

Unfamiliar

Chapter 1

Night fell over the city, with clouds floating over and covering the two crescent moons that hung over the brightly colored city. The city, known as Blokas, was called the Jewel of Kima III by any other life form that saw it. It shined so bright that the city could be seen from outer space. Though the city shined as bright as a clean diamond, the earth was dirty. The ground was usually painted with the crimson red of people along with the filth of trash and raw sewage water that seeps through the streets. As the clouds hung they cried down the tears of the poor people, the rain almost as black as the soot on the asphalt. While the rain pours down upon the streets, a man was walking down the streets. The usual *CLICK* pattern of shoes were replaced with the wet steps of the sewage water and black rain while he walked past the neon lights and towering buildings. He wore a large overcoat over another jacket to both keep himself warm and ward off the soot rain of its powers of turning everything black. No one really liked the rain, so the streets were empty other than a few people who lived in the alleyways and the person walking from one place to another. The dead streets were good. Less crowds, not many people getting beaten to death for their money, and most places were empty. It was nice for a change. While walking through the streets, his ears slightly perk to suddenly hear more footsteps behind him.

His head slightly turns in a nonchalant way to then view what was behind him. There were two men both wearing black and staying behind him. They were at least seven feet away. The man didn't hear it at first, so they must've started walking behind him recently. Though it could be just two men going to a bar on a normal night, or going somewhere to get some groceries. He leaves it alone, but his suspicions were high. Walking a bit more, and a little faster to hear their pace, his body then turns down an alleyway. If anything was following him they would follow behind. As he does so he looks back and turns around to walk backwards to see if they followed. And behold, they did.

The two men then look up towards him, now showing they were wearing masks. They light up, now showing a holographic. One had a skull on his face while the other had a crying jester. The Jester whistles loudly. While the man was walking backwards he suddenly feels his shoulder being grabbed, which he instantly reacts to and swings his right fist towards the grabber. He didn't see anything when his body turned to face it, but he did hit something when a loud *CRACK* filled the alley.

A loud yell came from the air as it suddenly appeared to be a woman grabbing him. The jacket-wearing man jumps back as he sees this. It suddenly appears there were three more people with the woman, another being a woman and a man, and the last revealed being a very large humanoid. His eyes widen while his feet move back from the appearing, his head cracking towards the men as they start to close in on him. The Jester pulls a baton looking weapon, a loud click as a purple light surrounds it to give itself some light. The Skull cracks his knuckles before spikes appear on his knuckles while a light kind of material surrounds it.

Once again he turns back to the other patrons, now their masks being an assortment of clowns and the humanoid bearing a plain gasmask on their face. Analyzing quickly, the big humanoid was 8 feet tall at least and had muscles the size of a steel beam. The now surrounded man hears a clearing of the throat, which makes his body turn as The Jester holds a hand up towards him as his masked face tilts.

“Why, hello there! You seem to have gotten lost,” The Jester says, obviously being a leader of sorts. His hand twirls a little bit, like an actor setting up a crescendo, “Maybe we, the kindly folks we are, can help you! For a fee, of course.” The others laugh as the boss makes his jokes and entrance. He draws his hand back as the other twirls around his purple lighted baton. The Boss walks towards the man, only about ten feet away. The jacket-wearing man watches the other come up to him, his body tensing up.

“I’ll make it fair. I’ll forgive you for punching one of my cohorts if you give me everything you own.” The Jester states his demands as the hooded man looks behind him, now seeing the other people holding small weapons from metallic bats to one holding a pistol out, which seems to be more of a laser model from his eyes. The big guy on the other hand had no weapon, which made sense for a huge humanoid. The man suddenly feels something grab him again as he forces his head to turn back to the Jester.

“Well? What’s your final answer?” The jacket man couldn’t tell, but the boss probably had a huge cocky smile on his face. The Jester would finally see the man’s eyes, which were abnormal. The man’s eyes were a light lavender color while his sclera was a crimson red, like blood. With this, The Boss then suddenly feels an amount of pain, which makes him grunt loudly before getting hit in the face with an elbow. This makes his mask start to glitch while a loud yell fills the alley’s quiet walls. The hooded man stands there as he brings back his elbow and turns his head towards the group behind him, now seeing the woman with a blunt weapon run towards him. A yell comes through her mask while her weapon swings down at him. His feet quickly move his body out of the way to the right of the woman, making her look towards him before he kicks

her straight in the head. Her body goes limp and falls to the ground, for which the hooded man can assume she was knocked out.

