

Fanatical Publishing's

Weekly Review

Issue #67

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AND NOW, a word from the publisher:

Hello folks, Jochannon here; first let me say thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy, and please feel free to share it with your friends, re-post it to your profile, spread it around; the more people who get to read it, the better!

If you are not subscribed, but you want to be, there's nothing easier: Just e-mail me at fanaticalweekly@gmail.com with 'subscribing' in the subject line.

I've got a website, where you can download old issues:
<http://fanaticalpublishing.weebly.com/wr-archive.html>

If you want to contribute, I'd love to see your work, send it to me at the aforementioned e-mail address with: 'category(prose, fanfic, poetry), STORY TITLE, Author's Name' in the subject line: please include the text of your story in the body of the email, and please include a cover letter about you, your work, or whatever; include any links you want, and cover art if you have any.

Do you have any questions or comments? If you do, I'd to hear them; write to me at the aforementioned e-mail address.

I'm bad at stopping these things, so I'll just say again: thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy!

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ORIGINAL LITERATURE

As well as being a publisher, I'm a pretty good
writer, too: check out my work at
<http://www.jochannon.deviantart.com>

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE?

CHAPTER 2

FaerieBox
of <http://FaerieBox.deviantart.com>

Life is only a stage. A very puzzling one. But, may I introduce you better to the actors of this play?

- Let's begin with the corpse. My grandfather, John Grayson. *Requiescat In Pace*. He wasn't a flower, I confess, but he was a funny, deviant, old man. His wife, Grandma, died ten years ago and now... he's dead too, without marrying again. It was his seventy-nine birthday. He is – sorry, was – very rich, and lived – and died – in a lodge that's almost a mansion. Three children: Mom, Aunt and uncle Jack.

- Maggie, is how everyone calls my mother. She's the middle sister. She married a simple yet gentle guy, my father, and they're very happy together since then.

- My father, Peter Peppers. He's a baker, by family tradition.

- Aunt Daisy, the oldest daughter. She's always serious and polite, like a real well-bred lady. Married with:

- Uncle Henry Waterford. Sister says she always feels an itch to put a *Sir* before, 'cause it suits his name. But he's only a businessman from London. He and aunt also have two children:

- Maxwell, seventeen years old. Good-looking, egocentric and almost unbearable. He will drive us mad, in the next days.

- Anne, his younger sister, who is fifteen, like us. However, she couldn't be more *unlike* us, healthy teenagers. She's quiet, well-dressed – and really always in dresses, or skirts– and she's also too well-behaved.

- The very contrary of uncle Jack, I dare say. Uncle Jack, in his thirty-or-so, the youngest of three, and black sheep of the family. Single, gambler, doesn't stop more than a year on the same job, and drinks.

This is my sweet family, who was meeting today for Grandpa's birthday. Someone just *had* to end up dead.

- And, of course, and close to be the same person, there's me and my devilish sister. Caroline and Alice Peppers. We are twins. And we are lovers of detective stories. Especially Agatha Christie's.

Then, we have other characters, who will appear soon:

- Inspector Sheppard, not from Scotland Yard, but from local police.

- Zia, the foreigner maid. A nice, friendly woman.

- Doctor Colins, the local doctor.

- ...

Ok, it's a small cast, for such a huge family drama. But, as everyone is here, we go back to the stage. To the start of it all.

Flashback. We were arriving at CliffVerge Lodge...

WEEKLY RANT

RANT #3

Angel-Rants
of <http://Angel-Rants.deviantart.com>

Okay, I LOVE roleplaying on deviantArt. It's fun! But, people are starting to tell roleplayers 'Go on Facebook or A FORUM!!!!' No. We will not. Most people will get bitchy in a forum or Facebook if you comment-stalk. If you jump in to make a joke, they'll say, 'BAAAWWW, WE WERE HAVING A HRDCORE RP!!!!!!IT' :I

HOW DO THESE URBAN LEGENDS

TheStrongGladiator
of <http://TheStrongGladiator.deviantart.com>

Since the earliest times of humanity people loved to tell stories about flesh-eating monsters, supernatural creatures who make pacts with humans in exchange for souls, giant monsters that inhabit the seas and so on. The custom of storytelling is a tradition that the ancient human tribes used to spend their culture, traditions and teachings about the world that surrounds the tribe for the next generations. Formerly the stories were told about the form of drawings on the walls (symbols prehistoric), then progressed to documents on papyrus, written on sheets and books, but with the advent of the media has never been so easy to tell a story and make circular become popular and intimate as this current era of humanity.

Tell facts, stories, legends and myths without any historical foundation base is not only a craft of fiction writers, but one common craft that every human practice. This craft is called gossip, fib, lie, speculation and among other names. There is a moment not only historical, but particularly of every person's life where no one has ever thought for just a moment to talk about "bad" for someone who hates or despises. Our timeline is replete with examples of people who told stories, for example, Nostradamus, today there are many people sincerely believe that centuries (numbered verses in the form of stanzas with three or four stanzas with a total of one hundred verses) are forward the future when they are actually only verses of dreams and events of the era that Nostradamus worried. Another example is the Catholic Church a major turning the images of pagan gods such as Pan (god of nature, kindness and love) in a goat-satyr who punishes sinners in hell. The Catholic Church instituted indulgences cash payments for the purchase of land in paradise, which in fact is nothing more than a simple form of administrative corruption that abused the religious fanaticism of the society of fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It became fashionable to all people on the planet hostage to fear, ignorance, prejudice, fanaticism, separatism and other forms of mind control by minorities who have used these feelings counter-productive to put people to do all that which you are said, as if they were sheep following a shepherd without even questioning the orders of the same. We had Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, Nixon, Bush and many others who turned short stories as a way of putting panic and hysteria in society and make it follow where leaders tell you to go insane.

