

Droned Lover to the Rescue

Engines hum, the massive cargo plane as it goes through a storm. Lightning harmlessly strikes across the surface, but as the sudden jerks caused by the turbulence, the inside is a different story. In the back that takes up about a fifth of the plane's storage is a set to store a different kind of cargo. A computer console is attached to five charge stands, big enough for one person to stand on each. Four are currently empty, but the last is a sleek anthropomorphic two tailed kitsune. Their soft blue fur tails with white ends, idly shift and move while he stands on the charge stand, calm, collected.

Seventy percent of their body is covered in a synthetic armor that is merged into their body, the sleek blue with sharp spikes along their right leg, a deadly looking sight, with only some of their white and blue fur showing off along their upper thigh and lower left leg. With metal armor plating around that knee.

Spikes jut out of their elbows which become hidden when their arms are extended, giving one nasty of an elbowing if he ever so chooses to do so. In the center of their chest, a glowing blue power core, which enables their systems to work and operate, keeping the cybernetically enhanced kitsune alive, functioning and most importantly controlled. Their face hidden under a blue glass dome that hides their face away from the world. Reinforced protected tubes run from their back and attach to the back of their helmet, as two spires jut from their back. Air flows into them and is turned into the atmosphere he needs to 'live' within that hood.

His world tinted blue, a HUD display over his vision, going over the data of his recent mission objective. Pleasure constantly rocking his body, a pleasant reward for him as he's done a good job. Trained like a horse following a carrot on a stick. The pleasure keeps him complacent, trained, in a soft hypnotic indulgence that has become his norm by now. A life not like this is foreign and alien to him. Steadily breathing, relaxed, rewarded for standing on this charge pad. His batteries running a little low in the forty percent reserve. That last battle took a bit out of him. Some dings, and scratches mar parts of his armor.

His thoughts trained and honed. Experience as a special ops operative makes him one of the best the company has. He's valuable to the company. An asset to the company. How wonderful is that?

"I'm an asset to the company."

"I obey the company."

"I serve the company."

"I do what the company wills of me."

"The company must succeed."

Suddenly there is a shift, the plane is moving in a new direction, the change is subtle yet noticeable to someone like himself. His thoughts shift slightly, *"What could be wrong? What does the company possibly need of me now? Or is there something wrong with the route? This plane can handle this little storm without issue."*

A moment later the door leading deeper into the plane opens up, stepping out is a well-dressed anthropomorphic female gazelle. The kitsune sees her from his peripherals, but he doesn't turn his head, doesn't move. A blue outline is around her, indicating friendly, with a small HUD display stating her value to the company, obedience to this person with deviance to her commands parameters. Her name is displayed to him as he knows her as Doctor Girana. In charge of his health and wellbeing during missions.

She walks over to the computer console, typing into it, while she mutters, "This has to be big if they are making me work overtime and monitor two missions back-to-back. At least they pay well."

The kitsune's HUD pops up with new information, "Securing encryption... encryption secured. Establishing connection... .. connection established. Sheeza Soulscar now connected to MQ-69."

MQ-69 his designation that replaced his name when he became an asset to the company, turned into an MQ unit, an obedient drone. He remains calm, but his focus is a hundred percent on the person before him. The CEO of the company, the highest obedience value given to them, their word is law. He obeys her as if it was the words of GOD, for to him, she is that. The heart and soul of the company. She owns him and obeys unquestioningly.

"MQ-69 you are commanded to do an emergency asset protection mission, code level black," Sheeza states, her words calm, smooth, with something underlining them that he just can't put his finger on... but he doesn't think about it. He must obey and listen.

The mission MQ-9 and MQ-61 were on went awry. They were ambushed and we already confirmed that MQ-61 is out of action. Current status of MQ-9 is unknown," she states.

MQ-69 claws twitch, the disk in the palm of their hands whir to light but then the system states to him, "**Deviation in current mental state detected. Reducing gas till obedience equilibrium is restored.**" The level of the sweet air that they breath, manufactured by their body, keeping them on a pleasure sexual high. Their sensitive areas hidden away under layers of metal, unseen by the world, but all being used against him. Within a few seconds, the aggression felt within him is reduced, and calm returns.

"I know what this means to you, but MQ-9 is a vital piece of equipment to the company. They contain sensitive data about MQ unit programming and construction. You are to retrieve this asset and protect all vital company secrets by *any* means necessary. This includes total destruction of company property and elimination of all external company threats to company secrets. Understood?"

MQ-69 nods responding vocally, their voice converted into a cold heartless machine, "**Affirmative.**"

"A secondary objective of almost equal importance is to discover how these mountain people were able to capture, detain, and destroy two of our units. They are getting support elsewhere. This is the third mission in six months that has been hindered in such an unexpected way."

"Understood. I will do everything in my power to achieve success for the company."

“Excellent. A tertiary objective is the original objective set by MQ-9 and MQ-61. The assassination of Gomaz Clefthoof. Leader of a terrorist organization within the target country. Eliminating them will result in increased stability and the payout for the use of our units. And restoring our credibility to the nations of the world. We have reason to believe the objective is still in the area where the assets were stolen. Do you understand?”

“Affirmative.”

“Excellent. You are currently the only and luckily the best unit that is within range to complete this task. Time is of the essence. The longer they have our property the more they can learn and transmit the information back to whoever is supporting them. Get in quickly without detection. Otherwise, they might sabotage our equipment and prevent useful retrieval of our units. But company secrets take top propriety over unit survival. Do you understand?”

MQ-69 tensed again; his heart would race if he still had one. Body wanting to get agitated, angry, but then the system responded, **“Deviation in current mental state detected. Reducing gas till obedience equilibrium is restored.”**

Their body aching, addiction to the pleasure, pushing them to what the company wants, what the company desires, calm steadily returning but the pleasure kept away from them as an automated punishment.

