

War had broken out across the galaxy between the Eagle Army, Phoenix commandos and the Enclave, disrupting General Wolf's plans to marry his beloved Isis. Not because they could not, but because they would not marry unless they were sure that the galaxy was once again a safe place.

The battle of Lycaon was the first of many in a streak of victories for the Eagle army and the Phoenix commandos as they slowly but surely drove the enemy back. Each time, they grew bolder and each time they gained numbers to the extent that they had the same size as the Enclave's army.

At that time, Wolf moved on a communication hub the enemy had set up near the city of Angrboda on the planet Lucian. He planned to install a tap on their communication lines as to gain information on the enemy movements so he could strike back, hard. He took only four other men with him to form a small strike team to infiltrate the communication hub, eliminate any opposing forces and take control of the facility without being detected. Maku volunteered, but his request was shot down as Wolf needed Maku to stay back in case anything happened to him while he was away.

The communication hub was a small reinforced bunker with a single entrance. It was blocked by a set of vocal commands which had to be given in sequence and with one of the two guards' voices. In case of a breach, two turrets had been installed in the upper corners of the entrance and a stun gun at chest height. If these two countermeasures failed, there was a secondary set of defenses meant to eliminate any intruders. A line of laser activated explosives which would collapse the entrance on top of anyone who managed to get passed the initial defenses and was discovered to be a foe.

After all these things, three men would be inside of main control room, monitoring all communications instructed to raise the alarm and activate the self-destruct mechanism for the entire facility, the moment they felt it was in any danger.

Wolf and his small strike team, observed the guards and wrote down the rotation, as well as the words used and the positions of any cameras. For three days, they did this, until they were certain they could infiltrate the facility with minimal risk.

The team sniper, codenamed pinstripe, took out the guard silently with only five minutes to spare before rotation. As soon as he fell, the team tech sergeant and the demolitions expert, Slaps moved in and dragged the body out of sight. The demolitions expert was designated to replace the fallen guard and did so after switching armor with him without too much trouble.

"Everything okay?" the intercom demanded.

Slaps nodded and held the rifle he found on the dead guard, up towards the camera to show that his grip was still tight.

Nothing else was said through the intercom, so Slaps assumed everything had gone alright and gave Wolf and the tech sergeant the signal.

Just one minute later, it was time to attempt the rotation.

"Charlie Eats All Stew Equally" Slaps said to the intercom.

"Suzie Understands Now" the intercom replied, as the door opened.

Slaps raised his hand to the intercom and stepped inside where he was met by the secondary guard. He let the guard pass first, only to turn around and stick a tiny remote explosive on his helmet which would be set off as soon as the guard had been seen and given the all clear. Meanwhile, Slaps disarmed the explosives at the entrance and made his way to the security monitoring room. Once there, the man in charge turned to see who it was only to be met by the business end of Slaps' knife. The kill was quick and silent, so Slaps was free to open the door and see the secondary guard's head pop open on the main monitor.

Wolf, Pinstripe and the tech sergeant made their way into the facility where they were met by Slaps. He informed them that there were only two men in the control room now and that this was the most opportune time for them to strike.

Without further hesitation, the team moved in. Two bullets later, the room was clear and the tech sergeant got to work on installing the intercept software into their network. When finally, the third guy came back, he was swiftly met by the hard hilt of Wolf's gun. Ten minutes later, the software was installed and their new prisoner was prepped for transport. He was only kept alive since Wolf thought he might be useful for decryption of any coded messages and possibly some preliminary information on the enemy troops' movements.

The others protested, claiming that he would become a liability before long. But Wolf was convinced that if they did not keep him alive long enough to decrypt any messages, they would lose valuable information and perhaps and even more importantly, the war.

Although, displeased with having to keep a prisoner, they obeyed Wolf's command and kept their new prisoner alive and transported him to their base in the city of Canya, for the sake of possible future gain. Though, they warned him more than once that if he failed to provide useful intelligence, they would eliminate him without a second thought. After all, they weren't running a daycare, they were fighting a war. And in war, there's no time to mess around with people who may or may not cooperate.

