

The Lost Missions

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She stole weaponry. He stole her heart.

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0 - Prologue

LOL this is what happens when my friends help me write a fanfic while we're hyper at lunch XD

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The engine gunned to life, dirt flying as the reactors in the hover cycle roared. Before it was even able to rise, the bike had taken off at top speeds.

The wind billowed in Flare's ears, her jet black hair flying behind her. Neera basically clang to the handle-bars for dear life as the bike turned and swerved to dodge the laser fire from the Crimson Guard.

"The thief is escaping! Quickly, get her!" she heard them yell. She gunned the engine again, making the bike go faster.

Strait ahead, a hover screen of Baron Praxis was rapidly coming closer and closer. "Uh, Flare!? Flare!?" yelled Neera. "Are you insane!? Hover-screen at 12 o' clock!!"

"Maybe just a little insane!" she replied, rising her voice above the wind. Gunning it one more time, she popped a wheely and flew upward through the screen. The glass shattered and flew everywhere.

Citizens scattered as the glass fell to the earth. Flare pulled a U-turn, going underground through the dim roadways.

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Almost a solid half-hour later, Flare had finally shaken off the Guards. Turning a corner, she slowed greatly. Driving into a large back alley, she came to a complete stop, then turned in her seat to make sure that the haul was still in good condition. She flung her leg over the other side of the cycle and hopped off, Neera jumping onto her shoulder. Untying the load from the bike, she headed towards a strange area in the large gray wall.

The crack opened, revealing a dark staircase, the only light coming from the room at the end. The two could hear a high-pitched voice coming from the room, basically yelling. "That @\$\$-whole Krew just made us go out on the stupidest little mission ever, and now you want us to help this recruit that we've never even heard of!? This is the biggest load of-"

"Excuse me, are we interrupting anything Torn?" asked Flare, reaching the bottom of the stairs.

Everyone turned to face her and the fuzzy pink ottsel on her shoulder. Suddenly, a silent switch clicked on in Dexter's head. He jumped over onto Flare's opposite shoulder, and stared at Neera. "Heelll-"

SLAP

"Don't even think about it fuzzy boy." Dexter hit the ground with a loud 'thud' coming from the floor. "Besides, my race is higher up on the food chain."

"... But aren't you an ottsel too?"

"...Well... the female of the species eat the males!"

Cutting in, Flare said, "No they- mmph!" Her mouth had been blocked by Neera's tail.

"N-no, don't listen to Flare! *I* have the brains! She's had a few to many laser shots to the head! Hehe..."

"MM!" Flare gave Neera a menacing glare.

"YOW!" yelled the pink ottsel, jumping onto Torn's desk, then onto his shoulder. Massaging her tail, she said, "Torn, she bit my tail! *Again!*"

Torn sighed. "*These* are the two recruits your suppost to guard."

1 - Working Late

Spitting out fur, Flare yelled in surprise. "What!? We don't need guards! If you could have seen how we just evaded those Crimson Guard goons, you-"

"That's exactly my point Flare. You and Neera are getting to risky when you dodge them. I *did* see your escape. It was plastered all over the news as it was going on. Luckily, your face wasn't seen clearly in any of the video, and the only part of Neera that could be seen was her bandanna. Do you *know* how damaging it could have been for The Resistance if you had been seen!? Or, even worse, captured!? That would be out only mechanical expert, gone. And, if you *had* been caught, who knows what ways of torture they would have used to get information out of you!? The two'll make sure you don't do anything like that again, and that's final."

"But, Torn I-"

"I said enough. Now, while Jak and Dexter are your guards, they will be staying in your apartment."

If Flare had been drinking anything at the moment, it would have been spit across the room.

"WHAT!?!?!?!?"

"You never said anything about that, Torn." growled Jak. If it hadn't been for that, Dexter might have thought he went back to being a mute.

"Well, it's still part of your mission. Flare, lead Jak to you apartment on your cycle when you're done here."

"Torn, sometimes I think you're insane." sighed Flare. She walked over to another door which slid open, revealing a work-table surrounded by wrenches and power-tools. The group saw her put the load onto the the table, and lost sight of her as the door slid shut.

Neera jumped off of Torn's shoulder and up onto the top bunk of one of the beds. "You two may wanna get comfortable. We may be here for a while before she's finished."

"Flare's our mech girl. She reboots all of the guns, hover-boards, and the other equipment she brings back from her missions. She's a hot-head, and prefers to do things on her own. You'll have to keep your eye on her." said Torn. With that, he headed up the stairs.

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It was almost midnight. Neera was asleep on one of the beds, and Dexter was asleep on the other end. Jak was leaning against the wall, his eyes closed. The door slid open, revealing a half-asleep Flare trudging out of it. Jak opened his eyes, watching her wake up Neera. The ottsel half jumped/half fell onto her shoulder.

