ash and smoke bellowed into the air concealing Ikaros behind a wall of unstable destruction, the perfect camouflage against the downers. But she had to act fast. The constant barrage of 7.62 mm shells continued to drain her shield and she knew it wouldn't last long. The humans had done well with their military advancements. But it wasn't good enough. But before she could release more of her rockets, several direct hits to the towering building behind herself caused it to fall down, covering her completely in rubble.

Brickwork and smoke quickly engulfed the area while all the teams stood ready. It was an eerie silence once more that kept everyone on edge. Young soldiers with itchy trigger fingers gripped their weapons nervously. Everyone waited for any sign of movement, they knew the creature was under the rubble, but was she dead?

Gamma and Harpy floated in the air, giving the military much to awe about. They were glad the two *other* creatures were on their side. But still, a select few still kept a watchful eye on them.

While Hank circled the ruined area that was barely lit by streetlights, he saw movement within it. Military personnel scuttled in all directions as they reloaded their weapons and tanks moved in through the dirty and rubble-strewn streets.

Ikaros emerged with such fury; she cleared all the rubble from the street with one swift blast. Military crews could not keep up. They opened fire and the deadly Angeloid released a torrent of missiles that went everywhere, as if someone dumped a bee's nest into a room filled with people.

Tanks buckled, people exploded and buildings came crashing down. A raging inferno swept through the area and Hank could do nothing but watch the disaster unfold. What would it take to put this creature down?

Loud sounds of specialist vehicles rolled in and released streams of flames from their cannons. All around, horrid sounds that mimicked human screaming

erupted from the flame-flowers as they tried in vain to incinerate Ikaros. Hank was so spooked by the screaming flamethrowers that he moved his chopper away from the area. The only time he'd heard such screams was from old video footage taken during the World War one era.

Completely engulfed in flames, Hank knew the creature, or anything for that matter couldn't have survived that. He continued to circle and listen to the reports.

"This is bravo team," short click on the radio. "We've confirmed the target is smothered in flames. No movement."

"Roger that bravo team, military escort is en route. ETA five minutes. Move back to hold point and..."

The team's commander interjected. Hank could hear disbelief in the tone. "Wait sir. I-I don't believe it. T-The target, it's moving."

Hank steered the helicopter back towards the original location and listened to the chatter change to screams and gunfire. He saw the winged creature step out of the flames like some daemon from the underworld. With unnatural powers beyond his understanding, the creature responded with even more fury that began to annoy Hank. *Just how much power does this thing have?*

Ikaros was angry and was more than willing to show it to the downers. She failed to kill her target and the humans kept on coming. They even tried to burn her. But that failed, no human could overcome the Aegis Shield and she had plenty more to show. As if she didn't require any concentration, the charred rubble swirled up in an upheaval of wind and energetic light. With a simple point with her finger, the built up storm blasted the human resistance away, leaving the area clear for a moment.

Still, the annoying helicopter remained and it carried on with its barrage. Smoke, sparks and explosions continued to scatter all around her and now Ikaros decided to focus all her attention on this individual.

Hank didn't knew, how could he? But from his assessment of the current situation, the creature was after him now. It reminded him about his past and his nasty habits of getting on peoples nerves.

However, a directed plasma burst that narrowly missed his helicopter indicated that he was now the sole target of this creature's fury. Hank saw the deck of dust burst open like a blister and the winged creature storm out like a hawk diving for its prey.

With swift movements, Hank steered the chopper back down towards the city. It was obvious to him that his helicopter was now the primary target. He knew that if he could distract the creature long enough, the military might be able to come up with some kind of plan to defeat her.

Jetting past the United States Capitol building, Hank ducked and weaved through the parks, trees and the buildings along Independence Avenue. But warning signs began to light up as one of the rockets struck the engine.

With dramatic warning sirens and flashing red lights, Hank and the others had no choice but to ditch the chopper any way they could. Luckily the helicopter was close to the ground and Hank's crews were able to jump to safety. Hank had to make sure the doomed chopper did not crash into the team, he stayed behind to steer it away and make a controlled landing.

Upon ditching the stranded wreck inside West Potomac Park, Hank took a moment to survey the land. He was completely gob-smacked towards the

destruction of the Washington Monument and felt a sense of anger towards the creature. Why did she cause so much destruction? He was incised to do something; he couldn't just sit around and let that devilish creature get away with it. But he was without a vehicle and the only thing moving was a yellow taxicab screeching down Independence Avenue.

Carl pressed the accelerator hard; he wanted to get to the scene of the disturbance before any more damage could be done to the rest of the city. Tomoki had an idea, and Carl hoped he was up to the task of returning Ikaros to her former self. From the stories he told, Tomoki was very fond of the Angeloid and it was his responsibility to look after his gift from the sky. It was a tale he could relate to because he was given something from the sky.

The roar of the engine indicated that they were going fast, very fast. Carl swerved and missed numerous damaged and burned out vehicles that happen to get in Ikaros' path. Sooner or later, Carl knew the road would be blocked somewhere. But he always looked on the bright side of life. What if the road was clear? *Think of all the time I could save.*

As they drove past the Smithsonian Institution Carl saw three figures dancing in the sky like a group of birds on a mating dance. Sparks and streams of fire streaked across the sky in a dazzling display of fireworks. Several green and yellow blasts struck Ikaros and she fell to the ground like a bird, shot out of the sky. After a short pause, an earthquake shook the vehicle and a rising plumb of smoke indicated the Ikaros impact zone.

Carl assumed it came from the general area of Pennsylvania Avenue and Marion Park. Carl increased his speed and it wasn't long until they were at the location. As if a small asteroid had impacted the area, a small crater covered part of the park and the adjacent street.

Once Carl pulled the vehicle over to the side of the road, Tomoki leaped out without thinking. He was determined to see his Angeloid and a small skirmish broke out after Carl tried to stop him.

Gamma, in her graceful form -albeit a little worn because of the battle with Ikaros- floated down to assist her master. She fought as hard as she could, but she felt sad that she was unable to fulfill her master's orders.

They glanced over towards the center of the crater and waited tentatively for the swirling dust and smoke to settle. The haunting form of Ikaros stood motionless like a zombie.

