The Sork Siege (Part Two)

A Blub Galaxy lore
By Pepinhus - the Lizard, June 2022

Quajia put a hand on his ribs and when he looked at it, it was smeared with his own green blood. He opened big his yellow eyes, feeling a rush of adrenaline running through his body and a wave of rage made him vibrate while screaming at the top of his lungs, he flapped his pincers peeling every teeth and sprung his claws from his fingertips. Then looked at his opponent, an also flesh wounded Kibi warrior in front of him in a menacing martial battle stance, she had her sword ready lifting it with both hands at shoulder height, her assassin stare didn't scare him. The battle was raging all across the field, explosions followed by yells of pain and clouds of dust in the debris filled ground.

There were others fighting around them, all he could hear was battle shouts, swords clashing and laser discharges, but his focus was on his enemy in front of him, she had a clear transparent screen helmet sprayed with blood and he could see himself reflected in it and into her dark scowling eyes.

He charged against her, the Kibi warrior swung her sword across, the Somirian dodged crouching, the Kibi spun and swept her sword upwards, The Somirian was going to claw her with his right on the ribs but he could see his enemy's weapon flashing going after his arm, so instead he threw a pointy jab at her guts by the left dodging at the same time, the Kibi foresaw the Somirian stab and using her upper thrust she flipped backwards kicking his enemy on the chin, Quajia felt an acute blunt pain stinging him in the mandible but he used that sacrificial move to step on the Kibi sword while his enemy was doing her pirouette. The Kibi was disarmed, crouching on the ground, she lost her advantage while the Somirian soldier kicked away her weapon and scrubbed his jaw.

"HISSHAAAAAAA!" The Somirian rushed at her with a claw high, the Kibi quickly grabbed his wrist before he pierced her helmet, with the other hand in an explosive simultaneous motion twisted the Somirian's elbow and pulled it while turning using his opponent strength against him, she spun and pulled the Somirian body against her back and bumped him. Before he could blink, the Somirian was being thrown airborne and landed on his back on the ground, The Somirian rolled and stood back again fast panting, he won't let himself defeated like this, he groaned but looked at his enemy. The Kibi picked her sword back and pointed at the Somirian with it, in turn, the Somirian gave her a dark smile. In that moment the Kibi warrior widened her eyes realizing she had a nasty scratch across her back and was bleeding trough it. The pain made her feel insulted and she let out a guttural rage yell muffled by her screen helmet.

They attacked each other in the Dantesque battlefield, fighting nail and teeth to the death.

"Commander, we are reaching a convenient position!" Reported a Somirian general from a screen in front of Zian "Ground forces are going to progress in battle, we will be closing the four kilometers gap and then we will reach Taran."

"Damn it!" Zian slammed a fist on the electronic desk, the officials in the room flinched, the big horizontal screen displayed Somirian and Kibi battalions on a map as dots. "General, stop lying!" He roared with his pincers spread open showing his sharp teeth. He inhaled regaining his composure and put two fingers between his closed eyes, then he spoke soflty "We are reaching a stalemate and have been stuck there for hours, we can't push forward. We need to..." The next option was something he didn't like at all, he could see his forces doomed if he didn't make something radical.

"Fire plasma rays upon the battlefield, our cannons can't reach Kibi territory from here, let's carve a breach." He growled on a raspy voice, in his mind he regretted deeply for having come down to this. He put a finger on the glowing desk and drew a line that passed vertically above friendly and enemy icons. "Once done, send the rearguard squadrons through and build a perimeter. Get ready."

”But Sire! It will hit our 4th batallion!” The general voice was trembling and desperate “Besides, the backup forces are being assaulted from behind by Kibis tailing our advance!”
“Do as I say...” He glared at his general. “Or go there yourself.”
“Y-yes Sire!” The screen turned off and Zian let out a deep sigh scrubbing his forehead. There was no other way around. In the battle room the tension was building, his officials at his sides were swallowing big gulps of saliva and looking at each other.

