

# **Sweet Dreams! The Sailor Guardians vs. Hypnosia**

A Sailor Moon fanfiction

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With assistance from ChatGPT

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Sailor Moon created by Naoko Takeuchi

## Author's Note

I may be a bit biased, but I think this is a great sleepy peril story. If you're reading this then you likely know who I am by now. I got my start collecting comic book sleepy scenes and then moved into sleepy peril digital artwork. This is my passion, and this work you're about to read is a labor of love. This is my debut short story.

*Sailor Moon* is one of my favorite shows to draw characters from, so it was a natural choice for my first attempt at writing. It borrows heavily from Naoko Takeuchi's creation, but is not canon to the original series. This story is set in an alternate universe (the *sleepyverse*?) where events unfolded differently. I intentionally left out many characters from the original series (including a particular man in a tuxedo and a mask.) The main characters are all in college, to keep things kosher. It may help to familiarize yourself with the characters beforehand (*Sailor Moon* is everywhere.) But you don't need to know a lot of backstory to enjoy this.

I've read this story many times over to ensure its completeness. It's a very easy, fast paced read. I'm certain you will be hooked from the first sentence to the last. Find a comfy seat, and give yourself about an hour.

Don't rush. Savor each scene.  
And don't forget to breathe.

*P.S. When you finish this, [go read the sequel!](#)*

## Chapter 1

Leafy green vines crept up the soft skin of her thigh, past her blue boots and toward her blue pleated miniskirt. The vines tightened their grip and pulled her to the ground. Her blue eyes darted from side to side.

*SHHHWWWPPP!*

Another group of leafy green vines wrapped her chest and stomach, further cocooning the Sailor Guardian's body.

Sailor Mercury yanked herself forward, an act of desperation to liberate herself. A piece of her white bodysuit ripped.

*SHHHWWWPPP!*

"Hhhhhnnnnn!!" Mercury gasped as a bundle of vines strangled her soft neck. She brought her gloved arms upward and buried her fingers into the vines.

Inch by inch the vines reduced their radius. She opened her mouth to scream, her body now deprived of much needed oxygen. She let out a silent gasp. Globules of tears streamed down her cheeks.

The vines squeezed harder.

"HHHNNN!" The edges in her field of vision started fading.

"Energy!!" A youma made of twisted vines, twigs and leaves, growled. The vines began to take on an eerie glow.

"...uhnnn...please..." Mercury pleaded, hoping the monster would remember its true self.

The glow intensified.

She felt a sensation beginning in her outer limbs, a tingling that grew more and more fervent. Her body relaxed and she closed her eyes, unable to exert the energy to keep them open. Her arms dropped to her sides. As Sailor Mercury's energy melted away, she had one last fleeting thought:

*I'm useless.*



“LET HER GO!!” a raspy voice boomed. Mercury felt a sudden tug, as a strong set of arms tore the vines off her neck. She opened her mouth, exhaling loudly.

“MARS FIRE IGNITE,” a different voice yelled, with a hint of arrogance in it. A wave of heat blew past Mercury's face. A fiery blast

tore through the remaining vines, liberating the blue-haired damsel. She crashed to her knees, chest heaving as she gasped for air.

A hand reached down and grabbed Mercury's wrist. She felt herself being lifted off the ground. She wiped her tears away, and looked up at her savior.

Sailor Jupiter looked down at the blue-haired girl. "Ami, you alright?" she asked, using Mercury's real name.

"...uhn...yeah, just...need a moment," Ami replied, gasping and rubbing her neck.

Jupiter patted Ami's shoulder. "Don't worry Ami. We got this."

"...uhnn...just...watch the vines, Mako," Ami said, wincing and brushing ashes off her uniform.

Ami took a moment and looked down at her outfit. She was dressed in a white sleeveless leotard that hugged her figure perfectly. The leotard was accented with icy blue bows, and a sailor's collar that added a touch of charm to her appearance. A golden tiara wrapped around her forehead. She wore a pair of blue knee-high boots, and white elbow-length gloves that added a touch of class. To complete the look, she wore a blue miniskirt that brushed her upper thighs lightly, adding a hint of allure to her appearance.

*Yep. You're a superhero, Ami.*

*"INCOMING!"*

*SHHHWWPPP!*

Ami looked back up and froze as another set of vines came her way. A pair of strong arms wrapped around Ami and pulled her aside.

*CRASH!!*

The vines landed inches away from Ami's boots. She opened her eyes and found herself on the ground, wrapped in Sailor Jupiter's embrace. Ami felt the comforting warmth of Mako's athletic body, and was enveloped by the smell of her rose scented perfume. Mako's presence made Ami feel safe and protected.

Their bare legs rubbed against each other, with Mako's legs distinctly longer and more toned. Mako's brown ponytail brushed and tickled Ami's cheeks. Mako laid there wearing a matching uniform with pink bows and a dark-green miniskirt. A pair of green ankle-high boots completed her look.

"Mars Fire!" A raven-haired beauty leapt forward, her striking red skirt and stiletto heels accentuating her sleek Sailor Guardian uniform. She raised her hands in preparation for another fire attack. A gust of wind ruffled her fiery red skirt just enough for Ami to get a peek at the white leotard underneath. Ami averted her gaze.

"IGNITE!" Sailor Mars shouted. The youma flew backwards in a flaming hot explosion of leaves and twigs. Mars' powerful attack far exceeded anything Ami could muster.

Mako stood up, leaving an exhausted Ami on the ground. "Supreme Thunder!" the tall brunette yelled. The youma growled and sizzled under the power of a hundred thunderstorms.

"Where's Sailor Moon?!" Mars shouted.

*SHHHHHHWOMMMM!*

The girls looked over suddenly as a dark energy portal materialized next to the injured youma. A flurry of rose petals cascaded

out as a finely dressed gentleman emerged from the portal, his feminine features immediately catching their attention. He had delicate blonde curls, tied neatly into a short ponytail, and exuded an air of confidence and refinement. His gray uniform was cleanly pressed and came with knee-high black military boots.

“ZOISITE!” all three girls shouted simultaneously.

“Time to even the odds, sailor brats,” Zoisite yelled.

Zoisite formed a dark energy ball between his hands and launched it at the girls.

Mako grabbed Ami again and jumped to the side.

Mars leapt in the opposite direction, her red heel clipping the energy ball.

*BOOOOOM!!*

Ami opened her eyes, and this time it was her on top of Mako, their silky smooth legs tangled together again. Mako had used her body to cushion the fall, protecting Ami.

Mako winced, and looked at Ami with concern. “You okay, Ami?”

Ami was still gripping Mako’s arms tightly. “Yeah, that was close.”

Mako started sitting up. “We need to check on Mars. You mind moving—”

“Oh...um...sorry...” Ami said with awkwardness, quickly standing up.

The smoke around the crater cleared, revealing a ground full of black, raven colored hair. The once vibrant and fierce Sailor Mars lay

still, her uniform marred by burns and smoke. Her head was tilted toward her chest and her fingers curled slightly beside her peaceful countenance.

“Oh, no—” Mako said, as she saw Mars lying unconscious on the ground.

Ami called out to her fallen ally. “Mars, wake up! Please, get up!”

“Direct hit. One down, two to go,” Zoisite smirked. He prepped another dark energy ball.

Mako stepped in front of Ami. “I’m sending this jerk back to the Dark Kingdom,” she said, giving Ami a wink. Mako turned to face Zoisite, her eyes narrowing. “That was a dirty move, Zoisite!”

Zoisite smirked. “Let’s see what you got.”

Mako raised her arms and summoned her celestial powers. “Supreme—THUNDER!!!”

A blinding light flashed in the sky followed by a thunderclap. Electrical energy propelled in Zoisite’s direction, streaming directly into his energy ball.

“Thanks, *thunder girl*,” Zoisite giggled, his energy ball now doubled in size. He lifted his arms and aimed it at the two girls.

“OH NO GET BACK!” Mako shouted. Ami shut her eyes and readied herself for another embrace.

*“Venus! Love me! Chain!” SCHHHLINK!*

Ami’s eyes widened as she witnessed the sight before her. Zoisite was ensnared in a glittering chain of radiant hearts, his dark energy ball harmlessly dispersed into the sky. At the other end of the chain stood a gorgeous figure, her long blonde hair cascading down her back in gentle

waves. She exuded confidence and grace. A golden orange miniskirt flowed around her curvy hips. Her skin-tight leotard was adorned with blue and yellow bows. A delicate red bow was tied neatly on top of her head, adding a touch of playfulness to her angelic appearance.

“Sorry we’re late,” Sailor Venus said, with a cute wink.

“Ugh! More of you. Youma, get back on your feet and take care of them!” Zoisite barked. The youma regained its composure and growled, causing Ami to flinch.

“Leave my friends alone!” A high pitched voice echoed.

Sailor Moon approached with grace and poise, her long blonde pigtails swaying with each step. Her hair was styled in two distinct odango buns, resembling rabbit ears, adding a cute touch to her appearance. She was dressed in her distinct uniform, the deep blue skirt and red bows complementing her blonde locks. White elbow-length gloves adorned her arms, each ending in three voluminous red puffy rings. Her legs were adorned in knee-high red boots, which gleamed in the light. Small crescent moons accentuated various parts of her uniform, further emphasizing her celestial identity.

“I am *Sailor Moon*, the champion of justice. I will right wrongs and triumph over evil...and that means *you* Zoisite!”

A small black cat with a crescent moon on its forehead ran next to Sailor Moon. Luna shouted in a British accent: “The youma is incapacitated! Sailor Moon, you’re up!”

“You can let go of me now,” Mako whispered softly, her gaze meeting Ami’s. Ami looked down to see her fingers tightly gripping

Mako's arm. Her cheeks flushed red and she slowly relaxed her hands. The scent of roses filled the air once more.

Sailor Venus struggled to hold Zoisite, her efforts strained. "Hurry up, Sailor Moon!"

"Oh...right!" Sailor Moon replied sheepishly. She lowered her arms from her hero pose and took out her Crescent Moon Wand.

"Moouoon...Healing—ESCALATION!" She chanted, summoning her magical celestial powers.

As she gracefully twirled her wand, a radiant pink aura enveloped her. With a powerful cry, she unleashed a burst of energy towards the youma, enveloping it in a rosy-hued barrier. The youma's screams were cut short as the magic dissipated, revealing an elderly man lying on the ground in its place.

Luna ran over to Sailor Mars and used her cat tongue to lick the girl's face.

"Wake up sleepyhead," the cat said.

Sailor Mars stirred and then held her forehead.

"...uhnnn...what'd I miss?"

Zoisite yanked hard on the gold chain, but Venus held firm, digging her orange high-heels into the dirt. He was completely surrounded.

"Game over Zoisite. We're sending you back to the Dark Kingdom!" Sailor Moon announced.

Zoisite sneered. One by one he made eye contact with each Sailor Guardian. "I don't like these odds."

A dark energy portal materialized under Zoisite's boots.

“Nighty night ladies. It was fun!” he giggled. Zoisite phased into the dark portal, and Venus’ chain shattered into gold dust as it made contact with the barrier. The portal snapped shut, leaving behind a flurry of rose petals. The park was silent.

Mako rolled her eyes. “Coward.”

Mars and Luna went to check on the elderly man.

“Looks like he’s recovering. Let’s get him to a safe place.”

“Poor guy’s going to have nightmares for weeks.”

“Ami! Are you alright?!” Sailor Moon called out. Sailor Moon rushed over, her arms open wide, and enveloped Ami in a warm embrace.

Ami rubbed her forehead and nodded. “I...I should be alright.” Her voice quickened as she tried explaining herself. “The youma took me by surprise. I was trying to stop it from attacking all those people—but my bubble attack wasn’t strong enough. Then it wrapped me in those vines and I couldn’t breathe and it started to steal my energy and—”

A strong hand gripped Ami’s shoulder.

“*Relax* Ami! You did fine,” Mako said, smiling. “We’re all still trying to figure this out. You’re okay, and that’s all that matters.”

Venus joined the group. “Yeah Ami, you made us worried sick! Let’s try to stick together next time.”

“Yeah, that was a close one Ami! We can’t lose you,” Sailor Moon said.

Ami looked down and didn’t respond.

*I let everyone down again, didn't I?*

Luna interrupted. "The evil presence seems to have gone for now. I suggest we all go home for the night. Don't forget, you girls have class tomorrow."

Ami nodded in agreement. It had been a stressful battle for Ami, and the thought of normalcy brought her relief.

"Ughhhhhhhhhhhhh," the rest of the girls groaned in unison.



The energy portal opened inside a twisted and foreboding lair. A blonde haired man in black military boots floated down surrounded by rose petals.

He walked past walls etched with jagged rock formations that seemed to writhe and contort in the dim light. The air was thick with a musty, damp smell, and the sound of voices echoed eerily through the cavern.

As he ventured deeper into the lair, the light grew increasingly dim, until it was almost impossible to make out the details of the twisted, gnarled rock formations. The shadows seemed to dance and writhe on the walls, creating a sense of unease and dread.

It was a dark, eerie and terrifying place.

*"Zoisite!"*

He froze.

*"Zoisite!"*

The woman's voice echoed eerily through the cavern, sending shivers down Zoisite's spine.

He walked towards the center of the cavernous lair. The room was engulfed in darkness, with only the faint blue and red glows of ambient energy providing any illumination. In the heart of the lair, a throne constructed from spiky stone stood imposingly, upon which sat a tall and regal sorceress. Her long, wavy hair cascaded down to the floor, as if it were a curtain of ebony. She was draped in a tight-fitting purple dress, which also flowed down to her feet, giving her an air of elegance and power.

Zoisite stammered. "Queen Beryl, please, I can explain—"

"You failed Zoisite."

"My queen, we came close to vanquishing one of the Sailor Guardians. If you give me another chance—"

"You failed. We are running out of time. We cannot unleash the Evil One without a steady supply of life-force energy. If you can not handle the job, I will find someone who can."

Queen Beryl raised her staff towards a corner of the chamber, gesturing for Zoisite to look. There, he saw a massive green quartz crystal, within which was trapped a man, frozen in time, his eyes filled with terror. The man, encased in the crystal, was outfitted in the same military attire as Zoisite, creating an eerie sense of familiarity.