It was that moment that Carl realized that they'd strayed too far from any cover. The buildings were too far away and to make matters worse, he could not locate any form of transport or weapon to defend themselves with.

However, without thought or fear for his own safety, Tomoki broke the line and rushed over to Ikaros. He stumbled and wobbled on delicate feet, battling to climb over rubble to get to his Angeloid.

She stood motionless and waited like a cat waiting to pounce on a delicate bird feeding on the ground. She could see Tomoki approaching, but for Ikaros, he was just a normal human. A downer.

As Tomoki gained ground, he, himself could sense a change in her. Still, it did nothing to discourage the young man. He felt brave and indestructible; nothing was going to stop him now. But before he had the chance to gain ground, a hand grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back.

Tomoki turned towards Nymph and was about to argue, but she gestured towards Ikaros with a pointed finger and the young man could clearly see a ghostly aura about her.

Tomoki paused his outburst and studied Ikaros for a moment. But he decided to approach regardless of Nymph's warning. "Ikaros, it's me. Tomoki. Do you remember?"

She did not answer.

"I'm your master. Why are you doing this? You cannot kill any more people. I know you Ikaros, you are not like this."

Ikaros still said nothing, but her only response was a fluff of her wings in the slight breeze. Nymph watched as Tomoki approached Ikaros, but she could not shake the bad feeling that swelled deep within her. She knew that all Angeloids must follow their master's orders and perhaps that command is so embedded that Ikaros would not kill him.

Still, she knew something was wrong and her worst fears had been confirmed once Tomoki stumbled into arms reach. Ikaros grabbed a jagged object and attempted to stab him with it. But she foresaw the danger and did the only thing she could do in such an occasion. She activated her paradise song and like a blast from a fireman's hose, a stream of hot plasma exploded out of her mouth and blew Ikaros over to the other side of the park.

Nymph's song had incinerated everything, leaving a huge hole in one of the skyscrapers behind Ikaros' last location.

Carl heaved himself up from the ground and glanced the landscape with awe; he could not believe Nymph possessed such destructive powers.

What was once a green park with tall trees and lush green grass was now a disaster zone. Once the dust slowly settled, everyone looked with mixed feelings. Ikaros slowly rose to her feet, but her murderous aura seemed more terrifying than before.

Carl needed to take the battle away from the city. From the current destruction all around him, he assumed that more lives would be lost. He looked back towards Nymph and saw her clutching onto Tomoki's arms. But Nymph was surprised at Ikaros' state of mind. She appeared worried and it was an emotion Carl knew not to ignore.

With his goal firmly set in his mind, Carl ordered Nymph to fly Tomoki away. But before she had the time to take off, Ikaros sprang out of the shadows and grabbed Nymph by her hair and suspended the delicate girl in the air.

Tomoki got involved and pushed Ikaros away, begging her to stop. Sadly, with a wave of her hand, she smacked the young man to the ground like a piece of garbage.

Next, Ikaros superheated her hands, grabbed Nymph's wings and caused severe burns to her fragile body; her wings went up in flames, burning the roots deep within her skin. She yelled in agony, slipping away from her grip. With burning pain coursing through her body, Nymph curled up on the floor in a fetal position. Ikaros hovered over her damaged form and began to stir up the air around her body.

Nymph knew her destruction was soon to come, she was about to be erased from existence and she was too injured to move.

Regret flashed through her mind. Regret about not having Tomoki as a master. Regret for not confessing her love for Tomoki and more regret for not doing anything.

Ikaros raised her hand to deliver the mortal blow. Nymph could only lie there in pain, sobbing. She was about to be murdered and Tomoki was powerless to stop her.

Chapter 53

Nymph had nowhere to go. Right before her eyes, the Angeloid she considered a friend was about to terminate her.

She remembered the time she first saw Ikaros. She remembered the time she met Tomoki and only then did she realize her unconditional love for him. She wanted Tomoki to be her master, but above all, she wanted his love.

Now, however this was all over.

Ikaros primed her weapon and Nymph began to see the superheated plasma rise up inside the barrel of her cannon. It would only require a few seconds for it to be fully charged--little unnecessary--but for Nymph, the seconds felt like hours.

With a radiant heat that could almost burn, Nymph flinched.

But then something happened.

For no reason, Ikaros powered down her weapon and stared at something in the distance. The park was a ruin and Nymph watched the transformed Angeloid walk out of sight.

Calling out her name, Tomoki rushed over to the wingless Angeloid. "Nymph, Nymph... My god, what has she done to you?"

"I'm sorry Tomoki, I was unable to hack into her mind and correct her reactor."

The eerie silence continued and the battle seemed to have stopped all around them. The human military, which has not arrived, seemed so distant and Gamma and Harpy were nowhere to be seen. Carl stood up from his hiding spot and saw Ikaros in the distance, crouching down holding something.

"Tomoki, what's your Angeloid doing?"

Tomoki looked towards Carl's pointed finger and he too saw Ikaros holding some kind of fruit.

Then it dawned on the young man. In all the time he'd been with Ikaros, she had a deep-rooted passion for the fruit. Perhaps she has begun to remember everything through the simple touch of a watermelon.

Praying that his theory was correct, Tomoki put his trust in faith and ran over to his beloved Angeloid.

Sat down on the sidewalk with the burning skyscraper behind her, Ikaros casually stroked the succulent fruit. Its skin reminded Ikaros of the green striped fruit and all the associated memories. Memories about falling to Earth. Memories about implanting her master signature and all the adventures they had together.

Then she remembered her capture and brainwashing by the strange humans in suits.

She dropped the watermelon when someone grabbed her arm. Startled, she turned and saw her master. The overlaid command to kill the United States president and the deep core protocol of following her master's every command fought for dominance.

But there was no contest. As soon as Tomoki hugged Ikaros, she blasted away the brain washing code and she slowly returned to her normal self.

Tomoki ignored all doubt and hugged her without fear or hesitation. He knew deep down in his heart that she would not hurt her master and it was that precise moment he heard Ikaros speak.

"Master, what happened to me?"

Carl crawled out of his hole, holding his Springfield rifle at an angle. "Tomoki, get away from her, she'll kill you!"

"No wait!" Tomoki shouted. "She's safe. Ikaros had wiped away the brainwashing. She's normal."

