



Proudly Presents:

BULLETS, BLADES, & BLOOD

Chapter 3: “The Heist - Misguided Trust or Stolen Goods?”



Dr. Amelia Justice, better known as her costumed alias of **Jesta**, peaks around the corner, making sure the coast is clear. She waves to Voltage and Dragon waiting in the shadow-covered alley to cross the street for they can approach the waterfront and docks undetected.

Dragon broke up the awkward

silence between Voltage and Jesta since they left her private practice with a question of his own.

“So Jesta, how did you get mixed up with my crazy big bro in the first place?”

Jesta smiles, “*Ancient history* I guess... I used to live in your neighborhood, but I suppose you were too young to remember me way back then. Even Anastasia was pretty young then too... My parents never stayed in one area for long with their work, so it wasn't long before we packed up and moved elsewhere. By the time I met Tomias again, I started interning at one of the Juniper Foundation's hospitals.”

Voltage spoke up, “I had gotten pretty roughed up stopping a random purse-stealer, didn't notice his two cronies were behind me. Got the purse back for the old lady no problem, but wasn't able to leave that encounter without getting shanked.”

Dragon whistles, “Wow.”

Voltage adds, “Don't look at me like that. I had some rather *green* moments in this line of work too. That's why I'm so hard on you for you won't make the same mistakes I did.”

Jesta nods, “Green was an understatement. You were coming in the free clinic for stab wounds and gunshot wounds it seemed like every other day. Eventually, the Foundation stopped allowing him to get treated for free. Well, not just your brother, all of the civilians who weren't part of the so-called ‘*high society*’ upper class that could afford to live in their expensive lofts and apartments. The Foundation deemed it wasn't cost-effective to continue treating people for free and informed all personnel that they would be supporting the fruition of the Sentry Corps for everyone's ‘*protection*’. The Sentry Corps offer protection all right, as long as you're not a wildcard or one of their precious targets. It was at that point I turned in my resignation papers from their organization...”

Dragon looks back at Voltage, “So what did you do after that, start putting yourself back together with duct tape and crazy glue?”

Voltage mused, “Sometimes... At least until I stumbled upon where Amelia had opened her private practice...”

Jesta rolled her eyes, “Stumbled upon? More like put one of those homing trackers of his on me and followed me there. Tomias was always a wet blanket about my heists to fund my own *philanthropy*. He thought I was lying about the clinic and followed me to see if I was telling the truth. That's why it never worked out between us... Your brother always felt like he couldn't trust me.”

Voltage shook his head and stepped forward to grab her by the arm.

“It wasn’t like that, Amelia. I can’t help but feel that you’re always hiding something from me. I’ve been always straightforward with you, but you treat everything as if it’s some game. If it wasn’t all of those risks you took to steal all that you needed to fund your clinic, it was something else. I found it hard to distinguish whether or not you were in it for helping people or just the thrill of danger.”

Jesta looked back at him briefly before jerking her arm out of his grip.

“The only thing that I’ve wanted – *ever wanted* – is to help people, especially YOU, Tomias. If you still can’t see that after all of these years, then I honestly don’t see anything else we need to talk about. After we’re done here tonight, we can go back to being complete strangers for the rest of our lives until you wake up to reality...”

Dragon runs between them and pushes them away from each other.

“Wait, wait. My bad for digging up some *not-so-old* wounds... I get it you two have history and I won’t prod any further. Can we all just agree to play nice until this mess is over with?”

Voltage and Jesta look at each other and merely utter, “Fine...” before going back to surveying their surroundings.

Jesta pulls out her binoculars to get a better view of their target.

“Wow, they don’t even have the mass-produced drones guarding it. It’s just some regular foot soldiers. That’s rare, especially for any Sentry Corps-controlled area. Wait... scratch that. One of their rookies is on patrol. That would explain some things.”