Zoisite's voice quickened. "Please, Beryl-sama, I will succeed where Jadeite failed. I'm learning from my mistakes. I just need to find a youma with the right skills to gather the necessary energy. If I could—"

"One more chance Zoisite."

Zoisite nodded silently. An energy portal opened and Zoisite stepped in.

“One more chance.”

He glanced one last time at the green crystal before stepping through the void.



“If I hadn’t ripped those vines off, Ami would have been a goner!” a tall brunette with a ponytail said. Makoto Kino was no longer wearing her green and pink Sailor Guardian uniform. She was sitting at a table wearing a form fitting long sleeved shirt, with a white vest and dark green shorts.

All five girls sat in the circular booth wearing their favorite civilian attire. Sunlight beamed through the windows where large lettering read *Crown Arcade*. The venue bustled with activity, filled with the sounds of university students chatting and ordering food. When the girls weren’t busy fighting the Dark Kingdom, the venue was their favorite place to hangout.

Ami Mizuno sat quietly in the booth reading a textbook. She wore a stylish outfit consisting of a white loose-fitting blouse, navy blue vest with brass buttons, and an orange skirt that ended above her knee. The colors and fit of her clothing accentuated her intelligent and composed demeanor. Ami paused to munch on an egg sandwich, then returned to her textbook.

A girl with odango hair buns munched on a piece of toast. “How’s your headache Rei?”

Rei popped a pill into her mouth and swallowed it with orange juice. She was wearing a ruby colored sweater and black leggings. “Still hurts, Usagi. Next time Zoisite shows his face I’ll launch a fireball into him!”

A young woman with flowing long blonde hair, adorned with a vibrant red hair bow chimed in. “It was exciting! I know I’ve only been with you girls for a few weeks, but it feels like we’ve known each other *forever!*”

Ami raised her head from the textbook to say something, but Minako kept talking. “...and these sailor uniforms! They are so fashionable and comfy. I’d wear my orange miniskirt, tiara, and heels all day if I could.”

Ami squirmed as she recalled the events of the previous night. She remembered the youma’s rough vines pressing into her breasts through the fabric of her white bodysuit. Her blue skirt offered no protection as the vines climbed up her thigh. The feeling of fear and insecurity returned, when she remembered the vines sucking the life out of her.

Ami brushed some of her short blue hair back and spoke up. “Um, don’t you girls think that—maybe—these sailor uniforms...lack practicality?”

The rest of the girls stopped and stared. A piece of toast hung from Usagi’s mouth. Ami continued.

“I’m just saying, like, if we didn’t have the short skirts and had more protection around the legs, we’d suffer less—”

Mako burst out laughing, her large breasts bouncing up and down with each *HA*. Other patrons in the venue looked her way. She brought her voice back down.

“Ami, we’re superheroes! Who cares what we wear. Besides, I think you look amazing in your uniform—you got those slick blue boots after all.”

“Yeah, you look *suuuuuper* cute Ami! I wish my uniform came with a pair of boots,” Minako said with a big grin.

Rei grimaced. “I’ll stick with the heels.”

“Boots definitely give you a more heroic look,” Usagi replied.

“Right—and if you’d stop doing your hero speeches we’d probably beat the bad guys sooner!”

“What?! Rei, you’re the one who has to pose like a supermodel after every transformation!”

“Okay whatever meatball-head.”

The girls laughed. Ami covered her mouth and chuckled at the joke.

“Hey Ami, what’cha reading over there?”

Ami looked up from her textbook to see Mako staring.

“Well...it’s for pharmacology 101. This class will be beneficial for my medical school courses in the future. I am undertaking this in *addition* to my regular university curriculum. The professor for this course, Doctor Masui-sensei, is quite—”

Usagi’s eyes glazed over. “Ami, you are like a super genius! We can barely pass our biology 101 course.”

“Stop interrupting her Usagi! Keep going Ami, what’s your professor known for?” Mako asked.

Ami cleared her throat. “Well, Doctor Masui is known for her ground breaking research into anesthesiology. She recently published a paper outlining a much safer alternative to traditional inhalable anesthetics.”

“Yawwwwwwn,” Minako said, as she pretended to drift off to sleep.

Mako’s eyes lit up. “Oh, you mean *sleeping gas* right?”

“...yes—sort of,” Ami replied.

“They gave me that stuff when I got my teeth pulled,” Mako continued, cupping her hand and hovering it over her mouth. “Knocked me out like a light.”

Ami smiled at Mako’s silly charade. “Well, the proper medical term for the stuff is halothane, isoflurane, or desflurane—”

“Right—sleeping gas.”

The girls laughed and chatted for a few more minutes.

Ami took a sip of tea. She then gathered her books and stepped out of the booth. “And on that note, I must be off to class.” She bowed and smiled warmly. “You all have a wonderful day.”

“Bye Ami,” the girls said in unison.

“Oh! And thank you again, Mako,” Ami said, glancing back one last time.

Mako raised her eyebrows. “For what?”

“For saving me.”



A dark energy portal opened in a quiet back alley near the university campus. Zoisite stepped out wearing a baseball cap, jeans and a varsity jacket emblazoned with the letters 'DK'. His long curly blonde hair was tucked neatly inside the cap. Zoisite walked out of the alley and mingled with the rest of the students.

Zoisite saw a cute girl in a cheerleading outfit walking toward a building. He caught up with her as she used a student badge to open the door.

“Excuse me, late for class.”

The girl let Zoisite in.

He walked briskly through the campus building trying to match the pace of other students. Zoisite observed a janitor mopping the floor. “Nahhh. What’s he gonna do? Throw mops and brooms at the sailor brats?”

He saw a physical education teacher walk by with a bag of soccer balls. “Hmmm...could the soccer balls explode? That’d be useful.” Zoisite then remembered the time he transformed a tennis coach into a youma. That night ended in an embarrassing disaster when one of the tennis balls bounced back and exploded in his face.

The large green quartz crystal flashed through his mind. “Gotta make this count,” Zoisite said to himself.

A woman in glasses walked past Zoisite suddenly. She wore a black blazer, knee-length skirt and pantyhose. With her tall, fit frame and short black hair tied neatly in a bun, the woman in her mid-40s exuded an effortless beauty that commanded attention. The sound of

her heels clacking on the floor echoed through the room, a sharp and steady staccato that punctuated the silence. Intrigued, Zoisite followed her from a distance.



The woman opened the door to an office. A placard next to the door read:

*OFFICE OF DR. MASUI.  
HOURS 3 - 6 PM*

Zoisite stepped toward the door, but a blue-haired girl bumped into him.

“Oh! Excuse me, are you here for Masui-sensei’s office hours too?” the blue-haired girl asked.

Zoisite did a double-take. “No...sorry, I’m just kind of lost—bye,” he replied awkwardly.

He walked away and watched as the blue-haired girl entered the office. He eavesdropped, and heard the muffled sounds of conversation— “...I was very impressed with the conclusions in your paper Ami. I just have a few questions about the citations you have...”

Zoisite dipped his head down and stopped listening. “Boring. Not interested—”

Something caught his eye suddenly.

He looked at the wall where some magazines were stacked. One of them had Dr. Masui’s face gracing the cover. Zoisite picked up the magazine, titled *Science Monthly*, and flipped through it. The magazine was filled with big capital letters with small numbers next to them—most of them *C*, *H* and *O*. Words popped out that made no

sense to him—*Tetrafluoroethyl*, *Trichloromethane*, *Hexafluoroisopropanol*, *Desflurane*. Complete nonsense. He flipped to a section titled *Conclusion*. Zoisite nodded along as he absorbed the meaning of the words.

“Okay...hmmmm...interesting...oh—” He smacked the magazine as realization set in. “Oh...*OHHHHHH!* This—this is it!” Zoisite closed the *Science Monthly* magazine and put it in his jacket. In Zoisite’s twisted mind, Dr. Masui had the perfect skill set for going up against the Sailor Guardians. He looked at the clock, and decided he’d return when things quieted down.

The sounds of Dr. Masui’s office slowly receded as he hastened away, the conversation growing more distant with each step.



Ami watched as Dr. Masui circled parts of her paper with a red pen. It was typical for the bright young girl to put extra effort into her studies. This resulted in her frequently earning top scores across the entire school—often *the highest* score.

“*Annnnnnd* that should cover it, Ami. Good work overall,” the professor said.

Ami collected her papers. “Thank you Masui-sensei. Do you mind if we do another session next week?”

“With pleasure, Ami. However, I do think you’re overworking yourself. Take it easy.”

*Wait until you hear that I’m a superhero.*

Ami looked around Dr. Masui's office. Several medical school diplomas were framed on her wall. A shelf next to her desk was filled with medical textbooks, and had a small model skeleton on it. A photograph on Dr. Masui's desk showed her standing next to some colleagues, all of them wearing green surgical scrubs.

Dr. Masui turned her attention to some student exams on her desk. She lifted a brown glass bottle and shoved some papers under it. Ami looked down at the bottle quizzically.

Dr. Masui saw Ami's confused expression, then laughed.

"Oh! This? It's something I keep on my desk as a reminder of how far the field of anesthesiology has come." She touched the bottle's white cap. "It's a vintage bottle of chloroform, the first anesthetic invented by Sir James Young—"

"James Young Simpson. 1847," Ami replied, perking up.

Dr. Masui nodded. "Well aren't you an encyclopedia," the professor chuckled. "Anyway I use it as a paperweight now. Don't need the stuff, there's enough students sleeping in my class."



Ami smiled and turned to walk out. "That's very funny professor. Anyway, I need to head off now." She gave her professor a polite bow. "Lot's of studying. Thank you very much for the session."

Ami glanced at the brown glass bottle one more time.

*Such a weird thing to have.*

Dr. Masui smiled in return. "Don't worry. It's empty."



The clock read 5:56 PM when Zoisite walked back to Dr. Masui's office. The blue-haired girl was no longer there, and the once bustling hallway was now empty. Zoisite's gaze was drawn to the alluring woman, who was methodically packing papers into a suitcase with graceful precision. He poised himself, then walked through the door.

Dr. Masui lifted her head and looked at Zoisite. "Can I help you, sir?"

Zoisite pulled out the *Science Monthly* magazine from his jacket. "Sorry to bother you Sensei, but...I'm a *huge* fan of your work. Could you—" He pushed the magazine towards her. "Autograph this?"

She raised a single eyebrow, then carefully took the magazine. "So what do you think about my latest paper?"

Zoisite blanked for a second. "Uhhmm...well...your conclusions about the...effectiveness of...*tri-chloro-des-flur-ane*...were really interesting," he replied, stuttering.

Dr. Masui's serious expression transformed into a radiant grin, her face filling up with laughter. "Hahaha! You're hilarious. Okay, sure." She picked up a black marker. "I'll sign this. What's your name?"

Zoisite blanked again. "...excuse me?"

"Your name for the autograph," Dr. Masui replied sternly, looking into Zoisite's eyes.

"...Zoisite."

Dr. Masui tilted her head and shrugged. "*Okayyyyyy*...that's Z—O—I..."

Zoisite's foot inched forward.

“—S—and then a Y, right?”

He struck.

“MMMMMMPPHHHH!” Dr. Masui screamed, as Zoisite clamped his hand over her mouth. With a swift movement, he encircled her neck with his other arm, his grip tightening firmly. Zoisite used his foot to kick the office door shut.

*SLAM!*

Dr. Masui thrashed her pantyhosed legs in a desperate struggle. Her hands knocked over reams of paper from her desk. She brought her arms up and dug her fingernails into Zoisite.

He yanked Dr. Masui ferociously left and right, knocking her glasses off in the struggle. Despite her valiant efforts, Zoisite held fast, applying increased pressure to her neck with his arm. The woman's resistance gradually ebbed away, her strength waning under the force of his grip.

“Hmmmmmphhh...mmmphh,” she cried through his hand.

“Shhhhh-shh-shh...go to sleep, Sensei.” He pressed harder into her trachea.

“Hmml!...mmmmmm...”

“The Dark Kingdom needs your expertise,” he whispered menacingly.

Dr. Masui began fainting as her oxygen supply dwindled. Her eyes rolled upward, and she whimpered weakly. “...mmmm...”

Her consciousness wilted away, and her arms dropped. As Dr. Masui's body went limp, Zoisite lowered her to the ground with care, ensuring she was placed gently on the floor. Zoisite took a moment to survey the destruction he had caused. The room was in disarray, with papers scattered all around the office floor.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small black orb, about the size of a marble. He looked down at the unconscious Dr. Masui, her chest rising and falling with shallow breaths. Zoisite knelt down beside Dr. Masui and placed the youma seed on her chest. It glowed with a dark purple light, and as it touched her skin, it sank into her body. Dr. Masui's body convulsed as the seed took hold, her mouth opening wide with a gasp. Zoisite watched with a twisted sense of satisfaction as the transformation began.

## Chapter 2

The locker room was empty, save for the soft hum of fluorescent lights overhead. A girl in a slim cheerleading outfit took a gym bag out of a locker. The cheerleader, her black ponytail bouncing as she walked, made her way towards a young man who was sitting on a bench, lacing up his sneakers. Without a word, she leaned in and pressed her lips to his. He responded eagerly, pulling her close as they shared a passionate kiss.

She broke the kiss and smiled at him. "I've been waiting for that all day." The boy gave her a mischievous smile, and began putting his hand up her stretchy miniskirt. "Come here babe," the handsome young man said in a low voice. The girl grabbed a lock of his red hair and they kissed again.

Footsteps entered the locker room. The two lovers stopped mid-kiss and opened their eyes.

"Hey, this room is occupied!" the boy yelled. The footsteps got closer and closer. "I said! This room! Is! Occupied!"

The young man took a couple steps toward the sound. He saw two figures standing there. One of them was wearing a jacket emblazoned with the letters 'DK'. The other was a tall muscular female.

"Drama club is that way, nerds," the young man said in a dismissive tone.

The tall muscular female stepped into the fluorescent lighting. Her skin was thick and a strange shade of bluish gray. Her neon green hair, cut off at the shoulders, framed her alien-like features, including

long pointy ears. Clad in a white bodysuit adorned with a bold red cross, she was outfitted with long, red rubber gloves and boots that extended to her thighs. A large, cylindrical metal tank was strapped to her back, and as she smiled, her sharp fangs were revealed.

“What in the hell...” the shocked young man said.