"What? Carl exclaimed, looking at the damage. "Now? Now she decides to be okay?"

Carl tossed the rifle on the ground. "She picked a fine time to quit!"

Fireballs rained from the sky and uprooted several long-standing oak trees. Gamma and Harpy primed their Prometheus cannons for some long waited revenge.

"Gamma Harpy, stand down. Ikaros is back to her normal self."

Gamma, who was Carl's master, immediately stopped her attack and stood down. But Harpy on the other hand wanted her revenge more than anything. She rose into the sky and found the right firing point. She didn't care if Tomoki was in the way, nor did she care about the humans still scurrying around on the pavement. She still had piles of hatred for the two individuals and resented Carl for his involvement with Gamma. *What cruel things did he do to that virgin Angeloid?* She would deal with him later.

Her cannon was red hot before Carl had the chance to warn Tomoki. When he tried to move, the fireball was already in the air and it would only take seconds to kill them both

By the time Tomoki looked into the eye of the incinerating ball of fire, Ikaros deployed her Aegis Shield around the both of them and the ball of fire was no more than a drop of rain on glass.

"Harpy, what the hell are you doing?" Carl yelled.

"Sorry Carl, I did not hear your command." That was her excuse.

And excuse she must use in order to stay on there side. Harpy could have gone commando and shot all her load at the group. But she knew Gamma would be ordered to protect them and she could not defeat Ikaros on her own. Also, she wanted her friend back. She wanted Gamma. Being part of the team was the only way she could get close.

However, as the group tried to piece themselves together, none of them noticed the two suited men approaching from a dark and sinister side street.

"Good evening Carl. I'm Mr Smith. I believe you have something that belongs to the United States government."

Chapter 54

The sinister looking Mr. Smith, stood with his wide-eyed assistant who was taking notes and making himself appear completely useless.

Mr Smith removed a few pieces of rubble from his John Philips suit and took a sip of milk from the glass he had with him from the restraint. He became aware of the fight just before it ended. With the battle nearby, he deliberately stalled the army and waited for the victor to win. Surprised to learn that Ikaros was back to her usual self, he couldn't let the opportunity slip past.

With the electricity out, throughout the block, his companion used a flashlight and they approached the epicenter of the battle.

Stood before him was the one thing he desired the most, that creature and his second man. Carl.

"You've done a good job in getting this far Carl. You are to be commended."

Carl said nothing. He wished he'd never dropped that rifle on the ground.

"Looks like we have added bonuses. Three more creatures. This is certainly a good day. Are there anymore where you come from?" Mr. Smith smiled as he wedged the edge of the glass into his mouth.

After he slurped down the cool liquid, Carl finally could not hold back his objection. He responded.

"I'm sorry sir, these people are not staying here and they must be returned to Japan. You've seen the damage they caused."

"I have indeed. Their weapons are most impressive." Mr Smith finished his drink and handed it over to his colleague who almost dropped it onto the floor.

"I must insist that the four of you, including you Carl, come with us."

Eishiro stepped out of the darkness and spoke his part.

Carl was puzzled, at first, because the schoolteacher--who was normally talkative--was silent throughout the battle. But his sudden involvement could only bring on an awkward stare from Mr Smith that did not rattle Eishiro.

He was swift and right to the point. "May I assume that you're Carl's contact?" he nudged the glasses up his nose and stepped forward. Mr Smith stayed still and responded.

"Yes, I'm him and you must be Eishiro Sugata. I understand that the information you gathered would help our science teams a lot. You are ordered to hand it over."

"It will not and I respectfully decline handing it over."

"And why it that Eishiro Sugata?"

"My research is for my eyes only. Humanity is not ready for such power. I will not allow it to fall into any organization. Especially not the United States government."

Mr Smith kept his cool, although Eishiro was testing his patience. With a cool, calm voice that had a slight hint of warning, he said, "who are you to judge who has the right to such information?"

Mr Smith continued, knowing he had the upper hand. "Need I remind you that you're in my territory now?"

"And what does that mean?"

"It means that I have full control over the military and they have surrounded this place." Mr Smith edged closer. "With a simple command, I could have you all imprisoned or killed. Which shall it be?"

Eishiro stood and assessed the situation. Mr Smith wished he could read Eishiro's mind, but that was only wishful thinking.

Mr. Smith felt the air cool from the smoldering fire that lit up the night sky. The battle only lasted a few minutes but the damage caused would cost the city millions in damages. There was little anyone could do to stop the fires. But Mr Smith did not care for such small matters. He wanted those Angeloids and he would stop at nothing to get them.

"Come with me please," Mr Smith asked nicely as a troop transport rolled in from a side street.

Carl looked around the area and saw jumping shadows moving within the flames and the twists of falling debris. But in the mist of smoke and boiling water, he saw teams of armed men, just waiting to make their move.

Carl whispered to Tomoki. "We should go with them, this place is surrounded."

"How can we trust you?" Tomoki snapped. "You've tried to steal Ikaros for yourself."

"That may be the truth, but I've changed my mind."

"Why?"

"Let's just say that Eishiro has a point and I agree with him. Humans are not ready for this type of thing."

"But if we enter that truck, we'll be trapped for ever?" squealed Tomoki, who was besieged with guilt and fear.

"We will be killed if we stay here. Come on; tell your Angeloids to behave themselves for now. I'm thinking of a plan."

But Carl had no plan. He followed the group into the back of the military truck and thought long and hard. Without any good opportunities available, and thousands of armed men clamoring in the shadows for the kill order, the small group reluctantly entered the vehicle and it spun off at great speed.

Mr Smith smiled. He wiped his suit and headed back into the darkness. If he were a smoking man, he would have lit up by now.

Chapter 55

The truck moved at great speed and the group that was huddled in the back had no idea where they were going. But unexpectedly, the vehicle stopped.

"We must be at our destination," Eishiro suggested, squashed next to Harpy.

But for Sohara, who was squashed next to Carl – and hating every moment of it – became overwhelmingly jealous of Tomoki. The young adventurer, who was wedged between two innocent looking Angeloids Nymph and Ikaros, took his time to savour the moment.

With his eyes peeping at the two Angeloids' breasts, the young devil felt something hard between his legs.

