

Prelude I: The Terminator Wars

Date: The 21st of March, 1 B.H.

Location: Central City, The Home Lands of PSony-3

Drifting skies of smoke and cloud cover over a backdrop of orange and crimson, the setting sun barely visible beyond the quickly thickening clouds of brown dust and black ash. Beyond the reach of smoke climbed that wide open moon which would tower over the lands. And it was the lands below that began to glow brighter and brighter as the sun fell lower and lower. Reds and oranges from which the ash rose, rapid crackle crackle and pop pop.

muffled* Boom... boom... booom *muffled

muffled* Crackle crackle pop pop pop pop pop pop pop pop *muffled

Krrrbooom- kerplowwww poooof

Rolling smoke rose up over the glowing inferno, the continued crackling crackles and pops of weapon fire and explosives below. Crumbled towers, some with spires still standing and others completely sunken in on themselves. Lines and lines of buildings surrounding all partially collapsed or completely, those that still stood missing walls and windows and of the few there were many in flames. Some that burned at that very moment, all consumed or with flames spreading, breaking apart and falling into crumbling death spirals.

The collapse of some structures of which mounds of concrete and metal allowed for one access high up to a several story high roof top. Some caved in, others still sound regardless of the damages. Streets lined with many a thing- piles of bricks, remnants of buildings, destroyed vehicles. Trees snapped or splintered, some riddled with holes like Swiss Cheese. Piles of rubble aflame, billboards in the distance shattered and fragmented.

Huge craters dug down deep into the streets, pavement collapsed, buildings turned over into the roads. Roads completely left in ruin, upon which lied the bodies.

Many a body in many an attire- bodies in civilian compliment of standard T-Shirts and Jeans in various stages of decomposition, professional soldiers in different colors of camou or black & blue, in fact there were many many types. Many humanoids dressed in mix-matched uniforms of long coat tails in camou and armored up like knights underneath, shinobi downed in cloaks and hoods, stained plastoid armor of the Storm Troopers of the GE 501st.

All of them armed or previously armed rather. Rifles w/ bullets chambered, blasters and vibroblades, old fashion swords and daggers. Men, women, even children of different ages... all of them gunned down, riddled with holes or downed with only a few blows. Some blown to bits and pieces, some crushed beneath large slabs of buildings or pieces of vehicles.

And littered among them all where the Red Eyes; though not truly Helghast. No, while there were plenty of soldiers dressed in the Helghast Uniform, none of them truly were. A half sliced off face mask here and a torn body there, revealing either entirely machinery or partial flesh and partial mechanics. These were not organics, they were not the Helghast, they were the enemy!!

The machines, the machines mostly in that Red Eye uniform left by the prior Helghast invasion. Some though wore no armor, instead entirely exposed as metal and cogs. Battle Droids, genuine Androids, literal Terminators with pistons and rods. All of them prior armed with weapons of their own, mostly in pieces scattered around the battlefield.

Bodies of all lay scattered. The bodies of men and women in uniform downed behind cover and in the open, the bodies of civilians both within buildings such as former coffee shops and on the streets, the machines scattered everywhere in the open. Even the skeletal remains of children, left under the skelefied bodies of adult civilians, some mummified in place. Some lay back against buildings, heads tilted backwards and jaws left to hand with no eyes left in their sockets- chests splattered wide open.

Flames continued to howl and grown all around, spreading to the backdrop sounds of distant crackling and booming. Throughout the whole of the city it was this exact same. Bodies and bodies, the machines and the people. Dead soldiers, dead civilians, dead machines.

Scattered all the way to the ash covered chapel once hallowed- within lay splintered fragments of wooden benches and a plethora of human corpses all keeled over with holes straight in the backs of their clothes. Dresses and suits, shirts and jeans, jackets and shorts, robes and hats. And it was here across the way another unsettling site lay- the collapsed structure of the once prominent “Oakly Pinnoki Jr. High”.

