EPISODE 17: COME TOGETHER

At the FDSR headquarters, Dan Marshal was forming a battle plan with his newest team members and some of his best soldiers. They were in the west wing. The room they were in was large and had a large wooden rectangular table in the center. The middle of the table dipped down about an inch or so and had a smooth metal plate over that space. At the front of the room was a large screen the size of a movie theater screen. The walls had maps of different parts of the world, and some photographs of men who served the FDSR in the past. The chairs were all covered with soft leather, and were very comfortable to sit in.

On one side sat Dr. Davis, Jay Sil, John, and Jack. On the other side of the table sat Brent Cole and five other soldiers – three men and two women. Brent and all the soldiers were dressed in their service dress uniforms. The uniforms they wore were white with straight collars that buttoned with silver buttons down the front. The style was like that of a U.S. Marine. The pants were white also and they all wore black dress shoes.

Dan introduced the doctor and the new members at the table. Then he went on to introduce his soldiers. After Brent was Chase Smith, then Carlton Armstrong, followed by Cynthia Carlson, Kenneth Pak Kim, and Brenda Hutchinson. Dan stood at the head of the table and pressed a button on a small controller he held in his right hand. On the screen behind him played video footage of members of the geondal – the Korean mafia – using the drug known as blaze.

"As you can see, this new drug, blaze, gives its users great strength," Dan said.

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All the men and women in the room watched the video in shock. The drug did seem very powerful and dangerous, especially in the wrong hands, where it had already found itself. John did not seem as surprised as everyone else and Jack seemed more curious than anything else. But John and Jay did a double take when they saw Akane jump into the footage.

"Where did you get this footage?" John asked.

"We hacked into the security cameras at the location where this took place. Ken over there has some informants in the geondal and they told him what had happened. We're the government, so we can hack into anything. Some of the footage was taken by satellites that pretty much record everything that is happening around the world," Dan answered. "We were intrigued by this woman especially. She doesn't seem to be on the drug. It seems she went there to stop the people who were selling it and to take down the Children of the Dragon."

"You're right, she was there to stop them," John said. "We've fought with her. Her name is Akane Yamamoto."

"*The* Akane Yamamoto?" Ken questioned. "As in the leader of the stealth force of the Children of the Dragon? Everyone in the Asian underground knows about her. But I thought she was dead."

"Well, she's not," John said. "Her boss had her men killed and then burned her with their bodies, but somehow she came back. Maybe it had something to do with the black magic they used to give her her powers?"

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“Back from the dead? Interesting,” Jack said. “It does seem like dark magic to me. See how she is glowing blue. That means she is drawing power from the Darkness, the embodiment of pure evil. Anything possessed by the power of the Darkness glows blue. She most likely used that power, whether consciously or not, to escape her death and regenerate. But does she know the source of her power?”

“Wait a second. What did you say?” Carlton jumped in. “Sounds crazy to me.”

“Well, it’s not,” Jack said. “I mean, if we are all going to be on the same team, we should all know the truth. I am a fallen angel, created at the beginning of time.”

The soldier’s jaws all dropped. They were not expecting to hear that. Who was this man sitting with them at this table? An angel? They had dealt with the supernatural many times at the FDSR. Even the men and women at this table had encountered various things they would classify as monsters and possibly demons. This year, they all met their first extraterrestrial. But never had any of them seen an angel. Honestly, Jack looked as human as everyone else.

“I know it’s hard to believe,” Jack spoke again. “John here was an angel too. But he didn’t fall. It’s a long story.”

“So, you guys are angels,” Carlton stated. “And what does that have to do with all of this?”

“Well, it means we know what’s going on. We’ve seen this story from the beginning,” Jack said. “We need to stop the Chaldean from selling this drug and then defeat him.”

“Let me guess, the Chaldean we’ve been looking for, he’s an angel too,” Carlton laughed.

“Actually, he is, or was,” Jack stated.

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"Is everybody an angel?" Carlton shouted.

"No," Jack said very abruptly.

"Well, I'm glad we settled that," Brenda finally said. "Now can we get onto the plan?"

