

Brotherhood gone bonkers 3

Von Aqua111

Another beautiful sunrise - but unfortunately no one in Haven aside of those in front of the surveillance screens could see it since the Guardian's base had no windows. Sometimes the members of the Brotherhood simply had to wonder if Steppenwolf had been a vampire or anyhow else allergic to sunlight because he had chosen something without access to natural light as their base.

Just like every morning Locke was already sitting in the surveillance room, clicking through the different screens and watching over Angel Island. Everything was just as usual. A few Dark Legionnaires had invaded Echidnaopolis but Constable Remington and some of his people from the EST were about to chase them away again. Mighty sold Cannabis at the train station while the rest of the Chaotix dragged the struggling Knuckles into the next brothel. Kragok had robbed a bank. Well, even the Dark Legion could need money once in a while. He ended up in prison but got out again within the next few minutes because he bribed the guards with the money he just had stolen. And in the meantime also Knuckles had fled out of the brothel.

Locke stood up and stretched his back. Some coffee would be nice right now. Since Spectre was "clean" they had dared to put the coffee maker back into the kitchen and that was where Locke was heading now.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Spectre looked at himself in the mirror.

"Why the heck do I even wear a cloak looking similar to a Dark Legion cloak if I hate the Legion so much? And then the smoke... I look like the grim reaper for crying out loud. No wonder that I'm nearly always in a bad mood if my appearance is already that dark and depressing. I guess I should try a different style for a change."

He looked at the clock. That early in the morning no clothing shops might be open. But they still had enough stuff from previous Guardians stored somewhere and it wasn't like Spectre had a different clothing size than any of them. Probably he should borrow some of their stuff - at least until the shops had opened.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

"Morning, grandfather", Locke greeted when he noticed someone entering the kitchen. He supposed that it was Athair because he had seen colourful dreads from the corners of his eyes but he didn't look up and continued to give his best attention to the coffee maker. How often had he told the others that they should refill water,

coffee and milk on a regular base. But no, now everything was empty and obviously no one had felt the need to do something against it.

The other Guardian picked up a newspaper from the table. "Drug war in Knothole. Famous Hedgehog addicted to rings", he read the headline, "Seriously this is becoming ridiculous."

Locke stopped short in his movements. The milk was now pouring on the floor instead of into the tank. That didn't sound like Athair at all - rather like Spectre. He quickly turned around and his mouth and eyes opened in shock.

Spectre had dyed his spines in rainbow colour, moreover he was now wearing his father's green tunic and Moonwatcher's shades.

Without noticing his grandson's stare Spectre grabbed a cereal bar, said, "If anyone needs me, I'm in Echidnaopolis shopping for clothes", and left the kitchen again.

Locke blinked dumbfoundedly for a few more seconds. Athair on a sugar rush, Spectre on cappuccino or even drunken Brotherhood members - nothing the Guardians already had to deal with or were used to. But since when was Spectre doing drugs? He vigorously shook his head. Hopefully it was all just a bad joke and Spectre would be back in black within the next few minutes. But just in case he wanted to give Mighty a call and ask him to whom he had sold drugs lately.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Spectre wandered through the streets of Echidnaopolis. How nice the city could be on a Saturday morning when the shops just had opened and no one except a few early birds were outside.

"Oh my gosh, isn't that one of the Guardians?!" a loud scream broke the silence.

Guess he had cheered too soon. Spectre turned around and to his surprise he saw a bunch of giggling girls on the other side of the street. They wore t-shirts that either expressed their love for Guardians, showed pictures of the Brotherhood members or both. The dark Guardian raised his eyebrows. Since when did they have a fan club?

"Are you ... are you really sure?" one of the girls asked excitedly. "I mean, his spines are dyed and he doesn't wear the trademark clothes of any of them."

"Of course. I would know my darling Spectre no matter what he's wearing."

"Hey, he's MY darling."

"No, mine!"

Some of them were still fighting when they slowly came closer to the flabbergasted Spectre.

"Uhm ... it's really nice that you girls are admiring us", he sputtered. "But ... uh ... do you really think we're worth it?"

