

# Super Smash Bros. Velvet 1

by [Tenchi-del-Dante](#)

A meteor races through the sky. The early morning, between twilight and the shine of the sun makes the shooting figure seem beautiful. Suddenly, a hand holding a yo-yo, covers the flinging star and moves it away, then brings the yo-yo close to the meteor to make a comparison.

Odd that the meteor seemed rather large.

The hand moved into his black pants pocket, then a view of a lad with brown, messy hair, freckles, and wearing a denim jacket over his black shirt. His face seemed a tad concerned about the meteor.

**Newcomer:**

**Mike Jones**

Mike eyed the peculiar figure only a second longer, then retreated to his destination; a cave surrounded by tropical plant life and the call of wild boars and birds. As he pulled his hand from his pocket, ready with his trusty Shooting Star yo-yo, as well as a few other tricks for later, then entered, the meteor seeming to follow straight above it...

... But something sure followed.

Mike began into the cave, dashing. Then he spotted something coming close to him; a blob? It bounced about, making a liquidly plop against the moist floor. The hero did not enjoy the noise, having his fill the first time around, so with a mighty flick of his wrist, the tether carrying the yo yo at the hend lashed out and soon caused the yo yo to hit its target! The figure immediately disappeared: defeated. Mike beckoned his weapon back, grasping it as soon as all the string had recoiled. He looked down at it, smirking. He missed the good pitching feel. Maybe he would play some baseball once he got back to Americola.

He shot off again, examining the trail as he went. Careless, he finally looked ahead to catch an upcoming ledge. He pressed his feet down, his poor traction sneakers ran against the wet floor. He saw the edge coming closer and closer, thinking he would not make it... Luck had caught him, and he tripped on his bottom, his heels touching the edge. Mike took a great sigh of relief, then eagerly got up, moving away from the unknown depths of the cave.

Mike stood over, looking over to see how far the drop was. It was fair, but he had to be careful and make it on ledges that led down. He couldn't tell what was really down there, and Mike didn't want to discover so quickly. He bent down, tugging up his shoes to have a secure landing, then took his leap to the lower floor across from him.

He skidded, but a safe land than he expected. Mike didn't like this idea of jumping around again, but he didn't mind a good adventure to see what all this ruckus is down here, so he kept his eagerness ready, then proceeded to jumped again to the next ledge.

Immediately, something shot up towards him! Mikey had minimal time to react, but looked back up at the top ledge, his safe point. The figures were closing in, but the player was set with his yo-yo. He gave it a good swing and latched it on the above ledge from before his leap, feeling the upcoming force, screaming, flapping towards his location, and he quickly whisked himself up back to his perch.

He reached the top to watch the bodiless bats, Noctos, and a whirling cross, a Spinstar fly above him and into the night sky outside. Mike lay where he was, sprawled out from the immediate recovery. It was true. The cave was active again with life, and more than usual. He went back to the edge to watch carefully of any more to come. There was no sign. He again got up, paced himself, and left for down below.

Deeper, darker, and damper. A disgusting air and bellowing cavern awaited Mike as he ventured on. He kept his guard up, not sure what to see. Beforehand, he was weary of all the movement, but most was

just from small rats and Gadflies about. Not even the bulbous Jelly's that slithered about put up a fight. Mike was too used to them. This cave was when he first encountered all these odd monsters before when... A loud bellow again.

He kept his stance, looking about. Suddenly, a flicker of light. He was relying on the moonlight to keep its reflection towards the source of the noise, but he really should have prepared. The lights went on through the halls like torches. He chuckled, holding his head, shaking it in stupidity by remembering how useful torches REALLY are in this situation of his. Another roar. And not only that, a distinct pummel of hard mass patting against the floor. He got ready, then proceeded in haste.

Charging in a larger pace, the storming halls of the upcoming monster was shaking about. Mike stopped immediately, but fell on his rump due to his low traction sneakers against the wet floor. He shook his head and looked forward to the monstrosity coming his way. The large, purple, and hulking beast, with engorged biceps and torso, a jagged, prominent jawed face of a hideous curve-horned monster came forth with complete force, yards away from the hero. Mike was in complete shock, but he had to move up and quick, or else he was in for serious pain.

