

Ultra Heavy Black

By Bartan Tirix

Chapter 1

The soft tones played in the darkness of the white room. Unpersonalized and dull, as if this space were some sort of caged punishment for her. Those eyes scanned the walls in the darkness like it did for the past hour. Attempting, almost hoping to find something new within the boring plastic and void of white, all while those tones were demanding for her attention.

With a loud exhale from her muzzle, a golden paw hit the device on the nearby stand. Shifting around her larger body to release the mattress of her weight, the lights began to dimly illuminate the uninteresting room. A small space that honestly reminded her of a closet, but that could've been due to her size. At least the theropod could rest with only the end of her tail touching the other wall.

She pondered before about asking for a bigger room, but being close to her lab was more important. Only a doorway away, she crossed it in order to get to her restroom. Another that was rather cramped, to the point where she could not close the door. Though privacy was hardly something of her concern, and when the golden Allosaurus was finished, she walked over towards the main door.

Almost hidden beside it, in the bland white walls, was a drawer that pulled out. One containing a fresh lab coat, the same contrast she was beyond tired of. It seemed the only time the dino would be rid of such clothing was when she spilled something on it. Even then, it would be washed with the thousands of others, and sent right back the next morning; white as ever.

Regardless, she put it on. Despite the fact that it was almost too small for her. Unable to use the zipper or buttons because it was made for a more humanoid creature. Not that it really mattered to her anyway, the entire building always felt too warm. The theropod didn't enjoy the cold, but this would hardly be considered comfortable.

Some movement caught her attention, spying something just as golden as she was. Only to then nullify the threat with reason; her own reflection. Coming off of a silver screen that was currently off, displaying the dinosaur's upper half. As well as the collar she wore. Though the strap itself was white, the crimson gem brought

back hopeful memories of her father. Most importantly; his pride and approval. Something that's been keeping her sane and focused in such a prison-like occupation.

Scanning around her lab with those red eyes for a few moments, she took another breath before leaving it. Entering yet another bland hallway, at least this time with people in it. All not her kind though, but a variety of different species. Most of them smaller than her, though only by a little bit, and very few were larger. Regardless, they were all dressed up in the same uniform as she.

Hardly anyone talked to each other, unless it was for business. Everyone seemed to move down in a single line, most all heading over to the food court for the morning meal. But that hardly appealed to the Allosaurus, the only thing she wanted was her morning drink. Just above getting away from others and their almost frightful stares. Like she was going to snap and attack those around her.

It wasn't uncommon for her species to be thought of in such a manner. Anything that could be labeled as Prey would keep that common instinct to tense up and be ready to withdraw. Yet, something told her that they feared the golden one for some other reason. Their slightly frightful looks were not of primal nature, at least that's what *her* instincts told her.

The line was moving a bit slower today, which only drowned her mood further. In the meantime, she just started theorizing her daily work. Looking around to see how things could improve, the technologies they were using altered for optimism. Perhaps giving them extra functions to save time.

Eventually, she arrived at the wonderful invention that is the coffee maker. Only to be slightly surprised at the notice taped on: Scan Not Functioning, making her flick an ear in irritation. Normally, the devices read your face and identify who you are. Prepping your coffee in a matter of seconds and saving you the time to input it yourself. Doesn't sound like a big deal, but when you have thousands of people using the machines, the saved time adds up.

A grumbling exhale as she attempted to remember how she even liked it. It also made sense why the line took so long, considering how many tend to rely on the technology to remember what they even like. Let alone the pages and pages of options to browse through. Carmel. Two creams. One Sugar. No spice. A few seconds later, her highlight of the day was made. It would be another thirty six hours before the next one.

At least she could enjoy it. Making her way back to her lab and finally away from those constant looks. It's not like she hasn't been here for the last ten years or so, which is probably why such things irk her. Which didn't increase her mood when reentering her lab and witnessing her assistant's rather frightful gaze as well. Yet, painted in relief at the same time. "Oh, thank goodness..." The feline whimpered

under his breath and put away his pocket tablet. "Where...?"

"I just went out to get my coffee." The dino grumbled, walking across the room and placing the spill-proof mug on a workbench. One organized rather well with many mechanical tools. "Why are you so jumpy today?" It had so little concern, it was hardly a question.

"N-no reason." The male almost whispered. "You know, I can always get your coffee for you-"

"And pass out on the grand opportunity of socializing with the other people in the Hive? [A very large government science facility, equipped with living quarters and self sustaining produce] I honestly should consider it." She snorted.

"Then why don't you?" The assistant asked, not getting an answer from her for nearly five minutes, as she started working on a part of the prototype weapon within the lab. "Xakoda?" She stopped and sighed for a moment, looking for an eyepiece for better focus.

"Because I don't want to live inside two rooms for the rest of my life." Another grumble. "But everytime I ask for even a single day out, they reject it without thinking twice. I want to see my father again *someday*, Fosan."

"I know, but things are just..." The cat dragged off. "General Pezargan is just really needing this prototype up and running soon-"

"Which is the same thing you said about the *last* one." The Allosaurus almost snapped at him. "Funny how she's so eager to have a weapon developed when we're currently *Not* at war." Fosan's silence got the attention of her red eyes, making him half whimper. "What." An awkward neck rub from the brown cat. "What is it."

"How... Are you today?" An unimpressed stare from the golden one. "Aside from the irritating stares affecting your mood-?"

"Are you analyzing me?" A whimper. "What. **Is**. It." The lab door opened up another female in uniform walked in, getting the attention of both of them for a moment. Then the dinosaur glared at the feline harshly.

"SheeeeeMightBeComingTodayForAnUpdateOnTheProgress." Those red eyes didn't let up, and the brown cat slowly started sinking below the large table between them. Getting Xakoda to nearly snarl at the presence of the General.

"It's not ready yet." The larger one growled at the capybara.

"I can see that." The rodent grumbled back.

"And as you probably overheard, I wasn't told of your visit. So if you will

kindly **forgive** the mess. I have nothing to present to you."

"Temper temper on you this morning. Here I thought that having an assistant was to help you relieve stress." A whimper from under the table. "And I wasn't looking for a performance, though the show is somewhat entertaining." She took a moment to observe the large weapon in pieces across the table. Nearly vehicle mounted size. "Is this all of it?"

"What you asked for." The dino grumbled, returning to her own work.

"I wanted something portable, that our infantry could carry around. This is bound to be too heavy for them-"

"You wanted something smaller, this is as small as I could make it." Another growl.

"I highly doubt that-"

"You want a weapon that will produce a massive amount of charge, in an even more massive radius. One that will target enemies, and not harm allies. To continue the list of foolish demands, you want it's ammo capacity to be extremely common, efficient, and lightweight. And now, for the cherry on top, you want it to be **portable**? By an average *soldier*?" The two shared harsh glares. "It's like you're fighting a war no one knows about, considering such a demand in a small amount of time."

