***The story so far:*** *(NOTE: If you want to see all the story, and also what will happen after, there is the link of the summary: but beware, there are spoilers!* [*http://gonagai.forumfree.it/?t=46358243&st=15#lastpost*](?t=46358243&st=15#lastpost)*)  
Duke Fleed and Hikaru married and they live on Fleed as king and queen. They have had a son, Rex, of two months old. A mysterious being, the Dark One, has sent Jezabel, a powerful woman, who enters into the Royal Palace and kidnaps Rex in front of Hikaru, who disappeared mysteriously. A mysterious person, the Ancient One, tells to Duke Fleed the informations about the Dark One. Hikaru was saved by the Nakashima family, a terrestrial colony on the Betelgeuse planet. She decides to enter into the Amazons of Jezabel to save Rex. At the same time, at Earth, Mazinger Z, Great Mazinger, Jeeg Robot, Getter Robot, Daitarn 3 and Boss Borot will go to Fleed to help Duke…*

*(please note: in this fanfiction, Koji Kabuto is the pilot of Mazinger Z; but he is not the pilot of the TFO of Grendizer. The pilot of TFO is another person, called Alcor, similar in all respect to Koji Kabuto. In fact, in Italy Koji Kabuto was called Alcor and for a long time in Italy was believed that Koji Kabuto of Mazinger Z and Alcor of the TFO of Grendizer were different persons…sorry for this!)*

The Acheron planet is silent: in the castle of Darkhold is happening an important event. The six General of Darkness has been called and they are now sitting around a table, which at the top sits the Dark One. Jezabel is sitting beside him, with a thin scar that crosses her right cheek: none of them are going to ask to her how she is procured it.

At some point, the Dark One turns to Jezabel:

"Well, you can start."

She gets up and everyone sees her: raising an arm, she starts to speak with a solemn tone.

"You all generals, listen to me. For a long time we, followed the Dark One in the conquest and our power has increased continuously. Large expanses of the universe have fallen under our domain and now the final destination is near. The entire universe will bend to our will. The seven stars are going to align for the sacrifice and when it will be sacrificed, the final victory will be ours. However, enemies are coming, who want to hinder our goals: they want to take possession of the seven crystals. Each of you, like me, is a keeper of one of the crystals: they must not fall into their hands! These enemies must be not only defeated, but destroyed in a ruthless manner, visible to all, as a warning that in future no one dares even to think to hinder our way. This is my command"

After a moment of silence, Jezabel appeals to one of the six:

"General Feral, what do you say?"

A man of enormous size, covered with hair and with a head of a wolf, arms folded, responds with a harsh voice:

"There are no problems. Hunting the prey is a normal thing for a wolf. Regarding the example you asked me to do about them, I’m not called mangler for nothing"

Jezabel was expecting this response. Feral is the most ferocious of the generals, but also the most faithful.

*Let’s move to the next,* thinks.

"Baron Samedi?"

A scary being, with a withered face and pale as a corpse, white eyes and white long hairs, keeping his elbows on the table, shaking his gnarled hands with each other and said in a voice from beyond the grave:

"Incredible that there is someone who wants to challenge the Lord of the Graveyards. However, for me to kill the enemy is always an advantage: after death, he becomes an excellent servant"

A female figure, standing behind Baron Samedi, covered with animal skins, with long curly black hairs, strokes with a smile the head of the snake who wraps her. The animal responds with a hiss. Pomba Gira, the second in command to Baron Samedi, thus expresses her approval.

*That general Samedi is always uncomfortable,* thinks Jezabel. *However, even he agrees. Next.*

"Count Mecha?"

Everyone turns to a metal man, quiet and solemn. It is not correct to call it “metal”: it is a kind of organic steel, soft to the touch and appearance, but capable of being harder than diamond. The face of the Count has no nose and no mouth, except for a thin slit: the eyes are bright and two straight horns branch off directly from the sides of the face. A red coat gives him a look of nobility. The whole body, similar to wrought silver, sparkle so much to be strangely alive. His voice is cold and emotionless.

"Every form of life must be discarded. Whoever the opponent is already dead"

A woman behind him nodding. She has the same structural composition of Count Mecha: eyes glowing, metallic hair long until almost at the feet, face mouth-free with only a slight, delicate protrusion instead of a nose. A plate shines just below the left shoulder. She is Lady Selena, the woman of Count Mecha.

"Without Soul?" asks Jezabel, observing the next General.

The giant, more higher than the others, does not respond. He is the General in charge of the Without Soul, the chosen army of the Dark One: he created the army by himself. His body is similar to stone, and his face has no significant, if not a crack for eyes shining. He rarely speaks and does so even on this occasion. Simply,

with only one hand grasps the edge of the table before him (it was made up by reinforced titanium) and crumbles effortlessly. The message is clear, and Jezabel understand.

"General Shizuri?"