Doubt is the greatest weapon you can use to make anyone tremble in panic against "facts", nowadays more than ever we are brainwashed by the media that reaches our free textbooks, TV programs, internet, societies religious fanatics and so on. It is necessary that every society learn to use reason to get rid of the current global cynicism sweeping this world and the ongoing globalization of indifference as the Pope spoke Francisco. History is replete with examples of what happens when someone uses untruthful information to promote a "greater good" even if it there is the death of thousands of people around the globe.

Today I will teach you how to create your own urban legend and how to defend against information dubious source, follow these steps:

1st. Start by creating a story that seems very doable, but do not forget to put a little crazy in your fictional tale. Something that is not impressive not won the attention of society.

2nd. Spice up your story with a wealth of details need to make something popular is necessary that the information available has details like dates, interviews, photos, graphics, etc.. His story is similar to real life to the extreme because no one will want to read and spread gossip if no information to tell how something originated, who discovered such information or when something began. Ex: After the story with earthworms, McDonalds was charged with genetically modify livestock to make animals grow and surrender more meat. According to "sources" has no cattle bones and was fed through tubes, the legs were atrophied, the animals had no hair and the head is small and eyeless. More recently McDonalds was accused of using leftover meat from bovine and ammonium hydroxide to make the burger grow, this mixture was known as "pink slime" and was criticized several activists promoting global debates around the network fast food McDonalds who said "would change the way production of burgers" so far nothing has been concretely proven about the fact, there's only one sure food fast food never was and never will prefer healthy organic food with a balanced diet.

3rd. Use current information, preferences play with the local history to form his myth, make the story becomes almost impossible to be proven. Ex: If some records played backwards band The Carpenters bring messages of apology to Satanism and the occult.

4th. Use the internet to your advantage. Most nonsense circulating on the Internet arises from exchange of emails that repeat the same information to multiple network users. Ex: Textbooks Americans show a map of Brazil mainly to the northern region as an area of international domain.

5th. Make the hero survive the fact occurred because the main

character dies then who tells the story? Ex: giant crocodiles that inhabit the sewers of New York who were huge due to domestic and industrial waste flowing into sewers did reptiles grow small.

6th. Never tell a story you told before. Use contacts and friendships that you have to give credence to the myth. The most popular legends are those who abuse stories with ordinary events in people's lives. Ex: In my city there is the myth of woman-horse mix woman + horse + baphomet put panic in the city for a period of one year, parents have instituted curfews for their children who were playing in the streets in primetime. The story has grown so much that it has become the subject of television reports.

Legends and its consequences

- In 1904, hears a rumor that compulsory vaccination against smallpox was actually a plan to decimate the poor population of Rio de Janeiro. The legend has spawned a result known as The Revolt Of Vaccine were several clashes between the population and the military police who refused to be vaccinated for fear of immediate death. Nowadays there is a new vaccination campaign in my country, this time the reason for not getting vaccinated is that "the government wants to kill the elderly causing the deficit in Social Security.

- In the 80s and 90s happened multiple allegations of child abuse or adult forced under satanic rituals that came to be known as the Satanic Panic. In the United States, cases of child abuse in Kern County, the trial of the case and the McMartin preschool case of the "West Memphis '3" garnered worldwide media coverage. One case occurred in Jordan, Minnesota, when children made allegations of manufacturing child pornography, ritualistic animal sacrifice, coprophagia, urofagia and infanticide, leading the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) to be alerted. Twenty-four adults were arrested and formally charged with sexual abuse, child pornography and other crimes related to satanic ritual abuse, only three went to trial with two acquittals and one conviction. The Supreme Court Justice Scalia noted in a discussion of the case, "there is no doubt that some sexual abuse took place in Jordan, but there is reason to believe that it was so widespread as to the charges" and cited the repeated coercive techniques used by investigators as harmful to the investigation. In addition to numerous alleged counts of murder, church burnings, kidnappings and mass etc.. Nothing proven since 1995 FBI Director Kenneth Lanning investigated for more than 10 years the alleged complaints that reached a number of 50 000 per year and said "no one wants to trace that such crimes have or are happening."

How to escape the brainwashing

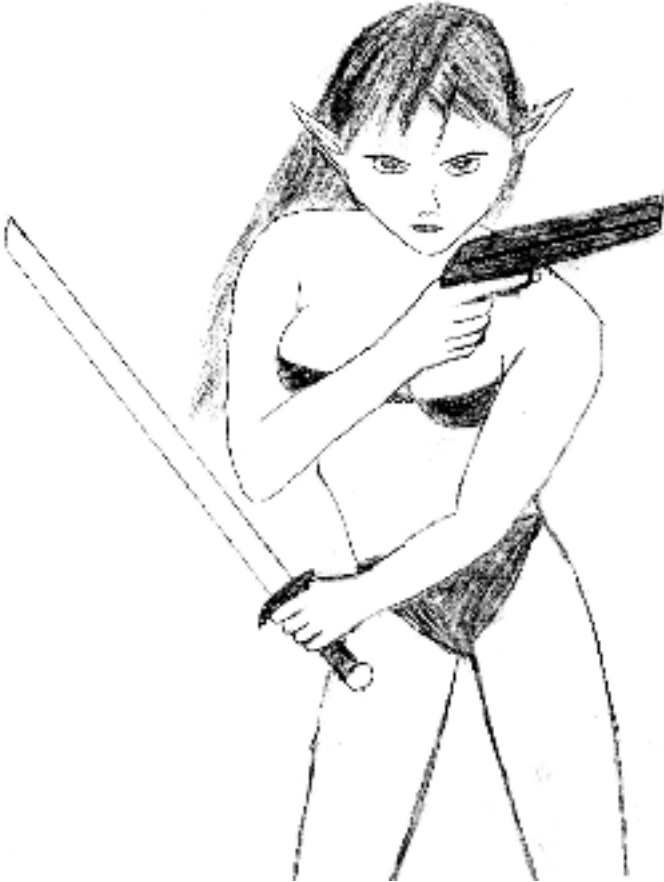
1st. Never follow beliefs based on exaggerated patriotism,

separatism, religion, prejudice or fear. Adhere to a belief just because you are afraid of something, do not like something or simply not accept something is a way to dive into the sea of confusion. Do not allow yourself to be so frivolous, investigate the facts with their own eyes, talk to several people and get information from various sources. Learn to see that in the world there is more than one way to understand the universe. Ex: All the world's religions are based in many different ways to understand the Creator, but each has its own interpretation.

