

The Big Dogs

It was always hard flying in a plane for Cassandra. The loud whirring of the engines as the turbulence feels as if it was kicking her around like a soccer ball. Even the loud and almost blaring hard rock she was listening to wasn't helping out to cover up the noise. The girl's head nods to both the melody and the rocking of the plane. Her breaths were slow and paced, as if counting to the tempo in her mind. Her breath would suddenly be thrown off as she suddenly felt an elbow to her side. Cassandra jumps and looks over to where the elbow came from. The girl has turned her head and taken off her headphones, her small but poofy afro coming up as she does so. She squints due to the brightness of who she was looking at. A woman, almost as bright as a star, would be looking at her. Her red hair was flowing like a roaring flame while her body looked as if she was the literal afternoon sky. White spots that were clouds floated through her body as yellow parts glowed like the sun. The sun woman would tap the side of her neck. This makes the girl nod and tap her neck twice, a small but noticeable radio sound comes through her ear. It makes Cassandra twitch as the star woman gives her a warm smile.

"Did you turn off your radio again, Kass?" She asks in a polite and sweet tone. This makes Cassandra suddenly wide eyes and shake her head instantly towards the woman.

"No I didn't, Saffy!" The woman retaliates towards the star known as Saffy, which makes her laugh a little bit as her eyes would stare at her. Saffy looks into her eyes and watches them as they change colors like a light switching between settings. She tilts her head, making Cassandra cock an eyebrow.

"Your eyes are more pink in rotation than usual, Kass. You're a bad liar." She giggles a little as Cassandra would point a finger towards her, her face glowing with a bit of pink in her cheeks.

"Y-You don't know that, Saffy! I am not lying you damn-"

"Kassandra." A man's deep voice would come over the comm, which she would stop in the middle of her sentence. The girl's head slowly turns over towards where the man's voice came from. She saw an older man, around his late 50's, sitting in a crappy seat just like she was. He wore a long brown trench coat and baggy jeans that combined with his black combat boots. His yellow eyes stare down the woman's while she tries to focus on his silver but slick beard and well combed silver mixed brown hair. His stern glare would feel as if she was getting a hole in her skull.

"Your radio was off while I was explaining something. I have told you to keep it on

no matter what.”

“I-I’m sorry, John.” She mumbles this out as her ever changing eyes would look away from him fully. The man takes a deep breath along with a deep sigh.

“As I was saying, we are coming up on our objective. We have at least three minutes and 23 seconds before we drop. We will go over this one more time. Benjamin.”

A man wearing a button up white shirt with a black tie, along with a brown jacket and a pair of brown dress pants. He also wore sleek black dress shoes. His fingers would be tapping a few things in the air as a drone would fly in front of him. His green emerald eyes look to John before snapping his fingers. The drone flies over to the middle of the plane where everyone was sitting. It would start to project a 3D blueprint of a warehouse in a bluelight. He uses one of his fingers to push up his glasses as his fingers expand out the map.

“I will make this as compact and clear as possible due to time constraints,” Benjamin clears his throat before pointing a finger at a spot making it light a yellow dot, “According to Amelia, there is an array of anti-aircraft weapons. They are well hidden with a cloak. She was able to properly pinpoint where they are within a 10 foot radius. Alsafi shall strike there first as we fly through. Though if Amelia’s timing is proper we are going to get a window to jump-”

“How much time is it exactly, Ben?” Cassandra blurts out. This makes the man twitch his eye a little before looking over to the woman.

“Approximately 5 seconds and 75 milliseconds.” Benjamin states, which makes Cassandra’s dark skin almost go pale from the short time window. He looks back to the map.

“If I may continue, the window is small, yes. It shall be efficient enough for Alsafi to reach there and destroy them. Next on the ground Cassandra, Jonathon and I shall be on foot nearby our target. According to our info the place is heavily guarded and has reinforced walls. If I am correct from my calculations and vague tellings this should be enough for you Cassandra to blast through the wall. With the help of Jonathon, I should be able to extract the data we need.”

“Is there anything we really need to worry about mutations wise, Ben?” Alsafi speaks up as she gently raises her hand to excuse her talking. The man turns to her and nods.

“Quite. There are a few mutants of varying abilities, and according to it as well there seemingly are a couple METAs as well,” As Benjamin spoke of these METAs, a smirk creeps along his face, “And if that is true, then this will be a more interesting mission.”

Kassandra would reel her head back a bit from his sudden smirk, leaning over to Alsafi to whisper into her ear, “I really hate that smirk.” This would make the sky woman turn to the girl and gently pat her shoulder to comfort her. Benjamin would clear his throat before going back to his serious look.

