

Blood for the Blood ED

The Eds and Rolf find themselves facing about a hundred of the zom-bots. I don't even want to begin explain how they smell. The zom-bots that is. Let's just say they don't smell too good.

"Nice work Rolf!" Eddy said angrily as he looked around hastily at the zom-bots.

"I didn't see the cord, okay!?"

"Stop arguing you two!" Double D's voice rang clear in the room. "What we need to find out is how to kill these guys, or whatever they are."

"Yeah!" Eddy agreed. "Ed!? You said you saw these things in a movie, right?"

"Yup!"

"They're closing in." Rolf said and drew his sword.

"And how did they kill them in the movie?" Eddy asked and flicked on his Lightning Claws.

"That's the problem." Ed said and drew his power-sword. "They didn't."

"Only one thing to do then, huh?" Eddy said and glanced over his shoulder at the others.

"Yeah." Double D said and smiled maliciously, while pulling out his Force Sword. "CLEANSE!"

The Eds and Rolf charged into the zom-bots with a roar. The zom-bots didn't stand one chance against them.

Ed confronted a zom-bot that looked a little more human.

"Stop me." it said.

"Headless!" Ed said cutting off the head of the zom-bot.

"Thanks." the head replied from the floor.

"Yuck!" Ed said disgusted. "Know what this is guys?"

"I know, Ed, I know." Double D said frustrated as he cut a zom-bot in half. "It's really, really rotten."

Rolf found himself standing before a 10 feet tall Orkish zom-bot. The zombot had two mantis-like claws instead of hands.

"Hiya gruesome!" Rolf shouted with courage in his voice. "You need a new face, let me help you!"

And with those words Rolf jumped up in the air and came crashing down with his sword on the Ork, splitting it from head to crotch. The two body-halves parted and left the floor on that spot covered in a thick, black fluid. Ork blood. "These are no ordinary droids." Rolf said to himself, quietly.

Eddy, on the other hand, had dire problems with 7 of the zom-bots, all attacking at the same time.

"I..wish..that..I..had..a...SWORD!" Eddy shouted as he hacked each zom-bot to pieces.

As the last one of the zom-bots fell, Eddy felt an odd feeling. As if he and his suit was one. He felt the plasma pumping around in the suit, like his own blood.

He shook off the feeling and concentrated on their enemies instead.

"This is taking too long!" Double D shouted over the noise.

He charged up a lightning ball and sent it out in the zombie mass. This was not a very good idea. Instead of getting fried, the zom-bots just got "cheered" up.

Ed got hit by a robotic hand in the face and falled to the floor. Lying there he shouted:

"What do you think you´re doing, Double D?!"

Double D reflected over what he´d just done, and got to a quick conclusion.

"Okay, if elecrticity just peps ´em up, you don´t need to be a professor in Physics to understand what will happen if you do the reverse!"

"Stand back everybody!" he shouted.

Rolf, Ed and Eddy backed off from the zom-bots best they could. After that Double D raised his hand and said under his breath:

"I´ll suck out their corpse-stinking, damned life energies and send the flesh-ghosts off to HELL!!!"

Ending that sentence, a blue, swirling psychic ball appeared in Double D´s hand as he sucked out the life energies of the zom-bots.

The shrivelled husks falled to the floor with a clatter.

"Nice going, Ed-boy!"

"Heh, thanks Rolf."

"I agree with Rolf, but do you have to curse like that?" Ed said angrily.

"Double D!?" Eddy said shocked.

"Yeah?"

"Think fast!" Eddy said and looked horrified on the energy collection in Double D´s hand.

"Oh my God!" Double D said as he realized what was happening. "Have to aim it against the....."

FRAKKA-DASH!

"Good work, sock-head! That must have set off a kazillion alarms!"

"I made an exit." Double D said and showed with a gesture the hole in the wall.

The foursome stepped out of the hole and found themselves in a corridor. It was lit up with torches by the walls, but still the roof was just a black field. The flames of the torches burned with a almost bloodred light.

