

Disintegration

By RetroInferno

"Our demands are simple. All of humanity must submit to the will of the Hegemony."

As a translation device made sense of these words, a room filled with UN representatives from across the globe erupted into chaos. There was screaming, shouting, and a massive media presence recording everything.

"That's easier said than done!" yelled one of them.

"We have no choice!" claimed another.

A creature resembling a reptilian sneered as she watched the little humans argue among one another. Thanks to a metallic sphere emitting a huge holographic avatar of herself and her chair, the alien was able to effectively communicate without being there in person.

"There will be no negotiations." she continued. "We are more than capable of rendering your entire species extinct and your planet barren of any life. Nations that surrender will be left completely unharmed, while any that defy us will be eradicated... including their men and human hatchlings. In short, submit or perish."

A woman representing the United Nations as a whole approached the alien before kneeling to the ground. "May I have permission to speak, Empress Jenessa the Third?"

"Permission granted." answered the reptilian with a flick of her serpentine tongue. "However, you are supposed to hold a clenched fist in front of your torso when addressing a queen of queens." She thumped the gold armor on her torso for emphasis. "Very sloppy work. In my benevolence, I will forgive you for this transgression. We will need much more time to teach humans about the civilized ways of zenari cultures, but make no mistake... it will be a slow and painful process."

The UN official blinked a few times before raising a fist to her chest. "My apologies, madame. It was not my intention to offend you..."

"I know." interrupted the empress.

"...But please understand that your demands might be overwhelming. Considering our circumstances, an unconditional surrender for all of Earth will be nearly impossible to achieve since

there are roughly two hundred and thirty independent nation-states. Not all of them even participate in the United Nations!"

The reptilian made a venomous hiss. "Then they shall be destroyed accordingly."

In response, the UN official sighed. "Making matters worse, your... well, we're speculating that they're EMPs. Either way, most communication networks are down. Our people are convinced that the aforementioned Y2K event is actually happening, and many places have already descended into complete chaos!"

"Which the Hegemony shall bring order to, my dear. Do not worry. This shall also serve as a lesson and warning to humanity about the dangers of depending too much on technology, ideally easing the assimilation of your species."

"We just need time!" exclaimed the UN official.

"Time for what?" scoffed the young empress as she reclined on her throne. Ruby red scales, golden eyes, and similarly gold jewelry adorning her exposed hands and feet only enhanced her already royal physique. "My patience grows thin."

"Time to get our affairs in order. Time to talk to others. Time to... prepare for whatever you have in mind for humanity. Several major nations are unwilling to give up without some sort of fight, and that could prove to be catastrophic!"

The reptilian tilted her head to the side. "Fine. I shall speak to human representatives again in approximately a few days."

A sigh of relief from the UN official accompanied tension in the room gradually disappearing.

"But..."

Eyes went wide as the empress spoke once more.

"Hegemonic forces will be granted permission to pursue their goals with conventional means rather than weapons of mass destruction. Any human military forces that resist will be annihilated."

Once more, the human representatives went into a frenzy. The sounds of their objections completely drowned out the UN official's words as she went to her knees.

During this commotion, the empress rose from her throne and retrieved a ceremonial warhammer. Many gemstones adorned the golden weapon. Most menacingly, a red one in the center resembled a reptilian eye, and Jenessa slung it over her shoulder as her hissing sent the room into silence once more.

"Force is the only universal language, after all. I would rather not resort to violence, but perhaps a taste of our power will make you realize that putting up any resistance is a stubborn and stupid course of action. After that, we can talk about absorbing humanity into the Hegemony... peacefully."

"But why?" asked the UN representative as her face scrunched up. "You don't have to do this!"

The empress tilted up her head, looked down at those cowering before her, and scoffed. "Because that is the purpose of the zenari, my dear. Our creators made us to rule over all the other short-lived species, so our Hegemony shall bring peace, order, and prosperity to everyone in the galaxy. You will discover this truth over time." She turned around with a swoosh of her tail, but looked over her shoulder once her back was facing the assembled humans. "For now... farewell."

Afterward, the hologram abruptly vanished as the room remained in stunned silence.

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Countless ships orbited around Earth. Almost all of them were absurdly large when it came to sheer size. Rubble, refuse, and wreckage stemming from the remains of the International Space Station and innumerable satellites caused some shields to flare as a fleet made its descent towards Earth's atmosphere.

The larger ships that were outright dreadnoughts remained in orbit while smaller troop transports rapidly moved to the surface. A combination of drones, strike craft, and frigates trailed behind them to provide fire support. Simultaneously, the massive ships unleashed hell. Plasma cannons built up energy and created plasma bolts, which glowed bright orange like miniature suns, then hundreds if not thousands of them were hurled at Earth.

They targeted a variety of locations within particularly powerful human nations...

This included the White House.

The Eiffel Tower.

London and its Big Ben tower.

Brandenburg Gate.

The Kremlin within Moscow.

