

The Yar'Zanti Invasion 2: Reunion

By

Jonathan Brothers

Six months had passed since the Yar'Zanti decimated Earth. Their invasion had been flawless in their pin point accuracy. Every major human center was destroyed within a day. Each military base, no matter how hardened, was obliterated. That left a mop up operation where the aliens rounded up the humans and ruthlessly destroyed any of their attempts to fight back. The few remaining free humans hid in whatever deep spots they could find. The rest were slaves.

Satisfied the planet's original population was properly quelled, the Yar'Zanti began to make Earth their own. All throughout earth they started up operations. In many cases the aliens brought in huge monolithic machines called builders. Like the name suggested, this automated technology built all sorts of things from battle emplacements to alien cities. Places which were utterly stark and featureless.

The Yar'Zanti employed their slaves in numerous operations. In some cases they fed the builder machines with raw material. Other time the humans were used to clear out rubble and sort valuable materials to be used in construction.

Even after six months on earth, little was known about the Yar'Zanti. None had been seen outside their armor. Plus once they began landing their monolithic ships on earth, no humans were allowed inside to see how they lived.

Yet the slaves did begin to pick up a few things. One was that each Yar'Zanti could speak a human language fluently. Plus they seemed to have intimate knowledge of human society even before they attacked. Yet no Yar'Zanti were willing to disclose how they knew those things. At best those who asked would get a cryptic "you'll find out why sooner or later."

Also the humans noticed there were more differences between the Yar'Zanti beyond their sexual characteristics. While they all wore the same style of armor, not all were painted the same colors. Each color seemed to indicate the alien's job. While strange symbols on their armor seemed to show their rank.

The most numerous color seen had been yellow that was for soldiers, security, and pilots. Occasionally they saw a red painted Yar'Zanti which were the engineers. Along with them

came purple that was reserved for the scientists. Once in a while a blue one might be seen outside the ships. They were the medical officers. Commanding them all had been the green ones which were made up of mostly females. Though the unseen and most rumored were the grey painted ones. The humans figured they were the lowest among the Yar'Zanti.

Just south of what had been Chicago, was slave camp two-twenty-nine. Within what had once been a suburb were long rows of dormitories. These single story wooden buildings were laid out in a grid pattern. They were surrounded by miles of Yar'Zanti electrified fencing. At numerous spots along the camp's boarder were tall metal towers with numerous automated weapon emplacements. Their evil looking barrels were pointed inside the camp. Beyond the towers, numerous Yar'Zanti mechs patrolled outside the fence. While yellow armored soldiers patrolled inside. Each held a plasma rifle in one pair of arms.

Within the camp were well over five thousand humans. These meager beings were dressed in whatever clothing they could find to protect themselves against the elements. When they were not out on a job site, the humans were allowed to do what they wanted. Though once the sun set, all were expected to be in their dorms if they were not working on a job site.

At daylight, the humans rushed out of their dorms and congregated in a wide open space beside the camp's main entrance. There under the watchful eye of the guards, these meager humans lined up in military lines. Anyone who arrived late earned a butt strike from a Yar'Zanti rifle.

After everyone was in their place, a green armored Yar'Zanti approached. There she began calling out identification numbers. Each had been issued their own number and were expected to respond to it.

"A125534," called out the female officer in a British voice.

"Here," yelled a man off to the side. While the number the Yar'Zanti had given him was A125534, his birth name had been Brad Miller. Six months in captivity had changed him. He was now much more haggard and thinner. Gone was the punch he had been forming. Plus his hair was beginning to grey. He wore a pair of tattered jeans, thick work boots, a stained t-shirt, and a torn jacket. While his face looked like he had not shaved in a few months.

Since being captured near his demolished house, Brad had been employed in all sorts of things. Though most of the time he helped feed the builder machines' insatiable need for raw materials. Twelve hours a day he worked beside those great machines.

Like every time before, as soon as the commander finished calling roll call, she began naming various numbers. These people were then pulled out and put in work groups. Once put together, a group of Yar'Zanti soldiers escorted them out of the camp to their work site.

