

Strata Dragoon's Legacy!

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I had volume 8 of Beyblade(manga) and there was a mini section in the back telling the story of Daichi. My story isn't related to these stories. This story is my own creation. Only read this if you're clued up on the basics of Beyblade.

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1. The start of a legacy

Daichi trudged down the rocky path, groaning. He ruffled his stubborn red hair and fished his Beyblade out of his pocket. Tyson, Max and the others were at the BBA by special request to try out a new system of blades. The bit chip of strata Dragoon glinted and the image of the monster seemed to glow with anticipation.

"GRRRR!!!!!! I can't take this anymore!!!!!!", the eager blader wailed. Daichi rushed off to find an opponent. The city was huge but he expected to find his foe here. As he dashed past a store, a t.v caught his eye. It was the BBA channel live at the latest tournament. A tall boy with a billowing black over coat and bandaged legs was ready to launch. His blade was loaded.

The announcer screamed into his mic. The mysterious boy smirked and pulled his rip cord. His blade, a heavily built blue top with a sharp spin tip, collided with the stadium. It spun ferociously and clashed with his opponent. The boy smirked again and yelled, "Ferocity Flames!!!!!! A torrent of fire washed over his opponents top. Daichi gaped.

It looked like a replica of Dranzer. Daichi punched the air. "Thats the opponent I've been searching for", he screeched. Daichi span on his heels and met a pair of cold red eyes. His short black hair waved in an unwelcoming breeze. His black overcoat billowed and Daichi caught a glimpse of a long tattered rip cord. It was the boy off the t.v. Daichi looked back at the t.v. It must be a recording.

The boy grinned malvolently.

"Daichi..... Sumeragi...", he rasped, drawing a blue blade from his coat. Daichi shivered. "YEAH! Thats me!", he yelled.

"Obviously.... I wish to engage in battle with you.....It appears your friend.... Tyson.... Is absent", the dark figure rasped. Daichi snarled.

"WHY IS IT ALWAYS TYSON!!?" Daichi snapped back. Daichi was now too worked up to be scared.

The boy chuckled and lead Daichi to the bey stadium in the park.

TO BE CONTINUED...

2. Dark Battle

The stadium was right ahead. Daichi kicked some grit and strode calmly round to one side. The boy loaded his top and glared at Daichi. "Hurry up!" he ordered briskly. Daichi clenched his fists and flinched as he looked deeper into his foe's red eyes. Without warning the boy's top hit the bey stadium with a crack and span with stability. "YOU'RE TAKING TOO LONG!!!" the boy screeched. Daichi flashed sharp teeth and yelled in defiance. In a second Strata Dragoon had emerged and roared. "Ha! Strata Dragoon is the ultimate holy beast", he laughed.

A spurt of fluorescent green light erupted from the chip of the blader's bit. "My name is Kazuki and I'm going to fucking destroy you!" he chuckled loudly. Daichi shivered and punched the air. "Well..... I've been waiting.... To try out this new technique I've perfected...", the hot headed boy muttered. Strata Dragoon curled and uncurled revealing the true extent of its prowess. It's purple mane wafted with energy and it brandished its claws. A tongue of sharp light streaked from its mouth and pierced a large hole through Kazuki's holy beast. Kazuki recoiled but soon regained his confidence.

Daichi managed a quick flick of a glance down at the dish. The purple blade that was imbued with the life of Strata was wobbling and was about to topple over. Kazuki's eyes widened with hunger and he yelled, "RELEASE THE HOLY BEAST OF ULTRA!!!!!!!!!!!"

A shimmering black shape faded in and out of focus until it became vivid and clear. Daichi's mouth dropped open in shock as Strata was knocked to the ground.

TO BE CONTINUED...