The destruction plagued the entirety of the city, and as one would continue to drift there came more signs of the battles that once were and still were. Blown out tanks, downed striker craft, large multi-limbed walkers, remnants of Tie Fighters and even Lite Cruisers slammed through multiple buildings. Far out into the harbor the half-sunk half-exposed remnants of battle ships and carriers, some of which now laid up on the shores and straight through the docks.

Soldier helmets, Storm Trooper helmets, they littered the shores with pieces of armor left everywhere. The craters, huge gouges into the earth itself. Large bones lay next to the downed Ties, reptilian in nature. Saddles upon the backs and wings strung out, huge in scale. Claw marks lay before one such beast, claws having no doubt dug deep into the soil before its passing. Skeletons left on the grounds on their sides, mouths hung wide open.

And so it was, even with all of this destruction and death, the crackling continued from afar. The sounds of a battle, the glow of flames and the eruptions of blasts, all continuing to pepper this once great city...

Location: Central Plaza Ruins

POP POP POP POP POP POP POWWWWWWW

KRRRRBOOOOOM PEWWWW WEEWWWWWW

WEWWWWWWWWWW BUUMMMM BOOOM

The soaring screams of spent rounds flying through, the shots of rockets flying through the air. Explosions went off all around the plaza, buildings collapsed and pillars toppled. Flames spread round the downed bodies of man and machine all over. The Bowling Alley, completely sunk into the earth and nothing but ruins. The Apartments, leveled though still half standing. Near all of the glass had since rained from this building to the grounds below, and from these windows came the fire.

Explosion after explosion rattled the debris and cover spots, buildings beginning to fold. The vast fire of laser bolts and normal bullets plowing through the area. Smoke wafting around and up, the red haze ever present like a crimson glow around the battlefield as fire continued to sweep through the city. Snipers fell from their vantage points high up and came toppled down, single shots to the gut or chest, some downed screaming until they hit.

Machines in Helghast attire moved in with a flurry of shots hurled into them; though few would fall, whilst for the many many soldiers of different backgrounds it became a slaughterhouse. Rushing Storm Troopers toppled and sent over, covered from behind by the fire shot out of the apartment complex. Snipers, rapid fire, bullets and blaster fire. Anti-tank rounds and rockets alike went screaming forward into the enemy lines.

KAACHOWWW!!!

Soldiers of the Black Box Agency rushed ahead, dawned by their black-blue-dark_gray semi-camou-patterned clothes, black jackets over. Armed with their Thompsons, charging in, a flurry of fire and some grenades. Rockets barged out and straight into the lines of enemies blowing them to bits. For some of those in the attire of the Red Eyes, there would be no rest as they rose right back up even with limbs dangling.

The machines moved on, gradually with some of the non-Helghan attired machines accompanying. T-800s of Skynet equipped with their Phased Plasma Rifles in the 40 Watt Range, 12-gauge auto-loaders which were certainly Italian. Their slow march through the smoke, eyes certainly glowing red.

And then from the dark came that infernal clanking- the unified march of metal on ground. Through the smoke and buildings, lining the streets and marching in unison came the B1 Battle Droids and even their B2 Counterparts. Marching straight into battle, the 1s with E-5 Blaster Rifles. The fire from this line flurried into the debris and buildings ahead, downing multiple Black Box Agents and even more Storm Troopers.

Shouts and screams broke out from the lines, the likes of “HOLD YOUR GROUND!!!” “COVER ME, COVER ME!” “WE’RE TAKING HEAVY FIRE!!!”

The flare of the rockets and their explosive glares went forward, crashing into the walls of the Apartment Complex, blowing frames and floors out. Shots that got in blew up the interior, bodies being sent flying right out of those gaping holes and falling to the ground- SPLAT!!