His forces couldn’t retreat because he was deep into Kibi territory and near, very near to the capital where the anti-air artillery would destroy any aerial strike or retreating initiative. His general was right, the barrage would hit his soldiers who were getting swamped for him being too greedy by pushing the infantry too near Taran and now they were attacked from all flanks. They had fired all their plasma cannons enough to clear them an entry into the outskirts, they were successful in their surprise incursion, but Sork’s defending forces were prepared for contingencies near the city.

He had to burn his sacrifice resource in order to get them a foothold where his soldiers could penetrate the city walls, it wasn’t easy for him to order a volley with their soldiers in between, but he has to play that card because at this point, it was all or nothing for them.

Nevertheless, all of this obeyed a concealed strategy, something that will give him and edge, but now wasn’t the time, he had to bait *her*, force *her* into the open, that way he will do what he came here to do. He hoped he was giving the right impression. There was too much at stake.

“Put me with Doctor Qizinda” He ordered an official next to him, she didn’t respond, just did. After a few seconds a squared holographic screen flashed on in front of Zian, “Report.”

The doctor used glasses and his pincers were folded in, his horns were pointing down and the spotty pattern on his forehead looked like an irregular zigzag. “Sire, there are about 40 new confirmed cases in Dalairia City.”
“Are they contained?”
“Yes Sire, we have locked down a community center with the infected” The doctor gulped “Two more died this morning.”
“Any response from Dr. Jao?”
“Negative, Sire.”
“How are the doctors?” Zian was preoccupied too about his health personnel, they are paramount.
Dr. Qizinda looked down, it was difficult to say what he was about to. “They are scared, Sire. An unsanctioned spaceship departed from Yigala this afternoon, some say that they were headed to Neptan, there were several medics on that ship.”

Zian put both hands on the glowing table and growled.

“I want to send the infected a message, something small, we are... we are going to send them an stimulus package and a letter. We can’t lose hope.”
“Yes, Sire!”
“How about the press? Do they know?”
“No, Sire, we have given them unofficial figures, the people is not panicking but they are growing restless.”
Zian nodded. “Oversee preparations, I want Nazari and Nerani off planet. Send them to Neptan. Use my private ship. Nobody can know this or panic will break.”
“It will be done!” The screen dissipated with a flash and Zian walked with his counselors behind.
“Are the plasma cannons ready?” Zian approached an operator soldier from behind, he was sitting in front of his screen. Sweaty and his pulse made his hands shake.
“Y-yes Sire” Said nervously the Somirian artillery manager watching his own screen. A red line that passed through the battlefield with mixed green and blue dots representing the combating forces was displayed in front of their eyes. Zian lowered his sight, he tried to clear his mind before committing this act of treason, he hesitated for a few seconds and thought about an option. “Wai...”

“Opening fire!”

Quajia was panting, covered in dust and both his own and his enemy's blood, he was really dizzy, the Kibi warrior in front of him was bent with a knee to the ground at a distance from the Somirian. They looked at each other. Even though this was a duel to the death, Quajia couldn't help feeling sympathy for his foe. You see, you get to know someone better when you fight them. He tried to step forward, but had lost too much blood, his knees were quivering and his breath was heavy, he had his bone claws bent or broken, then suddenly he collapsed forward falling unconscious on the ground. The Kibi had her sword broken covered with green and red blood, she was breathless and looked at her enemy with malevolence, she thought she had outlasted him and it was time to finish this, she groaned pushing herself towards her fallen enemy but her eyes turned blank and felt spinning before she fell on the debris, her eyes were open and there was no more will to fight in her, she could see her saliva mixed with blood welling inside her clear screen helmet before closing her eyes, she felt all the cacophony around vanishing and gradually everything turned black. She entered into a particularly comfortable state of rest, right there on the battlefield.

The light started to increase, everything was turning from gray to white, the blinding resplandor started to dazzle her who covered her eyes. It was curious, she remembered she was laying on the ground but now didn't feel tired or hurt. She blinked several times and then she contemplated with blurry sights her body, she was wearing her uniform and her helmet, she still had her melee weapon and was surprisingly alive. Looking around she noticed there was a foggy gray silhouette in front of her at a close distance away. She approached to it slowly. The more she advanced towards it - the clearer she could see that what was just a gray cloud it was in fact... her enemy.