2nd. Get away from people hypocrites who live exclusively distributing false information. Encourage people who promote chaos and discord will only make your life and those around you a real tragedy lies.

I hope you enjoyed the text and flee the stories that seem "too good to be true" does not fall into fairy tales.

FAN FICTION



or: Leanna's Return

Your Fan Fiction is published here for free, but if you want to help keep it free, check out some other things I publish, like

EDITOR'S WARNING: Adult Content Below

ME2 HELLDIVER SAGA CHAPTER 42: ACROSS THE STARS

Veyron722skyhook
of veyronmaster722@gmail.com

Liara gently opened her eyes as she woke from sleep. She felt a small pleasure in her Azure and smiled when she remembered that her husband's member was still inside her.

Although they'd woken up together many times before, this time it felt even better than before. It was difficult to describe in word show wonderful and ecstatic Liara felt at the mere thought of waking up in her new husband's arms from now on.

It enticed her greatly for a bit of tasty morning sex, just like Alaara after marriage now. She reckoned they'd be doing it quite often, just like them.

Realizing that Austin still hadn't woken up yet himself, a cheeky thought crept into Liara's mind. She could think of a pretty nice way to wake him up. The Asari did her best not to sigh too loudly as she gently slid off her husband's shaft and then positioned herself so her mouth was hovering right above it. Strangely enough, it was still semi-hard.

Taking the member gently into her mouth, Liara started licking and sucking on the top. The base, she stroked with her hand to get him harder quicker. Sure enough, it worked and Austin's cock soon became hard again.

Liara couldn't help but giggle slightly as he heard the light moans that Austin was making from the treatment she was giving his shaft. Within just a few minutes, Liara felt his shaft jerk, and he came in her mouth. That seemed to wake him up, and the Helldiver slowly opened his eyes. He gave a small yawn in the process.

"Morning, sweetheart." he smiled. "How do you feel?"

"Full, and not just in a sexual way. I feel as though I've finally found my place as your new wife." said Liara. She let go of Austin's member as it once again started softening and snuggled on top of him.

"I feel the same." said Austin as he and Liara kissed.

"So, what are we gonna do for our honeymoon?" Liara asked.

"Well, I've got a few ideas..." said Austin. "Rome on Earth and the beaches, maybe explore a city planet, take a cruise... whatever you like."

"Spoilt for choice." said Liara. Then the Asari had a very

adventurous idea. "Why don't we do all of them? You know, get out, and really see the galaxy..."

Austin was taken aback by this, but pleasantly so. It hadn't occurred to him that they could do all those things if they wished.

Sarah gently woke up.

The N7 marine had just had a very nice dream of her spending time with Traynor, eating at a certain sushi restaurant she saw on the Citadel.

As Sarah flung her bed covers aside, revealing her red underwear that she often slept in, she couldn't help but think about Samantha. She definitely smiled at the fact she had the comm specialist as such a wonderful friend. She was very nice looking, smart, occasionally funny, she liked her new assignment aboard the Normandy, what was there not to like?

At the same time however, Sarah felt something deep in her heart constricting a little at the thought. There was something else about the woman that she couldn't put her finger on. In some ways, she almost felt as though she wanted to see Samantha as more than just as a good friend. Still, now was not the proper time to dwell on this. With her brother and new sister in law leaving for their honeymoon soon, chances are they'd at least want to say farewell to everyone. Sarah still hadn't yet made up her mind on whether she wanted to stay on the Normandy indefinitely, but she had to admit that after yesterday she was starting to lean a bit more in the direction of staying. Putting all thoughts about her little dream aside, Sarah started getting dressed and ready to go off to her ship duties.

Traynor was stirring comfortably in her own bed (and also sleeps in her underwear).

When the comm specialist finally did wake up, it was hard to describe how depressed she felt having realized that the dream she had just had of her with Sarah was just a dream and not real. She'd really grown to like the Commander in the brief time she'd spent with her last night. It was nice though at least to get a best friend on her very first day, and a very beautiful one at that.

After blissfully reminiscing in the wonderful time she actually did spend with Sarah, she started thinking about Sarah's lovely red dress and it how greatly accentuated her magnificent fig-

"STOP RIGHT THERE!" she chastised herself.

She couldn't think that way about her superior officer! Forcing her mind back to now, she started getting dressed, pulling her uniform over the underwear that she often slept in, and prepared to report for today's work. She idly remembered one other thing about her dream

"Dream or not, that was the best sushi I've ever had."

Naturally of course, both Austin and Liara had made sure to say goodbye to everyone before they left. As to be expected, Alaara was now in charge until the Major and his wife returned. Joker had even said that it would be weird piloting the Normandy without its true captain and taking order from Alaara instead, but had promised that he would act no differently than if Austin was still in command.

Since Austin had more than enough money to pay for the many trips they planned to take to the many different locations, they didn't need to worry too much about the prices of shuttles. Still, they wanted to be sure they didn't spend too much. Some of that money would possibly be needed for far more important things, like most likely funding the war when the Reapers finally arrived.