Mike set himself for the barreling bully, crouching, watching the hollow eyes come closer. He could see the beast's riled temper from the reflection from the torches off its eyes.

Then all the eyes saw was nothing as Mike gazed at its hunched, fuzzy back. The Winged Anklets, a pure necessity of wondering such a dangerous cave... next to torches. He chuckled, then whipped out his Shooting Star, and lashed it against the monster's back two or maybe even a lucky third time before letting the Anklets wear off and let him reach the ground in his freefall.

His bit of glee lasted about a second before the Big Bully reared his head to him, howling in utter rage, letting slobber fly out with the roar. Mike was stunned. There was no way to fight this thing without getting hurt badly. And thus he was.

A great, feral swipe sent Mike bouncing off the walls, hitting the ceiling, then skipping across the ground. It was one hit Mike was going to remember for a while in this cave, he thought as his head rattled and his body slid across the ground, his jacket now completely soaked with the muck. The hero was shaken by the single attack that it was surprising to him he could still make out the lighted ceiling of the cave. He stood up, to see the monster coming for him again. He could only think of one thing to do. He'd have to use it or he was a goner.

Mike crouched, watching the monster run towards him again. That horrible face that bellowed a great roar that shook Mike's being, so much so that it made him freeze for a split second. It came towards Mike, and Mike was crouched. Faster, its horns forward to help increase the charge's force, but Mike tightened the lace of his shoes, to ready for his strong attack.

The floor underneath the beast collapsed, sinking quickly. Mike watched the water and gravel shoot up as the Bully went into the ground in a second. He couldn't speak. He was dumbfounded by luck, spurred by the inconvenience of the cave, and best of all, he did not have to use his special weapon yet. Mike had won this fight. He held up his thumb, with a goofy grin, arm extended to toward the hole, as his voice echoed, "Radical!"

His short victory quickly ended though. The second he turned away from the billowing fall of the monster, he was pressed against a door. Mike stumbled back, bewildered. He recalled this cave having locked doors, but... this one was different that the ones he remembered back when he explored the islands. This door was large, red, and covered nearly top to bottom in chains, all held together by a single pad lock. Mike inspected it, tapping the door and tugged on the chains. It was as thick as the cave walls and the chains were tighter than a monkey's grip on a banana. Mike chuckled, that something like this shouldn't be too difficult. He'd figured out harder puzzles before, so he started to scope the area.

Nothing, not a switch hidden anywhere. The walls and floor were barer than any cave he had been to, so now he was reaching a desperate situation. He looked over at the door, but he knew to keep searching harder would be a waste of time. Mike had to think that if it wasn't here, it had to be

somewhere.

Then, a giant splash awoke Mike from his delay and he turned around. He thought and it seemed there was no choice but to go check.

Falling through the steamy-like shaft, the hot air blowing from above, Mike nearly felt levitated as he freefell to his destination. He was simple too light that if he moved he would be sent upwards, so he had to keep his poise to go down to what was seeming like a platform the closer he came below. His jacket began to flutter a bit less as Mike was reaching the end. Mike could only guess that the platform, shaking on the bank below, was there thankfully for his convenience. He could do without swimming. Where the bully went was a large surprise to him, thinking that it would smash through the platform. He hit it hard. The platform shook slightly and Mike looked about for the beast. Nowhere in sight. How lucky, but to his dismay....

... He didn't see a key anywhere. How depressing. Mike looked up and saw that the shaft was too far up from him to reach, so he looked around again. He noticed another platform in the water, just as rigid looking and wooden as the one he stood on, and a protrusion from the other side that was like land. Mike figured if there was anything to do, was to inspect that area too. That what he figured, but then he saw the water sliver, which made his skin crawl a bit.

At the ready, he had his Shooting Star to take them out. He couldn't make out what they were for a second, but Mike could tell by their slimy body and a pair of eyes protruding from the water like bubbles gave him a clue. Mud Fish. He relaxed a little, recognizing that these long fish were very simple; he just had to see where they came from. He lifted his foot out of the way, going to the other side of the plank he stood on, then saw the fins grapple to the edge and quickly pull out an ugly, spiky finned fish. He watched as it gasped, sliding across the plank past where he stood. He knew this would be simple.. but he felt something bubble from behind him. He turned his head, his yo yo nearly dropping from his grasp to see the beak and moss-covered face of a humanoid terror. A Froppa; the disfigured Kappa that lured over him gave a disgusting gargle, tackled Mike.

