

The Yar'Zanti Invasion 7: Encounters

By

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Drifting above the scattered clouds was a peculiar looking Yar'Zanti ship. One that had not been around when the conquest of earth occurred a little over two years ago. The ship had the overall triangular appearance of a lifting body. Its wings were completely integrated into its large white painted body. However, unlike the lifting bodies the humans tested, this one was on a much larger scale.

The alien ship was as long as three Boeing 747's lined up nose to tail. While at its widest part in the rear, it was as wide as the length of a jumbo jet. Its bottom was nearly flat with numerous hatches that could be slid aside. Along the ship's rear section were five blue glowing thruster ports. The vessel's leading edges were lined with cannon, gun, and missile emplacements. While its top had a long ridge that ran from nose to tail. Along this were forward facing openings which were the craft's torpedo launchers.

Casually, almost lazily, the craft slowly moved across the Rockies near the west coast. The vessel had a southwest course which would take it to the ocean in a day. As it flew, a pair of belly doors slid aside allowing a Yar'Zanti triangular fighter to come out. The thing zoomed ahead of the ship, its afterburners glowed a bright blue.

"Recon one to Sky Raptor," asked the fighter's female pilot.

"Go ahead recon one," answered the controller.

"I estimate I'll reach the coordinates in five mikes."

"Roger that. Ensign Alu, Commander Milan reminds you to keep a close eye out for any signs of the clan."

"Yes maam," the pilot dutifully responded.

Ensign Alu angled her craft a bit and headed far out to sea away from the land. The yellow armored pilot reached an arm to toggle a switch on a screen beside her. The display shifted from regular video to a thermal image. Meanwhile, she used her tail to flip another switch behind her to adjust a rear monitor. It started displaying the magnetic fields below her fighter.

Before long the craft reached the area where the Sky Raptor's sensors had detected a large magnetic anomaly. At

first it looked like a huge blob of metal to her sensors. However, it had no heat signatures beyond the ocean.

"I'm going in closer to get a better look," reported Alu.

"Be careful recon one."

"Understood."

With that, the ensign dove her craft so close to the surface that she could almost reach out and touch the water. Her rear video camera showed that her craft was throwing up a big plume of spray from her thrusters. However being that close, her sensors were able to get a better look at the object.

Within seconds, Alu's sensor system showed that the large metallic underwater object was a sunken ship. Banking around to the right, the pilot tried to get a sense of what that ship had been. After a moment, Alu was able to get a clear shot of the old vessel. It had once been one of the United States' mammoth aircraft carriers. More specifically she discovered it was the USS Ronald Reagan, CVN-76.

Alu was suddenly reminded of her old human life as a United States naval officer. Back then she had been known as LTJG Andrea Jenkins. While Alu knew she had died while on shore leave in San Francisco, yet her command before dying had been the Reagan. Seeing the shot up and sunken ship deep below the ocean caused more of her human memories to surface. On the one hand, she knew most of her shipmates would have been reborn. Yet, seeing the destruction of her once home brought back a pang of regret.

Then ensign Alu had to remind herself she's a Yar'Zanti now. That the Reagan had been her home in the past. However, it was not any longer.

"Recon one to Sky Raptor."

"Go ahead ensign."

"The readings we got were from a sunken air craft carrier."

"Roger that, you can come back."

"Understood," Alu dutifully responded banking her craft away. Despite knowing her Reagan shipmates were reborn, she still said a prayer for them. That even the Yar'Zanti in her felt sadness for sailors who went down with their ship. Before long, she docked back inside the Sky Raptor as the ship banked away towards a more southern course.

Back by the wreck of the USS Ronald Reagan, beside the rusting hulk, floated a small square tubular craft. It had tucked itself up against the ship's hull underneath one of the old flight deck overhang portions. After ensign Alu's fighter had returned to the Sky Raptor, this craft waited for another thirty minutes.

Once Sky Raptor moved out of range, the craft drifted away from the sunken ship. Casually it adjusted its course towards the surface. Then abruptly it burst from the ocean and sped opposite the Sky Raptor.

Within that craft were numerous armored Yar'Zanti. A few wore the green of command, while the rest had yellow armor. Despite their different colors, and unlike ensign Alu, each had a wolf's head emblem on their left upper chests. That insignia indicated each Yar'Zanti within the craft were part of the clan. They were a breakaway group who vehemently disagreed with main command. Instead, these Yar'Zanti followed the orders of fleet admiral Gala who had become the head of their new nation.