"Of course. You're our protectors and have fought for us so many times already."

"But aside of that we're just a bunch of creepy old men who love to get on each others nerves."

That summed up their current situation pretty well but it didn't seem to scare the girls off because they were still moving closer.

"Aw, who cares about that? It only means that you are no plain perfect superheroes. So, can we get an autograph?"

"Can I hug you?"

"Look, I have a lunchbox with your picture."

Spectre already stood with his back to the wall. He had fought armies of Dark Legionnaires but this group of girls was too much for him. It was frightening.

"I'm sorry girls but I have to go", he quickly called, turned tail and ran, a bunch of squealing fangirls right on his heels.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Locke knocked on Sojourner's door and since no one shouted at him to stay out he assumed it was safe to enter. Although the porn chamber of doom had been there since his first day in Haven and he actually should have gotten used to it by now it still cost him quite an effort to walk into it without feeling awkward or scared. That was not a room, it was the smallest Playboy museum someone had ever seen.

Sojourner was sitting on his bed reading - much to Locke's relief it wasn't one of his magazines.

"Uhm ... can I borrow your phone? I want to call someone."

The older Guardian looked up.

"Why don't you do that over our communication screens?" he asked wonderingly.

"Because it's a mobile phone I want to call, not one of the communication devices. I need to ask Mighty about drugs."

Sojourner raised an eyebrow.

"Okaayyyy... Maybe I know a better solution for you. Some of my preferred online shops already offer me huge discounts since I'm one of their best customers. I could order some Viagra for you. They won't make you addicted and also won't actually drug you but you will also be able to spend some minutes in heaven."

The younger Guardian blushed furiously.

"No, I don't need them for myself. I just want to ask Mighty to whom he sold drugs lately."

"I don't see the sense of this but you can have it anyways." He tossed Locke the phone and the latter typed in the number he had written down earlier.

"Armadillo drug service. How can we make you high?" the call was answered.

"Espio? Is that you?" Locke asked surprised. "Where's Mighty?"

"Nearly got arrested by some over-eagerly cops. That's why I'm assuming his occupation for a while. I at least can get invisible should I ever get into a similar situation. But aren't you Knuckles' dad? I don't know too much about Haven but from what Knux has told I wondered why you aren't Mighty's regular customers yet."

"No, I don't want to order anything. I only wanted to ask if you sold anything to Spectre lately."

"No Guardian ever bought something from us. Knux once gave Mighty some money for coke but it was the soft drink only, not the drug."

"Oh, I see ... thanks." Locke hung up and made a mental note to himself that he should really talk to Knuckles about some of his friends. Hopefully they were just in a very strange adolescent phase. Then he noticed Sojourner's gaze on him.

"Locke ... why did you ask if Spectre bought some drugs?" He sounded as if he feared for the worst. "Don't tell me he's on yet another rush."

"Well, you can't actually call that a rush. He had been very calm when I met him that morning. But since he had made a wardrobe swap and dyed his spines I also can't say that he had been normal. Mighty is the only drug dealer I know and he never sold anything to Guardians. The coffee machine was completely empty this morning but that also can't be the reason because he was too calm for an overdose of caffeine. Oh, and he said that he wanted to go shopping for clothes."

Sojourner rubbed the bridge of his nose. "It might sound strange but harmless yet.

But I think we should still inform the others just in case."

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Spectre slammed the doors shut and leaned against them heavily breathing. But he knew he couldn't stay on that place for too long. This was a clothing shop and if his fangirls ran by they could possibly see him through the large windows. He quickly hid between the clothes rails.

"Can I do something for you?" a voice behind him asked.

The dark Guardian spun around and stared at the Echidna in front of him. The name tag on his shirt told him that he was called Walt Ever and working as the salesperson in this shop. Well, Spectre wanted to buy some clothes after all so he could use the time he had to stay in hiding.

"Yes, I wanted to try something new. I can't wear black all the time."

