

Last "blow up" chance.

Arcona's army was fearless. It put everything into defending Fort Blindshot. The turrets were shattered, broken armors worn, lost dagger blades and there were red crystal pieces lying between dead bodies, like the blood flooding out from the deepest parts of the planet. Screams echoed inside of the red, randomly, repainted helmets of the artist called mass massacre.

Close by in the forests, fire flared and the ground grinned, misshapen from still-alive explosives : quickly thrown grenades, patiently set up mines and carefully handled thermal detonators.

Body parts flew, falling and frayed last muscle convulsions on the field. Blood flowed like wild waterfalls and urban fountains spread around, helping to grow the mass of the new burial mounds of crystal monsters, rising again after their deaths.

His medical backpack was open; forceps, scissors and scalpel laying next to it. The synthflesh dispenser in the reddish (not only from blood) paw released strips of gel onto the deep-like-darkest-cave wound made by a spine-like crystal, blood covered laying next to it crystal.

The mind of the fallen warrior was resting in the blessing of the unconsciousness when the pain passed through the nerves cut and not repairable.

The riot shield was covering the bodies, like rock at the bank of the river covering from the weaves of the lasers and light whips.

The tall, mammalian creature emerged from the battling crowd, getting closer to the hidden behind the shield postures. With awkward courage, eyes looked around and roared at the enemies, and charged at them. It was enough to make them stop shooting, and was getting closer to its keeper position - but not for long.

Shistavanen whistled, and the beast stepped closer. Its right side balanced to take the next harmed passenger for transport behind the walls of Fort Blindshot.

Archian lifted up the heavy, fully armored body of Arcona's soldier and threw it on to the back of greenish Ronto, which looked very uncomfortable - conscious of the noise and the movement around it.

The furry, red, clawed paw made a signal to the creature by clapping it to the side, and made a quick whistle. Ronto started to retreat, and dispense in the fog of the battle dust.

"Keep safe and travel fast." - Archian murmured to the barely visible creature galloping through the field. He quickly ducked and started packing all thrown out supplies, back to the medical backpack.

A Reddish wolf-like man looked around, grabbed his bow, and took out an arrow. They were losing, and even with his disapproval of sharing a blood massacre, and dedication to medical support, this was the only other way to support retreat of injured, unable to fight allies.

The high-rank soldiers of the Children of Mortis fought everywhere: firing, slashing, and hand to hand fighting with defenders.

The crystal beasts were rushing at everyone, demolishing their bodies and sacrificing for victory of the masters. The red vehicles were unstoppable - hitting and killing at the stand. No mercy was shown.

Archian spotted another medic trying to rescue a member suffering from loss of the legs - probably by a passing vehicle covered with crystal spines.

The crystal Terantatek started to storm at them, encouraged by the smell of blood, and sensing the suffering of the body.

With a quick move Archian let go the arrow into the knee of the beast, but it bounced off from the crystal coming from its joint.

That didn't slow it down, but redirected attention to Shistavanen.

The beast screamed and rushed at him. He knew the risk. The loss of his life was worth it even if it didn't come yet.

The other medic looked at him, nodded and at the same time the speedster showed up - the driver had left it, and helped both doctor and patient to get out from this hell.

The beast was closer and closer, Archian shot another arrow - this time with partial success. Beast slowed down, and while still moving, tore a wooden stick from its knee.

It still couldn't reach Shistavanen, but that was just a matter of time. The fury, revenge and pain was coming from the red eyes, showing the destiny wished by it to the Shistavanen.

Archian took his whip out... Not the best hope against this huge terror coming.

The riot shield was out, and supported in the ground in front of him.

He struck a hit at the creature, but it didn't stop like he expected. It smashed into a riot shield, which flew like a bullet, and with a hard punch pushed Archian away from the beast on the ground.

Pain, and the feeling of cracked ribs overwhelmed Archian.

With confusion looked at the beast, which with satisfaction from his pain slowly step by step at the heavy, thick, muscled legs moved closer to give the final deadly hit.

Archian forced himself to whistle deeper than before, and was trying to stand up - the walking terror was faster than he thought.

It grabbed his leg, damaging a bone, and lifted up to its mouth. Widely opening them to decapitate him. A few seconds difference and he could be dead.

The monstrous arm, smaller but strong enough to stop muscular forearm, by catching crystal growing out from the elbow.

The Jetaz was breathing hatefully into the other creature's face. The Terantatek did a headbutt to the Archian's pet, but was still holding its owner, and slowly increasing the strength of the grab.

The smaller one backed off, with a painful squeak, but answered immediately after with fury.

It didn't care about the owner anymore, it crouched and caught crystallized legs, and took its enemies body out of balance.

Archian fell on the ground, while the bigger one shook off the smaller one, and came back to the offensive position.

They clashed and the both masses wrestled, with the aim that both or at least until one of them would die.

Archian looked around - now the worse began. Morales had totally gone. Fear was coming from the crystal, radiating like the hot, damaging ash from a volcano in the Arconan's minds.

Some of them were retreating, others retrieving useful parts from damaged vehicles. Medics at the speeders were quickly but carefully collecting uninfected bodies from the field. There was the golden glaze from the fired flare at the horizon - a sign for the evacuation of defenseless workers, and priceless artifacts from Fort Blindshot...

But they needed time for it.

There wasn't any left, so everyone needed to make it. With what he got, it was only one option...

He looked quickly at the two masses still fighting. He made a quick and high whistle. The Jetaz didn't turn his head, but stopped attacking back, and was kind of sparing hits.

Rumble of the heavy body went through fog, the fearless eyes of the herbivore stared at two beasts, and recognised one of them, while still galloping towards them. A few meters away it still didn't stop, but with a slide on the stronger back legs, it stood up and made a powerful kick at the bigger beast's head, supported by its own moving mass.

Parts of the red crystal fell down, followed by the body which still struggled with straightened arms, and stopped at a kneeling position. That made up some of the necessary time, to make more of it within the next few minutes.

Archian whistled very long, while holding both arms at his abdomen to suppress the pain. The sound was a mix of lower and higher tones, affecting both creatures that turned to him, and immediately accelerating muscles to run.

The Jetaz wasn't moving one of its arms, which was heavily holding along with the other limb.

The Rotan's feet were followed with bloody footsteps. Archian with last resort climbed on the mount, and exchanged looks with the injured carnivore. Angry growls started behind them. It was time to go.

"RUN! RETREAT!" Archian shouted.

He took the smoke grenade, and connected it with a thermal imploder by strapping it with torn off material from his cloak.

He didn't wait and threw it as far as he could to the center of the enemy's next wave.

Smoke overtook them, assimilating them within. They were walking away, when the heat erupted.

Archian with his companions made enough distance, but continued to retreat. He felt heat growing behind all three of them, and the loud scream of the crystal beast being pulled back towards the epicenter against its will.

The ground had shaken, and an explosion happened.

Moving masses of bodies, crystals, and dust covering close by walls of Fort Blindshot.

All three of them disappeared, covered with dust from the wave...

The time for Arcona's retreat was found... But only temporary. The war wasn't over.

And only quiet, painful growls, barking and whistling was coming slowly from falling down deadly, dusty fog of battle.