The clan ship itself was a specially designed sensor craft set up to detect living humans. It had been scanning a portion of what had been California when the Sky Raptor disturbed its progress. The sensor craft did not have enough weapons and armor to take on the loyalist ship, thus it chose to hide instead. Yet free of the water, the clan craft headed to friendly territory up north in what had been Canada. It already had enough data for a future gathering mission. Fleet admiral Gala's aim was to get as many humans she could before the loyalists.

"What was that all about," gossiped a male Yar'Zanti relaxing in the Sky Raptor pilot break room. His yellow colored helmet was off exposing his hairless three eyed insightful face which was focused on a data pad. Though his rear eye peered at Alu as she passed the space's hatch behind him. He watched, once the door was closed, the woman pull off her helmet. A casual smile graced her cute rounded three eyed face.

"Oh just another wild goose chase Ado. The sensor techs thought they saw a clan craft." Gossiped Alu as she crossed the

space over to a square indent in a bulkhead beside an information screen. She lightly contacted a touch panel with a finger causing a mug to come out of a small hatch within the indent. Then, after a moment steaming black coffee began pouring into the thing. "Ah, thank god for coffee," she gossiped crossing over to where Ado sat.

"I was surprised to see they offered it in the drink dispensers," Ado casually responded while pondering the pad. On it, a search was going for a Yar'Zanti by the name of Aziz Zeckte. Back when Ado was a human by the name of Brad Miller, Aziz had been his son Mason. Yet, when the clan broke away from the loyalists, Aziz had chosen to join them. Ado's human memories caused him to remember that Mason had been a head strong boy. One who always jumped into causes feet first with no regard to what he was getting into.

"Back as a human, I used to live on this." Commented Alu as she sipped the bitter brew with her upper right hand.

"Eh, back then I could get by on two cups. Too bad caffeine doesn't do anything for us anymore," regretfully spoke Ado putting away the pad.

"Yea, but I still like the taste."

"So you found no trace of the clan?"

"Nah, just a sunken ship."

"What was it?"

"Funny that, it had been my old ship," responded Alu with a bit of regret.

"You're old ship? Like back when you were a human?"

"Yep. Before being reborn, I'd been a navy pilot. During then, I flew F/A-18's off the Reagan," Alu answered as a wistful look came to her two human eyes. "Man, that was a fun time! There's nothing like being shot off a carrier from a cat launch!"

"Was that the place you died on?"

"Nah, I had been on leave in San Francisco when we attacked. From what I remember, I think I had a building fall on me? During the invasion, the ship was out at sea when it was swarmed by fighters and rapidly sunk."

"Man I wish we had met as humans. The sea stories we could've told each other," wistfully spoke Ado.

"You were in the navy?"

"I was a sonar tech on the Virginia before getting out," Ado responded standing up for a glass of water.

Alu briefly chuckled, "I'm not sure back then that I would've survived on a submarine!"

"But you flew in a tight cockpit," retorted Ado coming back.

"At least the wind screen was clear and I could see around me."

"True."

For a short bit both Yar'Zanti were quiet. Ado had picked his pad back up and read a few messages. Alu seemed to be casually paying attention to a display showing an old human television show by the name of Burn Notice.

"Think he's a Yar'Zanti now," she gossiped pointing to Bruce Campbell whose character was shooting at something.

"Could be, but what job would they give him?"

"Good question, I don't know, a grunt?"

"Heh, him slinging a rifle around," joked Ado.

"I know, but I can't think of what else command would've assign an actor like him. Hey speaking of which, what were you before being reborn?"

"Oh, I was an equipment engineer. My old employer used to make CNC machines."

"Interesting. Where'd you die," Alu inquired matter-of-factly.

"Oh, it happened outside Chicago. I was a part of a group who tried to attack a perimeter warning base."

"Dumb move."

"I semi-thought so at the time. Yet, I felt obligated to follow our leader's orders and go through with the mission."

"Oh, so you got clobbered attacking us?"

"Yep. A tank fired on the spot I hid behind."

"Ouch. Do you know what happened to that group after that?"

"Not fully, I do know many died in that attack, including Zeek, the leader."

"Oh, what happened to him?"

"He's now a private stationed on guard duty."

"Funny that," smirked Alu.

Before the two could continue their conversation there was a chime at the door. Alu got up, crossed the space, and pressed a panel beside the door, "Yes?"