Ikaros spotted the strange object and grabbed it like a gear stick.

"What's this master?" Ikaros asked, probing the hard object.

Every movement sent a fire of sexual feeling throughout Tomoki's senses.

"Th-th-th..."

Ikaros continued, despite the young man's attempt to explain. "Is this some kind of defect with your body? I can easily remove it..."

Tomoki felt Ikaros' hand begin to warm. Then it was hot. Then *too* hot...

"No, no, no, Ikaros stop... It hurts..." his cries of pain brought a smile to Sohara face who was watching the entire spectacle unfold, waiting for her moment to pounce.

The little bugger's getting his punishment. She thought with excitement.

Ikaros released her deadly grip and the young man was left to recover his hot piece of manhood. The Angeloid may be dumb, but Tomoki didn't realize the extent of her knowledge. He vowed to introduce her to the world of love making once they returned home.

A sudden rustle alerted the group that someone was outside. With no weapons to defend themselves with, they waited for the inevitable.

Like some divine intervention had intervened, Carl immediately recognized the purple-haired woman who rolled up the back cover. She smiled and welcomed them. "Well, isn't this a surprise. One of the officers said he was transporting some fine specimens, but I didn't think they would include Carl as one of them." Her tone of mischief indicated she still had Carl in her crosshairs.

But now wasn't the time for such fanatics, if Carl's calculations were correct, the army would have noticed the missing vehicle and teams of heavily armed men would be hot on their trail.

"We should go, the military might have tracking on this vehicle," Carl said.

But Carl could not help but notice a small grin tugging on the corners of Mikako's mouth.

Once the group left the truck, Carl could not help but wonder why he was at a military airport. The journey alone was long and uncomfortable. But when they finally arrived at the location Carl wondered what deep motive Mikako had for bringing them here.

"Mikako, why are we at a military base? We were trying to get away from them."

"Oh, it's okay Tomoki. The plane will take us back to Japan, but Carl is being detained," Mikako said sneeringly.

She waved for some men in hard hats and heavy boots and they stormed out of the barracks like a stampede of elephants.

The C130 was stationary on the runway, ready for Mikako's command. Carl was dragged onboard while the rest walked up the gangway and slipped past the tank it was carrying.

"So, the Satsukitane family owns the military as well?" asked Tomoki.

"No, my father made arrangements with the United States air force to borrow this plane and take us back. I asked for the tank because I wanted to play with it before it was returned." Mikako stared at Carl who, was handcuffed, bound, tagged and tied up in the corner. For good measure, Mikako had thrown netting over him, but this still did not satisfy her desire after being used.

"This is a shame, I was hoping to travel first class again..." Tomoki moaned.

"The military's looking for Ikaros and the others. If we used commercial flights they would be detected in a second. So I reserved this." Mikako opened her arms, as if introducing some great artistic place.

Carl was not impressed.

But Tomoki was more interested with the challenger tank and the Angeloids huddled in the background like some kind of cadet review.

Eishiro stepped forward, as always, "does this aircraft have enough fuel to reach Japan?"

Fundamentals were not Mikako's strong side. She did not get involved with the technical aspects of her goals, nor was she interested in them. Her immediate demand was to capture Carl was the only thing she cared about.

With sadistic pleasure, she answered. "There're plenty of parachutes for us, but I'm afraid Carl doesn't have one."

Carl's eyes widened.

"That's a little harsh? Your vendetta with Carl seems little over the top," Eishiro said.

The stutter of the engines finally brought the monster alive. With a call from the pilot, everyone strapped themselves in and waited for the final countdown.

Chapter 56

The experience Carl felt as the aircraft took to the sky was always a big deal. And for him, there was nothing like the sensation of emptiness below his feet. Although he was bounded by every means possible, he still felt the rough tarmac under the aircraft's wheels, then the sudden feel of emptiness as he pictured the whole ordeal by the vibrations through the bulkhead.

Gamma clutched onto her master, as if she was afraid of flight. "Master, this is very awkward. I feel like flapping my wings..."

"I don't understand Gamma," replied Carl.

"It's our pre-programmed nature to fly in the air. When the ground is taken away, we automatically fly... I feel like we're going to fall."

Gamma removed the blanket that was covering Carl and looked into his eyes. "I'm scared master..."

Carl wanted to reassure Gamma, but his attention was soon diverted when he spotted the rest of the Angeloids struggling to adjust to the new situation.

Carl did not understand why the Angeloids were perfectly fine on a commercial aircraft and not this one. Then it slowly dawned on him. The commercial flight was filled with people and confined. Seats were everywhere and the Angeloids had to hide their wings from view. But the C130 was mostly used for transporting heavy military vehicles and there was lots of space. It wasn't necessary for the Angeloids to hide their wings from view and this could make them susceptible to basic instinct.

But Carl suddenly realized Nymph was really struggling with the situation. Younger than the others, she was inexperienced with confining her emotions. She had no wings and this made matters even worse.

Before Carl knew it, she struggled, screamed and rolled around the floor.

Suddenly the aircraft shook violently, throwing its passengers around like matchstick dolls.

When Carl finally recovered from his minor injuries, he managed to free himself and rushed over to the cockpit.

The plane was a mess. Boxes scattered on the floor and crates littered the main area making it an obstacle course. With the tank slightly dislodged from his holding clamps, Carl thought it had crushed someone. Red marks on the gray cold metal only added to his suspicion, but upon closer inspection, it was only paint.

Relieved, he found the purple-haired beauty lying on the floor. He couldn't help but offer his assistance.

"Get off me!" Mikako yelled. "How dare you! How did you break free?"

"I have my ways." Carl replied.

"I bet. So, what happened?"

"Not sure. Looks like this aircraft was attacked by something." Carl moved away from Mikako, just in case she decided to assault him. "We better get to the flight deck and find out what happened."

With the aircraft back on track, Carl, Eishiro and Tomoki both climbed towards the flight deck, expecting the worst. The United States military was chasing them, which meant that they had very little time and an aircraft this size was one easy target.

But the view they saw, once they arrived on the flight deck, was completely unexpected. As if they had traveled through some kind of rift in the sky, the aircraft

was no longer traveling over the United States. In fact, there wasn't even any ground and this made Carl uneasy.