“MQ-69, do you understand your mission?”

“Affirmative,” he responds, hands relaxing, the subtle agitation forced out of him.

“Excellent. The mission parameters and all available data will be transmitted to you. You will airdrop into a secure location in two hours. Be ready.”

“Affirmative. I will not fail the company.”

“Good,” she replies, the connection ending.

MQ-69 breathes in deeply, trying to get as much of that intoxicating life sustaining gas that fills their dome hood, but on the outside they look completely calm, collected, unmoving, simply waiting for them to arrive at their destination. He meticulously goes over the maps, the topography, the battle data received when they were captured.

Doctor Girana sighs, “This will be problematic. Low on ammunition for their rifle... we have some extra ammunition on board. And I have to try to look after returning damage units? I swear I give these criminals more love and care than the common people...” She types away, getting a few things prepared herself, soon enough though they get near their destination, and she exits the room after securing everything for the drop.

MQ-9 steps off the platform, going over to grab their long sniper rifle, a back of supplies is attached to their back spires. Their feet click and clank with each step, as metal taps metal. Their body glows softly, the back of the plane opening up wind howling, ears and furr fluttering. Their blue back furred ears with their black tips jut from the back of their helmet, the only part of their head visible to the outside world. They activate their disks in their palms, extending out a rubber liquid that they attach and extend across their sides and arms, making wyvern-like wings to aid in their drop.

He looks down to the mountainous terrain below, their HUD giving some targeted guidance when they simply jump off the cargo jet plane. Wind howls around them, they plummet to the ground, extending their arms they guide their descent to the small valley that is secluded enough yet close enough to their target that it makes it the perfect location for the start of the mission.

Like a guided missile he gets to his target location, turning around so he's feet first to the ground. Disks in his feet, and a burst of energy allows for jet like propulsion that slows their descent dramatically. They still hit the ground with some force, making a three-point landing, leaving indentations in the ground, kicking up dust, their reinforced body able to handle and spread out the force of the impact keeping them from sustaining too much damage, but what it does do drain their batteries, completely wiping whatever charge they got on the plane and then some.

"Battery, twenty-nine percent. That's not good but doable. I'll have to be an even more efficient killer then," he thinks, smirking, gripping his weapon tightly, *"I'll save you my lovely MQ-9. You are too important of an asset to the company and to me."*

He looks up to the overcast sky, ears twitching, listening to the wind that blows, the back spires, taking in and filtering the air, yet still allowing particles of creatures to get through allowing him to use his sense of smell in a way to use his ears, to get direction and how close something is, *"No goats nearby. I appear to be not detected. Excellent. For once in a blue moon, intelligence was actually intelligence. It's great to be of service to this company,"* he thinks, moving through the valley, seeing his destination is over twenty miles away through tough mountainous terrain.

"Time is of the essence, I have to go fast," he thinks, rushing through the valley, using his internal GPS system to give an approximate location of where he is in conjunction to his target. He despite his speed, weight and heavily synthesized body, he moves through the rough terrain, jumping and leaping up the rocky hills, getting higher up, always on the lookout for patrols, and ambushes.

"MQ-61 was not a pushover, but according to the data, there is a lot not adding up. I could see if MQ-9 was captured, but he was with MQ-61. And they were destroyed, while he was captured?" The thought bounced in his head, about the mission, what to do. What he *might* have to do. A blue fox on a grey and green background, the rugged terrain, a terrible combination for his camouflage.

Patrols start to appear, making rounds. The anthropomorphic mountain goats. White, black, and brown furred with various combination of those colors. Their yellow square pupils looking around them. Armed with heavy duty rifles. From his location he can zoom in and analyze their weaponry, *"Armor piercing rounds. Enough to penetrate my armor or that of any MQ unit. That's not even standard issue in most armies. They have to be getting funding from elsewhere. Now let's see if they are getting funding for their communications..."* he thinks, staying low to the ground.

He scans the airwaves and after several minutes he locates the bandwidth, taking another few minutes to crack the encryption, *“Nope, they didn’t update that. They got the guns but keeping their communications poor. Terrible for them, great for me.”*

Slowly, steadily he moves through the underbrush, getting onto all fours, *“Activating air filtration camouflage,”* he thinks, his back tubes seeming to become translucent, projecting terrain behind them in the direction of the two mountain goats patrolling the local area. They move on foot, using their hooved feet to great effect to climb and patrol the mountainous terrain as if it was strolling through open plain fields.

“I’d love to get them for what they’ve done to MQ-9...”

The HUD suddenly displayed, quietly relaying to him, *“Unit must obey orders. Stealth required. Until absolutely necessary. Unit will comply and obey the company.”*

MQ-69 shifts slightly, feeling a subtle downtick in his wonderful gas that he breathes in. He thinks, *“I understand. I obey the company. My feelings are secondary to the mission.”*

The levels return to their normal level, his body demanding more subsiding, allowing him to continue on with ease. He constantly monitors and processes the data from their communications. But then there was one bit of information, auto translated for him, that caught his attention from a different pair of goats talking and smoking a cigarette as they move through their patrol route.

“Why do we have to remain on high alert? We were informed there’d only be two of them.”

MQ-69 slows, moving in closer, wanting to get a clearer audio on what is being said by them.

“Yeah, but they’ll send a rescue unit within the next few hours. We have to be ready for them.”

“But that is in a few hours. We should be celebrating our current victory over their advanced technology to wipe out our glorious mission. Proof that we are chosen to win.”

“We can’t be complacent. We will be rewarded by... did you hear something?” he asks his partner, looking in MQ-69’s direction.

“I got too close. I haven’t fought goats before. I thought I was below what they could hear,” he thinks.

“No, but I’ll report a possible contact,” says the other goat, reporting it as the other draws closer to MQ-69.