‘DK’ jacket person finally spoke: “Young love. So carefree. So...beautiful. So full of—energy.”

He paused for dramatic effect.

“Hypnosia—go put these lovers to sleep!”

“WITH PLEASURE,” Hypnosia replied, in a deep sultry voice.

Hypnosia lunged toward the young man and grabbed his red hair. She then produced a black rubber mask, attached to the tank with a hose, and forced it over the man’s nose and mouth. The man shouted and tried to break free, but Hypnosia held him tight. With the mask secure, she flicked a small switch. A hissing sound started coming from the rubber mask.

“Breathe. *Breathe!*” Hypnosia said menacingly.

The cheerleader stared, frozen in fear, as her boyfriend fell lower and lower to the ground. His eyes fluttered shut and he laid motionless on the ground. Small plumes of purple gas floated off his face.

“Your turn,” Hypnosia said, making eye contact with the cheerleader.

“AYEEEEEE!” The girl let out a piercing scream. Hypnosia jumped over quickly, shoving the rubber mask like a plunger over her nose and mouth. “MMMPH! Mmmmph...mmm...”

The girl's curvy chest heaved up and down, delivering a steady supply of Hypnosia's gas to her lungs. The hissing sound continued, providing an ambient white noise in the quiet room. Each breath she took created a soft reverberating echo in the mask. Her eyelids grew heavier and droopier. Within a few seconds, the girl collapsed in Hypnosia's arms.



“Worked like a charm.” Hypnosia held the mask over the sleepy girl's face a little longer. The tube connecting to the cylindrical tank began to glow.

Zoisite watched the process patiently. “How much energy will we be able to collect?”

“A lot,” Hypnosia replied.

Zoisite paused awkwardly for a few seconds. “...you mind if I get in on the action?”

Hypnosia took the rubber gas mask off the cheerleader and slowly turned to face Zoisite. The sleepy girl sighed as Hypnosia set her down.

Zoisite watched as Hypnosia produced a brown glass bottle, about half the size of her hand. It had a white cap and a label on it. Hypnosia tossed the bottle in Zoisite's direction. Zoisite caught it with both hands and looked inquisitively at Hypnosia. "What do I do with this?"

"Read the instructions."

He turned the bottle around and looked at the label. Those big nonsensical words popped out again, along with those big letters and numbers. "What's C-H-C-L—"

"Read. The instructions."

Zoisite read the label closely again and his eyes lit up. A big smile formed on his face. He walked over to the cheerleader's gym bag and rifled through it. He pulled out a soft white cloth. "Going to need one of these!" he giggled.

The cheerleader moaned on the ground. She was wearing a form fitting light-blue shirt with long sleeves, a navy blue vest and a matching miniskirt. Her legs, in white pantyhose, shuffled gently on the floor. She had a cute little ribbon in her hair.

Zoisite knelt down next to the sleepy cheerleader. "Awwww, poor thing." He gently stroked some of her hair away.

The girl moved her head left and right, barely keeping her eyes open. "Uhhnnn...sir...please...help...me..." she begged in a weak voice.

Zoisite unscrewed the white cap from the bottle.

"...please...I'm...so...tired..."

He dipped the cloth twice in the liquid.

“...uhhnnnn...please...” she whispered, her voice almost inaudible by now.

He twisted the white cap back on.

“...uhnn...please...I—mmmmmmphhh...”

“*Sbbbbb-sbbb-sbb,*” Zoisite cooed as he placed the damp cloth over the girl’s nose. He used his other hand to gently push her head firmly into the soft white cloth. He started humming a lullaby.

“Mmmphhh...mmm...” the girl murmured.

“I need you to take a deep breath,” Zoisite whispered.

The girl obeyed, and took a deep breath—then another softer one. Her breathing relaxed. Her eyelids made tiny movements, and then ceased. Zoisite removed the cloth, and admired the girl’s cute, sleeping face.

The room was dead quiet.

A sultry voice broke the silence. “Shall we continue?”



Ami twirled her Sailor Mercury transformation pen around her left hand, as she sat alone in the study hall. It was typical for her to stay late, after all the other students had left for the day. The round pen she held was made of thick, gold colored metal and was adorned with the symbol of the Greek god Mercury. She recalled the fateful day Luna had given her the pen, marking the beginning of her journey as a Sailor Guardian. She fondly remembered her adventures with the other Sailor

Guardians—along with the struggles and perils they faced while battling the Dark Kingdom.

*Being a Sailor Guardian comes with a ton of responsibility.*

“There you are, Ami!”

Ami looked up suddenly, and saw Mako walking over from across the hall. She waved at her friend.

Mako strolled over to Ami, towering over her. “Mind if I join you?”

Ami gave Mako a friendly smile. “Please, have a seat. It’s...kind of lonely here.”

*Very lonely.*

“I’ll keep you company.” Mako pulled a chair out and sat down. Ami perked up, recognizing Mako’s flowery rose perfume. She glanced briefly at Mako’s breasts, which curved ravishingly through her form-fitting green shirt.

Mako had joined the team as Sailor Jupiter shortly after Ami. Jupiter’s thunder powers provided a much needed boost against the ever stronger Dark Kingdom youmas. She fought enemies ferociously, combining her thunder powers with physical combat. Mako was naturally athletic, optimistic and courageous. Ami had grown particularly close to Mako, enjoying the companionship she offered.

*You’re such a good friend, Mako.*

“The rest of the gang went to sing Karaoke—Minako’s idea. I told them I’d join a bit later.” Mako touched Ami’s shoulder.

“Interested in coming?”

Ami looked at a stack of papers with red pen markings on them. “Well...I still have some school work, and I’m not much of a singer anyway.”

“Ahhh, no big deal. I’m still kind of tired from last night’s battle.” Mako raised her forearms, flexing her biceps in a silly pose. “You think we’ll get to be superheroes again today?”

Ami chuckled. “I think I’ve had enough of running around in skimpy leotards and skirts.”

“Oh come on! Luna said the Dark Kingdom is planning something big. *The Evil One*—or so she says.” Mako’s expression turned serious. “Ami, we’re going to need you.”

Ami frowned and looked down at her hand holding the transformation pen. Sailor Mercury’s water-based powers, while impressive, lacked the intensity and strength of the other Guardians’ attacks. She had never been a significant factor in battles, usually relegated to a supporting role.

“It’s just...Mako...I don’t think I’m very useful as Sailor Mercury.”

Mako stood up with an incredulous expression. “Are you kidding? You’ve been super useful! You’re our smartest member. You’ve definitely gotten us out of difficult situations...”

Ami’s hand began trembling as Mako’s voice quickened.

“...and *Mercury Bubbles*, I’ve seen it work a few times. And you have *Shine Aqua Illusion*, and that computer—“

Ami slammed her transformation pen down, interrupting Mako mid-sentence. “And those attacks are *useless* as our enemies get stronger!” Ami yelled, showing an uncharacteristic outburst of anger.

Both girls fell silent. Ami looked down, rubbing the back of her head.

“I...I’m sorry for raising my voice, Mako.”

Mako gave Ami a warm smile. “Hey. No worries. We’re a team. Each one of us has a strength and a weakness. You’ll find your place,” Mako replied, gently patting Ami on the shoulder.

Ami cheered up, inspired by Mako’s spontaneous wisdom. “You always know how to lift my spirits, Mako.”

“Everyone on the team loves you so much, Ami. I truly think you’re the one holding us together.”

Ami appreciated Mako’s kind words, and it brought a small tear to her eye. Ever since the day they became friends, Mako has consistently been a pillar of emotional support for Ami. Still, Ami always found ways to surface her deep insecurities. “Thank you, that’s a very kind thing to say, but I—”

A piercing scream shattered the peaceful silence suddenly, echoing through the halls. Both girls exchanged a worried glance, their eyes mirroring the shared sense of apprehension.

“Looks like our Karaoke plans are ruined,” Mako said.

“Someone’s in trouble!” Ami sprung into action and began heading out of the room.

“Hey,” Mako called.

Ami stopped.

Mako held up a gold transformation pen. “You’re going to need this.”



Six students laid sleeping across the classroom floor. Hypnosia now had six masks and tubes extending from the metal tank, all of them stuck to the students' faces. The room was faintly lit by the glow coming from the rubber tubes.

Zoisite was kneeling on the ground next to an unconscious male student, putting the cap back on his brown glass bottle. "Yeah...I definitely think something's awakened in me," he muttered to himself.

He stood up and walked over to Hypnosia, gently tossing the bottle in his hand. "So what's this stuff called anyway?"

"Chloroform," Hypnosia replied without looking.

Zoisite chuckled. "Chloroform, *shh-moro-form*, whatever gets us life-force energy I'm all for it. I'll chloroform everyone in the world if it means Beryl-sama gets the energy she needs."

Hypnosia stayed silent, focused on her task at hand.

Zoisite's demeanor turned serious. "Ahem, well...we can collect a nice haul of energy before those sailor brats find out about our plan. How about I go out and find more targets?"

"Good," Hypnosia replied. "More energy."

Zoisite looked at his brown glass bottle and smiled as he stepped out into the hall.



Ami and Mako sprinted down the campus hallway. They looked in each classroom, trying to find any evidence of the scream they heard. Ami looked inside the window of a chemistry lab. "Nothing here," she said.

They turned a corner and stopped. Out of breath, the two girls leaned against a wall and looked toward a room down the hall. “See that glowing,” Ami whispered. “I think that’s it.”

“Let’s see if we can get a closer look,” Mako whispered back.

The two girls tiptoed as quietly as they could toward the glowing classroom. They heard a hissing sound grow louder as they approached. Ami peered through the door to get a better view, observing the youma’s muscular body and neon green hair. “Yep, it’s the Dark Kingdom alright,” Ami whispered.

Ami peered in again. “There’s six students in there getting their energy drained. We need to think of a way—”

“HEY FREAK! GET AWAY FROM THEM.”

Ami’s blue eyes went wide as saucers as she saw Mako standing at the door shouting.

The youma turned around suddenly, the masks and tubes retracting into the metal tank. It sauntered towards Mako and Ami, its sexy attire contrasting starkly with its imposing frame.

“Who do we have here?” the youma said in a seductive voice.

Mako bent forward into a fighting position and locked her eyes on the youma. She took a small step backwards, making sure not to lose eye contact.

“You girls shouldn’t be here,” the youma said, its voice rising.

Mako took another slow step back, her green eyes narrowing.

Ami gripped her transformation pen, her hand trembling.

“You have no idea who you’re messing with,” Mako replied with a sly grin. She turned around and gave Ami a wink.

In one swift motion Mako pulled out her transformation pen and shouted: “JUPITER POWER!”

The youma’s demonic expression turned to surprise.

Ami closed her eyes, lifted her transformation pen and shouted:

“MERCURY POWER!”

“*MAKE!!! UP!!!*” The two girls shouted in unison.

The youma covered its eyes with an arm as blinding light filled the room.

The air around the girls began to shimmer and sparkle, leaving their bodies enveloped in a brilliant glow. Green and blue ribbons surrounded their bodies, as they twirled around like dancers. The ribbons converged onto their chests and hips and turned into a set of white sleeveless leotards. Their skirts, bows, gloves and footwear formed in a similar dazzling manner. A golden tiara materialized on each girl’s forehead—along with a pair of earrings—giving the girls a feminine charm.

The light faded, and the youma lowered its arm.

Standing in the room were two beautiful Sailor Guardians, striking their hero poses. Mako stood as Sailor Jupiter in a confident fighting pose, her long toned legs spread apart under a green skirt. Ami had become Sailor Mercury, standing with her knees bent slightly under a blue skirt and her hands gently curled into fists. The two celestial superheroes faced their enemy.

Mako pointed her finger at the youma. “On behalf of the planet Jupiter, you’re going down, demon!”

“Sailor Guardians, huh,” the feminine youma said dismissively. She then took a bow. “Well allow me to introduce myself—the name’s Hypnosia.”

Hypnosia reached behind her back and flicked a switch on the metal tank.

“Are you girls ready?”

Hypnosia let out a deafening scream as she unleashed a relentless barrage of rubber tubes and masks at the two girls. Mako swiftly and skillfully deflected the rubber masks with ease, pulling Ami out of harm’s way. The masks careened off the walls with a loud clang. Hypnosia then transformed the tubes into deadly lassos. With lightning-fast reflexes, she launched a lasso straight at Ami’s ankles, yanking her violently to the ground.

“Owww!”

“My turn!” Mako yelled, her eyes flashing with determination. “Supreme Thunder!”

A crackling bolt of lightning erupted from her fingertips, hurtling towards Hypnosia with deadly force. But the villainous figure simply stood there, unfazed as the electricity absorbed harmlessly into her red rubber gloves and boots.

Ami shouted out a warning to Mako. “It’s all rubber! Rubber doesn’t conduct electricity!”

Mako gritted her teeth in frustration. “Wonderful.”

“What’cha gonna do now sailor scum?” Hypnosia snickered.

“Ami, we need backup now! Alert the other girls!”

“Got it!” Ami replied, her fingers shaking as she quickly pulled out her compact computer, adorned with a small Mercury symbol on its case. She flipped it open, ready to press the distress button. But before she could, a rubber lasso snagged her arm, yanking her back with force.

“Give me that!” Hypnosia snarled, pulling harder on the lasso. Ami stumbled, dropping her computer, where it then skidded under a nearby classroom door. She scrambled to retrieve it, but the rubber tubes continued to tug her back, pulling her further away.

Mako charged towards Ami, her eyes locked on the rubber tubes constricting her friend. “Hang on!” she yelled, her voice filled with urgency. Reaching out, she grabbed hold of the tubes with both hands and with a mighty tug, she ripped them apart, sending small plumes of purple gas into the air. The tubes fell to the ground, now nothing but useless pieces of rubber.

Ami stood up. “Mako, if I get an opening I can use Shine Aqua Illusion on her. The water will—”

“Water and electricity go BOOM. Got it. I’ll distract her while you find an opening.” Mako eyed Hypnosia. “Time to get physical.”

Mako charged towards Hypnosia, ready for battle. Hypnosia unleashed a flurry of rubber tubes at Mako, but she expertly dodged and countered with a swift kick to Hypnosia’s chest. Hypnosia stumbled back but quickly regained her balance and swung a fist at Mako. She ducked and landed a punch to Hypnosia’s stomach.

