

## The Prologue...

Captain Samantha Lea Magarnold stood tall and proud. The smile on her face gave the soldiers a decorum environment that each and every one of them could enjoy. The engineers were at the ship controls, their initiative was to guide the ship a fast and safe route to the objective. The pilots stood beside the engineers as they explained the plans and routes that we will take.

Not all engineers and pilots were in the ships bridge...

[UNSC Warlord's Holding Deck]

"Hey man, it's been a long long ride. We haven't done anything for a weeks now." Paladin set his feet up on the table and took a drink of some scotch.

Bek sat in a chair, opposed from Paladin. "Yeah yeah. I'm kind of glad it's been so quiet. Now that the Covenant is finally gone and the Elite's have decided to join our side for the end of the war. Sad to see that they're leaving already." Bek watched Paladin open another bottle of Scotch, "You should really lay down on so much Scotch. That's the fourth bottle you've opened in the past hour." Bek rolled her eyes.

Paladin took his mouth away from the bottle for a few seconds. "You know what's fun about being sober?" Bek stared at him, she said nothing. Paladin gently took another sip then answered his own question. "Nothing." He laughed, so hard he fell out of his chair and onto the floor, the scotch toppled over with him. Glass was everywhere. "Aw, man."

Bek just smiled, she tried her best not to laugh.

Cajun casually walked up to the table, "Hey guy's."

"What's up, homie?" Paladin said as he sat back in his chair. He left the Scotch on the floor, and acted as if it wasn't him. That didn't seem to work.

"Look, clean up your Scotch mess and we need to go. Commander wants us to go down on the surface and check some things. I know the wars over, but there's still rebels and then there's the Covenant who don't know the wars over. There's two corvettes down on the surface, Osiris is taking them out but not until we check on everything." Cajun mad that sound so casual and easy, that Bek and Paladin both knew it was easier said then done.

Cajun, Paladin, and Bek all got into a transport pelican. Cajun took the controls, but sighed to himself as he did. "I hate these new models. I'm so exposed." The pelican's lift lowered to an

exit passage. There was only one way to go. He activated the thrusters then flew out and headed for the planet, Ballast.

Paladin stared at Bek, a huge grin across his face. Bek returned the smile, but quickly put her helmet on. Paladin couldn't resist, "You hayabusa armor... You look so good in it... Maybe we should, sometime..." Paladin passed out in the seat before he could finish. Bek just laughed and shook her head. This flight had a lot of turbulence.

They crashed into the surface.

Bek got up out of her seat, she checked on Paladin. He was alive, just knocked out from the Scotch. At least that's what she thought. Bek entered the pilot's cabin, Cajun was dead in his seat. A giant sized purple needle was through his chest. She carefully exited the pelican.

A nice wood terrain was in view. A fair amount of trees were present in areas, but there was also open areas about. Like the one they were in. Bek checked her navigator, the outpost they were headed for was one kilometer southeast from their position. Not far of a travel, but it would be if she had to carry Paladin's intoxicated body all the way there.

She noticed her gungoose was still intact. She walked over to it and checked if it worked, keys were in it already but the fuel was low. Enough to get her to the outpost, but not back. She tried it. The gungoose started with a loud squeal at first. She might want to get that checked.

Without hesitation, she rushed into the pelican. Took Paladin out of the seatbelt, locked him in on the back of the gungoose. She took the controls, and took off towards the outpost's directions at full speed.

Tree's came into view, she couldn't risk it. She went through them on a beaten path. A few grunts came onto the road. It didn't matter now, she fired the smg's. That was quick, they all laid dead as she ran over their corpses. There was some thing funny about them... No she told herself, not now. I need to get to the outpost, I can't stop to look at the roses.

There it was, the outpost. It looked really rugged and was made out of stone. I guess this is what the 2014 trend used to call 'ratchet'.

Two ODST's stood outside, as if they were guards. One had a medical symbol embedded on his left shoulder. Weird. The other one looked normal. Wait, there was a third one she could barely see. That one looked normal too. She drove up to the outpost. A spartan stood at the warthog, gun aimed at them.

"Who are you, and what's with the body on the back?" The spartan questioned. This must have been the leader here.

A pilot and another Spartan appeared at the top of the base. Except this one was a Spartan IV, unlike the Spartan III in front of her.

"I am Bek, and this is Paladin. He's drunk and passed out from Scotch. We were sent here from UNSC Warlord to check on your outpost, except our pelican crashed because a Covenant Vampire took out our pilot. We're here now, and that's about it. I think our pilot knew more, but I dunno." Bek breathed heavily from all that social talk that she's not used to.

"Hm." Then yes," The Spartan handed them a cartridge, "here is the log of what's going on. Give it to your Commander." The spartan walked away.

"That's it? How are we supposed to get back?" Bek exclaimed. She wanted out of here fast, the ODST above her stilled her fear. She had no idea why, maybe because of the knife that the ODST held. Or... Wait, was that ODST a female? She felt a little more comfortable there was another female, but she was also terrified because she had no idea what that ODST was capable of, girls are unpredictable and she knows that.

"Here, I'll have my pilot. Take you back up to your ship and drop you off." The Spartan waved at the Pilot, "Frank. I need you to give these guy's a ride back up!" He shouted up at him.

"Yes sir, Jackson! Give me a few minutes to prep the hornet." Frank headed over to the hornet, that Bek just now noticed sat there.

"Why are you always preparing? Just go!" Jackson yelled.

He seemed as if he didn't like the pilot, or pilots in general. Interesting. What if Cajun would've been here?

"Uh, sir. I can't leave. For at least a few hours or ever..." Frank said. He was now down on the ground beside Jackson. That was really quick, does he have silent footsteps or something? He looked at Bek, "You'll thank me when I tell the Commander why." He smiled at her.

"What is it, Frank?" Jackson sounded irritated.

"Look for yourself." Frank pointed over at the open area just beyond the trees.

Two Scarabs and a Lich was headed straight at them.

"Well, I guess there's our ride out of here. Michael, Runner and Heli. You take out the Scarab on the right. Dexter, get out here!" Jackson yelled, an engineer walked out from the garage. "You, Frank, and Bek will take out the Scarab on the left. Junior and I will take out the Covenant on the lich and get us a ride out of here."

“Hell yeah I will!” That ODST must have been Junior, he looked aggressive and ready to kill anything that set him off, or Covenant in general.

“Alright, let’s go.” Jackson put his helmet on.

End of prologue...

## ~Chapter 1: Elongation~

Jackson finished off the Elite Zealot. “Junior, get over here!” Junior ran from the upper deck down to Jackson, who stood beside the lich controls. “We need to get off this lich, I managed to use the controls to EMP the Scarabs. That should provide enough time for the others to take out the power cores. As soon as we’re down, run back to the base. This explosion’s going to be massive and attract a lot of attention.” The shields started to glow a bright blue and then they began to spiral. “Let’s go!” Jackson ran over to the grav lift, it opened but the grav lift failed. They jumped.

Jackson landed softly on his feet, no thanks to his crouch stance. Junior fell and landed on a tree branch. Snap. He landed on another tree branch. Snap. He then landed on another tree branch. Snap. The cycle continued and continued. He eventually landed on the ground, belly first. “Junior, get up. Let’s go! You can play in the ugly tree another time, but not now!” Jackson took off in a sprint towards the base. Junior stumbled up and ran behind him. They noticed the other troops did the same.

Finally, they reached the base. A massive explosion shook the ground and lit up the sky. The Lich blew up first. The Scarabs went next.

“Glad that’s over with.” Paladin took a sip of his coffee.