When it was Brad's turn, he was added to a group heading out to a construction site five miles west of the camp. He got in line behind a woman and then was marched to work. While he hiked he pondered his deceased family once more. The image of his wife Ellen laughing at his jokes haunted his mind. He also pondered the last time he took his son, Mason, to a White Sox game. How Mia, his youngest child, begged to come along and he easily agreed. At that game Mia had caught a foul ball. Thinking about his family also brought up memories of his brother Edward. He had been a marine who died in Afghanistan well over four years ago.

Yet that also reminded Brad of a Yar'Zanti mech pilot who occasionally worked the perimeter of his camp. This one pilot had the same voice as Edward. However the few times Brad had seen the alien outside of his craft, the Yar'Zanti looked nothing like his brother. Edward had been just under six feet. Nevertheless the alien stood seven feet tall, had bird like feet, a long prehensile tail, and four arms with each hand having three long flexible fingers. Plus like all the other Yar'Zanti, Brad had never seen that pilot without his armor and body suit on. No way to see the male's face under his helmet.

Because he was so deep in his thoughts, Brad began to stray from the line. A Yar'Zanti guard with his back to Brad yelled for him to get back inline. That was something else the human noticed. Somehow the Yar'Zanti were able to see behind themselves. A few of his friends figured the aliens must have cameras in the back of their helmets. Others suggested they had eyes back there.

An hour later Brad reached the outskirts of a burgeoning Yar'Zanti military base. Already numerous boxy multi story thick buildings had been built atop what had once been a

residential district. These structures were a mix of concrete and metal. They had no windows and only large entrances along their bases. Other sections were large open yards for mechs and fighters to be parked. The humans also noted a few mobile artillery, tank like vehicles, bombers, and other strange things Brad could not place.

In the center of the base was a long skyscraper like tower. It had to be at least twenty stories tall. Like the small structures, this building was thick and heavy. It had no windows and only a few balconies. At its top, a sensor platform was being constructed. While along the base's perimeter were tall weapons platforms. Each stood five stories tall and had huge plasma cannons atop each.

As Brad's group was led inside the base, they passed a group of tired humans being led outside. They were the night crew his group was replacing. Soon they arrived beside a giant builder machine. The thing was as big as a house and had numerous protrusions and arms jutting out its sides. While along it's back were two conveyer belts.

Upon arriving on the site, the Yar'Zanti separated the humans into two gangs. One worked the machine's conveyer belts. While the other began dumping broken bits of buildings into large piles.

Brad's team started loading chunks of concrete onto the left conveyor belt. The machine soon sucked in those broken bits and began making all sorts of noises inside. Steam was emitted and a few of the thing's arms came alive. Soon it began to build another stout two story structure.

For the next five hours without a break, Brad and three other men fed the machine. While the others used wheelbarrows to transport more stuff to the belt. All the while the Yar'Zanti kept an eye on them. Each casually cradled their weapons in a pair of arms while using their free hands to check incoming shipments of materials. There was also a red colored Yar'Zanti watching the machine and adjusting its controls. This alien mostly did her job from a booth near the thing's top.

Then at noon while the humans were taking a lunch break, a hover van drew up to the site. After parking, the back opened up and a red colored Yar'Zanti engineer stepped out. Their chest plate proclaimed her a female by her four curvy breast bumps.

The newcomer crossed over to the lead guard and began speaking to him in Yar'Zantize. The two conversed in that strange language which sounded similar to an Asian language. After a moment the red one handed the yellow guard a data pad.

This male peered at the thing for a moment then asked the female something else. With a gesture of a hand she indicated what she wanted. The guard sighed and turned to the humans relaxing during their break period.

"Prisoner A125534, report to me now," called out the male guard. He sounded like a French Canadian. Brad knew better then to question the situation and got up. He quickly crossed the distance to stand before the two beings. Both towered over him by nearly a foot and a half.

"Are you A125534," questioned the male.

"Yes," Brad simply spoke and pulled up his sleeve to display the number tattooed on his arm.

"Here is the man you requested maam," the guard gestured to Brad while speaking to the female.