His eyes quickly snap to the other man as he swings out his bat. The hood blocks it with his arms. A loud grunt can be heard while he slides back from the recoil. His lavender eyes look down upon his arms, filled with pain. While he does so, loud stomping comes towards his way, which his eyes look up to see the lumbering humanoid running and swinging his large fist towards him with a roar. The man quickly jumps out of the way, barely dodging the large man's attack.

When he did jump back, his hood fell down to reveal his face. A loud yell can be heard behind him as the Skull swings out his metal fist. The man uses his hand to push his arm out of the way. When he did, Skull got a good look at the man. He also was thrown off by the looks of the man as he swung out his right arm for a hook to the defending man. The defender quickly ducks down and sends a quick kick to Skull's knee. This makes him growl loudly as he falls to one knee, looking up to see the man's foot going to his face. He quickly puts his arms up to block the defender, which he wraps his arms around his leg to suddenly yank on it. The other man falls to his back and grunts loudly, watching the other suddenly get on top of him. The bottom man's eyes widen as he looks for something to use. He quickly spots a trashlid and grabs it, which when Skull swings down a spiked fist at his face he blocks it with the lid. The Skull looks confused at this situation.

The bottom man quickly moves his fist out of the way before smashing the rim of the lid into his face. The mask yells in pain as the bottom's hand grabs the collar of his jacket and forces him. Not even a couple seconds of breathing room, a blast of a pistol would end up near the defender's head. He quickly jumps up to see the other woman thug now taking aim. With a quick flick of his wrist the lid he was using would fling towards her. This makes her quickly move out of the way of it, making her eyes get taken off of him. The robber found herself now face to face with the man, now swinging out his fist. Her arms quickly come up to block it, which she holds her ground with his punch.

"Die!" A loud shout would come through the air, which made his eyes turn to Jester. Now raging from his punch from earlier he swings down his purple baton towards his back. His body quickly moves out of the way to the right side, forcing the man to miss before the woman with the gun points it blank towards his face. The defender's arm quickly slaps it out of the way as she shoots it off. The Jester runs towards him and quickly hits him in the stomach with the glowing weapon, which sends off an electric current through his body. The Defender yells and slides back once more. He was stunned for a couple seconds while the pain rushed throughout his stomach from the blunt damage. His eyes look up to see the man with the bat, running towards

him with a yell. His lavender eyes quickly turn to see the other woman's blunt weapon. He quickly picks it up and barely blocks the attack. They clash against each other for a couple more seconds until the Defender quickly thinks and kicks the man's leg with force.

This makes them both stumble back due to the energy being held. The Defender was the first to recover when he heard the sudden roar and thundering of the humanoid, which his eyes quickly turned to it. He had an idea, which he stood in front of the other thug that attacked him. The Humanoid roars loudly as the other thug stands up and about to swing down his bat at the man's back. The Defender jumps out of the way to make the Humanoid punch the other thug, which sends the other flying into some trash cans. He lands down, panting heavily while gripping the weapon.

"Thank god that wasn't me." He told himself this while catching his breath. He then suddenly gets shot into the arm, which he did try to move out of the way but it still grazed his arm. He grunts loudly, looking down to the already saturated wound and the big burn mark in his clothing now. Another shot goes off as he ducks down, now running towards the woman once again. When he runs towards her, the Skull quickly jumps in and swings his metal fist at the defender. He quickly uses the blunt weapon to smack his hand, which makes Skull yell loudly. The Defender then hits Skull in the chest, making the other lose the air in his lungs and fall to the ground. Another shot goes off, which he barely dodges once again and seers his clothes. He quickly dashes to the woman as she was rapidly firing off her weapon, a lot more inaccurate now. Once he gets to her he swings his weapon at her forearm, which she drops the weapon as a *CRACK* goes off. A loud yell fills the air as well with some cries. The Defender quickly elbows her chest and sweeps her legs to force her to fall back. The man keeps panting heavily, his body aching from the pain and overwork of it.