They'd rather avoid attention so they'd both agreed to simply stick to casual class, and not go on luxurious first class flights. After all, they only truly needed each other to have the time of their lives.

As they entered the terminals, they began looking over the many shuttle flights there were. They now had to decide where they wanted to go first. There were only so many shuttles going to certain places, so there were definitely some locations they'd have to go to from another place.

Currently, the ones on their list that were being displayed were Earth, Thessia, Illium (or Teskarra if they were in the mood for some adventure) and the so called paradise world, Currdmar. Elysium was on the couple's list as well, but there wasn't a shuttle heading for there until tomorrow.

"Any suggestions?" Austin asked.

"I honestly don't know." Liara chuckled. "So many choices on where to go first."

"We can definitely visit them all, that's for sure." Said Austin reassuringly.

The couple spent another minute or so deciding before an idea came to Austin.

"Why don't we select one of the destinations that you've never been to before?" he suggested.

"That's a good idea." Liara agreed.

"Shall we settle for Earth then? Take my word for it, there's so many places on that planet alone to visit." Austin asked.

"Sure. Be interesting to see were you first came from." Said Liara.

"I'm a spacer, remember? I wasn't born on Earth." Austin corrected.

"Oh yes. How could I forget?" said Liara.

The two spent most of the journey simply using their union to relax while holding hands. Fortunately, no one had yet ran up to them and asked for their autograph, so it looked like they were definitely keeping a low profile.

Their first place to visit was Rome since Austin had been there once with his family and Alpha t some point and had assured Liara it was an ideal place to visit for a honeymoon. The hotel room they were staying in was very nice. In fact, Liara almost thought they somehow gone back into their home on Thessia.

Ever since Austin had started seeing Liara 3 years ago (soon to be 4 years in a few days) they'd both agreed that the house on Thessia that Benezia had left to her daughter would be their home. Austin had practically stayed there with Liara all the time that they'd been on Thessia until returning to the Normandy and...

Liara though quickly stopped herself there before her mind got to the point where the Normandy had been attacked and the love of her life had been killed. She preferred instead to use the Asari tradition of cherishing every moment spent with a bond mate.

Wasting no time, the two simply put their luggage in the room and went out to explore.

Despite the many years that Rome had been standing, it still had the same beauty that people expected of it. The ruins, the scenery, it was all still here.

"So this city used to belong to your people's ancestors?" Liara asked as they walked through the streets. She'd practically gone back to her shy archaeologist personality being here and instantly wanted to know more about it and maybe about humans.

"Yes. The Romans are always talked of being very advanced during their time. You could even say they like the Arkanes and the Protheans." Said Austin.

"Fascinating. The architecture of some of the buildings is... I don't even know a word to describe it." Said Liara.

"I know what you mean." Austin agreed. "Still, if you think this is great, wait till you see the Coliseum."

True enough, Liara had almost fainted at the sight of the massive coliseum. She'd even said that this very nearly put Prothean ruins to shame.

For the first time in her career, Traynor couldn't focus on her work. One thing was constantly on her mind, Sarah.

Secretly of course, Sarah was actually interested in her, but Samantha had no clue. It was like she was a little girl again dealing with an overwhelming high school crush on someone light years out of her league.

She hadn't actually been with that many other women before.

In fact, the number of intimate relationships she'd had could be counted on one hand. More importantly, she hadn't been with anyone since her days at the Helldiver academy and at Oxford. Military life, even if you're not a soldier, can really put a strain on relationships. And where she'd attended College there. Traynor was quite the workaholic, so she'd never tried to pursue anyone else after her academy days. Even back then, she'd only pursued girls that were still "in her league." Never to those that were out of it. Truthfully, she hadn't been that interested. Her shyness was a factor, but it was mostly because she was content with those on her own level. She still admired the prettier and more attractive girls, but was still, only content.

And now she had an unbearable crush on someone who's natural beauty as well as curves easily puts those to shame, outclassing them by hundreds of light years. Legs, hips, waist, chest, skin, face, hair or eyes; take your pick, as just one of those features from Sarah was something that any women would kill for.

Traynor, on the other hand, from how she saw herself when compared to Sarah, was just a petty and impish girl from Horizon, who couldn't even afford the most basic and rudimentary of gene therapy treatments! She was walking genetic defect!

"My body is just a useless thing I lug to carry my mind around!" she thought to herself.

The plan that Austin and Liara had agreed to was that they would spend two weeks in each location before moving on to the next one.

Rome had practically been like candy land for Liara. She'd been so interested in learning more that she'd managed to persuade Austin through several union induced sexual images to pay a visit to the library. It was surprising, but very nice to see Liara's old bookworm self come out.

Austin meanwhile had used the spare time he had to make bookings at the other hotels they would be staying in during their honeymoon and also the shuttle trips. He eventually decided that as a small treat, their last two trips, which would take them to their last planned location and then finally back home to the Normandy, would be first class ones.

Since they planned to leave Rome for their next destination tomorrow morning, Austin had also used the time to book a romantic evening at a restaurant. So far, they'd never had the chance to have a romantic dinner together so it would hopefully be a nice new experience for them both.

The married couple took their seats at the table Austin had booked as

the sun set over the beautiful city of Rome.

“Took me nearly the entire two weeks to get a reservation here, and I had to tell them I’m a Helldiver and that I work for the government. Hope it was worth it.” Said Austin.

“I’m sure it will be, Austin.” Liara smiled.

“Right, what will we get?”

They went over the menu and ordered their meals.

Two weeks it had been now. So far, it had been rather quiet and they hadn’t had any assignments. Alaara also seemed to be finding the job of being in command very easy. After all, it wasn’t like she hadn’t been in command before.

