1. On the Blue Side

I would like first to note that the following fanfic was started a few hours after the final episode of season four of Red vs. Blue was released to the public. This is my version of what comes next, and it's kind of dependent on the readers already having watched it. I would second like to note that I don't own Halo (I think that's the boys down at Microsoft), Red vs. Blue (I know this one belongs to Rooster Teeth), or any of the characters therein. I would third like to note (last one, I promise) that RvB (Red vs. Blue for all you hopelessly naive noobs out there) is the most kick ass thing on the Internet (or any other media outlet, for that matter) and everyone should go watch it. Well, enough of that, let's get this party started.

Church burst into the Blue base, and stopped short. Something with a very high pitched voice was shouting in the background. "What the fuck is that?" he asked slowly.

"Like I told you, Tucker had his gross baby. It's a alium!" Caboose shouted.

After staring at Caboose for a moment, he pushed his way over to Doc and Tucker, hunched over a slimier, smaller version of the disgusting alien they had gotten killed earlier that day. He turned to Doc. "Seriously dude, what the fuck?"

Doc looked at him. "It's like I keep saying. He was pregnant. This is the baby."
He sighed. "I'm gonna kill Andy. I just am."

"You're too late, Church," Caboose said, holding up the skull.

"For the last fucking time, that's not Andy, now put it down," he shouted. He turned to Tucker and Doc. "Andy said the alien's race transfer parasitic embryos into a host."

"What? I never touched that nasty shit-pile!" Tucker shouted in defense.

"Maybe it happened when he was beating the hell out of you at the other base," Church said with a grin.

"So, where is Andy?" Tucker asked.

Church paused, then hit himself in the forehead. "Dammit!"

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The drop ship landed square on Donut.

"Sarge, ship's here!" Simmons called to their superior.

"Shot gun!" Grif shouted.

"I'll kill you!" Simmons said in an uncharacteristically deep, maniacal voice. "Muahahahahahaha!"

"Uhâ€¦hey Sarge?" Grif called back.

"What do you what, dirt bag?" Sarge shouted.

"Um, I think Donut's dead and Simmons is really creeping me outâ€¦!"

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Church was running across the gulch muttering to himself about how stupid it had been to leave without Andy. "Wait," he said aloud, "why do we need Andy?" He came up over the ridge and saw the ship. "Oh, fuck." He ran up to Sheila. "Where did that thing come from?"

"It dropped on Donut just after you left."

"What do you mean 'dropped on Donut'?"

"I believe Donut is under the ship."

"Kick ass! One down, three to go!" The ship's door opened, and a plank that extended out. The remaining reds ran up to enter.

"Son of a bitch!" Church shouted. The Reds had reinforcements.
Meanwhile, elsewhere:

Tex had chased Wyoming into a small canyon when all hell broke loose. A tank was firing right and left, a ship had fallen on a pink soldier (Donut?), and she could see someone who looked an awful lot like Church running every which way. In all the confusion, Wyoming had escaped into the caves. "Damn," she muttered. She had hoped chasing Wyoming would keep her out of Blood Gulch just a little longer. She decided to head back to base, which was where she was approaching now. There were shouts of honks and blargs in the background, and a lot of shouting going on. "God damn, they would kill each other without me to stop them." She considered high jacking the new ship and leaving them all to die, but they had promised a big payoff when all this was over, and with Tex, money always won. She cocked her rifle and stepped into the base.

Well, there's chapter one. The rest will come, I guess, later. Sooner if I get any good, nice, please don't kill me-type reviews. If you like it, I'd love to hear that, otherwise, uhâ€¦I'm gonna stick with please don't kill me. Yep.

2. And on the Red End

Well, I got all of one review, and that one, in essence, was telling me that my story sucked. I am very sorry for the last chapter, I blame the all the candy. I debated deleting the story entirely, but decided to give it another crack. This one actuall took me more than five minutes to write. You know the drill: I don't own any of this but the limited (and arguably nonexistent) plot. Here goes.

"Why would command send us an empty ship?" Grif asked skeptically.

"Why would they send us you?" Simmons retorted.

Sarge could hear the two soldiers arguing from down the corridor, but he was too wrapped up in his own thoughts to care. He had lost a soldier, that was bad. His 'cavalry' was an empty cargo ship, that was worse. He had no idea what to do next, and that was the worst. Then Grif's voice broke through his thoughts.

"Sarge is acting weird, do you think something's wrong with him?"

"Dumbass, of course something's wrong. He just lost a soldier," Simmons started. Then his voice changed. It was deeper, with a bad accent. "And he's about to lose another!"

"Seriously dude, cut the shit, you're creeping me out," Grif whined.