"That's understandable. Black clothes don't really set a contrast to black fur", Walt Ever said and searched through the racks. "But I think yellow or gold would fit perfectly for you. And maybe we should also mix it with some blue."

"I look like the damn Enerjak, for crying out loud", Spectre said when he looked at himself in the mirror. "And you said people buy that stuff a lot?"

"It is the dernier cri", Walt Ever confirmed. "People were already asking for it before it was even in production and now it's our best selling article. Only the helmets aren't selling too well. Our customers only love the neat armour but don't want to look like Enerjak completely."

"No, I don't think that's my style", Spectre said but that moment he noticed the group of fangirls passing by the shop windows. He dodged behind a rack of clothes and quickly added, "On second thought, do you also have a helmet in store?"

Spectre, the new Enerjak - at least clothing-wise - left the shop. He might have bought something that he would probably never wear again but at least he could now continue his shopping spree without getting disturbed by annoying fangirls.

"Oh, there you are, great-grandfather. We already searched the whole Legion base for you."

Spectre stopped and sighed. He also should have bought something to repel annoying Grandmasters.

Kragok approached him.

"Come on, you know that another speech was planned in the city today and we still need you to finish our preparations."

"But I am not..." Spectre started but then he saw the fangirls sneaking through the streets again. Maybe it was best to play the role of Dimitri for a while although that also meant that Kragok now grabbed his arm and dragged him along.

To Spectre's relief there were no naked people running around at the Legion base. They were possibly too busy with their preparations or already dressed to watch one of their Grandmasters' speech later. The dark Guardian now really hoped that Dimitri would return right in time or else he would be the one to be pushed on stage instead.

"Oh, good that you are back. You still haven't told us how you want to perform your speech this time. The people can't continue their work as long as they don't know what you even need on stage." Moritori Rex ran over to him.

"You again", Spectre snarled as soon as he saw him. "The traitor who killed part of my family."

Moritori shot him a confused look. "Uhm, what is that supposed to mean great-grandfather? Is everything okay with you?"

Spectre would have wanted to jump at Moritori but giving up his cover to attack a Grandmaster while being surrounded with armed Legionnaires would have been the stupidest idea ever so he forced his voice to sound as if he only had made a stupid joke.

"Yeah, I just wanted to be funny."

"Haha", Moritori said tonelessly. "So, can you please tell us about your presentation?"

"What presentation?"

"For your speech. What text have you prepared?"

"Uhm ... have I even prepared a text yet?"

The Grandmaster sighed deeply then he turned to Kragok and silently said.