During this time, Sarah had only felt a little bit embarrassed when she kept thinking about how she held Samantha's hand all day when they first met. Mostly though, she felt intrigued now. The N7 marine definitely could not deny that she was quickly starting to grow feelings for the lovely and painfully adorable specialist.

Traynor had recently requested a day off, saying that she wasn’t feeling well. Although she wasn’t ill or anything, it was still partly true. Her mind was constantly abuse with thoughts about Sarah. She wanted to tell the Commander how she felt, but a large bit of her was holding her back. She was the more sympathetic one. Whereas Sarah was quite confident and only a tiny bit embarrassed, Traynor is practically mortified. Part of her wanted to flush herself out the airlock before she did anything else inappropriate. It had only gotten worse when she realized that she was slowly but surely falling for the impossibly beautiful woman. It was overwhelming for the poor girl, too much for her to handle.

To Samantha, not only was Sarah thousands of light-years out of her league, but she was also a superior officer! AND she was the sister of none other than Major bloody Shepard! How could she possibly ever have even the remotest of remote chances with her?

Even if Sarah was even interested in other women, she would never choose someone like her. How could she, when there was CLEARLY no shortage of attractive women onboard the Normandy, while she no doubt bored everyone she met to death with her senseless tech talk. It was ridiculous, almost painfully comical to even think that Sarah would choose a timid, bookish comm specialist over someone brave, confident and far more exciting.

Although Austin and Liara had left Rome, they were still on Earth. Just before they’d been due to leave, he’d had an idea that perhaps

they could go for a private cruise. Liara had liked the idea, so they'd made a huge change into their schedule. True Austin now had to rearrange the bookings he'd made, but it was not a huge problem.

Liara was sat on the deck of the boat in a deck chair, wearing a white bikini and reading a book. Austin meanwhile was swimming.

Admittedly, Liara was finding it very difficult to keep her eyes on her book while her husband was done there swimming. She'd said she'd be happy to join later, but for now just wanted to enjoy the sun. As it turned out, Asari could get sun burns as well, and so Liara had needed sun cream as well.

Austin of course had been more than happy to oblige and had given Liara a nice little massage while applying the lotion to her body.

She tried once again to read another page, but once again found herself distracted by Austin's muscular chest.

She then heard the sound of more splashing and then wet footsteps as Austin climbed up the ladder and onto the deck. Liara couldn't help but lick her lips slightly at the sight of her husband's muscular chest dripping wet.

"That is very refreshing." Austin panted as he began towelling himself.

"This was a great idea you had, Austin. I almost wish we could stay like this. Just spend the rest of our lives floating here in the middle of nowhere." Liara smiled.

The Asari decided to put her book away. She ultimately gave up trying to read it, feeling that she was going to spend a lot more time out in the sun doing something more exciting.

"If we did that though, what would stop the temptation of having those little blue children?" Austin smiled, giving a small wink at Liara.

"True." Liara replied.

She then got up and took one of the ice cubes from the champagne tub they had on deck and rubbed the ice over her body. The sight of that got Austin quite aroused.

"That hot is it?" he asked.

"Yes. Thank the Goddess I have this sun cream on, or I'd be red." Said Liara.

"That'd be new. The first red Asari." Said Austin.

Liara simply giggled and used another ice cube on her skin. For Austin, this was torture and he took his wife into his arms and kissed her.

"I love you so much, Liara." He smiled.

"I love you too." Said Liara.

"Now why don't we take these things off and give those seagulls something to really squawk about?" Austin asked suggestively.

To the Helldivers surprise, Liara was ahead of him on that one

and she instantly pulled his trunks off, exposing his semi hard member.

“I have a surprise for you, my love.” Liara smiled.

The Asari walked up to the edge of her ship and activated her omni tool. Austin mouth dropped open at what happened next.

During the private time she'd had ever since she'd been married to Austin, she'd been examining the strange device that Aethyta had given to them as a wedding present. After a bit of study, she'd finally figured it out.

It was a special modified tech armour that was capable of mimicking the appearance of pretty much any clothing. In this case, Liara was using it to display her swimsuit. Since the warp field from it was still solid, she didn't feel cold from the air, but it was still as light as a feather. Then, by reducing the strength and intensity of the field, there was no danger of it detonating somehow and causing damage. But above all, with a weakened field, all Liara needed to do to 'detonate' it would be to apply a light biotic warp of her own to dissolve the image, and by simply reactivating the warp field, the image could return anytime.

Austin gazed in awe as his wife's swimsuit seemed to slowly dissolve right in front of Liara until Liara was just as naked as he was, the light of the sun shining on her beautiful blue skin.

With the warp field at a weakened state, Liara didn't cause harm to herself as the image of her bikini vanished. Although admittedly, it did tickle a little when she did.

The Asari then dived off the boat and into the sea, Austin quickly followed.

This seemed so similar to what they had now come to call their first date when they'd both gone for a private naked swim together.

The two lovebirds simply floated around in each other's arms as they kissed and moved their hands over the other's naked bodies. Liara at one point even gave Austin's now very hard shaft a few good strokes and even fondled his balls a bit.

They drifted for a while before finally stopping for a minute. They'd made sure of course to not stray too far away from the boat.

“Feel like I'm in heaven.” Said Liara.

“So do I.” Austin smiled.

“Want to make love to me on the deck?” Liara winked.

“You don't even have to ask, my wife.” Austin smiled.

They both swam back to the boat and clambered up the ladder. Liara then took the towel from Austin's deckchair and spread it on the floor. She then lay down on it, rubbing her Azure with one

hand and beckoning Austin over with the finger of her other.

Austin got down on his knees and started kissing Liara as he lay on top of her. The two moaned as they felt his shaft slowly slide in. This would no doubt be fun.

