Prologue

Seven years we have been fighting this war, seven years the children of Terra fighting its own blood and family. We told ourselves we were fighting for the greater good, the sanctity of our history against what we called the Insurgents, the Republic. For the Terrans, we were an empire.

For two and a half thousand years we had been an Empire and now they wished to rip that away from us. When you are faced with an impossible decision, you have to pick the lesser of two evils.

That is what this war was, Evil.

Seven years seemed so long ago when the first bombs struck New Olympus.

Seven year since I was called to war.

Seven years since I could no longer look myself in the mirror.

Sever years to the day, we all lose.

Chapter one: Losing the war

The soft clanking of boots upon metal oddly soothed me as I paced to and fro in front of my squad, the wind ripping past the Falcon as we rapidly approached our drop zone.

"Listen up Omega!" I called loudly over the roaring wind. "The light’s gone green and you all know what that means, suit up!"

My men scurried to their pods; displays beeping as they stepped into their armour holders, mechanical arms whirred into motion pulling various segments of metal plating from several departments to finally fit them to their bodies.

"We are the Omega squad and for those who don’t know what that means" I briefly paused looking around at the armour clad soldiers before me "It means we win the fight before it even begins".

The alarm blared behind me and the men flew into action, quickly retrieving weapons and stepping upon their marks.

Stepping backwards into my armour alcove, the arm above me started to fit my own armour to my body. Each segment was designed as a second skin, fitting perfectly to the user’s movements and unique body flow. The lower layer consisted of a Biometric sub-weave that provided both comfort and shock absorption from impact of any variety allowing the user to be un-affected. The top layer was made of Terra-steel which can self-mend during combat.

As my helmet fitted around my head, darkness enclosed me for a moment, little did I know that darkness would soon become home.

With my armour fitted to my body, I moved forwards to join my men at the rear door and nodded to each one of them as I passed.

My helmet split apart and fitted into my neck collar as I turned to speak to my squad "Our mission, if we choose to accept it, is to drop into.... you know what let’s just drop into the warzone, kick ass and be home before day break."

This was answered which cheers from them all, the magnet grips beneath our boots activated to keep us harnessed before dropping. My helmet slid back into place and I looked down at the blackness flying past us, the ground several miles down lit up with fire and lights from homes the Insurgents had taken over two days prior, taking out the skeleton army keeping the town safe.

The count down upon my display came to life.

5.

4.

3.

2.

1.

Drop!

The magnet grips released and Omega squad plummeted into the night sky.

Over the comms came the whoops and cries of laughter from my team and I smiled to myself as we flew towards the nearby snow covered mountain overlooking a rural farm.

"Prepare for impact!" I shouted at the others as we shot past the mountain’s peak that stabbed into the air like a knife.

I flipped forwards as we hit the northern slope and my feet hit the ground hard, but my suit absorbed the impact as each member began to fall fast down the slope.

Our suits’ support jets burst into life, controlling our decent as we ran down the mountain, the snow being sent flying, our feet causing great shelves to fall down after us as we disturbed their thousand year rest.

The air was bitterly cold even for us as our world was in winter time, the longest time of the year. Seven winters we had seen each getting colder and darker as this war never seemed to end.

The slope suddenly gave way, dropping thousands of feet beneath us, even with my battle hardened heart I still felt a chill as we flew into what seemed like nothingness.

"Time to fly boss," Jericho laughed as he passed me, giving me a salute as his jets rocketed him forwards, the others soon following him. My suit powered up as I extended my hands downwards, the stabilisers sputtering as my fission cells sent energy to all parts of my suit.

*"Thrusters online,"* The on-board computer notified me as I flew after my squad. Spinning in the air, I pushed myself faster and faster, the thrusters working overtime as I propelled towards the ground.