Different Stream

Stream, a very promising mercenary. Found by Scorch, leader of the Hunters. And trained by him. Excelling in every category. He’s saved his Hunters more times than anyone can count, being the best sniper at times, and the best with a shotgun. His skill doesn’t stop improving. He’s been trained in honorable fights, and loses only when he’s bored. A very strong soldier indeed. He’s been promoted to the Second Commanding Officer of the Hunters, carrying out orders, dishing them out. Doing what he believed would help the Hunters flourish. Stream is a very young member, but a place for him is in the Hunters, the day he is older and matured more. Will be the day he may even exceed into becoming a leader. Until then, he shall be trained and pushed, more and more. He will best even his mentors one day

TheGriffen2646

Griffen, once the quite type. Always in the back, Rifle in hand, finger in the trigger. Crosshair, on her targets head. An effective sniper, well known. Hundreds of confirmed kills. Better to have as an ally, than an adversary. She and Scorch met years ago. During battle, and had became friends since. Never far from one another. They’d been through countless wars, and clans. Finally ending up in The Hunters, she naturally became the head Sniper, teaching rookies how to aim, kill and protect. Defending each base with a single rifle, never missing a shot. She never hesitated to kill anyone whom was deemed a threat to her men. She is the one Hunter, you do not, want to piss off.

Skystorm1999

Sky, a very particular fellow. He is maybe if not the best shot when he’s focused. An ex marine marksman, working under the command of the Spirit of Fire. Training since day one of being able to hold a rifle, he was loyal to the UNSC until the faithful fight against Atriox. After seeing so many lives being thrown away, so many people killed, so many hurt. He made a final stand giving the injured maybe a chance to get away, as he did though. The Spirt of Fire pulled away. Leaving him, and the injured to Atriox’s wrath. They were executed one by one. Starting with the marines who did the most damage. They were put in pits and told to survive choppers as they sped toward them. None survived. Then, the pilots. They were thrown off the sides of cliffs. Then tank crews, scorpions and grizzlys, kodiaks too. They were put together and bombarded by Wraith shells. Only few survived. And they were sent someone out of sight. Never seen again. Sky watched all of this in horror. And then, the snipers were brought up. Being pulled in their shackles, punched and shocked as they marched to Atriox. Put to their knees. All of them were pushed down, but Sky refused to kneel. He stood his ground. And when a brute tried to push him down, he quickly made a grab for a knife he concealed and cut the brutes throat. Returning his burning gaze of hatred toward Atriox. Atriox just laughed and walked away. Getting aboard a troop transport. And all that was audible for Sky to hear was “-as you please-“ from Atriox.

And then the ship left. And the brutes pulled out their hammers, the elites ignited the energy swords. And the grunts grabbed two plasma grenades ready to chuck them at the men before them. And as the brute who had been cut down by Sky. Got up. Blood slowly oozing down his throat. Pulled out his own hammer, and started for Sky. And as he looked up into the cool blue sky, he spotted something, a ship or maybe two. Coming down, quickly. Breaking the atmosphere and as he heard the sonic boom. He also heard the order. “Kill” from a brute. And they men surrounding him were bashed to nothing, stabbed and pierced screaming and begging for mercy. The hammers left nothing but blood and bone, smashed to nothing. And Sky tried to stand to stop one, attempting to save the guy next to him. But was stopped by the brute be injured. And was put into a head lock. Forced to watch. But as the hammer started going down onto his fellow sniper, there was another boom. And then two large explosions around them. Brutes flew through the air and grunts exploded with their grenades. Sky took advantage of this and slipped from the grip of the brute holding him and ran for a weapon, anything. He couldn’t see a single thing he could use. And then more explosions. One landed near him, propelling him into the air and against a tree. Barely conscious he looked up to see three figures jump from one of the two ships, pelicans now that they were closer he saw pelicans. The figures landed with ease.

