

Falcon in the Firestorm

The afterburners roared like thunder as Captain Zayn Malik gripped the controls of his F-16 Fighting Falcon. The sky above the valley was a chaos of missiles, jet trails, and fireballs. Hostile aircraft circled like vultures, and the radio buzzed with warning calls.

"Bandits at six o'clock!" came a voice over comms.

Zayn rolled the Falcon hard right, pulling a tight spiral, flares bursting behind him as a heat-seeker screamed past his canopy. The G-force crushed his chest, but he gritted his teeth. No time to feel. Only time to survive.

He leveled out, locked onto a MiG-29 just ahead. "Fox Two!" he called, releasing a Sidewinder. The missile sliced through the sky and punched into the MiG's underbelly-fire bloomed mid-air.

But celebration was short-lived. A pair of enemy fighters latched onto his tail. Radar screamed. Locked. Trapped.

He dove into a canyon, skimming just feet above rocky cliffs. One jet followed-too close. Zayn cut throttle suddenly, forcing an overshoot. He pulled back and fired. Direct hit. One down.

Still, the second enemy stayed stubborn. Zayn punched chaff and flares, then barrel-rolled into cloud cover. His heart pounded in his ears. Breathing shallow. Fuel running low.

Then he spotted him. The enemy gliding out of the clouds. Zayn circled wide, let him think he was safe, then snapped into a tight loop and caught him in the crosshairs.

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"Fox Three."

A flash. Silence. Kill confirmed.

Sky clear-for now.

Zayn exhaled slowly. The war wasn't over. But the Falcon still ruled the sky.