"Looks like Dimitri isn't fully awake yet. Actually it seems as if he's sleeping at the switch. I think we should get him a cup of the strongest coffee available. With some extra sugar. Tons of extra sugar."

~~~\*\*\*~~~

But where is the real Dimitri right now? Let's switch our camera to his current location.

The camera Echidna I don Care scaredly walked through Robotropolis. One day he was still an unnamed barkeeper and had to stand the neverending stories of a drunk Guardian and today he had to walk through hostile territory on search for a Grandmaster. Life wasn't easy for people who were only used as plot points.

Dimitri climbed up a giant robot that looked very much like a car on four long legs. At first trying to enter Robotropolis without an army had sounded like a stupid idea and he only had made a half-hearted try. But now he already had passed by several guard robots and they barely paid attention to him simply because he looked like a robot too. It was a complete mystery to him why the Freedom Fighters hadn't already been able to take over Robotropolis if they could simply walk into it dressed up as robots. He opened the side-gate, climbed into the robot and sat behind the controls. Now that he was already here he also could try it out a bit. An instruction manual would have been nice. Dimitri shrugged. If he didn't know how it worked he simply had to improvise at first. Would have been ridiculous if of all Echidnas a Dark Legionnaire couldn't find out how to make a machine work.

Several minutes later the people of Knothole fled in terror when a giant four-legged car-robot stomped through the village. If anyone had flown up and looked through the windscreen he would have seen an Echidna in gold-blue armour inside, hectically pushing the buttons and shouting, "How the heck am I supposed to stop that thing?!"

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Spectre sniffed at the cup Kragok had just given him. The smell reminded him of Locke's coffee maker, only much sweeter.

"Is something wrong with it?" the Grandmaster asked worried. "I only have added one

extra spoon of sugar to your favourite drink. But we can also make a new one if you don't like it that way."

"No, I guess it's fine."

If that really was Dimitri's favourite drink he should better not behave out of character by refusing it and so he took a gulp. It wasn't even that bad. A bit sweet maybe but else it was good enough to ask for more.

Several minutes and a few cups later Spectre bounced into the room where the Legionnaires had stored all the things they could have needed for the speech and where Moritori watched the preparations. The Guardian stopped short before he crashed into him.

"I'm ready for a big speech now, my lovely little traitor. Still want to chop your head off but that has to wait until I'm in a worse mood."

If he hadn't worn the mask Moritori would have seen a wide goofy grin.

"We still are in a joking mood, aren't we?" the Grandmaster noted. "But I don't care as long as I can be sure you will hold another great speech and convince a lot of people to join our Legion."

"Speech? Blagh!" Spectre sounded like a child who was forced by his parents to eat something healthy. "Are we politicians? Do we only want to attract old people? No, we want soldiers. We want to attract the young people to our cause. And if we want young people we can't get them with boring speeches. We have to show them how groovy we are by going with the flow. Can you dig it?"

Groovy... Can you dig it... Moritori frowned. If Dimitri continued using terms that had been "in" four decades ago he also wouldn't be too successful in attracting the youth.

"And what else do you have in mind?" he asked.

"Something that is still totally in at the moment. I need you, Kragok and Lien-Da. And several more Dark Legionnaires on stage would be nice too. I have been told that our presentation will start in two hours. That's more than enough time to teach you spawns of Dimitri and the other Legionnaires the basics. It's not that hard after all. And we could need a bigger room for practicing."

"Wait, what basics? What is not that hard?" Moritori asked but Spectre gave no answer, just grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the room.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

However he had managed to do that, the robot suddenly had made a giant jump and if Angel Island hadn't been right underneath it that very moment it would have landed in the ocean. At the edge of the island it stopped for a little while and Dimitri almost believed he had finally found out how to shut it down but before he could do more than let out a little sigh of relief the robot started moving again.

"No, no, not this way!" he cried out but if the robot already wasn't impressed if someone pushed the control buttons why should it show more reaction if it got shouted at?

The Grandmaster only could close his eyes and hope for the best but expected the worst. If that thing didn't stop or change directions it would first march through the city of Echidnaopolis and then through the Dark Legion camp.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Temporary-train-driver Walt Ever winced when someone knocked at the window of his subway train. He turned around just to see Enerjak standing with his face pressed against the window and hectically waving until Lien-Da appeared in front of the window too, grabbed Enerjak's arm and dragged him away. Unbelievably Walt Ever shook his head. Seemed like even demigods could become senile sooner or later.