Crushing a brute another crushing two elites and the the last one, squashing a whole squad of grunts. He had gained his bearing and could overhear them. “does he always have to make a ‘Grand Entrance’” from the one on the left. “Just let him have some fun.” Front he one on the right, they sounded female. And then from the other one, “Let’s have some fun now.” He pulled out a sword, Sky had just put it together, that one was a Sangllie. The other two were Spartans. The leader he assumed finally spoke yelling to get his voice over the shock of the brutes barking orders “I’ll give you one chance to surrender and you’ll be spared. Live to fight another day.” The brutes laughed together. The one Sky has injured came from the horde and spoke “He’s mine” and the elite that had landed rushed forward with his sword and stabbed the brute through the throat and causally walked back to his place, as the brutes head slide from his body. The rest roared and charged. It didn’t take long and Sky watched every bit. The brutes were killed with easy, the two Spartans. The one who was female pulled a large rifle from her back and jumped to a large branch on a tree.

And shot every brute she could. Shooting round after round faster than any rifle he’s ever seen. The leader, with the support of his Elite took on about twenty at a time. The leader suddenly broke from fighting and charged at a wraith. The brutes were confused by that, so was Sky. It was just suicidal. But he kept running. And as a the wraith shot, the Spartan kept running until the shell was on top of him. And jumped over it. Using the explosion to push himself on to the wraith and placed a bomb on it. He repeated this until they were all gone. And when Sky glanced back to the elite the last brute was being killed. And then a chopper sped past Sky, making him jump and cough from the fumes and dirt. The chopper kept going, the brute yelling “YOU’RE DOO-“ and then he cut off as the rifle the female Spartan had been using fired. The brute fell from his chopper to a heap and the chopper kept going and then crashed into a wall. With that, the female jumped down. Ordering the elite to search for survivors, she approached him, and have him a rebreather.

He took it and it helped him breathe a bit. “Air isn’t safe for us humans, too toxic from the smog of these filthy vehicles. The leader approached the Elite and they spoke, he was only able to catch “-none” with the elite shaking his head. The leader looked down, and punched it. Creating a small creator. The female called him over “Scorch, we’ve got one”. He glanced up, Sky could see his armor, it had an etched in human face. Forerunner face. It made him jump at first. Scorch approached them, the Elite following close. “I’m sorry we were late. I truly am. You’re the sole survivor of this. I would of been here sooner, but we got caught in a fight with some ships in space and were only able to send two pelicans.” Sky just starred. “What happened? How did it come to this?” Asked the female.

“Griffen, not now. It’s too soo-“ Sky spoke quietly but clearly. “we, were abandoned by the UNSC. Left to Atriox.” Hearing that, Scorch walked to a tree a few meters away, and punched it. Tearing to down. “The UNSC are cowards, I told you guys this over and over. They can’t be helped. We’re ending them”. Before the others could say a word, Sky jumped in. “I want in”. Griffen, and the elite both looked at Scorch. He lent a hand down to Sky. And lifted him up. “We’re Deaths Hunters. Not the average mercenaries you tend to find. We get the job done. Think you can handle that” Sky spoke clearly and louder this time. “Just give me a rifle and the jobs done”. With that, they went to the Pelicans and took off. This was the beginning of a great change of fate for the Hunters.