Quajia was blinking, his battle dark navy blue uniform was clean, he looked at his hands and body, touched his face in the middle of the whitened horizon, there was him seemingly shocked. "Where are we?" The Kibi warrior thought.
"I don't know, What is this place?" he heard the voice of a Somirian inside her head. The Somirian sprung up looking around and then he turned to watch the Kibi soldier meters away from him. Neither of them had moved their mouths and yet, there was communication between them. They were suspended in the middle of a white emptiness, white beyond they could see, just them.

"Are you dead?" She involuntarily thought about asking the Somirian soldier.
"I don't know, Are you?"
"I don't feel dead."
"Then I will make you!" Quajia roared and threw himself charging at the Kibi but for a reason his feet just floated on the same place and slowly distanced from his opponent instead of going forward. The Kibi reacted unsheathing her sword and threw it to the Somirian but as soon as it left her hand it levitated rotating slowly in the air without moving. She, too, felt like being repelled from her enemy. They blinked, incredulous of what they were experiencing. They were impressed with the tranquil immensity of the place and gasped astounded watching the weapon floating in slow motion between them. The scene made them calm, because even with their animosity they felt they were together in this and at the very end, they didn't feel a real reason to hate one another. This war wasn't personal and they were fighting it against their own wills after all. In that moment, almost simultaneously both concluded that in this realm no matter if they fought or how, they couldn't hurt each other. What was more impressive was that they were having these thoughts running across their minds simultaneously. A quantic state of thought, a connection.

Suddenly, Quajia grunted and ran trying to move but he couldn't go anywhere, meanwhile the Kibi motioned to jump but she didn't go upwards of fall. Their voices reverberated and echoed in the blankness. Curiously, there were no explosions, no yells, no violence, no battlefield. Quajia thought after a prolonged time which passed by like seconds while he stared at his enemy in front of him
"This is a trick."
"It should be." Said picking her suspended sword and sheathing it again.
"I'm not making this."
"Me neither." Then the Kibi warrior crossed her arms. "We were fighting."
"Ah... I remember... I was kicking your ass."

“Not from my point of view, I actually got you real good.”

Quajia scoffed inside his mind, at the same time the Kibi smiled but they could hear their laughter resonating all around the place without opening their mouths. Then... The Somirian started to feel strange, I mean, stranger, He couldn’t laugh anymore, looking all around he thought about an instinct, the need to get out of this place and return, thinking about an exit, then the Kibi asked
“Can we go back?”
”I don’t know, I have been here as long as you.”
“Weird... Very wierd.” She extended her arms trying to touch anything invisible, but all that surrounded them was a white vacuum where they were floating into.

Surrendering to the situation, the Somirian placed both hands on the back of his neck and sized his opponent from top to toe and back by the rim of his eyes, and said without moving his lips “Say, Kibi...” Quajia looked at the woman with an a curious but empathetic squint. “What’s your name?”

The connection they had the one with the other and the fact that they had survived each other for so long made them feel a mutual level of reciprocity, enough for him to attempt socializing with his formidable foe. He also felt like moving closer to the Kibi.

“Nakaiji, Nakaiji Hawe...” She nodded “Call me ‘Naja’, is shorter” and shrugged.
“Glad to meet you, Naja, I’m Quajia Zengir, 4th batallion.”
“I guess it doesn’t matter here which regiment you’re from.”
“It would, if we ever get out of here...”

There was a tense pause, because, they shared the feeling that if they actually exit this pure, extracorporeal experience... Will they have to fight one another to the death and spill each other’s blood on the ground? For a reason, they didn’t really want to go back to that, but they didn’t want to remain in this white stasis forever either.

“I don’t know, Naja, but...” said Quajia “We might be dead after all.”
“Why do you think so?”
“I don’t know, a feeling.”

Suddenly a radio voice was heard rumbling into the whiteness where Naja and Quajia were, it was really loud and echoed everywhere and in their brains. “All 4th Batallion! All 4th Batallion! spread east and westwards.”

“Nope, we aren’t dead.”
“What was that?” Asked Naja looking around and above.
“Thats general Nia” Quajia frowned. “Why did we hear him?”