One wagon of the subway train now was stuffed with several dozen Dark Legionnaires.

"We told you we should have taken the hovercrafts", Lien-Da complained and rammed her elbow against the chest of a Legionnaire who had squeezed against her too close to comfort for the past few seconds.

"With so many Legionnaires we also would have needed too many hovercrafts", Spectre said. "We would have looked like we wanted to invade the city and that way we will hardly get any new followers. Besides it's much more fun to travel with the whole crew close to each other, isn't it, my lovely little traitor?"

He pined Moritori's cheek who only huffed and shot him a death glare but else decided to suffer silently.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

"Have you found Spectre already?" Thunderhawk asked over Locke's shoulder.

"No and I also won't find him faster if you continue asking every second", Locke growled, "Why don't you start scanning as well if I'm not fast enough for you."

"Because you, Sojourner and Sabre are already blocking the terminals. More people can't work on that damn thing."

"I'll buy you a laptop next time I'm in the city."

"Can you please stop arguing", Sojourner shouted. "I'm trying to work."

"Would be the first time in your life then", Thunderhawk snapped.

"Knothole looks funny", Athair said.

The three others quickly turned their heads at Sabre's screen. The village was a complete mess.

"Oh no...", Thunderhawk said bleakly. "If that was caused by another caffeine rush..."

"No, I don't think this had been Spectre", Sabre quickly replied. "If a Guardian had something to do with that we already would have heard a lot of complaints from Knothole. That rather looks like another failed attack by Robotnik."

The other Brotherhood members let out the breath they had been holding.

"Hey, look at that", Sojourner suddenly said. "Seems like Dimitri is going to hold yet another speech. Spectre said that he wanted to go to Echidnaopolis so maybe he's somewhere in the crowd too."

"Hopefully not to show us a full moon again", Thunderhawk said. "Let that channel open for a while. I want to know what Dimitri has to say this time. And if Spectre shows up sooner or later."

"There are quite a lot of Legionnaires on the stage", Sabre commented. "I wonder why he needs so many of them behind him this time."

"Ooohhh, Lien-Da, Kragok and Moritori look a bit pissed", Athair was heard.

'A bit pissed' was definitely a big understatement. The three looked as if they wanted to rip their great-grandfather's head off.

"Dear ladies, gentlemen and unidentified scene kids." These were the words Enerjak

used to greet the audience which caused his three grandchildren behind him to facepalm simultaneously. "You probably are wondering what this old boring man wants from you but we have to say that the Dark Legion can be hip and trendy too. And today we will prove it."

Suddenly loud music was blasting from the speakers. Enerjak happily bounced in place, the Legionnaires stood up in formation and exchanged worried gazes, Lien-Da, Kragok and Moritori stared at the audience as if they wanted to say, "You'll be sorry if we hear just one laugh."

And then...

"Oppan Gangnam style!" the speakers boomed.

Five jaws dropped in Haven when they saw the last they would have ever expected. The Dark Legion was dancing - Gangnam style.

"What in Aurora's name has gotten into them?" Sabre asked. He couldn't help but grin widely now that the first shock was overcome.

"Hey Locke, you should have asked Mighty if he sells drugs to the Dark Legion too", Sojourner chuckled and nudged his great-grandson who couldn't give an answer because he was shaking with laughter.

"Oh my goodness, this whole family is insane. I guess I'm now running away screaming. Is that okay?" Thunderhawk said but the amused look on his face told that he found the whole scenario funny too.

The four turned around and laughed even more when they saw Athair dancing through the surveillance room, trying to copy the Legion style.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

Dimitri's robot had stopped at a red traffic light but the Grandmaster didn't even hope he finally had managed to make it stop completely because that was what the damn thing had done at every crossroad so far. Robotnik had created a machine that complied with the traffic rules, how great...

Now a stage at the center square came in sight. Wait, wasn't he supposed to have a speech today? He saw Legionnaires and the audience but who was speaking to them now. And then he saw himself. Dimitri gawked. Since when did he have a double?

The robot stopped behind the stage. Maybe it had finally run out of energy. Or it simply wanted to watch the show - who could have been sure with a robot that didn't react to its control buttons but stopped when a granny wanted to cross the street.

A Legionnaire ran closer. "Hey, no one's allowed backstage. That also counts for giant robots." He stopped short when he saw who climbed out of it. "Oh, L-Lord Dimitri. Of course this rule excepts you. But ... what are you doing up here? I thought you were still on stage."

"Yes I am ... No, I mean I'm NOT. That's not me, it's a doppelganger. It's ... let's just say it's complicated." He ran towards the stage. "And find a parking space for my robot", he called out to the perplexed Legionnaire.