Then Sarge heard something he hasn't expected. "Hi, guys, what's up?" He ran down the ship's corridor. Donut was standing in the entryway.
It was a baby. Tucker had gone and gotten himself alien-pregnant while she was gone, and now there was a slimy alien in the middle of their base. Tex actually wasn't that surprised to discover things hadn't gone well since she had left. These idiots really needed her, after all. Church burst into the base. "The Reds have reinforcements!" he shouted. That got Tex on her feet.

"What?"

"A ship, huge, out in the middle of the canyon."

"How many are there?" she asked excitedly. This was news, something more interesting than the disturbing alien child orâ€¦_wait, why is O'Malley in the base,_ she thought, glancing over at the doctor, who was talking to Caboose and Tucker in the corner.

"I don't know. The door opened and the Reds ran inside," Church answered, bringing her back to the situation. O'Malley wouldn't try anything with Tucker aroundâ€¦ "Wanna check it out?" Church asked.

Dumbass. "Thought you'd never ask," Tex said sarcastically. Wyoming could wait another hour or two.

"What the hell?" Grif shouted. Donut was standingâ€¦well, more floating in the entryway, really, but that wasn't the point. "Donut, what are you doing here? We saw the ship fallâ€¦crash on you."

"Yeah, that hurt. A lot. I think I might be dead."

"That would explain the floating. And the white armor. And the fact that we can see through youâ€¦" Simmons trailed off and looked over to Sarge, who had just come bursting in. "Look Sarge, its Donut."

"Excellent evaluation of the situation, Simmons."

"What? He points out the obvious and you practically give him an award! I do it and you threaten to drop kick me off the roof of the base!"

"Shut it, dirt bag! Simmons, I want you to explain this to me."

"Well, sir, Grif is an idiot." Simmons paused. "And I will kill you all!" he added manically.

"No, not that!" Sarge shouted. "That!" he pointed at Donut.

"Well, sir, he looks dead. Very, very dead, sir. And, near as I can tell, he's a ghost." He laughed in that deep, throated voice. "And
soon, so shall you all!" He continued on with his laughing for several minutes, then looked around. "Sorry 'bout that." He turned and walked out of the room.

There was a very awkward silence, then Donut started talking. And talking, and talking, and talking. When Donut finally stopped, Sarge noticed Grif was gone too. _Oh, well_, he thought absently.

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Simmons stood in a small, cramped room trying to stop the voice from saying the terrible things bouncing back and forth in his head. _Kill them, kill them all!_, it shouted at him. "No! No, I won't do it!" he shouted. The sound of his words echoed back at him, then another voice.

"Do what?" Grif asked from the doorway.

"Go away Grif," Simmons replied miserably. "What are you even doing here?"

"Simmons, you've been acting really, really weird lately and I wanna know what's up," Grif said sternly.

"Nothing's 'up'," Simmons replied tersely. Then the voice broke through. "Nothing but your ultimate destruction, you fool!"

"See! That's what I'm talking about! What was that?"

"That was nothing!" he shouted. "You'll see something much, much worse soon, you foolish fool!" the voice shouted. "NO!" Simmons broke through again, clutching his helmet, then he fell on the ground. "Get out! Get out of my head! He started rocking back and forth, screaming.

Okay, less random swearing and more plot. A little OOC, but that's what happens when I try to stop the swearing. Better? Worse? I'd like to hear your opinions, good or bad, and they all seem to be bad.

3. Creeped Out Much?

Well, I got a couple of reviews on my last chapter, and I basically got a big 'keep it up'. Thanks going out to xAdenX and SGT. Baker. Thanks guys. Well, I'm picking up where I left off. Keep in mind, I don't own Halo (Microsoft's work) or Red vs. Blue (Rooster Teeth's brainchild), just my very own plot.

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Simmons lay on the floor screaming to himself. He had been at it for some time now, and it was time to put a stop to it. Grif did the only thing he knew to do in this kind of situation. He removed the gauntlet shielding his forearm, took off Simmons's helmet, and started to slap his annoying teammate in the face.
When Simmons finally stopped, Grif held his helmet out to him. Simmons snatched it from his hands quickly, angrily. "What the hell, man?" was all Grif could think to say. Simmons gave him a withering glare before standing and replacing his helmet. He walked over to Grif, who stood at his approach. He grabbed the orange-clad soldier by the neck and pulled him close.

"If Sarge ever finds out about any of this, I'll make you wish I'd killed you now," he said in a low growl. He turned and walked out of the small room. He turned back to poke his head in through the entrance way. "And, uh, thanks. I needed that," he said, reaching up to rub his aching cheek, forgetting about his helmet. He left Grif angry, scared, and confused in the stuffy room.

Tex and Church stood silently outside the ship. They had just made it this far and were waiting for any sign of the Reds. It was strangely quiet for such a large ship, doubtless filled with Red soldiers. Unless... No, Church thought, shaking his head. No, they'd need a command almost as stupid as his own to send an empty ship. And yet...