Not even a couple seconds later the humanoid was running towards him once again. A loud roar could be heard as he ran towards him, which made the defender run towards him as well. As they did so, the giant swung his fist towards him. The smaller man slides under his legs. When he got behind the giant, he quickly swung the weapon into the back of it as hard as he could, which made the giant slowly fall to one knee. The man quickly jumps onto the big man and swings back the weapon as far as he could before whacking them as hard as he could, and then a couple more times to fully knock him out. The giant man falls down to his front, which makes him fall as well and land to the ground. He lets out a small grunt while he lays on the ground, coughing loudly as the soot rain hits his white skin. He keeps panting before slowly pushing himself up. He keeps coughing before looking to the right. He sees the Jester's glowing mask, staring him down as his baton is gripped harder.

“You should’ve just given us your shit. We would’ve left you alone, but nooo, you had to just do this!” He slowly starts to run towards him, catching speed as he brings back his weapon. “You’re going to fucking die, here and now!” With that yell he was now quickly running into him before suddenly the defender threw the weapon at Jester. This makes the leader dodge to the side of the weapon. The Jester then looks to suddenly then see the other now attempting to drop kick him. The leader didn’t react in time as he got two feet kicked straight in the face. The man falls to the ground, along with the jester flying back a little and doing the same. Both lay there, panting heavily as the defender slowly started to get back up. His body stumbles a bit, his legs feeling like jelly when he tries to take a step away. His body stops as he hears a loud groan, which came from the Jester. The boss slowly starts to move, which the defender turns to see the mask not working anymore and drooling streams of crimson red.

“You.. you’re one of those things,” The Defender keeps standing there and watching while Jester took a couple seconds to cough,”Those fucking abominations to humanity!” The man yells out loudly as the defender keeps staring at the hurting man. His face kept the same way after a few more seconds, grabbing the hood and pulling it over his face.

“Sorry.” After the defender speaks his one word, He starts to slowly move through the alleyway, slightly limping while he walks. Through his mind he kept repeating those words. The same words he heard everyday when someone saw his eyes or how he functioned. He wishes he was like them, but he could never be normal. He was an abomination. He could never change it.

Chapter 2

It hadn't been long after his scrap with that small street gang. His legs keep forcing themselves towards a building, one he knew very well. After a couple more minutes of limping and quiet grunts he finds himself at the door. His shaky hand reaches towards the door and grips the knob. The man slowly turns it to then open it. As he starts to walk inside he automatically catches the aroma of lavender and a sweet scent of vanilla. Though the smells don't match the aesthetic of the place, which was a local bar. The interior was fairly rugged looking, having signed photos of popular bands and song artists to the wooden tables and rough looking lighting that made the bar and the island a little dim but still bright enough to see. The man grips the doorway as he forces himself to walk in. No one paid too much mind to him, either too busy talking to their cohort or too drunk to even notice him.

"Enzo!" A female voice would yell out from the area, which makes his eyes quickly snap out to suddenly see a woman rapidly approaching him. The woman was small, only about 5 feet compared to the man's 5'11. The short woman suddenly grips his jacket and pulls him down to her eye level, which makes him grunt as she shakes him a little. "Where were you?! You were supposed to be here 30 minutes ago!" The man, named Enzo, would sigh and give her a smile, albeit weak.

"I'm sorry Alta. I got jumped by this street gang." Enzo states. Once he does, the woman scans him for a minute before then realizing someone had hurt him. She gasps,

letting go of his jacket before quickly wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug. Enzo lets out another loud groan as she squeezes him.

“Oh my god, my poor Ezzy!” She then lets go of him to then place her hands on his face, turning it back and forth to look at his features, “What happened? Did they take anything? Are any of your bones broken?”

“No, nothing too bad I think. Just some bruises and cuts. The only thing that’s really bothering me is my arm.” He shows his left arm, where he got grazed by the laser bullet. Alta gasps loudly. She grabs his hands this time and starts to drag him to the island, where she forcefully sits him down. Enzo grunts loudly as the small woman starts to frantically look for something behind the bar.