He watches from the brush, keeping low, slow, knowing that his camouflage is good at distance, the closer he gets the stiller he must become to keep the illusion of invisibility real.

The lead goat moves in closer, weapon held up, pressed against his shoulder, ready to fire one those deadly armor piercing rounds at a moment’s notice. A single one of those could end his mission in a multitude of ways, the biggest of which would be the echoing sound of a gunshot that would initiating a downward spiral of events that he doesn’t wish to face.

“Anything?” yells out his companion, moving up several yards behind him, weapon also at the ready, providing constant feedback to high command, the breaks in communication between each report is less than ten seconds.

He digs his metallic claws into the ground, tails held low, body as still as a statue, the back vents growing quieter, reducing the flow of the special air that he breathes, forcing the addiction pains, but he grins and bears it, knowing this isn't punishment but necessity. Twelve feet away... ten, six. Closer still they get to him.

“I don't think this is anything at this point,” remarks the partner, who is keeping up the reports, “Should I give the, all clear?”

“Not yet, give me another minute,” he says, moving closer, eyes squinting looking directly in his direction, the sense that he could be looking directly at him. Time begins to dilate for MQ-69, the next moments going so fast yet so slow.

The goat behind the one that looks at him just states “Nothing yet.” to the command, the goat before him, looking down catching a glimmer of his metallic body, his eyes subtly widening, gun just starting to move down, finger transitioning to press the trigger.

He went for it, reaching for the goat's hand, he ripped it away from the trigger, right before a shot can be fired, his spiked elbow slid up along parallel to the goat's body, slamming hard into the goat's throat, blood splattering everywhere. He grabs a knife on their body and in one swift motion throws it into the other goat's throat, cutting off vocals, ending their life seconds later from blood loss. The two goats lay dead on the ground bodies twitching.

Without stopping MQ-69 goes over to the goat's communicator, picking it up, reporting in a perfect mimic of the goat's voice, including accent and mannerisms, “All clear. False alarm.” using the information from MQ-61 and MQ-9 of their battle data feed to give the correct response to this scenario.

He takes the time to move the bodies out of the way, placing them hidden within the brush, continuing their “All clear” repeats that are required, sending it over their communicator, but no longer audibly speaking himself, simply sending the fake signal over the bandwidth, to the communicator.

“I'll have to keep that up, now to remove the smell of blood from me. That could give me away,” he thinks, taking their canteens, washing the blood off his elbow spikes, and arm, giving a good wipe down using the goat's body, *“Their smell should help cover up my own. It won't be long till I can no longer stay downwind of them, and that will cause issues,”* he thinks, continuing on deeper into enemy territory which becomes ever more rugged and seeming inhospitable. Only tough shrubs and rugged trees are able to grow in the harshness of the dry mountainous terrain and climate.

He looks to the open terrain, with no place to hide. Patrols visible in the distance through his HUD, he processes various angles of attacks he could make, routes to take and in the end, there is only one conclusion, *“I'll have to go straight through. I'll be cutting this close with my power supplies, but I have no choice, if I take too long, my ruse will be noticed and they'll get too much from him,”* he thinks.

His back spires launch three small floating spheres that are the size of a dime. His HUD lights up with what they can see as they show him go from slightly translucent on one side to completely invisible. Light bends around him, leaving him in total darkness, completely blind but also completely invisible to the naked eye.

The floating cameras provide him with the visuals while their distance to him are all used to calculate his exact position, which is highlighted on the HUD for him. Moving through the open stony fields, moving as if he was playing himself like some kind of video game character. He moves through the open area, mindful of his step, guessing the stability of one set of rocks, trying not to make any noise. The reality of moving yourself from an observation point is far more difficult than one would believe. Only his military experience, and the enhancements of his synthetic body makes it 'look' easy.

Each movement is calculated, practiced, enhanced. A silent killer moving through past a few mountain goat patrols. Heading towards the direction of the signal when suddenly... MQ-9 ends. He almost stumbles over himself, feeling a knot form in what is left of his stomach. Sliding to a stop.

"Hey, did you hear something?" asks one of the goats several yards away looking directly at him.

He looks back, imagining the look of the goat, their eyes meeting even if they are both blinded to the other.

"Hear what?" asks his companion.

"Something right there. Like something sliding across the rock," he says pointing.

"Did you enjoy a bit too much of a quick celebration for defeating the machines? There's nothing there."

"No, I didn't have any yet. We were told celebration a few days from now. I'm not going to disrespect him by trying to have a quick one."

His companion gives him a long hard look, "There's nothing there," he sniffs the air, "Neither sight nor scent. Did those things put you on edge or something?"

"What? No, I'm no coward."

"Then relax, and don't be chasing ghosts," he replies.

"The tracking doesn't mean he's gone. Simply that it's been disabled or blocked. Neither option is good, but better than the initial thought. I have to hurry," he thinks, keeping himself calm, staying with the parameters his systems expects him to have, to keep everything functioning nominally. He moves around and past the patrol, doing his best to keep his scent hidden from them. When he eventually reaches a large open mouth cave with two guards standing at attention just inside, making them only visible from a certain angle.

"It has to be there. If they are deep within the mountain then..." he thinks, leaping from rock to rock, moving like a mountain goat himself, the orbs moving silently at a distance, while trying to stay out of view of the goat guards. He reaches the front, the two guards patrolling the entrance, making entering more difficult.

Watching them, he gets a general idea of their pace, and at the right moment he silently walks right between them, getting past them before they meet up, the orbs moving around the guards overhead, hiding amongst the crevice of the jagged roof of the cave, “Do you smell something?” asks one of the guards, sniffing the air.

Silently MQ-69 pivots on his foot, turning to face the guards, taking a few slow steps back, “*I can’t remove these. It would be too obvious. I have to be careful,*” he thinks, the soft hiss of his back spires, shutting down, reducing his gas input, but increasing his stealth.