"We just want to be prepared, and were told you were the best weapon development specialist around."

"The best around, yes. But not a damn miracle worker! What you're demanding is Impossible, let alone ridiculously specific!" Another glare. "I gave you one weapon, and have yet to get any feedback from its test-"

"That is none of your concern-"

"It is, especially if it did not work against what ever the hell you think we're up against!" Xakoda snarled. "Now make up your damn mind!"

"I already have." Pezargan headed for the door, stopping just before leaving. "Make it *smaller*." Then exited the lab, getting the dinosaur to almost roar when the sound proof door was closed.

Chapter 2

It still steamed her. Going over the argument again and again in her mind while she was taking the larger weapon apart. Specifically, the end of the barrel. Even after it's been several hours since the General's visit, Xakoda just couldn't focus on how to improve the weapon. She was too furious, and it really showed. Eventually causing the feline to almost flee the room, claiming he was checking up on their dinner.

That didn't matter to her, the dinosaur almost wanted to be alone regardless. Yet, that was a double-edged sword, getting her mind to even recall the first of these meetings. "You want me to design a what?"

"We've been scouting some lifeforms rather far away, ones made mostly out of pure energy. Think, Elementals, if that term means anything to you." The General stated unimpressed. Able to recall every damn word from that maw.

"Creatures made of fire and wind?"

"And perhaps another form of insubstance that our current weaponry could not harm well. If these things are aggressive, we want to be able to defend ourselves against them." The Allosaurus studied her for a few long moments. "Your job is not in negotiations, nor are your morals to be effected. Let alone heard. You design weapons. For Us. Is that clear?"

"...As long as I get paid. But how am I supposed to create a weapon that harms energy?"

"That is up for you to discover, not me. You have decades of knowledge behind your profession, I'm sure you can come up with something." That damn statement made the dinosaur furious to this day, as all the failed attempts to please them flashed in her mind. And the bolt she was struggling to loosen only added to that rage, making her move into an unsafe position.

Throwing all her weight against the wrench, the barrel to the weapon fired one of the inner plates into the side of her neck. The striking pain brought her back to the present, as Xakoda dropped everything to help seal the wound. Feeling something fall off her body while staggering to get up, nearly slipping on her own warmth leaking.

There was so much of it, creating pools across the room as the dino moved to the first aid kit. Throwing it opened to find a small can connected to a syringe, and taking a quick moment to breathe. All before stabbing it into the wound and roaring

at the pain, then triggering the device. Thickening up her neck and making it difficult to breathe, but the bleeding stopped.

She wasn't out of the woods yet. Like a bandage, this thing only stalled the fatal part of the wound. However, her eyes gazed upon a very specific cord ripped out of the white wall, one connected to the kit. Along with a small red light blinking, letting her know help was on the way. All she needed to do was stay alive. Stay awake.

Her eyes followed the trail of blood to the center of the incident. A large splatter and a few shards of metal scattered around. In the middle of it all, the object that slipped; her collar. Now stained with the same color as the gem inside it. One that was a gift from her father, shining with the same glaze as her mother's eyes. As her eyes.

As the Allosaurus looked it over, she wanted it in her paws. Slowly dragging her heavy body across the room to reach for it, the door opened behind her. Washing her of relief that the paramedics arrived. Or at least would've, if they didn't yelp like a certain coward she knew. "W-what-!?" The feline whimpered, dropping their food for the afternoon.

"Fosan...!" The golden one couldn't help but curse his name, though it came out a little wheezy. Just exhaling afterwards heavily and blacking out to his calls.

"I don't care, change it!" She heard a male's voice in another room.

"Sir, I can't just change your wife's position just because you don't like another patient-"

"It's not *another patient*! It's-!" He almost growled at her. "I refuse for my mate to share a room with a genocidal maniac!"

"Sir, we're busy, and currently overfilled. Doubling up is the only option we have until these people can recover. Be thankful you have a room, considering your wife's condition." A frustrated grumble, and footsteps were heard entering the room. Getting the golden one to slightly open her eyes at the shadow of her side curtain. One with another bed on the other side.

"It's okay, love. I think she's unconscious."

"For now. What happens when it wakes up later? You're not safe here." He half whispered. "Who knows what that monster could do to you."

"Shhh, be more quiet." A deep breath was heard. "You don't know for sure if

it's the same person. Don't make assumptions of people until you get to know them a little." He was quiet for a few moments, and the female on the other side slightly coughed.

"Are you okay? Do you need anything?"

"Just some water, that will do fine." He got up, walking to the door while giving the dinosaur a harsh glare. Only to see those red eyes lock on him as well, and completely spook the Argali in uniform. Instantly triggering his fear response and stumble into a nearby tray. Though, not knocking it over, he rushed outside.

Xakoda closed her eyes once again, still trying to half make sense out of what she heard. Then those frilled ears picked up another set of softer footsteps. Ones that came nearby and checked on her status. Feeling a touch on her snout, she slowly opened her eyes to an Ermine. One wearing a set of scrubs. "Alive, are you?"

"Apparently." The Allosaurus replied rather bluntly.

"Do you remember what happened?" The gold one nodded as the nurse examined the computer closer. "There was several large shards of metal removed from your neck, but nothing fatal. Scans indicate that all were removed, aside from some very small flakes. But they shouldn't bother you." No response. "You're lucky to be alive."

"Luck has nothing to do with it."

"Considering how close these were to cutting into your arteries, yes. I think luck has everything to do with it." A bit of silence. "They even reviewed the room security, and accessed the entire event. Claiming that you were distressed due to General Pezargan's visit, and you should seek your Counselor." A slight pause. "...Which you've been avoiding for the past several months, it seems."

"That's because Monzard is an incompetent fool." Xakoda grumbled.

"Something to talk to him about then-"

"You say that as if I haven't brought it up five times." The dino almost growled. "There's a reason why I haven't been seeing him."

"Perhaps you just need a different one then-" The nurse said, somewhat sarcastically. Only to interrupt herself, still going through the computer's notes. "Nevermind, you already have been through several." That time, the golden one double taked at her. Granted, not getting the Ermine's attention. "Your hopeless then. Perhaps you should seek a mate-" A faint buzzer came from outside the room. "That's probably Samson again." And she walked out.

Xakoda grumbled again, never feeling so stiff. Let alone uncomfortable in such a bed, made for a creature much smaller than her. Carelessly, she got up.

Though, not without a struggle and taking a few moments to stop the room from spinning. Looking up on her medical file was a list of several counselors, most she had never heard of. And the few she did only came as complete strangers to her. Ones she had glanced at during the hallways-

The hallways. The odd looks of fright. That sheep from earlier, basically calling the golden one a terrorist behind her back... How much of it was real? Something about all this didn't feel right, like the entire hive was a stage of its former self. The props of an entire act just put into place for the sake of deceiving its workers? Or was it just her?