He landed on the Mud Fish, hitting that hard, boney dorsal fin. Mike then laid on the ground, the Mud Fish heading back to the water and letting the Froppa alone, terrified with its feeble mind. The Froppa was glaring at Mike, holding him to the ground, then tried to knock back into the water, trying to bring Mike. The hero was in pain, but he had strength. He could take worse than this. He just took on Big Bully!

The Froppa was waiting to take its meal away... Only to fly back with the force of Mike's kick. Mike stood up, smirking, wet and covered with the gunk of the Froppa, watching the enemy die into the water. He held his yo yo with confidence. He could take them, and with that, he turned to the bubbling water of the Mud Fish returning from the other side. He lifted his Shooting Star... then let it rip.

Mike was not even tired for the beating he was giving to the Mud Fish or the Frappas that hopped about the wood that he began to just play about, jumping from the plank, to the second, then the shore, then back again to the middle. They weren't much of a challenge, though he did step on the fins of the Mud Fish because he was weary of the gross monstrosities trying to tackle him. Mike could deal with that, he was strong. He turned around, and one of the remaining Froppa's tried to tackle him, leaping into the air with a short hop. A simple glance of the anklet was all that beast saw with Mike rocketing up with the wings around his feet, then began to flutter down slowly.

No bubbles. The water was calm. Mike looked around, a little suspicious of what was going to come. He went to check the ledge for a key if he could, or anything. Maybe if he brought a piece of paper, he could dip it in the water and that would get some kinda clue for him to use... Nah.

Then beneath his feet he felt something squirm under the ground, which caused him to leap quickly from the source then back onto the raft. He looked back to the bank and saw the horrid figures of another past enemy he hoped not to see soon: Armstrongs. The large arms that have sprout from the ground, cast to the large island to show their immense figures, springing rubble about. Mike hated these

things. Sure, they were stuck on the portion of land, but that made them somewhat difficult to hit since the slithering hands would shoot up, and would throw a stone at Mike on his rafts then. He jumped to the one behind him, making a soft landing, watching a second stone from the other fly into the water. Narrow escape.

This part was the most infuriating. Within the second they had appeared and tossed their stones, they had dove back into the ground. Mike stood up, but figured if he had to, he could just pull out his stored mirror and deflect them back at the beasts, sure to cause more damage.. or better yet, his newer technique. But now, it was certain Mike wasn't going to be left with just land based enemies, for Mike's ears picked up a buzzing from the shaft above. He tried to look above, but had to make a jump into the air to dodge the incoming rock. The second was coming, so motioned his body away from the stone to use his midair dodge. His body was carried to the buzzing shaft, and he met the new foe: Large Gadflies.

Mike saw their disgusting, round bodies dart down, flapping their wings, seemingly unaffected by the upward wind pressure, and their eyes giving large, disturbing glimpses of him before their swat slammed against him and towards the platform below. Mike laid there for a bit, looking up the shaft. All he needed was the key... why couldn't it be that simple, huh? He lurched up, he noticed a rock was heading his way.

The stone flew and hit the ceiling, smacking the Gadfly above and down into the murky water. Mike held the gleaming Magic Mirror in front of him. With a small pant, Mike was glad to make the quick move to deflect the rock. Lucky for him that it hit an enemy! He smirked, then prepared to go on and attack the Armstrongs... but then hastily moved to the previous raft away from the land, watching the hideous insect dart down and try to ram him. Only two had came down, and only two Armstrongs to deal with, so he was to deal with the bug first above anything.

He waited for the rocks to come flying before making his leap through them. The Gadfly may have ran into Mike, but he wouldn't go down with that, because they were as weak as real flies. And with a simple flick of the yo-yo above him, Mike flipped, slinging the string to strike the Gadfly and send it barreling to the back wall. What a simple game this was becoming for Mike, for he was now feeling the groove again of fighting after such a long time, but perhaps it was too long.