Voltage adds, “Jesta, don’t get hasty. They don’t send their rookie recruits out into the field without a higher ranking officer to answer to. We can’t let our defenses down. I doubt Agent Armor would be deployed here after all of that publicity her capture of Corpsedancer made, so she would be more likely making the media rounds with Dr. Maxwell.”

Dragon looks concerned as he points to an armored woman swooping down with metallic, mechanical wings decorating her outfit as she came down at high speed approaching the area. She flaps her wings majestically to halt her descend and lands gracefully before her peers.

Jesta frowns, “Rats, I wish we could hear what they are saying...”

Voltage cups his hand to his ear and another towards their general direction.

“Gimme a second. I’ve learned how to use my powers to patch into radio frequencies, even their communication devices if I’m close enough in the vicinity. One thing I have noticed about the Sentry Corps over the years is that they are always broadcasting among themselves and in constant communication, so it’s pretty easy to know what they are after.”

Dragon grins, “In other words, he’s a walking CIA surveillance van with his own wire taps and microphones...”

Jesta smiles, “I’m impressed. That’s a rather handy trick to have up your sleeves. No wonder you two are always able to elude them in some fashion when you can just piggyback off their communications.”

Dragon adds, “I’m more surprised that the Hunters haven’t thought of doing something similar. It would have saved them the embarrassment that they suffered the other night.”

Voltage replied, “I thought that too until I realized that they usually deploy a telepath within most of their Hunter squads in the field on assignments. The problem they are running into is that telepaths, even wildcard ones are an extreme rarity nowadays, so they are forced to rely on the older methods of communication. Their issue is that they only use it to the bare minimum whereas the Sentries use it excessively.”

Jesta mused, “I guess I should consider myself lucky that I haven’t had too many run-ins with them over the years.”

“Wait, I got something... Found what frequency they are broadcasting on...”

Jesta continues to watch through her binoculars while Voltage relays their communications loud enough for them to hear as they hid between the storage containers on the waterfront.

Tundra is seen saluting to the officer that just arrived.

“Greetings, Major Hawkins... You’re early for tonight’s late night drill.”

Major Angela Hawkins salutes back to the officers around her and looks back to Tundra.

“At ease, Ensign North. We can use code names for the sake of this exercise. If the good doctor didn’t tell you, I prefer to be called **Silverhawk** in the field. Are you still going by Tundra?”

She nodded nervously, “Yes, ma’am. Err, ummm, Major Hawkins... I mean Silverhawk...”

Silverhawk removed her helmet and rests a hand on Tundra’s shoulder.

“Relax, kid. You’re not going to last in this for long if you don’t relax a little and get your bearings down. Your gear is logged into your nervous system, right? Don’t fight it and allow the subroutines to regulate your neurochemistry and deal with any possible anxiety while in the field. I don’t know how many nanomachines they have in you wildcard recruits, but the amount in my body allows me to shake off the nerves and focus on the task at hand with regulation of dopamine levels in my bloodstream and nervous system. Given the fact that I’m the head of the Sentry Corps’ aerial forces, I have a lot on my plate defending the *not-so-friendly* skies around the clock. Next time you’re back at New Genesis for your routine maintenance, ask the eggheads there to explain it to you in-depth when you have some more time.”

Tundra salutes, “Yes, ma’am. I’ll switch over to auto-neurotransmitters now...”

Tundra’s eyes roll back into her skull momentarily as one of the nearby soldiers speak up to Silverhawk directly.

“The shipment arrived safely earlier today. The Juniper Foundation were quite generous with their support to our cause this time.”

Silverhawk smiles, “After the capture of Corpsedancer, the Sentry Corps have been getting high marks all around the world. There’s no denying that we’re a force to be reckoned with when we caught one of those top ranking bounties that not even the fabled Hunters were able to claim. That means one more criminal off the streets and more innocent lives safe from harm. Our exercise tonight will make our forces one step closer in being prepared for what is to come in the future of our regulation of wildcard and superhuman criminal affairs.”

