Yes. That is Moondragon.

And, yes. She is a speck.
Book 16
ΩFORCE came to London to track down Psionex. They hoped to uncover the identity of Psionex’ mysterious, mind-wiping benefactor. The team successfully discovered the villains’ base. Just as the mystery was about to be solved, Moondragon exploded with fearsome power. Unknown to her allies on ΩFORCE, Psionex’ master is a telepath of immense power who now has Moondragon under her thrall. Can the appearance of British secret service agent Pete Wisdom help the team turn the tide of this battle?
THE WHITE ZONE

AN ENDLESS UNIVERSE of white. A giant blank piece of stark white paper. No color. No temperature. No smell. No sound. No sights. Just white. And then…

...a speck.

Almost indiscernible. Maybe a trick of the eye. But, no. If you look hard enough, you see a speck. Smaller than a period on this page. Your eye tries to focus. A speck.

Focus. It is a speck. Focus. Get closer. It is now the size of two periods. It is 93 million miles away. Or is it? What is space in this endless white landscape with no up, down, left or right? Closer. Closer.

The speck is not a sphere. It is a random shape. Or is it? Closer. Zoom in. You feel like you are zooming in at light speed. Yet, it takes an eternity to get the object to grow in size. The shape takes form. Something. No.

Someone.


Heather Douglas.

Moondragon.


Just Moondragon.

LONDON

K’OS SPOKE INTO his COMlink as he searched the rubble for a reconditioning bed. “Stronghold, can you try to placate Moondragon?” He shoved rubble to the left and right as he dug, moving tons of debris at a time. He felt a huge shadow looming. He looked up just in time to see Moondragon’s tail coming down in his direction.

BWOOOM!
Almost got him. K’os ended on his back next to a stunned Pete Wisdom and a battle-ravaged Enigma.

“Normal day in the office, eh?” Pete cracked. “Pete Wisdom, MI-13. Special cases unit.”

“K’os. Immortal lord of time. Master of all I survey. Dysfunctional teammates.”

“You are a crystalline delicacy, outworlder!” Moondragon said as she breathed threat on K’os.

A HALF-BLOCK AWAY, Stronghold shook the stunned look from his face. He heard K’os’ order and ran in to try and distract his monstrous mentor. “Wow, Moondragon. Those scales…look really good on you. *Ahem* Yeah. Anyways…” ZHOOM! Stronghold sped in, nabbed Enigma from the rubble, evaded a giant dragon STOMP! and sped back out of the area to put her with Spider-Woman. “You two ladies rest well.” He looked up and saw a news van with media personnel getting out.

They were filming everything. After all, this was probably the biggest story (and biggest dragon) of the year in London.

MOONDRAGON LOOKED DOWN on K’os. It was probably the most fearsome psionic creature the immortal had ever scene. It spoke to him. “You and your team are a nuisance and a bother. You do not belong here. You do not know the forces with which you deal. You do not understand the danger you pose. I end this here!” The creature’s jaws opened to engulf the leader of ΩFORCE.

CHOMP!

And K’os was gone.

Pete Wisdom fired up hot knives that grew from his fingers. He needed to buy the one called Stronghold some time. Perhaps, if he could blind this dragon. He aimed at its eyes and…

Moondragon looked down upon the British super agent. She said to him, “Walk away.”

And he did. Pete simply turned around and began to exit the scene.
Suddenly, the entire area went quiet. Spider-Woman was down. Enigma gone. Where had she slipped off to? K’os possibly dead. The British super agent simply walked away after Moondragon’s telepathic command. But, then Stronghold noticed the bystanders, including the media. They all seemed frozen. Eyes glazed over. They said in unison, “Surrender. You cannot win this fight.”

Stronghold felt the reality of those words. But he chose retreat over surrender. ZHOOM! Not seeing Enigma, he grabbed Spider-Woman and fled at lightning speed.

SAN FRANCISCO

ASA WALKED ALONG the grimy streets of the Tenderloin. The aromas of ethnic cooking almost covered the stench of the urine and homeless. He checked the pink packaging that held the small gift he had purchased for Tetsua.

He walked up the rickety stairs to the little apartment his wife had been staying in while he was away fighting. He was trying to establish a foundation for normalcy in this new universe. He opened the white-painted door and was surprised at how cozy the place felt. Tetsua had been able to make a home in this place. Remarkable considering what little she had to work with. Even had a nice, little Japanese flair graced with tidbits of Asa’s African and East Indian heritage.