“I smell it too, and I thought I might have heard something,” he says, his hooved fingers on his weapon, moving in MQ-69’s direction.

“What do you think that is? It smells familiar yet a bit off...” he says, while the guard moves closer, the tip of the barrel approaching the edge of his light bending stealth, instantly giving him away.

Slowly, steadily he steps back matching the movements of the goat to hide any noise he makes, “*Come on... it was only your imagination. Just the wind. It was nothing... why am I taking this like a game?*” he huffs within his dome hood, which completely mutes the noise.

“It could be something lingering from those things that were moved through here.”

“We would have smelled it sooner.”

“You know these caves are complex and winding. Who knows how it works out.”

“Are you saying that there’s something mystical about the caves? We know them, it’s our home, and protector.”

“Yeah, but still...” he lets out a huff, giving one last step toward him, the invisible dance he doesn’t even know he’s part of, continuing for these few precious moments longer.

“Come on, we need to look outward. We’ve been told they’ll be trying again soon. Stay alert.”

“I am, that’s why this is bothering me. It should concern you too.”

“I’m more concerned of what’s outside than a bunch of junk that was brought in.”

He lets out another huff, cracking his neck, taking a few steps away, turning his back to MQ-69.

“*Even with a good smell and hearing, people get too accustomed to believing their eyes. Good for me,*” he thinks, silently slinking away, deeper into the cave. With each step the light fades, and the darkness surrounds him, he disables his invisibility stealth, “*Level one stealth will work. That will conserve my power reserves,*” he thinks, moving through the rocks. His ears perked, listening for anything, sniffing through the filtered air, drawing him through the dark maze, avoiding half a dozen dead ends.

His HUD provides night vision, but when there is no light, it becomes useless, forced to use a short range personal radar system to give him a general layout when suddenly there is a faint glow of lights in the distance.

MQ-69 looks at his current energy reserves, “*I don’t like this, but till I locate him I can’t give away my position. But if my reserves get too low...*” he pushes out the thought, going invisible once more, a moment later his communication is suddenly blocked and GPS location

ends. *“That’s not good. I can no longer keep up the fake calls. This will shorten how much time I have before they go to high alert, I must hurry.”* He follows the lights that hang from the stalactites, providing a simple illuminated path and after five minutes of travel he’s greeted by a reinforced steel door with an electronic security lock.

“That is not what is expected to be here. They don’t have the technology to build something this complex here. There is only one group of people that I know of that has confirmed technology to secretly build a base underground without it being made known to others... This explains a lot, but it may not be them. Just someone who has the technology. Either way I need to keep going. But how to get past this door. He’s much better at the electronic locks... but perhaps I... either way it will be noticed,” he thinks, approaching the door, still invisible. He examines the door using the floating spheres but the moment he touches the door, he catches a faint signal from MQ-9’s tracker.

“The metal door is...” without a moment’s more of hesitation he drops the stealth, pulling his hand back, and with one solid thrust his claws pierce the metal door. It groans and quakes, as he dives his other hand into the door and with a loud groan and a tug he tears its hinges, revealing a relatively clean, white tiled, fluorescent lit hallway with two very surprised guards who are already reporting the incident.

“Intruder!” one exclaims, firing off a shot, the bullet piercing but being stopped by the metal door, which bulges on the other end. MQ-69 grunts, throwing the door at the two guards, crushing them under the heavy door, their bones breaking, grunts of pain and agony as blood pools underneath them.

MQ-69 leaps onto the door, a faint groan heard underneath as sirens begin to blare through the facility. He springs down the hallway, feet clanking against the tiled surface, scratching and cracking it under the force of his movements, the signal steadily growing closer.

“I have to hurry,” he thinks, shots ring out down the hallway, a bullet ricochets off his armor, busting through a nearby wall, sending concrete dust everywhere. He drops to the ground, looking to the three goat guards and in quick succession he fires a shot right between the eyes, blood and brain matter splattering the wall behind them, but not before mQ-69 feels the pain of his right ear pierced by bullet, leaving a gaping hole in the center. Crimson blood and silver synthetic fluid ooze from the wound for a few seconds before it auto seals, leaving just the hole.

He gets up, rifle clenched close to him, rushing down the hall, hearing more guards approaching. The signal getting ever stronger, the urge to move faster, building up within him. He turns the corner just as the guards do. He jabs his spiked elbow into the neck of one goat, grab another by the head snapping it with a sickening crunch before grabbing the pistol that the goat had holstered, taking the opportunity to shoot the third goat in the head, which bobs back and forth like a bobble head.

Before the bodies drop to the ground, he’s off, slamming through a steel security checkpoint door like a Mac truck slamming into a building, denting the door inward, sending it flying down the hall, knocking a goat guard who was rushing toward the sounds of combat,

knocking him clear off his feet. Without hesitation MQ-69 uses the pistol to give the dazed goat a coup de grace in the back of his nogging, moving on without hesitation or a second thought.

A trail of destruction in their wake, their determination unyielding to reach their goal. Rifle in one hand, pistol in the other, taking quick shots down a hallway killing one guard, mortally wounding another as he speeds his way to the source of the signal, *“They didn’t pay for top quality materials. Even those supporting them cheeped out,”* he thinks, slamming himself against the security door. It dents but the hinges just barely hold up against him. He hears several more guards rushing in his direction, but on his third slam against the door he breaks it down into a large lab complex. On one table is the mangled remains of MQ-61. Dissected, torn apart and studied. The flesh, bone and synthetic parts stripped from each other and laid out onto a table, where they were being catalogued until recently.