Another soldier speaks up, “Exactly what *are* we doing for this exercise, Major Hawkins?”

She smirks, “Simple - just stay alive.”

She raised her arm decorated with a wrist-mounted tablet to her chest level as she spoke voice commands into the device.

“Commence training program - *Bird Box*. Authorized user password: ‘*One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*’.”

Immediately, several storage containers around their vicinity burst open with several Sentry Drones activating from within with their weapons drawn towards the soldiers. Tundra snaps out of her trance in time to react by surrounding the area with a dome of ice for protection.

Tundra exclaims, “Whoa, what the hell! They are using live ammunition!!??”

Silverhawk dons her helmet, locking it into place with the rest of her armor. Her flight visor covers her face as she took flight hovering slightly over Tundra's ice dome.



Silverhawk spoke over their communications frequency, “Yes, these drones are armed with live ammunition for this exercise because they will be in use in the field after this test. Consider this a trial by fire. Any threat that a member of the Sentry Corps engages with will not be giving you kid gloves with rubber bullets or non-lethal force. This is an exercise to demonstrate that. By the way, the drones will ignore me as their targets as they have been designated to lock on your combat ID signatures in your equipment. ”

The soldiers not possessing any cybernetic enhancements are beginning to panic while those that do, share some of that anxiety. Tundra, on the other hand, is wondering what is going to be their next move as she can hear the drones’ constant gunfire chipping away at her barrier. Soon enough they are going to breach her defenses. She looks around to her comrades, visibly shaken with fear.

“I joined the Corps for I wouldn’t be on the line of fire of those things!”

“What the hell, man! What the HELL! I didn’t wake up to be made into Swiss cheese today!”

“That *milano mutie* isn’t going to be able to hold up that wall for long. Those things are going to come here and kill us!!”

Tundra heard their concerns loud and clear. She closed her eyes and sighed heavily. This was the moment she was waiting for when she joined the Sentry Corps. That day when she could make a difference and make someone give a damn about what she could do – not just as a wildcard, but as a *soldier*, protecting her country and her peers. Tundra sprinted forward through the wall of ice and crashes right through it, sending shards hurling through the approaching drones. The hole she made in the dome seals off immediately behind her as she charged head first to fight off the incoming forces on her own.

Silverhawk relays the live combat video stream to Dr. Maxwell watching at New Genesis from the safety and security of his private terminal in his office.

“It’s just as you predicted, sir. She’s taking to mastering her powers with your enhancements to the designs that her father left behind like a fish to water. It won’t be long before she’s one of our best operatives – a wildcard no less at that too. That was ingenious of you to arrange this exercise to bring out her fight or flight instincts and see how far she would go to protect her comrades.”

Dr. Maxwell radios over their communications channel to state, “Angelica, don’t forget that her abilities allow her to draw moisture from the environment around her and weaponize it in her attacks. Being around that much water at the docks has to have her overflowing with resources to use at her disposal. As far as I’m concerned, I’m regarding those units funded by the Juniper Foundation to be scrap metal after she’s done with them.”

Tundra covers herself with a thick hardened layer of ice as she charges through another group of drones, piercing them all like a porcupine with an array of frozen spikes and spears exploding from her body. Another group of drones attack from behind with gunfire, but her frozen armor shields her from harm. Tundra immediately turns around to engage them, taking care to mind the sensitive areas of her armor.

Unknown to her allies, Tundra’s armor is specifically designed to help her survive in a non-subzero environment. After the freak accident that killed her parents and gave her these powers, she has been unable to live in any environment below subzero temperatures. Dr. Maxwell took ideas from Tundra’s father’s work and devised a containment suit to allow her to survive anywhere while at the same time, allowing her to regulate the water-based powers that she had manifested. Despite the fact that her armored suit is heavily insulated and layered, she still worries about it being ruptured during combat in the field. Sure, she can shrug off a few minor scratches or scrapes, but full blown puncture from a stray bullet or knife would prove to be deadly. She couldn’t afford to be careless.

