

The beginning of FurWars

As the sun was setting behind the horizon Draco raised the sight from the papers in his desk. The whole club was good enough like to run without him. Silent was taking good care of it in his absence times. But of course, they still were working for S.H.I.E.L.D. and by knowing that shit happens, there should be others to work with them. So there he was, figuring out what other heroes would want to join the ranks of S.H.I.E.L.D. or S.W.O.R.D., the first's counterpart. His mind dazed around names and locations. Mainly he wanted to have a team that could act in different places of the world, but of course, that would be complicated with the time.

"Working late?" asked Nick entering the office.

"I'm kind of busy Fury..." replied Draco looking at reports and storing them in a pile to his right.

Nick looked around. The place was a neat balcony over a wide room. It had a window-like front that allowed a full view of the room below. It also had some cameras that showed the different perspectives of what happened there too. It had several couches and seats next to the window-like front. There were a bunch of them, almost allowing 50 furs to sit there and enjoy the show below their paws. Draco had customized the place of course. It had a neat minimalist interior decoration with some pictures and plants. There were some tall tables, like the ones used in bars and chairs similar too.

"Why you asked me to come then?" shouted the panther.

"Well as a matter of fact, I wanted to show you the place." giggled Draco "You like it? too pretentious? Too modern for the other places?"

"I still don't get why you asked me to built this training stadium" sighed Nick looking to the room below. Filled with holographic plates.

"It's a secret... at least for now." smiled Draco standing up and stretching his now numb body "Agh! I feel like a mess!"

"You've been there for hours." said Nick "And that's weird... I assumed you'll be with Dave and Keene at the Club."

"They are doing it fine without me..." smiled Draco walking next to Nick. He was wearing some jeans and a hoodie. Weird for him since when he met with Fury was always with his former or new uniform or with the Red Nidhogg armor... or certain formal clothes.

"You look childish and weird wearing a hoodie" said Nick without looking at the wolgon but to the front, right where the holographic room was.

"Thanks, I try to never look normal." giggled Draco "That includes my girly clothes and all that..."

"Too much information..." sighed Fury "Come on, tell me why you wanted me to come?"

"What you think of this place?" asked Draco again.

"Looks neat, clean and tidy... perfect for some executive or CEO of an organization" said Nick.

"Well, that's good I guess." smiled Draco "I designed this place for you so it looks like a stadium from outside and inside to be a training holographic ground."

“Why?” asked Nick returning to the desk and grabbing a folder reading the sticker on it “Technoshard? What is this?”

“A folder with a sticker and a name written on it.” said sarcastically Draco “Isn’t it obvious mister spy?”

“Very funny Nidhoggson...” growled Nick and opened the folder reading the information on it and looking at the pictures. Took obviously by some master spy “What is all this?! You asked Black Widow to help you with these pictures?”

“Who else?” laughed Draco “She’s the only one that matches with your skills.”

“Who’s this Technoshard guy?” asked Nick reading again “Parents deceased in an explosion, chased the criminal that did it and killed him... you knew him THERE?”

“As a matter of fact, the specters we sent in there met him. We got that info from there. He’s a nice guy.” smiled Draco “Shame what happened to his parents but... Still he managed to get revenge for them.”

“I personally don’t approve that kind of paybacks” said Nick.

“Seriously? I might be a master spy too you know?” giggled Draco “What about that time in Santa Fé? Or what about the gang in Bosnia?”

“Fine you got me there...” sighed Nick “Anyway... this guy... and these others? Why are you collecting data on them?”

“You are the one who’s introduction catchphrase is ‘Hi, I’m Nick Fury, want to join S.H.I.E.L.D.?’ and still you’re asking me?” laughed Draco.

“Recruiting people?” shout in amaze Nick.

“Sort of...” admitted Draco “And now is when my plan unfolds to you my dear Nick Fury.”

“Spill it out” ordered Nick seating on Draco’s chair, a chair with a tall back and cushioned with leather.

“I’m going to host a tournament...” said Draco.

“You’ll look like him...” arched an eyebrow nick.

“I’m not capturing fighters... I’m recruiting some and the best way to form the perfect team is to make sure they can endure and work thru certain circumstances” said Draco looking at the room below the balcony. And though I don’t like his catchphrase I’ll quote Duncan... ‘I’m not a monster’... I’m not like him, Nick. I want to move on from that and form a team that can response to the safety of our world when Dave, Heiban, Novak or I are amiss... when we retire... or when we...” Draco gulped.

“Keene was up to take Novak’s place you know?” said Nick.

“I’m aware of that and I perfectly know that is the best you can do for him... he has shown potential and he’s a fine hero.” admitted Draco “But then again, he alone cannot fight against a horde of enemies.”

“So what you are planning is to recruit the winners of this tournament?” asked Nick.

“I’m not stupid Nick. A plain fighter might be the one winning...” smiled Draco “No, I’m planning to analyze all the fights and decide who can join and would do it excellently.”

“That sounds more realistic...” smiled Nick “So are you choosing the fighters?”

“Nah! I’m grabbing files for the good prospects for the place as the Furry Avengers team” admitted Draco “I’m going to start small... only sixteen entries. Then I’ll decide if from them are enough... If this shows to have good potential... not only as

recruitment system but as a way to fight others and become stronger... I might sponsor other tournaments like this... who knows?"

"Would you enter?" asked Nick "Or what about Dave?"