Between the torches, statues stood. Almost like the suits of armour you can find in old castles. But instead of suits of armour, these statues looked either like Deamons leening with their hands on big broad-swords, or they looked like warriors, also leening but on big axes, clad from head to toe in armour. They still looked agile though. The different statues only had one in common. They were all marked with the skull-rune of Khorne. Either on weapons or on some part of their body.

"What is this, some Hall of Fame?" Eddy asked with a confused look on his face. It was obvious this spooked him out, a lot.

"I don´t think so, Eddy." Double D answered.

"Let´s go on." Rolf said and pointed down the corridor. "The longer we stay, the less safe we are from detection."

The Eds agreed and followed Rolf.

The corridor was long, very long. When they finally got to a corner, they stopped dead. There were voices from the other side.

"By Khorne! I´m bored to death!"

"Shut up Egrimm! Or do you want to end up on the end of my chain-axe?"

"Egrimm! Mikashke! You can both shut up!!!"

"Yes, Ratho, our great Champion."

"Good. Because I thought you two had forgotten our duty as Berzerker Terminators? Have you?"

"No, we haven't."

"We were sent here to guard by Lord Kharn himself, and by the Blood God, we're gonna do it."

"Of course we will, but we're bored."

"Do you want Lord Kharn to put some milksop Slaaneshi warriors on guarding?"

"No, but.."

"Then stand strong then! This is the greatest honour a warrior of Khorne can get! So no more blasphemy from you Egrimm!"

The Eds and Rolf backed off a bit from the corner, horrified over what they'd heard.

"Berzerker Terminators....not good." Double D said and shrugged.

"There must be at least five of them." Rolf said.

"We only heard three." Eddy protested.

"Yes, but Terminators, be they Berzerkers or Space Marines, always work in squads from five to ten warriors."

"How are we gonna take them out?" Ed asked and looked towards the corner.

"Yeah, when they pass it, we'll be detected." Double D said and bit his lip.

"I can take 'em on." Eddy said without thought.

"What!?" Double D said shocked.

"I said that I can take 'em on. You go when I tell you to, and I'll keep the Berzerkers occupied."

"But Eddy..." Double D tried in vain, but Eddy had already made up his mind.

"Hey, morons! Here I am!" he shouted as he got round the corner. The Berzerkers saw him immediately.

"Go!" Eddy hissed to the others, and Ed, Double D and Rolf quickly rounded the corner. As they put as many yards between themselves and the Berzerkers they heard Eddy shout:

"I can take you on, anytime! Or are you chicken!?"

Double D stopped and turned round. Ed gripped his arm and said:

"Double D, we have to run, come on!"

"No, I'm not leaving Eddy. Remember what he said on Saim Hann? 'I'm not leaving one of my best friends to die on a distant planet!' That's what he said!"

With those words Double D turned round and saw what was happening between Eddy and the Berzerkers.

"If you go into close combat with those, you'll die quicker than you can say Armageddon." Rolf said as he tried to convince Double D that it was suicide to go back.

"I know." Double D replied. "I'll stay here and watch."

"At last!" Egrimm shouted in joy. "A worthy foe!"

"A bit too worthy for you, scum!" Eddy said and with a swift stroke he rendered the Berzerker at the waist.

"Die, Outlaw!!" Mikashke shouted and jumped on Eddy. Mikashke was armed with a mighty chain-axe and the blade bit deeply into Eddy's shoulder pad.

"The same to you, Traitor!" Eddy said as he ran the right Lightning Claw through the face of Mikashke.

The other two Berzerker Terminators was not as skilled as Mikashke or Egrimm and was easily cut down by Eddy. As the last of the traitor soldiers fell, Eddy

turned to face their Champion.

"Nice work Outlaw." Ratho said. "Unluckily for you, they were only mere Berzerker Warriors. I, however, am a Berzerker Champion, chosen by Khorne himself!"

Eddy raised an eyebrow.

"So? Your point is?"

"My point is," Ratho said and revealed two Lightning Claws, that almost looked like Eddy's. "My point is that only the most skilled will win this fight. Defend yourself, Outlaw!"

With that, Ratho jumped on Eddy with a powerful spring of his legs.