She looked back at her frozen dome to see it was still chipping away. The drones didn't cease their assault on the structure, despite several of the units breaking off into groups to target her individually.

"C'mon, Hayley. Time to get creative," she said to herself.



She held out her hands out towards two more groups of drones closing in towards the dome and concentrated. She didn't need to hurl projectiles to stop these machines when she could easily freeze the air around them and stop them from functioning completely. She spun around and repeated this tactic against all of the remaining drones, leaving them motionless

all around her.

Silverhawk applauds as she watched from the air while Tundra doubled over out of exhaustion.

"Well done, Ensign. You've passed our test with flying colors."

Tundra looked up at her superior and mused, "Just... gimme a minute. I haven't used that much of my power at once before in such a short period. Plus being around this much water is like sensory overload. AARGHHHHH!!!!"

Tundra fell face-first into the mud in front of her as she was hit with a discharge of electricity from the approaching Voltage.

"Overload?" My dear, you don't know the meaning of the word." He looks up to Silverhawk still hovering in the air and adds, "Don't worry about her. I didn't put enough in that attack to kill her. That was merely a few volts that the average stun gun or taser would have done to a similar effect.

With your comrades still trapped in that dome of ice and your drones all disposed of, I think you're in a little over your head."

Glancing over to her HUD (heads-up display) within the visor of her helmet, Silverhawk could confirm that what Voltage said was true. Tundra's vitals were fine, outside of the fact that she was rendered unconscious. She also took note of all of the current active Sentries in the area were shown up as down on her HUD.

"Interesting. I didn't expect to find one of the Brothers Silver here out in the field tonight, begging to occupy one of our confinement cells in Subsistence. Surely you must be kidding though. I am one of the members of the Sentry Corps' Elite Patrol. You may have dealt with our lower ranked officers in the past, but you haven't crossed paths with a *warbird* like myself."

She fires off two large projectiles into the sky, which quickly transform into aerial attack drones that immediately lock onto Voltage and begin firing their miniguns. Silverhawk throttles herself backwards and shields herself with her wings as ball of flame is hurled in her direction.

"I was wondering when the other one was going to come out of hiding. I know you two brothers love to attack in pairs," she smirked from behind the safety of her impromptu riot shield.

Dragon steps out from behind some of the containers, shrugging his shoulders.

"What can I say? I like to make an entrance."

Silverhawk flaps her metallic wings with enough force behind them to create a blast of gust to send Dragon flying back. Fortunately, he plants his hands below him and propels himself into the air like a rocket. Silverhawk grits her teeth and blasts off behind him.

Voltage hides behind a nearby container to avoid the incoming gunfire from the aerial attack drones. One of them flanks to the right to corner the wildcard with a shower of bullets from its minigun. Voltage sees it at the last second and held him his hand, stopping the bullets out of the air with electromagnetic electricity. He then hurls the bullets right back at his attacker, effectively destroying the drone in the process. He then spots Silverhawk quickly gaining in her aerial pursuit of Dragon. Dragon has been merely using his powers to maneuver in the air, but haven't had an opportunity to go on the offensive. Silverhawk licks her lips in anticipation as her targeting reticle on her visor's HUD lines up the pending volley of missiles that she has in store for Dragon. Voltage makes the save in that regard by using the remaining drone to swat Silverhawk right out of the air, smashing it over her back. This blow manages to send her spiraling towards the ground, crashing into several of the remaining containers.

Jesta watches from afar as she combs through the unopened containers from a safe distance. It doesn't take her much time to find what she was looking for.

She grins like a cheshire cat from ear to ear to herself as she began packing her duffle bag, *"Great, there's enough Fruit of the Gods here along with the Juniper Foundation's other medicines and portable tech that I can keep some of it for my clinic and still have enough to make my quota for my client."*

Jesta continued to comb through the contents of one of the remaining containers and stumbles across an interesting discovery. Her eyes widen as she notices that there's a stockpile of spare parts for not only the common issue, mass-produced Sentry Drones, but the base model for the technology used for both the armor and gear outfitted for the Sentry Corps' soldiers in the field.