“I don’t think so, none of you are no longer safe here. Or anywhere down here.” Someone said.

“Archangel! How did you get down here? And what are you talking about?” Bek asked the soldier, who turned out to be a guy named Archangel.

“Long story short, but we need to go.” He replied. A Covenant Cruiser came out of the middle of nowhere, it’s energy projector started to charge up.

“Sir, should we fall back into the cave? We haven’t been back very far. But now’s the the only chance we got!” Runner exclaimed.

“Roger that. We have no other choice. Everyone, go into the cave. We’ll make it through there.” Jackson sounded over confident, but he needed to reassure the squad they would be safe. Sanity was all they had at this point.

Everyone fell back into the cave, full sprint. The Cruiser was at a gain. It’s energy projector fired. Jackson caved the entrance in. He hoped it would give them a chance of survival or at least keep them alive a little longer from the heat.

It must have worked. Everyone was still at a sprint. The cave was dark. Only the Spartan’s had flashlights on their helmets, the others were forced to use the flashlights installed on their weapons. Which was everyone, except Junior. Who was stuck to rely on everyone else.

They continued further back. They’ve been at this for about sixteen hours. Everyone was tired and exhausted. Next up was fatigue. It began to lighten up. The ground and walls suddenly came up to a bronze metal interior.

“This is a little creepy, soothing, and confusing. All at the same time. What is this place?” Junior ran ahead, afraid of the darkness.

“If I knew, I’d tell you. Hehe.” Paladin answered.

“There’s yellow lights on the walls lighting up everything. We need to continue forward. There could be Covenant down here.” Michael said.

“Right. Let’s go.” Jackson continued over the metal floor, a clankity clank sound made from their steps. It was hard not to stay quiet and evade the Covenant with this much noise. Jackson kept his SMG’s up. Archangel prep’d the rocket launcher. For just in case reasons.

Bek looked over at Jackson, “Have you been here before that you know where you’re going? Because you look like you know which way we should go.”

“None of us have ever been down here before. This looks like a whole other world.” Heli spoke up. That was the first thing he’s actually said since he’s been here.

Jackson turned around the corner then stopped.

“What is it, Jackson?” Dexter walked up beside him. He was the engineer, he needed to know what was going on. His armor wasn’t as strong as the others. It was durable, but that was only for a soldier of his class. He wasn’t afraid of the Covenant, but if there was any. He would improvise a plan to stay alive and help out as much as he can.

Jackson said nothing.

“Jackson?” Junior said it this time, Jackson’s favorite member.

Nothing.

Junior walked up next to his commander. He stopped in shock as well.

“Everyone. Run.” Jackson ordered. He backed up behind the wall.

A giant rocket launched pass and slammed into the wall, it created a dead end. They couldn’t head back, it was blocked. The only way through was to go where the rocket came from. Only Jackson knew what it was.

Michael noticed something else on the wall... It was some sort of... Writing?

~End of Chapter 1~

~Chapter 2: The Ancient One~

“Alright everyone, we’re going to have to go through. Stealth is the only key we have, I’d rather not upset this thing.” Jackson ordered. He peered around the corner, it wasn’t there. Jackson took the team and slowly walked their way down into the crevices of the room. The bronze metal continued where they went.

A loud sound erupted. Jackson held still. The team did as well. Nothing. It must have been just an explosion far away. “Sir, what is that thing you saw?” Dexter held his weapon aimed at the sky. Jackson noticed he was scared. His arm was shaky like a broken tree branch in the limb, his voice cracked in fear like the crevice they were in. Jackson felt bad for the kid.

“Archangel, can you reach your ship. UNSC Warlord?” Jackson asked politely. He didn’t turn around, he kept face forward as they walked.

“Negative.” Archangel replied. “UNSC Warlord has left the planet, we were outnumbered. Reinforcements should arrive within the next eight days.” Archangel held a grip. He fell behind and watched their backs, he wanted to ensure everyone made it through.

Bek screeched, “What?! They left us? They were are friends!” She began to cry, she had been hurt so much before that she had to just let it all out. It was unbearable for her.

Jackson turned around in horror. “Shhh!!!”

Bek couldn’t stop her sorrow.

A loud thud shook them.

Bek stopped. Everyone stopped.

A second loud thud, followed by a metallic noise.

It was quiet for a second. Then a loud metallic groan sounded.

The team looked up in horror. There, floating above them was an eighteen foot tall robot. Yellow eyes on its face, bronze metal covered its body, a pistol mounted on its left arm, five spikes were on its back, it carried two small black sticks on its back, the right hand had a bright yellow opening on it, the same color as its eyes. This was unlike anything they have ever seen.

The robot fired a rocket blindly in the room.

“Everyone, we need to move. If we don’t, we’re done for!” Jackson sneered. He edged the team forward. “Whatever you do, do not try to attack or engage. Our mission is to get out of here.” He pushed through the crevices, slowly.

The robot sound faded, the team pushed into an entirely different room. It was open as well as the last one. There was a cave on the other side. Hmm. This place didn’t seem very big. Jackson felt off. He motioned for the team to stay put. He moved forward towards the entrance. Nothing happened. As he came close to the entrance, he slipped.

Luckily, he managed to catch himself. There was an enormous drop, large enough to be considered a grave for him and the whole team. You could probably throw the robot in there too, if you wanted and there would still be enough room to bury people.

Jackson turned around. The team wasn’t there. He stopped to think where they would have gone. Could they have returned to the crevice? Could they have been killed? Cou-? He stopped mid-thought and turned around. Right there was the robot they had tried to escape. Jackson held himself together and stared face to face at it.

The robot grabbed one of its small black sticks. It activated into a large red laser sword. It missed, but it sent off a concussion wave. Which caused Jackson to lose balance. He fell on his back, but was quick to retrieve himself. He watched as the robot’s five spikes on its back spread out. Wait, those weren’t spikes. Those were tentacles! The robot fired them in an order. Hot mama, they turned the area they hit a bright yellow. The tentacles then pulled the ground up, causing platforms on top and crevices on the bottom. Too hot to touch, Jackson turned around and ran.

Archangel held the rocket launched up as Jackson came up. "Watch out!" He yelled as he pulled the trigger. The rocket hit the robot in the face.

Nothing happened.

The robot held up its right hand, with the bright yellow opening, and fired. Two blue like things shot out. They appeared to be armorless hunters. The team shot them down, they split into four small hunters, the team shot them down as well, they died. Piece of cake.

The robot then began to fire rockets. They were slow, but they were massive. The team ran in a different direction. Everyone was on the run for their lives. Their own very chance of survival was about to end. All because of this robot.

The team came upon a cave, maybe an exit to finally get out of here? They didn't have any choice. They had to run for it. The robot fired another rocket, the team heard it gain on them.

Michael looked over his shoulder. Paladin struggled to keep up.

Now was his only chance, Michael dropped in speed and fell behind Paladin. He gave him a massive push, which caused him to rocket forward into the cave with the others. Ironically, the rocket slammed into the cave entrance. The wall collapsed. He had no way out.

"No! Not again! No!" Bek bursted into tears. This couldn't have happened again. It reminded her so much of Destroyer. Oh how she missed him. She didn't understand how no one knew what happened to him. He was with them on the ship, then was gone the next morning. It happened so suddenly. Now Michael was gone. Bek just sat in her tears and cried.

"Bek. It'll be alright." Runner crouched at her side. She set an arm on Bek's shoulder. "I'm sure Michael is alive. After all, there's no proof he's dead. He'll find his way back to us, I'm sure of it. He always has." Runner took off her helmet then smiled at Bek.