Regardless, Xakoda got her balance. Though a bit light headed, she walked out of the infirmary before the nurses returned. Navigating the halls, those stares returned, this time with a reason behind them. They were frightful of the dinosaur, but why exactly? Because she was accused of ending the lives of an entire species? Something she could not recall, but her memories did feel a little off. Foggy. Unclear.

The Allosaurus managed to return to her lab, though it was closed off for investigations still. She didn't care, and walked right through the holographic barricades that they displayed. Odds are no one would bother her for a while. However, the walls were still watching.

Overlooking the slight mess that was still in the process of being cleaned by drones, she couldn't help but look over at her own workbench. Seeing a few pieces of the weapon's detection system scattered around. A weapon that was supposed to find traces of energy spikes for targeting.

Then something in her head clicked, much like the spark of genius the dinosaur knew too well. Still working on the blueprint in her mind, she started putting things together. Still knowing that the walls were recording her every move, Xakoda attempted to be discrete. There wasn't many places that they did not watch, including the restrooms. Privacy was never really something this company willingly gave, or was that just her privacy?

Regardless, she had everything she needed, and started working on something else for a distraction. Slowly putting the pieces into her maw while she ate the remaining dinner the feline brought earlier, as stale as it was. And when she felt too tired, the golden one took off that white coat and placed it into the basket in front of the door.

Heading back into her sleeping area, one with rather big pillows, Xakoda slept on her 'wounded' side. Paws under it like she was trying to support the tender area, and once in a while scratching her jaw. Taking the device piece by piece, and putting it together out of sight. Then the harsh part... She lifted up the bandages...

Chapter 3

"Everything appears to be normal." The hare half grumbled, observing the wounded area on the golden neck. Grumbling due to the dinosaur's stubbornness of not wanting to leave her own lab. "A bit swollen, but that's probably due to the metal bits they couldn't get. You really should've stayed in the infirmary-"

"A place constantly occupied by the sick and injured. Sounds like a perfect plan." Xakoda growled at him. Still not liking the feeling of being touched by the doctor's paws. "Besides, I told you already. Your beds are too small for me to be comfortable. Hard to 'Get My Rest' when you're lying on a series of metal bars under a sheet."

"Sorry, doc. She's rather grumpy without her morning coffee." A stare from those red eyes got the feline to whimper a bit. "I'll... Go get you one."

They didn't let up until Foshan left the room, then shifted to the Capybara in the room. "And what about you? Come to add to the list of changes?" The General cleared her throat quietly before taking a step forward.

"No." Pezargan said, almost forcing herself to talk. "The investigation team suggested that I apologize for perhaps... Pushing you too far. So that's why I'm here." A faint growl from the golden female. "The development of this weapon should not rest on the shoulders of two people-"

"More like one and one tenth of another." Xakoda grumbled.

"Quite... So, I'm here to offer you more staff in order to assist your work-"

"No." The dinosaur said coldly, getting a surprised look from the rodent. "I'll do it in half the time it takes me to explain how the damn thing works to another person, they're only going to slow me down." She took a breath. "I want out."

"Out?"

"Vacation. For a damn year. With my father." The capybara growled. "I've been asking for it for years, and you haven't even considered it. *Make. It. **Happen.***" Pezargan's jaw tightened, but she didn't respond. "Doctor. Excuse us." The Allosaurus said without looking at him. "I have to discuss something private to the

General." Though he didn't like their tones, he couldn't argue when the rodent nodded in agreement. Sighing, he left after packing his bag.

"Well?" Pez grumbled.

"...A few years ago, I made you a scouting drone for you to spy on something." Another tense movement from the furred one. "Did it ever find anything."

"...Why-?"

"Because I want to know if this is what you've detected these Elementals with. If the targeting system can identify them, it will most likely make it easier to use that technology for the weapon."

"...No, it didn't." A slight vibration was felt in Xakoda's neck. "If I recall correctly, the drone barely made it out of the atmosphere before we lost contact with it." Another one, and the Capybara left the room. "Anything else?"

"...Just a copy of the drone that found these elementals. Even its schematics will do." When the General was out of sight, the golden one released a heated exhale through her muzzle.

"Everything alright?" The doctor returned, nearly getting a hateful stare from those red eyes and sensing that fear spike from within the hare.

"...Fine, for the most part."

"I could get you a few days off work if needed-"

"No." Xakoda said sharply, returning to her workbench. Regardless of feeling that vibration once again. "I'll be fine." A long silence, and she could feel the doctor's presence in the room. "Anything else?" She asked angrily.

"...I recommend that you see your Counselor about this." No response, and the doctor took the hint. Leaving the doorway but catching the dinosaur's final, almost optimistic, whisper.

"Fine."

"Go on." The coati on the other side of the ion wall listened to the dinosaur. "What did she respond with?"

"You've seen the security feed, you know what happened and what was said."

"But that doesn't mean it is how you viewed or remembered it, Xakoda." A faint grumble from her. "We haven't talked for several months-"

"Because I've been busy." A growl. "In case you haven't seen my work history, recently, I can't remember the last time I had a vacation." No response. "Counselor, who is Lux Omnia Vincit?" A bit of a stiff reaction from him, as he adjusted his position to cross his legs.

"He is another counselor that works here-"

"And Cali Zulvaeduc? Sanzard Yefo? Majadulf Sobvae?" Almost a grunt from him. "More Counselors? Aside from that, what do they have in common?"

"What do you mean, Xakoda?"

"I found something interesting while in that infirmary, Monzard. Every one of these names, plus a half a dozen more were in my medical information." She calmly said, though almost sensing the fear through the forcefield. "Now, I have heard, even witnessed people getting arrested and dragged into Counseling if they missed three days without a good excuse. Yet no one has come after me in several months. Why do you think that would be?"

"Just an error, I'm sure." That vibration returned. "If you have nothing else willing to share from that event, then I believe our time is up." Again, as he seemed slightly nervous when those red eyes looked at him. Strangely calm and collected, like things were going just as she planned. "You should watch your diet, perhaps eat a bit more to make up for the blood you've loss-" The dinosaur got up rather quickly and approached the field, touching it heavily while staring at him and getting a heavy echo like slamming thick glass.

"...Why don't I remember seeing them, Monzard?" The coati took a step back towards the wall, placing a paw near a device mounted onto it. The two stared into each other's eyes for a long while, almost like predator and prey as she listened to his heartbeat through the transparent wall.

"...I think you know what happened to those other Counselors, Xakoda." He said, trying to sound stern as he left the room without calling security. Not getting a response from her, nor breaking eye contact until the door closed. Allowing her to finally examine the forcefield for a moment, as well as the computer system on his side...

