

Terran Insurrection

Act I: Chapter 4

A hovering troop transport darted across the remote Siberian wilderness. Once it lowered itself to the ground, half a dozen soldiers from four different species disembarked from the back. Snowfall obscured their surroundings. Still, this did nothing to delay the squad's operation as they rushed forward, and the ship behind them rapidly retreated back to the skyline.

An eight foot tall woman remarkably similar to a snake or a naga readied a machine-gun and hissed into her communication device...

"Reaper!"

Cain's head perked up upon hearing his callsign through a translation device.

"You're on point." continued the squad leader. "Lead the way to our objective."

"Got it." Cain said, brandishing his recon rifle.

The aforementioned semi-automatic weapon had a scope suitable for any sharpshooter. Cain utilized its togglable heat detection capabilities to scout the area ahead, sifting through the snowstorm and an endless sea of trees. Concurrently, other squad members mirrored his movements as they formed up, aiming their own garden variety of ranged weaponry.

Snow crunched beneath Cain's feet as he started stomping his way through the wilderness. Two other bipedal creatures that looked like painted dogs, a pair of minaki, flanked him on both sides with either a shotgun or a submachine-gun respectively. Their karka squad leader slithered behind them. Another besharam duo with a resemblance to anthropomorphic moths made use of their wings to fly half a dozen feet off the ground to gain a better vantage point of their environment before coming back down, staying near the rear of the formation.

Every last soldier wore a peacekeeper combat armor variant specially tailored to their own unique physiology. However, a four-pointed star emblem on each one gave them all something in common. Cain's own gear combined with a helmet and a gas mask rendered him more emotionless than usual, but an orange humanoid figure appearing amid the purple background of his heat vision made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up...

“Unknown contact.” he said in a cold tone. “Tagging it.”

A non-lethal laser mounted to his rifle allowed him to highlight the human figure for everyone else in the squad as indicators collectively appeared within their combined augmented vision.

“Permission to engage is granted.” said the squad leader, taking advantage of her large and serpentine form to prepare her heavy weapon. “Fire at will.”

One besharam’s wings fluttered. “But that could be a human civilian, Overseer.”

“Irrelevant.” she replied with a venomous hiss. “This is potentially a Sons of Sol hideout, so we’re not taking any chances. Not again.”

“Affirmative.” said the besharam in return.

Cain zoomed in on the target staring at them from the treeline. There, he gained a better glimpse of an old man, his ushanka, visible breath wafting through the cold air, and icy cold eyes glaring back at him. Most strangely, he had no apparent weapon or tools whatsoever as he stood in the forest...

Alone.

“Before we do anything too rash,” Cain said, looking away from his scope. “The target appears to be unarmed...”

A flash of light marked when a besharam fired their laser rifle. Cain’s eyes went wide. The old man got struck in the torso by a single laser pulse, singeing his winter coat as he dropped to the ground.

Everyone tensed up for a long and silent moment.

Cain sighed. “Really?”

“Fan out and secure the perimeter!” hissed the Overseer, undeterred.

Each menaki or besharam on the wings broke off to flank the old man’s position from the left or the right. This rendered Cain walking straight towards his body by himself. Ultimately, the unit

enveloped the old man from multiple angles while their kalka squad leader trailed them from behind.

Cain himself resumed using heat vision to find other potential targets. Only the colors blue and purple encapsulated his environment before he looked away. "I'm not picking up anything else. Also, if you don't mind me asking, what's the point in wiping out some Sons of Sol if a wanton disregard for civilian casualties might result in even more people joining them?"

The Overseer slithered ever closer. "Fret not, for they will be destroyed as well."

Cain grunted a little. "What could possibly go wrong with that line of logic?"

"He has a point." said one of the minaki, growling afterward. "It's endless. If we don't start treating humans as complete equals, these insurgents are probably going to keep being a problem."

"But humans are not officially part of the federation." said a besharam. "Not yet, at least."

The minaki growled. "So?"

This prompted a venomous hiss from the Overseer. "I didn't ask you to start a debate, Khopesh! Stay silent, focused, and simply follow my commands until instructed otherwise."

Khopesh simply made another growling sound and a snarl rather than anything comprehensible.

"As for you, Reaper..." she hissed once again, "Check the body for vitals."

"Got it." Cain said like clockwork. He entered the forest first as the others covered the flanks, making his way to the old man lying on the ground. Some took cover. As for Cain, he slowed down before carefully approaching the body, kneeling to check for signs of life and any possible weapons stashed within a winter coat. "I got nothing. No pulse, no breathing..." He paused upon finding a walkie-talkie on the hip. "But the target had a mobile radio."