Their scent, causes MQ-69’s hands to twitch, *“Those were not goats,”* he thinks, the visual outline of what remains of MQ-61 is black, giving the indication that it has lost value to the company with a HUD display stating, *“Secure what you can, destroy the rest.”*

Without hesitation he gathers much of the synthetic parts, his palm whirs up, black latex oozes from it, encasing the parts, placing them into a tight rubber bag which he attaches to one of his back spires near the base. His leg then opens up, revealing a storage area within his thigh, where he takes out a powerful remote control explosive device, attaching it underneath the table before moving toward his next goal, the source of the signal.

He breaks down the next door, which was a simple steel door that could not hold up to the kitsune’s power. On the other side of the door, he’s greeted with a heavily bound MQ-9. His body bolted to the table. The bolts are driven through his limbs, bounding him to the table. His golden dome is removed, revealing the red and white scaled dragon’s face. Black metal juts from the back of his skull, anchoring to the dome hood that hasn’t been torn away. Wires that connect to the back of his head, several have been cut and connected to a monitor that has computer code running through it.

MQ-9’s golden draconic eyes are unblinking; a thin special film has been placed over them to keep them from drying out while always being able to see. MQ-69 is the same way. Their eyes meet, though MQ-9 can’t see MQ-69’s due to the reflective blue dome. The synthetically enhanced dragon gasps for air, barely able to breath, getting what he can from his tubes that feed into the broken helmet, barely keeping him ‘alive.’

MQ-69 tenses, the level of gas within his helmet decreasing. He relaxes, the levels returning a few moments later. His HUD shows a dark grey outline with a hint of blue around that, indicating a barely functioning friendly unit. The more he looks over him, the more his systems diagnose that it is best for the sake of the mission to destroy the unit.

“Company secrets must be preserved. For the good of the company,” a voice whispers into MQ-69’s mind.

MQ-9 never looking away from MQ-69 grunts, and gasps, saying, *“Sorry I failed.”*

MQ-69 puts the large rifle off to the side, leaning it against the table, still holding the pistol in his other hand. He reaches out to touch MQ-9's scaled muzzle, **"You've always been a failure when it comes to confrontation... But I loved you for trying, hun."**

MQ-9 continues with his labored breathing, tugging hard against the bolted chair, which groans slightly before his body gives up, barely able to keep himself going, "Thank you for coming, love. Do what you must for the company."

MQ-69 nods, **"Understood,"** he replies, looking to the pistol in hand, checking his currently battery reserves, noting how low they are, the sound of the enemy rushing to their location in the distance. Picking up their communications, knowing their plans, hearing Gomaz Clefthoof state.

"Destroy the heathen intruders. They will not stand against us!"

"He is in the facility. That's a short-range communicator."

"Finish the mission that I couldn't love. I failed the company and you. Having to come to try to save me again."

"And you saved me the last time. I will never forget that," he says in that monotone synthetic voice, looking at the constraints, noting they are bolted through his limbs, the assessment continues to go negatively for MQ-9's survival at his current state. Each passing moment the machine he's attached to is busy trying to hack into him.

He holds tightly onto the pistol, the protective glass dome removed from MQ-9's head. It would be so easy to just simply... He reaches out, grabbing the wires that are hacking into his lover's head, tearing them out, breaking the connection. MQ-9 gasps, shuddering, limbs twitching, wings and all from the electric shock of the sudden removal, **"Can you still hack?"**

"I can try, but not like this."

MQ-69 replies, **"Understood,"** he reaches for the bolts, tearing them out from the base and yanking them free from MQ-9's body.

MQ-9's limbs twitch, he groans in pain, the synthetic parts dripping silver, his organic red blood, but are both self-sealed within a few moments. One limb after another becoming free, yet his body remains and is heavily damaged as his red and golden metal body moves to sit up, stammering to breath, easily out of breath, "My energy reserves are low, but I don't know how much without my HUD."

MQ-69 puts his blue dome to his head, **"Just hack their systems and get what you can hun."**

MQ-9 smiles, "I will love. I will still be of use to the company," he replies, pressing his head closer to his, knowing this will be the 'closest' they'll be like that perhaps ever again. He stumbles over to the computer console, body aching, the synthetics embedded into his form keeping him not only alive but able to function in any capacity.

MQ-69 smiles within the dome, remaining calm despite the urge to rage, the desire to be of use to the company, help the company, complete the mission with the *best* possible outcome keeps him on track. **"Do what you do best. Get what information you can from them."**

“I will. I have to make up for the damages to company assets. I don’t want to burden to the company,” he says, hobbling over to the computer console.

“You may not always be an asset to the company, but you’ll always be an asset to me,” says MQ-69 reaching around giving MQ-9’s butt a firm squeeze, **“Remember that.”**

MQ-9 smiles, gasping, “I-I will. But now I must work.”

“Affirmative,” he places the pistol onto the top of the console, **“It’s dangerous to be here alone. Take this.”**

MQ-9 chuckles, “You’ve always wanted to say that to me MQ-69.”

“Nerd,” he replies, turning around about to walk out when MQ-9 says.

“What are you going to do now?”

“Finish the mission and make all in here pay for what they’ve done to the company and to you,” he responds, grabbing his rifle, prepping himself for the next turbulent moments.

“Affirmative,” he says with labored breathes, turning to his attention to the computer console, getting to work, moving his head as close to the tube that feeds the gas to him, getting as much as possible from it, *“I’ll shut down the other spire to buy me time. But I’m getting close to critical levels...”* he thinks, pushing on with his duty.

MQ-69 bursts out of the room under a hail of bullets. The smaller caliber rounds bounce off his armor, his other ear is torn almost in half, while one armor piercing round pierces his left armor, the bullet getting lodged in the lower part of his arm. He goes straight for the goat with the armor piercing rifle, getting underneath the barrel before a second shot could be fired, spike elbowing him in the throat, crushing it, and cutting the jugular.

