

Author's Notes- This fic is based around my original character from my Render: Black series, [Sotsu Re~Venge](#). It is suggested you read through his profile there before proceeding to the story; but, should you not wish to that's fine. Sotsu Re~Venge and company are copyrighted to me, Chemic, Darren and possibly anyone else is copyrighted to their rightful players.

Warning: this story does contain mild language, violence and sexual content... and will generally press your sanity. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. X3~~

Render: Black- Extra Stage
—Children of Heaven and Earth—

Prologue- 100 Second Kitchen Battle ([Orange Lounge](#))

Chemic slowly pulled herself from her deep slumber. She gently rose in her cluttered bed, drawing up her oversized claws and rubbing the sleep from her eyes. A few incoherent words stumbled from her dazed self before an obnoxiously loud yawn erupted from her muzzle. Her arms pulled up and over her head as she stretched out, pulling her virtually see-through nightgown up over her heavily swollen tummy.

Faint rays of sunshine glittered through the sparse spaces between the boards she had put up on her window. The sunlight cascaded into the dark and gloomy room like a river of life illuminating the dungeon of a foul monstrosity. Scattered about the floor laid an innumerable amount of clothes (indecent ones for the most part) and adult toys. She cast a sinister glare at the sun glimmering through the hastily assembled barrier. A snarl rose from her throat as she tossed the covers back, revealing her bulging tummy sticking out from the fine black netting of her nightgown. She groaned loudly as she slowly hefted herself to her feet. With her back slouched over in a weak posture, her brain still half asleep she, in a very languid pace, plodded her way into the hallway and toward the kitchen.

Chemic's feet gently scuffed over the light brown shag carpet and in the kitchen she could hear Darren already up and awake; the coffee bubbling and boiling in the pot and pancakes sizzling hot and ready in a pan on the oven. Darren smiled as she entered; an apron donned reading "I'm hot, My Cooking's Not" fit snug over the tabby cat's work attire. Chemic shot back with a meaningful sneer and a sounding growl.

"Morning sleepy head," Darren chuckled as he caught sight of the vixen's bed-head hair standing on end; it looking almost like a red Mohawk.

"Food! Coffee! **NOW!**" Chemic hissed back, her eyes shooting wide, crashing her fists into the kitchen table as she sat down.

"Okay... okay. Keep your pan-.... " Darren stopped himself from finishing the expression- he already knew she was well prepared to counter that in one way or another.

Darren hastily acquired the nearby plate and plastic spatula. In a single fluid movement the gray-furred chef masterfully whipped the tongue of the utensil underneath the freshly cooked pancake and flipped it high into the air. With a smug look of satisfaction across his face he positioned the plate in front of his chest, where, to no surprise, the pancake landed perfectly in place. Setting the spatula down Darren then swept up the bottle of maple syrup and, spinning it a few times around on his index finger, proceeded to procure a smooth swirl of rich brown liquid down the face of the pancake. He snickered under his breath as Chemic watched on with immense disinterest, her scowl quickly forming into a lethal scorn as her lips curled, showing her rows of sharp canines to the whimsical kitten.

"Oh okay," Darren pouted, rolling his eyes, "You're no fun."

"Oh, you want fun? *Do you!*?" Chemic snapped back, practically frothing at the mouth with antagonism; her body shaking with irritation at the antics of her host.

Darren simply replied with a shake of his head in disappointment. In all honesty he did know better than to push Chemic right after she wakes up, but he was in a good mood today! He looked forward to getting to work greatly as rumor had it he is supposed to get another pay raise for his outstanding dedication to his job and long extra hours put in even after his shift. With an optimistic bounce in his step and his spirits high with a broad grin on his face he made his way over to the cupboard, retrieving

a white mug that depicted a silhouetted steaming cup—in bold, blue letters it also read “World’s #1 Mug”.

Chemic waiting impatiently, her long wicked claws tapping loudly at the surface of the kitchen table: her legs crossed one over the other and her chin resting in her other hand. She sighed loudly, attempting to spur Darren into a more hasty preparation of her breakfast. Darren smiled over at her as he cheerfully laid down the plate and hot mug of coffee before her. He neglected to bring silver wear or any means of eating utensils... he understood Chemic wouldn’t use them anyways and after many excruciating bouts about proper table manners with her he had eventually given up.

As Chemic pounced on her plate tearing her vicious claws into the delightful breakfast Darren had made for her, the tabby cat waved, removed the cooking apron and stated, “Well! I’ll be back this evening. Don’t burn the house down while I’m gone!”

“Oh...” Chemic mumbled, chunks of saliva saturated pancake tumbling from her open maw, “Sorry about that. It won’t happen again,” the demonic vixen stuttered before returning her attention to the pancake.