The Overseer cocked her head to the side. "A spy or guard, perhaps? If so, the Sons of Sol will already know that we're here..."

"Or it could have been a civilian minding their own business." chimed in Khopesh.

“What did I say?” asked the Overseer, sticking out her tongue as she hissed.

Khopesh huffed. “Just saying!”

The Overseer gave him a death stare. “Sometimes healthy cells have to die when you’re removing cancer from a body, and I’m not taking any chances with these terrorists under any circumstances.”

In response, Khopesh broke eye contact and looked at the cold corpse they created before barring his sharp fangs.

“Should I try using the radio to see if anyone is home?” asked Cain in a stoic tone.

The Overseer shook her head. “Absolutely not!” An indicator marking their objective flashed for several seconds. “Do not compromise the operation! Just proceed.”

Cain nodded at her words. “Will do.”

Everyone emerged from their cover and double-checked their weapons.

Once more, the squad rearranged themselves into an arrowhead formation. The forest forced them to tread carefully, with the snow-dusted trees obstructing their vision and occasionally blocking the path forward. Over time, they approached a more open area with the total distance between themselves and their objective shrinking every second as numbers in augmented reality trickled lower and lower.

A series of small shacks and structures stood out amid the snowstorm. Tarps, camouflage, and foliage from the trees rendered the buildings difficult to see from a bird’s-eye view, but they couldn’t be more crystal clear on the ground below. Cain failed to find anything within the confinements of heat vision as he toggled his scope’s other viewing modes. Nonetheless, he led the way forward as the strike team followed, but they all stopped moving once he crouched to the ground and aimed his rifle.

“I’m not detecting any heat signatures, movement, or much of anything else.” Cain said, looking down the scope. “Should Khopesh take the lead from here, Overseer?”

“Negative,” she answered in a firm tone, “Proceed.”

Without saying anything in return, Cain stood up and kept moving. He glanced over his shoulder. A chill descended down his spine as he gazed upon the aliens aiming weapons at his back, all while he led the way for them at the front and center. Facing forward, Cain focused on the task ahead as the marker in his vision transformed to encompass and highlight a concrete bunker.

Khopesh looked around as if his head were on a swivel. “Are we going to breach each building?”

“Are you going to stop questioning my orders?” asked the Overseer in return.

Ignoring this, Cain strolled to the bunker’s dual metal doors. The whole place happened to be embedded into the side of a hill with the local flora covering the area above it. He utilized a strap to carry his rifle on his back, trading it for an ambidextrous and compact submachine-gun.

The Overseer gestured at one of the moth-like besharam. “Warlock! Get that door open!”

In response, a besharam rushed toward the door. One of their four arms carried an explosive device with a strong adhesive partially covering its circular surface. Everyone else braced themselves. Upon placing the charge on the door, the Warlock took advantage of their wings and ultralight armor to ascend up the hill as another hand triggered a detonator.

An ear-piercing explosion echoed throughout the vicinity as it forced the entry ajar.

“ADVANCE!” immediately shouted the Overseer.

Khopesh sprinted forward with his kinetic scattergun, and Cain aimed his submachine-gun from the hip as they advanced upon the damaged door.

Once more, they encountered absolutely zero resistance as they breached the bunker.

The entire strike team soon found themselves inside a compact room. Only a flickering lightbulb illuminated their surroundings as they systematically secured the interior. Finally, with only a visible entrance to a stairway, Cain covered it by himself as the others searched the area around him.

“Clear!” Khopesh said, kicking a cardboard box aside.

“Are we sure we found the right place?” asked another minaki.

Warlock joined them last as he waltzed inside, then stared at one of the walls. “Have you seen that mural by any chance?”

His words caught the attention of everyone else as they looked at the mural in question. It portrayed a fiery, purple phoenix rising from the ashes of a desecrated Earth with stars sparkling in the background. The entire thing resembled something you’d typically find in an Orthodox church from the days of the Byzantine Empire due to its extravagant design and textures among other old-school techniques or traditional materials.

“I’m pretty sure this is the place.” resumed the Warlock.

“Then that means our information is solid!” interjected the Overseer. “Don’t let your guards down and keep pushing forward, Reaper.”

With those words, Cain became the first to step into the stairway, promptly looking down it. Darkness enveloped his vision. However, the helmet on his head immediately remedied that problem as its night vision activated, brightening everything as his world simultaneously turned green. Although the rest of the squad had zero issues descending downward as well, the squad leader stopped slithering upon seeing the stairs, and the blood drained from her scales for several long moments.