What's going on, he thought.

"Look!" exclaimed Tomoki, pointing at something through the window. "that's in my dreams..."

Carl looked towards the area Tomoki was pointing and he could not believe what he was seeing.

Suspended in the sky like small artificial islands, huge landmasses were interwoven with many different structures that floated in the sky. The clouds skimmed the objects and strange shapes were seen inside the floating islands.

They were too far to see, but when they got closer, the incomprehensible objects soon turned into tall lifeless pyramids and medieval buildings resembling castles and palaces.

The closest island slowly came into view and covering the land was a rich forest. A small village was seen from a distance, but the group would have to assess the dangers themselves if they decided to go down.

Ikaros appeared out from nowhere and startled everyone. "This is the Synapse, this is where I was created."

Tomoki stared at Ikaros, but the main question that was on Carl's mind had to be asked. "I don't understand. How did we get here?"

"Only Nymph can create a portal that allows us to enter the dreams of others. Nymph was very scared with this flight." Ikaros replied. "She must have accidentally opened a portal to our world."

Still, that news was not going to help their situation. For now the group thought they were safe, but a strange object in the sky was spotted in the distance.

"What's that?" asked Carl. "It appears to be coming this way."

"Do the Angeloids know we're here?" asked the Eishiro. Tomoki stood up to the window and looked hard at the approaching object.

"That almost looks like Gamma and Harpy..." Tomoki said.

"That's impossible," exclaimed Harpy, who overheard Tomoki and stepped on the cockpit. "We're the only copies."

But as the crowded group looked out of the window, a duplicate copy of the two raced towards the huge C130 that was roaring through the sky like an unstoppable juggernaut. It didn't take them long to traverse their gap, but once they were within range they attacked the unwanted aircraft without provocation.

Chapter 57

Eishiro turned out to be the most intelligent one at that precise moment. He ordered Ikaros to deploy her Aegis Shield around the aircraft. Without it, he was sure the incinerating fireball would have destroyed the wing or severely damaged the aircraft.

But his order was received with some delay, while Ikaros looked around like a lost child, waiting for the command from her master.

Without delay, Tomoki re-issued the order and the shield appeared in the form of individual cells that connected to each other around the area the fireball was going to strike.

Within a hair's length, the shield deployed and the fireball immediately struck, causing some backwash of heat towards the hull of the C130.

With only a slight vibration affecting the aircraft, this did not stop the other Gamma and Harpy from firing more volleys.

Strike after strike impacted Ikaros' shield and nobody knew how long she could hold out. She managed to take on the entire United States Military and survive a direct fight with the real Gamma and Harpy. But as the volleys intensified, even the vibrations on the hull became louder and noticeable.

"Are you okay Ikaros?" Tomoki asked.

"Yes master, I am regenerating the shield."

"Can you do anything to stop the other Angeloids?"

"Not from inside the aircraft. I would need to fly outside and engage them directly."

"But if you did that, you would have to lower the shield, correct?"

"Yes Master."

"What about if someone went outside and fought them?" Tomoki asked, grasping at any idea.

"I still need to lower the shield."

The C130 still carried on through the barrage of fireballs and impacts, like it was the belly of the beast with nothing--even from hell--could stop it. This monster of human engineering, equipped with Ikaros' shield roared on directly towards the two cloned Angeloids. Once it closed the gap, the C130 looked a lot bigger than the attacking Angeloids first thought. Out sizing them on a colossal scale they failed to damage it, or slow it down.

The Gamma and Harpy copies stared in awe as this aircraft gunned for them. With the loud roar of the engines now in hearing range, they could no longer hear themselves chatter. Even the air became unimaginably loud with the full thrust from the four Rolls-Royce Turboprop engines.

Before they could decide on what course of action they should take, the full force from the beast rocketed past them at 362 knots, blasting them away in all directions.

Carl looked at them through the windows on the flight deck and watched the Angeloids fall into oblivion, with no ground; he assumed they would fall forever. But just as he almost lost track of them, they extended their wings and began their deadly assault again.

Without any weapons, the C130 was a flying target and Ikaros could not keep up the barrier forever, especially with more enemy Angeloids joining the challenge.

"This does not look good," Carl murmured under his breath.

"You got that right," Sohara interjected, hitting Tomoki on the head.

“Waah! What’s that for?” Tomoki exclaimed.

“You sent us here, you can send us back.”

“How? I don’t know how we got here!”

Multiple impacts began to rock the aircraft, but Ikaros was still in her defense mode, recharging the shield.

“Go and tell Nymph to bring us back to our world. Earth... Not the moon,” Sohara demanded.

“Where is Nymph?”

“She’s down below, stupid.”

“I am not stupid!” screamed Tomoki. “I had nothing to do with this.”

“Will you two shut up,” Carl demanded. “Ikaros is busy trying to protect the aircraft. Tomoki, go below and convince Nymph to return us to our own world.”

Tomoki eventually had no choice but to leave the flight deck in search of Nymph. There wasn’t much to look at below, just a huge empty space that was sparsely lit. But the constant bombardment on the edge of the hull created eerie sounds, which echoed around the huge chamber.

Nymph must be down here somewhere. Tomoki thought. Then the thought of a poor defenseless girl popped into his mind. Thoughts about the blue-haired beauty curled in a corner with her hands to her ears crying for her master. Him.

He was so happy that he jumped off the climbing rungs onto the main deck. With hot eyes and excited feel to the whole idea, he went on the prowl, for the young Angeloid.

Chapter 58

Huddled in the corner behind a stacked pile of boxes and crates, Nymph was doing exactly what Tomoki expected.

She leaned on the bulkhead wall, with her feet curled tight against her stomach. Her pink underwear was clearly visible and Tomoki felt a rush of excitement down below. But even for a young man with wild fantasies knew that he had to draw the line somewhere. So, he needed to act like an adult and comfort her.

After all, she was the only one that can send them back, and he needed to calm her down. He walked over to Nymph, knelt down in front of her and watched as she lifted up her head, exposing her gorgeous blue eyes and succulent round lips. The antenna that covered her ears glowed with a radiant energy against the darkness and Tomoki could not hold back his desire for this young female. He was a young man after all and this was the perfect opportunity to show his compassion and feel a soft tender girl at the same time.