Wolf spent most of the following days analyzing the enemy's battlefield movements and strategies, trying and failing to find an obvious weakness in either one. However, his eyes fixed upon a mobile battle station which appeared every time their army advanced. At first, he believed this was another one of their many attacking units. But when it did not fire upon any of his allies, opting instead to extend a shield in front when some of the bullets found their way toward them, he knew that this was more likely a mobile command unit. A first target to disrupt their advance and make an opening for a counter attack which would hopefully cause a break in their morale.

Wolf had just begun formulating a counter strategy when Maku, Isis' brother, came running into the command center.

"General!" Maku yelled in panic.

"Speak quickly Maku. What is it?" Wolf demanded.

"It's Val'Neran sir. We're getting reports that it has fallen to an enemy attack!"

"What!?" Wolf started, "But that's where Isis is stationed! What do the reports say exactly!?"

"They say..." Maku trailed off, "They say it's been taken and my sister's unit is nowhere to be seen. They fear she might be..."

"Might be what? Speak plainly!"

"Dead, sir." Maku sobbed.

Wolf, shocked by the sudden news, ordered Maku out of the room with his condolences. He contemplated every possible scenario. She could still be fighting, or captured. She could have even gotten away. But the one thing he absolutely refused to believe was that she had fallen. Because after all they had been through together, he was sure that was not how it was going to end.

Immediately, he got back to his new strategy and wrote down several exit strategies to be executed should they be successful. The priority target was to retrieve Isis and her men to then bring down the mobile command unit. The Eagle Army was to provide covering fire and a distraction while the Phoenix Commandos with Maku and Wolf would make their way to the main jails of the city. Those jails however, would be heavily guarded and the town would be surrounded by tanks. And that was assuming that there was no secondary mobile command unit with additional troops.

Even without additional troops, the possibility for civilian casualties was enormous. So they would have to draw the enemy out, and the only way to do that was to send one of their supply units near the town and have it pretend to run away. They would then be waiting with three units in a nearby forest to ambush the unsuspecting enemies, thus thinning their numbers to manageable levels. Or so they hoped.

It would take approximately one month to get things organized and an estimated total of three days to complete the secondary part of their primary mission.

Upon reaching this realization, Wolf thought about what might happen should they fail. His thoughts fell on being captured, tortured for information and eventually killed. He knew that everyone talked under torture and did not want to become a source of pain for his men and the free natives of Canis. So he wrote that should the mission fail, his men were to rain fire down on his last known position as to eliminate any and all possibility of compromising the war effort. Wolf knew that if this happened, at least he would die near his love. He named the mission "Vlko-Dlak" - Wolf skin.

During the month of preparation, Wolf gathered his strike team and took out the three outposts along the route they had set up for the ambush. The first two outposts were simple guard gun nests with four guards to cover the four sides of the nests. Pinstripe picked them off one by one, in quick succession. The third guard post however, was a small bunker with one entrance and only a small gap for the gunners to fire through. Slaps decided it would be best to have an explosion on the east wall draw them out so they could pick them off. But Wolf wouldn't have it. Explosions made noise, and noise would cause alarms to go off and their team to be compromised or even captured. Instead he opted to smoke them out with a smoke grenade and either waiting for them to come out, or going in and taking them out quietly by hand. To Slaps' delight, they did not come out, and he was given the all clear to go in and greet their skin with his blade, which he did with great efficiency.

When the smoke cleared, the bunker was silent and their mission was complete, thus clearing the way for their ambush the following week.

Meanwhile, in Val'Neran, Isis had taken refuge with a family of bakers where she had

traded her military outfit for simple, almost male, civilian clothing. She kept her gun under the bed she'd been granted and her knife strapped tightly to her lower left arm. She had seen the size of the enemy's forces heading toward the town, took her commanding officer's advice to blend in with the civilians along with a few other soldiers from her unit. Then she watched as her commanding officer and the remaining men from her unit fought bravely and fell under the crushing numbers of the opposing army.