"Yes," Dan said. "Like Jack said, the first step is stopping the Chaldean from selling this drug. The best way to do that is go straight to where he's producing it."

Dan pressed another button on the remote and the screen behind him showed a map of New York and New Jersey, and then zoomed in to Patterson, New Jersey. The map kept zooming in until it showed the street. Then it became a live image and zoomed into an old warehouse. Dan pressed another button and a 3D image appeared over the metal plate in the center of the table. It was a hologram of the building. The walls became transparent and it was almost like a 3D blueprint of the place. The soldiers around the table had seen this before but all the new members were very impressed by the technology in front of them.

"Cool," Jay Sil said. "So, when do we go?"

"Well, let's discuss the plan first. This is one of five places producing the drug," Dan said and began to talk about how they would take down the factories where the Chaldean was making the drug known as blaze.

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All this time, the tournament being held by Samyaza to fill the Number One slot in his army was still going on. Number Sixty-two was quite the impressive fighter. She was everything that the former Children of the Dragon were not. Not only was she an African-American

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woman, but she was lean and athletic, not large and musclebound like the bald white males that dominated the Chaldean's army. She was also cunning. Her knowledge of martial arts and various fighting techniques helped her score victory after victory. Sixty-two also knew no mercy, and she had no fear. She stood up to all the men before her and took them down one by one. She had been the only woman who made it into the competition, but she proved why she was there each and every fight. Right now, she was in her next-to-last match. She had annihilated all the top fighters that had been left after Number One had died, all except the man in front of her. Number Two had entered the ring. As Number One had been, he was big and strong. His eyes were of the brightest blue and his teeth perfectly white. His skin was smooth and his shaved head reflected the little bit of light in the room. His eyebrows showed his natural blonde hair color. The artwork that covered his body was like a tapestry. It told the story of Satan defying God and falling to Hell. He also had a large red dragon tattoo that ran up his back with the head ending at the base of his neck breathing fire that went around to his right shoulder. The number 2 was very ornately inked onto his chest.

The bell rang and the two fighters approached each other. Sixty-two was studying her opponent. She had seen this man out on the street and knew his style well. He looked like a brute, all the Elite Six had, but he was a highly skilled fighter. Number Two was ex-military and had fought in Afghanistan. His body was conditioned to take immense pain and to deal it out as well. His hands and feet moved fast for his large frame. Many people felt he was superior to the former Number One. But no one would tell the Chaldean that for they all feared their master. Number Two moved like a boxer, switching his hands and shuffling his

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feet. Number Sixty-two circled him, trying to find an opening. But Number Two's patience ran out and he threw the first blow and connected with a hard, right hand to her ribs. Then a left hook to her left shoulder, then a strike to her gut, and finally a punch to the face. Number Sixty-two was knocked down.

Number Two smiled a cocky grin. He thought he had already won. But he let his guard down too fast. Sixty-two swung her legs, sweeping Number Two's out from under him. He also fell to the ground. The woman had won seventeen other matches before this one. It was an elimination tournament so once the person won, they moved on to the next fighter. She had been in it from the first fight and won each time. She was not going to go down so easily.

With stealth and skill, Number Sixty-two rolled over to her opponent and tied him up in an arm bar. Her legs were wrapped around his thick neck. Number Two tried to break free. The woman was smaller than him, but strong. He gathered his strength and punched her with his free hand in the right knee. She rolled over in pain and the hold was broken. Both fighters got back to their feet. Sixty-two threw a kick at Number Two's right knee. She struck the side hard and broke it. Then, she kneed him in the ribs, broke three of them. Her movements were fast and hard. But this man was trained to fight through pain. He threw a punch to her gut and knocked her back, and then he headbutted her. Sixty-two fell back again. Number Two ripped off a piece of his pant leg, set his knee, and wrapped it up tight. He got up and walked over to the fallen Sixty-two. He went to throw another punch, but she rolled out of the way. She grabbed his wrist and cracked it. Then, still holding the wrist, flipped over his head and popped his shoulder out of its socket. This was followed by a

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roundhouse kick to the back of his head. All the movements were so fast Number Two could not keep up with them.