Some of the soldiers stumbled from the barrage of explosive fire, moving behind cover or straight up out of the way without consideration. Even as the bodies went splat right next to them they did not budge, wills intact, taking up aim and returning fire from blasters and rifles alike right back into the enemy lines. And as they did, so went the B1s and Terminators in particular, with the Helghast Cyborgs remaining for a couple more shots and the B2s tanking many before dropping.

A small group of Storm Troopers ran from East to West, a flurry of shots searing from the direction they came- one unfortunate soldier downed by a shot straight from the North and sent flying. To the East the machines moved, explosions going off on the regular around them. Dozens of lone agents scattered in the ruins taking aim and returning fire with energy bows and blasters. They fired into the flames where there came the silhouettes of the oncoming army of death.

Farther along up the line where the walls of what was once the Theater and the Mall, enemies approached from beyond. Soldiers of various factions had conjoined there, taking shelter behind

the walls which held openings. They fired out into the scape beyond both structures, pulling back as the walls blew apart. In came the enemy, marching along with their weapons rapid firing.

Soldiers turned and bolted, some gunned down instantaneously and some moments after attempting to flee.

“FALL BACK! FALL BACK! FALL BACK! FALL HYUAAAA-”

Down went the Storm Trooper Captain, hitting the ground on his side. **STOMP!!!** The machines moved forward, smashing his helmet with a deafening squish. Just behind a group of T-800s turned round and took aim on a singular downed soldier.

POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW-

Round after round was pumped into this lone individual, granted mere moments after the Terminators had turned and continued their march forward, firing ahead at the fleeing soldiers now exiting their respective buildings.

“This is Bravo Company 5, where the fuck are Hatch Squadron and the Round Wagons?! ... taken out? THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN TAKEN OUT!? WE'RE UNDER HEAVY FIRE HERE!! Yeah? Well WHERE ARE THEY?!”

POP POP POP POP BOOOOOOOM- crrrrraccccklllleee crrraaaaaaAASSSSH!!

Three fourths of the plaza now under fire, enemies from all directions stomping their way in. Soldiers from all across moving back and away, back towards the apartments. The Company Leader, surrounded by several Black Box Agents, slammed his radio down and looked out.

“Damn them- prepare Counter Measure 1375-C-Zeta! Fall back to the harbor through the ruins! The Plaza is lost!”

“What are you fucking crazy? If we lose the Central Plaza now GYAHHHH-”

Down went the soldier, rolling onto his back. Up onto his rear and crawling backwards- he turned and saw. Down went the leader, clipped in both the shoulder and leg, only one of the other eight soldiers still alive. He then looked out to the approaching enemy now flooding the plaza.

From the buildings crawled out and rather poured his allies, some right into enemy fire as the machines awaited them. For others it became a dash once they were clear with some still being mowed down.

One final look forward, the machines moving in in their Helghast uniforms. His teeth grit together... "If only... if only I had-"

The memories flooding in. Waking up each morning, coming downstairs to coffee and a wife, his kids readying themselves for school while laughing, the dogs playing in the front yard with the neighbor's dog. Kids off on the bus, him off on a drive to work, his wife smiling with the pups as he pulled from the yard and drove away. Those memories... replaced swiftly by the sight of a house collapsed and burning fire, the burned charred bodies of his family and pets.

Snapping to, the man's teeth slammed together, a howl leaving him immediately. His rifle pulled forward, shouting the words "FIIIIIGHT OOOOON!!!" as he took aim, and it was as he took aim that the Red Eyes took aim at him, opening fire.

KRRRR-CLANG CLANG BING BANG BUNG PEWPOWWWW-

Blink... blink blink.

His eyes stretched open, hazy at first though quickly regaining focus. Before the lot of them, some sort of orange and crimson barrier of pure radiating energy. It flexed before both the soldier and his downed though still alive comrades.

"Th-this is-" he murmured, quickly to spin around.

?1?- "Damn that Midori. His forces are concentrating on city."