Eddy ducked for the attack, and prepared for a long fight. He'd never seen any warrior else than himself that wore Lightning Claws. This might well be his last fight, ever.

"Nice trick!" Ratho said as he got up. "But don't you know that you can attack a lying foe?"

"There's no sport in killing a defenceless victim." Eddy replied, his voice full of anger.

He really hated these guys. The Berzerkers all deserved to die. Their hunger for blood almost matching that of a vampire, in Eddy's eyes. Oddly enough, he felt he was looking at an evil version of himself. There was something with the Berzerkers that awoke an old memory in his mind. He shrugged this off quickly and attacked Ratho.

Ratho saw this attack coming and knocked Eddy to the ground. It was a hard hit and suddenly, Eddy felt that he couldn't move his left leg. One of the servo-assists had been jammed when he landed, obviously. He was now a sitting, or should it be lying, duck.

Ratho stood himself over Eddy, one leg on each side of Eddy's body.

"Now, Outlaw, you die!" Ratho shouted. "*Blood For The Blood God!!*"

Ratho raised his Lightning Claws for the final blow.

Eddy felt how the servo-assist went online again. It was now or never.

With a powerful thrust, Eddy rammed his Lightning Claws into Ratho's belly.

Ratho's arms fell down by the side of his body, the Lightning Claws had retracted by the shock.

Eddy got up and looked Ratho in the face, and hissed:

"Go to Hell, Traitor!"

And with a click, Eddy's gauntlets sprung into explosive life as the stormbolters in it punched a hole through the Berzerker.

The Champion of Khorne fell backwards and landed with a thump.

"And you'll soon be joined by your Lord." Eddy mumbled and ran to where Ed and Rolf was, but no signs of Double D could be seen.

"Where in the name of the Emperor is Double D?" Eddy asked as he joined Ed and Rolf.

"He ran away saying something of a big threat." Rolf said and made a gesture of unknowing.

"Where did he run to?" Eddy asked.

"The old launch pads." Ed replied quickly, without even needing to think.

"I'm not gonna ask how you knew." Eddy said and looked at Ed.

"We're all experiencing strange memories, you're not alone" Rolf said.

"Okay, so where are we going then?"

"To find Kharn of course." Rolf answered.

"Shouldn't we help Double D?" Ed asked nervously.

"No Ed, something tells me he'll do just fine." Eddy said and put a hand on Ed's shoulder pad.

"So where do you think Kharn is?" Eddy asked Rolf.

"I believe he's in the former throne room of the Emperor. Follow me!"

And so, Eddy, Ed and Rolf ran off to find Kharn Fleshtearer, Lord of Deemons.

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Double D walked through what was left of the old launching pads. He remembered the day they first came here. How happy Ed seemed to be when he saw Tycho, their Thunderhawk. He also remembered where the Emperor had stood when he told Double D about the data-bank in Tycho.

Double D looked towards that spot. But, instead of seeing the vague images of the Emperor, he saw a big, eagle-like Deamon. The giant, feathered wings was coloured in many different fluorescent colours, mostly green, blue and purple, but also some pink and yellow.

Double D immediately knew this was what had called him earlier, when he'd watched Eddy fight.

In the Deamon's right hand, a 7 feet tall staff was held. Its top was finished off with a horned skull and a golden, eight-pointed star with a gem-stone in the middle. The staff itself was covered in light-green markings, which led down to the butt of it, on which a silver raven talon was fitted. The red claws of the talon held in a emerald green gem-stone, which glowed with an inner light. Double D also felt that this was a rare psyker Deamon. A very formidable foe indeed. He made his hand ready to grip the Force Sword at any sign of danger.

"Welcome, noble Lexicanum!"

The voice of the psyker Deamon rang clear in the hall, even though it almost sounded like a whisper.

"Who are you?" Double D asked. If he was going to fight another psyker, he wanted to know the name of him, or it.

"My name is Amon Chakai, and I challenge you, Space Outlaw, on a psyker battle."

"Which means?"

"No other weapons may be used except psychic ones."

"Fine with me." Double D said and switched on the security lock on the Plasma Gun. "I accept your challenge, Amon Chakai!" Double D shouted and charged up a ball of lightning.