He heard her before he saw her. He could smell her natural scent, intoxicating as usual. “Hey, bae, how are you?” She ran and jumped on him, wrapping her legs around his waist while planting a kiss on his lips. Tetsua smothered him with kisses. He smiled enjoying the moment. She stopped, sensing the troubled nature of her husband’s thoughts. “What’s wrong, Asa?” She saw the stitches on his head. “And what happened?”

He looked at the floor as he answered her hesitantly. “Battle scratch. Don’t worry about it. There are other things that concern me.” He put her down and they sat on the couch. “For instance, I’m not sure about where I’m going. ØFORCE is so different. Chatting is different. The Windy Turtle here. So different. The board is made up of Hydra agents, Kingpins of crime, mutants and politicians.” He paused. Then remembered. “Oh. Here. Got you something.”

Asa handed her the present he still held in his grasp. She opened it, all the while watching Asa’s face. Her eyes lit up when she saw her favorite perfume bottle amongst the decorative tissue paper.

Asa’s voice cracked. “This new universe...I’m not sure where I fit in. I can’t let go of the hate I feel for the Skrulls. And I am supposed to put my life in the hands of one every mission? All I can see...is...that video of the Skrulls killing you and Roots...” His voice trailed off as he muttered her name.
Tetsua wrapped her arms around her husband, tears moistening his face from her emotion. “You don’t have to do anything. Or you can do anything. I’m with you either way.”

Asa was ready to kiss her when his eye caught a newsflash from channel 2. The reporter broke in with images of London, a dragon, and Cy’vyll carrying an injured Spider-Woman. The volume was on the TV was low. Asa raised it with his sonic powers. “...as the dragon continues its rampage towards London Bridge, officials desperately try to evacuate citizens from the creature’s path of destruction. Confusion reigns as the mysterious hero known as Spider-Woman is shown being carried away by a green-skinned creature of some sort. Spider-Woman was reportedly present less than 24 hours ago in New York City…”

**LONDON**

“...fighting alongside Iron Man and U.S.Agent against two high-tech terrorists in the streets of New York.” The gorgeous newscaster had London afire as her backdrop. “Now we can only hope that some force arrives to stop this disaster since police and military personnel have not met with any success.”

Screams, cries, and sirens echoed off of every building in London. They filled the air and rained down into every street, park, and alley. Stronghold arrived in the alley FWOOOM! holding Spider-Woman in his arms. He laid her down against a brick wall and began to panic, pacing back and forth. “Nonononono. NOOOO!!! They’ve seen me! There were cameras and everything! Of course, I had to run. You would have run, right, Spider-Woman?”

Spider-Woman stirred. Her head fell forward limply.

“See?! Even you agree. I had no choice,” Stronghold slumped next to his unconscious ally. “They didn’t even care about the dragon or anything. Ugh! They already knew I was a Skrull too. Creepy humans! And they said it all at the same time like they...were...” He slammed his hands into his face. He just realized it. “They were being controlled. Wow! I really need to pay better attention to details. They never mentioned me being a Skrull.” He stood. His mind was racing. “Hm. Which means I could use this as an opportunity to actually give Skrulls a good name! Grumpy Dr. Sound is going to love this!” He smiled and looked at Spider-Woman.

She groaned.

“Thanks, Spider-Woman. You are a great listener!” Stronghold leaned forward to check her vitals.

“...mmm...” Spider-Woman’s eyes batted open. “What happened? Where is everyone?”
Her Skrull companion said, “Have I got a story to tell you.”

**THE RIVER THAMES**

The fearsome black dragon stomped into the wide river on a direct course for the London Bridge. And while it easily brushed through police vehicles, tanks, and helicopters, Moondragon’s main focus was on the cosmic-spawn creature in her gut.

K’os’ crystalline body had regenerated after Moondragon’s telekinetic assault though he was held fast in a cocoon of ectoplasm. He struggled to orient himself as he saw warped images of London’s demise shimmer through her dark, dragon form.

“You heal from my first strike, K’os. I knew killing you would not be easy. You are immortal. However, I am transcendent. Ah. I see you have been foolish enough to deactivate your anti-psionic tech. Overconfident dolt! If I cannot kill your body, I will destroy your mind!”