?2?- "Hell, well yeah, of course they are. The *Good Doctor* is probably sick of our medalling. Would sure set an example to wipe out the place."

?1?- "Fuckers. You should head for *The Hub* and back Pop's forces up."

?2?- "Aye aye they have that. Vampira and Tyrant were going to handle that place. What about *The Playground*?"

?1?- “Beleth and Haze are going to lead the raid. Well if you’re going to stay bro, try not to slow me down.”

?2?- “Same to you my guy.”

Two figures stood over the downed soldier, the first of which had cast the barrier. Their left hand out, connected back to a blue unzipped hoodie over a black shirt with a white X on the chest. Black jeans, black boots, long white hair nearly shoulder length covering one of a pair of sapphire blue eyes. In his right hand a huge scythe, white with some gold trim, magenta flames rolling out of his feet as an orange aurora coated both him and his weapon- his eyes popping with a similar shine.

The man beside him, stationary on the ground. Shorter white hair, ocean blues with a hint of a silver glow that was certainly supernatural. His attire that of a samurai, gothic to be exact, and with a sword already drawn in hand. A dance of flames surrounded him though not quite the same quality as the magenta- instead being that of black fire.

“Z-Zero Blackheart and... Leo Blackheart??” the soldier choked out.

The man holding up the barrier, the first who had spoken, glanced down at the soldier, “It’ll be alright now, just stay down. *MOUNT UP!*”

From behind the two brothers approached a small squadron of shinobi, all masked in dark blue covering all of their bodies complete with silver wrist braces. They approached with energy bows, shields, spears, and a plethora of both kunai and shuriken. Then came the next group, a large unit of what appeared to be Storm Troopers; though unlike the traditional white armor of the normal Imperials, this armor was ash gray to the point where it almost seemed pure black, dawned with a crest on the right of their chest plates.

“Coulda just said line up instead of mount up, ain’t mounting shit. You trying to sound cool or-”

“Shut up Leo. I’m focused on this shit show we’re about to run right into, who gives a damn what I say?”

“HAHA just checking.”

“Ready!”

All of the newcomers readied their weapons, taking aim, while ahead the machines continued to march on at them.

“ATTACK!”

And it was then, the barrier dropped and a barrage of fire was sent flying right into the approaching line of Battle Droids and T-800s. Like a rainstorm of fire, shots so many and potent that it mowed down the lot in no time period. The only units not struck were those of the Cyborganic Helghast Zombies which had kept their distance; though in the first wave dozens of machines fell by the initial surge. Many of the Shadow Troopers and Shinobi spread out throughout the plaza, ducking behind ruins, attempting to shield themselves in the ruins.

Cover fire ran out quick, taking out enemies giving chase to the BBA's and ST's that were already under fire and forced back. As the Droids and T800s came in they were shot and bolted. Shots from the left and shots from the right at the approaching army, with the wings of the new arrivals stretching out and around towards the likes of the Theater and the Mall. The fire rate so intense, the machines now dropping at rates far faster than what had been before.

Still through numbers the simpler machines continued to march ahead, firing off all over. Firing off at those on the right wing, firing and bombing the left. Casualties of course did arise, several Shadow Troopers and several Shinobi being felled, as were those of the retreating forces already stationed. Even through the rubble of the buildings, using such as cover, they were being taken.

A surge of Helghast Terminators, the onslaught of the approaching Commando Droids- forces far more agile than the simple charge straight in tactics of the other machines. The droids, bouncing off of literal walls, bouncing off of fallen debris, somersaulting through the air and continuing to lay down a fire. And forward in the center of the plaza moved that main unit of

machines whilst the elite units closed in on the wings, even now with a number of Commando Droids and Helghast Cyborgs joining in.

“Per cor insaniae et desperationis ima, LICENTIA et pluvia hodie timoris esse sinite!” Zero howled out, rising into the air with the jets of his magenta flame departing.