Samyaza was very impressed by this woman. Gideon was as well. He still watched from behind the Lucha libre mask. He wanted to fight her and show he was better. The father and son watched from different ends of the room, both thinking about the future. Both wanting more from life. Both so similar. Gideon was not Samyaza's biological son, but they shared the same desire to rule the world. They had both been baptized by the same Darkness, the same evil. But Gideon was born that way. His heart was dark from the day he was conceived in his mother's womb. He was a true child of Darkness, much like Samyaza's actual son, Legion. But Gideon was so much more. The Darkness itself, Satan, and all those in Heaven and Hell knew who Gideon really was. Samyaza thought about it also, but he was never one hundred percent sure that this child could be the man of perdition that the Scriptures spoke about. Yet, even Samyaza could feel the boy's power. It was strong. Even stronger and darker than his son Legion's power. As much as Samyaza loved Gideon, as if he were his own, he was not happy that the child was stronger than his biological offspring. It stung him inside. But at least the boy was his now. His to use and mold and manipulate. His to control. And with this child, he would accomplish his own goals. That is what he told himself every day.

Back in the ring, Sixty-two stood over Number Two, who could not get up. She stomped on his face, and then with her boot cracked his sternum. She picked up his head and knelt behind him. The one-time great and powerful fighter, a man highly decorated in war, a man who killed countless enemies without any trouble at all, was nothing but a helpless rag doll

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in her hands. Without a second thought, she snapped his neck and another fighter was down. Sixty-two had won her eighteenth fight in a row, and now she prepared for her nineteenth and last match. If she won this next one, she would be the new Number One. Her tattoo would be removed and a new one would take its place.

Sixty-two went outside the ring and cleaned off the blood, she rinsed her mouth and drank some water. That was all the break she was given. Now it was time to get back in there and fight again. But who was her next opponent? Back in the ring she waited to see who it would be. A man walked in. His skin was a light shade of brown, his hair was dark and luxurious. It laid down to his shoulders, and the ends curled a bit. He was about six foot two and his muscles were rippled, but he was not an oaf like the other men she had fought. His muscles were leaner. He smiled, showing his perfectly straight teeth. He was not dressed like the other combatants, and he had no tattoos on his body. He wore a pair of wrestling shorts, knee pads, and knee-high boots, tied at the top. He also had elbow pads but no shirt. To Sixty-two, he looked like he had come from a professional wrestling match. She expected his name to be the Bengal Tiger or something like that. She was not far off. Collins was standing outside the ring and had a microphone.

"I would like to announce the final match of the tournament for the Number One spot in the Children of the Dragon," he said. The crowd roared. Collins continued, "In this corner, we have Number Sixty-two, the valiant underdog. We've all enjoyed watching this woman rise to the top each and every fight! And in this corner, we have a new member of our force. He has no number yet, but our Master has taken great interest in him. I introduce to you, the Samson of India, Shanson!"

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The crowd roared again as the fighters began their warmups and Collins stepped away. For the last year, Samyaza had trained Shanson under the most grueling conditions. Trial by fire, as they say. He had found this man on the street, fighting against the local gangs just to eat and survive. The Chaldean felt his immense power from the beginning and was very excited to see if he would indeed claim the Number One spot. As Gideon and Samyaza looked on, the final bout began.

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Doctor Ian Rich sat alone in the cafeteria of the FDSR headquarters. He looked upset. His new friend, Dr. David Davis, had grabbed lunch also and was walking by. Doctor Davis saw his friend and decided to sit with him.

"You okay?" Dr. Davis asked.

Ian looked up. He hadn't realized that the doctor sat next to him. "I'm okay, just worried."

"About what?"

"They haven't told you? Eishe is missing. We can't find him anywhere. No one saw him leave. We checked all the security footage and the last place he was was in his own room. His suit and sword are gone too. We wonder if he found a way to block our security system and then ran away to try and stop the Chaldean on his own. But we can't find him anywhere."

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"That's horrible. I hope he's okay. I'll say a prayer for him, and for you, too. I know you guys were close."

"Yeah, I found him out there when he crashed to Earth. We've grown closer every day. He's the only person I could open up to."