Heavily breathing Spectre looked up the giant robot that towered behind the stage and watched the real Enerjak climbing out and storming towards him. First the two hours of practicing and then the actual show had dropped his energy and blood sugar level and he finally could think clearly again. Thank goodness Dimitri also wore his gold armour or else the Guardian would have been in massive troubles now. If he had

the choice between being a dance instructor with an angry mob behind him or a robot rider who startled the inhabitants of a city he rather wanted to be the latter right now.

The two Enerjaks encircled each other for a while. Spectre made sure that they did this long enough so that no one was able to tell anymore which Enerjak was from the robot and which from the stage.

Then the real Dimitri suddenly leapt forward and ripped the mask off Spectre's head.

"You! I should have known that you Guardians would do everything again to make us look like clowns ... And why the hell are your spines rainbow coloured?"

"Let's just say we Guardians simply can't let it happen that you would get more Legionnaires, great-uncle", Spectre said with an innocent smile. "And for my spines... I would call it an accident with colours but it will wash out eventually."

A loud squeal close too the stage interrupted him.

"Oh my gosh! We have found him!"

Not them again... The dark Guardian rolled his eyes when he saw the bunch of fangirls running upstage. But this time he was better prepared. In the Dark Legion base he had found an old photo and even while on his sugar rush he had kept enough sanity to know that the picture might have come in handy. He stepped in front of them and hoped his plan would work.

"Hey girls, I'm deeply stirred that you are going for an old man like me but actually you are hunting the wrong guy. Wouldn't this be a much better prey to go for?" He dragged out the photo showing Dimitri as he looked in his twens before he had been a cyborg or even Enerjak. The girls stared at the photo.

"Oh my goodness, he's sooo cute!"

Spectre nodded at Dimitri. "Then you will be very happy to know that it's this guy in gold and blue who's standing right behind me."

He watched in amusement how the screaming fanclub now chased Dimitri off the stage then decided it was better to leave as long as no one of the Dark Legion paid attention to him anymore.

When he entered Haven he had already changed his clothes for the dark robe and the helmet again. The rapid drop of his blood sugar level had caused a massive headache. No wonder that Athair preferred to be on a permanent sugar rush. He actually was longing for a headache pill and a long nap but he only grabbed the pills and then headed for the surveillance room. It was very likely that all of the other Brotherhood members had seen the catastrophe at the central square and would razz him for yet another rush as soon as they found out he had returned and he only wanted to get that over and done with before he went to bed.

But when he entered the room he was greeted by silence. The others were still there but only stared at him.

"Is there ... something wrong?" Spectre asked.

"You managed to startle us and keep us worried for a good while", Thunderhawk said. He sounded reproachful but mostly relieved. "We nearly thought you have gone on a cappuccino rush again. If you have another plan to make fun of the Dark Legion please tell us in advance. It would be a less stressful day then."

For a few seconds the dark Guardian blinked dumbfoundedly. They really believed he had planned all of it?

"Well, if I had told you it wouldn't have been that funny and surprisingly for you in the end. But who knows, maybe I actually have been in another rush", he said as innocent

as possible.

Sabre shook his head. "In that case you wouldn't have reacted so calm and collected after Dimitri pulled your mask off. But just tell us which one of them you had been. The dancing Enerjak or the one with the robot?"

Now that everything went better than expected Spectre found it was also safe if he told them the truth in that case.

"To be honest, I was the dance instructor. I ... Actually I went to the Dark Legion base with just the plan to confuse them a bit with two Enerjaks but then the real one wasn't there and I decided to make it even worse for them. I wouldn't have expected that Dimitri would return that fast but luckily he only added some more funniness.

Sojourner chuckled. "That's something they won't forget too fast. Next time they will think about it twice if they really need new recruits or a speech in Echidnaopolis."

"The only one they probalby impressed with that is Athair", Locke added. "He's still dancing through Haven."

"Try to catch him and keep him away from my room", Spectre said, "I feel like I need a nap and if you don't want to experience a rapid mood switch on me it will be better if no one wakes me up."

Sojourner saluted with a grin. "Aye-aye, sir. A calm Spectre is rare and we want to enjoy the feeling to have one as long as possible."

When Spectre was on half way to his room he noticed that no one asked him about his colourful spines. Well, if Locke hadn't told them about it and if they also hadn't paid too much attention to it when they saw him on the surveillance screen he knew better than to point it out. He swore to himself that until the colour had washed off or grown out he wouldn't take off his helmet anymore - not even while sleeping.