DUNCAVICH

DUNC. Since he was a boy he’d been curious about making things go boom. He grew up on the move, his father was a miner. His mother, she was killed in a fight between Insurrectionist and the UNSC, shot down by a Marine. After that day, he’d always seen the UNSC as his enemy. When he was fifteen, he joined the insurgents and started using grenades and dynamite. He was able to experiment and find out what made what work in a bomb. By the age of sixteen, he was working in missions. His first involving himself, was when he was tasked on taking out a bridge to stop the UNSC from shipping troops to a nearby town, he placed the explosives on the supports of the bridge and once everything was set he got into a position to see the convoy. “Dunc, they’re closing in. Bombs better be ready. Because they’re bringing scorpions”radioed in his squad leader. “Get ready for the show” he replied. He waited another five minutes and saw it. Twenty warthogs with three trucks carrying scorpions onboard. “Hey, Boss. What if I blow the bridge after the tanks are across. That leaves ten hogs and three battle ready tanks for us.” He said said after seeing how spread they were. “I don’t like it, we don’t have enough to deal with that.” Was the response he got. “But-“ he protested. “No.” The convoy was almost to the bridge “sorry boss, but we need these” and he unhooked his comm. “Get ready to take out those hogs, we’re taking those for ourselves!” He yelled to his men. The hogs started crossing with the tanks close behind on the trucks. He clicked the safety of and moved his thumb over the detonator. “Fuck the UNSC.”

And clicked the button. It exploded sending the bridge down, with the hogs on it. The trucks barely made it. The hogs got into a defensive semi circle and started readying their turrets. “Now” he whispered. Two rockets were fired at hogs and they instantly exploded and shots began ringing out. “CHARGE” He yelled grabbing his grenade launcher from a near rock and immobilized a hog. After ten minutes of fighting the UNSC surrendered. “Cuff them and set them in a line” he ordered. After that, he began making a name for himself. Ten years later, he was working on a whole new mission. Except this one would change everything. He was mid mission. He rigged a few rockets together and set them in place near a door. “Get back” he said shooting it. It exploded into a beautiful flame of blue then red. And the door was gone exposing the exit, “Alright, move!”.

He pushed through taking cover behind whatever he could, under fire from AP rounds of a Wasp, and an impact .50 cal sniper. He watched as limbs were blown off of his men, most of crimson blood evaporated. People being littered with bullets, “FOCUS ON THAT SNIPER, THAT WASP IS MINE” he said rushing out, grabbing a dead UNSC soldiers body, using it as a body shield, and shot off a grenade from the grenade launcher he carried. It exploded and the wasp lost control spinning out of the air into a tower, falling across a open field. “Shit” was all he said before he was under fire from the Sniper. “GET HIM OFF ME, WE GOT THIS” he said rushing toward the wasp, the pilot trying to recalibrate the controls to work. Dunc pulled out a magnum and shot through the visor the pilot slumping over into a heap. He moved the pilot and took control. “Guys, divert his fire. I got a really, stupid idea”. Two troops moved to the sight of the sniper, shooting at him suppressing him. Dunc took off veering out of sight, staying low. “Dunc, we cant do this for-“ a shot rang out and the comm went quiet. He looked out to look for the soldier, but was only able to see a body with a hole in his stomach. “Oh he’s gonna regret that.” He said to himself. He locked his weapons on the sniper, suddenly a Rocket Lock on alert blazed red and he took off avoiding the hit. The sniper spotted him and fired at the right engine, making the wasp spin out. “Ah fuck it!” he screamed. He spiraled into the bases roof, near the landing pad and jumped out before the wasp blew up.

He took out his grenade launcher, and took aim as hostiles came rushing toward him. He fired shot after shot and took out as many as he could, before taking a shot to his side. “Damn it!” he said as he dropped the grenade launcher which was now out of ammo. He pulled out his magnum and got headshot after headshot, UNSC bodies dropping like flies. Then his magnum clicked, signifying he was out of ammo. He pulled out his knife, not bothering to get a AR. For it’d be useless at close quarters, and went down the entrance the UNSC had used, lights flicked bright white as he scaled the stairs inside the base. He ended up on the level the sniper was, with a hallway leading to his position. “This isn’t gonna-“ he was cut off by a shot zooming past his head exploding the wall behind him. He jumped to the side and took cover “YOU’RE REALLY JUST A DICKHEAD AREN’T YOU!” He said.