Bek's sobs went mute. All she could feel was pain and anger.

"It's alright, let's go now. There's a light up ahead. We're almost out of here. Michael will be with us up here soon. I promise." Her smile turned into a wide grin. Although the assurance was overly justified. Bek accepted it, blindly. She stood up and walked side by side with Runner as the team progressed upwards towards the light.

The robot's loud voice could be heard throughout the walls of the tunnel they were in. Dexter shuddered at the sound. He moved closer to Jackson. He always felt safer around Jackson. He has never let them down. He's been there for them through thick and thin. It was just a natural occurring habit for him now.



The team exited the tunnel.

~End of Chapter 2~

~Chapter 3: Again~

“Let’s go! We’re almost out of here! We just need to contact Warlord and let them know where we’re at. We don’t have much longer down here.” Jackson kept at a push for the tunnel’s exit. He grabbed Dexter, who was completely exhausted, and threw him over his shoulders.

Archangel matched his pace with Jackson, “Sir! Mind you, Warlord has left this planet. There’s nothing here, just Covenant ships and that robot! You’re not going to get anywhere. It’s not even worth trying. We’re better off finding an outpost where we can take refuge until they come back.”

Jackson looked at him, Archangel couldn’t see through his helmet but he knew he could feel anger. “You mean, if they come back.” Jackson kept his gaze on him with a dead beat.

Archangel lowered his pace back to the group. Ashamed and feeling threatened by their only available Commander.

Jackson stood at the exit as he waited for everyone. Back turned, Dexter passed out on his shoulder, and quiet. A little too quiet. Frank approached him first. “Jackson?” No response. Frank turned his eyes his way.

It was an exit alright. Not the kind they wanted either. Everyone else walked up and saw it too. There was no where to go. A bronze metal platform stood at the end. Blue decal was in the center, unknown identity to any of them. The only way they could go was forward, and climb down, or to go back underground and join Michael in his grave.

“You guy’s wait here, I’m going to go up and check things out. See what I can find.” Jackson stated. He laid Dexter on the ground, nice and easy as to not wake him. He carefully removed Dexter’s helmet and set it on his lap. He then proceeded to put him in a restful position. The others watched him as he cared for the poor soldier.

After Jackson finished with Dexter, he walked forward towards the platform. The team felt as if an ominous breeze rushed over them. Although none of them paid any attention to it. They all just watched Jackson proceed forward to the dead end.

Jackson approached the bronze metal platform, there was something on it. He picked it up, it looked like a wrist band. He put it on his armor. To his surprise, the wristband expanded and tightened. A small dish like object projected from the wristband. Jackson questioned it. He took a quick glance at it. He couldn’t figure it out. He had no idea what it did. He held it in the sky, maybe it was some sort of beacon? Nope. He lowered the weapon then tried again. Nothing,

still. He lowered the weapon again, quicker this time, then thrust it into the sky. A yellow ball flew out of the dish. It looked like a fuel rod gun, but was as fast as a rocket launcher. The ammunition for it looked simply as if it must be like the Spartan Laser, no consumption.

Jackson looked around. There was no where to go. Maybe this weapon could help him defeat the robot down in the cave? Jackson started to head back for the others who all sat on top of the hill and watched him as he walked over the platform and back to them. Except he didn't.

"Jackson!" He heard Archangel scream. Too late.

Jackson looked around confused. The ground trembled and was shaky. He had a sudden urge to make a run for it. His hesitation failed him. The platform began to float away from the cliff.

"JACKSON!" He heard the entire team scream.

The platform continued off in the distance.

"Jackson..." He could hear a faint scream of the team. He was all alone, the only one able to make it out alive. He just stared at the sky, he knew he failed his mission.

The platform stopped.

Jackson looked back down. There was no where to get off, this enormous platform took him to the middle of nowhere! He had no way out! "God damn it! I'm separated from my team and there's no way for them to get to me!" Jackson was furious and angry. He punched the platform in rage and cursed everything he saw. The wristband, his choices, the platform. Everything.

Finally he came to a stop. Jackson turned around, he forgot about behind him.

He stopped. Fear went through him. His eyes widened, his arms drop, his legs gave out. He was down on his knees. Jackson looked up again to see if it was still there. It was.

Another robot.

Except, this one was even larger. About six times the size of the last one. This one looked as if it was seventy-four meters tall. It held different technology as well. Which scared Jackson. There was something on the eye, a cannon like object on one arm, the other arm completely replaced with a giant gun of some sort, something on its chest, and a launcher of some sort on the backside of the shoulder. Jackson felt his life's countdown tick away.

The robot spoke, "I have you now."

The thing on its eye lit up.

A blue laser powered up and was aimed directly at Jackson.

~End of Chapter 3~

~Chapter 4: Disclose~

“Ohhh... Where am I?” He opened his eyes. It was pitch black, and he couldn’t see. Michael reached out to move around. He couldn’t do that either. Was he paralyzed? Was he a vegetable? What was going on?

Wait. What was the last thing Michael remembered? He tried to think...

There was a robot. They were on the run from it. Oh. That’s right. He saved Paladin from being hit by the rocket. The rocket hit just above the entrance, and collapsed the cave. That was all he could remember. Hopefully nothing else happened and he was just knocked out.

There was only way to find out if he was under the rock. All he needed to do was push his way up.

Michael gathered all his strength and forced his arm through what he thought was rock. Pebbles and a few rocks fell down on his suit. His arm was out. Now all he needed to do was, “Just pull myself up...” he said to himself out loud.

With a hard push, Michael arose from the rocks.

The room was darker. The bronze floor was gone.

No wait, the bronze floor was still there. Just covered in rock. How much of that rock wall was destroyed? Eh, it didn’t matter. Michael got up and started to walk back the way he thought he came. This was going to be a long 16 hour trip back to the base.

“Hopefully UNSC Warlord is back with reinforcements...”

~The team~

“Archangel do you see him? I can’t see anything.” Dexter looked over at Archangel. They both laid on their stomachs. Archangel pulled up his sniper scope. They’ve been on the look for Jackson since he left.

“I’m not seeing anything either. We might just want to give up.” Archangel looked away from his scope, and turned his head at Dexter.

Dexter was still on the look down his binoculars. “No. We need to make sure he’s still alive and okay. He could be on the return right now, we need to be prepared for when he arrives.”

Archangel rolled his eyes at his response. Although he didn't object, he returned to look down his scope.

"Guys." Runner said.

Helix was the only one who looked at her, but he didn't respond. He had a bad experience the last time that one word sentence was said. He shuddered at the thought.

"I think I found him." Archangel said. He wasn't sure. It was very far far away.

"What do you see?" Dexter asked.

"Guys." Runner said again, but louder.

Frank heard her this time, he got up and walked over to her. "What's wrong."

"Oh my god. You won't believe this." Archangel looked up from his scope and turned at Dexter.

"What?" Dexter was tired of this bush beating.

"It's Bek. She's hurt." Runner said.

Frank motioned for Junior to come over.

"What's wrong?" Junior asked Runner.

Runner moved her arm. There was a bullet wound in her left side. "Strange. How did this get here?" Junior moved Runner aside and started to patch the wound.

"It's the robot. It's back and it's fighting Jackson." Archangel said.

"Move aside," Dexter commanded and Archangel did. Dexter looked down the scope, "What in god's name. That's not the same robot. That's another one!" Dexter scolded Archangel for his ignorance.

"Alright. So? We found him. Just like you wanted." Archangel got up he reached for the sniper rifle.