K’os felt a blast of immense proportions coalescing around him. It came from the psychic plane. But what is the astral plane than just another layer of the cosmic landscape? And when it came to all things cosmic, was not K’os the expert?

The scientist had been tinkering with the anti-psi tech in the palm of his hand as he rolled around inside Moondragon’s telekinetic body. He had not only deactivated his tech, but he had modified it to become more of a filter. Her telepathic energy went in. His cosmic energy in the form of diamond like dendrites followed. His extradimensional senses now extended into the filter, perceived her astral energies and went on the hunt.

**THE WHITE ZONE**

Moondragon felt like she had reverted to the embryonic stage of existence. Something had trapped her here. It knew that one of her greatest fears was being alone. And it was using it against her. In the old universe she was so powerful. Here, in this new universe, she had met her match. Perhaps it was just taking time to acclimate to the astral frequency of this new place? Either way. She had been beaten. She could only wonder what the master telepath would do to her.

*Now, that’s what I like to hear.*
Moondragon heard the voice of a woman and uncurled her body to look in the direction from whence it came. She was…the most beautiful thing Moondragon had ever seen. Raw, unfettered, psionic power in mortal form. She was like a queen. A queen of the white zone, the astral plane.

She appeared in titanic form, like a goddess of the realm. And she only spoke telepathically. *I have perceived you in and out, Heather Douglas. But Moondragon suits you so much better, doesn’t it? You revel in your power. Arrogance is your armor. Your powers are your fangs and talons. Unfortunately, dragons are a thing of fantasy and legend whilst mutants are the future.*

Moondragon writhed in psychic pain.

*What...What do you want?*

*You and your band of characters threaten mutants with the technology of Chatting Marks. But no longer. You now work for me. And when the time is right...* The woman sensed a disturbance in the white zone. *What is this? I have never before encountered such an anomaly in my realm,* she said as blue crystal filaments began to grow from the sky like roots of a tree spreading. *I will admit, your team’s adaptability and resilience is admirable. But it will not be enough to survive the war that is coming.* The queen of white reached forward and touched Moondragon’s forehead. *You shall remember none of this.*

And she was gone.

The entire white zone began to crack and shatter. Blue crystal began to rain down as the ground beneath her feet turned into the epicenter of a sapphire, dendrite earthquake. One of the dendrites took form. K’os.

*K’os!* Moondragon remembered now.

*I am here. You were trapped. I sense some great psionic force sucked you into the astral plane.* He reached his hand to her. *I have come to save you.* He pointed to a flat surface of crystal. *Look. Perceive what is happening in our reality. You are on a rampage in London. Thousands are in danger. You must get control of yourself!*

**THREE HUNDRED METERS FROM LONDON BRIDGE**

The world was mortified to see the towering dragon wading through the River Thames on a direct course for the priceless London Bridge. Another band of battle copters targeted the dragon’s back and fired sidewinder missiles. POOM! POOM! POOM! Nothing. They received a giant tail as a return gift. KA-TASSH! Three
helicopters were decimated in one strike by the telekinetic assault. A ferry boat full of endangered innocents screamed in horror as they realized they were the next to receive the dragon’s fury.

Alistaire Stuart, Chief Scientist Advisor for MI-13, stood with Pete Wisdom on Upper Thames Street just as the monster plowed through Southwark Bridge. “What the hell is going on, Wisdom?”

Pete was on his cell phone trying to raise Captain Britain, the nation’s foremost super hero. The line picked up. “Captain! You have got to get to London immediately. We have a…,” he looked up at the event as he tried to put a label on it. “…monster of a problem here.”

Captain Britain reported back. Pete could hear quite the ruckus on the background. <<I am having quite the day of my own, Pete, old lad…>>

**MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH FACILITY**

“I JUST CAME across some sort of hostile, alien force able to shapeshift into anyone or anything!” BOP! Captain Britain stated as he delivered another head-splitting punch to a green, reptilian insurgent.

One of the creatures hissed as it approached Dr. Moira MacTaggert, the research station’s founder. “Brian! Help me!”

Captain Britain hopped in between the alien and Moira. “Not very gentlemanly, chap! You must have lost your head.” WHA-CRACK! The creature’s head came off. “Indeed, he did,” the Captain said as the alien’s head separated from its neck and shoulders.