"Thank you," she spoke to the male. Her voice made her sound American. "You will come with me. Your files indicate you have an engineering background, I have a special task for you," she spoke in a tone that brooked no descent.

"Yes maam," Brad briskly spoke.

"Good. Now get in the van," She spoke gesturing to her vehicle.

"Hold on ensign," called out the guard. "He must be shackled and bound."

"Yes yes, go ahead," she prompted him. With that the male pulled out a pair of strange chainless cuffs and attached them to Brad's wrists. Then he led the human into the van and activated a binding field keeping him in the seat.

"Satisfied," she asked him in an annoyed tone.

"Yes maam."

Stepping into the back of the van, the female pressed a button causing the rear door to shut. "Some of those enlisted guards are so single minded," she groused in English while she headed forward to the driver seat.

Sitting where he was bound, Brad noticed something about how she said that last bit. It reminded him of how his wife used to talk. His wife Ellen had been a building engineer.

More than once she used to come home grumbling, like that Yar'Zanti, about some contractor's stupidity.

Then thinking more about his wife, Brad caught onto something. Beyond what she said, he thought the ensign's tone sounded familiar to him. That she spoke like his wife. Yet along the lines of that one mech pilot who sounded like Edward, Brad soon dismissed the Yar'Zanti as being his wife.

The engineer alien drove the van for a short bit before coming to a halt. Then she came back into the nearly empty passenger compartment. Briefly she peered at the bound human. Then she informed him: "while I may not carry a rifle like those jarheads. I do have this," she indicated a handgun strapped to her armored waist. "So don't think of running away or trying my patience."

"Yes maam," he earnestly spoke. Strangely that female alien seemed to really remind him of his wife.

"Then let's go, we still got a half a day for work." The Yar'Zanti replied unlocking his bounds. With that she led him out of the van. He saw they were now standing before the giant tower. "I have need of slaves who have technical knowledge. You'll be working for me as we install the Protius system." She informed him while gesturing an arm up at the construction atop the tower. "Do your work well and don't give me any troubles, then I'll treat you fairly. Do anything wrong or try to run away and I'll simply throw you off the building. Understood?"

"Yes maam."

"Good, now let's go," she spoke while leading Brad into the tower. He did not get to see much as they immediately entered an elevator. What little he did see seemed like they were setting up numerous control rooms within the building. In time they reached the top. There he saw scaffolding had been placed throughout the open space. Atop those temporary platforms, numerous struts and wiring were being laid. Working there were a handful of humans under the guidance of a few female Yar'Zanti engineers.

Soon Brad was laboring alongside a group of men trying to install a strange sort of panel. It had a hexagonal shape with a sort of glossy porous covering that seemed like a cross between rubber and plastic. While they held the thing against its support structure, the same female Yar'Zanti as before

connected it to a thick wire that led down to a central metal box.

"OK, hold it there," she instructed him. "Man this is a tight bugger ain't it," the Yar'Zanti absentmindedly spoke in English as she focused on connecting the last bit of wire.

While using his might to hold the heavy thing up, Brad had the urge to ask her if she was his wife or why the alien sounded like her. Yet it was not the time or place. Especially as there were a few other aliens there.

"Alright, that's all for today. We hit our quota," she proclaimed in English. The other Yar'Zanti cheered while the humans quietly approved. The female who sounded like Ellen said something in Yar'Zanti while gesturing to the humans. With that the slaves were escorted back down the tower and loaded into a few vans. After forty minutes they were disgorged back into the internment camp.

The following day found Brad back atop the Yar'Zanti tower installing more panels. He and a few others were manhandling another sensor cluster into place. Like before, they had to hold it while one of the red female engineers leaned in to connect up a bunch of wires to it. After securing the thing in place, the aliens gave them a break before moving on. By Brad's estimate, they still had hundreds more to go. Soon he realized each sensor panel they installed would form a giant geodesic dome.

For some of the time, Brad was too busy to investigate the Yar'Zanti female who sounded like his wife. Yet due to a foul up, the panels stopped coming for the day. That allowed the humans a bit more of a break. Yet the other engineers began grabbing humans to help them with other tasks.