"The robot just launched a bomb, it's hovering up Jackson right now!" Archangel grabbed the sniper rifle from Dexter and put it on his back.

"You idiot!" Dexter stood up and got face-to-face with him. Dexter raised his fist to punch the spartan, but before he could even try a tremendous explosion went on.

Everyone turned to the explosion, which is the direction Archangel spotted Jackson. Everyone was silent.

“What was that? It sounded like Frank’s mom just got out of bed! Bahahaha!” Paladin gave himself a good time. Archangel tried not to smile at the joke.

Junior just finished with the wound. He got up and walked over to Dexter.

Runner watched Bek as she slept, she felt sorry for the girl. A tear slipped from her eye. Bek’s did the same.

~End of Chapter 4~

~Chapter 5: Here Comes the Boom!~

“I have you now!” The robot said.

Jackson stared directly into its eyes. Ready.

The machinery that covered its right eye lit up. It looked like a charge of something, like a button. Except this machinery fired a blue laser at Jackson. It missed, but the robot could drag the laser across until it finally got him.

Jackson ran at a good pace. The laser kept on his tail, but was not fast enough to catch up. He needed to find a way to destroy that laser. His weapons were long lost. He dropped them back at the cave exit. Which was just a dead end, until he got on this platform and grabbed this...

Wait a second, that’s it! He could use this thing on his arm. If it would deal any damage to the giant beast in front of him. Only one way to find out.

Jackson raised his arm as he ran from the laser. He stopped to shoot. “AAAAHHHH,” The robot sounded injured. Jackson kept the gun at a steady fire. The machinery blew up. A black hole replaced the eye and machinery. As if it just disappeared.

Jackson felt accomplished. A giant pillar arose from the depths on the platforms back left. About a hundred meters away.

Jackson forgot what he was supposed to do. He quickly focused back on the giant robot. Its gun mounted on its back right shoulder extended and the barrel enlarged. It shot something at him. Jackson dodged, but it was pointless. The object stopped and floated in mid-air. Electricity sparked on its sides. A timer sounded.

A timer!?

Jackson quickly activated his emergency jetpack, he flew straight in the air and out of range. Which didn't last very long. The jetpack lost its charge and Jackson landed back on the platform. The robot looked at Jackson and made a loud roar.

It pulled up its right elbow, which had a shiny medal on it. It was as if it wanted to show Jackson something.

Nope. The shoulder charged a bright red, it shot five spheres at Jackson. Who instinctively jumped out of the way. They weren't aimed at him either. They all landed on the floor. Jackson watched them carefully, one by one they exploded. It was a small explosion but a concussion wave was emitted from each one of them.

Jackson jumped and dodged each of the waves. He started to shoot the robots elbow. This little wristband amazed him. The technology it had could help the UNSC greatly. He broke what was actually another piece of machinery on the robots right elbow. Wires flailed from it and the piece exploded too.

The robot roared again, "I have you now!" Another sphere shot up from the depths, this time on the back right. Same distance and size.

The giant robot brought its gun up again. Jackson tried to shoot it. It didn't work. The gun could withstand the bullets. It shot another bomb. Jackson tried his emergency jetpack again. It was charged a little. He had to use it. Jackson pushed the trigger and it thrust him in the air. He made it about four hundred meters and crashed back down on the platform.

The robot wasn't happy. It lifted its head up, which moved its metal nose out of the way and revealed another giant shiny medal on the robots chest. Maybe this was another piece of machinery?

It fired green balls, much like the one on his wristband shot except his was yellow, Jackson just stood still. He knew that the robot gave up on direct fire after the laser. The green balls hit the floor and revealed monster like things. They looked like what those hunters he faced earlier looked like. Except he concluded weren't hunters. They were something else. Jackson just quickly shot these ones down. Wasn't that difficult. He raised his arm and went to shoot the shiny medal on the chest. The robot already charged another bomb and was about to fire it.

Jackson saw another pillar come from the depths below. Except the depths got a nice, hazy mist over them now. He couldn't see the bottom. The robot fired its bomb.

Jackson used his jetpack. It had just a tiny charge. His only hope. He pushed the button and thrust three hundred meters in the air. Just fifty meters out of range. He crashed again on the platform. His emergency jetpack was out and completely destroyed from the close radius.

Jackson took it off and threw it over the edge. Maybe he should have thought about have used it back over when the platform first moved? He wouldn't be where he was now, dead.

The robots rage was mad. The wires were flailed around from its movements. The feet kicked in place. It brought its left arm up. No. This wasn't its arm, it was a staff of some sort. The end piece charged bright yellow. Jackson stood his place.

It fired directly at Jackson. Jackson dodged just barely. "Holy cow, I thought it gave up on direct fire. It must have gave up on indirect fire as well." Jackson started to shoot the staff. It charged again and another giant ball of yellow missed him. Jackson kept fire on the staff.

The robot was irritated, "NOOO!!!" It screamed. It fired another one, Jackson was almost hit that time. He fired some more at the staff. It exploded the robots entire left arm. The robot roared at its loudest.

The gun came over its shoulder again. It just fired bomb after bomb after bomb. Jackson watched a fourth pillar arise on the platforms front right side. What were these platforms for?

The robot stopped for a second to say something, "Your jetpack won't protect you now!"

Jackson noticed his weapon shined light instead of the bronze metal it was.

The robot said something else, "The weapon! It does exist! He must not be allowed to use it!"

Jackson aimed the gun at the robot, it charged up. The robot stood still.

"Blast something!" The robot exclaimed. Jackson fired the charged shot. It shot something similar to the robots staff. A giant white ball of power crashed right into the robot. It was destroyed. The ball continued on afterwards. Towards the area his friends were.

Jackson felt accomplished. He looked at his wristband. It was gone, completely crumbled and destroyed. Jackson looked in the air, all the bombs were still there. He covered his eyes in fear of his demise.

His luck, he teleported.

Jackson got up from the ground he was thrown on. He looked around. "Ugh-guh." He grunted. He saw his team, all near the tunnel exit. He looked to his right, the giant ball of energy came right at them, directly at the tunnel exit.

"Everyone, get out of the way! Get over here, now!" Jackson shouted. They all looked in surprise. He wasn't sure if they ran over to him from the order, or because they were happy to see him back. Jackson spoke to them, "Watch it." They looked confused, the giant ball of energy

slammed into the tunnel and ripped right through. A giant tunnel was formed and the collapse was gone. They could continue back a different route, and hopefully avoid the smaller robot inside.

Dexter looked at Jackson and said, "I'm glad you're back. I missed you." He hugged Jackson. A grin overcame his face. Jackson was happy to be back too.

He turned to where he came from, the team did too. The four pillars and platform charged. The pillars shot four bright white beams into the sky. The platform shot a giant white ball of energy, much like the one that hit the tunnel, except bigger, into the sky as well. They all then collapsed and self-destructed back where they came from.

They all watched in awe. Something crashed from the sky.

They all looked to see what it was.

The Covenant's last supercarrier was destroyed and crashed into the surface of the planet. Judged from the surprise and crash speed. No covenant on board survived.

"Oh my god. We can leave! We don't have to worry anymore! Woo-hoo! Now all we have to do is get to Bravo Base, and I can fly us off this planet!" Frank was happier than ever.

Heli and Bek looked at each other. They smiled.

"Thanks for helping me out," Bek said.

Heli took the courage to reply, "You're welcome. I didn't want to lose a new friend the day I met her. Just, don't attempt suicide again. Please?" He had confidence.