Darren shrugged and headed out the door. A few moments later his car engine rumbled to life and he drove off. Chemic sat there gobbling down the last of her pancake before quickly gulping down the steamy hot coffee. Setting the hefty white mug down she slouched back in her chair with her back arched and her tummy protruding a good distance from her night gown. She belched soundly, patting her swollen tummy with her hand. Her fingers sifting through the red fur on her tummy, quite satisfied with the delicious meal. She closed her eyes enjoying the perfect silence of the household... at least for the few moments it lasted.

A metallic rattling echoed outside. Chemic’s ears perked up and she bolted upright in her chair. The rattling grew loudly and the location of it grew more and more distinct as it increased steadily in volume. Slowly over the rattling a heavy bang could be heard. It was as if somebody was outside swinging a chain against the side of a car; except Chemic knew Darren had left already. The sounds grew to a loud roar, Chemic could hear it right outside of the kitchen window by now and she rose from her chair, muscles tense, her body ready to dart out of the way of danger. The sounds stopped. The kitchen was cast into absolute silence save for Chemic’s heavy breathing, her chest and stomach heaving to and fro as she shook with anticipation.

“We meet at least,” a soft female voice sounded from the outside of the kitchen wall. Chemic tilted her head to the side a bit and just as she was about to speak a loud bang bellowed as a bullet pierced the far end of the kitchen wall, sending a small beam of sunlight spilling out across the floor. Chemic cursed loudly as she backed up, her eyes watching as two more bullets found their way reeling through the kitchen wall. A line of bullet holes seemed to form as again and again shots were fired through the wall, riddling the kitchen with pock-marks, damaging the appliances set on top of the kitchen counter and destroying any dishes set up there. The kitchen window shattered and Chemic dove down against the cold tile floor as a few stray projectiles streaked on by her. She growled angrily to whoever the assailant was and almost as if perhaps the mysterious gunslinger on the other side had heard, the bullets ceased firing.

Chemic took the moment of silence to cast a glance about the ruined kitchen interior. Jagged shards of ceramic, glass and metal lined the floor. The voluptuous vixen could see where the bullets had pierced through as dozens of small pins of soft, golden morning sunlight shined through. Then, without warning, an orchestra of gunfire sounded. An innumerable amount of bullets hailed through the kitchen’s partition eating away at the wall like a ravenous disease. It didn’t take much to force the

whole wall to collapse, sending clouds of dust in the air and everything that had been on the counter before, spinning to the ground in a symphony of crashes and clangs.

Chemic's sharp eyes focused on the silhouetted figure standing in the debris that was once the kitchen's eastern wall- now clouded in a haze of dust. The figure seemed to have a very feminine form with some form of long flowing garment billowing about. A great bulge protruded from the center of the figure and atop of that bulged sat too very large, very round orbs. Some type of excessively large headwear sat atop of the shadow's head between two large, triangular ears. And clutched in the paws of this dark shadowy menace gleamed a pair of massive hand cannons. Chemic snarled, lifting herself slowly from the now rubble covered floor. Her claws retracting to their full length as she lowered herself into a tight stance, readying to pounce the attacker at any moment.

The dirt and debris clouding the room slowly drifted away, now clearly revealing the attacker. A wolf garbed in a tattered gentlemen's coat now stood where the wall once was. Jet black fur rustled as a slight draft entered the room, kicking up the long tattered tails of the coat. Long, voluminous sleeves draped down the wolf's slender arms and flowed over the leather, fingerless gloves adorning the large paws of the intruder. A streak of light gray flowed down the center of this creature from her muzzle down the girth of her greatly distending belly and disappearing beneath the broad brown belt stressed underneath the weight of the wolf's obviously pregnant stomach. Though hard to see over the wolf's engorged belly, this belt was adorned with a countless number of pistol magazines, ranging in hundreds of variety. It seemed almost impossible that this tiny-framed canine could be not only hefting around her heavily pregnant body but **also** several hundred pounds of ammunition. That was not the only thing that seemed quite shocking, but clasped to the side by the means of a series of heavy chains dangling from the belt off on the wolf's right side was a massive blade easily five to six feet in length and two feet across. The blade itself was quite unconventional, but also quite intimidating. The overburden belt then flowed down and over to the baggy bondage shorts covering most of the female's legs. The shorts bore a great assemble of dozens of belts and large zippers that scattered across the black expanse of the bondage wear. The rest of the creature's slender legs were hidden from view by the oversized knee-high black combat boots that settled into the piles of debris. Chemic's face scrunched into an infuriating sneer as she sensed a broken holy bond reeking from the wolf. The vixen's sight slowly rose to meet the eyes of the assailant, only to find a pair of blue-tinted sunglasses covering the wolf's eyes. Chemic chuckled softly, "Trying to stop me from looking into your soul... fallen angel?" the demonic black and red furred vixen spat, her voice dripping with pure abhor content.