"My, my, my... Look what we have here. This will definitely sweeten the deal with my contact."

She blasts off another bolt lock before opening another storage container with her finger pistol. A look of confusion washes over her face as looked down at the several Sentry Drones packed within.

"I knew these were part of the shipment but that's strange that they weren't activated during the initial training exercise."

She pulled out a PDA from one of the pouches hanging on her belt and jacked into one of the inactive Drones. She scrolls through the lines of code and parameters, searching for their primary directives.

"Should've known that their programming is well protected. Dr. Maxwell is a genius after all - he's not going to leave any exploitable backdoors into his work, but that won't stop me from seeing what's on their agenda."

She cycled through a few more lines of code before finding what she needed. *"Oh crap. That's not good."* With great haste, Jesta unplugs her PDA and tosses as much spare parts and equipment as she can fit into her duffle bag.

She looks up to see that Dragon and Voltage have dealt with Silverhawk, but still has time to say to herself, *"If those boys knew what was best for them, they would be getting out of here, even though I owe them for playing the part of the decoy while I pilfered what I needed here."*

Dragon lands awkwardly next to his brother and the duo approach Silverhawk's body laying across the ground with her cracked visor up from shielding her face. She sat up and attempted to shake off the cobwebs until she found herself staring right at their hands crackling with electricity and ablaze with flames respectively held in front of her face.

Voltage calmly states, “I suggest you stay right there and don’t move a muscle. I’ve seen some of your comrades take even a nastier landing than that, so I know you’re not damaged in any fashion. You can drop the act.”

Silverhawk smiled, “Yes and if I were, my nanomachines and self-repair routines would have been hard at work addressing that issue. My drones would’ve helped if you didn’t destroy them... Those things aren’t cheap you know...”

Dragon shrugged, “Send us a bill. I’m sure those things are insured anyway. Everyone knows how much funding the Sentry Corps got from the Juniper Foundation. Hey, wait a second... Did someone turn on the AC or something? It’s getting cold out here all of a sudden...”

The air around them began to rain down with snow as the now conscious Tundra made her presence known by freezing their feet down to the ground.

Silverhawk lowered her visor.

“Commence hostilities – *Combat Routine 616*. Authorized user password: *“Trojan horse.”*”

After those words, all of the remaining containers around them exploded open and what was left was quickly revealed to be even more Sentry Drones.

“We got a tip that *someone* – didn’t specify – was going to attempt to raid our shipment tonight, so we came prepared to engage with extreme prejudice for whatever flies we lured into our trap. And here Dr. Maxwell gave you boys a lot more credit to fall for something like this...”

Voltage growled under his breath, “I TOLD her it was a setup...”

Dragon blasts the ground surrounding them to leave a ring of fire to separate themselves from the incoming drones and Tundra behind them.

Dragon helped his brother to his feet and says, “You can chew her out later. Right now we have to get the *ham sandwich* out of here. Jesta’s probably waist deep into this mess as much as we are. Where is she anyway?”

Their question was soon to be answered as Jesta is seen blasting through a crowd of Drones with pinpoint precision with a laser beam originating from the tip of her index finger that Jesta refers to as her “finger pistol.” Each of her targets fell to the ground and exploded shortly thereafter as Jesta rushed up to join up with her comrades.

Jesta informs them of her findings, “Their central processing units are in the chest cavity. Destroy that and you’ll take them out in one blow.”

Dragon gives a thumbs up and comments, "That's a pretty sweet move you got there, Jesta."

Jesta shrugs as she secures her duffle bag over her shoulder, "Yeah, it beats carrying a real firearm around, but I have a limit with this thing y'know."