"So, you use electrical psyker moves? Impressive. I prefer the fire ones!"

Slowly, Double D could see a tiny ball of flame growing from Amon's hand, and suddenly it leapt out going straight at Double D.

Double D sent out his lightning ball just before the fire-ball would have hit him. The blast from the two colliding balls of psychic energy caught Double D and threw him backwards. Lying there on the ground, he heard Amon say:

"Do you give up, Outlaw?"

"No, and let's do it like in the Navy; first one to die loses!" Double D answered and jumped to his feet. Before Amon could react, Double D sent a beam of lightning right into Amon's chest. The blast so strong it sent Amon flying backwards, but the Deamon easily regained his senses after the blast.

"Wrong strategy, Outlaw! Lightning attacks doesn't bite on me!"

"Then I'll try another class of powers then." Double D said and smiled maliciously.

Double D opened his palm and stretched out his hand. From the hand, a beam of ice shot out. Amon saw this coming and melted the ice beam away with a

fire beam.

"Now!" Amon shouted, his voice deep in tone. "How does THIS feel then?" Amon levelled down his staff and Double D saw how a fire ball was beginning to grow from between the horns of the skull on the staff. Suddenly, Double D heard a voice inside his head:

The voice disappeared just as quickly as it had appeared. Double D quickly understood and rushed forward.

"What in the name of the God of Wisdom!?" Amon shouted surprised as he saw the Outlawish psyker rush forward and grab the lower end of the staff.

"Let go!" Amon shouted as he tried to pull the staff back and regain control.

"No way!" Double D replied. "Go back to the Warp, Deamon filth!!"

And with those words, Double D closed his eyes and concentrated. From his head, the blue and pure energy that is electrical psi started glowing. The glow spread down to the emerald gem in the raven's talon and it crept upwards, against the golden star and the gem-stone there.

The staff itself started glowing, and soon all Deamon powers was gone from the staff. Instead, electrical psi was building to one very big ball of lightning between the horns of the skull at the top.

Amon roared at the pain that Double D was causing him. Double D on the other hand, was grinning and sweating, trying to build up the massive amount of energy needed. At final, he opened his eyes and yelled:

**"FOR THE EMPEROR!!!"**

And as the enormous collection of psychic power was unleashed, the hall was swept in a blinding white light.

Then, all went silent.....

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Ed, Eddy and Rolf stood in what looked like the former throne room. But, instead of seeing the Golden Throne of the Emperor, they saw a giant throne of skulls. And, sitting in that throne was none other than Kharn himself.

"So, you found me at final." Kharn said with his usual voice, which was low in tone and instilled fear in anyone that heard it.

He stood up from the throne and walked towards them. As the threesome saw the Deamon come closer, they realized that the floor was painted blood-red, just like the walls. Behind the throne of skulls they saw a stairway, going up to a small platform. When someone had gone up on that platform, you must have had perfect view over the throne chamber.

There were also eight windows, each one coloured red or black and looking like the ornate windows you find in churches, though these had far from Christian icons and motives. There were Deamons and other beings of the Warp on them.

"I believe my servants did a good job on you." Kharn said as he stopped a couple of yards from them.

He had seen Ed's scarred armour, Eddy's bloody fists and Rolf's crimson-coloured shoulder on the coat. Kharn smiled to himself.

"It's odd." he began. "Why the heck don't you give up?"

"That would be blasphemy against the Emperor." Rolf replied.

Eddy and Ed was startled by this answer coming from Rolf. Was Yarrick taking over?

"You know, Yarrick, you never cease to amaze me." Kharn said calmly. "Nothing

scares you, I assume."

"You're so right on that spot, Kharn." Rolf answered back.

"Then," Kharn said and turned his back upon the threesome. "I have something for you to see."

He strolled back to the skull throne and picked up something that had been lying on one of the arms of the throne. It was hard to make out from the distance and Kharn shielded it with his massive fist on the way back to them. It was like he was about to give them a present, but that would've given Ed, Eddy and Rolf quite a shock.