"Ensign Victae Mita maam, I was wondering if I could speak with ensign Ado Dak." A video screen above the comm panel showed a red armored Yar'Zanti female standing before the door.

"Ado," Alu pose to him.

"She's ok. She had been my wife," casually answered Ado.

"Oh really, your wife? And have you two," Alu lewdly asked.

"Heh, no!"

"Ah human love," wistfully replied Alu pressing a button to let Victae inside.

"Thank you maam," gratefully replied the red armored engineer as she stepped inside.

"You can call me Alu," the yellow armored pilot spoke going back to sit on the couch.

"Hey Ado," Victae greeted the Yar'Zanti who had once been her husband.

"Howdy Victae!" Ado casually gestured for her to relax on the couch. The female took him up, put her tail between her legs, and plopped down on the sofa. Afterword, she pulled off her helmet revealing her hairless head. "How's things over in engineering?"

"A bit hectic. We're still chasing glitches in the new drives. The Engineer complained recently that the ship yard should have taken longer to test the drives before commissioning the Sky Raptor. Yet they didn't and now we're continually chasing gremlins out of the system," gossiped Victae.

"Sounds like fun," added Alu.

"Lots," sarcastically spoke the red armored woman. "But get this, I overheard some stuff when I was delivering a report to the captain."

"What'cha hear," asked Adu in an amused tone.

"Oh that the clan has gotten bolder."

"What'd they do now," posed Alu sipping her cooling coffee.

"Apparently they started bombing Vancouver before a traitor lowered the shields allowing them to waltz in."

"Damn," swore Ado.

"I guess they now control the northwest coast including Alaska."

"I've heard that they also went after Hawaii," added Alu.

"Why," Ado asked.

"Maybe to turn it back into a vacation spot," interjected Victae. That caused all three to laugh. They knew there was no such thing as vacation in their military society. In the end, they only had their human memories to remember what vacations were.

"Who knows, they have increased their defenses around those islands far more than any other place," Ado added.

"For what," posed Alu.

"I'm not sure, maybe that's where admiral Gala is now," Victae suggested.

"I wish! I'd love to blast her with my fighter."

"Not before I have my way with my mech," playfully chipped in Ado.

"Ground pounder," Alu jokingly mocked Ado. That caused him to grin in response. Before they could go further, a chime alerted them to an incoming announcement.

"All pilots, report to the main ready room on the double. I repeat, all pilots report to the main ready room on the double," announced a female Yar'Zanti.

"Whoops, gotta go," hurriedly spoke Ado.

"Been fun," Alu responded as both yellow armored Yar'Zanti donned their helmets and rushed out of the room. Victae casually put on her own helmet and made her way back to her quarters.

Minutes later, both yellow armored Yar'Zanti entered the already bustling main ready room. The predominant color in the space was yellow. Though, there were a few greens and a purple.

Ado and Alu, both being ensigns, fell to the back of the auditorium like space. They saw their commanders sitting near the front.

Once everyone had entered, the executive officer stood up and called out, "attention!"

That caused all the assembled officers to stand up and salute. After that, the captain came walking in. She went to the podium and adjusted a few screens on it. Behind her appeared a satellite image of their surroundings. Added to that was a live image showing the Sky Raptor cruising along.

"Everyone please take your seats," she called out causing the assembled Yar'Zanti to sit down. Then she began the

briefing. "Outside San Jose, our satellite network uncovered a hidden cell of humans. They've created a fortified settlement within the mountains to the west. We've identified at least two hundred humans are living there and that, by human standards, their settlement is quite hardened. Plus unlike other groups, this one seems to have attempted to stay quiet. No reports of activities against our forces have been reported in this area. So our mission is to carefully extract them with as few losses as possible. Questions?"

A Yar'Zanti near the front raised his hand.

"Yes Lieutenant," asked the commander in an even tone.

"What about the clan maam, have they spotted this cell as well?"

"As far as we can tell, there have been no indications yet. However, we should proceed with caution in case they might. So I want eyes in the skies monitoring the surroundings. Make sure no one is trying to sneak up on us. Remember, we're doing the humans a favor by capturing them instead of the clan. You've all heard the rumors about how badly they treat them. Keep that in mind while this operation occurs. Anyone else?" The captain's helmeted head peered about looking for any more hands. "Good, gear up and be ready to drop in an hour." Upon finishing she nodded to her executive officer.