**THREE HUNDRED METERS FROM LONDON BRIDGE**

Pete hung up the phone. He looked at Alistaire and nodded. “The Captain’s occupied.”
“Don’t worry!” a voice from overhead said as two super-beings flew over. They headed towards the ferry boat that was imperiled by the dragon. Pete and Alistaire looked up and saw a green-skinned creature and Spider-Woman.

“ΩFORCE is here! We got this!” Spider-Woman said as she zipped in front of the dragon and socked it in one of its eyes. THWOP!

“Specifically, Spider-Woman and Stronghold of ΩFORCE, that is,” the Skrull said as he flew over the ferry boat, extended his hands into over two dozen safety harnesses, and invited the crew and passengers of the boat to hold onto him for a quick escape. “The rest of us should be along soon.” Once all of the innocents were firmly secured by his amazing show of shapeshifting, Stronghold heaved, “Nnnnnngggghhh…,” and his superhuman strength kicked in. He flew to the shore and safely deposited the humans on the street.

His feat complete, he landed on the ground. The grateful citizens surrounded him, patting him on the back and hugging him all in view of BBC cameras.

Pete looked at Alistaire and shrugged. “Well, turns out the wankers can do something right. Not much. But something of a sort.”

Alistaire grimaced. “How about you don’t let the Yanks upstage us.”

Pete hopped over the railing, skidded to the river bank and pulled out his handgun. He wasn’t too happy that it had controlled his mind, forcing him to abandon the last skirmish. It was time for some revenge. Pete let the beast have it. He fired off his gun POW! POW! POW! in his right hand while shooting hot knives SZASZH! from his left.

“ROOAARR!!!” The lethal attack pierced the dragon’s scales sending it into a rage.

Pete’s eyes widened as it turned to focus its anger on him. “Um. Hi?”

“You should have fled when I gave you the chance, brother. Now you pay the price!”

“I don’t think so!” a booming voice said as it descended through the clouds and landed directly in front of Moondragon. PWOOM! A geyser of water exploded into the air as the world witnessed a twenty-meter tall battle mech face off against the six-story tall dragon.
“Am I in Japan?” Pete remarked as he backed away. “Is this one of yours?” he asked the two Forcers present.

Spider-Woman and Stronghold landed next to Pete. Spider-Woman answered, “If it is, I want one of those.”

“Enigma!” the dragon exclaimed. “Resourceful little trick, aren’t you?”

“Blame it on my Latverian heritage,” Enigma said from the pilot’s compartment located in the chest cavity of the massive robot. “We tend to think up backup plans for the impossible occurrence. I found this in the “Psionic-Spawned Monster” section of my daddy’s lab.”

“I hope your father has it insured. Because I am about to wreck your battle bot!”


KZZZZZZZ-RAKATAKAKAKAKAK!! The Thames came alive like a World War II German bombing raid. The first shells from the ectoplasmic railgun pierced the telekinetic armor with the ease of a hot knife through butter. Enigma followed up with a right swing from the energy chainsaw that caught Moondragon under her left leg, lifted her up, and flipped her upside down to land her in the Thames. FWOOM!

Moondragon was shocked. But not defeated. She rose up like a massive killer whale from the dark waters and released a psychic assault of such intensity that it actually appeared on the visible spectrum of light. The psychokinetic wave attacked on both the physical and mental plane shattering windows and psyches in one shot. Stronghold spread his body out like a flying bat to protect the innocents in his area. Spider-Woman and Pete Wisdom were blown backwards. They gripped their heads as Moondragon roared in their minds.
Enigma’s battle mech bore the brunt of the assault. It was pushed back by telekinetic energy and stumbled against the London Bridge. WH-WHAM! Bricks dislodged, cards flipped, and humans flailed at the impact.

Inside the mech, Enigma struggled to get the vibrating stabilizers under control as sparks flew and smoke filled the cabin. Her cracked monitors showed several cars about to fall in the river and even more citizens about to be crushed by falling fascia.

Spider-Woman took charge. She pointed at London Bridge. Then she yelled at Pete Wisdom. “Hey, Brit! Pull yourself together. You need to help me with those civilians,” she said as she flew to London Bridge and grabbed the bumper of a car about to topple into the Thames. She pulled it to safety as she watched Pete Wisdom incinerate falling debris with his patented hot knives. A batch of selfie-stick jockeys taped the whole affair.