"This is one of my most prized trophies." Kharn said and threw something black to Rolf, who easily caught it out of mid-air.

He held it up and immediately saw that it was the black, peaked cap of a commissar.

"The cap of Commissar Sebastian Yarrick, your grandson!" Kharn said, looking oddly amused over the look in Rolf's face. But Kharn didn't see the rapid change from startled to furious, because of the peak on Rolf's cap. Ed and Eddy did however.

"Not good." they mumbled in unison. Yarrick had definitely taken over completely now.

"You bastard!" Rolf hissed between gritted teeth.

He let go of the cap and looked up. As he did so, he pulled out his sword with the adamantine eagle parrying bar. He aimed the sword at Kharn's face and yelled:

"Prepare to meet your creator, Deamon!!!"

"After you Yarrick!!" Kharn answered and jumped at Rolf.

Eddy and Ed couldn't bare to watch Rolf get butchered by this enormous Deamon, so Eddy knocked Rolf out of Kharn's way and Ed flew up and swished past Kharn, just a couple of inches from Kharn's head.

Rolf was knocked to the floor, and was still lying there when Eddy got up and Ed landed behind Kharn. Kharn looked panting on Eddy.

"What was that good for?" he asked. "Let me and Yarrick fight alone."

"No Kharn." Eddy said. "This involves me too, because I've realized something."

"What did you say?" Kharn said and raised an eyebrow.

"Don't think that I haven't realized the secrets of the Terminator armour I'm wearing. I know what these gem-stones on our chest-plates are for. They contain the memories of great Imperial Space Marine warriors. I figured it out long ago."

Ed walked up to Eddy, hands behind his back.

"Ed here, must be sharing memories with a pilot of some kind, 'cause I remember that he was very good on guiding our Thunderhawk, Tycho. Double D, who's not here at the moment, must be sharing with a psyker, a powerful one. And I, I am sharing memories and battle experience with none other than former Grand Commander Michael Dante himself. This is even his armour, repainted."

Kharn got a shocked look on his face. This couldn't be true.

"No!" he shouted "You're lying!"

"I'm not, Kharn Fleshtearer!" Eddy replied. "I know now exactly why and when Lieutenant Commander Kevin Poole and his entire company was declared Outlaws! I also know that he still lives in you, Kharn! Forever banished between Heaven and Hell because of you possessing him! He had his goal within reach, but you possessed him, and he became the murderous killing-machine that

was Berzerker Lord Kevlinn!"

"And that's why you ordered Leesha, Hive Queen in Hive Fleet Kanker to kill him! You wanted all evidence of Kevlinn's Outlawship eradicated!" he kept on going.

Eddy made a pause. He'd seem to be getting through to Kharn now.

"You're right, Outlaw." Kharn said. "But it doesn't sway my determination to kill you at all!!"

With those words, Kharn prepared to jump on Eddy and Ed, but Eddy made a quick sign that he should have a re-think on that.

"Show him your trophy, Ed." Eddy said and with a nod as answer, Ed revealed his hands.

In them, lay a huge, golden collar. It looked almost the same as those that the Deamon hounds; Scyla, Scyrack and Scratch, had been wearing.

Kharn looked at it shocked.

"My Collar!!" he finally roared. "Give it back!!"

He jumped on Ed and tried to get the collar from him. Ed, however, was quicker, and threw the collar to Eddy.

Kharn turned round quickly, knocking Ed unconscious with his long tail and went for Eddy. Eddy crushed the collar to dust between his mighty gauntlets and let the dust fall to the floor. Kharn looked furiously at Eddy and hissed:

"Foolish Outlaw!"

A slash of burning claws, and Kharn stood there, without wings. Eddy had made a high jump into the air, cut off Kharn's wings at the base and landed behind him.

"It seems as I have the upper-hand, Kharn." Eddy said and smiled maliciously.

He tried to make another jump, but wasn't even able to move this time. The servo-assist in the left leg had jammed again. It couldn't have chosen a worse time to that then now.

"Shit!" Eddy cursed as he realized what had happened.

"Blood for the Blood God, Outlaw!" Kharn said and jumped at Eddy.