"Attention," the female lieutenant commander called out. Everyone snapped upright and saluted. Once they did that, the captain saluted before leaving. "Dismissed," the XO ordered.

"Sounds like we're going to be busy today." Ado gossiped to Alu as the two made their way out the of the emptying space.

"Yep, you stay safe on the ground," she bided as they headed in different directions.

"And you keep the skies clear!"

After an elevator ride, he soon found himself inside a large three story space. Laid out in four rows of three were tall two story machines. Each looked similar to the Yar'Zanti.

Unlike previous models that were used during the invasion, these newly designed mechs had a much more Yar'Zanti shape to them. Instead of having a cockpit with glass windscreens, the center of these mechs were completely armored humanoid torsos. They lacked any glass and instead had monitors within the fortified cockpit. Like previous models, they had four arms. Yet instead of all four limbs being gun barrels, the two upper

arms were guns while the lower two had manipulating claws. Each had numerous built in tools including grappling hooks and lines, a cutting laser, and a connection mount for other devices. Upon its shoulders was what appeared to be a sensor studded head with banks of missiles to either side off its back.

"Ok everyone, inspect your mech, then get inside and boot up. I want everyone ready to drop in thirty minutes," yelled Ado's commander.

"Yes maam," they all called out.

Ado crossed towards his own mech. On its right shoulder was the Yar'Zanti number two-zero-three. While on its left was what appeared to be what looked like a classic dragon.

"Afternoon sir," called out an enlisted engineering tech. The sergeant's red armor had the same dragon symbol emblazoned on his arm above his rank stripes. Both were part of the Red Dragon squadron. They had been formed just after the clan insurrection.

"Dak, how is she," Ado greeted him after returning the enlisted's salute.

"Ready to go," eagerly responded the tech. Ado assumed the man was grinning under his helmet.

"Was the lower right articulator issue sorted out?"

"Yes sir, it was a bad local controller. But to be on the safe side, we replaced the entire mechanism. The new stuff tested fine."

"Very good, let's get her up and running." Ado replied going about the required inspection. Satisfied, he then climbed up a gantry towards the open cockpit door. Inside was a dark confined space with numerous large screens completely surrounding the pilot's chair. Even the door he passed had a large screen on it.

Getting inside, Ado first threaded his prehensile tail through a wide slot in the chair. Upon sitting down, his armor's backpack fitted into a slot with a snap. That served both to hold him in place and also interface his armor computer with the mech's.

After that, using all four arms, his tail, and even a few toes, Ado went about flipping switches and powering up the machine. Each thing he did caused more and more mechanisms to come to life. All the screens lit up showing not only his

surroundings, but also numerous readouts. Even his helmet began displaying a few extra bits of data.

Once the sergeant saw a thumbs up from Ado, he swung the door closed with a snap hiss. Ado moved the mech's head with a small joystick causing all the monitors to display different views. Briefly he used his tail and rear eye to adjust something behind him to display some data he needed. Finally, he was ready and waited for the command to go.

"Comms check," called out Ado's commander, a lieutenant commander Xyrrath.

"Loud and clear," Ado answered when it was his turn.

"Ok, everyone stay hot and ready. Like the captain mentioned, the target is hardened. I know they only have human weapons, but remember not to go overboard. Command wants them alive and we're going to make sure they are."

"Yes maam," the pilots called out. Ado flipped a few switches and selected a stun gun embedded in his mech's right lower hand. The thing could fire a quick small bolt of energy that could knock out a human.

A couple moments later the Sky Raptor banked to the left before stabilizing. With his mech anchored to the floor and him attached to his seat, he felt snug. Yet within moments, he started hearing urgent chatter over the tactical frequencies.

"Ok folks, our job just got harder," announced Xyrrath. "I guess some of the not so native species have also decided to attack the humans at the same time. Our orders are to repel the Mi'Ga then capture the humans."

"Yes maam," the platoon answered.

Ado's Yar'Zanti memories, the ones that were implanted in his head when he was reborn, quickly caused him to remember the Mi'Ga. The gigantic beasts were the size of a human bus. Their bodies appeared like lizard-felines with six dexterous legs, brownish green scales, and a strangely segmented tail. Even more was that each beast's head had over ten sharp eyes. While it's maw had four long fangs emerging out of its long and wide mouth.

"Damn, those things are vicious," swore the mech pilot to Ado's right.

"Yep and now we need to keep them from eating the humans," retorted a female pilot.