Instantly, he forgot about the hefty arms launching rocks at him, and sure felt the force hit his back, and slammed against the ceiling from the force.

In a daze on the far raft, Mike turned around to see the Armstrongs about to fire more rocks at him. Mike grumbled, and got ready his mirror behind him. It was a stand off now, watching the hands seep away into the ground. Mike gripped the back of the mirror firmly, then without hesitation, leaped and expecting the arc. They shot from the ground, and blindly attacked. Mike was trying his best to huddle behind the Mirror that he left the rest of the fight to lucky. Bam!

That's what he wanted: He pulled the mirror away to see an arm slam down against the ground and find that his feet were now heading to the edge of the middle raft. This was it! He wanted to now. Mike wanted to show these baddies how much he wanted this key, and held his hand up straight ahead of him, pointed straight ahead, and brought his arm back, letting the Psychic energy build up.

The moment the hand flung out of the ground, an orb fired from Mike's palm and slammed into the Armstrong, sending it to its demise.

Mike chuckled, knelt down on the raft pulling out a sign from his jacket. He spun it in his hand then looked up to a funny, yet crudely drawn version of his head on the sign. He looked up at it then put it away smirking. He stood up, ready to leave and search for a key elsewhere..

The water churned violently, shaking the raft under his feet. Mike tried to hold his place on the raft, but it was just too much that he finally decided to jump towards land. He hit the ground and turned around

to see the enemy from above rise again, busting through the raft with its might; The Big Bully, but something was different. It wasn't going for Mike initially, it was clawing at the air. It gave great, big howls, trying to swim out of the water, splashing waves and bits of the raft around. The other raft swayed in the water, staying out of the way. Suddenly, the Bully began to sink into the water, gurgling its last breath through the water. Mike took his breath, frightened from the beast's sudden appearance. And then the water became murky. It looked as though it was becoming filled up from sand as great clouds rose under the water. Mike looked up to where the raft was; where the beast was, and saw a new arrival. The center of the water was bubbling, water pushing upwards like a fountain, making waves as the figure rose. It was one of the worst enemies Mike recalled, standing up, having his Shooting Star at hand.

The bubbles and rising mud from the water, shifting about until the height had nearly reached the roof of the room, was a dripping mound overlooking the water. Slowly, the sides of the figure seemed to protrude out. Mike covered himself when he heard a heavy slap of mud from when the protrusions flailed outwards, like large, thick whips. Mike saw the tips of them begin to form smaller protrusions and stick out like fingers. It was sick to watch the monster alone, but it only became worse when the upper half seemed to sink in empty holes which it now looked through what ever it had for eyes. This was a Mad Muddy, which shook Mike to his knees not only by its sight, but by the supreme roar it gave through its mouth which popped open like a bubble, splashing mud everywhere. Mike again held against the impact of the mud.

The raft was now floating back and forth near the creature, and Mike found this to be a useful tool. The second it came close, he took a hop onto it, but also to give a quick cheap shot to the Muddy. His Shooting Star shot into the shoulder with a simple flick, and the monster howled in rage, and took a massive swing downwards with its uninjured right arm, narrowly missing Mike as the raft drifted away. He watched as the massive hand collided against the ground in a thunderous roar. Mike held tightly onto his yo yo, knowing he had to do more.

It raised its other massive hand back, then swung down towards the raft. It dived into the water, narrowly missing Mike again, but felt the incoming waves from fist shake the raft up and down. Mike looked up at the Muddy, pulling its arm back. By the time the Muddy moved the arm away, Mike was already leaping in close, and ready to swing.

A gash was left momentarily across the Muddy's face, but the thick goop morphed back onto his face. A roar shook the room, leaving Mike a bit paralyzed. Taking his time on the cave floor now, Mike watched the pile of muck, but the raft as well: his optional means of getting close to the Mad Muddy. With quick judging, he leaped upwards to get around near the height of the monster, then again held out his palm. The energy flowed around his arm as he charged, his body becoming lifted, slowly drifting down with the coursing power, but began to fall faster in his position. He was pushed back from the force of his Psychic Shockwave, but only slightly, watching the sparkling ball swerve slightly and hit his opponent. He dropped to the ground, then looked up to see the Muddy raise up its right fist to hit the land.