Hypnosia retaliated with a swift roundhouse kick, but Mako blocked it with her arm and countered with a spinning backfist. Hypnosia stumbled back but caught her footing. The two adversaries paused to catch their breath.

Mako launched herself into the air with her powerful legs, her eyes locked onto Hypnosia. She used both arms to grab Hypnosia's neck, and leaned back with a vice-like grip. Hypnosia let out a strangled cry as Mako pulled her back, her rubber boots sliding across the floor.

"Go for it Ami!" Mako shouted.

Ami raised her arms, stared at her enemy and shouted "Shine Aqua—Illusion!" A powerful stream of water flowed out from her hand in the direction of the youma. Mako leapt out of the way just in time as the water attack slammed into its target.

"Supreme Thunder!" Mako yelled in mid-air, her green miniskirt now flapping wildly. The electric bolt surged with energy as it shot towards the soaking wet Hypnosia. The electricity hit her square in the chest, causing her to scream and spasm in pain. Her rubber suit began to smoke and burn as the electricity coursed through her body.

Hypnosia wilted into a crumpled smoldering mess on the floor.

"Not so tough now *hub*," Mako yelled, walking over triumphantly.

Hypnosia struggled to push herself off the ground, her limbs shaking.

Mako grabbed Hypnosia's suit. "You want round two?"

The seductive female youma started chuckling.

"What's so funny, weirdo?" Mako asked, with a flash of annoyance. Hypnosia continued her sinister laugh.

Ami surveyed the scene and knelt down, picking up one of the rubber masks.

*Anesthesia masks?*

She brought the mask to her nose, and recoiled after smelling the sweet fumes. She looked across the hall at Hypnosia's big metal tank—with Mako just inches away from it. Ami's face filled with panic.

“Mako! Get away from her!” Ami screamed.

Hypnosia's chuckle reached a crescendo and she raised her head.

“NAP TIME GIRLS.”

The youma reached back and grabbed a metal valve on her tank, yanking it off. The tank erupted in a massive blast of purple gas, engulfing Mako in a thick cloud of sickly sweet fumes.

“ARRGHHHH!” Mako yelled as she recoiled from the blast. She breathed in hefty portions of the purple gas, her body still exhausted from the fighting. The fumes irritated her lungs, causing her to cough loudly.

*COUGH COUGH COUGH!*

Hypnosia emerged from the thick cloud of gas and grabbed Mako in a bear hug. “Breathe it all in, tough girl! *Breeeeeathe!*” She shrieked.

Ami ran towards the fight, but stopped when the cloud of purple gas floated in front of her. She covered her mouth and backed away reluctantly. “Mako! Don't breathe the gas!”

Mako thrashed her legs, desperation setting in as she fought to break free from Hypnosia's grip. She twisted and kicked wildly, each movement becoming more uncoordinated. Ami's warning came too late, and Mako had already inhaled Hypnosia's sleeping gas.

“Uhhhh...let me...uhhnn...go...hnnnn...” Mako yelled, her once booming voice now weakening.

Hypnosia shrugged her shoulders. “As you wish.”

Mako felt the pressure release from her stomach. Her knees buckled the moment her green boots touched the floor. She threw a punch—the youma side-stepped it easily. Mako gritted her teeth, straining to keep her woozy eyes open. The youma side-stepped another weaker punch. Mako stumbled forward, her feeble punches an embarrassment. She breathed in more of the soporific gas. *COUGH COUGH.*

“Awwwww, are you tired, tough girl?” Hypnosia snickered, taunting Mako.

The taunts angered Mako. Sparks started flying around Mako’s fists, as her legs swayed in the purple sleepy atmosphere. Hypnosia noticed and floated a rubber anesthesia mask toward the exhausted girl.

Mako found her remaining celestial energy reserve and raised her arms. She tried shouting her attack phrase, but drunkenly slurred it instead. “Uhhhhnnnnn...suuuuuupreeme—”

*POOOOFFFF!*

Hypnosia blasted a cloud of purple sleeping gas into Mako’s face, timing it to match her breathing. Mako gasped, inhaling the fumes rapidly. Her head flopped backward and her green eyes rolled up, as a torrent of sleepiness crushed her. She staggered back and forth, her legs wobbling in a lethargic, uncoordinated dance. Her green miniskirt swooshed listlessly around her hips. Mako’s legs finally gave in, and she fainted to the ground like a falling tree. *THUMP!*

“Mako!” Ami yelled, as the thick purple gas dissipated, revealing her fallen friend. Mako laid motionless on the ground, her once

powerful frame now limp and unresponsive. Strands of brown hair covered Mako's eyes.

Hypnosia regained her composure, and stood face to face with a trembling Sailor Mercury. "Looks like *thunder girl* couldn't handle my sleeping gas." She gave Ami a wicked smile. "Interested in trying a little?"

Ami stepped back, and looked down at the floor. Mako moaned softly, and rolled her head to one side.

*Come on Mako!*

"Uh oh," Hypnosia said, noticing Mako's small movements. Hypnosia hovered an anesthesia mask over Mako—*POOOOF!*—and fired another thick puff of sleeping gas over her peaceful face. The purple clouds expanded over the floor, and floated away like a mist. Mako sighed and rolled her head one last time.

"That should do it," Hypnosia said, admiring Mako's sleeping face. "She should be in dreamland."

Ami's left hand curled into a fist, and she trembled with a mixture of fear and anger. Mako had been defeated—gassed like an insect—and Ami faced the fiendish enemy all alone. She closed her eyes and relaxed herself, searching for whatever little courage she had to face this evil. She found words instead.

Ami's eyes opened in outrage. With an indignant tone, she pointed her finger and shouted: "*How dare you!* How dare you derive pleasure from using this great medical achievement for evil. I am the pretty guardian who fights for love and intelligence...Sailor Mercury! Douse yourself in water, and repent!"

Hypnosia gawked in perplexity at the speech, then grinned.

“Let’s see what you got, *water girl*.”

*Show them what you’re made of.*

*Don’t hold back, Ami.*

Ami shut her eyes and summoned all the energy she had in her. Water droplets materialized and swirled around her in a delicate dance. She tiptoed on her blue boots and spun around in a slow elegant circle. Her blue skirt twirled gracefully, its hemline fluttering in the air as it spun. The water coalesced at her hands, which now glowed bright blue. She opened her eyes, focused intently on Hypnosia and recited her celestial incantation.

“SHINE! AQUAAAAAAAA...”

*Blast this evil away, Ami.*

*For Mako!*

Someone quietly stepped behind Ami. She remained focused, channeling all her water energy into the attack. The glow around her hands intensified, as she prepared the final word of her chant.

“ILLU—HRMMMMPHHHH!”

A hand seized Ami suddenly, clamping a soft damp cloth over her mouth before she could finish her chant. The cloth smothered Ami’s nose, forcing her to smell a sickly sweet aroma. Another hand wrapped tightly around her stomach, the thumb squishing the bottom of her breast. She took fast shallow breaths, her lungs still sapped from the shouting. The sneak attack filled her with shock and confusion.



“Mmmmpfh! Hrrmmmpfh!” The damp cloth muffled her protests, cutting short what would have been Sailor Mercury’s powerful celestial attack. The magical water droplets surrounding Ami disappeared, and the blue glow faded from her fists.

“Quite the show you girls put on back there,” her attacker said.

“Hmmmmmpfh! Mmmmmmpfh!!” Ami screamed in distress as she raised her hands to her face.

*No...that voice...*

“Douse and repent *hub*? How about you save the waterworks sweetie and breathe this,” her attacker said, applying pressure to her belly. She shook her head back and forth, instinctively inhaling the sweet

fumes. A warm, groggy sensation consumed her body. Her hands quivered.

*No, no, no...this cloth...he's chloroforming me!*

Ami looked across the hall anxiously and watched as Hypnosia lowered an anesthesia mask over Mako's mouth. Purple fumes puffed out of the mask and the tube started glowing. She panicked as the implications of Hypnosia's actions became clear.

*They're stealing Mako's energy!*

Ami yanked at the cloth relentlessly, her gloved hands getting weaker with each tug. She wanted so badly to help Mako, who laid there completely helpless. Each breath Ami took filled her lungs with more and more of the sweet chloroform fumes. The world around her started spinning and her vision blurred. Her body became numb. She slumped further and further into the arms of her attacker.

"Mmmph...hmmph..."

The attacker tilted Ami's head back, still keeping the white cloth sealed over her nose. Her weary blue eyes, now filled with tears, looked up at the attacker. Through her hazy vision, she made out the letters 'DK' and those unmistakable blonde curls.

*Zoisite...*

"Hmmmmph...mmmph...mmnnn," she moaned, each whimper getting weaker and softer. Fear gripped her, as she grew ever more helpless in the face of her smirking, sneering enemy. She felt so foolish for wasting time on her speech and for not checking her back.

"Shhhhhhhhhh, relax princess. Breathe," Zoisite cooed.

Her chest expanded slightly, the icy blue bow on her bosom moving up an inch. She delivered a fresh rush of chloroform to her feeble lungs.

“...mmph...mmph...”

“*Sleeeeeeep*,” Zoisite whispered, tickling her left ear.

*So sleepy...can't...stay awake...*

She breathed a quiet sigh into the cloth as sleepiness overwhelmed her. Ami's blue eyes rolled upward and fluttered shut, causing a tear to roll down her cheek. She felt the cloth leave her face; a light breeze cooled her cheeks. An arm slipped around her lower back, while another arm slipped under her thighs. Her head flopped backward, exposing her slender, vulnerable neck. She felt herself being lifted off the ground, her body completely limp and at the mercy of Zoisite's whims. Her blue miniskirt flapped and her boots dangled, as Zoisite carried her down the hallway. She heard what sounded like a soft lullaby being hummed through his smirking lips.

Darkness swallowed her world. Ami's consciousness faded away, and as she soundly drifted off to sleep, one final thought tortured her mind:

*I'm so sorry, Mako...*

## Chapter 3

The distinct aroma of Mako's rose perfume aroused Ami's senses. Her surroundings were dimly lit, illuminated only by the steady buzz of fluorescent lights. She listened to hushed whispers in the background, and a persistent hiss that seemed to drone on.

The silky fabric of her leotard and skirt still clung delicately to her skin. She felt herself sitting in a wooden chair, her hands placed behind her back. She tried moving her arms, but felt a rough set of ropes around her wrists. Ami opened her mouth to talk, but only heard muffled sounds. She felt a soft handkerchief pressed tightly between her lips, wrapping around her cheeks, and tied behind her neck.

“Hrmmm...mmf.”

*I can't move.*

She opened her eyes a sliver, but closed them again quickly as the lights triggered an awful headache.

*Oh no, where am I?*

“Welcome back, sleepyhead.”

Ami opened her blue eyes and saw Zoisite grinning back at her. Her anxiety levels shot through the roof.

“HMMMMPH!!!” She protested stronger this time, shifting against her bindings. Memories flooded back to her.

*The rubber gloved youma.*

*Purple gas.*

*Mako lying on the ground asleep.*

*The soft damp cloth against my face. Darkness.*

With wild, panicked movements, Ami's head jerked left and right, her blue eyes darting wildly. A set of thick ropes tied her wrists and ankles, while another set wrapped several times around her chest and abdomen.

“HRMMMFF! MMMMFFF!” She shouted through her gagged mouth.

“Your friend is still napping away, if that’s what you’re wondering,” Zoisite said.

“Hmmpmph!!” His grinning face filled Ami with anger.

Ami spotted Hypnosia towering behind Zoisite, her eyes fixated on the glowing rubber tube extending from the metal tank. With a growing sense of dread, Ami slowly turned her head to the left, following the tube until her gaze fell upon Mako, sitting motionless in a chair.

“MMKOCHNNN!”

Ropes wrapped tightly around Mako’s arms, chest and legs. A black rubber anesthesia mask was placed snugly over Mako’s face. Ami heard soft breathing coming from the mask, along with that awful hissing noise. Mako leaned slightly to one side, her eyes closed in a peaceful sleep.

“*Thunder girl* has the best quality life-force energy I’ve ever seen,” Zoisite said, as if he was lecturing a class. “She’s been keeping Hypnosia well fed. Much better than normal human energy. It’s like...”

Zoisite paused for dramatic effect. “...regular versus high-octane gas.” He put his hand near his mouth and giggled like a schoolgirl.

Ami didn’t laugh at the tasteless joke. Her mind focused on Mako’s plight.

*You're awful, Zoisite.*

The noise of the conversation seemed to jostle Mako awake slightly. She murmured and nodded her head a few times. Ami heard Mako's movements and perked up. Hypnosia noticed as well, and turned a metal valve on the tube—*SQUEAK. FSHHHHHH*. The hissing sound got louder, and Mako drifted back to deep sleep, with wisps of purple fumes floating off her mask.

Hypnosia gave Ami a sinister smile. "Thunder girl—so delicious!"

"Mmmph!" Ami could only muffle helplessly, as Hypnosia toyed with Mako's life.

Zoisite pulled out Ami's compact computer and waved it in the air. "Alright, so who's making the call?"

Ami's eyes opened wide as she realized the danger her friends were in. Zoisite fiddled with Ami's precious computer, turning it over in his hand, pressing random buttons. He walked over to Ami and pulled out the gag. "Hey, you know how to take a picture with this thing?"

"Let us go, Zoisite!" Ami yelled, with a flash of indignant anger.

"Nevermind, I figured it out." Zoisite shoved the gag back between her soft lips.

"Mmmmf!" Ami squeaked angrily.

Zoisite pointed the computer's tiny camera lens at the two Sailor Guardians. "Smile!" He snapped a photo and pressed another button. The computer made a small beeping sound. With a smug grin, Zoisite tossed the computer away and stepped back over to Hypnosia's side.

Ami dipped her head down in humiliation and despair. She heard Mako moan softly through the gas mask. A wave of sadness filled

Ami as she imagined Mako's life being drained away—like she was some tank of fuel.

*Mako can't hold out much longer.*

*They're going to kill her!*

While Sailor Guardians did have more life-force energy than normal people, it was still limited. Draining Mako's energy past the point of recovery was not out of the realm of possibility. Ami couldn't take the risk.

She lifted her teary eyes to look at Zoisite and his minion.