"Well, you have me too. I'm here if you need anything. And I understand how you feel. My friend Roger, who lived with me, I lost him when the Children of the Dragon raided my lab. He was kidnapped and no one has heard from him since. I'm serious about the prayer. I pray every day. I've been praying to find Roger and now we will pray to find Eishe also. Let's pray right now."

"I'm not really good at prayer. My grandmother taught me a lot of Jewish prayers when I was a kid. But we really didn't go to synagogue much except for holidays and all that."

"Well, that's fine. I can pray and you can listen. God can and will get us through this. He always does."

Doctor Davis said a short simple prayer, asking the Lord to help them to find Eishe and to help give Ian strength during this time. Ian was happy to pray with the doctor, even though he was raised under a different faith – the same faith that Christ Himself had been raised in. The two friends sat and ate together. They talked and laughed. It was always good to have friends, especially during the hard times.

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Bo woke up from a nightmare. In the dream, he was trapped in the Darkness again. He couldn't breathe. Bianca was there in the distance crying out to God to save her. Bo could see a blue flame and in its glow he saw a man in armor standing over the girl. Then he saw glowing blue eyes all around. The glow from the blue flame increased and he could see two men fighting the demons with blue eyes in the Darkness. One of the men looked like Roger. But the other one had a sword and Bo did not know who he was. The young boy was bothered by this dream. What did it mean? Was Roger dead and were Bianca and he in Hell? He couldn't go back to sleep, so he got out of bed and went to the kitchen. Bo poured himself a glass of milk and sat at the table. That's when Kim walked in.

She saw her son there, walked behind him, and kissed him on top of the head. She asked if he was okay and he said he was. Kim sat. Bo did not want to tell her more but something inside him compelled him to tell his mother about the dream he had had. She did not know what to think of the dream either but she reassured her son that neither Bianca nor Roger were in Hell. Somehow she knew that they both loved God and believed that Christ died for their sins. She also said that they did not know for certain if Roger was dead. Kim tried to tell her son it was only a dream but Bo still was not sure what to think. The dream felt so real. He could feel that Roger and Bianca were together, but where were they?

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Down in the Meatpacking District at an abandoned warehouse near the pier, a war was about to break out. The new drug on the street – blaze – was a hot commodity to all the

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gangs of the city. They all hoped to use it to take over the competition. The problem was that the competition also had blaze at their disposal. A few gang members met to try and discuss terms and territory. The Koreans, the Japanese, the Germans, the Irish, and even the Czechs were there. The conversation got heated and all the gangs injected themselves with the venom that the Chaldean was pedaling on the street. Instantly, a fight broke out and the drugged-up gang members went at it like ravenous animals. Their muscles were popping out, veins bulging all over. Bones were being broken, but no one paid any attention to the pain. Blood was spilled all around and the battle royal went on without anyone in the city being the wiser. But some knew this was going to happen. One of those in the know was the FDSR.

Officers from the government agency came on the scene suited up and ready for battle. Their navy blue uniforms were lined with the highest-grade bulletproof armor that was super lightweight. They also wore helmets with bulletproof visors that wrapped around the side so as not to impede their peripheral vision. On their visors was technology that could zoom in on their targets and help them to aim their weapons with the greatest of accuracy. Their weapons were high tech as well. Laser rifles that could penetrate steel. It was as if they FDSR had walked out of a sci-fi film. But they were not the only ones in the old warehouse. John, Jack, and Jay Sil were there as well. Jack and John had no armor or weapons, but they were used to fighting with their hands. With their innate powers, they did not *need* anything else. Jay on the other hand was dressed like the other soldiers and had a laser rifle of his own.

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The soldiers poured in and pointed their weapons at the gang members, but the criminals were not concerned about the laser rifles aimed at them. They were high on a drug that fed their adrenaline. It made them into monsters – monsters that felt no pain and would fight until they had no life left in their bodies. The gang members that had been warring against each other soon abandoned their own battle, united, and turned on the soldiers that came to spoil their party. The warehouse was large and the space inside was vast and open. It was a great place for a fight. The gang members ran at the soldiers like rabid dogs.