"Heheh. I won't." Bek gave Heli a kiss and walked away to rejoin the others enter the tunnel.

"Runner, you're skills are very important this mission. I'm going to need you." Jackson looked at Runner, she walked at his side.

"Yes, sir. What kind of havoc should I bring upon?" Runner smiled behind her ODST helmet.

"You and I are going to kill us what the ancient ones used to call that robot, a Vector." Jackson said.

Runner abrasively grabbed her weapon, and loaded it. She was happy to finally kill something. Who cares what it was? As long as she could kill it.



She looked over her shoulder and made eye contact with Paladin. Then quickly turned her head forward.

A giant grin came across her face. "Ready when you are, Commander."

~End of Chapter Five~

~Chapter 6: Jigsaw~

Michael climbed up the tunnel. He was exhausted from this long walk, being almost crushed by boulders, and his life risked from a merely invincible robot. He was just glad to be out of there. He grabbed the wall to support himself out of what was now what they used to call the cave entrance.

The room was fine, everything was the same. It's as if the Covenant's energy projector was never fired. Michael continued through the building, he was quiet. As not to disturb any enemy forces in the building. He ran into a wall. "Ow!" He yelled.

"Who goes there?" Someone said. Michael noticed a weapon aimed at his head as he recovered from the pain. There was an arm, but no person. It was a magnum. Could this person see him through the wall? Michael thought.

"I'm a member of Team Mike, we were sent down here to observe and take out any Covenant ground forces. My team are eighteen hours away underground in that tunnel I just came from. I was separated from them when I risked my life to save one of them from a wall collapse." Michael responded, he may have said too much information.

The soldier moved from behind the wall. It was a Spartan II, a red light shined at the right side of the helmet. It turned off in a matter of seconds. "I am Alex, from UNSC Warlord. You guy's alright? Or more or less, are you alright?" The spartan said.

"Yeah I'm fine. Just exhausted. Is anyone else here?" Michael started to get curious of the Spartan and wondered if anyone else was around. He was kinda hungry, too.

"Just my ODS support man, Fauz. He's in the other room, covering my back. Just in case I made the wrong move. To my luck, I'm safe. Now, would you mind leading us to your friends?" Alex stood up tall. It was as if he was a leader of a team, or maybe the general of the UNSC Warlord? Whoever he was, he looked like he could kick a Field Marshal's teeth in. Jackson didn't stand a chance against this rocky mountain.

“Yes, uh, just follow me. I’ll lead you to them.” Michael turned around and led him upstairs, then to another set of stairs that led them downstairs to a concealed room that had just a rugged couch and the cave.

“No wonder we couldn’t find the entrance. I thought it led back to your small armory. I guess this is the way in. We picked up your distress beacon, but it’s a little up on the weak side. We can track the location it was last emitted. Which was this base. Nothing else could be found or heard. We’ve been here for the past three hours. Searching.” Alex started to explain to Michael about how one of the UNSC Warlord crew members left an anonymous distress beacon. It was either Bek or Paladin. He bet it was Bek, she was the most concerned of the team.

“I understand that. Thanks for the summary. Do you mind telling me why the Covenant’s energy projector’s didn’t do anything to our base?” Michael decided to answer the question to calm his desperate need to want to know what the hell happened.

“Energy projector’s? As soon as we came back, we saw two covenant cruisers, and our ships high-tech engineer, Osiris, managed to shoot them down within ten seconds. We never saw any of them fire at the surface.” Alex was confused as to what he wanted to know.

“Oh...” Michael felt stupid. If they would’ve just waited out five more seconds, they all would’ve been just fine and not in this huge mess as they were! Oh well, I guess it’s better safe than sorry, he thought.

“Alright, let’s go. Fauz, you coming?” Alex put the magnum back on his waist. He grabbed a spartan laser and assault rifle, he put both of them on his back.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m coming, mate. Jeez, hold ya breath. Was only doing some Yoga, before we go.” Fauz appeared around the doorway, he held a sniper rifle and a DMR resided on his back. Fauz was an ODS, one of the best in his class. Which his class just so happened to be... Sniping.

This is gonna be great.

“Alright, then lets push forward.” Alex activated his helmet lights and walked into the cave. Fauz and Michael followed behind him, their flashlights on. This was going to be a fun, long walk.

As Michael was walking, he heard something behind him, he turned around to see what it was.

Nothing.

He heard the noise again. Michael turned his head over his shoulder, he hoped to see if it was really something, or if he was just hearing things. He saw nothing. Maybe he was in early development of Schizophrenia.

He heard the noise again.

This time he turned around as soon as he heard it. He saw nothing. Wait, there was a displacement of air. It looked a little infringed.

Wow, he really must have Schizophrenia, or at least in the development. He would have to check this out with Nut. It was a scary thought, but he needed to know.

Something moved in front of them.

~End of Chapter 6~

~Chapter 7: Renknown~

"This has got to be the most boring evacuation," Paladin took a deep breath, "that I have ever had. I don't know if it's because of the environment, or because half you guys don't even talk." Paladin took a drink of some coffee.

"May I ask where you got that coffee?" Frank waddled over to Paladin, "I've been thirsty and coffee sounds really good right now." Frank had a grin on his face.

Paladin took a sip of his coffee, his eye on Frank. "Nope, and if you ask again. I'll shoot you in the back of the leg. That's a promise." Paladin drank more of his coffee. Frank's grin went to a disappointed frown. He then waddled back over by Heli.

"Where are we going again?" Archangel asked Jackson.

"Back to base. It's too risky in here. Radiation is safer than this place." Jackson grabbed onto a rock ledge, and pulled himself up. The others did the same as well. This place was like a giant maze. None of them knew where they were going.

"Ugh, this is so frustrating." Runner punched the wall. Which surprised Bek and Paladin, she managed to puncture the wall.

"Guy's, it's fine. We have nothing to worry about. As long as we follow Jackson, we'll make it there safely." Dexter stated.

"I'm starting to get sick of your Jackson will hep us with this, Jackson will help us with that; bullcrap. My father was the same way, but in the end he ended up killing those who he loved and then having them turn upon himself." Doc was frustrated, yet depressed. Dexter's

statements that made Jackson sound like a idiot, annoyed him. He missed his father, that's who made him who he was today.

"Guys, lets settle down. There's always a way out..." Jackson started to say.

A loud roar was heard.

"Oh, you have got to be kidding me. This thing again? It's just as bad as having Michael around." Runner said, "Well, kinda. I mean, I'd rather have this thing around since it's quiet and just roars; I'd also rather have Michael just for the reason he doesn't try to kill us. At eighty-percent of the time." Runner noticed she was in a conversation with herself.

"Who the hell are you talking to?" Paladin walked over. "HAHA!" He started to laugh about it.

Runner walked up to Paladin, weapon drawn. She had him in a hostage position, pretty much. "Talking crap about me? Do it again and I'll blow your fucking brains out. YOU HEAR ME?" Runner was upset, very upset. She noticed her mistake, but no regrets.

The giant robot was over them, tentacles drawn.

"You have got to be kidding me!" Jackson yelled, he took off in a sprint away, at his best to avoid the robot. The team did the same.

The robot didn't do anything, it just made some sort of what sounded like a chuckle. ITtt then flew in sync, above them.

"This thing's just playing with us!" Bek yelled.

"I'll protect you..." Heli felt embarrassed, but he wanted to sound confident to Bek, he wanted to prove to her.

"Ugh, look Heli. I like you, but I would never date you. This isn't the time or place either, I know, and I'm sorry. It's just, you're a guy." Bek said.