“Well, we only should have about 1 more minute now. Alsafi, get ready for your departure.” Benjamin would look at the woman and nod to her, which she nods back to him with a small smile. She unbuckles her straps and stands up to walk towards the back. John looks towards Cassandra and nods to her to do the same. Cassandra would quickly unbuckle her seat strap and reach below her to grab a guitar shaped case. She quickly unzips the case and opens it to an electric guitar. It was red and black all over but you couldn't really see the colors due to all the stickers covering it. Cassandra slings it behind her back as she grabs an aux cord, shoving it into her pocket as she quickly joins John and the others. As she was walking along the girl could feel an arm come out to stop her, which was John's. A glass visor would slowly start to come down in between Cassandra and the group, letting Alsafi stand there as the hatch slowly opened for her. The sun would start to shine through the glass as Cassandra covers her eyes with an arm. Her glowing LED sleeve would show colorful bars bouncing from her forearm to her hand before slowly putting it down. Cassandra would then see a very bright and fiery woman standing there, her sunshine body now being replaced with a seemingly inferno. Alsafi's already fiery red hair was now on fire as she put her hands together. A small but very bright orb starts to form within them, which Cassandra has a gaping mouth seeing the fiery transformation.

“Be careful Alsafi,” John warns her as he puts on a pair of fancy looking gloves with a neutral stare, “And don't overdo it either.” This makes the woman giggle a bit as she starts to take a few steps back.

“Oh John. You don't need to worry about me. I'll be fine. Take care of yourselves, okay?” With a fiery but glowing smile she would step off of the platform and fall out. It wouldn't take long at all to hear a very loud explosion that shook the plane a little. The glass slowly comes up, where Cassandra can hear the loud blaring of alarms going throughout the area. She takes a deep inhale before letting out a loud sigh. A hand could be felt placed on her shoulder, which her head turns to look up at John. Her LED eyes stare at him while his own stare back.

“Stay near Benjamin and I.” His tone would be the same, which would make Cassandra smile, albeit nervously, and nod to him.

“Alright! You got it, John!” As the girl said this she watches both men start to run out of the plane and gets ready to jump. She gains a small smirk as she starts to run after them. The girl slings her guitar from her back to her hands, starting to slowly strum on it before jumping out of the plane.

“Let's rock!” She shouts out before strumming a hard chord. As she does so her leather jacket lights up like a speaker. After that a quick and loud chord comes from her back as she shoots herself down towards the men to catch up with them. Even through the speed and falling through the sky she was able to get a few chords in as her body almost lights up from it all, her eyes and jacket glowing with different and beautiful colors while it matched the grungy style of her ripped black jeans, red spiked high tops

and many small piercings on her ears and nose. While the guitar riffs through the air between her and John, gunshots and loud explosions sound through her ears. Her eyes look down to the ground as a huge beam of light shoots from the ground and makes everything dust in its path. A smirk comes across Cassandra's face before hearing a loud static noise come from her ear. The girl jumps even while in the air as John's voice comes over.

"5 men down on the ground. Get ready to engage, Cassandra." The girl side eyes the older man, nodding to him before putting a thumbs for a quick second.

"Got it, John!" She would then hear another loud bang, this time coming from above them. As she would look up she suddenly sees two giant metal pods fly into the ground, which she just realized she was only a few seconds from landing. Cassandra would get really wide eyes as she snaps her guitar into her hands and strums a hard chord.

The few guards below run towards the position, shouting orders at each other as they do so.

"Move! We're being attacked! Get into position now..." Before he can even finish, two metal pods would land down in between them, one guard jumping out of the way of it. They all hold up their various guns at the pods, backing up from them and keeping their sights aimed.

"What the fuck are these? What is..." Before the guard can speak once more, he hears a loud screech of a guitar, which makes him look towards the area it came from with his focus on that. Before he can even react someone would end up crashing into him. The guard falls on the ground with a loud grunt as the other person would bounce off of him and land a few feet away from the henchman. A loud grunt would be heard from the other person. The remaining guards would point their guns towards the latter person.

Kassandra would be on the floor holding her stomach while coughing loudly. The woman slowly rises up and blinks a few times before turning her head to see four guards pointing their weapons at her. The girl would laugh nervously and hold up a hand towards them for a shy wave.

"H-hey there! Didn't see you guys drop in." She let out a nervous laugh as a guard was about to pull the trigger. Before that could even happen a random guard would suddenly take their rifle and crack the rifle over the trigger pulling guard. The guard would practically go limp as the other guard would turn to face the rebellious one.

"What the hell are you doing?!" He shouts at the rebellious one, which would smack the butt of the gun into his stomach. The guard wretches from the shot as he drops his weapon. The remaining guard turns his weapon towards the rebel, ready to shoot. Before he could do anything, Kassandra would jump up and swing her guitar into his back. A loud yelp comes from him as his gun goes off into the ground and keeps pulling it as a desperate attempt to shoot something. The girl reels back her guitar and

raises her arm up to play a chord on her guitar. A sonic blast of a chord could be heard from her as the remaining guard gets shot back on the ground. The guard rolls a couple times before stopping himself. As he tries to recollect and get back up he suddenly feels a hard spiky pain go into the side of his cheek. He falls back to the ground as Cassandra was above him, raising her foot up and stomping on his head as hard as he could. The guard getting stomped would slowly stop fighting after a few more stomps. A crimson river flows from his head as the young musician stares down at the man. With a deep sigh Cassandra would wipe her foot on the ground.

