

everyone realized they had another suicidal -- some idiot eager to ruin the party. they would barely feel a blast fired that high up. still, his paranoia got the best of him as dozens of ohuue patrols repeated the warning to alert everyone. he looked around him for hidden dangers and noticed his imperial guard doing the same. they had multiplied patrols for a few thousand kilometers out to detect large air units, but lone wolves still posed risks. one hundred thousand of the world's best quads, like those in the stadium, couldn't stop a lone attacker. he knew those indians to the west hadn't advanced, and the chinese moved their major air units back specifically to reduce tensions. observers in korea hadn't reported anything, nor any of his spies. the russians and persians had enough on their hands controlling the huge new territory that the baron gave them. so, really, all he had to worry about was some crazy suicidal. everyone, of course, knew of the baron's call for super-quads to join him in alaska. twenty thousand of them did, according to his intelligence sources that monitored the area closely. genghis put thirty of his best battalions in siberia specifically to block anyone coming from alaska. he even set up relay stations every thousand kilometers from the bering strait so his long-distance messengers could warn him as quickly as possible. what the khan didn't know is that billy set up his own blocking force to kill those messengers. or that a ship delivered bombs for his american raiders to smash the khan's elite force from behind while they slept. or that his super-quads flew at night from anchorage to the aleutian islands, to siberia's kamchatka peninsula, to an uninhabited japanese island, then to a fleet of chinese fishing junks in the yellow sea that billy commandeered a couple years before to move his plunder. at each stop they ate and napped to keep up their strength, but still flew much farther and faster than even a relay service could. they loaded up with bombs stored on the fishing boats and flew at night to their target. dayan, his most trusted descendent, put a hand on his shoulder, something that few ohuues dared. "you know the rules," he said harshly to deter an argument. genghis granted impatiently -- he didn't want to escape into his panic room. "why build an escape room if you won't use it?" still, genghis hesitated. then dayan looked up, alarmed. the blasts not only kept coming, but they grew much louder. too loud for an ordinary suicidal. "go!" dayan barked at the greatest conqueror in history while opening a hatch below them. genghis went climbing down the stairs and hoping nobody noticed, except that damn indian standing on the stage in the arena. while everyone else searched the skies, the indian's eyes never left him. the indian cursed, popped out his wands, cut down the silver and bronze winners, then flew straight at genghis firing his hand wands in powerful bursts. dayan, facing the wrong direction, never saw the blasts coming. genghis yelled a warning, then dropped down the chute just before a blast vaporized his most trusted descendent. genghis bounced off a wall which disoriented him until he smacked into hard, compact earth thirty meters below. so much happened so fast that he didn't even get the chance to use his wands to control his fall. genghis heard a familiar primal scream and flew up to a spy hole to see the indian face off against a guy in a bright red suit. no! the red baron here? challenging the dueling champion? the bastard even spoke to the crowd before bowing to his opponent like in ancient honor duels as several patrols hovered overhead. they both positioned themselves in a fighting stance, then the indian charged, shooting rapidly. the crowd swooned. genghis despite himself and unable to believe his eyes, could not stop watching, even though he knew something was terribly wrong. the red baron avoided the first blasts by flying up while flaming all four wands. genghis still had a hard time believing it, but his hand wands extended five or over twenty meters. his personal best was thirteen and a half meters after hearing reports that subodei reached thirteen. to get even that he had to kill thousands of tied up prisoners, then take their wands while they died. un-intimidated, the indian attacked aggressively until they slashed at each ohuue with blades in the very center of the huge arena. the fight captivated the stadium, despite warning shrieks from distant patrols. suddenly the baron saw something in the sky and released his infamous scream. instead of fighting, the two of them immediately shot straight up, not three meters from each ohuue. what the hell? then a series of explosions shook the entire stadium, knocking genghis back down into his hole. but the skies were clear of fliers! hundreds of explosives under the stadium stands detonated nearly as one, each many times as large as the contact bombs dropped by fliers. millions of tiny pieces of scrap metal flew in all directions as those who lit those fuses raced for cover outside of the stadium. the earth shook so hard he bounced into the air. his ears ringing, genghis realized that he had never been subjected to a heavy bombardment before. he looked up from his dirt hole to the thick metal walls above him. he flew to the ceiling and locked the heavy steel hatch from within. i'm safe, he thought. a dark shadow immediately blanketed the arena and thousands of bombs dropped into the disoriented crowd. the explosions ringing his ears. ten thousand super-quads then blasted the audience. thousands of survivors on the ground shot back, but were quickly overwhelmed. after mopping up, they stabbed everyone to make sure they were really dead, then took their valuables. a battalion stayed overhead to intercept mongol rapid response teams and local police. bells and wands soon sounded across china.