Silverhawk stood back up and performs a final diagnostic test on her systems as she walked over to stand next to Tundra. Tundra catches her breath as her superior officer addressed her.

"Disable them again. This time with more precision. I don't want any of them running off. I'm sure the good doctor would want them alive after all for his precious research."

Tundra nodded slowly as she raised her hands as they began to create a frozen fog out of the mist already present around them within the air, "Yes, ma'am."

Dragon stepped in front of Jesta and Voltage and shouts, "Stand back, I'm not going to allow *Jacqueline Frost* here turn us into popsicles!"

Tundra's frozen blast of mist met Dragon's flames head on as the two wildcards engaged into a battle of the elements. The remaining Sentry Drones led by Silverhawk weren't letting up their advance onto their position in the least. Voltage and Jesta found themselves back to back holding off the Drones as Dragon continued to clash with Tundra. Silverhawk blasts off into the air and circled the battlefield. She approached from the rear, swooping down low at high speed after engaging her afterburners. Jesta saw Silverhawk's approach and took aim. She held her breath, taking her time to line up the shot. She unleashed a massive laser blast from the tip of her finger with the intent to taking out this Elite officer in one blow. The recoil threw her back into Voltage behind her, causing him to double over. He looked over his shoulder and caught the glimpse of Silverhawk barrel-rolling out of the way of the incoming attack at the last instant. Silverhawk closed in. Her target locked as she fired a volley of heat-seeking missiles towards Dragon as he was still preoccupied with his current stalemate with Tundra. Voltage immediately shot down a few, but shoved his brother out of the line of fire for the remaining ones. Dragon wasn't going to allow his big brother do this alone. He threw a fireball into sky, giving Voltage a few seconds more to destroy the incoming missile, but it was too late. The silo explodes, enveloping the battlefield with the explosions of multiple warheads going off. Silverhawk swoops through the flames and carries Tundra away of harm. They circle the battlefield from the air until the flames die down enough for them to land and survey their handiwork.

Silverhawk smirks, "I'll admit that maybe I overdid it a bit there..."

Tundra remarks, "No disrespect, Major, but that was overkill. The training and now this? What about our men out there!?!? Do you care about any of these lives that we sacrificed here today???"

Silverhawk's visor slides up for she can look Tundra in the eyes, trading a stern look to her subordinate.

"Ensign North, you are a soldier within this organization. These simulations and sorties are to expose you to the horrors of war." She points to the shattered remains of the frozen dome that Tundra created. "Look for yourself. Your so-called comrades were never here at all."

Tundra walks over slowly and held her hands over her mouth in shock, "They were... *machines???*"

Dr. Maxwell patches through their COMs, "Optical rendering simulations. I have to admit that this was the first time using them in the field for psychological training. Your comrades were real in the sense that they are the brainwave algorithms of the same soldiers who were undertaking this same simulation in the VR training rooms here at New Genesis. Now, the Brothers Silver though? I couldn't plan and coordinate their battle data that precisely even with the little data that the Archive has collected. That was a welcome surprise to see come into play within our social experiment here tonight."

Tundra's hands shook as she comes to grips with all that transpired, "All of this you put me through tonight was to TEST me!?!? What type of monsters put someone through horrors like this!?!?"

Dr. Maxwell calmly states, "We battle figurative and literal monsters and demons every day. If we have to become monsters to ensure our soldiers are ready for their regular duties in the field then so be it. If it means anything, Ensign North, you passed with flying colors. Your parents would be proud. You know how to adapt to a situation under pressure and respond accordingly to variables out of your control."

Tundra's breathing slows down as she calms down - her nanomachines regulating her neurotransmitters playing a part in this and she finds her voice again.

"Thank you, sir. Forgive me for speaking out of line. It's an honor and privilege to serve as part of the Sentry Corps."

Silverhawk walks over and kicks the Brothers Silver's unconscious bodies as they laid among the scorched earth of the still smoking battlefield.

