

Resolve - A Race Towards War

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A Sci-Fi Fantasy story that takes place over a hundred years in the future. A natural disaster brings forth a new breed of humans that cause an acceleration in the race towards an ever imminent WWII.

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Prologue

The year is 2123, and although much has changed in terms of technology on Earth, little else has come to pass. The nations of Earth are now divided into four superpowers: The Congregation of Nations composed of South and Central America; The Human Reform Faction made up of Europe, the Middle East and Northern Africa; The Union Alliance formed by the North America and Australia; and finally the Syndicate created by Northern and Eastern Asia along with its outlying island nations. All these groups have become intertwined in an energy race due to the almost depleted fossil fuels around the world. It is obvious that the first to discover an efficient, renewable, source of energy will hold the rest of the planet in the palm of their hands. Or so it seemed.

In 2105, a seemingly catastrophic meteor shower rained over the planet, wiping out entire cities and even nations in the onslaught. What was left formed into the four great superpowers to ensure their survival. Unknown to the remaining population, these meteors would have a lasting effect. They would lead to the creation of a new breed of human.

This new breed came to be known as the Regulator: Humans born with new strange abilities and affinities. These humans became the wild card in the energy race. Typical military strength became irrelevant with the addition to these new humans. However, almost all cases of these new powers manifested in the younger generations. In response to the young ages, the four great superpowers created Academies to help the control and improvement of the Regulators. This is where young adults would enter, and lethal, black ops agents would emerge.

Chapter 1

The Drop

It was a clear night. The luminous red harvest moon illuminated the sky, making many of the stars seem to burn a bit dimmer than usual. The sight a lone VTOL shuttle could be seen flying over the Pacific Ocean. Its pitch black paint job seemed to camouflage it perfectly on nights like this. In the cockpit of the VTOL, a conversation could be heard between the two pilots about the mission,

“So why exactly are we going to Hawaii again?”

“Why are you asking questions again? You know it’s not our place to ask... We were told to escort the team to the drop zone then wait for the extraction call. That’s all we need to know.”

“I know, but the team just seems so strange. Most of them look normal for this type of operation, except for those two kids something’s not right about this.”

“You idiot! Those KIDS are from the Academy! They are-,”

A stern voice yelled from the back of the VTOL, interrupting the conversation,

“Pilot! What’s our ETA?”

“Five minutes, Sir!”

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“ Good, let us know when are near the Landing Zone.” It was the voice of Sergeant Cutler. He was a sturdy, yet intimidating looking middle-aged man. Scruff covered his face, with a large cross-shaped scar enveloping his right eye. He was dressed in usual black ops combat attire with lit cigar hanging out of his mouth. He turned away from the cockpit, back towards the back of the craft where the rest of the team resided. There were five others, not including himself, in the team. Most were around the same age as the Sergeant or a little younger. The exception were two younger soldiers. These two soldiers looked young enough to still be in high school. He began to address the group,

“ Attention!” The group quickly stood at attention to the command, standing ready for the briefing. The Sergeant continued, “ In mere minutes we be beginning our operation! Our objective: Get in, rescue the captive, and GET OUT!”

“ Seriously? Just worried about the captive? Shouldn’t we be more focused on who this facility belongs to? Or at least what it’s for?” The voice came from the back of the VTOL. It was a one of the kids. A young man, dressed in black/grey camo gear. He had spiky brown hair and wore a headband that read *Fang* on it. He seemed perfectly normal other than his age and one distinct feature—his eyes. They were bright yellow and seemed almost reminiscent of a wolf’s eyes. He was the only one not standing at attention, he was laid back with his arms behind his head. He seemed strangely relaxed.

“ Justin! Are you an idiot?! Hostages always take priority! That was one of the first things we learned back at Achilles Academy. Besides, you don’t really have a right to question a higher ranking officer!” This voice came from the second kid. She was a young woman with blue hair and amber colored eyes. She was taller than most women her age and she had been holding a handgun that she was vigorously cleaning in preparation of the mission. She had been smirking at Justin, since she knew she was right. Justin quickly responded,

“ Kelly! You know we aren’t supposed to use real names when on missions. We are told to use our assigned callsigns!” After a few moments of these two arguing, the Sergeant decided to put a stop to it,

“ Alright! ENOUGH!” The two young soldiers quickly subsided and then stood at attention. The Sergeant continued, “ Private Justin, Callsign: Fang! Private Kelly, Callsign: Bang! I understand that this is your first live action mission outside of the Academy, but as long as this mission is under my command, you WILL follow orders to the letter! Understood?!”

“ Yes, sir!” They both said in unison while saluting.

“ Good! Now as I was saying, we will deploy into three two-man teams and infiltrate the facility from multiple positions. We will then proceed to the gather the target, and escape the facility. Any questions?!”

“ I still think we should find out who the facility belongs to!” Fang mumbled under his breath.

“ What was that, Private?!”