The synthetic drone anthropomorphic blue kitsune, spins around his body, switching his rifle to his weakened hand, grabbing a pistol from the dying goat’s holster, shooting two with submachine guns. Their bullets simply bounced off his body, ricocheting off the blue glass dome. A few quick shots finish them off. Within moments the eight goats that were stationed to ambush him are on the ground lying in a pool of their own blood.

MQ-69 pants, looking at his power reserves, **“I have to be quick,”** he mutters in his cold, blood curling synthetic voice. Blood dripping from his body, the drops of blood on his dome are washed away but his palms which release liquid rubber around his head, and peels the blood away with the latex, *“A good trick,”* he thinks, following the signal deeper into the facility.

Speeding down the halls, bullets flying in every which direction, some finding their mark on him, he makes his aim true and ending several threats along the way. That is until he gets to a reinforced steel door, and standing between him and it are two goats, dressed in a reinforced synthetically enhanced exoskeleton body armor. Protective domed helmets cover their faces, and quick analysis shows that small arms fire will be useless against them.

“So that is what got them...” he thinks looking over to a lone camera in a corner facing down the hall overlooking this battlefield.

“This is the farthest you shall go, you monster!” exclaims one goat.

“We are the chosen and will defeat your evils,” says the other, their high-powered rifles aiming at him.

His rifle nearly out of ammo, he ducks behind a corner, the shots just missing him as he checks the ammunition of his stolen pistol, *"One round. Have to make it count,"* he takes a deep breath, preparing himself. He ducks down, spinning around the corner, shots fire overhead, he pulls the trigger, the shot rings out, slamming right down the center of the camera, *"Got it."* Leaving where his rifle is he makes his move.

A second later he re-enables his stealth three, complete invisibility. The small spheres assist him as he moves in to strike one of the exoskeletal enhanced guards, crunching of metal, pushing in a blade he pulled out from his thigh. The goat groans, reaching and grabbing onto MQ-69's arm, holding nice and tight while the other goat drives a dagger into MQ-69's invisible side.

The knife disappears as it passes past the invisibility barrier, giving this weird optical illusion that makes one think of bad CGI. He pulls back kicking and spinning his body, kicking the first guard back while twisting the knife out of the other guard's hand. He lands with a thud sliding back, the knife giving clear indication where he is, allowing the guards to fire off a few shots, the armor piercing rounds penetrating his body armor, red and silver blood splattering the ground.

Undeterred and after the second shot MQ-69 grabs the blade and throws back at the one who gave it to him, the dagger would have pierced right into the goat's chest if it wasn't for the body armor, which absorbed most of the blow but not enough to shock the goat to stop firing.

Red and silver blood seems to drip out of nowhere as MQ-69 slams himself against the same guard, smashing him against the metal door that bends and groans under the force of the blow, his body bouncing back only to be grabbed and thrown into the other guard, who is trying to make the shot against the MQ unit without hitting his friend.

"Batteries getting too low, need to conserve," he thinks, exiting out of his invisibility just as he leaps onto the two guards that are piled up onto the floor, but the goat kicks him off, sending him flying down the hall, tumbling and clattering, the wounds beginning to self-seal, ending the bleeding. He flips off his back onto all fours charging back at the goats who meet him head on.

The lead goat is about to use a magnum pistol to fire at MQ-69's dome but the two spheres run straight into the goat's eyes, blinding him. He takes this moment to grab the weapon, fighting the goat for control, the barrel moving between the two, shots ring out just missing either as the goat grunts, and MQ-69's vents hiss, the two struggling till the second goat pulls out his pistol taking aim right at his dome.

"Die you monstrous heathen," he states, pulling the trigger, the shot ringing out, the bullet piercing the skull of his companion, his foot raised off to the side by MQ-69 who used the goat's moment of confidence to throw him off balance, sweeping him off his feet and letting the shot miss its intended mark by a long shot.

"That was lucky," MQ-69 thinks, now having free reign on the dead goat's gun, and taking the other's moment of horror of what he just did to finish him off with one shot. Their

bodies fall to the ground with a metallic clatter. MQ-69 stands up, cracking his neck, checking the ammunition, *“Out. They don’t have a huge ammunition supply,”* he thinks, hearing a click.

“Prepare to die,” states the goat, taking aim with MQ-69’s rifle.

“**A sneaky little shit,**” he chuckles in his cold monotone synthetic voice.

The goat tenses, pressing the trigger, click. His eyes widening in surprise, “Why isn’t it working?”

MQ-69 moves in grabbing the barrel of the gun jerking it from the goat’s hands then smashing his head in with the butt of the rifle before snapping his neck with a sickening crack, **“It’s because its set to only be fired by me,”** he states, turning back to the dinged-up door, sensing his target on the other side. He grabs the door and forces it open. Its damaged state makes it hard to move. His claws dig into the tiled floor, cracking them. The door groans, as it’s dragged across sparking along the way, revealing a bunker room, with a bunch of cameras. Along the back wall is their rebel flag, and the entire side is made to look like a rough cave entrance that has been jerry rigged to work.

He’s greeted by a hail of bullets which bounce off his armored body and dome, but his exposed flesh such as his ears are shot to bits. He doesn’t stop smashing into the four goat guards, making short work of them, blood splattering across the floor and walls, destroying a few cameras that are facing the other end of the room in the process.

MQ-69 cracks his neck looking down at the dying goats, quickly finishing them off with their own weapons, before tossing it off to the side, looking up to see his target outlined in red. Sitting on a rug, legs crossed, looking serene, his long white beard hanging from his chin is tuff but well groomed. Dressed lightly he cracks open his eyes to see MQ-69 walk into the room, “The devil has walked into my house.”

“I would say it’s just business, but you’ve gotten into my personal business, which makes this personal,” he states walking up to the cameras, knocking them all over, smashing them into pieces.