The Overseer then faced the other direction. “I’ll cover the entrance! Keep me updated about the situation otherwise.”

“Will do.” replied the Warlock.

“Affirmative.” said another.

Her absence did nothing to impair Cain once he reached the bottom, but the besharam duo beat him to it as they simply glided to the ground several seconds beforehand.

The timing happened to be impeccable. It allowed Cain to approach a door before opening it, the besharam covered his sides, and the minaki reinforced them from behind. It all culminated in the

reveal of a massive room with floodlights flashing on, momentarily blinding Cain and making him switch off his night vision as he took cover, bumping into a squadmate.

Still, no hostiles greeted them inside the empty room.

“This has to be some kind of trick or joke.” said one of the minaki. “Are we sure they don’t have this whole place rigged to blow up if they haven’t ambushed us by now?”

“Who knows?” answered a besharam.

Khopesh stepped in front of Cain. “Allow me to take point from here.” He rapidly looked left to right with his scattergun upon entering the expansive room. “And... clear.” Afterward, as others joined him inside, he focused his attention on Cain. “What the Overseer doesn’t know won’t hurt her, Reaper.”

Cain shrugged. “If you say so.”

“Personally?” continued Khopesh. “I know you’re somewhat new to our strike team, but I find it enraging how she doesn’t seem to trust you when you’ve already been a peacekeeper for eleven year equivalents at this point.”

“It might be because of what happened to my last squad...” Cain said, looking away.

“Can you blame her?” asked the Warlock. “There’s plenty of reasons besides that. When we’re fighting against predominantly human resistance groups, there’s obviously going to be tensions with our human members.”

Another minaki growled. “Yeah, and the Earth Security Forces are mostly useless.”

“To be fair to our personal grim Reaper,” added another besharam, “I have infinitely more respect for any humans that get through the peacekeeper training program compared to the ones in the security forces. They’ve actually been worse than useless. I don’t think the Overseer ever got over how they accidentally attacked us during an operation.”

Cain continued pointing his smg in every direction he moved. “So I’ve heard.” Another quick glance at the environment revealed supplies, crates, and scientific instruments such as microscopes.

“But don’t worry about me. I’m solid. Just another year of this crap and the Overseer’s paranoia before I qualify for the life-long pension and never need to work again.”

Khopesh’s tail and ears drooped down. “Don’t tell me you’re only in this for the money.”

“Sort of?” Cain said, finally relaxing a little with the perimeter secure. “You know I literally grew up in an orphanage, right? Kind of fell for the recruiter’s sales pitch when they offered humans special benefits and a chance to explore the galaxy since it sounded better than poverty on the streets, all things considered.”

“I’d prefer for people to fight for the values the federation represents, but oh well.” replied Khopesh with a sneer. “Is your plan to leave us by the next solar cycle in that case?”

Cain shrugged. “Don’t know. Maybe I’ll get out and buy a motorcycle or something. Always wanted to own one.”

This aroused a snicker from Khopesh. “I’d imagine that’d also entail copious amounts of that rakija stuff you won’t shut up about, right?”

Although Cain didn’t say anything, a rare chuckle from him made Khopesh’s tail wag for a while.

The Warlock focused on a wall-mounted camera tracking their movements. “I hate to interrupt the friendly chit-chat, but we still have work to do, and I think we’re being watched.”

This announcement made everyone tense up as they prepared their own personal armaments, and it turned into a silent and systematic routine from there.

A minaki would kick open a door. Others covered them as they used urban combat tactics to secure each room. The Warlock made use of a tiny, handheld drone to scout out other sections of the bunker as they found nothing but more storage areas, abandoned living quarters with bunk beds, and even an underground kitchen. Every last room and hallway led to another sizable section. Old and new electronics such as modern computers and typewriters joined other equipment within this relatively sanitary laboratory as the squad converged upon it.

Through the squad’s communication devices, faint hissing emitted into their ears. “Give...” A brief surge of a sound similar to static disrupted the feminine voice for a while. “Update!”

The Warlock pressed a hand against their headset. "Can you repeat that, Overseer? This is definitely an SOS hideout since we found a barracks, but there's other odd anomalies such as a crude research facility. It might be abandoned though."

Although more hissing emitted into their ears, it came across as heavily distorted...

Incomprehensible.