"That would be unfair" said Draco shaking his head to negate Nick's question "Neither he or I will join the tournament. Dave had agreed to be one of the referees..."

"Well that sounds good and interesting" admitted Nick looking at the files Draco had "How many participants you said?"

"Sixteen" said Draco as he approached to the desk and took a remote controller.

"There are more than sixteen files in here" said Nick counting a pile of about fifty folders.

"Yes indeed there are more than sixteen there." nodded Draco "I didn't wanted to leave any prospect out... Of course, it will all depend on who inscribes first... Once the slots are taken, there won't be more. I won't add last minute combatants."

"That's wise." nodded Nick "But still I don't get why all this people here? Some of them even were in there.

"Part of the ones rescued by the team..." nodded Draco "Yes I'm aware of that. They showed potential and unlike Silent, they went to their own path. He stuck with us, you know that."

"So you want to bring them together to make another hero team?" asked Nick leaning his head.

"Sort of..." nodded Draco and smiled looking at the sky thru the window "Keene has showed me that even a person without powers can be a hero... I want to give that chance to those who are willing to protect the people they love and the world they live in."

"Sounds weird coming from you... an Asgardian" said Nick and Draco chuckled.

"I've adopted Midgard as my home." smiled the wolgon after his chuckles "And I'll protect Midgard with my own life. You've seen it before."

"I know..." nodded Nick "So! Why are you still standing there?"

"I want to show you something" smiled Draco and he pressed the random button.

The area below the balcony transformed with a blinding light and in there appeared a beach during the sunset. It was filled with sand from a side and water came also forming a false pool-like area. Nick Fury had to admit that was something unique. And he had only seen that technology back in Draco's club. Usually the places that were depicted in holographic areas were cold and false. But that projector generated real sand and water, even air effects. If in the arena was a carpet, the carpet felt real because it was real. It was a hologram, but Draco had explained that it was not only that but a gate to a parallel dimension. What meant what happened and was there was real. If something was lured, then it would become real...

"Like it?" asked Draco.

"A lot... but you're not my type for this kind of view" smiled Nick mocking at Draco.

"Very funny Fury..." growled Draco and he pressed again the randomizer.

This time a manor formed with moon light coming thru the windows on the sides and ghostly entities floating around with red eyes.

"Isn't that a bit dangerous?" asked Nick.

“They are false” smiled Draco “I made sure to keep those as holograms of the real ones so they will only be floating around without harming the fighters.”

“Wait... These are the arenas?” asked Nick surprised.

“Yes... Sunset Beach and Dark Wood Manor” nodded Draco “I’ll use eleven of them. Ten for the tournament battles and one for the final match.”

“But a place like this manor is... well, disturbing...” shivered Nick.

“I’m not creating a team so they fight in a flower field or a nice beach Nick...” shook his head Draco “I want to see how well they can develop in several and different environments” Draco pressed again the button and the arena changed.

“Is that your club?” asked Nick.

“Yes it is... and who ever breaks something will have to pay...” leered Draco “I’m willing to put it in here so if the bar is chosen as the arena I just hope the fight is not on Friday or Saturday.”

“I understand, you’ll have clients there and will be summoned, right?” asked Nick.

“Nah! They will be holograms too.” smiled Draco “I’m more worried about my chairs, the bar and all... I don’t want to make any repair.”

“Very funny wolgon...” smiled Nick and again Draco pressed the button.

The arena changed into a vast forest with some ruins in the clearing with a central plaza-like area.

“This place... My other dimension self comes from here...” smiled Draco.

“Your other self?” asked Nick intrigued.

“I mean, there are only two of me in the whole multiverse... one of us is from her. The other, that means I... comes from Niflheim.

“Queerly interesting, Draco.” Said Nick.

“Oh! And you haven’t seen all the arenas...” smiled Draco as he pressed the button again.

Slowly Draco showed his boss all the arenas and smiled noticing his interest in that. He knew Nick Fury would love to have more heroes helping the people. He had been in the other dimensions and knew other Nick Furys that wanted rather than that, to have power to protect the earth from the ones like him, the ones with more power than a mortal can handle. But still for the greater good.

“So, when will this whole thing start?” asked Nick.

“I still don’t know... But I’ll give you a call when I’ve decided” smiled Draco.

“I’m expecting to be invited to be in this balcony to look at the fights” falsely menaced Nick.

“I wanted to have Duncan here but you might also help.” said Draco “After all who better to help me to decide than you who recruited all of us?”

“What does Keene thinks of this?” asked Nick looking right into Draco’s eyes.

“He wanted to enter but I denied it to him saying he was only fifteen and that he’s already an Avenger in training.” Admitted the wolgon.

“He dig on that?” asked Nick surprised.

“Nope... then I had to tell him all” smiled Draco “He’s good at this. I understand why he left the school already... he gets bored. His IQ is bigger than what he thinks.”

“Good to know” said Nick and he stood up walking to the door so he could leave.

“One more thing...” smiled Draco “I need nurses to help here in the infirmary.”

“I’ll ask some friends a favor and you’ll get the best nurses to help with those unique characters” said Nick.

“Thanks boss” nodded Draco and he looked at the panther walking away.

Draco stood in front of the glass front that was formed to be like a polygonal dome so the figures doesn’t distort. He pressed the fourth arena and the forest ruins returned. He wondered by a second how would have felt to be living all his childhood in a place like that... but then he pressed the tenth button and Niflheim was summoned. Draco smiled.

“There’s no place like home...”