The men and women from the FDSR fired their weapons. Striking the gang members one by one, but they kept coming. As many officers as there were, there were still more criminals present. And the drugged-up fiends gained the upper hand. They tore into the soldiers once they got close enough. At this range, the rifles were no help. The ravenous gang members clawed and bit, ripped and pulled. The officers were being torn apart. The body count was rising. John and Jack went into action and fought back hard. They matched the strength of these adrenaline junkies and beat them back. Jay also fought back. His skills were good and his armor helped to soften the blows from the enhanced men that attacked him. He used the butt of his rifle to knock one down. Then he shot another in the shoulder, and another in the leg, taking them down. John and Jack were also systematically taking down as many of their foes as they could. It seemed like the FDSR was regaining their ground. But the rest of the team was still unable to overpower the monsters that were attacking them. And Jay too began to be overpowered as he fought against many of them at once. He dodged and blocked and struck back. He went to fire his rifle, but one of the

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drugged criminals grabbed it before he could fire. The criminal ripped Jay's rifle from his hand, tore the sleeve off of his suit, and scratched down Jay's arm drawing blood. Jay grabbed the gang member's wrist and twisted his arm up behind him. He shoved the man down and then kicked another. He punched the first one across the face. Back and forth he fought. He was not going to give up so easily.

Hope came in the shape of a former ally. Akane swooped down from above, her sword in hand, and the look of death in her eyes. Her hands and feet glowed blue as she charged up and attacked. She hacked the men who were attacking Jay, cutting them to shreds. Then she attacked the rest of the seemingly possessed gang members. Blood was spilled left and right. This woman was on a mission and she had no remorse. The heroes fought as well. Before they all knew it, the gang members were all taken out. Akane stood there with blood on her sword. Her allies looked at her, happy that she was there but also with some unsureness about the blood she spilled. They were not all such ruthless killers as she was.

Jay Sil was happy to be alive. He was only a man, but he put up quite a fight against these monsters. His face and body were all covered in blood and much of it was his own. John and Jack had some tears in their clothing but otherwise were unscathed. As for the rest of the FDSR, most of them were dead and the remainder were injured. They had not been ready for the fight that they had just endured. They needed better equipment, better weapons, better armor. John walked toward Akane.

"Don't go," John said.

"But I must," Akane answered.

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"No, stay. We can do this together. All of us. We are stronger together. Plus, this new organization we are working with has a lot of information about the Chaldean, and so does that guy over there, Jack. He's known the Chaldean from the beginning. You can't do this alone. But together, we can."

"I don't know. I lost my team before. I can't do it again."

John grabbed her by the shoulder and looked into her eyes, "I lost my men too and my best friend to this monster. But I know if you and I fight together we can bring him down. Even you know with all your pride that you can't do it alone. Let's do this together, Akane. If you really want to stop him, you know there is no other way."

She looked down and then back up at John. He was right, but she wouldn't tell him. She stayed. Reinforcements came and cleaned up the mess before the NYPD could come and do a full investigation. Jay, John, Jack, and Akane left together and went back to the FDSR headquarters. A new chapter was about to begin. This team was confident that they would bring an end to the Chaldean and his reign.

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Jay walked into his room. His body was beaten, his suit torn. Blood everywhere. Judy was scared. Would he be okay? It was a blessing that he had no broken bones and the wounds were not so deep that they needed stitches. Jay undressed and went into the shower. The hot water poured over him and washed away the blood. Judy walked in and watched her husband. They were going through quite a trial in life. He was a wanted man and now

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worked for a secret government agency that specialized in the supernatural. She had had to take leave from the job that she loved with the outside world wondering where she was and what had happened to the rising star. She also had wanted to have a baby with the man she loved, and he wanted that too. But was now the right time to bring another life into this world? Passion took over and the worries went away. Judy went to her husband, the man she loved, and she kissed him from behind. The water continued to wash away his blood, but the love of his wife washed away the pain.

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Doctor Ian Rich tried his best to sleep that night. But no matter how hard he tried he couldn't stop tossing and turning. He couldn't stop thinking of Eishe and where he was. All he knew was that his friend was in danger and needed help. But what could he do? He did not even know where Eishe was.

END OF EPISODE 17

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