"What does being a guy have to do with anything?!" Heli was confused and mad at the same time.

"Nothing, it's the only excuse I could come up with." Bek dived under a rock wall. Then continued to run with the team on the other time.

Heli felt hopeless, he all of a sudden hated Bek. Really? Had to say that right now? When we could all possibly die? He thought. He was sick of it, he stopped and let the team run on. He was going to face that robot.

Heli made his way up the rock to the upper ground.

The team ran over the rock, there was a cavern at the end. At least it was some place to go, Jackson thought.

"Let's go guys, the cave is right there. We can make it. I have faith in all of you." Jackson made a mad dash of a sprint, and was in the cave. The others arrived shortly after.

The robot was angry, it shot three of those armorless things that looked like Hunters.

The team shot them down, they diversified into two. Now there was six. They shot again, now there was twelve of them. Archangel was tired of this, he grabbed his rocket launcher and them. That killed all twenty-four of them.

"Bit of an overkill there, buddy." Paladin said. "You know what else is an overkill? Bek with that comeback she told Heli earlier. BAHABA." Paladin laughed at his own joke, Bek smiled at it. Embarrassed.

"Ah there you guy's are!" Someone yelled, Jackson turned around. Oh god, it was Michael... And two other dudes. He had no idea who they were, but one of them was a Spartan II, the other was an ODST Sniper. They looked like they meant business.

"Hello, Michael. These some friends you found? Who are they?" Dexter asked, instead of Jackson. It made Jackson sound more confident in what he was doing. He could appreciate that.

"Uh no. No they are not friends. Actually, they are... Team Lord from UNSC Warlord. Uhm, this guy is Alex." Michael gestured to the Spartan II, "...and this one's name is Fauz. He's funny, he shoots things he doesn't care about. Hehe." Michael sounded even stupider than when he left them.

"What are they here for? I thought Paladin and Bek was our way out?" Jackson was confused.

"No. We came because we picked up on a distress beacon. Your friend here, lead us to the cave where it was transmitting from. Luckily, we ran into you guys at the end. He already explained why you came down here, you don't have to explain. Right now, we need to move. We have to get back to the surface. Now." Alex started to turn around. He stopped.

"Commander, what's wrong? You usually don't hesitate." Bek asked.

"Uh-huh... Ugh... Guh..." Was all Alex could say.

"What is it?" Archangel asked.

An energy sword appeared out of nowhere, it penetrated Alex before he could vanish. The Elite uncloaked as he did so. He wanted the Spartan to know who his killer was, this was honor for the Elite. Afterall, it's something their race values greatly.

The Elite quickly disappeared and was gone before the team could even get a shot off. Alex was on the floor. Jackson moved over to him with Junior. He motioned the team to stand back.

Junior examined the wounds. Alex spoke to Jackson, "Jackson." Cough. "I want to say, it was an honor to meet you. A great honor." A consecutive cough kept up for about five seconds.

"Why is it an honor for you to meet you?" Jackson was confused. "I don't understand."

"About ten years ago... I fought alongside your grandfather, Sarge. He was an excellent Commander. Unforanutely killed, by our medic." Alex still spoke to Jackson.

Junior felt anger run through his blood when Alex said that. Yet, he also felt a little sad for Jackson. His father killed Jackson's grandfather. Who was apparently a great leader. He just hoped Jackson was the same. He wanted to know what his father felt like with that type of guy. Was Jackson already there and he didn't know it? Junior felt like he needed to let things go. He didn't care, maybe he should start. Jackson and Alex were still in their conversation.

"You're not there yet. I know you will be. I want you to go with Fauz, he'll let them know you're Team Lord's replacement. We need heroes, Jack. You'll become one of them. I know you will." Those were Alex's last words. He didn't move or breathe. His body stopped.

Alex was dead.

~End of Chapter 7~

~Chapter 8: Reputation~

Heli watched as they walked out of the room, he watched the Elite kill the Spartan and flee, except the Elite fled into the cave, not out of it. Hopefully the Elite wouldn't go for him, it was his time to prove to everyone he wasn't worthless. He was sick and tired of it. Let's do this.

Everyone was gone far in the tunnel. He stood his ground, gun drawn. He waited for the robot to return. He saw no sign of it, not even a sound. "Maybe this is pointless, I may as well face the fact that I'm worthless and not desired." Heli lowered his weapon, tears streamed down his eyes.

He sat there in silence for hours upon hours, tears were stained on his cheeks. His eyes were red. The team is most definitely at the surface now. He should head back as well. He stood up.

The robot was right there. five tentacles came out of its back. They all fired their deadly yellow beams at Heli. One at a time, and in a consistent stationary manner.

Heli dodged the first one, easily. The second one came up, he hurtled over it with grace in his jump. The third one stopped him in his tracks, he was forced to turn. The fourth one just barely missed, it went right over his shoulder. The fifth one was unexpected, he was left with an incredible wound on his left shoulder. The pain was enough to make him stop, he wouldn't.

Heli grabbed his weapon as he fell to the ground, he noticed something above the robot. He couldn't tell what, but it was something.

He opened fire.

The robot retracted its tentacles and raised its... Its... Its wrist pistol? A pistol came out of its arm and fired rockets at him. They missed, but each one got closer and closer.

The clip was up. He grabbed another and unloaded it into the caves ceiling. This time it did something. The robot stopped to look up. A stalactite fell on the robot, it penetrated the armor and pinned it to the ground.

"What you got on me now, you stupid pile of scrap metal?" Heli gained his confidence back, with a drastic ego boost. The team wouldn't believe this, he thought as he started to walk away.

The ground rumbled.

Heli turned around, he watched as the robot pulled the stalactite out of its body. A giant hole was in its left side of the abdomen, wires sparked on the inside. Heli knew the robot was going to kill him.

The robot grabbed a rod from its back, it glared at Heli. He should probably run...

The robot slammed the rod on the ground, it missed him. That wasn't the point of it, Heli was thrown back by a concussion wave.

"Not going to go out like this." He grabbed his gun, loaded it, and locked on to another stalactite. He opened fire.

The robot saw him, it fired three giant balls out of its left hand. It then rested back and charged all of its tentacles. Three, what looked like he could describe as only monsters, came up to him. He changed targets and shot at them. They were tough.

Once one fell back, he locked onto the other one. He took them all three down. Except, well, he didn't. Once they fell down, they split into two smaller forms.

"Grrr..." Heli was irritated. He shot each of them down again. He then returned focus on the stalactite, it was almost ready to fall. The monsters approached him, again. Except now they were four to one of the original form. Heli took them out, with quick ease. He looked back up.

The robot fired the lasers from its tentacles again. "You won't get me now." Heli stood still, the lasers all missed him. The robot glared at him, it used the lasers and pulled five pillars out of the ground with its laser.

Heli shielded his eyes from the bright, molten pillars that were pulled out of the ground and formed. They soon hardened from the coolness in the air.

The robot pulled up its pistol again and started to fire at Heli... Or maybe the pillars instead. Each rocket hit a pillar, which shattered and caused debris to fly at Heli. Now was his last chance, he unloaded what was left into the stalactite. It fell on top of the robot, again. This time the stalactite was big enough to finish the job. Penetration through the head, the robot fell to the ground. Heli approached it, sparks flickered everywhere on the machine. The robot eyes were blank as it stared at him.

"Not so tough now are you, you piece of scrap?" Heli grabbed the chest piece and assembled it onto his back with his weapons. He turned and walked away.

"I... I was made by the precursors... Your time is coming... You have been warned..." The robot self destructed as he walked away from it.