Around the warrior of blue rose a ring of orange aura, a halo almost. His left arm raised out and his hand extended, another shield of orange forming up; though as the prior energy appeared stable and controlled like a proper barrier, this was zippy and zappy, sparks and flame erupting all around him.

“You and your broken ass Latin, learn to speak the language!”

“Oh bite me Leo- CHAOS SHOWER!”

The ring of orange pulsed, the sparks flying out becoming bolts. Ring-shaped bolts of orange which passed through the air and swung around all slamming into the enemies. Sparks of orange and normal electricity surged out of the droids as the dozens and dozens of orange bolts plowed into their lines. Dozens and dozens deactivated, leaving open a path; and it was then as he lowered back to the ground with the orange aura fading away, his scythe held out pointing ahead.

“ADVANCE!”

On came the shouts of the forces, all rushing right on ahead. Blasters and bows firing, shuriken and kunai being flung. Head shots made, the lot of the enemy going down. Both brothers stood side by side, looking out as their forces went in. Leo himself gave but a subtle glance right and then a glance left.

“How about we have a little fun and get involved with this too eh?”

SHAKE

“???”

SHAKE

THUMP... THUMP... THUMP... THUMP

Both of them looked around, a few of the soldiers still standing with them doing the same. One more loud bang would do it, both looking to the right near the Mall. Right then and there the walls of the once great building erupted, huge chunks of debris flying out everywhere. A massive mechanical limb blew forward, slamming down, then another, and with a twirl came another. A massive quad-pedal machine, almost arachnid like in some sense yet crab in another, came storming forward.

The two looked out to the huge machine as it stomped around, two feet down at any time as the other two swung around. Its focus was down, a machine gun-like fire of red energy bullets spraying down that would cut through foe and ally alike. The energy roaring out from each major stomp of its feet, frying people and machines alike. Then as it stomped down once more, out came a flurry of rockets with several simultaneous screams all into the air.

Three huge red eyes attached to a domed head, the machine towering well over the people as both machines and soldiers went flying from the sudden eruption of force.

“Well fuck me,” Leo stammered.

“God dammit,” Zero growled, “A Quadraxis-type unit. That bastard-”

“Hey you built this kind of shit with that crackhead, how do we kill it?”

The massive machine’s glowing eyes zoomed over with the turn of its head, locking sights on both Leo and Zero. The latter of the two twirled his scythe, taking a more defensive stance near immediately, sweat appearing across his face. The Quadraxis turned itself around, one of its legs launching forward.

CRACK

“HRRRRRGH-” Zero grunted, his left hand up and his legs giving slightly as the full weight of the machine’s stomp came down on him, “N-Necro-Necrophoros One Hund-oh mother fuck-”

CRAAAAAAAAAAASH

Leo stumbled back with his left arm crossed over his face. He squinted, seeing Zero disappear into the ground as the huge machine applied full force.

“Ahhhhh shit-”

One glance back up at the machine’s head, a quick quiver. Rocket tubes opened up and from them launched the explosive tipped devices. Half-a-dozen or so rockets sped up through the air and arched down at Leo. The dark prince moved quick, hopping backwards, then right, then back left, straight back. With each jump the rockets came down to where he had been and detonate with tremendous blasts.

“Ahhh- man oh man,” Leo grumbled, flipping back atop a concrete slab, eyes fixated upwards and locked upon the sights of the Quadraxis, “If Midori has a bunch of these things running around it won’t be a good time. Wonder how Pops is fairing? Ehyyyy well, guess we should get invested in this battle right quick.”

“GEFF ES VOKIN ENG UFF MYEH!!” howled a voice, most certainly distorted and muffled.

“Yeah yeah I’m on it Zee. Sit tight.”

“GEO UCK ERELVI!”

“Heh ha ha ha that’s the fucking spirit boy!” he laughed, a reddish hell aura radiating off of his body as he gazed upon the Quadraxis- ear to ear grin formed.