By the time the couple had finished their intimate and hard lovemaking on the deck, the sun had began setting. They'd also drifted quite close to an island. In the end, Austin had suggested they drop anchor there, walk on the beach for a bit and then head back to the ship, sleep there, and then return to port the next morning.

They'd been able to drop anchor very close to land, so they didn't bother using a lifeboat to get to the shore, they'd just swum there. Even though it was sunset, they'd made sure to get dressed again. Last thing they wanted was to get caught naked. Liara had found the waves a bit unexpected, and Austin had been laughing quite hard when one of them sent her head over heels.

As the sun slowly went down and the day got darker and darker, they both walked hand in hand across the beach, enjoying the feel of the water occasionally touching their feet as they left footprints in the sand. The clouds and vistas they were seeing as they watched the sunset were really incredible. There was also hardly any wind, so it was by no means cold.

Not wanting to go too far away from their yacht, the two finally stopped and continued watching the sunset.

"In all my life, I've never felt so alive and at peace." Austin sighed.

Liara leant her face on her wife's shoulder as he put his arm around her. "Nor have I. I am truly blessed by the Goddess to have found a true love that makes me feel so..."

"I know."

When they finally did head back to the ship to their bed, it was almost completely dark. Austin was glad he'd thought ahead and left the lights on. Sleeping in a bed on a slowly moving boat with the sound of waves heard outside was definitely what they would call a perfect way to spend a honeymoon. This would be a day that they would treasure for as long as they lived. It was only made better by the fact that they had many other place visits to look forward to the next day and over the rest of the month or so.

No matter how much she pines for her, Samantha simply did not have the confidence to approach, not even the strength of will to even remain in Sarah's presence for more than half a minute before her overwhelming feelings started to break down her already fragile heart.

There had no doubt been a few where, filled with spontaneous

confidence and resolve, Traynor had marched her way to Sarah's cabin, fully intending to tell her how she felt. But by the time she reaches the Commander's cabin door, her sudden confidence would vanish, only to be replaced by her usual paralyzing fear and self-doubt. Feeling wretched, worthless, and utterly disgusted by her own cowardice, she slunk back to her quarters and goes back what she was unfortunately starting to do every night: Cry herself to sleep. Ever since meeting Sarah, Samantha had shed more tears in the last few weeks than she had in her life. With every day that passed without her, she died a little bit more inside, as a piece of her heart painfully shrivelled away.

Sarah was growing a bit concerned for her friend. Samantha had lately taken quite a few days off, saying she wasn't feeling well and whenever the N7 marine had tried to chat with her, she always seemed to busy or unable to be talked to. She certainly hoped it wasn't something that she'd said or done by accident. She'd never be able to forgive herself if she'd hurt Traynor.

At that moment however, Sarah's thoughts of her friend were interrupted as the dropship suddenly touched down.

Alaara had recently received a small mission from the Arkane Council which pointed to an Eclipse base. Apparently, the Eclipse operations base had a Cerberus prisoner there who was believed to have some vital data on the pro human splinter group. The Arkanes of course did not want to waste an opportunity like this to learn more on Cerberus and so had sent Alpha to assault the base, clear out any Eclipse mercs they encountered and recover the data.

With Austin and Liara still on their honeymoon, Alaara of course was in command and so would be in charge of this mission. Sarah had also been brought along since she'd worked with Alpha plenty of times after she'd joined the N7 program.

"Spread out. Standard formation." Said Alaara as they exited the dropship.

As was standard protocol, all of them took it very stealthily. They didn't want to raise the alarm in case they had reinforcements waiting.

All of Alpha and Sarah took cover while Sandra worked on disabling any alarm systems. Normally this would be Leena's job, but since she too was on her honeymoon with Ventra, that job had now temporarily fallen to Sandra.

"I'm in. Do your work, darling." She said into her communicator.

Alaara nodded and motioned for Griffin to set a charge to blow the door open.

“Priming charge.” Said Griffin.

“And try to only blow the door off this time. Shepard told me about that time on purgatory.” Said Alaara.

“Funny.” Griffin chuckled. “Okay, charges set. Get clear.”

Everyone retreated slightly to a safe distance and Griffin readied the detonator.

“Fire in the hole!”

The explosive detonated, but the explosion was unbelievably small.

“Is that meant to happen?” Dash asked.

Griffin looked at the set of charges he’d brought with him for this mission. They were the wrong type.

“I thought I had stopped doing it.” He sighed. “I mixed up my bloody explosives again!”

“Right, so what do we do now?” Alaara asked irritably.

“Think the door can be hacked. First you need to...”

But Sandra was suddenly interrupted when Kraan suddenly smashed the door right in.

“The sooner we get this done, the sooner I can get something to eat. I’m hungry!” The Krogan groaned.

The Eclipse mercs almost immediately rallied to the area. This of course was a chance for Griffin to redeem himself. While the explosives hadn’t been powerful enough for the door, they were powerful enough to kill most of the mercs.

Just as the mercs rounded a corner, Griffin fired at their feet, which caused them to skid to a halt.

“Thanks for dropping by.” He said.

“Dropping?”

“Bye!”

The explosives detonated and the floor fell away, taking the mercs with it. Many more mercs followed, but to Alpha, it was as easy as falling out of a dropship (which for a Helldiver was very easy).

With all of the mercs dealt with Sarah went into the interrogation room. The Cerberus prisoner of course was dead, but the intel was on a nearby terminal.

Sarah of course had no problem in giving the intel to the Helldivers. She hated Cerberus just as much as they did, especially after Shadow and her troops had killed her team on Krelldoor. At the same time though, she felt that that Alliance should see this as well. Making her mind up, Sarah made a copy of the data which she sent to the Alliance, and then sent the original to the Helldivers.

While she was doing that, Alpha was outside keeping the area secure. They started to patrol the base to make sure they got everyone.