The Allosaurus remained focused on her work. Though neglecting the dismantling of the large weapon for now, she was just too enthralled by the recent events. Allowing her paws to almost think for themselves while her mind went through many different processes. Putting on a show for the cameras watching her

carefully, to the point she didn't notice her assistant walk in until the door closed shut. Instantly grabbing the attention of those red eyes, still in predator mode.

"I..." The feline almost squeaked. "I g-got your coffee..." They didn't let up for several moments. Watching him take step after careful step across the area where she was injured earlier that week and placing the disposable cup on the far side of her workbench. Then almost hastily retreat closer to the door. "The doctors-"

"Want to know my condition?" She interrupted him thickly, getting Fosan to lower his head in defense. "I'm fine." She muttered, suddenly craving that drink and moving to arms reach of it. However, something came to mind, causing her to study the cup for a few moments. "...Did you put anything in it." Xakoda basically demanded.

"What?" She seen the young male double take from the corner of her sight. "N-nothing out of the ordinary, no." No response. "They never said anything about medications-"

"Define Ordinary." Another demand that got a heated glare. Making him whimper and attempt to step back into a small table on wheels.

"I-it's coffee, Professor... It came from the machine, like it usually does. There's nothing else in it that I know of." And there it was, that vibration in her neck. Causing her to study the cat for a few moments before taking a small sip and pretending to swallow it. As much as her body really wanted it, the dinosaur put it off. "Are you okay...?"

She really didn't know how to answer that exactly, let alone how much she could trust her assistant. Regardless, she took a breath. "I've just been a little more cautious than usual. I think it's the stress causing it." A small vibration in her neck, but she ignored it.

"Maybe..." Fosan got a little more at ease with the more trusting tone. "Oh!" He almost said to himself, but got her ears to perk a bit regardless. "I got someone to fix this for you." A noise in question, and the brown cat displayed her collar in his paw. Almost attempting to hand it over from afar.

However, the golden one couldn't help but fell disconnected from it entirely. The once fond memories of her only family alive that such a gem brought were very distant, if not absent entirely. Making her expression almost cold, attempting to ponder why such things were felt. "Is something wrong?" The feline asked her, but got no response. "She tried to fix it the best she could."

"It looks fine. Like it was never broken." That brought a faint smile to his muzzle, but her expression didn't change. "I don't want it." Xakoda said, turning around and continuing her work.

"W-what?"

"I don't want it."

"But... Why? It was your father's-"

"Was it?" She interrupted him after feeling that vibration in her neck again, almost sinking her heart. Exhaling her anger with a heated breath.

"That's what you told me..." Another rumble under her scales. "What's wrong, Xakoda? You can talk to me. I'm here to help you." Another breath as the dinosaur stopped for a moment.

"...I need you to seek out the drone schematics I asked the General for." The form of denial made him frown. "*Today* would be helpful." The male sighed and nodded, waiting a few moments for any other orders before leaving.

Chapter 4

The Burro was hard at work, and looking overstressed when the Allosaurus walked through his opened door. Pretty much helping herself through his inventory without him noticing until she moved a crate. Getting him to double take and almost yelp with now puffy mane. "Mother of God-what the hell are you doing!?"

"Looking for something." Xakoda bluntly said, not meeting his irritated stare.

"...*And that would be...!*?" He grumbled loudly with the sarcastic question. Getting an unimpressed stare from those red circles.

"A micro-transformer. Specifically a AUI-688-"

"Don't talk to me about models, Fossil!" The two shared growls. "What the hell makes you think I have it!?"

"Because I just came from the storage deck, and they're completely out. Mostly because some ass has a bad habit of hoarding worse than rodents." He tossed his snout at the ass part, as she continued digging through one of the crates.

"That's because they're not stored in our deck, but in Section E!"

"That's not what the log says." A grumble from him as the donkey slammed down the tools he was using. Quickly moving to the other side of the room and digging out a smaller box. Nearly shoving it into the dinosaur's chest when he came closer.

"Get out. Of my Lab." He growled, leading the two into a heated staring match before she snorted at him. Dropping the handful of scraps back into the crate, but leaving a little something special inside unnoticed before leaving the room. Still hearing him curse under his breath while she walked past several rooms, returning to her own. Meeting up with the jumpy cat once again, almost snooping through her workbench.

"Did you get it?" She almost shouted, seeing him almost jump out of his coat while closing the door behind her.

"Y-yes. But I'm not sure what you..." A motion for him to continue. "What do you need a scouting drone for? I thought Pezar wanted the weapon to be portable by person-"

"She does. But people suck at aiming. If I can use the same detection system that identified those creatures, it will reduce personnel error." The large one almost growled. Taking a moment to watch those brown ears fall then sigh. "...Sorry. This whole job has just gotten me stressed."

"Is that why you've been more distant?" An unimpressed stare from her. "I know you're hardly a social person, Xakoda, but..." The dinosaur didn't respond, but moved to the other side of the room. Making the feline a little uncomfortable, but take notice at the more calmed aura around the golden one. "I know it's hard, but this is your last job." A look at Fosan, and he nodded. "After this, you've got your vacation. You can see your father again, we just need finish the prototype and fill out a report on it." Those red eyes just reflected disbelief. "You don't want...?"

"I'll just believe it when I see it, is all." The Allosaurus mumbled a bit, looking over the blueprints. "I'll have to make a list of things I'll need."

"Don't you mean: We'll?" Another unimpressed look. "I-I'm not saying you're not the brains of the operation, but..." He swallowed loudly as she waited for him to finish. "I'm here to help, Xakoda. That's my job." A vibration was felt in her neck, and she sighed. Getting out a nearby tablet and handed it to the cat.

"Get this down." He nodded, preparing to write.

Her heart was racing, trying to concentrate on her device. Breaths were getting slightly more horse, and to top it all off, she was losing patience with just about everything. Having to take several small breaks, whereas her paws kept

jittering. Every other attempt to reach for a tool resulted in it on the floor, and her to nearly growl in frustration.

She craved that damn coffee like it was air, and the water from her sink only left a bad taste in her mouth. Let alone, made her crave more and more of it. At least by now that device in that ass' room should've kicked in. Wanting to study the white walls for any signs of malfunction, the dinosaur resisted. Instead, taking another drink of what felt like used dog water.

A few minutes later, the halls were occupied by many footsteps. Barely making out orders to scan each room for malfunction. Moments later, two maintenance workers entered her lab, receiving a growl from the golden dinosaur. "What is it? I'm not in the mood." Those red eyes intimidated at least one of them.

"Just a checkup on the surveillance. It won't take long." One of them said, resisting the glare as if it wasn't gazing upon their every move. After a few moments, she snorted and continued working on her device. Watching them through the reflection of a nearby container. "Everything here seems fine here. Check the stall, I'll check the sleeping quarters." The other nodded, walking towards it, but accidentally running into part of the dismantled larger weapon.