Even the small uniform she wore showed her entire leg and it made him rise to the occasion. But still, seeing tears in her eyes and the shivering body, Tomoki clearly had to calm her down.

He came closer and her sweet smell of scented hair and radiant glow of her skin were clearly affecting the young man.

In a momentary lapse of concentration, Nymph jumped on top Tomoki and held him tight. This was the moment he dreamed about. To be able to have a young girl pressed so hard against his body. Her legs wrapped around his waist and her skirt just covered her pink underwear as she sat right above his genitals.

Tomoki could not hold back any longer. With the perfect recipe for arousal he felt an overwhelming urge to take her. He shuddered as a barrage of burning arrows shot to his groin.

Nymph held Tomoki tight as the sounds of explosions and vibrations scared the poor Angeloid. But as she held even tighter, she was unaware of Tomoki's urges reaching its apex.

Her head was next to his and Tomoki felt the uncontrollable urge to move his hand around her back, but instead of holding her back, his uncontrollable state forced him to place his hand on the back of her bottom.

The immediate feel of her firm round bum sent even more uncontrollable feelings to his head. Unable to move his hand, as if it was frozen in place, Tomoki recorded in his mind every texture of her cyber suit, every variation of temperate, even the aura of energy that came from her butt cheeks.

Even with his hand noticeably on her butt, Nymph was too scared to notice, or realize the immediate problem she was causing.

However, Sohara, who was standing at the top of the ladder, watched the whole ordeal unfold and her wrath was soon to follow.

"Tomoki!" She yelled! "I did not tell you to find Nymph so you make babies with her!"

Ikaros overheard the comment, understood what she meant and momentary dropped the shield around the aircraft. Her initial shock at learning that her master was mating with Nymph sent her into a freefall of sorrow. But she soon realized that they could not possibly do things like that in the time he was gone and in the middle of a battle.

However, in the split second Ikaros was calculating the time needed to make love and then find Nymph, the damage was already done.

Before anyone noticed the shield was down, two fireballs that were propelled at the C130 smashed into the hull and ripped huge chunks out of the main deck.

Decompression rushed through the place and everything went up in a storm. Ikaros was still in her trance-like state trying to work out why Nymph was sitting on top of her master, but the more she thought, the more damage was done to the huge aircraft.

More blasts struck the aircraft's body and with the knowledge of the shield offline, the Angeloids on the outside smelled the blood of a wounded pray and went crazy.

Chapter 59

The Lockheed Martin C-130J "Super" Hercules was one of the successful aircraft in the Hercules family. Also the Hercules class plane has the longest continuous production run of any military aircraft in history.

At 97 ft long and a wingspan of 1,745 ft, it also boasted a whopping 38 ft height. It can hold 70,305 kg of weight and travel at a maximum speed of 671 km/h.

And speed was something they needed. With Ikaros stuck in her trance-like state, the aircraft was bombarded with a relentless horde of attacks from all directions.

So far the Angeloids outside the aircraft failed to shoot at the wings. If they did, the C130 would drop out of the sky like a brick. But they preferred to attack the easiest part of the aircraft, the body.

Carl, who was thrown around the flight deck, just managed to save one of the military pilots from falling out of his chair. With the wind rushing past his ears, and the deafening roar of the decompression from the high altitude, he made his way towards the body of the plane.

Carl spotted Eishiro holding Mikako in some romantic embrace. Probably some trick of the eyes, but he felt some form of jealousy towards him.

Gamma and Harpy were next to the controls and remained away from the airflow. One of the side windows in the flight deck had been smashed and caused a stream of air through the aircraft. Huge holes were present in the main body, and fireballs continued to strike the challenger tank that was wedged between the opposite wall and the ceiling.

The armour appeared to have melted into the main body of the aircraft and the tank was taking most of the hits. Its armour began to heat up and soon, it would be so hot; it would drop through the floor.

But Carl needed to find out what happened. Why did Ikaros lower the shield? Why was Sohara yelling something about babies?

Then he had an Idea. "Gamma, deploy your shield around this craft."

"Yes my master."

She extended her shield and with only seconds to spare, the fireballs began to strike. The wind stopped gushing through the craft and the environment began to settle.

"M-M-Master." Gamma struggled to speak.

"Gamma." Carl rushed to the falling angel. He held her in his arms.

"I can't keep the shield online for long, they are draining all my energy."

Carl looked around the flight deck for any ideas and suddenly issued orders to the pilots. "Take us down now, we can't be in the air any longer!"

"Yes sir, " The pilots looked at each other then at Carl. "Where do you want us to land?"

"Just anywhere! When her shield goes down, we are fucked!"

The pilots acknowledged his command and the roar of the engines increased as the aircraft made its way to a landing point. But Carl saw nothing, just a piece of land with a pyramid and cathedral style building.

Teetering on the edge of complete failure, Gamma held on to each moment like it was her last breath. She clutched Carl's hand and drew all the energy she could from him. Although it helped the Angeloid to know her master was holding her in his arms, she was unable to use his energy directly, only her mind was fooled and this pushed her past the safety limits of her reactor.

The aircraft increased its speed and Carl could see the land ahead, but Gamma was unable to hold on any more. With the sudden rush of wind, Carl knew the shield had gone down.

The C130 was travelling much faster for the enemy to catch up. With some room to spare the pilots managed to make a rough landing, shattering trees and crashing into the nearby village. Huge explosions rocketed the nearby buildings and the wings hovered over the area like massive clouds, casting its shadow throughout the small village.

As the engine props spun down, curious residents crept out of their houses to investigate the metallic object.

So huge and cold, the residents fluffed up their wings and made ready their escape. But at the side of the aircraft that was littered with holes, several people stumbled out into the open.

Four Angeloids and five humans jumped onto the soft grass and thanked their lucky stars that they landed safely. Two pilots also made their way outside, only to be met by a crowd of angels.

Chapter 60

Trapped. That's all Carl thought. If there was a way to escape this situation then he would. If there was any way to accept defeat, then he probably would also. But the moment was now, inside a world he never thought existed.

Stood in clusters of groups, the Angeloids of the local village continued to stare at their new visitors. Not in anger or shame, but they looked interested in the foreigners.