She swore revenge, but was intelligent enough to know that an immediate strike would gain her nothing but more death. And so, she bided her time, acting as if she was intimidated by the enemies until such time as she could isolate and kill their leader. Three weeks and five days later, as if her prayers were being answered, she was ordered by the soldiers to deliver bread and pastries to the general personally.

She had the impression that their sergeant had taken interest in her in a way that men tended to when they saw her. But she hadn't made any comments, though she had caught him looking more than once before, knowing that it would make him bolder and perhaps arrogant. So this sudden request came as no surprise to her. She decided to leave nothing to chance and wore a skirt instead of her usual tight trousers, determined to get him alone and end his miserable existence.

The building she was summoned to seemed most like that of a governor or at the very least, someone rich. Outside the door stood two men who grinned widely and lustfully as she walked by with the baked goods. Inside, next to the door, another two guards licking their lips at her and making kissing noises. She had started to walk towards the living room when a fifth guard, looking dead serious, directed her to the upstairs dining room where the sergeant would be waiting.

Carefully, she made her way there, only to find an empty room with a large table in the centre with a rich banquet and room for her things to be put down in. When she had managed to put down her pastries, the guards inside the room suddenly stepped out and she heard the sergeant's heavy footsteps come up next to her.

"Hello," she said coyly, "I've brought you your bread and deserts sir."

"Hahaha, yes you did." he laughed.

She made her way towards the door when he stopped her.

"Please, dear one, stop. Have something to eat before you go."

She grinned to herself, knowing she had him exactly where she wanted him, then turned to face him with an innocent look on her face.

"I really shouldn't." she said.

"Oh please, the baker will be quite alright with it, I'm sure. And if not, I'll explain to him why you were late."

"I suppose," she began, "if it's coming from you..."

"Excellent! Then let us eat!" he yelled happily.

She sat down at the opposite end of the table, facing him and smiled as she took a

modest amount of food onto her plate. The sergeant laughed heartily.

"Please, eat. I wouldn't tempt you with food you could not taste. Eat your fill."
She smiled and took another scoop of the vegetables nearest her, which was met with an approving grin from the sergeant.

"So, what do they call you, girl?" he asked.

"Luna, sir." she lied.

"Luna! Ah, after our most gracious moon! You've been blessed child."

"How do you mean?"

"Well," he began, "the moon means a great deal to your people. They must expect great things from you, I'm sure."

Isis smiled and ate, rather than talk to him as her disgust and urge to slice his flesh grew.

"Have you ever tried the wine here?" he asked suddenly.

"No," Isis said, "I cannot say I have."

"Well then child, come here, taste and tell me what you think." he said, smiling smugly as he did.

Isis took a final bite and went over to the sergeant who was waiting with a newly filled glass which he handed to her. She accepted the cup, smelled it, and carefully sipped the wine. Its rich taste and slight tinge told her it was a good vintage. She hadn't realized she'd closed her eyes until she opened them again and saw the sergeant looking at her expectantly.

"Good vintage." she offered.

"Yes it is." the sergeant said.

She put the glass down in front of him, thanked him and turned around to go back to her seat. But he grabbed her arm and stopped her. She knew this behavior meant that he was about to try something and she was going to let him believe she was interested if that got her what she needed.

"Come here." he said plainly while pulling her to his lap.

She sat and looked at him with a mock confused expression.

"Have you ever been with a sergeant before?"

"No." she said, straddling him.

"You're eager!" he laughed loudly.

"Yes, I am." she whispered to him, while pulling her knife from her sleeve behind him.

"But not for the reason you think." she added.

"Oh no?" he asked coyly.

"No," she said, slowly sliding her knife in his chest, "I'm merely eager to kill you." she said, driving the knife through his heart.

His eyes grew wide with terror as he realized what was happening, but his scream faded to a mere whimper as life flooded out of him. When it was all over, Isis saw his eyes glaze over, and she knew she'd ended him. Content in her success, she stepped away from the body, looked for signs of blood on herself and closed his eyes to make it look as though he'd fallen asleep before slowly extracting her blade.