“How dare those assholes jump my best and favorite bartender!” She shouts out from behind the bar, which now made most of the people turn to him while she was searching. Enzo turns to them, smiling softly at them before quickly turning his head away.

“Alta, it’s okay. Seriously, it was nothing too big...”

“It’s not okay! You got jumped by some low life goons!” While she spoke she slams down one of her fists. It made the bar rattle a little bit. Now this was making people really focus on him and the screaming woman behind the bar. She pulls out a spray and some bandages, which she quickly runs to him. Her hands quickly grab his jacket, which she takes off. This makes Enzo’s eyes widen and look at the woman

“Woah, Alta! Can you at least ask before doing that?”

“Ezzy, you are hurt. This isn’t the time for something as simple as taking off your jacket!”

“I know that, but still...” When he was talking, the overreacting woman took off his white puffy jacket, now blackened by the gunshot that almost took out his arm, “Hey!”

“Okay, there we go.” She says, now speaking in a more calm tone than the intense one she previously had on. With his shirt, now exposed and showing a popular alien pop star that had the words ‘Jynx’ along with a beautiful, obviously alien woman on it with pink skin, along with so many sparkles that she could’ve been a disco ball, and pretty blue hair. Alta lifts up the sleeve of his shirt, revealing the grazed arm. Of course he had a bunch of bruises and cuts on his arm, but the gunshot was more important in her mind.

“Is it bad?” Enzo asks, now looking at his arm. He can see the burnt, blackened skin that was left behind from the shot. There was no blood drooling from his arm. He feels the woman’s gentle fingers touch the shot. He jumps a bit and grunts loudly.

“It isn’t too bad I guess. You’re lucky Ezzy. It only looks like it went a bit through your skin, and no bleeding either.” She sighs softly and starts to work her magic, which she starts to shake the spray.

“That’s a relief.” His eyes then decide to scan the woman who was helping him. The most obvious thing about her was the skin, which was a light pink. It went well with her bewildering black sclera and deep purple eyes. Though the reason he can obviously point to her skin was definitely how she dressed. Alta liked to reveal herself a lot, in which she was only wearing a black crop top that stopped at the stomach and blue denim shorts that stopped halfway to her thighs. She wore fishnets over her legs as well and pink high top sneakers. Her black hair was tied up into a ponytail with the ends of her hair dyed a deep crimson red. She was a beautiful woman, at least in everyone and their mom’s eyes.

“They’re lucky they didn’t hurt that cute face of yours. If they did, I would hunt them down.” Alta would then spray the supposed thing to help with his shot, which makes him bite his lip so he doesn’t let out a grunt. Though he had a slight blush on his face from her flirtatious comment.

“It’s okay though. I was able to fight back so I didn’t leave them unscathed.”

“Oh yeah? How many were there, Ezzy?”

“Six of them.” This makes the woman stop, which her purple eyes look up to his own lighter eyes. He was confused for a second before feeling her pulling him down to her level.

“So, what you’re telling me is that you faced SIX people and walked away from it?”

“Yeah. There was even this big, humanoid guy. He was taller than me, almost three times bigger than me.” Enzo keeps staring at the small woman, her eyes squinting softly before smiling softly and letting go of his shirt. Alta places a hand on his head and starts to pet his head softly while letting out a small giggle.

“What a nonchalant badass you are, Ezzy. I like that about you.” She keeps patting his head before then placing the bandages on his burnt skin. Her hand rubs it slightly, which makes it glow softly and pop up a small screen. Alta touches it a couple times before Enzo suddenly starts to feel a soothing medication on his arm. A sigh comes from his mouth. The man looks to see the other men. They were clearly jealous of Enzo. He got all the attention of Alta, a beautiful girl, and he didn’t even have to buy a lager or something to drink. He slowly moves his arm, feeling that less pain thanks to the patch.

“That feels a lot better. Thank you Alta!” He gives her a bigger smile, which makes her smile back and pat his hurt arm softly. The man didn’t flinch, which meant the

numbing part of the agent was helping.

“Glad I can help you, Ezzy. Now how about we serve some drinks!” She then quickly stands, her body bouncing a bit which made the men and the few women in the bar focus on her. Enzo looks back at them, knowing what was going on. Alta told him what she was, which was a Lustifx. To humans, they were just called succubus thanks to people being attracted to them very easily. Thanks to the smell they already had out, which was her own natural scent she produces, Alta can influence the bar without them knowing. It was sneaky and very cunning. Enzo smiles and jumps up to join her.