Naja thought about the possibility that this vast white space where they were, was indeed a test.

“It could be” The Somirian voice resonated softly all around.
“So the thing is... How do we get out from here?”
“I might have an idea.” Quajia looked at Naja with her wrist on her waists. “Um...”
“Mm-hmm?” She looked at the Somirian expectantly.
“Hit me.”
“What?”
“Try to hit me.”
“I can’t even move, How am I supposed to hit you?” And even though she could, she didn’t really want to keep with the cycle of violence which actually got them into this place.
“Just try.” He insisted.

She placed her hand on the hilt of her sword, slowly unsheathed it and got prepared to strike him, Quajia stood in front of her with confidence.

“Are you sure?”

Quajia didn’t say anything, he was ready, he nodded and closed his eyes. She looked at him spreading his arms and lifting his head upwards. “Do it.”

Without more hesitation, she threw a quick stab to the guts with full force grunting as she motioned to pierce his belly. The sword whiffed, she was pushed back at a distance further away from the Somirian. He opened his eyes and looked at his abdominal area, it was unscathed, he looked at the Kibi farther back with her sword.

“Yep, this is probably a test.” Her voice echoed in the whiteness.
“I know.”

He thought about the moment she saw him, he could see her recent memories. She stood looking at a grey cloud, then when she got closer, the mist cleared, and it happened to be him.

“And there wasn’t any aggressiveness.”
“And you actually approached me. Did you want to *touch me*, huh?”

Disturbance feelings ran through her. “WHAT!? I would never try to touch you! you’re a filthy pervert who wants to domin...”

Her body was floating away from the Somirian at a quick rate, she was diminishing getting swallowed by the whiteness until all they saw of each other was a blurry gray blot in the blinding vastness of this mysterious space. She closed her line of though and felt like stopping. She couldn’t avoid remembering her past feelings, but the more she did “Naja!” the more she breached away from the spot and her surroundings kept darkening increasingly. “Naja! Stop!” She could hear the voice of Quajia which, even though he was yelling, it was “Naja, where are you!?” getting fainter and fainter. She entered in a state of fear, then realizing about that, she forced herself into mental silence. “I can’t see you, Naja! Whatever you’re thinking, you must let go of that!” His voice wasn’t echoing like before, he was actually, saying her name. And that she felt it was holding her from getting into a great abyss in which she was falling, “Naja!” She wheezed terrorized and felt a humming roar behind her graying surroundings.

The moment she turned on her back she could contemplate an absurdly immense steaming black hole about to devour her. “Quajia!” This time she yelled his name on a desperate thought.

“Yes! I’m here! Calm down!” Her breathing was very heavy, and gasping she closed her eyes totally and turned her back on the doom of the black abyss behind her.

“Can you see me?” Inquired the Somirian with a nervous distant voice. She opened her eyes and through her transparent helmet screen she watched the sinister steam which encircled her, knowing this pitch dark pit which was behind her, she focused on watching the little smudge of gray away from her, Quajia spoke in her mind, “I can’t move forward, you will have to approach me the same way you did when you saw me!” His voice was quiet but she knew he was thinking loudly.

Then her mind cleared and paid attention “What were you thinking when you approached me?”
“I don’t know” Her pulse was accelerated but she was firmly suspended between the dark mass and the white above her. “Curiosity, maybe?”
“You have to try.”
“How?”

He hesitated for a moment. “I don’t know... Maybe if you... Make questions about me?” He knew that wasn’t going to end well if she started to ask about the war. “Um, ask me about my family.”

Oh, he *has* a family, she always thought Somirians sprouted from filthy water and their mothers leave them abandoned to die by themselves. Suddenly her thoughts made her fall further below.

“NO nononono! Okay okay! I’ll do better this time!” She stopped moving. Pearls of cold sweat started to form on her temples. She couldn’t see it but she felt Quajia was actually frowning. “Alright, alright... let’s see... um... How many kids have you got?”

She wasn’t budging a millimeter, it was a start though, they begun to understand the inherent mechanics of this realm.

His voice was strangely shy, it took him some time to answer “Actually, I don’t have any kids.” She blinked perplexed.

