The Approaching Storm

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The Approaching Storm

by Subspace_Adventurer

Summary

Morrotober week 3: Alternate Universe

An AU of my AU

Or, what if Morro had never been found by Wu?

Happens after the Lego Ninjago Movie

Thunder rolled in the distance as the dark-haired man watched the approaching storm from his balcony. The wind excitedly whipped around him, eager to run wild and free until he held up his hand and it quieted down.

"Not yet. Your time will come."

With a little puff that resembled a pout, the wind blew one last gust to mess up his hair out of spite before leaving him alone with his thoughts.

It had been a good many years since he first joined the crime syndicate known as the Cursed Realm, and today he had achieved his first major goal. He challenged the Queen and won. She was no more, and the title of King was finally his. If living on the streets for most of his childhood had taught him anything, it was that only the strongest survived, and now that he was at the top he couldn't afford to let his guard down.

"Morro."

Immediately turning around, Morro's hand shot out and seized the newcomer's throat, pinning him to the nearest wall. "You will call me master or Your Majesty. Or did you already forget that *I* was the one who killed the Queen?"

The man squirmed under the pressure on his windpipe as his eyes bulged with fear. "No, ma-aster. I-I beg your forgi-iveness."

"Forgiveness is not given to the weak," Morro snarled, squeezing even tighter before throwing the man to the ground. "Now tell me, Wrayth, what's so important that you felt the need to come bother me personally?"

Coughing, Wrayth held a hand to his throat and shakily stood back up. "The Preeminent Ones… they're on the move again."

The dark haired man cursed and slammed a fist against the wall. The Preeminent Ones were a sister group that splintered off from the Cursed Realm when their primary goals no longer aligned, and after the Meowthra attack they had begun targeting the no-longer-secret Ninja Force. Why, no one knew for sure; but Morro had a suspicion. After all, he had his own sights set on one of them for presumably a similar reason.

"Those traitors; we're not even close to being ready yet!" Morro grabbed the man by the collar and pulled him close. "Tell research to speed things up. We need that data yesterday." He then tossed the man through the still-open door and the wind slammed it shut on his behalf. Turning back to the balcony railing, his anger encouraged the wind to fly into a frenzy, whipping around him before spreading across Ninjago City.

There was a way for him to play catch up, but it was…risky, at best. However, time was of the essence and his personal research would have to be sufficient for what he needed.

The sky darkened as the storm finally approached and the rain began to fall. As he moved to take shelter, the gears of his mind worked overtime to come up with a solid counter plan.

If he couldn't get what he wanted, he'd make sure no one could.

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