“Yeah! C’mon guys, let’s drink some more!” He shouts out which makes the crowd join in a roar. His eyes looked to Alta, which hers were doing the same. Her smile was big. She had taught Enzo what to do and how not to get trapped by her trance, which made him an even better bartender than the others before him. He learns quickly, and that is the reason why he’s the best bartender out there.

After a few hours of serving more drinks and kicking out the drunks that refused to leave, Enzo would now be upstairs on the second floor of the building. He was inside of his room, which was a pretty sizable area for him. He was now walking into his small bedroom, getting out of the shower as he let out a sigh of relief. His brown hair was down, covering a side of his face to hide his left eye. The man walks over to the mirror he had in there, now looking himself in the mirror. He saw all the cuts and bruises around his body, smaller ones compared to his arms. The spots on his arms were so big you could easily spot it from 20 miles away. Cuts were around his body too, some small and others slightly bigger around his lean body. He was about to take a step but almost fell over, quickly placing a hand on the wall and letting out a yell. Even after some rest and a shower his legs were like a pair of sticks. They almost felt as if they would come off.

He slowly walks himself to his dresser, which he quickly puts on a pair of boxers and a pair of gray sweatpants. He flops himself on the bed after he does so, a loud groan coming from his mouth. His head rests on the soft pillows laid out for him, feeling like a fluffy cloud or the cotton candy he had felt once when Alta got it for him. Though he knows the pillow isn’t edible and strawberry flavored. After a couple minutes of resting, Enzo suddenly heard his door opening. His head quickly looks towards it as he then sees Alta. She wasn’t wearing her usual revealing outfit, but still out there. She wore a shirt that was very big on her, at least twice the size.

It was probably one of his own shirts, knowing she came in and helped him clean up his room when he was gone. He didn’t see her shorts, but it didn’t matter to him. His nose caught a whiff of a nice smell different from her own natural scent. His eyes watched her walk in and bring him some food, which was just a type of soup and a small sandwich. A smile appears on his face when she places it down on his dresser.

He automatically reaches over to take the small platter with the food and places it upon his lap. Alta sits down on his bed, her purple eyes looking at him.

"I thought you would be hungry, Ezzy." She gives him a soft smile as she watches him enjoy the soup.

"Yeah, thank you!" He enjoys the soup, which is a meat and vegetable soup. It was a different meat than he's had. This meat was a little sweeter, but still tender. It was very unique but good. He keeps drinking the soup as Alta flops down on the bed and relaxes with a loud sigh.

"Tonight was an ass kicking, even before you came in." She says.

"Yeah, it was pretty tiring."

"I was even surprised you can move so fast, even after getting jumped." Her body turns to his, which her hand props up her head. Enzo's eyes look at hers.

"Well, it happens when you're an abomination." His voice was calm, not even making a scratch when he said those words. The small woman would suddenly jump up and clap her hands on his face. He jolts from the sudden grabbing and is forced to look more into her deep purple eyes.

"Ezzy. You aren't an abomination" Her voice was a lot more stern than her usual nonchalant and chilled tone. His eyes keep staring at hers, a little brought back by her sudden change of personality.

"But isn't it true?"

"No, it isn't. You gotta stop telling yourself that." When her words went through his ears, he quickly then sat up. The Lustifx takes her hands away from his face, now watching him get up from his bed. He stumbles a bit, grabbing the nearest wall. Her eyes focus on his back, which she sees markings on his back. Alta automatically knew they were scars, just from the shape and how big they were. She never knew of them, until now. Enzo leans over to the window, staring off into the neon building and the sky that glews with the lights.

"You know humans don't like Cryos, right Alta?" His voice wasn't happy sounding anymore, now more in a deep and depressing tone. The hand on the wall clenches itself into a hard fist. The small woman sits up and keeps her eyes on him.

"I know, but I don't see why people would hate their own kind."