“Really? Why?”

Quajia Zengir of 23 Somirian years was diagnosed of erectile dysfunction due to a hormonal disorder inherited from his mother’s genes. His girlfriend attempted pleasing his most lecherous fetishes and even cosplayed as his favorite provocative cartoon character: *Underwater Magic Huntress Qimeka-chan* but no progress was achieved, making them frustrated. One day one his relatives read his journal entries, then he learned his friends about his abnormality. Making him the object of satire and mockery which caused him even bigger insecurity issues and low self-steem. To the point of attempting suicide and attending group therapy sessions for months.

She snorted, tried to refrain it, she covered her mouth, but couldn’t at the end stop bursting in a hysterical laughter at the top of her lungs, “Qimeka-chan!? HAHAHAHA!” The Somirian face blushed green. He tried his best to conceal these embarrassing and painful thoughts, but this imagery was revealed right in her foremost mind like watching the news. Because in this state of spiritual connection it’s impossible to conceal anything from anyone’s mind, the only thing you need to do is to ask and it will be revealed before you with clarity. Perhaps too much clarity.

“Stop it” He was really irritated feeling exposed. Naja’s laughter tears bumped on the inside of the screen of her helmet. After a while, she stopped cackling. “Happy?” He asked her with arms crossed. She sniffed after laughing “Quajia, Why do you get so upset?” She chuckled a little bit more “That can happen to anyone!” But he was resentful and hurt. He almost killed himself out of shame. “Then why do you laugh!?” His retractile nails jumped and he extended his pincers revealing all his filed teeth and mandible, in this moment he was being pulled by a mysterious force away from Naja. She could feel the gap between the two breaching more and more.

“Quajia! No! Okay! Okay!” She instantly sobered and sincerely thought “Sorry! I apologize.” But why was she apologizing? She frowned for a fraction of a second. She had these two thoughts: She was apologizing to a Somirian, her enemy. And on the other hand she instinctively knew that they will only come out from this conundrum *together*. He knew it, too.

There was a mental silence but behind her, the huge enormous darkness was roaring, its vaporous black tentacles were waving, she closed her eyes avoiding to think about that fearsome hole awaiting for her, and when she opened them she could see above her in the light beyond the opacity, a little gray shape that was him. The Somirian who was far, she in that moment, found motives to appreciate him, She remembered his sincerity, his initiative to cooperate, even his battle abilities, he was nothing else than a devoted warrior and a worthy foe but more than that, they opened up to the possibility that from all the living beings in Blub, each other could become ...

“Friends?” “Friends!”
“Friends?” “Friends!”

There was a flash, suddenly they had to squint their eyes because the light surrounding them was increasingly brighter. She was in front of him, he was in front of her. Again into the clarity where they floated facing close to each other.

From their hearts started emanating an intelligible music, the sound of two combined opposite but harmonious souls, two steps and one, left and right, it surrounded their thoughts, bringing a strange happiness that comes from the corresponded rhythm. The fulfilled desire of being together. *An elegant moon illuminated a forest landscape before the glorious sunrise*. That's how they felt.

"Tell me about you." He opened his left hand and extended it to her.
"I am the mother of a girl." She picked it. *A twinkling star in the sunset sky.*
"What's she like?" She put her other hand on his right shoulder. *Delicate drizzle tapping on the rocks.*
"She still wets her bed." He wrapped her with his free hand, placing it on her lower back. *A rush of fresh breeze brushing a flower field.*
"I bet she's beautiful." They spun in the white vacuum, the lack of gravity made them rise, their feet moved at the same time. *Crash of sea waves.*
"She isn't." That was strange, She was smiling but looked away. Their tummies were pressed against each other's. *Sizzling lava oozing and drying, most fertile ground.*
"What's her name?"
"Jeanie. But, enough about me, What's your girlfriend's name?" The revolving speed of their dance incremented but they felt peace in their hearts, interestingly, they had forgotten about all the interplanetary confl...
"Quo, just Quo" Their bodies elevated high, their feet were making a synchronous motion, dancing to a beautiful and an unheard symphony.
"Do you love her?" She looked at him straight in the eye. He looked around feeling a bit guilty but in all candor he couldn't hide it, not from her.
"She's not perfect, but she has been there the most."
"But **do you love** her?" He felt too ashamed to think he didn't but deep in his heart he would rather Quo finding someone who can satisfy her and give her children.
"I... don't" Finally he admitted with an uncomfortable smile. She appreciated his sincerity. As the conversation and the dance elapsed they soared upwards and upwards. He didn't really wanted to talk about it, and they knew why. "But what about you? What's your husband like?"