Surprisingly, the female who intrigued Brad requested he stay with her while the others descended into the tower. The Yar'Zanti and him began testing the wiring they were installing. She had him move to the different bits of wires. While he did that, the alien faced a main panel inspecting numerous connections.

"Ok, find wiring eplat One," she instructed him while focusing on the panel.

Brad began searching the wires but found each had tags written in Yar'Zanti. "Um, I can't read the labels?"

"See that purple cable there," she gestured at a thick cable laying across the floor behind her with an arm.

Brad found what she pointed to and kneeled before the unconnected cable. "This one?"

"Yep that one. You'll need this," she spoke reaching a hand into a satchel attached to her red armor. There she took out two small probe like devices. One she studied for a moment then pressed against a lead in the panel. The other she held behind her for Brad to take.

He got up, crossed over, and took the device from her. Abruptly she let a free hand lightly graze his shoulder. Yet despite that brush the Yar'Zanti continued to focus on the panel.

"Ok, I need you to attach that to the cable's end."

Brad walked over to the cable, kneeled, then peered at the device. It sort of looked like a plastic tube with a few buttons and a small screen. Each was labeled in the alien's language.

"Just insert the cable into the device's end. Then press the activate button."

Brad peered at the open end for a moment. Then he just pressed the purple cable into it. The device seemed to suck the wire inside it. Yet when he went to press the activate button he did not know which that was. "Um, which one," he uncertainly asked.

"The red button."

"Ah ok," he responded as he pressed the right one. The device began to hum as it's screen lit up. Afterword all sorts of the alien's strange language began scrolling across the screen.

"Great, great. Now we just need to wait for the telemeter to do its thing," she casually responded turning away from the panel.

Brad stood up and leaned against a strut. Briefly he pondered the steep drop off to his side. Then he peered towards the female. While her helmet hid her face, he had the feeling she was studying him.

"Um, if you don't mind me asking maam, but, ah, what's your name," he carefully asked her.

At first she did not speak and he wondered if he stepped over some sort of line. "My gestation name is Victae Mita."

"Gestation name?"

"Yes, those are the names given to us when we're reborn."

"As in you were someone else before?"

"Yes."

"Including me and the other humans?"

"Not yet, but all of you may be in time."

Brad paused for a moment. Then he decided to boldly ask her something, "why do you sound like my wife Ellen? I mean you're voice is just like hers?"

Suddenly Victae rushed over, grabbed Brad in one hand, and effortlessly lifted him off the ground. Quickly he began babbling apologies and squirming in her powerful grasp. Yet instead of reprimanding or throwing him off the edge, she held him up. Despite her visor being too dark to see inside, he had the feeling she was studying him. He could hear her steady breathing. That caused him to go still.

"You look well," she softly whispered to him. "Better than I thought you'd be my husband."

"Ellen, is that you," he gasped peering at the Yar'Zanti female who was hoisting him up off the floor.

"Yes I am..."

"But I thought you were dead?"

"I was. Yet I was reborn like this," she answered while gesturing to her armored body with a free hand.

"Our kids?"

"They should be coming out of gestation relatively soon. It takes longer for human children than us adults."

"You mean?"

"Yes they're being reborn as Yar'Zanti."

"Oh my god," exclaimed Brad. "I had hoped you three had not died. Yet Jack saw you guys die when that plane crashed into our home. Ever since then I've been..."

"Hon, we did die in that crash," interrupted Ellen. "But I'm a Yar'Zanti. It's now all that I am."

Brad began to break down in Ellen's grasp. She softly lowered him to the ground. There he collapsed to his knees. He peered up at her alien form. He could see her black body suit covered tail softly moving behind her. Then she carefully kneeled down to his level. Her strangely jointed legs bent in different directions than his human limbs.

"We can't go back to the way we were anymore hun," she implored to him. "As much as I remember being Ellen, I also now remember being Yar'Zanti. I speak their, um, I mean our language fluently. They brought me back and now I have a place among them. Please, please, please understand I'm happy now."

"I want to see your face," Brad implored gazing at her helmet.

"Um I don't know. Taking off this thing..."

"I want to see what they did to you."