Jak then proceeded to go and wake up Dexter. "Wait Jak," said Neera. "Let's leave him here."

"Neera, up shut\* please?" sighed Flare. "I'm too tired to fight right now." She walked up the stairs, then waited at the top for Jak. Walking over to her cycle, she cranked it to life, rising higher up into the air, then waited until Jak joined her on his 'borrowed' bike.

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The lock clicked open and Flare walked inside, followed by Jak. Flare stopped dead, eyes wide in their sockets. "Neera, you were the last one in here... right?"

"Yeah..."

"Okay... um... frack the what*!?"

"FLARE!! YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING THOSE TYPES OF THINGS!!!!"

"What the-" said Daxter.

"I'M *OLDER* THAN YOU, NEERA!!"

"BY A *YEAR*!!!"

"YOU WANNA GO*!? DO YOU WANT TO GO YA' LITTLE PINK FUZZBAG!?!?"

"OH, THAT'S IT!!!" At that point, the girls proceeded to roll around, fighting each other on the insanely messy floor. "BESIDES, JAK PROBABLY ISN'T EVEN CLEAN!!!" The fight stopped for approximately 5 nano-seconds, just long enough for Flare's face to turn beat red. Neera thought she had won, but, unfortunately, she was wrong. The fight started back up immediately. A series of small grunts and squeaks came from the now accumulated fight-cloud. "OW!! QUIT BITING MY TAIL!!"

The boys were still standing in the doorway, apparently very entertained. "Eh... now I see why they need guards." said Daxter.

"WE DON'T NEED GUARDS!!!" the two girls screamed in response. Actually stopping for a second to look around at the incredibly messy apartment, they dropped their eyelids. "Ah, frack."

~up shut: our teachers don't like us saying 'shut up', so we say up shut. XD

~ frack the what: me and my friends say it like this cuz we're just insane like that. XP IT'S BETTER CUZ IT'S BACKWARDS!!! XD

~You wanna go?: thats just a little phrase everyone says at my school as a joke XD. It's when we ave mock arguments. Yeah. my entire school is a little crazy. X3 XD XP

2 - Cleanup

The next morning, they started to work on the mess on hand. They had been too tired to clean it last night. Flare had passed out on the couch, Neera on the armchair, letting the boys take their room.

Flare pulled on her welding gloves, getting ready for the large cleaning session at hand.

"And you need welding gloves... because...?" asked Jak

"You'd be surprised at the messes Neera's made before." she replied.

"Hey Flare!" they heard Neera call from the other side of a mound of laundry. "I think I found the dog!"

"We have a dog?"

"I don't know, but whatever this, it's brown, furry, has eyes, and... OH MY GOD!!! IT MOVES!!!" she ran around the pile, the brown thing chasing her.

"OH MY GOD!!" yelled Flare, quickly jumping up onto the armchair. "KILL IT!! KILL IT WITH A SPATULA!!"

"THE SPATULA'S IN IT'S HAIR!!"

Looking around frantically, Flare grabbed her nearby gun, and shot at it... whatever *it* was. "Jak, your our guard, go poke it and see if it's dead."

"I thought you said you didn't *need* guards."

"Oh, just go poke it." she snapped.

Jak walked over to the fur ball, kicked it, then gave Flare a blank, yet somewhat amused look. "It's dead."

With a relieved sigh, Flare climbed off the chair, and Neera jumped down from the couch. When Neera landed though, her tail hit the lamp, which fell onto a table. The table collapsed sideways, crashing into a pile of books and magazines. The books then fell over onto another one of the randomly placed guns, which tipped over hitting another table. On that table was a vase, which proceeded to fall to the ground and shatter into a million pieces.

"I knew that domino effect thing would come up to bite me sooner-or-later." said Neera. Looking up at the ceiling, she yelled, "Curse you domino effect!"

"Neera, do me a favor. Stop trying to help." sighed Flare.

"But I didn't do it! It was the lamps fault!"

She sighed again. "Alright. I'll give you **two** more chances. *Just two*. Got it?"

"Yep! Got it! No more accidents!" Se nodded her head, and saluted as though she was in the military. Unfortunately, her elbow hit the couch, which made it... well.. collapse and basically implode.

Flare sighed and hit the palm of her hand on her forehead. This was going to be a long day.

"I can fix it! Don't worry!" She turned to look at the couch. "...later..."

Approximately 10 seconds later

The apartment was now partially flooded with soapy pink bubbles. "NEEEEEERRRRRRRAAAAA!!!!!!"

Flare stomped through the bubbles... which kinda eliminated the whole 'mad' effect. The ottsel was hiding in one of the soap mounds,,, which actually served as camouflage.

Thinking that she was safe, she yelped when she was yanked out of the bubbles by her tail. "Neera..." growled Fl;are in the most menacing voice she could conjure up. "Go... outside... onto the balcony... and DON'T TRY TO HELP.