"Be careful with that!" Xakoda hissed at him, getting the mink to whimper and apologize under his breath several times. Only getting a low growl as a reply before returning to the workbench. A few minutes later, the other one returned.

"Find anything?" The mink shook his head. "Me either. The problem's not here, whatever it is." A slightly concerned look from the Allosaurus and the human shrugged. "We lost feedback from all cameras this hallway. If one of them gets shut down-"

"If what you're trying to explain is going to keep you in here longer, don't bother. Just leave." She grumbled, getting their expressions to cross but leave shortly afterward. Hearing that door close shut was such a relief to her. Finally panting the air her body needed to deal with the withdrawal. Proving that the device in her neck was correct: they were putting something in her coffee right under her snout. But what?

That answer she would have to find out by accessing the system. None of her computers here would allow her access, and if she tried to force an entry, it would be detected sooner or later. However, someone else's...

Several minutes later, that door opened again. "About time you made it back. Hand me the cutter, will you?" The dinosaur got no response, and the heavy footsteps stopped shortly inside. Getting the impression of being ignored by that damn cat, she growled loudly while turning around. Only to double take at a security

guard in her room, one that was armed. "What the hell is a Uniform doing here?"

The Zebu looked directly at her for a few moments, almost sizing her up. "With the security on the fritz, they want to keep observations on the staff." He said a bit thickly. "Some would often take this opportunity to attempt to get away with something illegal, you see."

"You can't deny that it would be a good opportunity to do so." A moment of silence as they continued to lock eyes. "It would also be horribly predictable." Xakoda snorted, walking over to retrieve her tool. "Besides, the cameras are hidden somewhere in the walls, there's no way to really tell if they're actually on or off without demolition. Let alone, being caught. Only an idiot would try anything just because some maintenance guys and a Uniform showed up."

"Uniform?" The brown cat entered, questioning the dinosaur. Then getting spooked by the guard beside the doorway, nearly dropping a box of parts he was carrying. "W-what is-?"

"Apparently there's something wrong with the electronic security, so they're reverting to labor." The golden one grumbled, still glaring at the steer. "You understand what we develop in my lab, don't you?"

"I do."

"Is that against your textbook quota?" Another intense staring match made the feline very uncomfortable.

"No. But I am observing every move you make. That is my job." Those red eyes moved to the brown cat.

"Did you know about this?"

"W-what? No!" A slight vibration in her neck and she didn't quite catch that growl from her throat. Making the smaller male's ears and head lower, but she let it go. Returning to work on the weapon. "Wow, you got a lot done in a short amount of time."

"Yeah, well..." She grumbled, point towards another tool by it's lonesome for him to retrieve. "I want to get out of here."

Chapter 5

The hallways were more quiet in the later nights, usually when people were scheduled to sleep. However, the Maintenance crew were still frustratingly attempting to find the cause of such malfunctions. Possibly even replacing the entire system, by the look of their equipment. Along with them, several soldiers patrolled the hallways as the Allosaurus walked by them. As long as she looked busy, they wouldn't question her. "You there, halt." At least, they shouldn't.

Regardless, she obeyed, giving the uniform an angry look. Hoping to at least intimidate the other female. When the stare alone wasn't enough, her half growled "*What*." Nearly did the trick.

"These halls are off limits during these hours-"

"It's the only damn hall to my lab. And I need to see my counselor." Xakoda growled, almost too loudly. Getting the Jaguar angry with her tone.

"...Name." A snout toss from the golden one.

"Xakoda."

"ID." Another heavy growl, as the feline demanded it with a paw. Getting the dinosaur to take it off her jacket and throw it behind the soldier. An intense staring contest eventually got the uniform to growl and go pick it up. "I should detain you for your attitude."

"I warned you." The larger one growled again. "I **Need** to see my Counselor. And you're wrong if you think that plastic toy scares me." She half gestured the black weapon.

"Yet, I don't see a damn piece on your scaly ass, so maybe you should be at least a little-"

"Do you know who I am, cub!?" The dinosaur nearly roared. "I built my very first firearm when I was four winters! I *designed* that 9 Volt Taser you're using to compensate for something! You really don't think I know when the Safety is on!? Let alone only have two shots before needing a recharge, because someone has been very careless about how well they've treated their weapon?" They growled at each other with an audience, until another soldier got between them.

"That's enough Haxon. Does she check out?"

"...ID is positive, but no one has counselor meetings this late-"

"It's an emergency, in case you couldn't tell." Another growl from Xakoda, as the other soldier handed the Identification back to her. "Are you satisfied? Or are you going to continue to give me more stress?"

"Am I satisfied, huh-?"

"Enough, soldier. Return to your patrol." Her superior demanded, forcing the feline to leave. But not without getting a growl. "Carry on." He nearly ordered the dinosaur, getting a more friendly snort and heading down the hallway.

As Xakoda expected when she arrived, Monzard's office was locked. Even from the patient's side. Taking a small device out of her pocket while scouting the halls, she put the coin sized object on the keypad nearby. Letting it do its purpose within several seconds before the door's lock released. Walking in quickly and relocking it from the inside, of course after taking back the object.

Next was that forcefield, which required a different device. A bit larger, but still pocket sized. Along the shape of a medium lid from a jar. Sliding it flat along the side wall until it found a node connected to the main power grid, it disabled the electrical wall in moments. Giving the Allosaurus access to the coati's main system.

Before she even touched the computer, she placed another device on the main hardware. One that would cease all records of her tracks while browsing her own file. It had many other functions, of course: bypassing the pawprint and iris scans, PIN and many passwords, as well as rig the voice detection to make anyone sound like the Procyonidae. After an intense few minutes, the digital doors were opened.

(...There it is.) The dinosaur thought to herself. (The life I cannot remember, tucked away into a classified archive.) Some part of her warned her that this was a bad idea. The thought of still being able to escape violently thrashed within her subconscious, but didn't take its cautions. Instead, activating the file...

Name: Xakoda Ilocan Xaae

Sex: Female

Gender: Female

Age: Unknown (Preserved)

Species: Dinosaur

Sub-Species: Allosaurus (See Index No.14475326)

Occupation: Weapons Developer, Universal Terrorist

Status: Employed (Expendable)

Next Of Kin: Unknown

Blood Type: KC-

(More Info)

Record:

-Planetary Genocide	663,345 Recorded Accounts
-Illegal Weapons Manufacturing	6,580 Tracked Transactions
-Extortion	1,664 Recorded Accounts
-Resisting Arrest	86 Recorded Accounts
-Murder	16,399,483,002 Recorded Accounts
(144 More Records)	

Current Known Status:

Employed by CounterForce Weapons Development, Hive 9536485-44586 (See More Info) under Code Red Manipulation. Currently Occupied with Project: BAB-7548856321115477 (See Progress), under Heavy Surveillance. Current Project: Infantry Portable BLC - Stage Alpha.