A powerful punch in the stomach sent Eddy flying into the wall of the arena. He falled to the floor with a thump, face down. The humming of the plasma-reactor died away.

"I thought they'd learnt some over these years." Kharn said and looked pleased.

Khorne would be very pleased with today's offerings.

About 20 yards away from Kharn, Rolf lay on the ground. The cap had flown off as Eddy pushed him out of the way, but his sword was still in his hand. He whispered a prayer slowly to himself:

"For the purity of the Imperium, in deed and mind. Let my body be a machine of war. Let courage be my companion and never let it leave my side even in my darkest hour. Blood spilt in the Emperor's name is glory; fear is the death of courage and the death of me."

Ending that, he slowly arose, without a sound. He tried to regain his senses and looked at Kharn. It was hard enough with the responsibility of his animals on his neck, but now the Imperium, nay, the universe, relied on him. Rolf let go of the last string of control he had over Yarrick, and fell into the mists of his mind.

(Now I'm gonna do my ugly trick of referring to Rolf as Yarrick as long as Rolf's not in control)

Yarrick felt his new body. It seemed a bit young and inexperienced, but it was lots more agile than his old one. He thanked the Eldar and McKenzie for the

ability of being kept alive for centuries after death. He grabbed the sword with his right hand and walked up behind Kharn.

"You have defeated the Outlaws of the Omega Squadron, but now me."

Kharn snapped around and looked down at the commissar.

"You!" he hissed. "Why don't you just die!?"

"The simple answer is that I swore on my death that I wouldn't rest until you were killed."

"If so, Rest in Peace, Yarrick!!" Kharn said and lashed out with his hand.

Kharn knocked the sword out of Yarrick's hand and it landed on the floor. It skidded a couple of yards before stopping.

Yarrick threw himself after the sword, but as he reached out after the sword with his right hand, a hoof stomped the hand almost flat as Kharn landed his right hoof on the floor.

Yarrick screamed as the pain flowed through his body. He felt how blood slowly painted the floor crimson, but it wasn't very clear as the floor already had that colour.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you Yarrick." Kharn said and smiled an evil smile.

Yarrick looked up at the bright, red eyes of Kharn and hissed:

"Pain won't stop me alone."

"We're even now, ya know. I have no wings and you no ability to use your right hand."

"So, how does it make us even?"

"You're more skilled with your right hand, ain't that so? And I'm good on flying."

"You wrong about me being right handed." Yarrick said in a low tone.

"Huh?" Kharn said and looked surprised. "Whaddya mean?"

"I mean that when Kevlinn cut off my right hand, I became left handed. I never used my bionic hand that much!"

With those words, Yarrick wormed out from beneath the hoof and grabbed the sword with his left hand and ran towards the stairway behind the throne.

"Come back here!" he heard Kharn roar as he ran after him.

Yarrick didn't listen, he was at the top of the stairs, on the platform.

"You're not safe up there!" Kharn said and leapt up, towards Yarrick.

With a simple back-hand stroke of his left arm, Yarrick cut out Kharn's left eye.

Kharn screaming fell to the ground, holding his left hand over his lost eye.

When he looked up, Yarrick had come down from the platform and stood before him.

"I can still fight you with only one eye." Kharn said and as in death-throes, he lashed out with his clawed hands, scratching after Yarrick.

One claw found its mark and tore up his shoulder-wound again. The surge of pain was so strong, Yarrick went down onto his knees, holding his broken right hand over the gaping wound in the shoulder.

Kharn saw this and stood up, although he tottered on the on the spot before regaining balance.

"Now, finally!" he roared. "This century old vendetta can end! And I'm the victor!"

Kharn raised his hands, ready to deal the death blow and shouted:

"Blood for the Blood God!! Skulls for the Skull...."

Kharn's roaring voice was replaced with a scream of pain as a blue lightning beam hit him in his back. Yarrick seized the opportunity and got to his feet,

fighting the pain. He held the sword firmly in his hand and waited for the lightning to stop.
And it did.

As Kharn fell to the ground, Yarrick could make out the figure of Double D behind him. Holding in a strange staff.