When she was sure that no guards had heard the kill, she ruffled her clothes to make it seem as though she'd put them on hastily, then walked out the door with an expression of mock shame. As she did, she heard the guards behind her laugh and saw through her fingers that they were pointing at her, bumping shoulders. They'd fallen for her ruse and now, there was no more command for the troops in the city. She let the members of her unit know what had happened through a code they had previously agreed upon, to which they sprung into action. Guards around the city were falling like flies throughout the night.

The next morning, Isis and her men were ready to finish the fight, when they heard the commotion of siege vehicles driving outside the city. At first, they believed that the enemy would get reinforcements. But when the first enemy tank outside the city exploded, they knew the reinforcements were theirs and pressed their attack so that there was an attack from two sides.

After hours of intense combat, the enemy finally gave up, realizing that they had no chance. Isis stepped forward, bruised and battered, to greet the brave soldiers who'd come to help her when she saw something she never believed she'd see again.

"Isis is that you?" Wolf asked.

"Yes." she cried, holding him tight.

"What happened? Were you captured? Are you okay?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle, no and yes. I am now."

Wolf held her again and smiled widely, knowing that Isis was safe. When she told him what she'd done though, he remembered he'd had no real cause to be worried in the first place. Isis had always been a woman more than capable of taking care of herself. But he had still thought the worst, simply because it was in his nature to think about everything more deeply than he should.

Reunited, Wolf informed Isis of his find and his plans to take out the mobile command unit and ordered his troops to begin phase two. Isis looked over the plans and asked Wolf what she could do, but Wolf was reluctant to have her accompany him. Only when she finally threatened to call off any possibility of a wedding, did he concede. Isis would stay by Wolf's side and cover his back while he would do the same for her. Pinstripe would pick off any guys they'd missed, the tech sergeant would accompany

them to disable or hack any tech inside the mobile command unit and Slaps. Well, he would make sure that things got blown up or horribly murdered when needed.

The soldiers of the Eagle army would gather to fight the tanks and troops of the Enclave while the Phoenix commandos performed precision strikes to weaken flanks and stop advances where they saw fit. All so that Wolf, Isis and their strike team, could move in on and take the mobile command unit.

The battle was angry, bloody and chaotic as bodies fell around Wolf's team, friend and foe alike. But after what seemed to be an eternity, they made it to the mobile command unit which had set up behind the troops. Their tech sergeant hacked the doors, immediately backed up by Pinstripe picking off four soldiers packed on the other side of them and Slaps throwing a grenade in.

The remaining soldiers inside had hardly had any time to react when the merciless blows of Isis and wolf cut through them like hot knives through butter. Excited by the rush of battle, Wolf and Isis ran for the control room where they were stopped by a triple enforced door. Slaps eyed the door as if it were the sweetest candy and shooed the two away.

He sang gleefully as he set up several explosives, then turned to face Wolf with a smug look and announced: "You may want to step outside for this."

Wolf stepped out first, Isis followed and finally Slaps skipped out, pressing the detonator as he did.

What followed was such a loud explosion that Wolf checked to see if the unit had been completely destroyed. Though when he stepped inside again, he noticed that despite the sound, it had been a very precise explosion. Certain of his victory, Wolf stepped through the hole where the door used to be, ready to shoot any who sat there. Instead, he was met with the steel gauntlet of a giant of a man who looked as though he were one giant muscle.

"So," he laughed, "you thought you'd just waltz in here and take over did you!?"

"You know what," Isis said, "for a little while, yeah, I kind of did."

The giant laughed loudly.

"Then you were wrong! None can stand against the Enclave. And most importantly me!"

"And who are you?" Wolf grunted.

"To you? The Wall."

Wolf and Isis laughed in unison. "The wall? That's hilarious!"