*****Scheduled For Execution After Alpha Is Complete*****

Past Employment Projects:

Event Horizon Drone - A Scout able to Breach Universal Barriers, And Collect a Marginal Amount of Data Very Quickly Within a Massive Range.
RESULT: Astounding Success.

Backlash Cannon - A Vehicle Mounted Weapon used in the Invasion of Universe 7xx58996455823 "Veritas." Able to Direct Base Energy back Into a Being's Brain or Consciousness, often causing an Aneurysm.
RESULT: Astounding Success.

CW Binding System "CounterCuffs" - A Massive Set of Several Clamps to Arrest even the Largest Of Creatures Discovered. A Mixture of both CounterForce Technology and Counterweight Manipulation to Bind and Control even the Architects Themselves.
RESULT: Astounding Success.
(See 83 More)

*****CAUTION*****

This Employee Is Extremely Dangerous. Do Not Provoke, Make Eye Contact, Challenge, Or Aggravate For Any Reason. Though They Are Under The Effects Of The Red Manipulation Device (See RMD) Medication And Counseling Is Still Needed.

She took a minute to process what read. Even to the point of sitting down on the floor. Turns out that Argali from the infirmary was right, Xakoda was a Terrorist. One brainwashed and forced to work for the CounterForce... Which only raised more questions.

After a breath, she got up. "System." She spoke aloud. "What is the CounterForce?"

"One of the few Universal Law Enforcements. Known for keeping Counterweights in line by Enforcing them to follow a strict set of regulations."

"What the hell is a Counterweight?"

"A Being that can Construct, Edit, and Remove the Fabric of a Universe."

"Where did they come from?"

"Origin Unknown."

"Then what the hell do they do?" She growled, a bit impatient.

"They are Employed by the CounterForce to create and Maintain their own Universe."

"Create and Maintain...?"

"They are Architects of Space and Time. It uses such Fabrics to create multiple dimensions for other creatures to survive in."

"And what they can create, they can easily destroy. Is that why they're being targeted for destruction?"

"They are not being targeted for Destruction."

"Then what the hell? Isn't that what the Backlash Cannon was for!?"

"The Backlash Cannon was developed for the invasion within Veritas." The dinosaur curled her neck at the screen, but she did recall that being stated on her file.

"...What is Veritas..." She demanded.

"The Illegal Universe Designed by Vyitritvuietoafecr. Constructed under terms taboo to the guidelines previously given. Allowing many beings to reach power thresholds in dangerous levels."

"Dangerous to who!? The Force?"

"To many, including themselves."

"Why didn't they pick it up sooner?"

"Vyitritvuietoafecr was Arrested for the Taboo, but Veritas was not found until recently."

"When Xakoda's drone was created..." Though it sounded a bit weird to say her name out loud, the dinosaur attempted to stay in character. "And the Backlash weapons? They are for the residence of Veritas?"

"Correct."

"Are they Elementals?"

"No Data Matching Veritas And Elementals."

"What about Energy Based Lifeforms?"

"No Data Matching Veritas And Energy Based Lifeforms."

"Then why was the Backlash Cannon needed!?" She almost growled.

"Many Strong Creatures Within Relied On A Specific Power Known As Outbreaks, Which Produced A Massive Pool Of Extra Energy To The User."

"And the weapon would take that energy and send it directly towards their brain. Likely killing them..." Xakoda exhaled. "...Tell me about the Counterweight. Why was he Arrested."

"Vyitritvuietoafecr was arrested for violating a Taboo-"

"What Taboo!?"

"The Taboo of Experimentation Among Counterweights."

"Experimentation? Experimenting isn't a Taboo!"

"It is in Violation to the Rules set by the CounterForce, Effecting only Counterweights."

"Experimenting on what?"

"Creation and Designs of Universes."

"...That doesn't make any sense. Why forbid that?"

"Data Not Found." The golden one sighed, taking a moment to think.

"...Where is this Counterweight being held?"

Chapter 6

"Everything appears to be working." The Maintenance worker said, looking at his device and changing a few things. "Surveillance is up and running in this room as well."

"About time." The dinosaur grumbled loudly. "It only took your crew four days to fix it. Does this mean the Uniform can finally leave me in peace?"

"He is no longer needed, no."

"Any chance could you take the cat with you?" Xakoda snorted, but Fosan took it as a joke.

"What was the cause of it anyway?" The feline asked, only getting a shrug from the man.

"No idea, to be honest. We've changed a few things in the room it began in, but eventually it started working again. Probably a glitch in the system somewhere."

"Maybe..." The brown furred one couldn't help but study the Allosaurus from afar. Even getting her to growl once she felt his gaze.

"What."

"N-nothing." The assistant whimpered. "It's just... You usually have something to add, maybe a theory of your own-"

"Which would only cause these idiots to remain in my lab longer. So, if you would kindly **Get Out**, that would be terrific." The feline nervously chuckled at her suggestion.

"And this is her on a good day." Foshan received a glare from those red eyes, making his head sink a little as the others left. Giving the dinosaur a wave of relief, but only partially. If those cameras were working again, that means they'll be watching her every move. Them and... "Is there anything else you need, Xakoda?"

She wasn't really too sure how to answer that. Regardless of the cat's trustless bonds and cowardly nature, the dinosaur almost liked having the furred creature around. "...I need you to find where General Pezargan is." A double take and a noise in question that was more like a whimper. "I'm almost done here, and I want to deliver it to her personally."

"Almost done...?" He overlooked the many parts and devices the Allosaurus has been busy with the past few days. Looking less like a single weapon and more like a portable armory. "Xakoda...?"

"Fosan. I need you to find this out for me." She said a bit thickly. "And I need you to be honest." Another whimper and a feeling of dread painted the walls of her lab. Almost darkening the white into a foul grey. "Will you obey my order or not." It was barely a question, and put him in a very tight spot. Almost admiring the doorway to the hall for a few moments, as well as looking at the wall again. Probably where the camera was hidden. After a few moments, she turned to a nearby box and shuffled through it, activating another device much like she left in the Ass' room. "I know about my Execution, Fosan."

A knot caught in his throat, getting him to stumble back and against the wall. "E-execu-"

"Out of all the times to play dumb, now is not the one."

"I-I don't know what you're talking about, Xak-" She let out a heavy growl when the vibration in her neck was felt. Getting him to whimper again and lose balance.