"Mmmmmph," she cried through her gagged mouth.

"Awwwww, I think *water girl* wants to say something,"

Hypnosia snickered.

Zoisite walked over and yanked off Ami's gag. "Any last words?"

The only thing that mattered to Ami right now was saving

Mako's life. Ami looked dispiritedly into Zoisite's eyes and pleaded.

"Zoisite, please. You won today." A tear rolled down her face. "There is no need for this cruelty." Her voice choked on the last word. Pleading made Ami feel worthless, but she had no leverage at this point. It was her only play.

Zoisite remained unflinchingly silent.

"Please, let my friend go. I can take her place. Please, I..." Her

lips quivered and she dipped her head down. "...I can't watch her die."

Teardrops landed on her blue skirt.

Zoisite looked pitifully at the sobbing girl. "Ugh, so pathetic."

He then nodded his head at Hypnosia. The youma released the anesthesia mask from Mako and floated it towards Ami.

Ami took a deep breath through her nose as the mask slowly made its way to her. The cold rubber mask made contact with her skin, sealing itself over her cheeks. She stiffened up and decided the best thing she could do was buy time.

*Buy some time. Figure something out!*

“You asked for it,” Hypnosia said seductively, placing her fingers on a small metal valve. “Sweet dreams, water girl.”

The metal valve turned, squeaking slightly. The hissing sound started. *FSSSHHHHHHHH*.

Icy-cold gas flowed onto Ami’s delicate lips. She could taste the sickly-sweet anesthetic.

“Deep breaths, *water girl*.”

Ami closed her eyes and tilted her head to one side. She wondered how long she could hold her breath before they discovered her ruse. Her mind performed rough mathematical calculations, comparing the relative power levels between her and Sailor Jupiter. She understood her time would be limited once the gas took effect.

The metal valve squeaked again. Sleeping gas flowed onto her lips with increased speed. *FSHHHHHH*.

Thirty seconds passed. Ami’s lungs burned, desperate for oxygen. She pushed through the searing pain, gritting her teeth as she fought to hold on.

*Every second gives Mako more precious time to recover.*

Sixty seconds passed. The pain became unbearable and drops of sweat started pouring down her face. She trembled uncontrollably as she reached her body's limit. Bright flashing stars filled her vision.

*My lungs—I'm passing out! Mako, I'm sorry...*

*Ninety seconds* passed.

“Hey Zoisite. I think she's holding her breath.”

“Ohhh, *cleverrrrr!*”

Zoisite clenched his hand in a fist and walked over to Ami.

“Let's see how she handles this,” he said, aiming his fist at her belly.

He brought his fist back.

She flinched and inhaled a lungful of the gas.

*BEEP BEEP BEEP!*

Hypnosia removed the mask suddenly and Zoisite turned around. Ami let out a loud gasp, greedily inhaling sweet, delicious oxygen. She opened her dazed eyes, and slowly recovered her senses.

Zoisite opened the compact computer and pressed a button.

The sounds of three screeching girls blared from the computer speaker.

“Whooooooooaaa, *language* ladies.”

The screeching died down and Usagi's voice came through. “*Let our friends go and face us, you evil coward!*”

Hypnosia looked out the window of the second floor classroom. Three girls, dressed in matching pleated miniskirts, sprinted towards the building, a tiny cat trailing close behind them.

“They've arrived,” she said calmly.

Zoisite exchanged a look with Ami and bent down. He gently put the gag back between her lips, and tightened the knot. Ami's blue eyes looked back with helplessness. She was still gasping for air.

"Hrmp...mmmph...mmmph..."

Zoisite stepped back.

"You got your new attacks ready Hypnosia?"

"Yes sir," a sultry voice replied.

Zoisite smiled and paused for dramatic effect.

"Showtime."



Hypnosia's eyes narrowed as she stepped out of the campus building, her gaze locked on the approaching trio of Sailor Guardians. Sailor Moon stood at the forefront, her head held high and her expression determined. To her left stood Sailor Mars, her hand clenched tightly, and to her right stood Sailor Venus, her eyes flicking nervously between Hypnosia and the other Guardians. A chill wind whipped through the courtyard, causing the girls' skirts to flutter around them as they prepared for battle.

Luna pounced forward, her paws digging into the dirt as she skidded to the front of the group. Her eyes widened as she shouted out a warning, her voice filled with urgency. "Girls, be careful! The evil emanating from this youma is unlike any we've faced before. It's stronger, more powerful."

“Oh I’m not holding back Luna. I’m *pissed*,” Mars sneered, flames swirling around her hand.

“I got dibs on the red boots!” Venus yelled, while materializing a gold chain.

Sailor Moon stepped forward. “On behalf of the Moon, we will PUNISH YOU!!”

Hypnosia reacted with a light chuckle, reaching her hand back and flipping a switch on her metal tank.

“Sweet dreams, ladies!”

With a haunting yell, Hypnosia launched a flurry of rubber tubes and anesthesia masks at the trio of girls. All three jumped in different directions, dodging the attack. A black rubber mask landed on Luna’s face, fully covering the tiny cat’s head. Purple fumes engulfed the unlucky cat, and she collapsed to the ground purring.

“Hey, no sleeping on the job, Luna!” Sailor Moon cried out. The guardian in red boots turned to face Hypnosia and readied her attack.

“MOON, TIARAAAAA—ACTION!”

Sailor Moon’s tiara blazed with radiant energy as she hurled it towards Hypnosia with all her might. The villainous youma lifted her hands and let out a fierce cry of “BANDAID ATTACK,” unleashing a barrage of spinning bandaids that intercepted the tiara. It crashed to the ground, trapped in a cocoon of adhesive strips.

Sailor Mars laughed at the ridiculousness of the scene. “I’m sorry, but—*bandages*? Nothing a bit of fire couldn’t handle.”

Sailor Venus sprinted over to Mars. “Come on, let’s take her down together!”

The two guardians locked eyes on their target, and charged towards Hypnosia.



Ami heard the sounds of shouting, flames and chains from outside the window. She tried to look, twisting her head back as her eyes filled with worry. She cried through her gag. “MMMPHH! MMMPHH!”

Zoisite stood at the window, his eyes locked on the intense battle unfolding before him, his hands clenched tightly behind his back. He turned around and looked down at Ami. “It looks like your friends are doing pretty well.”

*My friends are extraordinary.*

Zoisite picked up his trusty brown glass bottle, and gave Ami a dark smile. Tension filled the air as Zoisite pondered his next move.

“I should probably go down and help.” He pulled a folded white cloth from his pocket.

Ami gently shook her head back and forth, her eyes pleading with Zoisite. “Mmmmmf...hmmmf...”

Zoisite twisted the bottle’s white cap. “It’s called *chloroform*.”

“Mmphh!” Fear gripped Ami. Memories of Zoisite’s sneak attack rushed through her mind. She remembered the feeling of helplessness as she was forced to inhale the sickly sweet fumes. She knew once the chloroform rendered her unconscious, she’d have no way to help her friends.

*No! If I pass out, it’s over. I can’t help anyone.*

He dampened the cloth two times. “It’s just a little nap.”

“Mmmmmphhh!!” She shook her head and glared at him.

He grabbed the back of her head and pushed it toward the damp cloth. “Sweet *dreeeeams*, water girl!”

Ami closed her eyes tightly and tried turning her head as far away as she could. “Hrrmmmmph!! Hrrmmmmph!!”

*No! Get away from me, you creep!*

She felt the cold damp cloth make contact with her skin, smelling the sickly sweet fumes again. Firm pressure was applied against her face, allowing the cloth to form a perfect seal around her nose. She started holding her breath like last time.

*Stay awake Ami!*

Zoisite applied more pressure to the cloth, squeezing Ami’s soft nose. “That won’t work, sweetie.”

“Mmphh!!”

He leaned in with his bodyweight, applying pressure to Ami’s belly and diaphragm. “Deep breath now.” Her chair creaked under the weight.

“Mmmmmnnnnn!!”

*I can’t hold out—Mako, I’m sorry.*

Ami’s body betrayed her. She inhaled deeply and sent a rush of chloroform fumes to her lungs. Ami felt hopeless, as her brain forced her to take deep breaths to stay alive. Zoisite had the advantage, no matter how hard she fought.

“Hhhhmmmmphh...mmmmmm...”

Tension released from her muscles, and she stopped resisting. She breathed a second lungful, triggering a warm sensation in her limbs

and a wave of drowsiness. Her eyelids fluttered as she breathed outward. Her body relaxed.

“Hhhmmphh...mm...”

*Stay awake, stay awake, stay awake...*

Ami was seconds away from passing out. She was about to take her last breath—when Zoisite suddenly released the pressure and removed the cloth. The sweet smell faded away. She exhaled and gasped for air. The unexpected move surprised Ami.

“Hmmp?” She opened her woozy eyes and saw Zoisite put the white cloth back in his pocket. The decision left Ami feeling relieved and confused. She quickly began worrying again, when she realized what Zoisite was planning.

“Nahhhhhhhhh! I’m making you watch, *water girl*.” He grabbed Ami’s chair and dragged it over to the window. He pulled the knot on her gag, tightening it, and then checked all the knots on her ropes.

Zoisite then went over to Mako’s chair, and tightened the ropes. He took out a soft handkerchief, folded it, and pressed it between Mako’s lips—gagging her. He tied the handkerchief with a knot around Mako’s neck.

“Mmmp!” Ami squirmed under the tight ropes. She knew Zoisite was going to hurt her brave friends, using his dirty tactics.

“Watch me turn the tide of this battle,” Zoisite said as he stepped away from her.

Ami watched Zoisite leave the room, and then sighed loudly through her gag. She looked out the window, and watched attentively as her courageous friends fought.



Sailor Venus struggled to keep Hypnosia ensnared in her gold chain. She pulled with all her strength, while the youma struggled to break free. Sailor Mars stepped in, launching a fierce fire attack towards Hypnosia.

The villain's eyes widened as the flames engulfed her. But, just as quickly as the fire started, Hypnosia retaliated with her own attack. "NEEDLE ATTACK!" Hypnosia shouted in desperation, launching a barrage of hypodermic needles in Mars' direction. The needles glinted in the moonlight as they flew towards Mars. She raised her hand, and summoned a fire shield to destroy the needles before they could reach her.

"Sailor Moon! Now!!" Venus shouted.

Sailor Moon nodded and took out her Moon Wand. The wand twirled around in a circle around Sailor Moon's figure as she summoned all her galactic energy. She closed her eyes and started her chant.

"Moon...Healing...ESCALA—"

*"WATCH OUT!!"*

Sailor Moon felt a pair of arms grab her out of the way.

*BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!*

Sailor Moon's body propelled through the air, the wind rushing past her ears as she tumbled uncontrollably. She braced for impact as she saw the ground coming closer and closer, finally crashing down with a thud, Mars landing heavily on top of her. A smoldering crater lay several

feet away, a testament to the intense power of the blast that had sent them flying.

Mars held her shoulder and grimaced in pain. “You...alright, Usagi?”

“Owwwwwww. What happened?” Sailor Moon replied, holding her forehead.

The girls looked to see Zoisite standing near the campus building entrance, his arm still lunged forward in a throwing position.

“We meet again, sailor brats!”

“ZOISITE!” all three girls shouted in unison.

Hypnosia erupted with power during the interlude, surging to her feet and wrenching the gold chain with incredible force. Venus screamed in surprise as she was violently hurled through the air, tumbling head over heels before crashing to the ground.

“BANDAID ATTACK!” Hypnosia yelled, sending the spinning adhesive strips toward Sailor Moon and Mars.

Sailor Mars stood up and created another fire shield, destroying all the bandages—except for one.

*WHACK!*

“HHHHHMMMMMPHHHH!”

Mars turned around to see Sailor Moon flailing on the ground, trying to rip the giant bandaid from her face. Mars quickly knelt down to help her friend.

“Hold still so I can get this thing off ya!” Mars yelled, grabbing the edges of the bandaid. A sweet smelling chemical soaked into her gloves.

Sailor Moon grabbed Mars' collar, staring at her with panic stricken eyes. "Hmmpmphhh!...mmmf!...mmm..."

"Usagi! Hang on!"

Sailor Moon released her grip and dropped her arms to the ground. Her head nodded to the side and her eyes closed.

"Usagi! Wake up!!" The speed at which Usagi fainted shocked Rei. The bandaid attack that Rei mocked just minutes earlier, had now subdued their most important teammate.

"NEEDLE ATTACK!" Hypnosia yelled.

Mars turned her head to see the glint of a needle headed her direction. Flames appeared in her fists and she lifted her arms, releasing a fire shield. Her timing was off. The hypodermic needle flew past the flames and darted into her tender neck.

*FFFFFF!*

"Oww!"

Mars opened her mouth and gasped as she felt the sudden sharp prick. She pulled the needle out and held it in her hand. Her neck throbbed. She observed strange demonic symbols covering the needle; the needle itself looked like it came from a hospital. The area around her neck started numbing. Her vision blurred suddenly.

"Huhhnnnnn...what...what is this...so sleepy all of a sudden," she moaned. Her red miniskirt swished along her thighs, as her legs swayed back and forth. She cursed herself for mistiming the fire shield.

Mars' eyes drooped as the drug in the needle took effect. Her limbs felt heavy, a warm numbness spreading through them. She stumbled on her red heels, barely able to keep her balance, before finally collapsing onto the ground. Her breathing slowed, and her vision faded

as a feeling of drowsiness slowly enveloped her. She laid on the ground, her body motionless save for the gentle rise and fall of her chest.

Sailor Venus pushed off the ground in time to see a needle flying her way. She bent her knees and jumped as hard as she could to avoid being hit.

*FFFFFT! "OWWW!"*

Venus yelped, as she felt a sharp pain prick her leg. The needle flew into the soft flesh of her upper thigh, an inch below her orange miniskirt.

She tried standing up, but collapsed immediately as a numbness spread rapidly through her legs and hips. She rolled up her orange skirt and pulled the needle out, rubbing her thigh.

"Uhhhhnnnn...my leg...I can't feel my leg," Venus groaned. She gritted her teeth as she tried pulling herself forward on the ground, her fingers digging into the dirt. Her arms trembled as she fought to keep her eyes open, but the sedative paralyzed her body, making each movement a struggle.