The old goat remains seated, “To have gotten this far, my best warriors here must have perished.”

“Generous to call them even warriors,” he chuckles, scanning the room, making sure not a single camera remains before walking up to the goat, who looks up at him.

“Verbal insults are a sign of weakness. Another pawn used for the ends of others.”

MQ-69 claws’ twitch, looking down at him, **“Says the one who spouts insults.”**

“Accurate depictions as harsh as they may be to your ears are still true.”

He huffs, reaching down grabbing the goat by the collar, lifting up and off his feet so they can be face to dome, **“Sorry I have trouble hearing at the moment,”** he states, his ear stubs twitching, **“Time to return the favor for the damage you caused to the company and its reputation.”**

The goat smirks, several shots ring out as hidden under his robes a high-powered pistol the bullets penetrating into his chest armor, breaking through, blood splattering up into the kitsune’s mouth, tails twitching, yet he barely winces as he empties the bullets into him.

“**Is that all you have?**” he states as he hears clicks of the empty gun, the goat’s smile diminishing.

“You may kill me devil, but others will take up the war.”

“**But it won’t be you. And that is all that matters,**” he states, bringing his head back and smashing his reinforced dome into the goat’s face, once, twice, thrice, over and over, steadily smashing the goat’s face in till there’s nothing but a blood splattered mess. The machine tosses the twitching lifeless corpse to the ground. Taking a moment to boot up his latex disk in his palm to wrap it around his dome, cleaning off his glass of the blood splatter and other organic bits, “**Mission accomplished,**” he states, placing more explosives in the room.

His back vents hiss loudly, breathing heavy and labored. The red blood and silver synthetic liquid having stopped oozing from the bullet holes left in his armor. He makes his way back to MQ-9, dispatching two more guards in the process, leaving him with precious little ammo. When he gets into the room, he finds the bodies of six goat guards that weren’t there before and an even more damaged unit, who is barely able to keep himself standing.

MQ-9 looks over to MQ-69 as he enters the room, “**I found data that the company will find valuable. I also managed to scrub most of the information they were able to obtain but some has been sent to the third party that made my mission difficult to complete.**”

MQ-69 nods, walking up to him, “**Excellent. You are retaining your value to the company.**”

“Affirmative. The cost of my repairs will be high though.”

“**As long as you are still around, you can repay your debt to the company. It pleases me greatly hun. But you are in no position to get out of here on your own.**”

MQ-9 looks over MQ-69 assessing his damage, “**You are barely in a better state than I am.**”

“**But I am still in a better state.**”

“Affirmative.”

“**I’ve placed explosives in a few locations along my tour of this facility. It’s time to go, get on board,**” he says, lowering himself to help MQ-9 to climb on top of him.

“You are barely in a state to carry me. It’s more valuable if you go without me. We can’t lose more units.”

“**The company can’t lose any more, including you. And neither can I,**” he states, looking over his shoulder up at him, “**On me now,**” he commands, giving a faintest hint of command through the synthetic voice.

MQ-9 tenses, nodding, “**Affirmative,**” he responds, climbing onto MQ-69, wrapping his arms around him, arms around the base of the back tubes to provide extra support.

“**Use this to help,**” MQ-69 says, handing him two pistols.

“Affirmative,” he responds as they push forward. MQ-9 firing off a few shots, taking out a couple of guards along the way. Leaving the dainty hidden base and back into the low-tech light hanging cave, MQ-69 takes a moment to tear out the wire that powers the lights.

“Why did you do that for?” MQ-9 asks.

“Lower your lights.”

“I can’t. My power is too low to afford it. I could risk sudden shut down and permanent damage to my organic parts.”

MQ-69 tenses, looking over his own power reserves, seeing they are nearing critically low levels, **“I forgot about that. Neither can I.”**

MQ-9 smirks, “Not always perfect, are you love?”

MQ-69 bonks MQ-9 on the chin with the back of his hood.

“Hey!”

“Focus. We must survive for the company.”

“Yes, I know, but how often do I get one over you love?”

“Now isn’t the time, especially when I am caring you. Like always.”

“Like always?”

“I carried you in games too.”

“But...”

“Focus, more enemies up ahead, I can somewhat hear them, but certainly smell them.”

MQ-9 looks at the stumps that used to be MQ-69’s ears, the bleeding having stopped some time ago. He tenses a little, taking a good breath he can, “Got it,” his expression changing from that of concern to total dead eye focus.

Moving through the darkness, a pair of lights glimmering in the darkness. The goats who hide themselves in the darkness unleash a hail of bullets. The flashes of gunfire revealing their location, allowing MQ-9 to pop off several rounds, their body armor making these small arms fire nearly useless against the heavily armored MQ-9 who took the brunt of the fire. A bullet grazes MQ-9’s muzzle, he doesn’t even wince as they continue to push past, till they reach the very opening of the mouth cave where they can see a few dozen goats waiting there for them to come out. Hidden within the darkness of the cave, providing them some cover.

“The moment we shoot them they’ll light this place up. I see a few RPG’s. What do you think we should do, love?” MQ-9 asks, checking his ammunition, which has been renewed from those they’ve killed.

“And a Five have armor piercing rounds and neither of us can take more of those rounds. I probably have one collapsed lung. We need to get to the pickup point located fifteen miles from here.”

“We could take care of those guards.”

“I have a better idea,” he says with a grin that’s hidden by the dome, but one that MQ-9 can feel even if he was a million miles away.

“Oh no what idea.”

“A diversion,” he chuckles, activating the explosives placed through the facility and some in the cave itself. A loud rumble runs through the cave, dust and rocks roll through the cave, gushing out spewing out like a stone monster, blinding the guards and themselves, but MQ-

69's HUD helps him see through the dust and while the goats and MQ-9 are coughing and wheezing he finishes off the guards with the armor piercing rifles.

