

KOLTAR FOUR
CAPITAL OF LEPIRI
SPARTAN ONE

Reva, Lylor, Aryera, Rothan and several other Kirek Pack members were standing off to the side of the ramp near the wall, their eyes watching Danny's six-foot five body leaning over the edge of the ramp with what looked to be not a care in the world. And to top it off he did not wear a safety harness. All of them had wide eyes, for even with all their years and their combat experience, none of them had ever seen such precision before. Reva had tried to tell them; tried to prepare them for it, because of them all, only Reva had ever actually seen what they could do because of the time spent within her sphere form.

There were four different columns of Lycavorians, a mix of the *Durcunusaan* and Kirek Pack soldiers that now made ready to exit the ship once it set down. These men and women did not question what their orders were. For the *Durcunusaan* it was simple, nearly all of them had fought with their King, Androcles or some part of the Royal Family for the last decade or more and they would have it no other way. The Kirek Pack members fed off that emotion, causing Lylor, Rothan and Aryera to feel it most of all. The Internal ship's speakers were all connected to the Communication Implants they all now wore and they could hear everything that was happening. There seemed to be different voices coming from everywhere but no one appeared to be flustered or confused by this as they all listened.

"Northeast down and secure!"

"Southeast down and secure!"

"Northwest down and secure!"

"Southwest down and secure!"

"All Ground Sticks, move to your Primary Positions and hold!" Miranda Lorian's voice echoed on the COM. "Scar Flight!?"

Steven's voice echoed on the COM channel now and this caused Lylor and many of the Kirek Pack to look at one another.

"Scar Actual to all flights! Jolly Roger and Grim Reapers have TAC Ground Support!" Steven's calm voice echoed once again. "Black Widow and Death Jester have High Altitude Support of Spartan One. APOC Drones fourteen through seventeen have dropped into cover position on Spartan One. They got clean up. Anything gets close to Spartan One, kill it! No questions."

"Black Widow Lead, Affirmative!"

"Death Jester Lead, Roger that Scar Actual!"

"***Fly Free...!***" Steven's voice barked over the COM.

"***Die well!!***" Countless pilot voices chimed in right after his.

"Five Seconds!" Tina's voice overpowered everyone else's on the COM.

Danny's eyes had not left the status of the drill as Tina guided it around along the dye path that Martin had left for them. Endith had held the ship as steady as a rock in a windstorm which was nothing new to any of them. Danny had lifted his gaze several times and saw perhaps half a dozen men running along the ground beneath them waving madly at others to clear the area. None came close to the position under the *TYPE TWO*so Danny did not bother with them.

“Through!” Tina screamed. “We’re through!”

Danny’s brow furrowed and he turned his head back toward the cockpit. “Tina, nothing is happening!” He barked.

“Wait for it big boy!!” Tina barked back without malice. All of them were excited and running on pure adrenalin.

Danny’s keen wolf ears heard it first, even above the roar of the engines. A low pitched, grumbling roar that rose in a smooth crescendo and then Danny’s head snapped back around and he saw the earth beneath him just collapse right down. He heard the scream of tortured and now overtaxed metal as it gave way and his eyes grew wide as the ground seemed to swallow up everything beneath their ship, drop for fifteen meters and then stop as the weight of now unsupported earth crushed the tunnel beneath it like so much paper, opening one end and blocking the other.

“Fucking A Baby!” Danny shouted out the words. “Turn and drop Endy! Turn and drop sister!”

Endith looked at For'mya with her trademark smile. “Here we go!” She exclaimed before throwing *SPARTAN ONE* into a gut wrenching turn that spun them around one hundred and eighty degrees in the opposite direction in two seconds flat. As Danny held the side of the open ramp and they dropped to just above the ground he could look dozens of meters into the part of the tunnel that had not been crushed.

Danny didn’t hesitate. “Assault One! Go! Assault One! Go!”

With shouts of approval, and before *SPARTAN ONE* had even settled fully to the ground, four columns of Lycavorians lifted their weapons and charged off the ship in four different directions. Endith had set them down only five meters from the edge of the now gaping hole in the ground. The collapsed part had formed a perfect ground ramp down into the once hidden underground facility while crushing the main tunnel coming from the garrison a kilometer away from their location. No one watched as Isabella and Cirith practically leaped into the two Heavy Particle Turrets that had been added for this mission and were now extending outward on hastily constructed arms on either side of the extended ramp. One move straight out and the other began to curl upwards so that it extended over the top of the ship and could cover the front.

This is where Isabella took over as she plugged into the head set that dropped from the railing above.

“Assault One! Overwatch One and Two locked and cocked! All sticks announce when in position and prepare to repel! They’ll be coming at us hot and heavy no doubt! Spartan Six and Seven have the guns! Call out your support when needed!”

Danny turned from where his eyes had been focused down into the tunnel in front of them. “Assault Two! Thirty seconds!”

On either side of Danny’s body three Spartans took up positions and their Shi Viskas flared into existence. Six more moved in front of them. Anja and Duewa moved into position directly behind Danny, Anuk and Nayeca between them with their PPRs at the ready and Thoti directly behind them. Kesyla would be helping to watch the situation in a makeshift command seat station on the edge of the cockpit. Lylor, Ranol Aryera and Rothan moved in behind Anja and Duewa and they watched as another two dozen Spartans closed in around them all, their Shi Viskas out and humming on their arms. Lylor’s eyes were wide as he looked back quickly and saw eight more Spartans move in just behind them and effectively seal them into an impregnable formation. Thoti towered

over Anja and Duewa, his own Shi Viska giving cover for the two most senior and important medical personnel anywhere in this quadrant, let alone nearby space. Martin had protested at first, sending both of them into the fray along with Anuk did not sit well with him. Anja, Duewa and Anuk were the most experienced and knowledgeable medical people they had anywhere and he hated putting all of them at risk, but he relented in the end, knowing it was for the best. The faster they were in and out, the less loss of life there would be, and those three women could work miracles together.

Thoti turned quickly and looked at Lylor, Ranol, Rothan and Aryera. “Turn when we do! Stay below the lips of our shields unless we say so! Keep your PPRs ready but do not try to fire unless we direct you too! This is our way of battle! You are along for the ride right now, so let us get you where you need to go! Maintain your footing at all cost! Do not try to push ahead!”

Lylor nodded his head and slammed his hand down on Thoti’s arm twice. “As you say!” He barked. “As you say!”

“Assault Two!” Danny’s voice rose above the din of the engines and everything else that was happening. “Deploy! Deploy! Deploy!”