Zoisite walked over to Sailor Moon, watching as she rolled her head and shuffled her red boots. She moaned through the chloroform-soaked bandaid with half-open, groggy eyes. He located one of Hypnosia's needles on the ground, near Sailor Moon's blue skirt. He picked it up, and grinned wickedly at her.

"Time to finish the job. Sweet dreams, Sailor Moon."

She lifted her arm weakly, then dropped it.

"...mmmm...mmmm..."

Zoisite stuck the needle into Sailor Moon's neck, causing the girl to tense up briefly and then close her eyes. The sleeping drug coursed through Sailor Moon's body, knocking her out for good.

Sailor Mars let out a faint moan, her long raven hair covering a portion of her face. She moved her legs, ruffling the red miniskirt up her hips. Zoisite noticed and then crept over, turning Mars around and brushing some of her hair away. Mars clenched her fist and looked at Zoisite with indignant, exhausted eyes. Small flames started to materialize around her gloved hands. She had fought hard to stay awake, and managed to summon a small celestial fire spell.

"No, no, no. You need to sleep, *fire girl*," Zoisite cooed, as he wrapped his hand behind Mars' head. He reached into his pocket and grabbed a soft white cloth—still damp with chloroform.

His smug voice jolted Mars, and she tried twisting her head away. "...uhnnn...Zoisite...you—mmmphh!"

Zoisite chloroformed Mars mid-sentence, clamping the damp cloth over her nose and mouth. Mars took several slow breaths, then unclenched her fist, allowing the flames to wisp away. She saw Zoisite's arrogant grin, and wanted badly to throw a fireball in his face. She kept her angry, woozy eyes fixated on Zoisite.

"Flame out," Zoisite said, giggling. He placed his fingers over her eyelids, and gently moved them downward. Mars breathed deeply through the damp cloth several more times, then nodded off to sleep. Zoisite removed the cloth slowly, revealing a set of parted, moist ruby-red lips.

“No! What’d you do to her?” Venus yelled, watching hopelessly from afar as Zoisite chloroformed Sailor Mars. With her legs still numb, Venus could only manage to crawl herself forward inches at a time. As the last one still awake, Venus had to do whatever she could to turn the tide. The situation now vastly favored her adversaries.

Hypnosia approached Venus with a menacing stride, towering over the helpless girl as she tried crawling away. The youma lifted her red boot and kicked Venus’ shoulder, rolling her face up. Venus gasped for air, her eyes woozy as she gazed up at her enemy. Hypnosia straddled Venus, spreading her legs on either side of the girl’s body. She then sat down heavily on Venus’ hips, wrinkling her orange miniskirt.

Venus groaned and squirmed under Hypnosia’s crushing weight. She was completely pinned down. “*Hhhnnnn...get off me, you big...*”

Hypnosia raised a black rubber anesthesia mask and lowered it to Sailor Venus’ face. “Time for your beauty sleep, gorgeous.”

“Uhhhnnn...no...wait...wait—” Venus pleaded. She felt the cold rubber mask touch her cheeks. She watched with fear and helplessness as Hypnosia adjusted the mask’s airtight seal. Venus heard the sounds of her own panicked breathing, amplified by the mask’s acoustic properties.

Hypnosia placed her fingers on a small metal valve. She leaned down close to Venus, smiling ruthlessly. “Are you ready, gorgeous?”

“Hhhmmf...mmphhh...” Venus pleaded again through the mask.

The valve turned, making a light squeaking sound. A rush of cold sleeping gas flowed onto Venus' soft pink lips. She tasted something sweet, almost pleasant.

Hypnosia calmly guided Venus' breathing patterns, like a doctor prepping a patient for surgery. "Okay, gorgeous. Count backwards from ten." Hypnosia's voice took on a deep, soothing quality.

Venus blinked a few times.

Hypnosia leaned in. "Inhale."

Venus expanded her chest, then relaxed. "Hhhmphh...mm..." A feeling of tranquility and comfort filled her mind.

Hypnosia stared maliciously into Venus' eyes and brushed away some of her blonde hair bangs. Venus murmured, and lowered her eyelids. Each breath filled her lungs with sleeping gas, pulling her deeper and deeper into slumber. Venus' alluring long legs stopped moving, as sleepiness overpowered her body.

The valve squeaked again and the gas flowed faster.

*FSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH.*

"Again," Hypnosia said, stroking Venus' hair.

Venus' navy blue bow on her bosom inched upward, then back down. She relaxed herself, the feeling of fear melting away along with her alertness. "...mmmm...mm..."

Hypnosia leaned in closer. "One more breath," she whispered, stroking Venus' cheek.

Sailor Venus whimpered through the mask and closed her dazed eyes. In her mind, all hope was lost, and there was no point resisting her fate. She inhaled the gas on command and quietly drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 4

Ami stared out the window, her eyes wide with horror as she watched her friends fall one by one. She saw the determination on Venus' face as she tried to claw forward on the ground. She saw Mars' body go limp from the hypodermic needle, and the way Sailor Moon was drugged with the trick bandaids. She saw Zoisite laughing triumphantly. Ami felt her heart pounding in her chest, and her hands trembled as she watched the battle unfold. A feeling of hopelessness weighed down on her.

*Everyone's been defeated.*

Ami muffled through her gag, and tugged her wrists. Her alertness slowly returned.

*Except for me.*

With a sudden determination, the blue-haired damsel furrowed her brows and got to work. She started wiggling her legs, getting a feel for how much slack there was in the rope. She shifted her ankles back and forth until the heels on her blue boots reached the floor.

*Figure it out.*

Ami pushed her heels against the ground. No movement. She pushed harder. The chair started tipping backward, and she yelped.

“HHHMMMMPHH!”

The chair fell forward again, rocking slightly. Ami breathed a sigh of relief as she waited for the chair to stabilize. She then pushed with a medium amount of force and the chair shifted a few inches back. With how she was tied-up, falling over would have meant certain failure—and she'd be unable to move or get back up.

She continued pushing the chair inch by inch until she smelled Mako's rose perfume. She paused and looked with concern at her slumbering friend.

Mako slumped in the chair, her head lolling to one side. Her chest rose and fell slowly, her limbs were lax and her hair bangs fell in disarray over her eyes. Her face looked peaceful, the lines of stress smoothed away by slumber. A cloth gag was shoved between Mako's lips, with ropes wound tightly around her body. For a moment, Ami thought about how cute Mako looked as a damsel-in-distress. She quickly shook the intrusive thought away, and focused on her task.

*I'm saving you Mako.*



Ami turned her head around and surveyed the room they were in. The desks all had thick wooden legs and smooth black surfaces. A row of sinks lined the back wall. Attached to the walls were rows of glass cabinets, with glass containers and instruments in them.

*Chemistry lab.*

Ami looked at the row of sinks and perked up when she saw the glass objects.

*Erlenmeyer flasks.*

She pushed the chair toward the counter, taking care not to tip over. She then made small hopping motions with her heels and twisted her body. The chair turned. Droplets of sweat poured down her face. Her heart pounded.



There were three erlenmeyer flasks sitting side by side. If she could procure a glass shard from one of them, she could use it to cut the ropes. Ami leaned forward and used her nose to push one of the flasks off the counter. It landed on the floor with a clink and bounced around.

“HMMMPH?!” Ami cried with disbelief at her misfortune. She watched the flask roll several feet away from her chair. It occurred to her that the flasks were made of thicker glass. Her anxiety levels rose.

She leaned in and pushed another flask off. *CLINK!* The flask gently rolled behind her.

“HNNGGG!!” Ami cried again.

She looked at the last glass flask and closed her eyes, the fate of her friends resting on the glass shattering. Ami twisted her head swiftly and sent the flask sliding across the table.

*CLINK!*

“ARRRGHHHHMPH!” she screamed through her gag in frustration, bouncing her chair back and forth. Ami hung her head, with droplets of sweat dripping from her hair to her legs. She despaired at the thought of Zoisite and Hypnosia coming back to the room to finish off Mako—and never seeing her friends again, their last interaction being the morning's fleeting moment.

Twenty seconds passed. She raised her head suddenly and took a deep breath.

*Here goes nothing.*

She angled the heels of her blue boots against the wall, closed her eyes—and pushed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zoisite picked up Sailor Mars, cradling her carefully in his arms. His fingers sunk into the soft skin on her legs; her red miniskirt folded upward. Her head laid against his chest, her raven hair cascading over his arm. Her chest rose and fell softly with each breath, her body completely relaxed in slumber. Zoisite held her tightly, making sure not to jostle her as he walked toward the courtyard center, his steps steady and measured.

Hypnosia joined him, walking over with Sailor Venus slung over her shoulder. Venus' arms dangled behind Hypnosia's back. Her orange miniskirt scrunched over her curvy rear, showing off a pair of cute white

panties. Hypnosia lowered Venus' limp body, placing her on the ground next to Sailor Moon.

Zoisite lowered Mars' body gently to the ground, next to the slumbering bodies of her two friends. He took a few steps back and stood next to Hypnosia.

"What is this, a siesta?" he giggled.

Hypnosia gave him a side-eye.

"*Abem*. Ready when you are," Zoisite replied with more seriousness.

Hypnosia nodded silently, and produced three anesthesia masks connected by rubber tubes. The rubber masks floated toward each of the girl's sleeping faces. One by one, the masks sealed themselves over each girl's nose and mouth. The tubes started emitting an eerie, pulsating glow. Hypnosia took a deep refreshing breath, as a surge of fresh life-force energy began filling her.

Zoisite gazed at the sight, thinking about the accolades he would receive from Queen Beryl. He looked up at the second floor classroom window.

"Heh. She's probably up there trying to free herself. Probably also crying her face out."

He put his hand in his pocket and took out the brown glass bottle. Zoisite thought about quickly going back up and chloroforming the blue-haired Sailor Guardian. It would tie up any loose ends, allowing the plan to succeed perfectly.

He pondered for a few seconds, then put the bottle back in his pocket. "*Nabbbbbb*. She's a wimp."



Ami's chair tipped backward, following the laws of gravity with precision. Her short blue hair floated off her forehead, and she felt a momentary weightlessness. The feeling ended abruptly when the back of her chair landed—right on top of erlenmeyer flask number two.

*CRASH!!!!*

“OOWWWHHHMMMMPH!!!!” she screamed, as the shards of glass cut her arm.

Fluorescent lights blinded her eyes. She breathed for a moment, and then searched for a glass shard with her fingers. She located one and grabbed it with her index and middle finger. With careful focus, Ami moved the glass shard across a piece of rope. She winced in pain from the injured arm, but pushed through the agony. She focused on her friends, and Mako. The rope gradually loosened around her wrists.

Ami mustered all her strength and yanked her wrists apart.

*SNAP!*

Her arms now free, Ami pulled the rest of her bindings off with haste. Dark brown ropes fell to the floor. She rolled off the chair and stood up, exhaling loudly as she removed her mouth gag. Ami ran over to check on Mako, stumbling a few times.

“Mako!! Mako wake up!” Ami said, as she checked Mako's heart rate and breathing.

“...mm....mmm...mmphh...” Mako groaned, her eyes still closed.

*You have to wake up, I need you!*

Ami untied the knot on Mako's gag and removed it carefully from her mouth. Mako let out a weak sigh. Ami then put her hand on Mako's shoulder and shook harder. "Mako!! Come on!!"

Mako lazily opened one eye. "...hmm...uhhnn...*thunderrrrr*."

Ami buried her face in Mako's pink bow and laughed with relief. She got to work and started untying the ropes.

"...Ami," Mako said quietly. "...your arm..."

The ropes fell to the ground along with red drops of blood.

Ami rubbed her arm and winced. "I'll take care of it in a minute. Right now, we need to get you back to full strength."

Mako tried standing up, but landed back in the chair. She leaned forward and groaned. "Owwww...head hurts...body sore...so...tired..."

Ami gave Mako a comforting shoulder rub. "Hey, don't over exert yourself, Mako."

Mako rubbed her own forehead. "What...happened?"

Ami summarized the events of the past few hours. "You were beating the youma—kicking her butt actually—but she managed to gas you to sleep. Zoisite then chloroformed me—"

"*Chloroformed?*" Mako interrupted, giving Ami a confused look.

"Oh, um...he covered my nose and mouth with a cloth, forcing me to breathe a sleeping drug."

"Oh Ami, that sounds awful..."

"It's a completely helpless feeling."

Mako nodded, and Ami continued her summary.

"Anyway, your energy was drained. The rest of the girls have been captured. It's on us to save them."

Mako lowered her head dejectedly. “Ohhhh...Ami...I’m so sorry, I should have—”

Ami put a gloved finger to Mako’s lips. “Shhh! Save your energy.”

*You were so brave, Mako. Never apologize.*

Ami ran around the room frenetically, opening random drawers and cabinets. “Found them,” she said excitedly as she set aside some small white packets. She then turned her attention to a trash can in the corner. She dumped the trash on the floor, finding a water bottle and some half eaten granola bars.

Ami filled the water bottle at the sink and went back to Mako. “Drink this,” she said, putting the plastic bottle to Mako’s lips. Ami fixed her gaze on Mako, her eyes never straying as Mako took a refreshing drink from the bottle.

“Thank you,” Mako said, after finishing the entire bottle.

Ami then shoved a granola bar in Mako’s face. “Eat this, Mako.”

“Ewwww, why?”

“Calories. It’ll help replenish your energy. Eat it.”

Mako took some bites from the granola bar, and then tossed the rest in her mouth. She made another attempt at standing up, this time with more success.

*RIPPPPP.*

Mako looked down and saw a tear on the side of her white leotard. “Yeah, you were right Ami. These uniforms aren’t very practical huh?”

Before Ami could respond, Mako walked over and gave Ami a big, endearing hug. Ami's eyes welled with tears and she hugged Mako in return.

“You did good, Ami. You did good.”

*You're going to make me cry, Mako.*

Ami marveled at Mako's physique, as the brunette stepped back to stretch her arms. Mako stood tall and proud, the faint outlines of muscles showing through her leotard. Her stature created an illusion that made her green miniskirt look skimpier.

Mako raised her thick arms and started twisting her torso, showing off her well defined trapezius muscles. Her brown ponytail bounced around. Mako's green miniskirt twirled back and forth, flashing her white panties in regular intervals. Ami averted her gaze and blushed.

