

VERSION 1.00A  
JANUARY 21, 2021

**PAPSIKELS**  
**FANTASY**

IN ASSOCIATION  
WITH

THE  
**ARCANE**  
**GEARSMITH**

PRESENT

**The METAHUMANS**

PART ONE:  
**THE INCIDENT**

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL C. MILLER

STORY COPYRIGHT © 2021 BY MICHAEL C. MILLER AND THE ARCANE GEARSMITH.  
THE META-HUMANS IS COPYRIGHT © 2021 BY PAPSIKELS FANTASY.  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



# **Part One: The Incident**

**Written By  
Michael C. Miller  
a.k.a. The Arcane Gearsmith**

Shattered glass covered the ground like a deadly razor sharp snowfall. The red and blue lights of the police cars were reflected in the glass, illuminating the crime scene in an unearthly glow.

It was a brutal scene. Someone had taken a gatling gun and raked the limo with it, forcing it to crash into a utility pole.

The driver was nearly unrecognizable. Thirty plus .50 caliber bullets tended to decapitate someone.

From the looks of it, the shooter, if you could call someone with a Gatling-gun a shooter, had taken the driver out first, then proceeded to riddle the limousine with bullets. Once the limo had stopped the assailant opened up the rear door and fired point blank into the passenger, leaving the leather covered seats soaked in blood and unidentifiable flesh.

Then the perp had painted a giant runic "L" with an intersecting circle in the side of the decimated limousine. The street sign for The League of Meta-Humans, a loose affiliation of different magical factions in Papsikels City. The symbol glowed with an aetheric green light.

The beginning of an all out turf war between the League of Meta-Humans and Fukimasa Corporation was NOT how I wanted to start my first day as a detective with the P.C.P.D.

I ducked beneath the caution tape and made my way the officer in charge. The Kid, sorry, the officer, was leaning against a cold brick wall, bracing as if he had been throwing up. I walked carefully toward him trying to avoid vomit on my new wingtips.

"Are you OK?"

The young officer looked sick. I'm glad I kept my distance.



“So much blood...” The officer shook his head, as if trying to forget the images burned into his memory.

“That’s alright son. Just stay there. Where is your partner?”

The officer weakly lifted his arm, pointing over to a larger officer interviewing a few bystanders.

“Thank you. You should find a place to sit before you pass out.”

I glaced at his name badge. Robertson. I nodded to myself then went to talk to his partner.

Bullet casings littered the street, mingling with the broken glass. I had to step carefully not to slip on them.

Robertson’s partner was his polar opposite. He was a large muscled veteran officer with silver streaks running through his hair. He tilted his head at me acknowledging my approach but at the same time showing the his disgust with me as well.

I stopped a little short of the beefy man and waited for him to finish interviewing a young lady, a hooker by the looks of it, who was apparently a witness. Her mascara was black and running from tears. She was wearing typical street walker apparel, a tight red dress and a clashing fake fur stoll. He was taking his time, probably leering at the poor woman.

I cleared my throat politely, to remind him that I was there.

The man visibly tensed then finished the conversation.

The woman started walking up the street then was joined by a second similarly dressed woman.

“Sergeant?”

The man turned still writing in his notebook. I waited.

After a few heartbeats the officer took a few steps closer.

I exhaled and reached out my hand. “Leiutenant Detective Samuel Darkbane. I’m the..”

“I know who you are.” Snapped the Sergeant. “The forensics boys are already on the way.”

Hostility seemed to radiate from the Sergeant like an oven.

It was time to take charge. I took a step closer. “Do you have a problem with me Sergeant?” Making sure to emphasize his rank.



The man clinched his teeth but said nothing.

I laughed.

“Off the record?” Snarled the Sergeant.

I smiled then nodded, knowing what was coming next.

“Frankly Sir, I don’t like your kind. And you should not be in charge of this case. You are one of them.”

I took a small step forward almost entering his personal space.

I took off my fedora, letting my long black hair fall behind my sharply pointed ears. I jutted out my jaw, as if stretching, and showed off my long sharpened teeth.

“One of what?”

“A Meta. A piece of non-human Ork trash. One or more of you Metas did this, and having a Meta on the case is a conflict of interest.”

What a load of crap. I locked eyes with the man before I spoke.

“Sergeant. Finish getting the statements. I expect a report before your shift ends, is that clear.”

“Crystal, Sir.”

“And take care of your partner, he needs help.”

At the mention of his partner the anger seemed to leave the man and he nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

There wasn’t much else I could see until the forensics team got here. The street was dark and it was still an hour before sunrise.

I walked over to my car and sat on the hood looking around at the scene. It was a small side street between two large brick warehouses. The perfect place for an ambush. There was nowhere to go.

I reached into the pocket of my oil skinned trench coat and fished out my cell and dialed the station number.

“This is Lieutenant Darkbane can you you patch me through to Overwatch? Yes, I’ll hold.”

Overwatch was the precinct nick name for the elite group of hackers that were plugged into the city mainframe. They had access to the complete citywide network.

After a couple minutes a distracted voice came from his cell. ‘Hello?’



**“Sal, is that you?”**

The voice of the man laughed, **“Darkbane?”**

**“The one and only.”** I smiled. Someone one had remembered I’d been a rookie here, before the transfer.

**“Congrats on the promotion dude! What can I do for you?”**

**“I need you to look at traffic and security cam footage from my location starting at midnight. I need to see what happened here.”**

**“You got it boss man! I’ll send it in a few. Chow!”**

Salvador, or Sal, was one of a handful of authorized cyber hackers employed by P.C.P.D. Even now, Sal was laying back, his body jacked into a direct connection the city’s mainframe. His neural interlink sorting and shifting through the terabytes of data to find the footage that he had requested.

A few minutes later his cell rang with an incoming video call.

**“Sal what do you have for me?”**

**“Here you go Bro. There’s not much, but enough to see what happened. I’ve zoomed and enhanced it a bit, but I need more time for analysis.”**

**“Play it.”**

Sal’s image was replaced with a wide angle view of the street. It was empty. Then as the limo was coming up the street, a huge troll stepped from the shadows carrying a minigun. He walked into the middle of the street and opened up fire on the driver.

The now headless driver crashed into the utility pole. The troll stepped closer then raked the car with .50 caliber rounds, emptying his ammo canister. As if that wasn’t enough he replaced the canister with a fresh one, then walked over to the passenger door and opened it. There was a moment of bumping and jostling in the back seat before the troll stuck the minigun into the limo and fired. After a moment the troll retrieved a large metal case from the back of the car.

For a moment he stood there looking around the street. He was looking for the cameras. Then the picture went dark.

**“That’s it man. After that, all the feeds in the area are dead. Like someone was trying to cover his tracks.”**



**“That was Arnork wasn’t it.”**

**I was more of a statement than a question. It was Arnork. A huge troll street thug and enforcer that recently arrived in Papsikels City. The League had acquired his services.**

**“Yeah.”**

**“Can you enhance the images of the case Arnork pulled from the limo?”**

**“No problem.”**

**After a moment a three photos appeared on my cell.**

**I took in a deep breath and sighed.**

**Fukimasa Corporation. The Logo was as clear as day. Whoever had been in the limo had been a currier, and it was important enough to send Arnork in for the hit.**

**This was not good. It would escalate quickly.**

**Fukimasa would retaliate.**

**And I’m stuck in the middle of it.**