"If the Sons of Sol were smart, this entire place might be a faraday cage." said the Warlock. "I'm having trouble with our communications, so look for a jamming device too. Just in case."

A minaki snarled. "No promises."

Only one other translated kalka word slipped through for Cain's translation device.

"Fecal matter!"

Meanwhile, Khopesh eyeballed some more advanced computers on a few desks. "How and why do these people have a lab down here?" He gawked at a few typewriters. "Not to mention all this obsolete stuff."

"I don't know." answered the Warlock, preoccupying themselves with augmented reality as they sifted through some software programs. "I've been told some humans prefer more traditional means of storing information for cyber security reasons, but I've never seen anything like this."

Cain focused on one terminal still online and displaying information. "People were clearly here, Warlock, but I doubt they just vanished into thin air the minute we arrived." He squinted to look at text accompanying an image of a muscular human man with tan skin, purple eyes, and white hair. "Uh... and this computer has an open file about something called a... super human."

"This crap again?" asked Warlock to no one in particular.

Khopesh perked his head up. "The what?"

“Sometimes these lunatics experiment with genetic modification.” explained Warlock, approaching the most massive terminal in the room. “I don’t know what genetic advantage purple eyes confer, but some of the more fanatical SOS members will use illegal technologies or techniques in that regard. They’ve been tweaking their genetics in the name of advancing the evolution of the human race or some other supremacist nonsense.”

“Okay, but what’s that?” asked another squad member.

All attention got directed at the most giant computer. A slim storage device in the center of a terminal would glow green before transitioning to blue every other second. On its multitude of screens, it displayed grotesque or even deformed humans with partially purple eyes bulging from their skulls, among other disturbing scenes, such as information about various deadly diseases with other afflicted humans being restrained or locked inside intricate rooms for further experiments.

Cain blinked several times as he gazed upon it all. “What the fuck?”

“I know.” said the Warlock, concentrating on the terminal. “Zmaj tech. I have zero clue as to how they managed to acquire and bring one of their supercomputers to this bunker.” Warlock placed a hand on the disproportionately large terminal before grabbing the data storage device, cutting off the array of graphic imagery once he removed it. “Maybe this will hold the answer to our questions...”

During this, the storage device still emitted a faint glow, but it changed into a shade of cyan. Some nearby cameras also deactivated. Unfazed, the Warlock went about inserting the slim device into a cybernetic implant on their head, which was remarkably similar in appearance to a solid-state drive. Their entire body almost immediately locked up with their cybernetic eyes becoming increasingly dull and gray during the process.

Khopesh strolled next to them. “Well?”

Rather than responding, one of the Warlock’s implants sparked before he fell over. His entire body convulsed, all six limbs spreading in several different directions with their wings fluttering from onsets of muscle spasms.

Everyone else reeled.

Cain and Khopesh sprang into action as they grabbed Warlock and propped their body up. Thanks to the besharam being lightweight and only about four feet tall, this became an easy feat as Cain quickly removed the data storage device from their head. Although this stopped their body from rapidly spasming, they showed no other life signs as their body became inert.

Oddly enough, the storage device went back to radiating either green or blue light as before.

“WARLOCK!” practically roared Khopesh, looking at them eye to eye. “Talk to me!”

The other besharam’s antennae shot up as they traded their weapon for a medkit. “What just happened?”

“If I had to take a guess, malware just fried Warlock’s implants.” said the remaining minaki.

Cain held the data storage device in his hand as he silently stared at it.

“I... I don’t think they’re breathing.” Khopesh said, holding the Warlock in his arms. “What the hells is even on that thing if it did that to someone like Warlock?!”

Out of nowhere, a familiar word erupted from Cain’s communication device.

“REAPER!”

The Overseer’s hissing accompanied the sound of her machine-gun firing.

The distinctive rattling of Kalashnikovs joined it before the transmission abruptly cut off. Additionally, the sounds echoed down the stairway and into the cavernous rooms below, followed by the familiar patter of footsteps.

“Hostile contacts!” shouted the other minaki as they aimed their own submachine-gun.

With some hesitation, Khopesh lowered the Warlock to the ground. “Try something... anything... to keep them alive, Nostrum.”

Words proved to be unnecessary as the other besharam went about frantically treating Warlock.

Khopesh sighed and activated his communication device. “This is Khopesh, assuming command. I want Reaper and Fiend to join me in covering the entrance to the stairway since it sounds like we have company. Nostrum will stay here to take care of Warlock.”

Cain made a growl of his own, then went about pocketing the data storage device and grabbing his primary weapon again. “Don’t have to tell me twice!”