"How could you hurt a Deamon with psychic powers?" was Yarrick's first words, which just sort of blurted out of him.

"That doesn't matter." Double D replied. "Now, finish him off, Commissar Rolf Yarrick."

Yarrick let his eyes travel from Double D to Kharn, who was gasping for air where he lay. Kharn looked up at Yarrick and said in a hoarse voice:

"For the Imperium, Yarrick?"

Yarrick raised his sword and prepared for the final blow against Kharn's head.

"No, this is for the family named Yarrick."

And with a thrust that could have cut a mountain in two, Yarrick ran the sword of his family right through Kharn's head.

Yarrick looked at the body of the Deamon Lord known as Kharn. He'd finally gotten his revenge on him for killing his family. Finally. More than 500 years after his oath, he'd succeeded to fulfil it. More than 200 years after his mortal death.

Yarrick felt that his role now was to heal the young lads body he'd borrowed, but it would be no easy task. Yarrick gave over the control to Rolf to never ever take it from him again.

Rolf pulled out the Yarrickian sword from Kharn's head and looked at Double D. Rolf remembered everything Yarrick had said and done, so he wasn't surprised over the crushed right hand and his shoulder-wound.

"How did you manage to attack Kharn with psychic powers?" Rolf asked, wanting an answer.

"Easy." Double D replied. "I hid in the shadows and saw that Eddy crushed the collar that Kharn had been wearing."

"So?"

"The collar worked like a null-zone. No psychic powers could hurt Kharn while he was wearing it. He must have given something similar to Githu."

"Uuuh!" Ed moaned as he woke up. "The truck is locked into my head again."

Double D went over to Ed and helped him up. Double D saw immediately that Ed had suffered some serious bruises by Kharn's tail.

"Why didn't you help us?" Rolf said and crossed his hands over his chest.

"Best like that. I wanted Kharn to believe I was already dead."

"Where's Eddy!?" Ed asked shocked as he finally cleared his mind.

"My word, where is he?" Double D said and looked around. He saw Eddy's body lie on the floor by the wall he'd smashed into.

"Oh no!" Ed groaned. "Emperor, don't let im be..."

Double D, Ed and Rolf ran over to where Eddy was lying. Double D bent down and turned Eddy over on his back. Double D looked at Eddy's tired eyes. He saw that Eddy was alive.

"Double D?" Eddy said in an almost whispering tone.

"Yes Eddy?" Double D replied.

"I can't move my legs."

"That's because the plasma-reactor is off-line. That'll be fixed in a sec."

Double D reached out to a point on Eddy's back-pack and soon the humming of

the plasma-reactor could be heard again.

"It's not that Double D." Eddy said, his voice having gained some power.

"Then what is it?"

"A servo-assist in my left leg, it gave up."

Eddy sat up and pointed on the assist. It was very small, but it had taken a lot of damage. It was nearly beyond repair. Double D peered at it as he bent down and had a look.

"A good shock should do the trick." he mumbled to himself.

"What did you say?" Eddy asked shocked as he realized what Double D was going to do.

A zap and a cursing from Eddy was what followed. After that, Eddy easily got to his feet.

"Thanks, but does it have to hurt so much?"

"Yes, Eddy. The Terminator-suit is directly linked to your nerve system. Like a second skin of ceramite-steel and adamantium."

Eddy looked at Rolf. He saw that he was badly hurt.

"How are you, Rolf?" Eddy asked and looked at Rolf from head to toe.

"My right hand feel like it was sent under a steam-roller and my left shoulder needs to be fixed, but otherwise I'm fine."

"Still got Yarrick's sense of humour, I presume."

"Yes, but oddly enough, I can only remember his adventures with you, McGranth and the others." Suddenly, the ground began shaking.

"What in the name of the Emperor is happening?!" Ed asked shocked as he tried not to fall to the floor.

Double D shot a glance at Kharn and looked terrified. What a trick!

"I know!!" Double D yelled.

"What?" Eddy replied.

"With his last breath, Kharn is trying to kill us by destroying the entire tower!!"

Rolf, Ed and Eddy shot each other shocked looks.