"Cut the chatter," Xyrrath reminded them. Everyone went silent after that.

"Dropping in five," a controller informed the group. "Four, three, two, one!" Suddenly the door under Ado's mech opened up before the electromagnetic ties released dropping his mech out of the Raptor.

Rapidly Ado's training kicked in and he gripped the mech's steering peddles with his feet. He also reached out and pressed a button. That caused a pair of retrorockets on the mech's back to fire while he adjusted the peddles so the legs could cushion the machine's sudden stop.

Once on the ground, Ado hurriedly peered around. The entire scene was a mess. On the one hand, the Mi'Ga were trying to get over the tall thick barriers the humans had erected. Each one was whipping out a clawed paw or snapping their jaws. While that occurred, the humans were firing what looked like giant cannon-like guns at each beast. Yet the weapons were having a hard time penetrating each monster's scaly hides. Each harmless shot caused each beast to go wild and fight harder to get in. On top of all that, with the Yar'Zanti now on the scene, the humans started shooting at them as well.

Suddenly a proximity alarm went off in Ado's cockpit. Glancing at it warned him of an incoming missile. Yet, it was a human projectile. With a quick lift of one of his upper gun arms, Ado fired off a blip of a shot blasting the missile out of the air.

Ado concluded he needed to clear the area of Mi'Ga before capturing the humans. With that, he walked his mech near one of the giant beasts attempting to batter its way inside the citadel. There he increased the power to his cannons, aimed for the beasts center mass, and fired off twin shots.

The two loud bright blue blasts slammed into the Yar'Zanti beast flipping it to the ground. Yet instead of being critically hurt, the thing got up, shook its head, then dashed towards Ado's mech. In return, the mech pilot aimed and fired off another set of shots from his cannons. The momentum from his attack forced the thing to come to a halt.

This time Ado could see he had done more damage to the huge beast. His training now suggested increasing the firepower. Thus he took aim with his missiles and fired a projectile at the monster. From his right bank flashed out a slim bluish missile.

It zoomed across the distance slamming into the head of the beast. On impact, its warhead went off obliterating the Mi'Ga's head. Suddenly the bus sized beast fell to the ground dead.

"Warning, we got incoming," shouted someone over the tactical channel.

"What, more Mi'Ga," urgently responded Xyrrath.

"No, the clan!"

"What the hell..."

With that came screaming in more Yar'Zanti fighters, each with a huge wolf's head emblazoned on the sides of their craft. They swooped and strafed the mechs. Unlike the older mechs, these new loyalist designs had significantly more armor. Thus, the fighter's shots did little to hurt them.

In response, Ado targeted the nearest fighter. Once he had a lock, he fired off two more missiles. They flashed through the air chasing after the swerving machine. Its pilot tried to evade, yet unlike human missiles, his projectiles moved twice as fast. Plus, it seemed the pilot did not have time to fire off their countermeasures. Within seconds one exploded beside the craft blowing off a stubby wing and ripping it's side open. The other blew near the plane's engines blasting them apart. Ado saw the pilot eject while their plane plummeted to the ground.

"Sky control to ground crew," commander Milan called to lieutenant commander Xyrrath.

"Go ahead maam," the mech commander replied.

"Focus your forces on the clan mechs. Our pilots will deal with their fighters and the Sky Raptor will provide cover."

"Roger that maam. You heard her, ignore the planes and go after their mechs," Xyrrath ordered her pilots.

"Yes maam, but where are they," someone asked.

"I'm sending you all the coordinates now. Hurry over there."

"Yes maam," they all called out. Ado saw the coordinates and began walking his mech towards the nearest clan machine. It was located on the other side of the base.

"Smash your way through the human's defenses to get their quicker," ordered his commander.

"Roger that," a few called out. Ado watched as the mech beside him easily blast apart the concrete and steel barrier the humans had erected. He could hear their bullets impacting against his armor, yet none were doing any harm.

Pushing past the barrier, he entered something out of the old wild west. Each structure was made out of wood, bricks, or whatever debris they could use. As his mech stomped through, he witnessed the humans screaming and running away. He wanted to say something to assure them. Yet before he could, he witnessed the clan mechs blast their way through the other side of the compound.

Unlike his newly redesigned mech, Ado could see his enemy was still using the older mech design. Machines that had less armor and lacked a few of the things his did. Abruptly, one clanner fired their four cannons at Ado's machine.

