

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

Combined with their innovative training regime, and their Cataphract Armor enhancing their physical abilities, Josie Miller's 1st Brigade was advancing steadily on either side of where their King and Crown Prince fought side by side. Bodies of dead and mortally wounded Svorag littered the ground behind them as they relentlessly pushed forward toward the city. The deep throated boom of the close range M4X Particle Magnum sidearm was heard often and very nearly drowned out by the throated roar of the UPPR11s. The name was actually one that Armen had instituted as the Armory Master Chief and Worker Drones began to roll them out of the Weapons Fabrication Lab three hours after *SPARTA'S WRATH* had destroyed the Pralor Science station and begun its trip here. Fashioned to look almost identical to the Union P190A5, the WFL personnel and Worker Drones had incorporated the more powerful aspects of the Pralor Particle weapons into the more streamlined Union design. The result was the UPPR11s, or as the members of the 82nd and the DRD had begun to call them, PPRs.

“Advance!” Josie screamed out within her COM.

It was happening quickly, they would lay down blistering amounts of firepower for twenty seconds and then Josie would move them forward. The member of the 82nd would advance several dozen meters and then do it again. They were burning through ammunition as if it was endless. Shoulder to shoulder they advanced over the dead and dying bodies of the many Svorag, not caring who or what they may have been at one point in their lives. Most of them were covered in Svorag blood but they did not break ranks even in the face of the enemy that they faced. They may not have had Shi Viska's as their Lycavorian comrades did, but for every Svorag that broke through and reached their line, and there were hundreds, they were quickly chopped to bits by savage blades or M4X PMs. The order had gone out and there would be no mercy shown this day. Josie Miller kept close watch on the entire line with her helmet HUD, monitoring their movement to stay even with Androcles and his father. She did not look over at where the roars of dragons filled the air for Josie had seen Bonded Pairs fight before and it was a devastating thing to witness. The inhuman screech snapped her attention around and Josie saw three of the Svorag

leaping from where they were, intent on breaching the line. It did not matter how they had made it through the barrage line of fire, only that they had.

“Breech! Breech!” Josie screamed out as she brought up her PPR on the Svorag coming right at her and held the trigger back.

Nineteen particle rounds, each tipped with a drop of explosive tore into the Svorag’s deformed body, blowing ghastly wounds into its flesh. Josie dismissed the first one as her burst had taken its head off and blown apart its upper chest. She was shifting her PPR and saw the second Svorag almost upon her. She dropped the PPR on its quick release straps and snatched the ancient Khukuri from its sheath on her shoulder. The ancient Earth weapon of the long dead Gurkhas had survived well into this time and many of the 82nd carried these signature weapons of perhaps the fiercest group of fighters next to the Spartans of ancient Earth. The blades had all been forged from Dragon Armor and were razor sharp. Those members of the 82nd that carried them had gone through extensive training with the Khukuri, given by the only known surviving members of the Gurkha culture. They occupied a small town in western Utah where they trained the 82nd in different tactics including the use of this weapon. Those who carried the Khukuri were some of the most lethal close in fighters the 82nd had within its ranks, Josie Miller being one of them.

Josie didn’t hesitate for an instant and she fell upon the Svorag who landed closest to her. With a scream of effort, she took off the Svorag’s right arm before it had even regained its balance. As the Svorag screamed in agony and opened its armored jaw to extend its thick tongue to attack, Josie drew back the Khukuri.

“Fuck you!” She screamed and drove the Khukuri deeply into the Svorag’s brain right through its open jaw.

As the creature began to twitch its way to death Josie turned her head to find the last one only to see Freddie lowering his own Khukuri, the Svorag head dropping to the ground beside the now dead monster.

“Not much for conversation are they Colonel!” Freddie barked out.

Though he could not see it, Josie’s face broke into a huge smile under her helmet as she replaced her Khukuri on her shoulder and snatched up her PPR.

“Devil Dog actual from Wolverine actual!” The male voice broke into her COM.

“Go!” Josie snapped out.

“Where you want us Josie! The General didn’t want you hogging all the fun! We’re coming in hot girl!”

Josie spun around and saw the two dozen heavily armed *MENKLA* transports spread out in tight formation and roaring in from behind them only a hundred feet off the ground. It was easy enough to see the *KINDRED SOUL* holding above Discovery Base since it took up nearly everything in her view.

“Hell! You may as well join us right here!” Josie snapped out. “There is always room for Wolverines in this fight!”

“Ten seconds Josie!”

Josie touched her wrist and opened a command channel to Androcles several hundred meters away as she saw the *MENKLAs* dip even lower and begin to spin around in midair to offload the additional forces.

“Andro... follow on Brigade is here!” She barked out not expecting an answer since she could see the fighting was heavy where he and his father were. “We are executing Plan Alpha as soon as they are down!”