“Stronghold, get Moondragon away from this bridge!” Spider-Woman ordered as she motioned for the crowd on the bridge to disperse.

“On it!” Stronghold grabbed a large metal pipe sitting in a batch of debris. He summoned CO2 from the area, so much so that the local foliage withered. The CO2 filled the tube in a highly pressurized state. He held the tube in one hand. He then summoned his super speed and vibrated it in the tube to create a dangerous increase in heat. “Hey, scales! Chew on this!” PAFT! A fireworks worthy display of laser lights exploded into the dragon’s face.

“ROOAARR!!!” Moondragon was now totally focused on Stronghold.

Enigma’s eyes shimmered like a Japanese anime character as she engaged back up power, adjusted hydraulic controls, checked her weapons’ triggers, placed her hands on the servo controls, and hit the accelerator. Enigma saw the opportunity and shut down all of the mech’s unnecessary functions. The mecabot charged with great force, SLAM! lodging the railgun into the dragon’s upper chest. She shot POOMPOOMPOMM! blasting the dragon backwards, burning its way through the beast’s chest cavity.

Moondragon’s telekinetic form was literally lifted out of the water and blasted away from the Thames and into the street. KER-STHOOM! The dragon placed its hand on a double decker bus to stand, crushing it in the process.

But the Latverian battle bot was swift. It bounded out of the water and speed toward its foe. With her finishing move, Enigma unsheathed her dual chainsaws and slashed downwards, grinding scales and bone CHAKAKAKAKKT! missing only her teammates true form.
SHASHHZT! The telekinetic dragon exploded. Moondragon and K’os fell to the ground. SPAKT! They were quickly surrounded by Spider-Woman, Stronghold, Pete Wisdom and STOMP! STOMP! Enigma in her mechabot. She aimed the ectoplasmic railgun down at Moondragon. “We done here?”

Moondragon groaned as she opened her eyes. She looked around at the burning city in astonishment. “My. God. Wha-What happened?”

A news person ran onto the scene followed by a camera crew. “Exactly! What happened?” the reporter asked.

Before waiting for permission, Stronghold stepped forward. “What you just witnessed here was ΩFORCE in action. We are an international investigative and response team eager to make sure...Ah, hell! We are heroes. We save lives.”

“Under whose authority do you operate?” the reporter asked.

Stronghold thought about the legacy of ΩFORCE. Then he said, “We serve humanity. We serve at the behest of all good-willed people regardless of national origin, race, creed or color. We fight evil whenever and wherever it appears. When we arrive, we finish it. Period. ΩFORCE. ‘Nuff said.” Stronghold was about to walk away but he suddenly turned to the camera and said, “Oh, wait. I forgot. I gotta’ give a shout out to one of my closest friends, Big Blackbird.” He winked.

SAN FRANCISCO

ASA WATCHED THE broadcast. He was not sure how he felt. Tetsua snuggled up next to him, stealing furtive glances at her husband and trying to gauge his reaction. The Skrull was standing in front of the camera now. Would the world-at-large accept him? He made a joke about Asa. Was it funny? Asa honestly wasn’t sure. “Tell me I should forgive him Tets. Tell me I should let go of my hatred and accept him as my teammate. Tell me and I’ll do it.”

Tetsua stared at the screen, then held her husband’s face in her hands and gazing into his eyes, said, “I...I can’t do that. I’m with you either way. But the way you lost Roots is different than the way I lost her.”

Asa cried. The grief was fresh as when it had happened. Somehow, though, his anger toward the buffoon on TV had somewhat abated. “He’s an idiot.”

They returned to watching the broadcast.

K’os stepped into the view of the camera. We can make more formal introductions later. As of right now, we still need to track down the culprit behind
today’s disaster.>> The leader of ΩFORCE pointed into the camera. <<We are coming for you.>>


Asa rubbed his face and stood up. “Do you like living here or do you want to move?” he asked as he clicked the television off.

“I like it here. It reminds me of...well, what we used to be.” Tetsua stood up and embraced her man. “Or at least what I think we used to be.”

Asa nodded, squeezing her tight. “Alright. We’ll stay for now. But I’m going to go back to work. I’ll need a suit.”

“Are you going back to Dr. Sound?”

“No. I’m going back to the boardroom.”

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES AS ΩFORCE LEARNS TO MIND THEIR BUSINESS