The four shots lanced into the loyalist mech rocking it backwards for a moment. However, Ado's thick armor withstood the attack. In retaliation, Ado aimed his upper two slightly more powerful cannons and returned fire. While the older clan mech had less armor, it was a bit lighter and its pilot dexterously dove out of the way. Ado's shots impacted against a nearby hill blasting apart the ground.

The rebel mech took aim with its missiles causing Ado's proximity alarms to go off again. When the pilot fired their rockets, two small counter measures blasted out from Ado's mech back. The two things looked like small round dull grey canisters. They rose high into the air before blasting apart in a metallic cloud. This dense fog like substance descended over Ado's mech. The counter measures played havoc with the missile's targeting systems causing them to go awry. Each harmlessly slammed into the ground.

Then, Ado walked his mech out of the cloud and returned fire. Except this time he took a moment to carefully aim and time his shot while moving closer. He targeted the enemy mech's right gun arms. Then with a quick leading blast from both his cannons, he was able to blow off the other's right weapons systems. Smoke started bellowing out from that side. The other pilot returned fire with their intact left cannons. Yet, it was a hasty action and both shots missed their marks.

At first Ado contemplated firing off a missile at the other mech. Yet he knew the counter measure system he possessed, his enemy also had. Instead, he continued to press forward. Coming closer, Ado saw these mechs were from the two-ninety-ninth Stone Rhinos, a platoon which had entirely defected to the clan.

While the other pilot tried blasting off Ado's mech arms, his machine's armor easily prevented that. Within minutes, both machines were face to face. Ado reached out both lower grappling arms and grabbed onto the other mech. In one powerful grip, Ado crushed his enemy's upper left barrel. The other he wasn't able to stop from blasting in a close shot. It was enough to put a dent in his mech's torso below his cockpit.

Then Ado chose to use a close in weapon he knew the other mech did not have. He brought in his other grappling arm and aimed for a junction along the enemy mech's torso. There he shot out a small cable from within the arm's palm. It lanced out and snagged the machine. With a push of a button, Ado caused a huge amount of electricity to course over the cable into the other mech.

The pair was close enough that Ado could peer through the other's glass canopy. He saw his electricity arc over the mech and into the cockpit. Ado witnessed the enemy male pilot hurriedly try and save his machine. Then realizing what Ado had done, the pilot aimed a gloved finger at Ado's mech and yelled something. Then the pilot pulled cords above and below his chair causing his ejection system to rocket the pilot away.

Satisfied he had dealt with that enemy mech, Ado peered about at the battle scene. He saw that the few other clan mechs were engaged with his teammates. Ado started assisting the others and scored a missile impact against another clan machine damaging its power plant. That allowed his teammate to finish the mech off.

Next, he glanced that the rebels were attempting to land a soldier transport. Yet, between a missile from Ado and harrying shots from a loyalist fighter, the transport could not land. Its pilot quickly retreated from the battle.

Ado followed the vessel up into the sky. It tried to dock against the clan mother ship which appeared to be a hastily modified cargo carrier. That ship was trading fire with the Sky Raptor who had better and much longer range guns.

Finally licking their wounds, the clan retreated. Their main ship, while trailing smoke, hightailed away from the scene as fast as it could. On the ground, the loyalist soldiers were rounding up the clan pilots who had ejected.

After that, Ado began searching for where the humans were. However, command realized that during the fight, the humans

escaped. In the end, they were only able to recover a bunch of human bodies and a few injured who could not escape.

A small harvester ship slowly floated over the battlefield recovering the human bodies wherever they could find them. Meanwhile a few med techs came down to tend to the human wounded. Ado was ordered to move his mech towards the outskirts and patrol the area.

Within six hours the Sky Raptor had recovered all her mechs, planes, and soldiers. Back inside the mech bay, all sorts of techs swarmed over the machines repairing the damage. Ado, Alu, and Victae again relaxed in the lounge gossiping over what had happened. They were surprised that it seemed like the clan had not attempted to build improved weapons. Yet, Ado guessed that they would overcome that in time.

The harvester ship, which worked the aftermath, rushed away with every remains they could find and the few injured humans. The corpses were taken to the gestation center in San Francisco. The humans were healed and brought to an internment center near Sacramento.

A few days later, the rest of the humans were found by the Sky Raptor. This time the loyalists took more precautions. The clan did not interfere and there were no Mi'Ga to deal with. All in all, they were able to capture over a hundred living humans.