The wall, now thoroughly insulted, charged the duo with his gauntlet held out in front of him ready to smash them to a pulp. Reacting instantly, Wolf jumped to one side and Isis to the other as 'The Wall' smashed into the back panel between them. Slaps moved in and stabbed him with two pins, to which the wall plowed into his stomach with his massive fist.

Slaps fell unconscious under the weight of the blow, and would have been pulped right then and there, had Wolf not opened fire.

The bullet-ridden wall laughed loudly to mask the pain and walked dramatically towards Wolf as he ran out of bullets. Wolf reached next to him to find a second clip, and found it when the wall grabbed him by the head and squeezed ever tighter while wolf screamed in agony.

Isis, panicked by her lover's screams, leapt up on the wall's shoulder and stabbed him in the left eye. Sending him flailing through the entire command unit, hoping to land a blow, but was met instead by the feeling of a cold slab covering his back. Slabs had regained consciousness and wanted blood. So he attached a large blob of plastic explosives to the wall's back and signaled his friends to get out.

The wall had nearly recovered from the confusion caused by the pain in his left eye and saw Slabs, a scrawny-looking wolf to him, hop out of sight. The next moment, the wall felt his back burn, then fell away into nothing as death took him.

Finally taking control of the command unit and ordering the troops to stop, they knew that the war was far from over. Next was the Lord of the Enclave on the planet Cravis. Where the enclave would make their final stand.

Wolf sent word to Iris' homeworld Lupus, the capitol Canis and his new home world of Zavala, asking for additional troops for the final battle against the Enclave at their home base on the planet Kravis. The request was met with a negative answer from Lupus and Zavala, as they had sent everyone they could spare without leaving the planet defenseless. Canis however, promised with great delight, ten additional units of around one hundred men each to end this war once and for all.

The voyage to Kravis was but a short one from the planet Lucian. Wolf and Isis had half expected the voyage to go smoothly, when just outside of the planet's atmosphere, they got a message forwarded from the rest of the fleet.

"To all commanding officers. Listen carefully. We have lost eight units upon initial entry to their flak cannons. Some ships were shot apart and others crashed, but we don't know where. Only one of ours made it through intact. Change your landing coordinates to the ones contained in this message. It should lead you to a remote area in the planet's vast forest. Take heed. The enemy is expecting you now, you will not have much time. Landing squad alpha, out."

Wolf looked at Isis with deep concern and for a while doubted if he had made the right call. For even when the war might be won that day, would it really be worth the lives aboard the ships who'd get blasted out of the sky? Wolf thought about his family on Zavala and the sadness they would feel if he were one of those unlucky ones. He thought about the choice he had to make and Isis' role in it when she grabbed his arm.

"Wolf, if we give up now, we will have thrown everything away. We will have taken away the meaning of the lives given for a cause. We must press on."

"Maybe you're right. Maybe we have come too far to stop now. But I can't help but wonder."

"Listen to me Wolf. We have pledged our loyalty to the fleet and to this war effort. And I

know you to be a loyal man. Don't prove me wrong."

"I won't," Wolf sighed, "Captain! Ready the ship. We're taking this fight to them."

Wolf's ship swiftly but steadily made its way through the atmosphere getting hit twice across the hull, and once just above the bridge windows before landing.

The ship's captain sat in his chair shaking, looked at Wolf and gave him a thumbs up.

"Why are you shaking captain?" Wolf smiled.

"It's the chair, general. I think the pivot system is broken."

"Hah! Good man!" Wolf laughed.

As Wolf and Isis got out of the ship, it immediately became clear to them that this wasn't anything like home. Despite the sun, the planet was dark on the surface. All manners of critters were making harmonious yet eerie noises all around them, disrupted only by the distant roar of war machines and the high pitched squeal of rail guns to let them know the enemy meant business.

On their side, the troops were obligated to be as resourceful as they could in getting their tanks and troop transport vehicles out of the water and onto the land. A couple of shells were fired by the enclave, but they were clearly probing shots, so Wolf knew the Enclave had no clue as to where exactly they'd landed.

"Bravo, Echo, go east!" the commanders yelled.

"Charlie, Gamma, you take west!"