Ellen did not respond right away. Then she sighed and reached up a pair of hands to her helmet. She slipped a finger under her chin and undid a latch. Then she grasped and lifted the red thing off her head. What she uncovered caused Brad to gasp in surprise.

In one sense Ellen's face was just like he had remembered. Her small button of a nose was just as cute. Her mouth was still gorgeous.

Yet on the other hand there was all sorts of alien qualities to it as well. Her once lightly tanned skin was now deathly pale. He could even see a few blue veins crisscrossing under her skin. Her formerly big green eyes were now royal blue and white with purple irises. Even more, above her two original eyes was a third vertical blue and white orb with a purple center. When she blinked her two horizontal eyes, the third closed sideways. Each gazed upon him lovingly. On top of that her head was completely hairless. Plus her once human ears were now slightly pointed like a Vulcan. Finally when she looked around to make sure they were unobserved, Brad glimpsed a fourth vertical eye in the back of her head.

"As you can see, I'm not human anymore. This is me and I'm Victae now." Before he knew it, she leaned in and hugged him with her upper two arms. She brought her face close enough to kiss him on the mouth. Despite her changes, her warm lips still felt human.

The loving moment was broken when Ellen's device began beeping. She leaned away and briefly glanced at Brad. A tear dripped from her center eye. Finally she stood up, donned her helmet, and went over to peer at the device on the wire panel before removing it.

"What's going to happen to us," gasped Brad still kneeling on the floor.

Briefly Ellen did not say anything as she crossed the open space. There she leaned down to take off the thing Brad had attached to the wire. Then she stuffed both into her bag.

"To you and me," he added.

"Please get up before the others arrive," Ellen spoke crossing over and holding out a hand for him to grasp. He grabbed it and she yanked him to his feet. Then she pondered his tear soaked face.

"What we were before is no more. On top of that you're a slave."

"But you could free me?"

That caused Ellen to softly shake her head. "I can't. Command knows you are under my charge. If you escape I will be blamed and lose rank. They may even make me a grey armor. The lowest of the low." The Yar'Zanti who had been his wife shuddered at the horror of the thought. "I'll do my best to make the rest of your life better. But we can't be together anymore."

"But..." was all Brad got out before she embraced him one last time.

"Just survive. Don't rush to become a Yar'Zanti," she bided him. "Now, come I've got to get you back downstairs. Our shift is over."

"I will always love you," he said squeezing her three fingered hand through her black glove. With that she put a pair of cuffs on him. After that they traveled back down to the ground where he and the other humans were loaded into a van.

Later that night Brad lay on his hard bed. He peered at the underside of the wooden bunk above him. Up there he could feel the other person tossing and turning.

Thoughts over what his wife had become still rushed through his mind. That his wife and kids were alive. Yet they had been turned into Yar'Zanti. Grasping that caused similar things he had seen come to mind. He remembered that one who sounded like his brother. If what he saw of Ellen was true, then that pilot might be his brother? That he had been an alien for over four years now. Plus all those beings who spoke human languages had been humans as well.

That realization floored Brad. Somehow the invading aliens had been humans? That brought up so many other questions in his mind.

Abruptly there were numerous loud blasts outside his dormitory. One blew out the windows near him and tossed many out of their beds. Staggering upright, he went to the broken windows and saw the Yar'Zanti fences had been blown apart.

Brad grasped the implications and saw a bunch of humans rushing through the now open gaps, the guard towers were shooting at them. Not questioning, he grabbed his meager things and darted out of the broken building. He rushed across the ground and dived out of the way of a blast from a running mech.

Then getting back up, Brad ran as fast as he could away from the camp. He saw far off in the darkness a bit of forest that was still intact. Darting towards that he saw a human step out and gesture for him to come. Then the two wordlessly dart into what had been a park.

"You're safe now," the man spoke after a moment in a southern accent slowing Brad down. "Go through here," he pointed to an open manhole cover that led into the storm drains.

Going down the rusty ladder, he found himself standing before a group of haggard looking people. They quickly told him they were the ones who blew up the fence. Afterword the group asked if he wanted to join their insurgency. Brad gratefully agreed and they led him deeper into the drains underground.