Not to mention capital cities and strategic targets scattered across the globe from any countries that dared to defy them. Regardless, the results were the same. The initial impact of a plasma bolt was similar to a nuclear detonation in that it unleashed an absurd amount of energy. It created a blast zone, instantly incinerating everything within a radius spanning miles, and thermal expansion outside of the affected areas set buildings ablaze and caused countless casualties as the temperature skyrocketed from the sudden surge of heat.

During the aftermath, soot and ash lingered in the air. Parts of the surface turned into glass. Famous human monuments were wiped off the face of the Earth within a matter of moments. Selective orbital bombardment would only continue from there as the ships targeted airfields, power plants, and other points of interest throughout the entire planet.

This attack was followed up by the troop transports. Out of all of them, the largest contingent moved towards the United States, and local human forces prepared to intercept them...

Firstly came thousands of intercontinental ballistic missiles. A vast majority were shot down with laser-based point defense weapons, but a few managed to slip by. The results were instantaneous. A few gargantuan troop transports and frigates were struck by these nuclear missiles, and the resulting detonations overwhelmed shields and ruptured hulls before sending some free-falling from the sky. Despite this, the rest continued making a beeline towards their destinations. Swarms of human fighter jets did nothing to deter them as autocannons and missiles struck their hulls, doing insignificant amounts of damage before point-defense weapons swatted away the tiny aircraft like mere flies.

Eventually, the troop transports made landfall.

One such force arrived near the outskirts of Los Angeles. It didn't help that the city was already in a state of anarchy with smoke rising from several buildings, looters freely moving around the area, and the existing police and military presence struggling to maintain order. All attention became

focused on the titanic transports as they landed on the ground, and what amounted to huge doors swung wide open...

Walking and talking tanks charged out of them.

In other words, zenari soldiers. At roughly one hundred feet tall, they were almost miniature versions of Godzilla. Heavy armor overlapping thick scales and potent plasma rifles made them a force to be reckoned with. Additionally, a plethora of other massive yet smaller soldiers followed them as they flooded the area. More specifically, an abundance of lightly armed and armored avians that stood at an average height of sixty-three feet tall. Not to mention similarly bipedal yet feline creatures. Although the felines were rare among the landing force, they stood a head taller than the avians, and they were usually equipped with medical supplies and supported by a single specialized drone.

The only real resistance for the invaders came in the form of the US National Guard. Much like the city itself, they were a disorganized and chaotic mess with their various vehicles residing in seemingly random locations accompanied by limited support from other mobilized US military units. Nonetheless, the few tanks present met the invading aliens head-on by opening fire with their cannons. Some sparse infantry forces also attempted to sporadically suppress the titanic invaders with their small arms, and they were joined by accompanying Bradley Fighting Vehicles roaring to life with the thundering of their autocannons.

Zenari simply shrugged off most incoming fire as their advanced armor absorbed or deflected the projectiles. Afterward, they returned the greeting in kind. Simultaneous roars marked the moment that they started shooting anything that moved. All it took was a few plasma bolts slamming into an M1 Abrams tank before its armor began glowing, sagging, and outright melting as its ammunition and fuel exploded, transforming the war machine into a fireball.

At the same time, the avian auxiliaries suffered some casualties as tank shells pierced their light armor, rupturing some legs. A few collapsed to the ground while unleashing ear-piercing squawks. Despite this, their rapid and accurate laser fire picked off any human infantry and hostile light vehicles near their landing sites.

Meanwhile, the felines remained near the rear. They simply supported their accompanying units from relative safety. Their drones scanned and scouted their surroundings, relaying information that changed their HUDs within augmented reality, while the felines themselves attended to any wounded warriors.

As for the humans, they scattered like seeds in the wind. Plasma bolts almost instantly disintegrated anyone within a certain radius of them and caused more damage with the small blast waves they created upon impact. Forest green camo fatigues that stood out in an otherwise arid environment made the human soldiers easy prey for accurate laser beams. A combination of this overwhelming assault and the sudden arrival of the aliens forced whatever remained of the National Guard, local police forces, and other military units to retreat in a disorderly fashion.

Immediately, the invaders pursued them.

For these hegemonic warriors, it was simple enough. A mere squeeze of a trigger annihilated anything they pointed their weapons at. To silence a stray humvee firing a fifty caliber machine gun, one zenari outright compacted and crushed it beneath a combat boot. Any concrete structures they dashed into during their many mad pursuits fell apart like sandcastles, such as when one soldier charged through an intersection and its accompanying bridge. Whatever semblance of order remaining in the area vanished as the local civilians descended into a full-blown panic with alien invaders advancing upon their homes and drivers swerving their vehicles throughout the congested roads as they desperately tried to escape.

Worse yet, another wave of Hegemony forces descended from the heavens, bringing more manpower and resources to the fight.

There was one exception, however. A lone troop transport fell from the atmosphere like an asteroid. Alongside the flames enveloping its entire hull, lingering fallout and radiation emitting from the damaged ship made it a sight to behold. It plummeted directly into the ocean, sinking deep beneath the water and practically creating a tsunami with tidal waves moving in every direction, striking not only stray islands but eventually the already desecrated city itself.

It was only one of many catastrophes unfolding everywhere on Earth as the Hegemony began its full-scale invasion of humanity's homeworld... albeit the humans would fight in any way but fair.