"Sierra, X-ray, you take point!"

"We're going with Sierra!" Wolf added.

"Roger, Strike Team One, backup on point!"

Going through the forest with Sierra and X-ray team, Wolf couldn't help but feel that they were being watched. Isis kept playing nervously with the clip on her assault rifle as they walked, clearly expecting something as well.

The air in the forest had become so dense, it could be cut with a knife, yet nothing happened. Their trip through the forest went smoothly. Almost too smoothly, and yet welcome as their troops, fatigued by battle were close to giving up.

Slowly but surely, they made their way to the edge of the forest where, as if from hell, fire exploded in front of them.

Teams Sierra and X-Ray were met with a rain of fire and a wave of howling screams came from the men and women burning alive, like some horrible lament. And just when they thought it was over, the comms exploded with the screams of Echo, burning in the east and shortly after Gamma burning in the west. They had run into a wall of hellfire, a potent variant of napalm, which burnt hotter than any flame known so far. In the official laws which governed cross galactic relations, these types of weapons were outlawed as being uncommonly cruel.

Seeing the Enclave resorting to the use of such weapons, demonstrated to Wolf and the commanders the desperation of their opponents, which only strengthened their resolve. They pressed on, guns ready to fire upon whatever lay beyond the flames.

What they saw was exactly what they expected, a vast army of soldiers backed up with three rows of tanks. Wolf, Isis and the commanders of Bravo and Charlie got ready to advance when the Phoenix commandos' air force swept overhead and bombed the enemy tank lines, taking out a few tanks. The battle was still in the enemy's favor, but at least they had a few less tanks to worry about.

Bravo and Charlie grouped up to form a strong line of fire, laying waste to the enemy shield generators and several troops, before finally losing men to enemy fire. The scene was brutal. Bravo troops, seeing their friends and family fall, lost heart and tried to run but being caught by bullets. Charlie troops shifted into the openings in the Bravo team lines until they too ran.

The war seemed hopeless and resistance futile, as Wolf, Isis and their comrades fought the enemy lines in front of them. Several enemies fell before them and opened up the way to one of the rail guns when Slaps went in to destroy it. He was jumping out with the detonator in front of him, and Wolf thought he'd be fine, when he was grabbed by a nimble Anthropomorphic monkey and slung back in.

"Get ready for some fireworks!" Slaps' laughing voice yelled out.

Suddenly, the rail gun exploded with such ferocity that it seemed to fire a line right through the tanks next to it. Wolf, Isis, Pinstripe and their tech sergeant had been slung far back by the explosion and were left dazed with the knowledge that their friend was no more. The loss hit them hard and stripped them of all hope of victory. It seemed to them as if everything moved in slow motion. The enemy bullets flying over them, their troops advancing on all sides. And then. What's this? A broad laser line cut through the enemies like butter, and the deep low roar of a military landing craft crushed the silence.

"Hey Wolf! Isis! Who said you could sleep!?" a familiar voice said.

"Ma- Maku? Is that you?" Wolf murmured.

"You bet your sister loving butt, I am! Now get up!" Maku laughed.

Getting back on his feet, Wolf saw the tide of battle turn. The tanks were gone and the men were fleeing in terror, falling in halves and blasted into hole filled messes where they ran, and the walls that stood strong behind them all were ruins. Isis, Pinstripe and the tech sergeant stood up beside him, panting and smiling with renewed hope as the city lay open to them. Wolf remembered his mission to bring down the lord of the Enclave, nodded at his team and motioned for them to follow him as he ran as fast as he could to the Enclave's Enclave.

When finally they arrived at the Enclave, they were faced with the most impressive building they could imagine. The massive stone face had intricate faces and flora carved into it and the doors had inlaid golden orca's and lions depicted on them. The handles shaped like open maws which fit but a few fingers and the windows made in stained glass.

Wolf swung open the doors to a massive open hall with a polished marble floor. The

ceiling barely visible and fourteen giant pillars holding it up. The center of those pillars each being a giant anthropomorphic animal of a different race with an expression of agony on their faces.