The pandemonium is perfect cover to get up and close and personal with a few more goats, using the elbow spikes to quickly end them. Grabbing some grenades off the body, tossing them at the feet of the goats before leaping down into the valley. The grenades going off with a thunderous boom.

MQ-9 coughs, hacks and wheezes, barely able to keep himself conscious as he brings his head to his one functioning air tube, his grip weakening and almost slipping off of MQ-69. The kitsune MQ unit tenses, "**No you don't. I am not letting you go hun,**" he states, grabbing MQ-9's hands, pulling them close against his body activating his rubber palms, binding his hands together into tight rubber mittens.

"I... won't be," he coughs, body jerking from the strength of it, "Able to help," he coughs a little more.

"**You remain functioning and with me is help enough right now hun,**" he states, sliding down a rocky hillside as soldiers fire down upon them, bullets landing around them, bouncing off their armored plates, "**Keep your head down, without your dome you aren't protected.**"

"I'm... trying," MQ-9 responds as bullets whiz overhead.

MQ-69 bobs and weaves through the shrubs and few hearty trees that try to survive in this tough landscape. He pushes his body to its limits, energy reserves dwindling faster and faster as his systems work triple time to keep him alive and carry his partner with him. Yet still he manages to get steadily ahead of the pursuers, "**I've already contacted them to pick us up, with the knowledge it will be a hot zone. We just have to get there in time and to the right valley.**"

"You didn't have to go this far for me."

"**You are a valuable asset to the company. It would be a major blow to lose you,**" MQ-69 states as they change direction moving up a hill side, the goats trying their best to keep up. Explosions from RPG's landing nearby sending rocks and shrapnel flying in all directions.

"We know it's more than that love," he replies, his body relaxed, as he puts more energy into keeping his body alive and functioning.

MQ-69 huffs, "**Shut up and stay alive,**" he states, cresting the hill, almost tumbling over the top, the enemy not far behind, "*No. I will not fail. I cannot fail,*" he thinks, tensing, sliding down the hill.

Each moment they remained in danger, each second MQ-69 didn't push himself to the bring to get farther away the lower his energy reserves become and the higher the chances of failure, "*Have to keep going. There is too much at stake, riding on me,*" he thinks, as they eventually they reach the pickup location, the enemy only minutes before they are upon them and... there's no one here.

"*Where are they? They said they'd be here.*"

The enemy is hot on their heels, and the small window of breathing room given to them is quickly closing and feels about to close completely, making this zone too hot to land when the helicopter comes over the crest of another hill, hugging close to just over the treetops. The chopper lands, and a goat inside motions them forward.

“Finally,” MQ-69 says, looking over to see MQ-9 not even conscious but his lights still glowing, **“Not much time, this will be close,”** he rushes onto the helicopter. The human pilot, pulling up while he straps MQ-9’s body into the chopper, the rubber bindings melting away upon the other unit’s command.

The goat soldier takes hold as an RPG explodes near the chopper, causing it to shake and rattle, spinning as the pilot exclaims, “Hold on!” he states, MQ-69 grabbing the side of the chopper, as the warning siren blares. The pilot just manages to get control of the chopper breaking the top of a few trees as he pulls up and away, out of range of their attackers as bullets whiz by, “That was close,” the pilot says with a sigh of relief while gaining altitude.

The goat looks to them, “What happened?”

MQ-69 looks at the goat, **“We ran into some complications.”**

“Did you complete your mission?” he asks, with tension in his voice and face.

“Mission was a success despite the complications. Pilot, take us to our destination in an expedition manner. Time is of the essence.”

“Flying as fast as this baby will allow. But we should be there--” his words are cut off by a single gunshot. The chopper suddenly spinning as goes out of control.

“He will be avenged,” states the goat, holding onto the chopper, “You devils will die along with me.”

MQ-69 grabs the goat, **“I don’t think so,”** throwing the goat out of the chopper, while he pulls the dead pilot out of the way, grabbing the controls, working to stop the deathly falling spin. Warnings constantly blare as the altitude drops at an alarming rate, a side of a mountain quickly approaching.

“Come on you stupid machine, pull up!” he thinks, doing all he can to wrestle control of the chopper, the bottom of the steel bird breaking the treetops, managing to pull up just enough to prevent the blades from catching the trees.

There’s a reduction in tension within MQ-69, flying off toward their destination, landing at an airport with the massive cargo jet plane waiting for them with the gazelle doctor waiting their impatiently. The troops approach but are taken aback seeing the bloodied MQ-69 pulling out MQ-9, and dragging him over to the plane.

“What happen here?!” exclaims the commanding officer, looking at the bloodied mess within the chopper.

MQ-69 doesn’t stop but responds, **“Traitor. He left rather quickly after murdering the pilot,”** he states, looking to Doctor Girana, **“You can help him right?”**

“I will need to look over both of you. Get aboard we’ll start immediately.”

“Thank you,” he responds, taking a few steps, falling to one knee, his back vents hiss loudly. He grunts with a synthetic tone, shaking off the sign of weakness, pushing forward onto the ship.

The doctor sighs, “They really make me earn my pay,” she states about to climb on board when the commanding officer a black furred anthropomorphic goat stops her.

“I will need a full report of what happened. You can’t just leave like this,” he states.

She shrugs him off, “Our contract was complete. The report will be sent in. The maintenance of our equipment is a priority, or did you want your country to pay for a lost unit by adding on last minute demands?”

He tenses letting her go.

She smirks, “I thought so. Talk to our HR for the reports. I have a job to do,” she says, boarding the plane, MQ-9 is already put into one charge pod while MQ-69 gets into another, letting the power flow through him, the sensation of being on the verge of collapse slowly ebbing away. The plane taking off, and the real work for the doctor will soon begin but at least for now the two units are safe and together once again.