It would take a few minutes before Carl realized that they were harmless. They only stood, fluffing up their wings. If they were hostile, they would have done something by now.

Eishiro nudged everyone out of their fear, "I think its okay. They seem to be the inhabitants of this local village. I don't think they'll hurt us."

And Eishiro was right. As Tomoki looked around—paying extra attention to the young angels that he'd never seen before—he too felt the threat of attack lower and it wasn't long until the group relaxed.

But they failed to notice the other airborne Angeloids from above, who were gunning for them with unrelenting fury. They swooped down and announced their arrival with a colossal upheaval of Earth.

Carl wondered what happened and turned his head slowly towards the disturbance. Tomoki and the others also followed suit and they soon discovered the trouble that was waiting for them.

Stood in a pair, that made Carl even more confused then he was before, stood duplicate copies of Gamma and Harpy. He slowly turned his head towards his own Angeloid, Gamma and then he turned back towards the copy. The two Gammas' were identical in everyway, the clothes they wore and the detailed color of their hair and even the morbid look they gave. But Carl knew that the other Gamma was not programmed to be his slave, so to speak.

"Looks like the traitors have finally returned to our realm. Our masters will be pleased." Laughed the other Harpy over-enthusiastically.

"That's right Harpy, our masters will be pleased and perhaps reward us with our own slaves." Evil Gamma looked at her counterpart. She shriveled up and hid behind Carl, as if a mere human could protect her.

"Now, now, now Gamma, that's no way to tease our copies. We must show a little respect." The Evil Harpy deployed her Prometheus cannon and shoved the red-hot barrel in her counterpart's face. The other Harpy did not like that one bit and did the same.

Carl looked on with amazement, while Tomoki stood in the by lines, thinking about having the two Harpy Ambush Angeloids pamper him in some perverted way. Sohara recognized the daydreaming wave he gave with his body as his eyes fixated on the slim sexy suits the two Harpy's wore.

However, deep in the sky above, something sinister stirred the clouds, a dark figure that was heading towards the group, like an asteroid souring in from orbit. It dived into the clouds and aimed itself at the huge C130 that acted like a huge bull's-eye.

Meanwhile on the ground, Eishiro remained still and analyzed what was going on. He knew the two copies of Angeloids were battling each other with there own wits and skills and he surmised that their powers were equally matched. Not only that, if Ikaros decided to join the fight, then they would not stand a chance. Ikaros was able to battle the other Gamma and Harpy in Washington with ease.

But, as he continued to assess the situation, he could not help but look at the sky, where something lurked in the clouds. Then, as if he was reliving some future Déjà Vu, he saw a speck of light glow in the backdrop of blue.

It came rapidly fast, too fast for Eishiro to keep an eye on it and it suddenly interrupted the idle ramblings the two Gammas and Harpy's were having.

Hitting the ground at such velocity, the impact sent everyone back a few meters. They slowly rose to their feet and were met by a figure encased inside a fireball of light and wind. Arcs of lightning snaked there way up the surrounding trees and the metal from the C130 crackled as the static electricity jumped from the aircraft to the ground. The wind blew the leaves of the trees and disturbed the crowd of Angeloids who fled in all directions.

The figure stood motionless as if she was acclimating to the area. Eishiro could see it was female, by its long hair and extended wings, but the dark figure produced so much light, it was hard to identify the new Angeloid that dropped in from the sky. Perhaps it was another Ikaros.

Slowly, as the light began to dim, Eishiro was able to see the faint outlines of her outfit, it was purple and elegant. It was attached to her body with such perfection he almost felt as if this figure resembled the aura from Mikako. Her huge breasts that bulged from the skimpy clothing begged to be touched. Even though Eishiro was a scientific professor who was more than mature to control his own manly urges, the sight of a Mikako-looking-Angeloid was far too erotic for him to ignore.

However, as its blonde hair was soon noticeable, Eishiro quickly shelved his own desires and suddenly noticed that this Angeloid was probably more dangerous than Gamma and Harpy.

She stood there in her own upheaval of light and static charge holding a sword. Her red eyes indicated that she was in battle mode and ready for anything.

Carl backed away. Gamma and the other stepped back also. But Tomoki had other ideas... He'd never seen breasts the size of mountains and remained transfixed in one spot. His eyes were so far out of their sockets; the young man needed the pull from Sohara to bring him back towards protection.

The new woman slowly transfixed her gaze upon Tomoki and her piercing robotic red eyes send a shiver up his spine. She spoke, only two words...

"Sakurai... Tomoki." She spoke, lightning crackling from her feet. She took a step forward and glared right down at the young man. His legs failed to move and he was frozen.

"I'm a Close Combat type Angeloid. Type Delta, Astrea." She looked down at Tomoki. The wind she created uplifted the loose soil that was around the land, causing it to bounce off the metallic hull of the C130.

"My target confirmed: Sakurai Tomoki." She moved closer, raising her sword. But the closer she got, the more petrified Tomoki became. She was taller, and more frightening than any Angeloid he'd seen before. She seemed uncontrollable and unreasonable. Tomoki trembled in his own thought and he knew that his life was about to be over. Perhaps this was the moment he was destined for. To be executed by this blonde-haired angel... Perhaps the entire conflict would end.

She raised her weapon for the decisive blow. Tomoki slipped on his feet and fell to the ground. There was no way he could run now... But at least he had a good view of her white underwear. It seemed ironic, but if he was going to lose his head, he might as well leave with hot and erotic thought.

"You will be terminated." She moved forward, with her weapon in her hand, swinging with all her might.

The terrified young man looked in horror as the sword came straight for him. Then he continued to watch as the blade lowered, and then it glided even lower than before, striking his trousers, cutting the belt. He took the opportunity and stood to his feet, but he stumbled back towards the grass as his trousers and pants fell off.

Tomoki closed his eyes and waited for the inevitable, but suddenly he heard something fall and then a sudden pressure on his body that could only mean something had fallen onto him. Not only that, he felt something wet down below.

It was hot... Very hot, warm and wet...He felt a sense of hot sexual tension that suddenly exploded in an unrelenting fury, like something he'd never experienced before, but it was embedded inside his blood. A natural predetermined sexual impulse that resided from his soul. The movement of something down there only increased its tension until he exploded with unnatural feelings that he had experimented in private at home. He could not wait any longer; he had to find out what happened.