“ Nothing, Sir!!”

“ Good! Then here are the teams: Fang and Corporal Vega, Private Craig and Corporal Dantzler, and finally me and Bang! That is all! Get ready for the drop!!”

“ Sir, the first Drop Zone is in range.” The pilot stated from the cockpit.

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“Right! Fang, Vega! You’re up! We’ll rendezvous at the target! Godspeed!” The two soldiers made their way to the back of a the VTOL where the entire back wall began to open. Vega glanced over at Fang and realized that Fang wasn’t armed! Where was his weapon?! He turned to Fang,

“Umm! Pvt. Fang? Don’t you need a pistol or something at least?”

“You’ve never seen a Regulator in action before, huh?” Fang responded, with a slight smirk forming on his face.

“No..”

“Well you’re in for a treat!” Fang turned his back to the open hatch, the fell backwards out of the VTOL. Vega quickly turned to the Sergeant in confusion,

“Sergeant! is it just me or did he forget his parachute?”

“What a show off! Alright Vega, get out there before ya lose him!” Vega quickly jumped from the back of the VTOL and opened his parachute. The Sergeant turned to Bang and said,

“Well, your comrade sure is! different.” Bang responded,

“No, sir! he’s an idiot. He didn’t mean to fall out.”

“Oh! In that case, I’ve got a bad feeling about this!”

Chapter 2

Enter the Regulators

The burning red Harvest Moon shined overhead, brilliantly illuminating the lone facility on this Hawaiian island. Two guards, dressed in miscellaneous gear probably not supplied by the military, were patrolling a narrow hallway on the outskirts of the facility. A conversation could be overheard between the two of them,

“Man, patrol duty sucks!”

“There are worse places to be guarding. I mean, did you hear about what happened to the men who were supposed to be guarding that Union hostage in D-Block?”

“Yeah! Apparently, they were rushed to the Emergency Room in the medical wing, because of an animal attack!”

“That’s not the strange part though. I was talking with one of the nurses that were treating those men and she said all the bite marks were too large to be local fauna!”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, something might be loose in the facility!”

“Like an animal?!”

“No, a balloon! OF COURSE, AN ANIMAL, YOU IDIOT!” said the guard sarcastically.

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“Well you don’t have to be a jerk about it.”

In the air vent overhead, two figures were lying down in a prone position. It appeared that they had been listening to the guards this entire time. It was Bang and Sgt. Cutler. After the guards carried their patrol down the hallway, out of earshot, Bang and the Sgt. Emerged from the vent.

“Well, that conversation was going downhill fast.” Bang said, mockingly.

“It’s alright, Bang. Now we know where the target is being held. That’s enough for me. Let’s just hope that Fang and the others are doing as well as us.”

“I get the feeling that Fang is way ahead of us.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Sir, did they ever brief you on Fang’s regulator ability?”

“No. I learned to stop asking questions about the Academy and students there. All I know is that his records showed him as an expert in hand-to-hand combat. That’s all I cared to know.”

“Well the records are right about that. In our sparring classes, he’s undefeated. He takes on multiple students at once and lets them use their powers. Says it’s the only way he will stay interested in the class.”

“He must have a pretty amazing power to take on such overwhelming odds!”

“Well, sir, that’s the thing. He refuses to use his power while sparring.”

“What?! That’s insane! Isn’t the whole point of the Academy to develop your powers?”

“It’s some kind of personal philosophy of his. He always says, *The only way to strengthen your weapon, is to strengthen yourself*. Personally, I think he’s just been reading too many old Samurai stories or something.”

“Have you ever seen his power then?”

“Nope, only the Dean of the Academy knows I think. And that’s only because Fang had to show him so he could be given a call sign.”

Bang’s story was interrupted by a deafening explosion.

“What the heck was that?! It sounded like it came from the other end of the facility!” The Sergeant exclaimed.

“Sounds like Fang doesn’t quite understand that this is supposed to be a stealth mission.”

“Well we better get moving. Guards will be all over us soon.” Sergeant Cutler looked towards Bang and received a nod of confirmation. They took off running in the direction of the source of the explosion.

At the opposite side of the facility, Corporal Vega was pinned down in an open hallway by heavy suppressive fire. The only cover he could find was a slight indent in the wall that led to a supply closet. He was vastly

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outnumbered. He couldn't even raise his head without a shot barely strafing by his ear. All he could do was sit and hope for help to arrive. He suddenly heard a voice over the radio,

â Vega, you still alive?â It was Cutler. Vega responded with followed by a sigh of relief,

â Yes, sir, but I'm alone right now. Under heavy fire.â

â Alright give me your position and Bang and I will head your way.â

â I'm pinned down just outside D-Block, sir.â Vega replied. Bang jumped in the conversation,

â Vega, this is Bang. Why are you alone? Where's Fang?â

â He rushed ahead of me and took out a handful of the guards. He's in D-Block now, moving to the target. I tried to keep up, but he was just way to fast. The strange thing was that he was running on all fours! I decided to stay back and cover the entrance to D-Block.â