“God I hate doing that. It gets my shoes all dirty.” She speaks to herself before shuddering off the thought of what she recently did. Her ears pick up a loud grunt which makes her spin on her heels and get ready with her guitar. One of the only remaining guards would fall to his knees as the rebellious one stood over him. Before anything could happen the rebel swings the butt of the gun straight into the fallen guard’s face, fully knocking them out with a steady stream of blood coming from their mouth. The Rebel drops the gun on the floor and starts to wipe off the blood on their suit.

“Ugh, fuck me! Of course the damn weakling spit blood up on me, and all on my god damn fucking clothes!” The Rebel would yell that out as they kick the guard’s face once again, now even angrier it seems that blood was on their shoes. Cassandra was very confused as she heard all this. With a shrug of her shoulders she would then slowly walk up to the soldier and stick her thumb up with a big smile.

“Ayy thanks for helping me out, bro! Sorry about your clothes and all that.” The angry guard would look over and stare at the musician before giggling and placing a hand on his hip, their eyebrow still twitching from anger.

“Oh please, the pleasure is all mine Mon Amour~” The Rebel would give her a wink, while Cassandra would cock an eyebrow and take a couple steps back.

“What did you fu...”

“Freeze!” A voice would yell out, which Cassandra turns to see a group of guards approaching. Cassandra tries to count how many there were but she really couldn’t. All she knew was that there were definitely more than five. She would turn herself towards them and prepare her guitar to fight. She takes a deep inhale followed by an exhale. Her eyes gaze to the guard ‘friend’ who was aiming their bloody gun towards the group. A nervous and scared smile comes over her face.

“I guess if I die here, I’m going out with a fight!” Cassandra yells this out as she holds her arm high in the air ready to strum hard on her guitar. Before she can even hit a chord, multiple gunshots ring throughout the area. The Musician's eyes close from them for only a couple seconds expecting to get shot. After the seconds one eye opens back up. She was overly excited by the fact that she didn’t hurt anywhere, or there was no blood. This confuses her as well while she gazes back up to see the soldiers on the ground, bleeding and not moving. Cassandra then saw John taking on four men with ease. Her eyes couldn’t comprehend his quick and precise movements she had just

witnessed. After the screams and bloodshed the woman saw John would look over, starting to walk towards her. Cassandra tried to swallow but her throat felt as if it was suddenly dried like a desert as he approached. She saw the knife in his hand while he cleans it with his sleeve as he stares down at her.

“You should be more careful. You were lucky Amelia was here to help or else you would’ve died.” John’s glare felt powerful, like he was trying to reach into Cassandra’s eyes and skull to stare personally at her brain. Cassandra’s own colorful eyes look away and try to put on a smile. That smile shook like the very ground was getting hit by an earthquake. She thought to herself if maybe it was adrenaline from the fighting? She thinks more before then realizing it was fear. Pure fear. John’s eyes look away and towards the guard, his eyes now giving them that very gaze.

“Are you done with that disguise, Amelia?” John says. The guard giggles to themselves before winking to the old man.

“Unless you like it, Mon Homme Puissant~.” The guard would then suddenly almost turn into a purple and glittery smoke. The smoke fills that small part of land the man used to stand on, and in place was a woman. The woman stood there, her pose the same as the guard as she wore a very flamboyant outfit. Her very stand out red fox ears and tail twitch as if released from restraint. Amelia would walk over to John to gently lean on him and place a finger on his cheek. A mischievous but seductive smile grows on her face.

“Oh, how I missed you mon amour. I bet you missed me.” The fox woman says as she gets on her toes to reach his height. John looks over before starting to walk away from her, almost tripping Amelia as she puts her weight on him. A small growl comes from her throat while saying something in her foreign language.

“Benjamin, open the pods.” John says.

“Yes sir.” As Benjamin says this, a small holo screen opens in front of his glasses. With only just a few taps in the air the pods let out a loud hiss before popping the doors off. The thick metal falls on the hardened ground, sounding like a small gun shot by itself. This reveals in one pod a healthy amount of weaponry. This ranges from a small pistol to even a large machine gun weaponry. The other pod held a giant robot, seemingly shut down. Cassandra walks towards the gun pod, looking through it before a voice comes through it.

“Has your energy been down? Maybe broken?” The voice asks, making Cassandra jump and almost punch the pod, “Well you need space energy! Aurora Space Energy is the right company for you!” Cassandra lets out a groan and rolls her eyes so hard it almost goes into her skull as it continues on.

“God fucking damnit, I hate these ads!” She shouts.

“You should be used to it by now,” John retorts, walking up to the pod and reaching in to grab out a pistol. He spun it in his hand to where the handle was pointed to her, “Here.” The young woman looks at John before pushing back the pistol.

"I told you I aint into guns John." Cassandra says.

"You need to learn to use it at one point." John retorts.

"Do I really?" Cassandra would already feel his menacing eyes glaring down at her. Her own bright eyes slowly got to his while he stood there. He didn't answer her at all. With a couple more seconds he spins the gun handle into his hand and puts it into his trench coat. He then pulls from that same area a combat knife. He holds it out to her, Cassandra gulping slightly and nodding.

"T-This I can take.." As she says this, a loud stomp would come from the ground.