Mako looked back awkwardly. “What?”

“Oh! Nothing...I—owwww!” Ami groaned suddenly, grabbing her arm.

“Here let me take a look at that,” Mako said, tenderly lifting Ami's injured arm. Mako found a first aid kit and took out some bandages.

“This might hurt—sorry,” Mako said as she wrapped the wound tenderly.

Ami tried putting on a brave face, but winced at the pain anyway. Her slender body lacked Mako's athleticism. Ami wished she had an ounce of Mako's strength.

“I can’t imagine what you must have gone through while I was asleep,” Mako said, her expression turning serious. “Did they hurt you?”

Ami shook her head lightly, trying to move past Zoisite’s cruel antics. “I’m okay,” she said softly.

*I was so scared, Mako.*

“I’m not letting them hurt you again,” Mako said assuredly, tying a knot on Ami’s arm. “So what’s the plan?”

Ami stared ahead blankly, deep in thought. “Something that’s bothered me this whole time, is who exactly did Zoisite pick to be Hypnosia?”

Mako shrugged. “I dunno, she looks kind of like a sexy nurse to me.”

“Yes...maybe a nurse, or doctor of some kind—”

Ami stood up suddenly. She walked over to a table that had a ‘DK’ varsity jacket on it. She picked up a *Science Monthly* magazine and held it up in the air. The magazine had a picture of Dr. Masui on it, and the words *TO ZOISY* in black permanent marker.

“Masui-sensei!” Both girls shouted in unison.

Ami’s voice quickened. “It explains everything. The sleeping gas. The anesthesia masks. The needles.”

She then ran to a closet that had a *SAFETY* label on it and rummaged through it. “Here, take this. It’ll even the odds,” Ami said, tossing a respirator mask to Mako. “The plan is, you are going to fight Hypnosia, and I’ll try to wake up Sailor Moon and the others.”

Mako pointed her finger at Ami. “I see. Keep Hypnosia busy, until we can use Moon Healing.”

“Exactly. I know it’s a lot to ask—”

Mako waved her hand. “Don’t worry, I got this.”

“If you breathe any sleeping gas, try getting as much fresh air to your lungs as you can,” Ami said. “You need to avoid passing out.”

“Makes sense,” Mako replied, nodding. “And what about Zoisite?”

Ami clasped her chin. “He—we’ll...figure something out.”



The two girls stood silently for a few moments, preparing themselves mentally for the battle. Mako broke the silence. “Awesome. Let’s go kick some ass.”

Ami started running out of the room, grabbing a bunch of items along the way and shoving them into a bag.

“Hey,” Mako called.

Ami stopped.

Mako held up a compact computer. “You forgot this.”



The hissing sound droned on, the faint glow of rubber tubes illuminating the sleeping faces of three Sailor Guardians.

Zoisite looked up at the second floor classroom window and scowled. “Something’s not right,” he muttered to himself.

He looked down at the three unconscious girls, and then at Hypnosia.

“I’m going back up to check on the other two. Hold the fort.”

Hypnosia grinned. “These three aren’t going anywhere.”

Zoisite turned around and began walking up the stairs to the campus building, clutching the brown glass bottle in his pocket.



Ami and Mako raced down the hallway, their blue and green skirts flapping upward with each step.

“Stop!” Ami whispered suddenly.

The two girls leaned against a wall as they heard footsteps clacking up the staircase. Ami heard the person humming a soft lullaby.

“That’s got to be Zoisite,” Ami whispered in Mako’s ear. “He doesn’t know we escaped. He’s probably coming back up to chloroform me.”

Mako focused intently on the staircase.

Ami continued in her hushed voice. “Okay, here’s the plan. One of us will distract him, and the other will—”

“HEY ZOISITE!!!”

Ami flinched as she watched Mako flying over the staircase clutching an erlenmeyer flask. Zoisite’s eyes looked on in disbelief as Sailor Jupiter came flying down at him.

“OHHHHHHHHH SHI—”

*CRAAASHHHHHH!*

The glass flask shattered into a million pieces on Zoisite’s forehead.

“OWWWWAAAARGH!!” He screeched clutching his head.

“Okay. That works,” Ami chirped.

Mako grabbed Ami’s hand. “COME ON!!!”

The two guardians bolted down the hallway as Zoisite laid on the ground.

Ami and Mako made their way to the building exit and saw Hypnosia standing over their fallen friends.

Mako stepped forward. “Alright let’s—” She halted suddenly.

Ami placed her hand over Mako's pink bow, and stepped in front. "Stick to the plan," Ami said sternly.

Mako paused and put the respirator mask over her nose and mouth. "Right! Okay let's go!"

Ami watched as Mako ran out the door. The courage Mako showed inspired Ami, but also worried her. "Be careful," she said softly to herself.



"HEY GASHEAD!!" Hypnosia turned around suddenly and came face to face with Sailor Jupiter standing in her fighting pose. The youma's face wrinkled in contempt as she retracted the three anesthesia masks.

"ROUND TWO," Mako shouted proudly.

Hypnosia sauntered toward Mako, but stopped suddenly when she noticed the respirator mask covering Mako's mouth.

Hypnosia sneered. "Ohhhhhhhhh, that's *CHEATING!!*"

Mako stormed towards Hypnosia with a roar, her eyes alight with anger. Hypnosia stood her ground, a smirk playing at the corners of her lips. The two warriors clashed in a burst of motion, their bodies slamming into each other with force. Mako's fists flew, fueled by her raw power, while Hypnosia countered with lightning-fast strikes. They danced around each other, exchanging blows and evading each other's attacks.

While the fighting raged, Ami snuck over to her unconscious friends and knelt down. She took out some small white packets and

opened them under each girl's nose. Sailor Moon's face reacted with a wince as the stimulant triggered her senses. She tensed her body, and opened her eyes slowly.

"...uhhhnnnnn...mmmm...Ami...chan?"

Ami cradled Usagi's head on her lap.

"Drink this," Ami said, giving her friend a sip of water.

"Uhhnnn. I'm so tired Ami. What's goin—MMPH!"

Usagi looked at Ami in surprise, a half eaten granola bar sticking out of her mouth.



Mako launched a powerful uppercut that sent Hypnosia flying back, but the youma quickly regained her balance. She retaliated with a series of spinning kicks that forced Mako to retreat.

"Time to bring out the big guns," Hypnosia said, pausing the fight briefly. A flurry of rubber anesthesia masks materialized, pointing directly at Mako's face. Purple plumes of thick gas blasted out, engulfing the athletic girl. Mako quickly pulled back to avoid the gas, breathing heavily through her respirator.

Hypnosia emerged from the purple fumes, propelling herself forward with a yell. The youma yanked Mako's ponytail and grabbed the respirator mask. With an abrupt tug the respirator mask came loose, and Hypnosia flung it into the sky. "You won't be needing that," Hypnosia sneered.

Mako exhaled loudly and used one hand to cover her mouth. She steadied herself and used her other hand to send a punch flying.

Hypnosia dodged the jab easily, and retaliated with a powerful punch to Mako's belly.

*WHAM!*

"AGHHHHHHH!!!" Mako let out a bloodcurdling scream, clutching her stomach as she doubled over in agony. The punch sent a shockwave of pain through Mako's body. She wilted to the ground, taking heavy, shaky breaths.

Hypnosia seized Mako in a suffocating embrace and floated a rubber anesthesia mask into the air.

"Time for bed, tough girl." She aimed the mask at Mako's mouth, and waited for Mako to breathe.

Mako struggled hard to hold her breath, but the pain was too much. She opened her mouth, and Hypnosia struck.

*POOOOOF!*

A well-timed puff of thick purple sleeping gas flowed into Mako's face.

*COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!*

Mako inhaled lungfuls of the potent sleeping gas. Her vision started blurring as a wave of sleepiness took control of her body. Her struggles grew weaker, each breath sending her closer to the brink of darkness.

Hypnosia chuckled. "*Tsk tsk tsk*. Looks like you're going back to dreamland, tough girl."

"Uhhnnn...hnnnnnnnnn..."

Mako hated losing, especially after Ami worked so hard to rescue her. Mako fought hard to stay awake, forcing her eyelids to stay

open. She no longer had control of her breathing, and opened her mouth again.

*POOOOOF!*

Hypnosia shot another puff of sleeping gas directly into Mako's mouth. The move was ruthless, cutthroat and calculated.

*COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!*

The second dose of sleeping gas sent Mako's consciousness over the edge. Her eyes closed, her head lowered and she fainted into a world of pure darkness. She heard Hypnosia's menacing laugh echoing in the background.

*"MAKO!!!"*

Ami's piercing scream jolted her awake suddenly. Mako's jaws tightened as she collected every ounce of strength to open her heavy eyelids and raise her head. She remembered Ami's advice and took rapid breaths, delivering fresh oxygen to her lungs. Her fists balled up in rage, memories of her friends flickering through her mind like a slideshow of determination. She thought about her friends' bravery, especially Ami's.

"Huh?! That's not possible," Hypnosia said with disbelief, as Mako lifted her head.

Mako grabbed Hypnosia's metal tank with trembling hands.

Hypnosia shook her head. "That's not possible!!" She scrambled to float a rubber mask over.

With a thunderous scream, Mako summoned every last ounce of her celestial strength. She tore the metal tank from Hypnosia's back, ripping it off with a ferocious tug.

*RIIIIIPPPP!*

“WHAT?!!!!!!” Hypnosia screamed in shock, releasing her grip on Mako.

Mako’s knees buckled hard when her feet touched the ground, but she held firm. She straightened up on her wobbly legs. Mako looked up at Hypnosia with half-open woozy eyes and smiled. She planted her heels on the ground and spun the tank around in a circle, letting go of it with a fierce battle cry. The cylindrical tank rocketed into the sky.

“Uhhnnn...*shhupreeeme...*” she slurred, gasping for air. Mako stumbled onto her knee, but kept eye contact on the tank.

The tank reached its apex and Mako pointed her finger.

**“THUNDERRRRRRR!!!!”**

*ZZZZZZZAPP...BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!*

A thunderbolt of electricity streaked toward the metal tank, igniting the sky with a dazzling flash of light that exploded into an enthralling display of purple fireworks.

Hypnosia screamed, her knees hitting the ground as she stared upward at the purple smoky explosion.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

Ami had watched the dazzling scene from a distance. She pumped her fist in the air.

*You’re incredible, Mako!*

Mako groaned as she struggled back up, placing both hands on her knees. She was taking fast deep breaths, her chest pulsating. She looked up at Ami, eyes half-open, and gave a thumbs up.

“...uhnn...sorry Ami...forgot to hold my breath...” Mako said, her voice filled with exhaustion.

Ami smiled and breathed a sigh of relief. She carefully helped Sailor Moon stand up, allowing the guardian to lean on her body. She kept one eye on Hypnosia, watching for any sudden moves.

Mako and Ami locked eyes as they began the labored walk towards each other. They both took slow, measured steps, their limbs heavy and fatigued. Despite their exhaustion, a determined look remained in their eyes.

Ami’s blue boots stopped suddenly on the grass. Her eyes opened wide and she opened her mouth to shout. It came out as an empty gasp instead.

*Mako, turn around!!!*

Mako’s eyebrows furrowed and she gave Ami a confused look, unaware that Zoisite was sprinting behind her.

“Huh? Ami-ch—HHRMMMMPHHH!”

“SLEEPY TIME!!!!” Zoisite shouted. He chloroformed Mako from behind, pressing a soft white cloth over her nose and mouth. Zoisite used his arm to grab hold of Mako’s neck, dangling off her back like a monkey. His curly blonde hair dripped with blood.

Mako raised her shaking hands and clutched Zoisite’s arm. With her strength completely gone, Mako had lost her ability to resist. She took long deep breaths through the damp cloth, delivering a steady dose

of chloroform to her tired lungs. A fresh wave of drowsiness took hold, pulling Mako back into the abyss.

“AAAARRRGHH...THAT’S IT...KEEP BREATHING!”

Zoisite screamed maniacally as he tightened his grasp. His bleeding head throbbed in agony. Mako’s violent attack had left him with a furious, overwhelming urge to seek revenge.

“HHMMPHHH! Hmmmnnnn!!” Hearing Zoisite’s pompous voice sent Mako into a rage. She tried punching Zoisite’s head, but found her arms completely unresponsive. Mako’s grip loosened and her muscles relaxed, her body taxed to its limit.

“COME ON...SLEEP THUNDER GIRL...SLEEP!!”

Zoisite held an overwhelming advantage, despite Mako holding on far past her limit. He painstakingly ensured Mako inhaled every last drop of his chloroform. He squeezed Mako’s neck, forcing her to breathe another lungful. There was no goal in his mind—it was pure spite.

“Mmmphh...mmmm...”

He squeezed the damp cloth into Mako’s nose.

“...mmph...” Mako’s eyes fluttered and her head nodded downward.

Zoisite whispered sinisterly in her ear. “That’s it.”

“...mm...” Mako’s gloved arms fell down to her green skirt. Her body wilted under Zoisite’s grasp.

Zoisite clenched his teeth. “Sleep tight, *thunder girl*.”

Mako opened her groggy eyes one last time, and through her blurry vision, saw Ami sprinting over. Mako wanted so badly to prevail against Zoisite, but resigned herself to sleep, unable to fight back

anymore. Mako's eyes closed against her will and her consciousness began its ascent.

**“MERCURY BUBBLES BLAST!!!!!!”** Ami roared.

“AAARRGGHH!!” Zoisite screamed as an avalanche of icy bubbles pounded into his face. He let go of his grasp and fell backwards, grabbing his eyes.

Mako collapsed to the ground like a fallen oak tree. Her chest rose and fell with each slow breath, and her eyelids flickered slightly. Her brown hair bangs swayed as she made small movements with her head.

Ami raced over and knelt next to Mako. She gently lifted Mako's head off the ground and placed a white packet under her nose. She waited for the stimulant to take effect, and patted Mako's cheeks a few times. Mako's face wrinkled and her brow furrowed. *COUGH COUGH.*

Mako opened her eyes to see Ami's face buried in her chest. “Uhhnnn...Ami—chan...”

Ami gasped and hugged Mako tightly.

“...you're....uhhnnn...crushing my ribs,” Mako moaned.