It felt a bit like slow-motion, watching as he leaped over the hand, holding his palm out to fire again. The cold air just nicking his shoes trickled with mud now. A simple touch while that whole thing was still in motion like some sort of train, he would be brought along for the very unpleasant ride into the wall. He didn't need to be a star pitcher to know this. As he was there, in the air, watching the hand, he forgot to mind his own, which was what he was suppose to concentrate on.

A small ball shot from his palm, Mike now feeling a bit of backlash from the poor shot that it seemed to push him further back. Though now he was really shaken at the same time, the split second his energy released from his palm in a bang, there came a great crash under him; the palm had hit the ground with an echoing force which make everything seem to go blank for a second. Deafening maybe.

"HYEAGH!" A spinning yo-yo in his hand, slashing against the Mad Muddy was what broke it. Mike

had to stay focused on this. Worse things shook him no less, and this baddy wasn't going to get the best of him, which sent his feet into their second leap against the air, and his Shooting Star with the vitality of its greatest years.

Mike bounced against the arm, unharmed as he scrapped against the caked mud that slid against his face. That would not matter for he plunged into the water. Taking a second to resurface, he splashed in the water, trying to swim to land as quickly as he could, not wanting to be in the same base of the creature. He thought too soon as a large splash into the water flung him back and out of the water, away from land, but safely onto the raft luckily. Mike sat up to see what had happened, thinking that the other hand must have come in a progression to the other, but he didn't see it. He got up, curious as to what had happened, but then saw his answer coming towards him.

It gave another roar when Mike dodged abruptly, his Anklets in gear shot him through the Muddy's arm. He whisked around to see the raft shake from the impact of a mud ball. Was it becoming desperate now? Mike was unsure. He floated down onto the ground, trying to catch his breath from the surprise, his head hung. He looked up, hearing something, and saw that the Muddy was gone. Where was it? Did he win?

Walking close to the water, Mike looked around the murky lair underneath, unable to tell. Then from a sudden impart, Mike hit the wall, then hit the ground. The force was caused by the monster submerging with its entire wrath in its dirty, clenched fists, giving another roar. Mike pushed himself up, angered. He couldn't take this. Muddy's were difficult, but never this hard close up. He had to escape and figure out what had caused C-Island's cave such a great disturbance, and why were these monsters pulled to it. He panted, bent down, ready to go against what the monster would bring, and would finish it off for good.

If fired another mud ball, which Mike reacted quickly, jumping towards the ball of gunk and pulling out his Magic Mirror. It hit and seemed to bounce right back, like it was rubber, and hit the Mad Muddy. The force of impact to its face was all what Mike wanted, and he took away his mirror, slung out his Shooting Star, and went into a sheer frenzy: spinning the yo yo, slinging it past the muck, ripping the monster up to shreds. His feet touched the raft for only a second, for Mike saw the monster raise its hand, greatly furious at the small insect bothering him, and intended to finish him off. Mike's feet left the raft then, with the same ambition, then shot out his Shooting star with all his might, as it surged with Mike's power and gusto.

The tunnel was silent, still damn, cold, and the slight noises of rustling from the creatures of the tunnel. The shaft seemed to be nothing like a lonely chasm, waiting beside the door. Below were the roars of the Mad Muddy, fighting off its prey. It went silent, but then the roars returned, the Muddy in its rage. Again, though it stopped. This time sooner than expect. Silence still over took the above areas, and most likely outside the cave was undisturbed.

The odd upward air pressure sent the figure of Mike up and out of the shaft, anklets in full power. Right at the cave ceiling, Mike disengaged his Magic Anklets and dropped to the ground. He was filthy, nearly lathered in mud. Through his trial below, he could only smirk, holding the key that he retrieved from the monster after defeating it. He stood to the door, finally ready to open it and go through. He looked at the odd lock and readied to use the key on it.

He had only to hold up the key to the door, and the shackles fell. The great doors opened, and Mike shot inside, ready to continue...