"I don't know what that means, but that doesn't matter. I can finally prove to Bek I'm not worthless. She thinks I want her heart? No. I want her to learn her place, by doing that I first need to show her mine. I'm not going to put up with her crap, or anyone else's again. Jackson may have destroyed the bigger one and caused a destruction of a Covenant Super Carrier, but none of the others were a match for this one." Heli had a grin of determination on his face. He walked towards the tunnel, and headed for the exit. This was going to be a fun six hour trip.

The Elite stood at the robot, who claimed to be built by the precursors. "Command, this is Lan Chorus. We need to leave the planet, now. Send a transport to evac me from here, I'll get to the nearest and fastest exit I can. Be there. I will explain everything on board." Lan watched Helix enter the tunnel. "You may have won this battle, but you will be more that surprised for the next. Team Lord's leaders are dead. You'll have to manage on your own. Sarge and Alex were all they had to rely on, the rest will be easy and undisciplined."



A Scarab broke the wall down. Lan walked over to it, a Lich was in the air, it awaited his arrival. Lan boarded it and headed towards a third Corvette, which was undetectable by the UNSC surprisingly. They left the planet.

~End of Chapter 8~

~Chapter 9: We need to go~

The sky was brighter than an American Independence Day. They have been on the defensive side for hours since their arrival back topside. A few soldiers remained, Marine's and ODS's laid all around the base. Dead.

"Michael, can you focus the tank on the approaching Wraith's. There's a count of four, we're better off taking them down now before they reach the base." Jackson was set on top of the building beside Dexter and Runner. He had the sniper, they had the long range rifles.

"I don't think that would be wise as of right now. Whatever, I guess." Michael aimed the cannon at the Wraith's. He fired at each wraith, twice in fact, each of them were down before they were in fire range of the vicinity.

Frank engaged Banshee's. Three of them came in from behind, fuel rods fired and dual cannons were blazed hot. One was down, it swirled into the trees below. Frank decided to turn on some music is the Hornet to celebrate his first kill. 'I'm bringing sexy back' the song started off. "Yeah!" Frank said along with the song. He fired missiles at the other two banshee's, instant kill.

"Frank, focus. We have a lich incoming. I'm assuming they have at least sixty covenant on board, that's too many for us to handle. Junior is downstairs preparing the warthog so we can head to an evac point. Warlord is right above us, but we have no support. Radio is down, their engaged in combat with the Covenant Cruisers. Archangel is repairing the base defense cannons, they're offline. Once they're online, we can radio in transport, which is linked with the cannons." Jackson sniped an Elite Spec Ops. He reloaded as Runner shot down a team of jackal snipers.

"I'm on it." Frank engaged the Lich. It powered up it's EMP and was ready to knock out Caboose. "No you're not." Frank shot at the EMP cannon, the Lich's shields flickered. "Come on." The base cannons came online, they fired at the Lich. "Well, how convenient." Frank took a sip of coffee he stole from Paladin, then fired the missiles at the Lich's EMP cannon. It went offline. Frank engaged the onboard Elite crew.

"Archangel, you getting communications established? Michael, we have Locust walking towards us." Jackson sniped an Elite off the turret of a Shadow. Dexter killed the driver.

"Yes sir. I have communications up and running. Already contacted UNSC Warlord. They'll have an evac pelican in 2 clicks. ETA in 10 minutes. I'm going to go help Junior out." Archangel left the operations room.

The base shook.

"What's going on?" Bek asked. She finished with the fuel in the Warthog.

"Locust are engaging the base. Michael is taking out the last of them, it'll be a few seconds. Hopefully the base doesn't fall apart." Jackson told everyone.

"Warthog's ready." Junior said to Jackson.

"Alright, Runner and Dexter, let's get down their. Frank, land the hornet, let's go." Jackson ordered.

Frank landed the Hornet, he hopped out and ran down the stairs. He hopped on the back of the Warthog, gun ready.

"We're ready Junior, let's go." Jackson got on the makeshift turret. Every boarded the passenger seats.

Junior slammed on the gas, full speed out of the base. Michael trailed behind in the Scorpion.

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Heli walked up tunnel. He was finally back above ground, and ready to get out of here. As well as prove to Bek he wasn't worthless. There was no one here, the base cannons were on. Strange. Those weren't on before. He walked across the room and entered the operations room. The radio was on, maybe he could communicate and get ahold of them or something of the sort. He walked over to the radio.

"Hehe. It's not even worth it anymore." Someone said.

The bases power went offline. The radio went dead and the room was dark.

"Wh... Who's there? Where are you?" Heli raised his weapon, ready to fire.

"Doesn't matter anymore." An energy sword lit up and ripped through Heli's abdomen. An Elite was shown in the light of the sword.

"Ugh... Ugh..." Heli couldn't talk.

"You're friends will be next." The Elite swung his sword, Heli slid off and flew across the room, his body dead on the floor.

~End of Chapter 9~

~Chapter 10: KRRRRSSSSSHZZZZZTTHZZZZZ~

"Where the hell is the evac?" Jackson assisted Frank in the destruction of an enemy Banshee. Two more fired at them.

"It's up ahead, we're almost there. We'll have to hold the line for about 30 seconds, we're early." Archangel took Junior's shotgun and shot an Elite that tried to board the Warthog.

"Nevermind the evac, where the hell is Michael and Heli?" Runner shot a jackal, denied. It raised its gauntlet just in time. She pulled the weapon over her shoulder and took out five grunts, then turned back to get the jackal by surprise.

"Who knows? Maybe Michael went back to get Heli. He wasn't in the Warthog." Frank shot his sticky detonator at a Hunter, as soon as they were out of range he pulled the trigger and watched orange ooze explode everywhere. He reloaded.

"He also wasn't at the base. What could he have been up to?" Paladin just sat there and watched everyone. He took a sip of his coffee.

Dexter and Archangel sniped any Elite's that were after them on Ghosts. Dexter replied, "Could have been because of Bek. She's awful flirty for a Spartan. Heli would probably have done something to prove to her he's not worthless, like she treated him." He shot a grunt off a shade turret.

Archangel and Dexter stopped, together they said, "Oh crap."

Junior stopped the vehicle then hopped out and gunned down every Elite within fifty meters of range. "Knowing the fool, he's probably dead from that robot." Junior power kicked a grunt, which flew at a wall. Death on impact.

"I don't think he would've done that." Bek said. She shot a drone.

"Your evac shuttle has arrived! Bahaha. Hurry up and get on before I leave you to die. Don't think I'm joking, I will." It was Osiris, he was the one sent to extract them in this heavily armored Assault Pelican. The mounted spartan laser cannon charged up, it took out two Wraith's in just one shot.

Ugh.

Bek stumbled into the Warthog, she fell on the ground. "I'm coming. Just wait."

"I told you, no waiting. We're leaving." Osiris commanded the Pilot to take off.

"You can't just leave her there! That's insane!" Runner yelled at Osiris.

"So be it. Nothing you can do now." He bursted out in laughter. "Oh ho ho..." He started to calm down. "Samantha, we're en route now. ETA, twenty seconds." Osiris got in the co-pilot seat, he fired the 40mm cannon at a phantom. It took severe damage, he finished it off with a second. "Cheers." He pulled out a canister and drank what turned out to be Scotch.

They boarded the UNSC Warlord. This time, it wasn't boarded.

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Michael walked into the base. "Huh, when did the power go off?" He activated his flashlight and found the generators. He managed to get it back online. He walked over to the Operations room to make radio contact with Warlord that he would arrive in a Hornet. Michael screamed like a little girl and threw himself backwards.