Voices drifting out from the ship's entrance reached them and they froze, listening intently. "No, Donut, I'm not redecorating the base in memoriam and that's that," a voice shouted. _Sarge,_ Church thought, identifying the angry voice. Another sounded. "But Sarge!" it whined. _Donut,_ he thought. But wait, he'd seen the ship land on Donut. A small voice piped up inside him. _Yeah_, it said, _you also saw the tank shoot at you. You're dead, Tex's dead, why not him?_ Church shrugged it off for the moment. They were still talking. Where're Simmons and Grif?" Sarge asked. "Right here," a new voice, Simmons, said. "I was checking out the ship. Did you at least find supplies?" Sarge asked hopefully. _So it_is_ empty. That's good news._ Tex looked up at him and nodded. That was the signal. They were headed back to the base to tell the others.

They were almost back when Tex brought up something that had been bothering her. "Why exactly did we leave O'Malley at our base without supervision?"

"_Our_ base?" Church asked skeptically.

"Answer the question," she said bluntly.

"We didn't, O'Malley's switched hosts. What? You didn't already know?" he asked, prompted by her shock. She had stopped walking entirely.

"No, I didn't already know, no one told me! Where is he now?" she asked accusingly.

"I guess no one told you because you were off chasing Wyoming!" Church shouted defensively. He calmed himself before answering her question. "We don't know. The Reds used their radios, then Caboose called me to tell me he had left Doc."
"So it could be any of them?" she asked incredulously.

"That's pretty much the size of it," Church told her. "Come on, we have to tell the others about the ship," he said, taking her by the shoulder and pulling her to the base.

"Alright," she said, shaking him off. "But if you ever grab me like that, I'll have to kill you."

"Duly noted," he said with a grin.

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Short chapter this time, but if I had kept on, it would have been about twice this side, and nobody really wants that, right? I'll do my best to keep updates regular so long as I think you guys want me to. Well, R&R, and I'll see you kids around.

4. Where's Doc?

I can't think of much that needs to be said here except I still don't own the stuff I didn't own yesterday and the day before. Shrugs

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Grif wandered the corridors of the ship. He wasn't quite sure how, but he'd gotten himself lost. He blamed whoever had decided it was a good idea to make all the hallways look the same. He couldn't tell if he was heading in the right direction, but he kept on walking. He heard a voice and something deep inside told him not to investigate. It wasn't really often he had these gut feelings, so he tended to forget that they were always right, and he always ignored them. The voice was coming from further along the same hall, so it wasn't exactly out of his way. He was already heading that direction anyway, what was the harm? He had been wrong, it was two voices. He couldn't quite make out what was being said, but one of the voices sounded a lot like Simmons. Remembering the last time he'd seen Simmons, he decided against making himself know. The other voice was Simmons, too. Wait, no, it was a lot like Simmons's voice, butâ€¦different. Deeper, accented, like the voice he'd been using on and off to threaten Grif all day. He had already decided Simmons had gone insane, so this wasn't much of a stretch.

"Why me? I didn't ask for this, didn't want it. Why won't you just leave me alone?" Simmons asked.

"I need a host, you were readily available," the other voice said, the same and not the same. Weird.

"What was wrong with staying where you were?"

"Nothing really. Didn't really like the company."

"I don't care where you go, but you can't stay here."
"Oh, I can't? What exactly are you going to do about it?"

Simmons made a sound that was like a sigh and a grunt mixed together. Grif decided to let Simmons know he was there. He backed along the hall, then started to walk, loudly, toward the room. "Hey, Simmons, you down here?" he shouted down the hall.

He could hear Simmons sigh from where he stood, almost just outside to door. "No, go away."

"Simmons, I'm lost, I needâ€¦" he hesitated. "I need your help." He hated having to admit it, but, crazy or not, he really did the other soldiers help. He walked into the room. Grif had hoped that he was wrong, hoped that someone else had been here for Simmons to talk to, but he and Simmons were definitely he only people in the room. Grif stopped to take in the scene and saw Simmons sitting on a bunk by himself. He had taken off his helmet, which now lay on the floor. It was about this time that Grif realized he'd lost his helmet somewhere along the way.

"You okay, man?" Grif asked. "You look pretty crappy."

"Thanks," Simmons replied sarcastically. "I'm sure it has nothing to do with you beating me."

"Seriously, dude, you don't look too good." It was true; Simmons was pale, dark circles under his eyes. He hadn't looked like that the hour or so ago Grif had last seen him. He was grouchy, too. "Is something wrong?" Simmons stared blankly at him for a moment. "C'mon, out with it."

"Same rules go. Sarge finds outâ€¦" Simmons started.

"I'll wish I was dead," Grif finished with a roll of his eyes.