Domination seemed to be the theme here, and this was only accentuated by the marvelous obsidian door at the very end upon which was set another maw handle, this time with an empty expression.

Wolf smashed through the door and saw an average sized room, which was in dire contrast with the majestic hall, though the mounted heads on the wall fit the feeling of the place well. No sooner had Wolf, Isis, pinstripe and the tech sergeant made it in, than the walls began to crumble and fall away to reveal a giant hangar with an almost equally giant Mecha in it, facing them. Its eyes lit up, its feet moved slightly and it readied its weapon.

"You believed you had already won!" the speakers boomed.

"I thought about it!" Wolf yelled back.

"You should see your puny forms now! So utterly insignificant before my machine! I will make this quick!"

Wolf and Isis each ran to a side of the room while the tech sergeant and Pinstripe rushed at it head on. The Mecha aimed its massive gun at Pinstripe, glowed a bright blue and fired, turning him into what his nickname had always suggested.

With Pinstripe gone, Wolf opened fire on the eyes and from the other side, Isis did the same. This did seemingly nothing as the Mecha turned its focus toward Wolf and powered up another beam. Wolf ran to his right, and only barely dove out of the way of what would have been another rail gun blast. Relentlessly continuing, the Mecha turned and fired at Isis, blasting a hole through the wall and hitting her with debris in a feat of incredible luck.

Meanwhile, the tech sergeant was crawling up the Mecha's leg, toward the manual override which opened it for the pilot. Reaching for it, he was forced to grab on to the leg again, as the Mecha turned toward Wolf for another blast. After what seemed like forever, the tech sergeant finally reached the handle, just too late to stop a blast directed at wolf.

The Mecha opened up and shut down, revealing a scar faced tiger as the driver.

"Who in blazes are you!?" the tech sergeant demanded.

"I am the Enclave! I am Lord Bast !" he declared.

"Your days of lordship have ended."

"And yet, you are the only one of your friends still standing."

"An army is awaiting your head outside."

"Then what are you waiting for? End me."

"No. I will walk you out there, disgraced."

"And I will triumphantly declare that their great heroes have fallen."

"Wolf, Isis and Pinstripe were better people than you could ever be!"

"No. They were better soldiers than I could ever be. As a person, I am alive, and they're dead. That makes me a better person."

"That's enough out of you!" the tech sergeant said, while hitting Bast over the head. Bast lost consciousness and the tech sergeant dragged him out of the Mecha, dropping him on the floor to say his last goodbyes to his friends. He looked at the hole in the floor where Pinstripe stood and said a silent prayer. He then went over to Isis, knelt next to her and noticed the slight movement of her chest, letting him know she was alive.

He shook her and cleaned her bloodied head, hoping she'd wake up. Which, after a few seconds, she finally did.

"Wolf?" she asked, blinking.

The tech sergeant sobbed, shook his head and walked towards the spot he'd last seen Wolf.

"Is he really... Dead?"

The tech sergeant didn't answer as he looked through the rubble for the telltale signs of a vaporized creature, which he did not find.

Isis made her way slowly towards the tech sergeant and looked for her love's body so she could mourn him properly, but after several minutes, they found nothing and they both broke into slow, deep sobs.

"Those tears better not be, ouch, for me." a familiar voice said.

They turned around and saw a dusty and slightly bloody, but otherwise unharmed Wolf standing there.

"You bastard!" Isis launched herself toward him and slapped him hard.

"Ouch!" he yelled.

"Don't ever do that to me again!" she sobbed.

"General." the tech sergeant said, relieved.

"You know, I still don't know your name." Wolf commented.

"Call me friend and I shall consider it an honor, sir."

"Thank you. Friend."

The three of them walked out of the mostly destroyed Enclave, towing Bast behind them. They were met with cheers and congratulations all the way to the ship they would put him on to take them back to the capitol for trial. Until they were stopped by Maku who

reminded them of the wedding they could and should hold sometime soon. Especially with the whole peace thing.