Suddenly, to their amazement, an Eclipse Salarian suddenly

appeared out of nowhere and threw a flashbang at them. Clearly he'd been waiting until they let their guard down. However, the flashbang didn't affect everyone, for the Salarian had failed to notice that Alaara had been further away from the others, and was no behind him.

Laughing a bit at the Salarian not even noticing that she was behind him, Alaara tapped him on the shoulder.

"You?!"

"Hello, Morl!"

The Asari punched Morl right in the face, sending him flying into a wall, and with a broken jaw.

"I'm glad you're on our side." Said Dash.

Just before Alpha was about to make an attempt to arrest him though, the Salarian summoned up the last of his strength and launched himself right at Alpha Squad as he pressed a button that detonated experimental explosives inside his suit as a last ditch suicide attack.

The explosion sent all of Alpha Squad flying. Sarah, hearing the explosion from the other side of the base, quickly hurried to the source of the noise. Sure enough, she found all of the team lying on the floor, groaning in pain. Very minor wounds, but just enough to warrant a visit to the Med Bay for a few hours. Sarah quickly rushed up to Griffin, who had the least injuries, and helped him up. The two then set about helping the others up onto their feet and back to the Normandy.

As is her job, Traynor was monitoring the communications. As the team was returning to the Normandy, she overheard EDI send a message to Dr. Chakwas that most of the team was wounded. The thought that Sarah might be hurt made her bolt to the elevator. The comm specialist hurried down to the Engineering level to look through that large window overlooking the Shuttle Bay, as she would have embarrassed herself if she went down to the Shuttle Bay itself. She nearly fainted from the overwhelming relief she felt when she saw that Sarah didn't have a drop of blood on her and still looked as perfect as ever, even when coming out of combat. As the rest of the team was taken to the Med Bay for Chakwas to look them over, Sarah now had to stay in the Shuttle Bay to put away the team's armour and weapons which they had all taken off.

Traynor was about get back to her station when she suddenly noticed through the window that Sarah was taking off her own armour. (Not down to her red underwear obviously, just her underclothes, such as shorts and her tank-top... though they still revealed some skin).

Traynor was rooted to the spot. The sight of Sarah undressing started to stir something in the specialist. Despite the loose-fitting of the

underclothes, Sarah's well-formed body still made it look unbelievably sexy. Sarah of course still has no clue she was being watched, though she wouldn't mind if she knew who was doing the watching.

Traynor marvelled at Sarah showing considerably more skin than she'd seen before and found it surprisingly difficult to tear her eyes away. Sarah started to inspect the guns. The sight of the way her hands slowly running over and manipulated their frame so effortlessly made Traynor's legs threaten to fail her. Finally, as Sarah finished her work, she relieved some tension in her muscles by standing up straight... and arched up into a stretch, bringing the swell of her chest into full prominence under the loose t-shirt.

Traynor finally couldn't take it anymore and bolted for the elevator to get back to work. Sadly, as it had been for a long time now, she just couldn't concentrate enough. Her thoughts just keep going back to thoughts of Sarah's body.

"Alright alright alright, focus now. All systems are green, no sign of sag just like Sarah's bre- LAG! I meant LAG! Just focus, will you?! You need to make sure that everything's running smoothly, as smooth as Sarah's soft, creamy and flawless skin and- STOP IT!" she thought to herself.

Despite this though, more and more thoughts of Sarah's body kept going into Samantha's head. Guessing how smooth her legs might be, what her hair might feel like in her hands and what her lips might taste like on hers.

Traynor finally accepted defeat and did something that; once again, she'd never done before in her entire career: She took a break. She finally just gave into her desires, hoping that after letting them out, she might be able to focus on her work. First though, she wondered how she should even dare admire Sarah in this way, when she herself had no chance? Her own body was nothing special (in her eyes for now), and shamefully remembered how the backpack she arrived with contained, other than a spare uniform, a whole assembly of cosmetic and beauty supplies. Sarah, on the other, didn't need any at all, with her natural beauty. Her analytical mind went into overdrive, as she went over each detail that she could think about Sarah. Traynor started to think about each appealing aspect of Sarah's body.

1. Sarah's flawless and creamy skin. She could only imagine how smooth I must feel, what it would be like for her to stroke it with her hands. Just the mere thought of it made Samantha shudder.
2. Sexy, long legs. There was no denying that Sarah had very nice legs that were just right. Traynor once again could only imagine what they must feel like combined with her skin.

3. Divine hips. This was definitely something that Traynor had trouble not staring at. Sometimes, she even envied Sarah for having hips like that. Normally, only supermodels had hips that good.

4. Impossible hourglass waistline. Traynor found that a bit more easier to picture and had to keep a hold of herself so that she didn't get lost in her thoughts of sliding her hands up and down that beautiful model of perfection.

5. Perfectly smooth and toned abdomen. For Traynor, it was easier to imagine touching that and making Sarah laugh due to her ticklish.

6. Sarah's chest. Even Miss Lawson and Captain T'onrak had some competition when it came to breast size. Traynor did her best though not to imagine what they must look like uncovered though. If she got too aroused now and started touching herself, she might never finish, ever.

7. Hair that likely didn't even need any shampoo or conditioner. That was definitely one of the N7 marine's most beautiful features. There were hardly any redheads at all, so that alone only made Sarah seem all that more special.

8. Striking eyes that never fail to reduce Traynor to a smouldering puddle. Traynor could also could not get over how beautiful the Commander's eyes were. A mere look at them felt like looking into a beautiful abyss that would forever bring her nothing but bliss.

By this point, just merely thinking of Sarah like this has made her more aroused than she ever had been in her life.

9. And finally, her radiant smile and gorgeous lips. There was no denying that Traynor almost longed to feel those lips on her skin. Even just one kiss might make her faint.