A shot breaking some of the wall. ‘One’ he thought to himself, and jumped out ducking across the hall behind more cover, another shot hitting the floor, sending debris into his mouth. ‘Two’. He peaked and hid his face again. A shot hitting the wall, chunks hitting his mouth. ‘Three.’ He went for it, running as fast as he could, he saw the sniper, less than twenty feet, he ran. Knife out, he waited. And saw the snipers finger pull slowly on the trigger, and ran right for him. As he saw the finger go halfway down on the trigger. He slid to his knees dropping his body back in a slide and the sniper shot, going just above his face. The heat radiating off the round, he jumped up from his slide and plowed his knife into the throat of the Sniper. “Four.” And that’s for my guys. The sniper sputtered put blood before dropping dead.

His comm chirped and he pressed a button on it, “I have been watching you my friend. And you’re skilled. But not skilled enough to take on five Pelicans inbound on your position. I am a Hunter. I’m willing to help you, I’m dropping from a pelican now. I’m sorry about your friends, but you’re all that’s left. They all ran away, you were betrayed. Those that were loyal. Were shot to slow down the UNSC.” Dunc didn’t know what to address first. “who were they.” Was all he could say. “Guys in white and golden colors. All I know, is they shot people in the legs and stomach and left them for dead. And left. I’m willing to help you, my name is Scorch. I’m here to do all I can, I need to know you’ll cooperate.” Dunc picked up the rifle, and snapped it in half. “I’m done with the UNSC, I’m done with Insurrectionist, I cooperate, you let me join. Clear?” The person on the other end chuckled. You made my day a little brighter. And with that, every UNSC soldier that entered that base, signed their own death wish. Hunted until the end.

ElectricOcelot

Electric, a former Insurrectionist sniper, has gone rogue wandering the wasteland in search of shelter. Weeks have passed since he left the insurrection but he can remember how it happened like it was yesterday.

There were countless hostiles entering the courtyard ranging from Spartan IIIs to marines, the UNSC sent the biggest assault force available to destroy the insurrectionist stronghold. Electric was put in charge of the elite marksmen leading them up a cliff face getting a better vantage point of the battle. Once at the top of the cliff Electric set his bipod on the edge taking aim at one of the spartans and his squad. He unloaded his clip taking down the spartan and 3 of the marines. The final marine seeing his comrades drop before him instinctively drops his rifle and rolls to the ground just to be met with a fellow sniper round.

The battle seemed to be going in the defenders favor until a squad of heavy ODSTs broke down the main defensive gate leading into the rest of the base. It was during the explosion that multiple snipers were blinded and killed by a hostile spartan. Before long, the base's defences were overrun causing the rest of the insurrectionists to either surrender or be killed.

Electric looked around him only to find bodies both dead and alive crawled up in balls crying for their comrades. He scavenges some ammo and runs away from the base, taking advantage of the UNSC being distracted as well as his comrades being to busy worrying about their own fate.

Electric, now hundreds of klicks away from the stronghold, hears gunfire coming from a nearby canyon. He slowly makes his way towards the cliff taking out his rifle and loading a fresh mag along the way. Once he reaches the ledge he sees dozens UNSC dropships converging on a base that seemed to be in ruins. He looks down his scope surveying the structure, he notices a group of what seems to be mercenaries hunkered down in the rubble.

A loud explosion erupts from a few dropships after the A.A. turrets fire a barrage. The remaining dropships turn into a seperate path to get in cover from the turrets, this gives Electric time to set up his rifle and radio to try and pick up any hostile messages.

The first wave to leave the cover of the second passage was composed of marines and ODSTs. They were met by artillery fire along with heavy machine guns. The next few waves consisted of marines and warthogs. Then without any warning the rest of the attack force push out of the passageway attempting to surround the mercenary stronghold.

Electric watching the huge group push closer and closer to base decided now was as good a time as any to start firing. He unloaded multiple clips into the heard of ODSTs that seemed to be protecting something, he wanted to see what it was. Once the defenses noticed the same thing and provided covering fire onto the same group a fireteam of four spartan IIIs fled the group hunkering down behind large boulders.