Ami leaned back and smiled. “Sorry! I'm just glad you're awake, Mako. Here, I'll help you up. We still have Hypnosia to deal—”

“BANDAID ATTACK!” Hypnosia shouted suddenly, sending a spinning adhesive tape right at Ami's face. Ami ducked—just in time.

*WHAM!* “ARRGHHMMMPH!” Zoisite screamed as the bandaid plastered over his mouth. The Dark Kingdom general flailed around, his hands trying desperately to rip away the chloroform soaked bandaid. His movements grew weaker and weaker.

Ami lifted her head from Mako's pink bow again, their two faces mere inches from each other. The moment filled Ami with emotion, and her heart throbbed.

"Ew! Get a room you two," Sailor Moon interrupted, stumbling over.

Ami stood up and the two girls exchanged a short laugh. Mako reached her hand out and Ami grabbed it, helping her back to her feet. Ami saw Mako stumble a bit, and offered her shoulder for Mako to lean on.

"Looks like Hypnosia still needs one more take down," Mako said, her voice still woozy.

Hypnosia pushed herself off the ground with an agonizing grunt, an evil sneer etched on her face. She stared intensely at the three Sailor Guardians.

"Ami...what's the plan..." Sailor Moon said nervously, pointing at Hypnosia.

Mako touched Ami's shoulder. "Well, water and electricity *do* go—"

"Boom," Ami replied, smiling.

Mako felt a warm and comforting squeeze as Ami's fingers clasped gently around her hand.

"Together?" Ami asked, gazing into Mako's green eyes.

Mako nodded. "Together."

The two Sailor Guardians raised their arms in the air and summoned their celestial energy. Electrical sparks swirled around their clasped hands, joining a vortex of water droplets in a beautiful waltz. A

radiant white light blazed between their hands, shining brighter and brighter with each passing moment. A vortex enveloped the pair, causing their bows and skirts to dance and flutter in the wind. The two friends closed their eyes and recited their celestial incantation in harmony.

“SHINE...”

“SUPREME...”

The vortex intensified.

“AQUAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!”

“THUNDERRRRRRRR!!!!!!”

The glow reached its crescendo. Ami shouted the final word.

**“ILLUSION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”**

With a surge of energy, the white light between Ami and Mako's hands exploded into a spectacular display of electricity and water. The powerful blast surged forward, crackling with energy as it barreled towards Hypnosia with breathtaking speed. The bright light and raw power of the attack illuminated the surrounding area, casting long shadows in its wake. With a deafening roar, the electric and water blast collided with Hypnosia, engulfing her in a storm of light and fury.

“NOW SAILOR MOON!!!” Ami shouted.

Sailor Moon was still flinching from the blinding light. “Oh! I get to do something!” she said, perking up. With graceful finesse, Sailor Moon revealed her Moon Wand and proceeded to twirl it around her body. The wand left trails of pink stars in the air as it danced around.

“MOOOOON...HEALING—ESCALATION!!!!”

Radiant beams of pink light shot forth, enveloping Hypnosia in a dazzling display of the moon's celestial energy. The ground rumbled and the air crackled with the raw power of Sailor Moon's ultimate attack, as Hypnosia was consumed by the brilliant light. The pink aura dissipated, leaving behind an unconscious Dr. Masui on the ground.

The three Sailor Guardians slowly lowered their hands and exchanged joyous looks. Sailor Moon waved her hands back and forth. “Hey, over here!” She called out to Mars and Venus.

Mars staggered over, rubbing her neck. “Where’s that sniveling little man? I have a fireball with his name on it!”

“Okay, I *definitely* think something has awakened in me,” Venus said with a confused look, limping on one leg.

“Hey Ami. You can let go of me now,” Mako whispered.

“Oh! Right,” Ami replied, loosening her grip reluctantly. She then reversed course and hugged Mako playfully, causing the pair to stumble.

*I earned this hug, Mako!*

Mako laughed and patted Ami’s back. “You did good Ami.”

“You were incredible, Mako,” Ami whispered, tilting her head up to look at her courageous friend.

Mako gently stepped away from Ami, and turned her attention to the Dark Kingdom general. Zoisite groaned as he picked himself off the ground, the chloroform bandaid now gone.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhnnnnnnn. You...sailor...brats...”

Mako narrowed her eyes and stomped toward Zoisite, her hand clenched in a fist.

Zoisite stammered. “Oh, hey, *thunder girl*...listen...I—wait...wait wait wait—”

A dark energy portal opened suddenly under Zoisite’s feet. Mako threw her fist—and punched a flurry of rose petals.

“Coward,” she muttered under her breath.

*Everyone is safe.*

Ami looked around at her friends, now safe and sound. The ordeal had caused Ami tremendous stress, but seeing her friends safe put her anxiety to rest. She released all the tension in her body and collapsed to her knees, her once pristine blue boots now covered in dirt and grass.

“Ami!” the girls—Usagi, Mako, Rei and Minako—all shouted in unison.

One by one, each girl walked over and wrapped their arms around the kneeling Guardian of Water. Ami closed her eyes and cried, as waves of emotion filled her body. A pair of strong arms embraced Ami and cradled her neck tenderly. An elegant aroma of roses permeated the air, enveloping her in its sweet fragrance. Ami cherished the moment. She touched Mako’s hands, and blushed.

## Epilogue

A dark energy portal opened, dropping Zoisite onto the floor of a shadowy, damp cavern. “OWWW—ARGH!” He groaned, stumbling around.

“Zoisite!”

He froze.

“Zoisite!”

Queen Beryl sat regally on her throne, exuding an aura of unshakable power and authority. The black orb on Queen Beryl’s evil staff glimmered. She was pointing it at Zoisite.

“You failed Zoisite.”

He stammered. “My que—Beryl-sama...please...please—”

The orb started glowing brighter.

“...I have an idea...one more chance...ONE MORE—”

Brighter.

“...PLEAS—”

The orb exploded in a brilliant display of dark energy, sending a stream of energy at Zoisite.

*KABOOOM!!!*

He crouched to the ground, and then opened his eyes. The dark energy had blasted a wall behind him.

“Coward,” Queen Beryl muttered.

Zoisite scurried away to a darker corner of the lair. He paced back and forth with fervent steps, his mind abuzz with contemplation, his fingers clutching onto a bottle crafted from brown glass.



The five Sailor Guardians sat in a booth at the Crown Arcade, wearing their favorite civilian outfits.

Mako was reading one of Ami's textbooks. "So that was *des-flurane* that knocked me out?"

"Yes, but I think it was infused with dark energy to increase its potency," Ami replied, looking at her computer. "The fact that you were able to fight off its effects is—honestly—miraculous."

Minako whispered in Ami's ear. "Hey, um...you happen to know where I can find the stuff?"

Ami raised her eyebrows with concern.

"It's...it's for a friend."

"Hey, how's Masui-sensei doing?" Mako asked.

"She definitely doesn't remember what happened. But she said she's been having some awful nightmares lately," Ami replied.

"Awww, that's too bad."

"Well, on the contrary, Masui-sensei says she has some new insight into her research. It seems she was able to get some...um...useful data."

Rei rubbed a bandaid on her neck. “Ami is the real hero. Honestly, if it wasn’t for Ami we’d all be in some Dark Kingdom abyss by now.”

“Hey, what about *me*?” Usagi piped up.

“You *literally* didn’t do anything.”

Ami exchanged a glance with Mako. “Really, we should all be thanking Mako.” Ami started blushing. “She showed so much courage out there—“

“Ami, don’t sell yourself short. You really came through for us,” Minako said.

Mako gave Ami a firm pat on the shoulder. “Yeah seriously. You kicked ass, Ami.”

Ami smiled and made an awkward attempt at sarcasm. “Well, I guess I can now add being chloroformed and tied-up to my list of achievements.”

The girls all laughed and chatted for a few more minutes.

Mako stood up and grabbed a gym bag. “Alright girls, gotta head out. Kickboxing practice.”

“Bye Mako,” the rest of the girls said in unison.

“Oh! And Ami—thank you,” Mako said with a wink.

Ami perked up. “For what?”

“For saving me.”

The two friends smiled affectionately at each other.

“You’re welcome, Mako.”

## Afterword

Okay, are you guys still with me here? If you made it all the way to the end (or you didn't), I'd love to hear your feedback on this piece. What went well, what didn't. What you'd want to see in a sequel. I appreciate all of you taking the time to read my piece.

Like I said in the intro, this piece was a labor of love. The hardest part of the whole process was, you guessed it, writing the first word. I spent days agonizing over different plot points, but I wasn't making any progress on actually writing. Once I had a core plot structure, I sat down and crafted my opening. The story just flowed from there, and I finished this in just a few days.

I knew right from the start that Sailor Mercury (Ami) was going to be the protagonist. She had to be. Of all the Sailor Guardians she, I think, is the one who has the most potential for character development. The original Sailor Moon series was centered on Usagi, a ditzy crybaby, finding inner strength to become a courageous hero. I felt, though, that her character was driven more by external factors. The series progresses with her getting ever more powerful items handed to her, which seems very cheap.

When I think about Ami Mizuno, I see a girl who's got lots of strengths (her intelligence, kindness, willingness to help), but who also has real grounded flaws (insecurity, shyness). The core narrative of the story is placing a huge problem in front of Ami, and having her figure it out herself. In the process, she gains a little bit more courage. For this

reason, I think Ami is by far the more interesting character to write for. I'm honestly kind of sad the original series didn't develop her more.

Sailor Jupiter (Mako) was an easy choice to be Ami's partner. Did you catch all the romantic hints? She is the polar opposite of Ami. Mako is confident, strong and naturally courageous. This is portrayed by several scenes where she runs into a fight without really thinking through the plan. Having Mako and Ami in the same scenes allowed me to emphasize their different character traits. There's a reason Ami x Mako 'ships are very popular in the fandom - they make an awesome pair. Ami's crush on Mako is symbolized by the scent of rose perfume, a recurring motif. One of my favorite scenes is when they hold hands in the finale and launch a joint attack (this was inspired by Pretty Cure.)

I didn't have a plan at the forefront for Zoisite. In fact, he was originally not even going to be in the story. Zoisite is actually Sailor Mercury's counterpart in the canon. They were lovers at one point even. I don't explore that here. Instead, as I wrote more and more scenes for him, I found him to be a goofier comedic relief type character. He always chimes in at weird times with corny one-liners and jokes. He's a very cartoony villain, but that works here because we don't need a multilayered bad guy. He's just bad.

I debated whether to include Luna or not. She has maybe three scenes in the whole story. I chose to mention Luna, just because the cat is important to Sailor Moon mythology. It would have been too glaring of an omission. I don't include Artemis. They ended up not being important to the story.

Tuxedo Mask does not exist in this universe. He's a zero dimensional character. He serves as a hot boy for Usagi to fawn over,

and as a *deus ex machina* when the writers are stuck. He would have completely ruined the story, robbing focus away from Ami and Mako. This was a good call.

My first outline had Ami going face to face with an AI robot, who sets sleepy traps for her. Sounds cool, but it was hard to figure out how I'd end the story. That's when I went back and watched some classic Sailor Moon episodes. The format was elementary: Zoisite creates monsters; girls fight monsters; girls win (usually). I decided to use this format to craft my story. In the anime, the monsters would get transformed from a normal human, and take on traits of that human. Since I'm writing a sleepy peril story, I needed an excuse to have the monster use sleepy weapons. Boom, anesthesiologist. Luckily Ami wants to be a doctor canonically, so this was easy to write in. Hypnosia's name comes from the word "hypnos", which is the Greek god of sleep (bonus points if anyone can figure out what *Masui* means). I turned my brain off to write her weapons; the flying masks, needles, bandaids. It's *Sailor Moon* - it doesn't need to be 100% logical.

Finally I want to touch on how I actually crafted the meat of this story. One of my pet peeves with peril fanfiction, is that most of them never resolve in a satisfying way. The typical plot involves the heroine getting captured, bad guys fondling her, carrying her away...and then...we don't know. For most people this is fine, because their goal is to read about sexy women, them being kidnapped and all the different ways to describe boobs. In my opinion though, these are not stories. They are elaborate descriptions of a single scene.

Storytelling requires character development, a climax and a resolution. I approached this story first and foremost as a “Sailor Moon story”, not a “sleepy peril story.” This was not going to become another, “*Once upon a time, Sailor Mercury walked into a dark alley, and then she was chloroformed, the end.*” That’s not a story, it’s a description. You do not walk into an airport bookshop to get a reference book about how a secret government agency is run. You get the novel about the spy trying to stop the assassin!

The writing in this story is fast paced and to the point. I do include elaborate descriptions in places (thanks ChatGPT), but it’s used as a way to slow down the pacing. In my initial draft certain scenes actually went by *\*too fast\**, and I needed to revise them to slow the pace down. This was used with great effect in many of the sleepy scenes, where I drag the narrative out to heighten the sense of peril (was your heart pounding during those scenes?)

None of this narrative drive would work though without good characters. It doesn’t matter how many elaborate words you use to describe a scene. If you don’t care about the characters, it’s pointless. When Sailor Mercury is getting chloroformed, you feel that sense of urgency, because of her need to rescue Mako. When Mako smashes that flask on Zoisite’s head, you’re cheering because the good guys got a win. It makes writing mundane scenes easier, like the exchanges the girls have at Crown Arcade.

I want to add a note about how ChatGPT was used for writing this story. ChatGPT is a powerful AI tool that can be used for a range of things—anything from writing an entire story from scratch, to helping pick better words for a sentence. This story’s plot and dialogue were all

written by me. Where ChatGPT comes into play is helping me generate ideas for scene introductions and creating better sounding sentences. For instance, I might ask ChatGPT: “Zoisite is entering a dark cave. Give me an example of what that might look like.” It’ll spit out a passage, and I’ll read it to see if it fits the story. I’ll use that passage as a base to then write the scene, adding and removing sentences as I edit. ChatGPT is also a great thesaurus. I can feed it a sentence and have it suggest alternate ways I could have structured that sentence to make it sound more unique. Some people might argue that this blurs the line between who the real author is. In my opinion, without direct human input, the writing that comes out of ChatGPT isn’t usable. An author still needs to step in and edit the story so that it works.

Anyway, thank you all for reading this story. I’m really enjoying this and there will probably be more!

—Sleepy Comics