"You're lying! I can tell, furball!" The golden one roared. "I've read my file, I remember who I am now, what I was." She stopped to take a breath, taking off her coat for a moment to put on a bandolier obtained from a drawer. "...You've always been good to me, Fosan. Be it because you were hired or told to, I don't care. But you know I've killed for a lot less than Lying. Don't you?" A look from those red disks, but he gave a shaky nod. "**Say it.**"

"...Y-yes." A moment of study, and she took another breath. Equipping all the devices she's been working on for the past week.

"Now I need you to tell me where Pezargan would be. If you do, I'll let you live." A whimper from the male as the dinosaur casually put the lab coat back on. Hiding most of the devices except those around her chest. Catching Fosan looking at the wall for the camera again. "It's disabled. They can't see us."

"T-then she'll be in the Security..." Xakoda nodded, telling him he didn't need to say more. "Please, don't do this-"

"Didn't they warn you about Stockholm syndrome?" The Allosaurus half

grumbled, putting on a larger weapon that fit on her arm like a Cestus. Hearing the heavy footsteps of Uniforms coming down the hall, she walked towards the door. "Stay in here. They won't blame you." One last breath as she heard the soldiers begin to curse.

"What the hell is that noise!?" Several of them more or less grunted as they ripped out their earpiece radios. Almost being able to hear horrendous feedback from where the dinosaur left the doorway. As the portable cannon on her warmed up to fire, a small siren seemed to omit from the cestus as she roughly pointed it down the hall and looked away. Firing blinding light and immediately took cover back into her doorway.

The device nearly burned her scales, it was so damn hot. Now wishing she had some protective sleeve on her arm. Regardless, the weapon needed to cool down before use again. Carefully, Xakoda glanced down the hallway, seeing everyone who looked at the blinding light unconscious and laying on the floor.

Closer inspection told they were indeed alive, and a few of them were bleeding out of their noses, but nothing serious. Stepping over the Uniforms and looking across a few caught in the crossfire, the Allosaurus continued down the halls until she heard the heavy footsteps again. Closer she got to the Security Bridge, the more empty the halls seemed to be. Probably not taking the dinosaur as much of a threat. A poor mistake, but one she would gladly accept.

As a group of them turned a corner, she took cover into a nearby doorway. One that was at least big enough for her to fit in. "Ma'am! Put down your weapon and surrender!" One of them shouted, but there was no use arguing. Taking a small sphere the size of a baseball from the bandolier, she lightly tossed it down towards the group. "Grenade!"

Several of them moved out of the way, while another tried to kick it back towards the Golden one. One airborne, it opened up and scanned the hallway within a fraction of a second. Firing a single bullet for every target detected by its scan, including Xakoda. However, her's was stopped by a defensive shield around her body, while the soldiers fell to the ground without so much as a gasp.

A notable defect to such a device to be used against the deployed, but one she at least came prepared for. Leaving the shell of the device behind, it mattered little now if they found it. Stepping over the white floor now being painted with red pools, she caught her own reflection with a quick glance. Reminding the dinosaur of many events that had very similar outcomes.

A few more halls, now completely vacant of bodies, and Xakoda approached a large set of barricaded doors. A slightly annoyed grumble, and she took a quick study at her surroundings before pulling out another gadget; the same one she used against the counselors. Finding the correct spot along the wall and sticking the small

disc to it. A few button presses, and the device went to work; accessing the control panel to the doors through the thick wall and unlocking them. All the while getting the panel from the other side to play an ominous tune as the barricades slowly opened. Cocky, yes, but really added to the tension while she retrieved the device.

A single step inside, and the golden one was greeted by several gunshots. All being soaked up by the shield around her front, as well as scaring those inside. Getting those red eyes to lock onto the capybara in the center of the bridge, taking aim with her own weapon and starting an armed stalemate. "Those who don't want to die today, leave this room." Xakoda growled, noticing no one moving. "Now!"

As nearly the entire room fled aside from the rodent General, the dinosaur studied her look of disbelief. "I should've known."

"So eager to die, are you?" The Allosaurus nearly taunted, walking around the barricade of surveillance desks to meet up with Pezargan face to face. "Put it down." It took a moment, but she tossed the pistol off to the side. Unable to help but keep glancing at the weapon on the larger one's arm. "As you can tell, I succeeded. Rather effective, now that I've done some field testing, but gets very hot after firing-" A snarl from the capybara.

"Is that what happened to them!?" Those red eyes glanced at the surrounding screens, now completely scrambled and filled with static. "Are they dead?"

"The second group is. The first... Might be. It's hard to tell." Another growl from the rodent. "I'm a weapon's designer and a Terrorist on a Universal scale. Keeping people alive is not really my forte."

"So you remember..."

"I figured it out. Granted, the constant orders to keep working without a day off was more than suspicious." Xakoda put her arm down and looked around at the devices. Finding one that would shut the doors from before and lock them. "You have got to be the dumbest person in existence to convince anyone to keep me alive."

"...You were too valuable to just execute."

"Until I got out of your control, yes?" The golden one studied the cestus again. "As soon as the prototype was complete, you were going to have me shot dead. Hoping that kitten would've learned enough about how this thing worked to replicate and perfect it. Or was that just another false promise for those higher up? Show enough promise, progress, and development in such a short time and prove to them that I wasn't a waste of time. Then proceed to sedate me in a world of delusions and lies all over again." No response. "How many times has it come to this? How often does this cycle repeat?"

"I get the feeling you don't want to hear the answer to that."

"Damn right. I just want you to think about all the opportunities you could've taken me out. But nope, time after time, your... CounterForce found some bullshit excuse to start a war with something. Someone you couldn't possibly win against, not without drastic measures." No response. "What the hell was in Veritas." The dino demanded. "And don't say Elementals."

"...Creatures that could somehow tap into a massive amount of energy. A place that a Terrasque infected. I can't say It's Terrasque-

"So a colony of beings that had some possible damage potential-

"Do you know what Veritas was!?" Those frilled ears went back. "It was the first ever Multiverse ever created! A single space that consisted of Three Universes inside it! It was Self Sufficient! No longer needing to rely on a Terrasque's power in order to keep running!"

"So-?"

"And These Creatures Destroyed Two Of Those Universes!" The dinosaur went quiet. "Saying 'They can tap into a massive amount of energy' doesn't sound like much, but their powers are devastating. They are a threat to everyone outside of that space-

"Veritas was never found until you forced me to make that damn drone-!"

"That doesn't mean we couldn't detect the energy spikes from within!" The General growled. "The Terrasque was finding a way inside-drawn by such power! It was only a matter of time before those Creatures found a way out!"

"And so you wanted a weapon against them."

"You don't understand, Fossil. One of these... Energy Transformations can cause our reality to shatter around us! Everything we worked so hard to preserve, shattered in an instance! Probably without them even realizing how dangerous they are to us!" No response. "We needed a weapon to prevent them from tapping into this energy source. We needed them to become stabilized in case they ever get out-!"

"You mean, when they got out." A look of puzzlement from the capybara. "You don't know?"