Electric's heart starts beating faster and faster as he sees the same spartan that killed his fellow comrades weeks ago. He forces his heartbeat to calm down, taking aim at the spartan. He pulls the trigger hitting the spartan's pelvis causing him to collapse. The nearest spartan jumps on instinct turing and firing in the direction he thought the shot came from, however the spartan misjudged and was met with a sniper round through the skull. The other two, however, were not so unlucky and started to suppress Electric. He was then forced to back up a few feet before he was shot.

The leader of the mercenaries, seeing a non-hostile sniper being pinned down by the spartans, waves his hand giving the signal for a couple of rockets to fire upon the position of the spartans. The rockets seem to take an eternity to reach their mark, but once they do shrapnel and rock is flung into the air forcing the spartans to retreat further into the canyon. Electric takes this time to reload his sniper and try and reach to find a secure channel to contact the mercenaries but is unsuccessful.

Electric then resumes his previous position with his rifle trying to take out as many targets as possible that were getting close to the base. After releasing a couple mags he decided to scan the surrounding area to see where the spartans were hiding. He saw them retreating to what appeared to be a cave, he took aim at the spartan in front and shot him in the left leg forcing him to the ground rolling head-long into a rock. The second spartan seeing his friend fall decided to keep running toward the cave.

Once he reached the cave entrance he turned around to see if his fallen comrade had gotten up. Once he spotted his friend on the ground unconscious, he ran back to carry his friend into the cave. The mercenary leader saw this and ordered a series of rockets to be shot at the cave entrance.

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Electric then walks over to the unconscious spartan reloading his magnum. Once he gets close he notices how his armor is different from the rest having skulls on his chest with pitch black armor. He then lifts his magnum ready to pull the trigger, but before he does he hears "Wait! This one's mine" from behind him. He turns to see the leader of the group walking behind him flanked by the women he met on the cliff along with the assassin that went against the spartan. Electric reluctantly lowers his weapon and steps away.

The leader proceeds to the unconscious body and kicks it in the leg where Electric shot him, causing him to jump in pain. The leader dropped a knife a foot in front of the spartan and backed away another 5 foot drawing another knife. The spartan quickly realized what was happening and got up and grabbed the knife.

The spartan made the first move stepping with his left leg stabbing with his right arm. Before he could finish the movie the Mercenary grabbed his arm while kicking out his legs forcing him to fall. He let go of his arm and backed up allowing the spartan to get up. This time the merc. made the first move stepping to his left then lunging toward the spartan punching him in the chest. The spartan staggered back a step then stepped forward again going for an uppercut to the jaw but was to no avail. The mercenary sidestepped kneeing the spartan in the gut causing him to bend over, this allowed him to kick the spartan in the helmet making him fly into the air and land on his back.

The spartan, getting angry now, jumped to his feet and raced towards his opponent. he managed to land a few small blows but nothing to do much damage. The leader then spun around the spartan, kicking out his knees forcing him into a crouch position while placing a knife against his neck. He then started to walk to the spartans front with the knife still on the spartan's neck. He then started to name off every single person that died during the battle of 'Sten Njal', he then looked at the twilight sky, then back to the spartan and said "This is for the Hunters!" while thrusting the knife into the spartans heart.

He tore the blade from the dieing spartan's body then turned to face the woman that was standing behind him, "how many did we lose today?" he asked. "10 were killed and 20 others were injured." she said in turn. He sighed and turned to Electric, "It's good to see we aren't the only ones going against the UNSC... My name is Scorch." he then held out his hand. Electric shakes his hand and says, "My names Electric, I didn't know there was anyone out this far let alone a group of mercenaries." "We fled here after our old home was destroyed, and we are Death's Hunters. This is Griffen, our lead marksman" as he points toward the woman, "And this is sky, our lead assassin." pointing to the respective person. "We welcome anyone that doesn't do us wrong, if you like we can provide a family and a home." "I will gladly accept." Electric says eagerly.