Tomoki opened his eyes and it only took a few seconds for his vision to focus. But when it did, he was unprepared for the shock. Below his stomach; he saw a nest of blonde hair, and hands pressed on his stomach, her sword laid beside him on the grass and her wings had given away to gravity and laid motionlessly on the ground, her firm round bum was stuck in the air. Tomoki still felt something hot below and continued to watch, completely helpless.

She shook and started to cry. She moved her head and Tomoki suddenly realized what just happened. He'd just had a sexual encounter with this Angeloid; he'd just released everything he had into her. She raised her head and gave in to the impulse to swallow. Tomoki covered his exposed parts and tried to make sense of this incident that happened explosively.

Luckily his trousers had not fallen too far off. He quickly put them back on and held them tight as he stood to his feet. The after effect of releasing all those months of sexual tension had made him clear-minded and fresh. He never anticipated an Angeloid to do that.

"W-What just happened?" Astrea stumbled back, fell over and ended up in a more embarrassing position than before. "What's that stuff you put into my mouth?"

Tomoki rose to his feet, feeling manlier than before. "You came at me, you attacked me, you... What are you? Some kind of Sex Angeloid?"

"I'm a *close combat* Angeloid, Type Delta, Astrea. I am not a..." She swelled up in hatred and her face went red... "What did you do to me? Tomoki!"

"I-I did nothing... You charged at me..."

She finally managed to rise to her feet and remained motionless. Tomoki did not know what she was thinking, or planning on doing in the future. She stared at him with red eyes, but he could not see the murderous intent as before.

Then, she ran towards Tomoki and wrapped her arms around his body and held him tight. "Tomoki, you are so warm and soft... I did not know a human could be this tasty..."

Was she referring to the.... Ummm... Tomoki thought more thoughts and tried to control himself, as this hot Angeloid got too close...She became obsessed with his softness and warmth...She became so stupid. The others looked on with wide eyes and shocked expressions.

Her huge breasts rubbed on his chest and her firm round butt pressed tightly to his groin, she required no time in exciting Tomoki again and with a hot tall Angeloid completely smothering Tomoki, the others had to do something.

"I should not worry, Sohara. Astrea is a Type Delta Angeloid. Very stupid. Think of her as a pet and Tomoki just given her his seed of life, which acts as a potent

drug for that type of Angeloid. It will take a while for the effects to wear off." Nymph explained.

"Seed of life?" Sohara asked.

"Yes, how did you think life flourished on Earth millions of years ago? Our master had fun with a few Angeloids and primitive humans. He found it so entertaining that he created more Delta class Angeloids and sent them to earth to become playmates for the humans. The birth rate was so high he had unrelenting pleasure in watching that class suffer due to their lack of intelligence and skill. Since then the code had not been modified from all those years go." Nymph walked over to Astrea, placed her hand on her head and shut her down.

"She should not cause any trouble now."

Ikaros strolled over to her master, she had something pressing she had to say; perhaps she could get closer to her master.

"Master, would you like me to do the same thing Astrea did to you?" She knelt down in front of Tomoki. "I want to get close to master."

Tomoki was trapped in his own perverted thoughts. The battle all around had stopped and somehow, this perverted atmosphere had taken its hold on everyone. It was perfect; Tomoki had never expected to have this kind of experience in this way. Astrea had just released himself and now Ikaros wanted to do the same. Although he wanted to do something different.

However, Sohara soon released her fury as she laid into Tomoki her horde of karate chops and kicks. He was unable to even look at anyone. He was completely disabled.

Carl stepped forward. "I'm sorry to interrupt this love nest, but we must find a way out of here. This little incident will not hold for long." Carl glanced back towards the two Gammas and Harpy's who were temporarily distracted by Astrea's appearance. He knew that something had to be done soon, before the real battle started.

"Nymph, you sent us here, so send us back to our home town?"

"I-I can't." Nymph replied. She looked into Carl's eyes and her heartfelt words reached into his soul. He knew she was telling the truth and Nymph wanted everything back to normal.

"I don't know how. I don't know what I'm supposed to do." She said.

Gamma walked over to her master and held his hand. "I'm sorry master, Nymph has temporarily lost the memory to recall the time device. Perhaps there is something I can do to please you."

Please me...now there's a thought. Carl could not understand how the situation could get so messed up. First he was being chased by another set of Gammas and Harpy's and then a new Angeloid appeared to suck Tomoki off. This whole thing turned into a mess. He sat down on a rock and inadvertently spoke to Gamma, telling her what's on his mind. "Damn it, I wish this was all a dream."

"As you wish master."

Carl jumped up from his bed and sat upright. His small hotel room was just the way he left it. The memories of all the Angeloids: Gamma, Harpy and the group from Japan were clear in his mind like the day he was there. It felt like a dream but he was on his own in his own little room. With the moon shining through the window and the noise from the night traffic down below. Everything seemed normal. Then he felt something between his legs. Another person?

Carl did not move, the person climbed up his stomach and finally appeared face to face.

"Master, I have transformed the experience into a dream... Is my master happy now? Can I serve my master in another way?"

Carl was shocked, not only was the whole ordeal not a dream, he suddenly realized that he was back home with this cute Angeloid on top of him. He then remembered that he was completely naked underneath. He often slept like that. He found it hard to control his manly urges but having this gorgeous female snuggled up inside his bed, he could not help but allow nature to take its course.

That night, he made love to Gamma; she saved his life, and the life of everyone else. All he had to do was command her to put everything right. She used the teleportation cards and everything returned to the way he remembered.

Still, the phone call from Mr. Smith was expected the next day. Carl knew it was about the job in Japan. But he vowed not to pick up the phone. He wanted everything to run smoothly and keep away from trouble.

The sensation of slipping inside Gamma paralysed Carl as they allowed nature to take its course; he spent the rest of the night making love to her.

Still, on the other side of the world, the memories and thought about the whole ordeal could not be forgotten. Tomoki was stretched out in his bed, enjoying the memory of being sucked. Ikaros and Nymph remained silent, processing the event and Mikako...

She stood with a sword in her hand hell bent on revenge... "Carl... I'm coming for you!"