Her smile washed away. They slowly stopped rotating. She was still holding the Somirian in the dance pose but, she couldn't look at him. After a long silence, Quajia was curious looking at a worried Naja who softly laid her head on his chest. As all the happiness drained from the air. Within the silence, she hesitated. But then it was revealed her extremely painful past flashing on his mind.

9 years ago. One night, when Nakaiji Hawe was coming back from a meeting with her friends, she was intercepted in the street by a gang of three men, they dragged her into an abandoned building and beat her repeatedly, then after binding her with ropes they proceeded to rape her one after the other for hours, her orifices were brutally penetrated and she was left unconscious and pregnant, in a dirty alley with physical and psychological trauma. After thinking seriously about abortion she decided to carry on with the delivery of her secretly undesired baby and few years later, fueled by resentment and not being able to relate with her fatherless child, she joined the Kibi Armed Forces as a mean to express her accumulated hatred towards the universe.

Quajia was petrified. He saw in his mind, perhaps the most horrendous abomination he had ever contemplated in his life. He could feel her pain, her grudge, the injustice. Her tears were welling inside her helmet, she sobbed profusely and confessed in a trembling voice "Nobody knows this."

He put a hand on the back of her helmet and stroke her head, she hugged him. "Naja... I'm sorry." She broke in tears, unwitnessed tears that not even her parents knew, she clenched a fist and hit him on the shoulder. He understood why and didn't condone her, he pitied her and wanted to give her refuge in his bosom. She was a beautiful flower which was violently snapped lifeless.

"Only if I were more careful..." Thought with a strong grudge, he softly shushed her, shaking his head and closing his eyes. He caressed her delicately with all his heart deep in comprehension. "Sorry Naja..." He held her tightly "I wish I could do something. I wish that never happened to you." Wrapping him, she let out an unconsolable pain scream from the very bottom of her soul.

Such is the pain of a victim of those atrocities, dear lector. Such it is, that you don't want to see yourself in the mirror after that happens to you. Be mindful of your desires, because your lust, if uncontrolled, can lead you to dark places. Very dark and desolate places. **hiss**

After hours that elapsed as a few seconds in that light-washed realm, they kept embracing each other, liberating themselves from their painful memories. Shining together in sincerity, they had exposed to each other their innermost and most difficult secrets, the hideous things they concealed to others, the things that marked them, shaped them, made them the imperfect conglomerate of sad occurrences that built them into what they are today.

This universe is empty without someone whom you can talk about these things. Call it love, call it friendship, companionship, whatever you want to call it. This force was pulling them out, it was recalling them from the whiteness, it was making this shiny reality shatter.

... And then everything turned black.

The big battleship hovered 8 kilometers away from Taran, then before anyone expected, an energy discharge, a dazzling beam of green death was projected into the battlefield, the ground shook savagely and both sides were thrown into disarray, while the powerful beam perforated the ground causing explosions and chaos. Hundreds were evaporated instantly, rocks were melted or ejected like splashing water, the shockwave sent combatants flying through the air and then the fire started spreading wildly with an enormous violence which left the city ahead powerless.

The subsequent cloud of dust and rain of debris swept across the walls of Taran, for a few minutes a wild wind sped across the battle field and a running Somirian was carrying a wounded Kibi warrior on his arms. They were totally covered on soot and their battle uniforms were tattered, her transparent screen helmet was cracked and she still had the wounds that Quajia had previously delivered to her, at the same time the wounds Naja had given to him were still there. Nevertheless they couldn't feel the pain from them. A special force was giving him all this energy, he couldn't let her die there, he ran the fastest he could dragging his paralyzed left foot.