Traynor began to imagine a mental image with blossoming joy of Sarah slowly leaning towards her as those lips slowly descend towards her own... contact... the mere imaginary sensation, on top of all her previously arousing thoughts, caused Traynor to climax with the most amazing and fulfilling orgasm in her entire life. After squirming in her post-orgasmic bliss, she went through some depression

She realized thought that despite it, all her clothes were still on. No woman had ever made her orgasm just by THINKING ABOUT

HER. How could Sarah affect her like this? Finally, she was forced to admit it.

“I never believed I would've done what I did yesterday. I feel like something important has happened to me. Is this possible? I have spoken to her only once, and yet... I have fallen in love with Commander Sarah Shepard.”

POETRY

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John Mahler's Quotes of the Day

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/john-mahler/john-mahlers-quotes-of-the-day/ebook/product-20105057.html>

Some people, at least, have enjoyed my Quotes of the Day, so here they are, for your amusement and bemusement: one entire year's worth of quotes. My quotes by the way; nobody else's. These are my thoughts and observations on the world around us: funny, sad, uplifting, evocative, inspiring, silly, and occasionally just plain stupid, they are all here for your perusal: enjoy!

OF DEATH AND LIFE

Mangekyo-user85
of <http://mangekyo-user85.deviantart.com>

I've been thinking a lot about dying
Just in general
 the nature of death
And I wasn't sure why
 Until
I heard that the number three cause of teenage death in America
 is suicide
And I think that's fucked up
That so many young people
 Aged fifteen to twenty-four
Felt there was no way out
 that it couldn't get better
What the fuck
are we doing as a society
Why do we make it so hard to say
 "I need help"
But so easy to say
 "I'm done living"
And why is it so much easier
 to end it
 than to fix it
That a slit wrist
 is the lesser of two pains
And I think that that's really fucked up
 Because life is worth living
I've been thinking a lot about living
Just in general
 the nature of life
And I'm pretty sure I know why
It's because death isn't an answer
 It's an end
And it must get better

ARMS

OHF13
of <http://OHF13.deviantart.com>

Bear your arms, prepare for war
Knowledge is power, to create or destroy
Burn all the lies, cry "no more!"
March on, this is the ploy!

Become what you will,
Will what you want,
Choices can kill,
Emotions will blunt.

Bring the cannon, set it on fire
Blast a hole through the core!
Determination to win: to disappoint or inspire?
Yell the battle cry, cry "no more!"

Choices always define,
Always corrupt,
Can outshine,
End abrupt.

To arms, to arms! Hold up the quarry!
Knowledge is power, power corrupts
Things to learn, always be weary
If you dig, don't always expect gold uneroded.

SUGAR WORRIES

Pocopagogo
of <http://Pocopagogo.deviantart.com>

It never reached me before.
That reassuring smile,
The countless hugs,
Words that seemed helpful but weren't
Sickened me like the candy treats they were.

I kept wondering if it meant something,
All you were doing for me.
Maybe I wasn't quite getting that
Bottle you had floating in my mind, but
I would throw it back to the storm.

The sincerity of it all was nauseating,
Untrue.
I could feel every drip of sweetness and worry
Rolling down my neck,
Off your lips,
Touching my cheek,
Breathing in my ear.

I wanted it to stop.

My voice was gone,
All movement lost meaning,
And nothing seemed right.
The songs you were singing became harsh and strained
And my body was forced along like a marionette,
Following, you, master.

It was a game to lose.
My life was a pointless repetition,
Never-ending,
Always repeating.

Then down came the blade across that half-lived life,
Severing all ties,
Cutting me in pieces,
And leaving me to die.

But it felt good.

Why deny it?
I know that it's true.
I loved that vicious stab at every scab I created myself.
I know I smiled at every hint of pain shoved deep into my body.

And you smiled right back.

You gave me that reassuring look,
Wrapped me in countless hugs,
Even spoke to me with that sugar worry.

I kept thinking how stupid you were.
Scoffed even when you told me it wasn't right, but

Now I know.

You meant it didn't you?
Every smile,
Every hug,
Every word.
You tried so hard to make me see that I meant something.

It took so long.
Too long, even,
To take my hands off my ears and listen.

Now I'm listening,
And smiling,
And laughing,
And singing
Because you gave me that chance to survive.

It has finally reached me.
And here I am,
Alive,
Drowned,
But happy.

Because now I know it wasn't right.
Now I know I mean something.
Now I know that I belong here,
Feeling reassured,

With your arms around me
While you whisper that candy song.

And, now that I know,
I'll gladly drink those words
Until someone else comes along, with their hands over their ears.
And I'll hand them a glass
And offer them
My sugar worries.

A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE

CP5678
of <http://cp5678.deviantart.com>

He turns it over in his hand
A blade of dark metal
Chipped
Notched
Cracked
Dull

Beneath the shimmering starlight
Standing alone against a ravenous foe
Lost in the forest of insanity
Broken and bleeding

With a star in his eye
No terror in his heart
When the wings of light
Touch the silver flecked sky

He's ready
Ready to die in the face of his foe
The one of shadow and contorted pain
Standing in the veil of retreating darkness

This foe downhill tumbles
Mouth-less mumbles
Failing and flailing in the creeping light
The power sapped by fleeing darkness

The hero stands alone
Forsaken by friends
Standing in the light
Standing without fear

NOTHING FUN

TheMeTheyDontSee
of <http://TheMeTheyDontSee.deviantart.com>

No electronics. Nothing fun.
No time out in the sun.
Nothing for me to do.
Public phone to contact you.
Would be visitors aren't near.
There's nothing to do here.
So bored in this place.
Everyone has a blank face.
It makes me want to shout.
I can't wait until I get out.