From there, the three backtracked through a room and a hallway to the original storage area.

Another trio awaited them. Three humans armed with either an AK47, a laser rifle, or a Kar98k ran through the storage room or stood behind crates. Purple bandanas covered either their mouths or forearms. Their civilian clothes and winter coats contrasted against Cain’s combat uniform as he joined the minaki duo, who fired their weapons at the insurgents without any hesitation.

A flurry of lasers struck down the man with a Kalashnikov before he could even react.

Retaliatory potshots traveled up and down the hallway.

Everyone made a mad dash for cover. However, the minaki moved and responded a bit faster than all the humans present. Fiend fired upon the insurgents in a blind and wild fashion, suppressing their positions as flurries of kinetic projectiles erupted from a submachine-gun. One insurgent returned the favor as they crouched behind a crate, firing their old bolt-action rifle as fast as possible with bullets whizzing down a corridor.

Cain’s scope enveloped one insurgent’s upper body. A squeeze of a trigger deafened everyone’s ears as a high-caliber bullet erupted from the barrel of his bullpup weapon. In a split second, blood and brain matter splattered against the walls as the insurgent dropped their bolt-action weapon and collapsed to the ground with a massive exit wound in their forehead.

With Fiend still suppressing the remaining insurgent’s position, Khopesh flanked them from the side and unleashed an onslaught of scattergun fire that shredded them like hamburger meat.

Although it all only lasted for less than half a minute, the end result of the combat created an incredibly graphic scene with body parts and fluids scattered across the storage area.

“CLEAR!” shouted Khopesh, taking several steps back as he aimed at the entrance to the stairs.

The other two advanced upon his position.

Without warning, another explosion rattled their surroundings. Old metal creaked. Structures supporting the stairway collapsed as different materials and debris fell to the floor, completely blocking the only apparent way out with the stairs being outright destroyed during the process.

Cain made a blank stare as a few loose stones rolled into the room. "Perfect."

As if the situation couldn't get worse, adjacent vents began emitting a gas taking on a visible yellow hue.

Khopesh stumbled back, glancing between blood pooling on the ground and the encroaching gas. "Overseer?" The sound of static met on him on the other end as he awaited a response. "This is Khopesh. We have encountered hostile SOS contacts and now we're stuck down here. Warlock is wounded. If you're still alive, we need an emergency extraction... now!"

"I doubt she'd be alive if they got down the stairs." Cain said, approaching the stairway.

Fiend shivered a little. "But now we're all dead if we stay here!"

Cain stopped next to the stairway entrance. "Just relax." He took a peek, sticking his head over rubble to find whatever remained of the stairs far above his head. "Our helmets have filters. I'm sure if we told Nostrum to fly up there with a rope, we could climb out of here. Assuming there's not more hostiles up top..."

More gunfire sounds originating from the research lab made Cain's head jerk back.

"TERRA INVICTA!" screamed a human man in the distance.

"For fuck's sake." Cain said.

The trio formed up on Khopesh as they faced the other direction, returning to their previous positions as they went up a hallway without exchanging another word.

More movement caught their attention. One insurgent stood over both Warlock and Nostrum's limp and fragile bodies, emptying additional rounds of their assault rifle into their backsides. A wall in the back remained ajar, revealing a hidden door, and leading to a dark and cramped bunker area with several more insurgents pouring out of it or moving to places out of their immediate view.

Once again, Fiend reacted first. A submachine-gun made short work of Nostrum's apparent killer before they could even aim their assault rifle. The half a dozen or so insurgents in the room scattered out of sight as Fiend charged at them with their weapon blazing, but a new figure entering the room made the minaki stop in their tracks...

Strolling out of the darkness, a seven foot tall man holding an M2 browning machine-gun fully exposed himself. Black armor covered him from head to toe, and his ominous gas mask had glowing purple eyes as they stared at the minaki in silence.

Fiend froze in place. Aiming from the hip, they quickly fired their weapon at the strange figure, joined by Cain and Khopesh as they sent a stream of kinetic and energy projectiles towards them. Most simply dissipated against the giant's armor, puncturing an overlapping trench coat at worst. The giant responded in kind, aiming a machine-gun and unleashing a hailstorm of fifty caliber bullets, which punched holes through Fiend's armor and body before they gradually fell to the floor.

Cain's jaw went agape as he hid behind a wall with the only things visible becoming Khopesh ducking behind a crate and Fiend's corpse joined by the other gore on the floor.