From behind the mismatched blue frames the wolf's soft golden eyes scanned the scene. Her eyes perked up, pulling the slack of the wolf's black beanie up along with it as soft locks of blue streaked-jet black hair fell over her face. Her muzzle conveyed no expression and she slowly rose her massive akimbo to face the demon vixen.

"Your instruments of man can not hurt me you idiot!" Chemic laughed, a broad grin crossing her face, "NOTHING can kill me!"

A slight smirk formed across the dainty muzzle of the wolf.

"I'm all about unconventionality, bitch," the jet black wolfen countered.

"Oh it is **so** on now..." Chemic snarled, bounding forward with her claws outstretched. She was surprisingly fast, turning into nothing more than a broad streak of red and black as she rocketed toward the unknown opponent. Chemic was much faster than the wolf had anticipated but not fast enough to land a sufficient blow. The wolf strafed to one side, only receiving a painful graze across her right cheek from one of Chemic's lethal claws. The wolf snarled in pain as she felt warm blood trickle down her cheek. As Chemic hit the ground a few yards from away, the wolf extended out both arms and popped off a few shots from her huge pistols.

Chemic quickly somersaulted forward, the bullets tearing chunks from the tiled kitchen floor, showering the area with debris and earth. The wolf cursed under her breath as she saw Chemic running on all fours right for her.

“Perfect attack this, bitch!” the wolf spat, hyper extending her arms straight out in front of her, the pistols running parallel to one another. Her hands tensed against the hilt of the pistols, her palms sweated and her eyes settled down on the charging vixen demon. The first shot drew from the left pistol, time seemed to slow and the air itself became tangible. The wolf lifted up her right leg, the knee leveling out with her chest before slamming her leg back toward the ground. Her foot actually broke through the tile flooring, practically trapping itself into the earth below; then, with a powerful jerk of her hips her left foot found itself plummeting right into the ground. Her knees bent, the right pistol went off; the first bullet still yet to even leave the chamber.

The pistols firing rate was extraordinarily fast in order to accommodate the wielder’s speed. The wielder happened to be Sottiepheaia... and in her hands the pistols were capable of vast amounts of destruction and the wolf intended to prove this. Her teeth gritted and her shoulders lowered. The first two bullets exited the chamber, Sottiepheaia repositioned her hands to ensure the bullets wouldn’t collide mid-air and fired again. She repeated this process several times, her appendages becoming a flurry of black and gunmetal. The bullets fired out with loud bangs each time, the roar becoming near deafening as with each pull of the trigger the sound seemed to double over with the previous shot. The whole household shook as dozens... and then hundreds of bullets were fired all in a short session of a few seconds. The tile floor shifted in whole as the momentum of the rapid gun fire pushed Sottiepheaia back even with her feet still cemented firmly in the ground.

Time was still crawling forward. Chemic grinned, once again bearing her vicious fangs, she figured she would be underestimated. As the bullets railed forward on a collision course with her, she sprang back up onto her feet, her claws lifting up and back as she skimmed over the trajectory of each and every bullet plowing forward in the seemingly liquid-like air. Continuing her charge forward the seemingly completely insane vixen willed her arms into a maddening vortex of razor-sharp claws. Small clicks could be heard the she red and black haze seemed to run right **through** the air-borne lead projectiles. The distance between Chemic and Sottiepheaia quickly closed and the wolf was too shocked at what she was seeing to move herself out of the way before Chemic’s fist came up right under her chin.

Sottiepheaia was sent flying back through the kitchen, hitting the opposite wall, crashing through THAT and then tumbling a few feet through the living room. Time returned to normal as Chemic erected her stance, grinning evilly as all about her rained bullets... that had been cut in half.

Sottiepheaia moaned, squirming about on the soft carpet of the humble little living room as pain wracked her body. The force of her tumbling actually managed to strip some of the carpet from the floor and now a second kitchen wall had been almost completely demolished. Chemic cared not though as she casually strolled through the remains of the west kitchen wall and into the living room where her wolfen opponent lay sprawled out. The vixen chuckled as she approached Sottiepheaia.

“What’s wrong? Where is your God at to help you, hm!?” Chemic cackled, reaching down with a clawed paw, in an attempt to grapple the wolf. Sottiepheaia smashed the butt of her gun into Chemic’s wrist, forcing her arm away as she swiftly lifted the barrel of her gun to Chemic’s face. The wicked firearm’s barrel only a mere inch or two from the vixen’s eyes; yet despite that, Chemic only grinned showing no fear of the weapon.

“My God cast me into purgatory to clean up trash you like!” Sottiepheaia spat, pulling the trigger.