â Alright, Vega, do you know where that explosion came from a few minutes ago?â

â Yeah. One of the guards tried throwing active grenades at Fang. I couldn't tell how, but he somehow sent them flying back at the guards. It was so fast. If I blinked, I would've missed it.â

â One more thing Vega, was Fang using his power?â

â I don't think so. It looked like he was just rushing in unarmed.â

â Alright, well we are heading your way now, Vega. Just hold on a little longer.â This was interrupted by the overwhelming sound of multiple gunshots. Vega was able to look out from cover for a moment to see that the guards were being to move towards him. After a few moments of radio silence, Vega finally responded,

â Sir, I don't have much time. They have begun to advance on my position... They've-,â Vega was abruptly interrupted by another gun shot. This time, it had broke through the cover and penetrated his leg. He quickly fell to the ground. He was now completely exposed and defenseless. One of the guards was standing over his body, ready to deliver the final gunshot. Out of instinct, Vega closed his eyes in some attempt to not witness these final moments. Suddenly he felt a *WHOOSH* over his body followed by a loud crashing sound.

Vega turned his gaze to the source of the crash and couldn't believe what he saw. The guard had been grabbed by the skull and slammed into the wall next to Vega, leaving a large crater in the wall. All Vega could think was *who could be so fast and so strong? And who would be helping me? The Sergeant and Bang were too far off, and Craig and Dantzler were on recon duty.* It was Fang! He had returned to Vega from D-Block! The guard's motionless body released the gun from its hand, landing right in Vega's reach.

At this point, Fang released the guard from his grip and turned his attention to the guards just ahead in the hallway. There had to be at least six or seven of them, all in complete shock of what took place before their eyes.

â What's wrong boys? Never fought a Regulator before? Well that's too bad, because I'm as bad as they come.â Justin said mockingly. He then looked towards Vega and said, â Just rest now, Vega. I can take care of these guys myself.â

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“What? How? They outnumber you seven to one easily!”

“I’ll have to use my power!” Fang answered, sounding almost excited. A wolfish grin took shape on his face. Fang turned his gaze towards the roof, where he could clearly see the blood red moon shining through. He continued to say, “Ya know what they call a moon like this? When it’s full and bright red like this?”

“Harvest moon?” Vega answered.

“That’s one name, but I prefer the other name for it—Hunter’s Bloodmoon.” Just then changed his stance from one of a relaxed demeanor, to one that as if he were bracing himself.

Fang began to transform. He began growing fur, a snout began to take shape on his face, and his physique began to grow more muscular. Claws took form on his hands and feet, and he grew a wolf-like tail. He was a werewolf! Fang finished his transformation and let loose a blood-curdling howl. The guards stood frozen in fear and confusion until one of them yelled out,

“Quick, men! Open fire and kill the—” Before he could even finish the order, Fang had moved to him and took the guard by the throat with his fangs. He moved so fast, it looked like he simply disappeared from Vega’s side and reappeared at the guard’s position. The rest of the guards, out of instinct, began to open fire on Fang. Fang dropped the dead guard from his grip and began dodging shot after shot, easily making his way in between two guards. Now in position, Fang quickly plowed both guards into the walls opposite each other, just as he did with the very first guard. Two large craters formed in the walls from the impact. Fang then quickly disappeared then reappeared just below another guard, then quickly rose with a powerful uppercut, driving the guard into the roof.

The last three guards encircled Fang, but much to their demise. Fang effortlessly dodged each gunshot and moved towards one guard. He grabbed the guard by the chest, and launched him forcefully at another of the guards, knocking both unconscious. All that was left was one guard—He stood frozen in fear, releasing his rifle as the wolfish Fang towered over him. Fang only stared menacingly. It was strange though. Fang wasn’t attacking. Just then, a gunshot rang, piercing the last guard in the shoulder. This was followed by a simple snap of the fingers. The location of the bullet wound then exploded, killing the guard.

Fang quickly turned back towards the source of the shot. It was Bang. She and the Sergeant had finally arrived. Bang stood in awe of the beast before her and said,

“So! This must be why you’re called Fang!” Fang quickly reverted back to his human form and yelled at Bang,

“What are you thinking?! There was no reason to kill him! He was unarmed!”

“He was the enemy! He knew he was risking his life by doing this! I swear, Justin, that honor of yours is going to get you killed one day!”

“Don’t call me that!”

“Whatever, we have more important things to worry about now. Did you find the target?”

“No. I didn’t get very far into D-Block before I caught the scent of blood back in Vega’s direction. I returned to aid him before moving any further.” Vega then entered the conversation at this point,

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“Y’all should get going to the target then. I’ll be fine on my own. I’ll patch myself up and head for the extraction zone.” They all nodded in agreement, then set off towards D-Block and the target hostage.

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