Without even flinching, the giant resumed their assault and slowly walked toward them, firing their ancient browning to suppress their positions.

Other insurgents entered adjacent rooms.

Yellow gas gradually filled the area behind them before wafting across the floor.

Cain grabbed a grenade from his waist. "KHOPESH!"

The aforementioned alien man continued hunkering down as he stared at Cain. His eyes went wide as Cain activated the plasma grenade with a simple squeeze, tossing it down the corridor.

“Watch out!” shouted one insurgent.

“GRENADE!”

Cain wasted no time as he activated another and tossed it into the next room. At the same time, machine-gun fire stopped. An insurgent tried to grab and throw the first grenade back, but instead it exploded in his hand, sending plasma in all directions before it outright vaporized him.

Khopesh took the opportunity to retreat from his position.

Yet another explosion caused a reckoning in the adjacent room as Cain leaned to the side, spotting and shooting a stunned survivor several times in the torso.

Scattergun fire erupted from the opposing side as Khopesh laid waste to others trying to flank them. A few short-lived cries marked their demise. However, the familiar rattle of machine-gun fire interrupted the screaming of the injured or wounded as the giant clad in black armor resumed walking down the hallway and firing at Khopesh’s new location.

As this occurred, Cain stepped over a warm corpse to enter the laboratory again. He caught two insurgents off-guard as they glanced at the man flanking their positions, but Cain reacted faster as he fired his rifle half a dozen times...

Two more insurgents slumped to the ground afterward.

Machine-gun fire also stopped.

Khopesh growled and fired his scattergun several more times... just to yip several seconds later.

Once Cain popped up on the exact opposite side of the hallway, he found the giant holding Khopesh by the neck with the empty machine-gun tossed to the side. Khopesh sputtered, gasped, and kicked his legs in the giant’s grasp. Worse yet, the giant pivoted to face Cain as they strangled Khopesh, practically using the alien man as a shield before casually advancing upon his position.

“STOP!” shouted Cain, his heart throbbing in his chest. He only broke his focus to check the general area, finding no other insurgents with the notable exception of their dead or wounded. “Drop him or I’ll shoot!”

At these words, the giant halted. They simply stood in place as Khopesh continued resisting, clawing at and trying to bite the armored gauntlet constraining his neck.

Finally, the giant spoke in a deep tone that sounded like something straight from a voice modulator...

“Death to trespassers and traitors.”

Using their other hand, the giant grabbed the top of Khopesh’s head...

Then they pulled.

Khopesh screamed at the top of his lungs as the giant applied more and more pressure. Cain aimed at the giant’s leg and fired several times, but this failed to stop them. Sickening snapping sounds joined Khopesh’s gurgling. An assortment of body fluids and gore filled Cain’s vision as the giant outright ripped Khopesh’s head off, parts of his spinal cord and all on gruesome display...

Only successive shots to the leg resulted in the giant falling over. Cain made more followup shots from there, shooting the giant several times in the head and limbs until an empty click emitted from his weapon.

“Son of a bitch!” he shouted, hands shaking as he traded the rifle for his sidearm. “What the fucking fuck?!”

There was no time to mourn as the gas resumed spreading from the storage room.

Facing forward, Cain entered the new room through the hidden door. His night vision automatically activated. The sight of human creatures confined to vats and other tanks lining the walls made him recoil as he stumbled through the dark, especially since some of the occupants had open rather than closed eyes with exotic purple irises. Only a ladder on a distant wall, presumably leading to the surface, showed any signs of a way out.

Footsteps suddenly echoed behind Cain. Glancing over his shoulder, he found the giant walking once more, limping towards him in a relatively nonchalant fashion before straightening their posture. The eyes on the helmet combined with a bloody gas mask glared at Cain with its bright purple lights, burning the image into his skull as he flinched at the sight.

Any fear in Cain's heart quickly turned into more of a hot white rage as he screamed, making a war cry as he held down the trigger of his submachine-gun.

It only aroused more burning rage from the giant as they began sprinting directly towards Cain, ignoring the countless kinetic projectiles being absorbed by their thick body armor.

Out of nowhere, an alarm blared in Cain's eardrums.

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Cain rose from his bed with his heart pounding in his chest. Sweat covered his bare torso and face. Looking to the side, he found an alarm clock going off alongside random information such as what the weather might be like today and the current date.

[6:00 AM]

[Cloudy with soft rains!]

[February 28th, 2011]

Rubbing his eyes, Cain got up to prepare for another new day.

"God damn it..." he muttered under his breath.