"Because we *aren't* them," His eyes look back to her, now drooping with sadness. Alta can tell he was hurt by their words. Enzo's head looks downwards, "It's how I got the scars on my back." He knew she was looking at them. The woman quickly stands up and walks up behind her. Enzo feels the woman's hand touch his back, which makes his body shiver. Alta's fingers trace out his scars, which compared to her small hand were slightly bigger. They spanned down his back, almost leading down to his lower back. Compared to his light white skin they were darkened. It seems they've been there for a while now.

"Who did this to you?" Her eyes look up to him as he looks down to her. Enzo lets

out a soft sigh as he looks out to the city once again.

"I can't remember their faces, but it happened the first couple months I came to this planet. I was only five," His eyes looked down to his other hand resting on the windowsill, "When I went around to find help, these people saw my eyes. They saw my features and they automatically knew what I was. I remember one of them holding me down while another grabbed something sharp. Suddenly, I found myself crying on the floor, my back bleeding while they screamed at me. 'You're a freak', 'You should've never been made', 'An abomination against humanity'." When he finished talking, Alta had suddenly wrapped her arms around his stomach. She hugs him tightly while tears run down her face. Her tears can be felt on his scarred back, his hands gripping the wall and windowsill harder.

"Why? Why are humans so cruel to you?"

"Like I said Alta, I'm not one of them. To them I'm just another mistake." A couple tears ran down his face. Alta squeezes him tighter, him grunting loudly from him still being injured from before. One of his hands slowly let go and went to her hands on his stomach, gripping it slightly.

"I'm sorry, Ezzy. I'm so sorry you went through that!" Her voice was muffled by his back and her words slurred by her crying tears and tone. His hand squeezes hers before slowly taking her hands off of his stomach, a little force since she wasn't wanting to let go. Enzo turns around and looks down to her, her face filled with the tears and sadness of a thousand people. The Cryo keeps watching her until he places his hands on her small shoulders. Her eyes flicker up to him when he does so.

"It's in the past Alta," He takes a hand and starts to wipe his fingers across her face to wipe away her soft and sweet smelling tears, "For now, all I have to do now is look for something."

"Look for what?" She asks through her sniffing.

"My purpose." With that blatant statement, the small girl's eyes watch his eyes slowly droop down. Tears at this point had stopped from both parties, now being left with the sharp air that flowed throughout the room. Silence was there as well to join the sharpness. His lavender eyes slowly go back to hers as his hands slowly get off of her shoulders.

"Your Purpose?" Her tone was confused, along with a tilted head to try and process what he could possibly mean by that. The Cryo walks back over to his bed, slowly thanks to his limping, and sits down. A small grunt comes from his throat.

"If you remember, people like us are always made for a purpose, which is usually for the military," His crimson covered eyes look to Alta, "But yet, I find myself here. I don't know why." Enzo's head dips down once more to the floor. He couldn't see it, but he heard the woman walk beside him and sit down next to him. Her hand slowly glides itself on his strong shoulder. He can then feel her head rest upon it, though blocked by her hand.

“I don’t know how it could feel for you, being in this type of situation. There’s a super huge universe out there beyond this stupid planet,” Alta lifts her head to let her chin rest upon her hand, “You shouldn’t feel like you’re trapped here, Ezzy. There are trillions of people out there and millions of planets. Maybe your purpose is out there.” The Man’s eyes slowly start to lift up. Alta takes her head off of his shoulder and her own hand to then let it slide down his arm softly. He jumps a little since he wasn’t expecting it. Her soft hand slowly releases itself from his arm and helps her stand up. Enzo looks up and watches her walk to the edge of the door to his room. Her teary lavender eyes turn to him. She can see his own looking towards her. She felt the dismay within him, though trying to hide it so she wouldn’t panic or worry about him. A soft breath comes from her lips.

“Have a good night, Ezzy.” Alta says, now walking out of his room and slowly closing the door. The Cryo slowly gets back into his bed, his lungs releasing all of the tense air from them. His eyes look up to the ceiling, the small fan whirring. He thought about Alta’s words. If there was a huge universe out there, maybe his purpose is somewhere? It had to be somewhere. Enzo slowly closes his eyes, this thought now running through his head. It helps his mind forget about the pain in his body and the doom he felt when living on Kima. Knowing there was a purpose, soothes and motivates him.

Chapter 3