Shizuri, the Lady of the Snows, the only woman among the Six Generals, observes coldly Jezabel. Her beautiful face is all white, including the skin and the dress; her bright hairs are surmounted by a jeweled clasp. Speaking with a breath of ice, she says:

"The enemy will pay"

Then, backs to silence.

*She is always been a woman of few words,* thinks Jezabel. *Let’s move to the aching tooth.*

"General Garuda?"

The questioned remains silent. Myrain, the evoking woman-elf, standing behind him, suddenly frightened: she feels the tension in air.

"I do not like repeating myself, General. Your response?" adds Jezabel.

Garuda slowly rises from his chair and, resting his knuckles on the table, begins to speak, gazing Jezabel.

"It seems clear that I will destroy the opponent, as I have always done in the past."

"Maybe" she replies "But you failed with Duke Fleed. He has destroyed your powerful monster of the abyss and still lives, along with his robot Grendizer"

"Kandura has faced an enemy worthy of him and was rightly beaten and. Contrary to those who have faced weaker opponents and ended up humiliated” responds Garuda with a mocking air.

At these words, Jezabel is paralyzed with amazement, and burns of anger. She does not believe to her ears: Garuda know what happened and, worse, is challenging her. The reaction is violent and fierce: with a single shot of Jezabel, the general is forcefully thrown out of the hall, through the wall, which ends up in pieces, and ending up crashing into one of the many towers of Darkhold. Jezabel reaches Garuda to finish him in a flash: but he blocks the blow with one hand and hurls her violently against a tower that collapsed on top of her, burying her under a sea of debris.

The other generals observe the clash: someone for curiosity, others with interest: anyone who dies, is one less rival. Only Shizuri, the Lady of the Snows, is sitting quietly, sipping calmly the drink, in total indifference. Myrain looks upset, not knowing what to think. She feels completely foreign to all this.

Garuda, meanwhile, observes the debris collapsed on her opponent and draws his sword: No motion.

*May already be over?*

Then, he hears a laugh and sees a figure that rises smoothly from the ruins, picking up a huge boulder and putting it aside with only one arm. Jezabel smiles cruelly, by shining her canines. Her black long hairs are flapping in the wind.

"You do not understand, baby" she says quietly "Maybe you think I became your commander because I am the sweety-darling of the Dark One, and he wanted to give me a sop. Nothing could be further from the truth, baby: I got this far by killing anyone who opposed me. Anyone. And now it's up to you, baby: this is your last lesson. "

As she speaks, her eyes turn white and Garuda understands that she is berserk: she looks like a wild beast, ready to pounce. If Garuda wrongs only slightly, is already dead.

"Selena?" asks the Count Mecha.

"I cannot evaluate the situation, count. Their powers are the same: who will do a false step will die" answers Lady Selena, expert in tactics and assessments. "However, there is a 74% chance that Garuda will make an error: the wrath of Jezabel is very difficult to deal with."

Even though the gap is wide between the two adversaries, Jezabel fills it with only a leap, with hands that have become claws, ready to strike. Garuda, at the same time, gives a terrible blow with his sword. The impact is violent and many towers around them crumble to the shock wave.

When the vision becomes clearer, the generals observe a figure that is interposed between the two fighters, stopping the sword of Garuda with one hand and the claws of Jezabel with the other. The Dark One intervened in person. With one move, throws both away from each other.

"Jezabel, learn to control yourself" says the Dark One. The woman, embarrassed, kneels begging forgiveness.

"Garuda, you have abused of your authority. This must be the last time" says the Dark One, in a calm but terrible voice, with a look shakes deep Garuda, even if it is not noticeable externally. At that moment, the general realizes that his power, however great, cannot rivals at all with that of the Dark One.

"The discussion is over" concludes the Dark One "Each of you go back to his general headquarters to defeat his opponent who will come. Jezabel, follow me"

Jezabel glances of fire on Garuda, then turns and follows his master. Both go away, while the Generals watch them in silence. They understand that from now on, the battle has begun. But not only that: Garuda and Jezabel are now at loggerheads. The next time they collide, one of them will die.

Into the space back for the planet Styx, Garuda remains silent throughout all the journey. He does not think about Jezabel even though he knows that one day he will definitely face her. He thinks only to the Dark One: For the first time he felt his true strength and he was afraid. Now he is taken from the excitement: he wants to train and increase his strength. He cannot wait to compete again to defeat him, no matter at what price. In all his life, he supported battles against stronger opponents and he always won; but he did not met an enemy that was enough strong to scare him. He will certainly face the opponent who will come to pick the crystal - maybe will be Grendizer -, but his goal is the Dark One, now more than ever.

Even Myrain is quiet and looks out through the window of the spaceship with apprehension. It was the first time she saw the Six Generals together, and it was the first time she has seen such a concentration of evil. Not to mention the Dark One. And she is at the service of one of them.

*What am I doing?* asks puzzled.

Jezabel has returned to her work, directing the movements of troops with dry and precise orders. But she does not forget Garuda.

*Whatever happens to finish this story* - thinks - *there will be no more Garuda. That's for sure.*