He saw Heli's body on the floor, blood was everywhere and his death was brutal. The floor was a tinted dark maroon. Heli's left leg and left arm laid on the table. His right leg and right arm laid thrown around the room. He found his body, er the main part. It looked as if it was cut open and something feasted on the inside of it.

Michael took his helmet off and threw up on the body. He wiped his face off afterwards. "This is the least I can do." He grabbed Heli's helmet and took it off. An eye was gone and his nose was torn off in half. Michael threw up again. He then took the video chip of everything Heli recorded within the past seventy-two hours and then made radio contact with command.

He was set.

Without acknowledgement of the body, he ran out of the room and got in the Hornet and started it up and headed towards the UNSC Warlord.

He noticed a lone soldier off in the distance. They were surrounded, but they managed to keep alive. He started to head over to the soldier.

Too late.

A Scarab charged the soldier, they were gone.

Michael threw up in the cockpit.

~End of Chapter 10~

~Chapter 11: Instilled~

Michael landed at the exact same time as the others did. He put the Hornet offline and hopped out of the canopy. "Hello everyone. How's it going?"

Osiris walked by Michael, "Jeez, you remind me a lot of Destroyer. I hope you die like he did. Save us the trouble of ear infections." Osiris walked onto a platform, it rose above to the ceiling. He got off and headed towards the Control Room.

"What the heck's his problem?" Runner crossed her arms, her eyes glared at the platform.

"Oh him? That's just Osiris, he's always been that way back when Sarge, Dumby, Destroyer and I ran into him back on Harvest. He's a tough dude, tough as nails and doesn't give a crap about no one." Paladin took a sip of his coffee.

Runner smacked the coffee out of his hands, "Continue."

Paladin looked at her, annoyed. "I was gonna drink that you know."

"I know, now continue." Runner stared at him intensively.

"Well, that's pretty much it. He doesn't give a crap and if it causes an explosion. He goes for it. Whatever lights the boomstick." Paladin walked over to an outlet on the wall. He pulled off his backpack and pulled out a coffee brewer and a coffee bag. He then started to brew some coffee.

"Alright, so the guy loves things to die in a horrific way. Wonderful. I'd rather go take on that Elite that killed your Commander, Alex." Runner rolled her eyes, she was irritated about this place already, paranoid.

Paladin poured himself a cup of coffee.

"Alright, so now what do we do?" Jackson spoke up.

"Well, don't ask me. I don't know." Paladin said. He took a sip of coffee, commander Samantha came up on his VISR.

“Paladin. I need to see you and the survivors. Now. Moth will be waiting outside the door.” That’s all she said, and flicked off the screen.

“Never mind. Follow me.” He finished his coffee and walked over to the platform.

Paladin pushed a button, which raised the platform.

“Wanna tell us where we’re going?” Jackson said.

“Commander wants to see you survivors. As soon as you’re in the clear, we’ll be on our way.” Paladin replied.

“And what about Bek? What are we going to do about her? She could be alive for all we know.” Jackson stated.

“She could be, but I highly doubt it. See, as soon as we boarded the ship and Osiris left. We left the surface and are now above the atmosphere. By now, he should have cleansed the surface with missile strikes.” Paladin threw his empty coffee cup in the trash. “I highly doubt Bek is still alive after that.”

Jackson just stood in silence. Osiris just wanted to kill her... That was his plan. He must have got sick of her like he got sick of Destroyer. Except, he didn’t kill Destroyer.

The doors slid open. A beautiful young woman stood in front of them. A lustrous golden hair, nicely fined nails, well taken care of uniform, and a nice hint of wow. This commander was a stun, a fox I tell you Er, well you know what I mean. She was attractive. Frank scratched his head. He tried not to blush over these thoughts, but dang.

“Hello everyone. I see you have survived and are back in the land of the living. Looks like we’re a few people short...” Samantha looked at Moth.

“Uh, well a few of them died. Helix and Alex were both killed by Lan Chorus. Mam.” Moth saved himself from an argument.

“Ah, Lan Chorus. He needs to go down. He’s been bounty hunting us ever since the Fall of Reach. He took out two of our good soldiers from Team Lord. Biggles and Jack of Harts during the events in between.” Samantha gazed off, as if she was remembering all the tragedy he had caused.

“Ah, so what is it you propose Commander?” Paladin stepped forward.

“It’s simple.” Samantha’s smile turned into a wide grin.

Everyone looked at her, even Moth.

"I want you to find and kill Lan Chorus."

~End of Chapter 11~

~End of Book 2~

~Epilogue~

Bek fired at the Covenant, there was a few grunts left. She could see a Scarab and several Wraith's on the move to her position. She needed to get the Warthog going and get out of here. She picked up a magnum and shot the two grunts in the head. She proceeded to the warthog and grabbed a gas can off of the back and began to fuel the Warthog.

"Any minute now..." She mumbled to herself.

"Any minute indeed." A voice said.

Bek finished with the fuel. She turned to look at who spoke to her. Instantly, flashbacks occurred. She remembered what happened back on Reach, what happened up until just last night. That voice, that same voice that spoke is the exact same one that killed all of her friends. Bek drew her magnum and pointed it at their face.

It was Osiris. A wide grin was on his face. He had apparently landed in a drop pod when Bek hadn't paid attention. She stared directly at him, then headed to get in the Warthog.

Osiris stopped her. He grabbed her by the arm and threw her backwards. "Haha. No, you little piece of trash. You're a no good, useless soldier. I don't want you on my ship, but I want you to be confirmed dead, so I don't lose my current position to you ratting me out like the little snitch you are." Osiris kicked her helmet off and punched Bek in the face, twice.

"Ow. Why are you doing this to me? This hurts a lot. I thought we were friends Osiris? I don't understand." Bek had tears down her face, the salty water mixed with the wounds Osiris made. It caused it to sting and hurt her more.

"Key word there, little miss witch. You THOUGHT we were friends. We were never friends. I hated you from the start. Destroyer's death made me so happy, I couldn't believe it. I let you off for a while. Now I came to claim my vengeance." Osiris stated, loud and clear. With pure hatred.

"How will you get out of here then?" Bek saw Warlord's engines kick on and ready to leave the surface. She turned her attention to Osiris. Oops. His boot came in like a sledgehammer, Osiris broke her nose. Bek burst into tears, blood dripped from her face.

"I have a broadsword on route to your little base, your little Warthog here will get me back just in time. I have everything planned already, you stupid little brat." Osiris picked Bek up and threw her towards the Covenant. They were a click away, they'd be here in one minute.

Osiris beat Bek's face in, until blood came out of every possible spot. She was severely injured, why would she just stand there and take it? Nevermind. Osiris's job had to be done. He grabbed a shotgun off his back and aimed it at Bek. "Say goodnight, you dirty piece of trash." He pulled the trigger.

What luck, Bek rolled out of the way just in time. She was in the Warthog, she tried the ignition. The Warthog started. Damn, she was fast to it. Osiris was absolutely livid, he ran over to shoot her. She took off.

"God damn it!" Osiris pulled up Communications, "Yes, Warlord? This is..." Osiris looked to his left. The Scarab fired upon him. Osiris didn't stand a chance.

Bek was alive, but she had to take care of her wounds as soon as she could. She didn't have her helmet anymore, there was no time for that.

A loud boom was in the distance, she turned around. UNSC Warlord headed up into the atmosphere. That broadsword was her only chance.

"Come on..." Bek arrived at the outpost.

~End of Epilogue~

~End of Book 2~