"Naja!" He panted and screamed "Naja! Wake up! Open your eyes! Come on!" She was bouncing on his hands, her arm dangled, she slowly returned to her senses and her blurry sight couldn't really process what she was seeing but she knew it was him, her Somirian loved friend.
"Quajia?" She whispered while she bumped helplessly against his chest.
"Naja! Thank goodness, you're awake!" He was relieved but still had a greatly concerned expression across his face, she could see it even though her sight was greatly fogged by the commotion and the filth adhered to the broken screen of her helmet. She gathered some strength and wrapped the back his neck with her arms on a tight hug and said faintly into his hearing orifice. "Thanks..."

He stopped, and then he squeezed her body carried between his arms. She raised her sights and saw him and said something almost unintelligible, "There must be a ship over there."
"Huh?"

Ahead of him, there was a blanket of fog which was eerily illuminated by fires behind it, but the most fearsome thing was the shadow of a hundred Somirian warriors that were approaching through it. This was the *Som* rearguard, he could recognize it for the banners on their backs, they were crossing through the huge scar the plasma cannon barrage has done to the Sork's surface.

He had to think fast while they were still undetected. "Go right" She said ghastly and he gazed her.
"What?"
"Just go right, keep going." He didn't know why going right would help them, he knew that if the Somirian soldiers caught him with a living and weakened female Kibi soldier in his arms... Perhaps a very similar past would happen to her again, and an even a darker one for him. Also, he was sure that Kibi forces would come out from the Taran walls and could spot them at any given moment.

He didn't realize but she was watching an information display on the screen of her electronic helmet, even though it was damaged, its friendly transport detection function still worked well. He just decided to do what she said and ran past some debris for a few minutes and then he found a Kibi infantry carrier dropship partially buried with rocks. He climbed into it by the ramp and went to the cockpit where he found a dead Kibi pilot. He delicately placed Naja on the co-pilot seat, and threw the navigator's carcass outside the ship, he came back to fasten her seat belt, then he activated the engines, miraculously the aircraft was still in a good state and had plenty of energy left. Luckily Quajia knew how to fly Kibi and Somirian spaceships. He engaged all the controls and in a few minutes they soared above the grotesque ravaged landscape.

She was looking out the window as they pulled up from Sork's atmosphere. She couldn't believe what has just happened to them, that their connection, even though they were sworn enemies before, now there was this harmonious gravitational force pulling them together. The ship drew a straight line in the firmament as it crossed the space. She was still weak and absorbed on deep memories while watching the stars brightening, the quietness was comforting their senses.

"Where to now?" He asked turning to peek at her with a faint smile on his face.
"Somewhere nice where we can dance again, perhaps?" And lovingly, she looked at him.

They took each other's hands and abandoned everything behind... Forever.

Nirgara levitated with an enormous whirring energy surrounding her, blubit crystals floated around focusing their brightness above her head, Beams of crystalline light started to form the shape of a resplendent bow with an long arrow materializing out of the mystic glow, she softly picked the weapon and in the balcony of the highest tower of Taran she watched the Somirian spaceship hovering 8 kilometers away from there. Her eyes were dazzling steaming pure light, her skin was sparkling and her weapon was ready in her hand.

Curiously, the trail of a Kibi carrier aircraft passed in front of the Somirian battleship and jumped into the sky at hyper velocity like an upwards shooting star, Nirgara smiled very briefly.

The buzzing noises incremented as she started to tense the string of her splendid long bow, she took aim looking at the ship where Zian was, she knew he was there, with only one shot this war will end. She pulled a little bit more knowing that she won't miss, she never does.

Then... She felt a cold blade pressing against her neck.

"Not so fast, my Queen."

She froze. The light arrow and the bow vanished, her eyes turned back to their blue color and she felt someone's arm choking her while the pointy tip of the dagger poked her pulsating jugular vein.

"What's the meaning of this?" Said Nirgara with a frown and a sweat drop running down her temple.

"All in due time, my Queen" Her defiant and silky voice near her right ear made her vibrate with a sensation she never experienced so far: Fear.

"... All in due time."