Chemic knocked the Sottiepheaia’s arm aside, the bullet stumbling into the ceiling above them. Sottiepheaia then lifted her other arm up, leveling it with the vixen’s face and pulled the trigger. Chemic hastily parried that arm aside as well, unmoving in her position over the grounded Sottiepheaia. The wolf

quickly repositioned her first arm down and under, aiming for Chemic's large, round, mid-drift; at this time though the vixen had had enough. She backhanded the gun with a vigorous snap of her wrist, sending it spiraling to the floor several dozen feet away. Sottiephea tried to get her other arm back up to fire off a shot, but Chemic had anticipated this and captured the wolf's wrist in her immeasurably strong claw. Sottiephea was easily overpowered as she struggled against Chemic's grip. It seemed useless and all of the squirming merely seemed to make Chemic enjoy it all the more. Chemic then used her free hand as she bent down and grappled Sottiephea's face, chambering her elbow back before slamming the wolf's head into the floor; actually managing to break the ground below by the inhuman force of the blow.

Sottiephea howled in pain as she struggled to free herself and the vixen let out a loud maniacal cackle in delight as her victim writhed underneath her. Chemic pulled close, bringing to muzzle to Sottiephea's ear. The two pregnant anthro's bellies touching one another, Chemic murred seductively as she felt the soft fur of the wolf's tummy brush against hers. Sottiephea growled loudly as best as she could, her head still restrained by Chemic's grip.

"After I've cleaned the floor with you and you're too weak to move..." Chemic whispers to the wolf, saliva dripping from her muzzle as she sensuously grinds her tummy against Sottiephea's, "I'm going to tie you up in my basement and have my way with you..." Chemic's voice oozed with lust and as she continued to gyrate herself against Sottiephea, her sex dripped wet with arousal.

"You sick bitch!" Sottiephea snarled, managing to draw up her foot against the bottom of Chemic's tummy. "Die!" She shouted, thrusting her leg outward with all her might, actually sending Chemic airborne a few feet above her.

Sottiephea took this opportunity to make use of Kakumei, her oversized broad sword. As Chemic slowly reached the maximum height of her trajectory Sottiephea rolled sideways, thrusting her pistol into its holster at the side of her belt. She reached back and pulled a powerful hand about the thick hilt of Kakumei. She grinned mischievously as her fingers ran over the familiar leather binding before reaching about the giant metal clasp holding the weapon to a series of chains that were bolted to her belt. With a sounding pop the clasp was released and Kakumei fell gently into her hands. The weapon's massive blade struck the floor and despite its incredible weight Sottiephea hefted in front of her, wrapping her other hand about it. Sottiephea cocked the weapon back almost as if she was preparing to swing a baseball bat. She took a quick step and hop forward before swinging the giant blade. Chemic grinned, seeing the sword's edge flying toward her. Just as it came within arm's distance the vixen outstretched her arm and actually gripped the edge of the blade. She showed no reaction to the deep cuts forming along her fingers as blood dripped over the blade. Then, using her impressive strength she pulled the broad flat body of the blade toward her, tucking her legs in so that her feet actually rested on the sword's broad body. Sottiephea strained to pull the sword back, but it was too late. Pulling her arm up, Chemic freed the blade from Sottiephea's grasp and kicked off of it, sending her back into the air to perform a swift backflip before landing on her feet several feet back. Kakumei was sent spinning wildly into the air and as it hastily descended back toward the ground Chemic reached out and without even looking, caught the sword by its hilt. Sottiephea was baffled.

"Tell me, fallen angel," Chemic began, her voice sincere yet filled with humor and delight at her opponent's dumbfound expression, "What do you prefer?" Chemic grinned, revealing her rows of sharp fangs to Sottiephea as her free hand gently grazed down her front, pulling the skimpy nightgown taught against her plump breasts and pregnant belly. "Pleasure before death... or *just* death?" The arm wielding Kakumei shot straight out toward Sottiephea's neck, simultaneously Sottiephea drew up her remaining pistol. The sword stopped short a mere inch or two from Sottiephea's neck and the barrel of the gun raised up, aiming straight at Chemic's face. The two stood, facing off from one another.

Sottiephea panting heavily as sweat formed from her brow and plastered her long bangs against her forehead. Chemic stood confident and cocky, grinning broadly as she stared fearlessly into the eyes of her assailant.

There the two heavily pregnant warriors of divine heritage stood, only a half-dozen strides apart with weapons drawn and ready to strike the final blow. The black and red hell-bound vixen facing across from the heavily garbed black and light gray wolven; amongst them countless piles of debris from the once warm and tidy kitchen and living room of Darren's home. Chemic's hand tensed over the hilt of the mighty sword and Sottiephea's index finger twitched against the trigger of her pistol.

... and they stood in silence.