"You're not wearing your helmet, idiot. I saw that," Simmons said irritably.

"Oh, yeah, I knew that." There was an awkward pause that Grif got tired of fast. "So you gonna tell me what's wrong or what?"

Simmons sighed. He looked like he was going to say something, then a strange look came to his eyes. "I'll tell you what's wrong. You're about to die." He smiled and began to laugh. Another strange look came across his face, even as he laughed maniacally. He paused, then, with a pained look, whispered, "Grif, run." The look from before and the laugh, strangely familiar and yet completely out of place, started again, then he reached up and hit a stud in the wall. The door to the room rolled down from the ceiling. Grif looked back behind as the door rolled down with a thud. "What theâ€”" he started, then turned to see Simmons approaching with a murderous look in his eye.

"What?" Tucker asked laughing. "An empty ship? God, they're almost as bad off as we are."
"What do you mean, almost?"

"We got stuck with Caboose."

"Yeah, okay. So, how ya feelin', man?"

"Lot better than when that thing was in me," Tucker said, gesturing to the alien. "Y'know, I really think we should give him a name."

"Him?"

Tucker looked down at the floor. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"I like the name Michael."

"Caboose, that's _your_ name," Tucker said exasperatedly.

"Good, I like it."

Church sighed. "Aren't you supposed to be keeping Doc company or something?"

"Oh, yeah, I was supposed to tell you. He left."

"He what?"

"Uhâ€¦maybe I _wasn't_ supposed to tell youâ€¦"

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Well, there's that. R&R and have a nice day.

5. Doc's Secret

Well, here it is. Chapter Five. Longly awaited by those still reading. I don't own this stuff, for those of you who haven't read previous author's notes.

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Doc sat in one of the many caves that ringed the gulch. An impossible, all too familiar voice sounded in his head, a manic, poorly accented laugh. Thoughts battled for prominence as he dueled the influence he thought he had conquered. "You left, I forced you out. You can't be here!' part of him shouted.

"Do you really believe I could just leave? No, of course not. You know well enough what comes next. Once I've been imprinted in someone, even after I leave, part of me stays with them, forever. You can't get rid of me.'

'No, that's not true, I...' His thoughts trailed off. The part of him that was still O'Malley wasn't really listening anymore, he could feel it. O'Malley was thinking. After listening for a short time, Doc
decided he didn't like the ideas O'Malley was filling his head with. "We can't do that, these are good people.'

A shadow fell over him then, and Simmons walked into the cave. Doc could almost feel O'Malley's presence in the soldier, and at once he was filled with the sure knowledge that the AI had taken Simmons and, worse, killed Grif. There were footsteps near the mouth of the cave and Simmons ran for cover.

Church walked into the cave, a rifle in his hand. "Doc, what are you doing in here? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Sorry," Doc said, no longer at all in control of his voice, "took a walk and got a little lost." He could feel Church's disbelieving stare through the faceplate of the soldier's helmet.

"How?" he asked, gesturing to the mouth of the cave and the gulch beyond. Doc shrugged. "Oh, well, come on back to the base." He turned and headed out, leaving Doc in the cave.

As soon as Church was out, Doc let forth an evil laugh, soon to be joined by one from Simmons, farther back in the cave. He stood and walked to the mouth of the cave, took a deep breath, and followed Church.

Once back at the base, Doc sought out Tex. He found her where he usually would, cleaning her gun in her room. It was going to be an awkward conversation to be sure, but it was one he needed to have with her. He cleared his throat as he knocked on the open door, not wanting to startle her on his approach from behind. "Uh, Tex" he started.

She stiffened as she turned. "What do you want?" she asked harshly.

"I, uh...to talk," he answered her.

"About what?" she asked suspiciously. She had never trusted Doc, but after O'Malley had taken him, she had done her best to avoid him. He represented a part of her she wanted to forget.

"I think you know. Ever since O'Malley left, uhâ€¦ Did you ever, I mean, after he left" Doc had never been good at this sort of thing. "Do you ever feel like maybe he isn't gone?" he finally got out.

She glared at him. He had brought up the worst possible subject for her, mainly because she had been having issues with the same kind of problem. It had been much worse while she had been alive, not long enough to really compare, but after her time in the spirit world (she had taken to calling it that), those thoughts and impulses had become much less dominant. She thought maybe it was just what was left of the AI working its way out of her system, but nowâ€¦ Did she ever feel like maybe he isn't gone?" He finally got out.

He was silent a moment, then, with a new air about him, replied, "No,
of course not, just wondering is all." He seemed less the sniveling, stuttering idiot of moments ago, now more confident and in control.

He left quickly and Tex went back to cleaning her rifle, but with a distinct air of uneasiness.

So there it is. Stay your pitchforks and don't send your angry mobs to my house. I know you all loved Grif, so maybeâ€¦

End file.