"Your heat-seeking missiles worked like a charm, doctor. They snuffed out the one called Dragon's powers like candle while his brother was foolish enough to get caught up in the crossfire protecting him."

Tundra asks, "What about the woman that was with them? I don't see her here."

Silverhawk shook her head as she lowers her visor back down to check her HUD. “Too many life readings to distinguish hers among those closing in from the commotion we’ve made here tonight. I’ve already patched into local law enforcement and informed them of our ‘tests’ out here tonight. She wasn’t too close to the explosion so doubt she was swept up into it like these two. Could have been atomized as well – that’s a possibility, but there would have been a trace of something.

There’s still a few Drones left. I can have them fan out and search --”

Dr. Maxwell interrupts, “She doesn’t matter. These are the two I want. Have the Drones restrain them in power dampeners and transport them to Subsistence. Those two have much to answer for.”

Silverhawk turns to the remaining Sentry Drones and states, “You heard your *creator*. You have your orders.”

The Sentry Drones approach Voltage and Dragon’s unconscious bodies, but several of the drones began to short out and deactivate before even making contact.

Silverhawk’s HUD display relays to her that Voltage has subconsciously deployed a small EMP (electromagnetic pulse) field to protect himself and his brother.

She scoffs, “These wildcards and their petty tricks... Fortunately, I’ve come prepared for a moment like this.”

She takes the restraints from the drones and walks over to the two brothers. Unlike the Drones, she unfettered by the EMP field. Tundra looks confused as Silverhawk spoke to her directly and not through their COMs.

“My nanomachines are tied directly to my central nervous system. An electromagnetic pulse (EMP) can’t stop the human body from functioning, so this threat is a non-issue. As much as I appreciate the Drones’ support in the field, there’s always going to be limits to what they are capable of, especially against annoyances like this one.”

She kicks Voltage in the ribs after his restraints are locked into place and the power dampener effect kicks in.

Tundra asks, “Wouldn’t his powers just short that thing out?”

“No, these were specially crafted for him and his brother actually on the off-chance that we would encounter more elemental wildcards in the field. They have been an annoyance to our

organization for so long that the good doctor had plenty of time to devise means to neutralize their unique skill sets.

C'mon, you get to do the honors on the other one. Besides, I doubt he's going to be able to burn you if he were to wake up suddenly."

Tundra reluctantly moves forward and applies the restraints to Dragon while taking note of the temperature elevating with the steam, or rather smoke, never leaving from his body. Once the dampeners kick in she wipes her visor clear from the condensation that was building up on its exterior.

Silverhawk smiled at her for a job well done, but Tundra found herself looking at the Brothers Silver in captivity, yet at the same time, they protected each other even to the very end. She thought back to that fateful night – the laboratory explosion that took her parents from her. When the Sentry Corps dug through the remnants of what was her father's laboratory, the only thing that they could find was her parents' bodies draped over her as they shielded their child from harm at the last instant. Her memories are vague and muddy of that night, but she will never forget the ultimate sacrifice that her parents made that day. Seeing the bond between the Brothers Silver and what they were willing to sacrifice to protect each other reminded her that they might not be so different after all...

"Earth to Ensign North, we're leaving. What were you doing, adjusting your neurotransmitters again?"

"No ma'am. Just was making sure I had the restraints on this one properly."

Silverhawk's words snapped Tundra back to reality. She's a soldier for the Sentry Corps now – no time to dwell on the past. It was time to head back to New Genesis to give her report. As the Sentry Drones loaded their prisoners into the helicarrier, Tundra looked back and surveyed the still smoking battlefield as the local firefighters raced to quell the remaining small flames.

She thought, *"I know that woman who was with them couldn't have gotten far... For her sake, I hope she keeps her nose clean for she won't end up where these are going..."*

Tundra sighed heavily and entered the helicarrier, taking a seat next to Silverhawk.

About a mile away up alongside the coast from their current location, Jesta's unconscious body washes ashore...