For all of her skill, she wasn’t making a dent. The glowing blue armor of Melee had stopped every attack she threw at it. Foreman was picking himself out of some rubble from yet another deft throw where Melee had reversed the huge man’s momentum. Saber was barely able to keep up with Melee’s attacks, and that was only because of the distractions Foreman was providing.

He seemed to be able to read their every move. She had to do something unexpected. Sword and laser no good. What had Ravenstick always done? Miss Adventure tried a leg sweep. Melee seemed to anticipate this. And leapt up, blocking a thrust from Saber. But apparently Foreman had somehow anticipated the counter, and hurled his wrench, catching Melee in the head, sending him forward. Saber quickly sent fire from his magic blade, catching Melee’s armor.

Melee, in full plate mail, hopped up from the ground in a deft move. The gaps in his helm showed anger. Saber rushed forward, to press the advantage…but they never really had it. Melee stepped forward and to the side, catching Saber’s blade against his side and sliding up close to him. Melee lightly pressed his fist into Saber’s stomach. Miss Adventure cried out, as she saw a blue blade sprout from Saber’s back. Melee casually tossed the body aside.

Forman stepped next to Miss Adventure.

“Get dat blade… and Tell my wife an kids I love em.”

With that, he rushed forward, purposely stopping just out of range of Melee, who seemed to thing Foreman was going to try a tackle. Foreman began randomly attacking, flailing his fists, trying to head butt, kicking. The chaotic fighting seemed to confuse Melee for a short time. As though his training didn’t prepare him for such attacks.

Miss Adventure took this time to race to Saber’s blade, doing her best not to look at his bloody body. The blade flared as she grabbed it, and she quickly turned to the fight. Melee had already adjusted, and Foreman was covered in cuts and gouges, and seemed to be missing fingers from one hand. But Foreman didn’t slow.

Melee may have been a better swordsman, but he wasn’t faster… not faster than her. She had to get there before… she had to get there NOW! In a flash she was there. The flaming sword moved in a blur. The first few shots were blocked, but others got through. Pieces of armor came away as she hit. She moved FASTER. A dozen attacks in the matter of seconds. Melee reeled, his skin burning, armor falling away. He was better than her… he saw every attack as it came, and knew every counter. But he couldn’t move that fast. By the time his arm was up for one attack, she had attacked three other places. He didn’t feel the pain. He was built not to. So he didn’t understand why his legs quick working, as the flaming blade hit his spine. He fell, as he tried to tell his legs to move. His arm still whipped back and forth as he tried to block attacks that had happened several seconds ago. It would take the various parts of his body several minutes to stop functioning and realize it was dying.

Miss Adventure, her brain still in a frenzy, suddenly realized Foreman had not been attacking. She turned, and saw him sitting in a pool of blood, his overalls stained red. He was looking down at the puddle, as his torso rocked, and he slowly slumped forward. She cried softly as she heard him whispering.
“Sorry honey. Daddy won’t be able to see your ballet. He has ta go. Your mama will take care of you. Be good to your brother…”

Miss Adventure fell to her knees, Jamming the flaming sword into the ground. All through the city, battles raged. But here, you could only hear her sobs.