"...Know what."

"The CF have already taken dozens of them prisoner." A shocked look from her. "You weren't behind that-?"

"They didn't..." Pezargan cursed. "They fucking didn't...!" Several heavy footsteps came out from another exit, getting the Allosaurus' concern.

Chapter 7

"Where is the Counterweight being held?" Xakoda growled, not getting the attention of the General. "Hey! Where is the Counterweight-!?" The other door blew opened, and a squad of other soldiers dressed in black aimed inside. Instantly targeting the capybara first and shooting her several times in the chest before taking aim at the dinosaur. Most of the shots being absorbed by her shield until she took cover.

Growling loudly, the golden one pulled out a bit of a bigger device from under her coat. Throwing the heavy ring up to the ceiling and see it magnetize to it before folding out into a turret. Firing at the squad until they took cover, but downing a few of them upon retreat. Making out several curses and orders to fall back over the heavy spray of makeshift bullets, Pezargan coughed while looking directly at Xakoda. "...D...8..."

"D-8?"

"Floor... 1-6-6...9-5." A faint growl left the dinosaur's throat, almost like accepting a poor victory as she got up to open the heavy barricade she entered through. Opening the doors and closing them shut before the turret ran out of ammunition. Locking it from the inside, but it would buy her enough time to get a head start.

Passing several elevators and putting them all to different floors, she took one that was just passing by. Quickly inputting 16695 on the pad and riding it up to the new floor. Being cautious about the empty hallway, she raced down to a Docking area marked D-8 and digitally forced the lock opened. Just as several shouts to scout the area were being ordered down the hallway.

The door opened as the footsteps were getting closer, and the Allosaurus rushed outside. Standing on a large U shaped bridge that had view of a massive wolf-like creature's face. Only being able to see its closed left eye and a bit of its

snout, as well as the numerous Hives and moons between Xakoda and the creature. It's sheer size terrified her into a state of paralysis, even being able to make out a nearby sun illuminating just a small portion of it. "Target Identified!"

It was the gunshots and sting of pain that forced her to move, nearly collapsing onto the floor as her tail and left haunch went stiff upon instinct. How such a thing got through her shields nearly left her stunned along with the overwhelming hurt, but the dinosaur growled through it. Throwing down another turret beside her on the bridge, and gunning down the bitch that shot her.

She couldn't really walk well, but might be able to crawl. Two turrets left within her coat would run out of bullets before she got to the control panel near the center of the bridge. Instead of throwing them on the areas beside her, Xakoda threw the discs on the wall connected to the doorway. Poorly angled due to the pain, but they got there. Camping outside of the exit and waiting for any fool to step through them.

Feeling the warmth start to drain out of her body, the Allosaurus was on a literal time limit. Crawling across the bridge in a half staggered state and ignoring her body's tells of just staying still while it attempted to repair her. Moving was only going to make it worse, but she expected this outcome. Not entirely, but knew it would eventually come to this.

They eventually got an operative carrying a thick tower shield to start moving in through. The heavy plate soaking up the bullets from the first turret on the bridge, but as soon as the soldier walked out, he was cut in half by the guns placed on the sides. Surprising those who were taking cover and cursing loudly. Once in a while, taking a few shots at the crawling dinosaur, but unable to get a clear one on her before she reached the cover of the dock panel.

Her last gadget was the one she used to hack into the computers. Placing it on the protective places on the rooted panel, the device couldn't quite get through enough to manipulate the system. Getting Xakoda to curse and start tearing into the metal covers. Getting one loose enough to pull off using all her body weight, and shoving the disc inside. Letting it do its created task as she took a few moments of rest.

Knowing her past self, the dinosaur would've predicted something like this before. Finding a way to activate the Counterweight's binding devices from multiple systems, even if they were completely hidden or this far away. As much as she cursed the technology for being the end of her life, she still couldn't help but admire how far it's gotten.

A few errors and decisions popped up from time to time, and the golden one struggled to stay high enough to operate the computer. Eventually finding the CW Binding System and deactivating it. Ignoring and bypassing the several warnings

the operation gave before being completely kicked offline by something else. But the heavy echo from the black sky told her they were too late.

It was soon muffled out by the sounds of bullet sprays hitting metal towers again. Getting two soldiers to soak up her placed traps while the others move forward enough to advance. "Come on, you damn thing...!" The dinosaur attempted to roar, but it only came off as a desperate wheeze. "Wake up...!" But the wolf creature didn't move. "Wake up...!!" A black uniform was barely seen from the corner of her eye, and then the flash of their weapon as Xakoda attempted to aim hers.

Several more harsh stings along her body and against her offensive arm caused the Allosaurus to roar in pain, but she wasn't dead yet. Though defeated. As a few more came closer, being very cautious about any other tricks the scientist may have, one of them whimpered loudly. "F-fucccck...!"

"What is it!?" One of them growled, then looked over into the sky and whimpered as well. Getting her to open those red eyes one last time to see the Counterweight do the same. Taking a moment to focus on where it was, and almost look directly at them. "Fuck...!"

"Fucking-A! Fall Back! FALL BACK!!" One of them ordered as the massive wolf started to move. Leaving the dinosaur to bleed out and grow tired. Trying her best to chuckle, knowing that she won...

"Why did you do this?"

"I need a reason?"

"Yes. It makes no logical sense to conflict against such a thing, knowing you would not come out of it alive."

"I... Am a creator. I invent things. Experiment. It is my art, regardless of how many people have argued. Regardless of how many lives my inventions have taken."

"That doesn't-"

"You are the same as me. Like it or not, you did something others didn't like. And you were imprisoned for it. By the same damn people-..."

"...I can give you another chance, as repayment-"

"No... I accept this... You want to repay me? Save your creation. Don't fall victim to their rules because you were told to... I changed history. And so did you... Your Brainchild is in danger, and I'm to blame for it."

"Not intentionally."

"That doesn't matter... I'm not destroying your art without at least attempting to rescue it-..."

"...This isn't your responsibility."

"Does it really require it to be? ...This is what I chose to do. This is my choice that I gladly accept. Now, what's yours?"

"Mine...?"

"What are you going to do with your second chance. Let them lock you back up? And for what purpose?"

"I disobeyed the rules-"

"That doesn't mean you deserve it-! ...That doesn't give them the right to take your life away!"

"Life...?"

"Your Existence! It's still yours! ...You don't belong to them."

"But we must keep order-"

"Why!? Because they said so-!?"

"...You need to stop yelling. You won't last much longer if I don't repair-"

"If they didn't imprison you, what would you be doing right now!? If there was no damn rules, where would you be-!?"

"..."

"Question. **Them**. Question **EVERYTHING**."

"What do you mean...?"

"Save it, Counterweight... Save Veritas."

"Even if it means going against the very ones who bound you..."