

Book IV

SOLAR WARS

THE DAWN OF TWO SUNS

A long time ago, in unmeasurable eons of time... not in some distant galaxy, far, far away... but right here, in our own cosmic backyard... in our solar system... there was no earth!

Chapter 20

Clash of the Titans, Part 2



Kael'Ryn
MERCURY



Princess Lysara
VENUS



General
Vaelor Krynn
MARS



VX-17 (Vex)
Combat-Droid
JUPITER



The
Shallit'Biru



Xal'Zirath
MERCURY

DEE DOWNING

Chapter 20: Clash of the Titans, Part 2

Typhon: *"Going somewhere, Princess?"*

Lysara's violet eyes narrowed as recognition struck.

"You," she breathed, venom in her tone. "I wondered who you were the first time we met... but you slithered away before I could find out."

Typhon smirked, unfazed by the venom laced in Lysara's voice. *"And I wanted to tell you... but I didn't."* She turned to her soldiers. *"Stand down... **She's** mine."*

Kael barely had time to glance at Lysara before the soldiers lunged at him. He met them head-on, fists and feet moving in a blur. Unable to use his Ra power because of the reactor, he relied on his Solari/Vex-enhanced martial arts training, dodging and countering with precise, bone-crunching strikes.

But Lysara had already tuned them out. Her focus was locked onto Typhon, the woman who had infiltrated Venus, stolen classified secrets, and eluded capture.

The two warriors circled each other, silent but seething. Then, like a viper striking, Lysara attacked.

Their first exchange was blindingly fast; palm strikes, blocks, kicks that sent shockwaves through the steel floor. Typhon was fast, but Lysara was faster. Her Venusian combat training was fluid, precise, almost dance-like, in contrast to Typhon's brutal and efficient Eclipse assassin tactics.

Typhon feinted left, then struck right... a near-fatal throat strike. Lysara deflected, twisting Typhon's arm and sending her spinning. But Typhon recovered instantly, pivoting mid-air and launching a counterattack. The battle wove through the reactor chamber, each movement calculated... deadly.

Outside the fight, Kael dispatched one soldier, then another. The third came at him with a blade, forcing him to duck and weave, relying

on pure instinct. He caught the soldier's wrist, twisted, and sent him crashing into a bulkhead.

Lysara and Typhon's battle escalated. A misstep sent Lysara sliding across the floor near the reactor controls. Typhon lunged, trying to pin her against the console, but Lysara rolled, catching Typhon in a leg lock. The assassin grunted, driving an elbow into Lysara's ribs, forcing her to release the hold.

Breathing heavily, **Typhon** sneered. *"You're too late. Venus is next, and you won't be there to stop it."*

Lysara wiped blood from her lip, eyes darkening. *"We'll see about that."*

With renewed fury, she surged forward, ready to end this once and for all.

Kael, having finished off the last of the soldiers, turned to Lysara, his breathing heavy. *"Lysara..."*

"Go!" she snapped, never taking her eyes off Typhon. *"Complete the mission!"*

Kael hesitated, his fists clenching. Leaving her alone with Typhon didn't sit right with him, but time was running out. He exhaled sharply and sprinted toward the reactor, moving to plant the charges.

Typhon chuckled, wiping sweat from her brow. *"Doesn't matter. Even if he plants them, he won't detonate them with **you** still here."*

Lysara smirked. *"That's where you're wrong. He's planting them, but **I** have the detonator."* Showing it in her hand.

Typhon's expression flickered... just for a moment... before she lunged again, their battle raging on.

Now, the fight shifted. Typhon was no longer just trying to defeat Lysara... she was trying to take the detonator. Every strike she threw was aimed at disarming her, forcing Lysara to stay on the defensive. Lysara twisted, narrowly avoiding Typhon's grasp, gripping the detonator tightly in her palm.

Typhon's attacks became more aggressive, calculated... low sweeps meant to unbalance; feints that aimed to bait Lysara into exposing her hand. She lashed out with a knife-hand strike toward Lysara's wrist. Lysara countered, but the force of the impact sent the detonator skidding across the floor.

Both warriors lunged for it.

Lysara reached first, sliding across the metal deck. Typhon tackled her, trying to pry her fingers open. They rolled, locked in a desperate struggle, muscles straining as Typhon clawed at Lysara's grip.

"Give it up," **Typhon** hissed, trying to drive a knee into Lysara's stomach.

Lysara gritted her teeth and twisted, using Typhon's own momentum to flip her onto her back. She slammed an elbow into Typhon's jaw, forcing her off. Gasping, Lysara scrambled to her feet, the detonator still clutched in her grasp.

Typhon recovered instantly, executing a sudden maneuver... twisting low, sweeping Lysara's legs out from under her. Lysara was airborne for a split second before slamming hard onto her back. The impact jarred the detonator from her grip. Typhon snatched it mid-motion; straightening with a triumphant grin.

She smirked, turning the device over in her fingers. *"Well, well. Looks like I win, Princess."*

Lysara coughed, pushing herself up, brushing off her uniform. She looked at Typhon, her expression calm.

*"I would congratulate you... but **that's** not the detonator."*

Typhon's smirk faded.

Before she could react, Lysara rushed toward a nearby column, swiftly pulling a second detonator from her belt. She slammed it into place, activating it with a sharp press of her thumb.

Typhon's eyes widened in realization. *"You..."*

Lysara turned, her stance firm. *"Word of advice... tamper with this, and it will instantly go off. When it does decide to go off... you'll have ten minutes to get off this ship before the entire ship ex..."*

Typhon was already gone.

Lysara blinked, momentarily surprised, then smirked. *"...plodes."*

She turned, catching sight of Kael finishing his task.

"Hmmm... Kael... let's get out of here!"

Meanwhile, At The Same Time

The ship trembled as chaos erupted in multiple locations. While Lysara and Typhon clashed in the reactor room, the engine room blazed with golden arcs of energy as Xal and Malgrith faced off.

Sparks rained from damaged conduits as the two warriors circled each other. **Malgrith**, grinned darkly. *"I have to admit, I was hoping for this moment. One of the prophesied Two Suns... standing before me. Imagine the honor of breaking you."*

Xal's gaze was steady, his stance unwavering. *"You do know... you talk too much... Right?"*

Malgrith: *"It's been said!"*

With a burst of speed, Malgrith struck first, his fist igniting with solar energy. Xal countered instantly, catching the strike with his own glowing hand. The impact sent a shockwave rippling through the chamber, shattering control panels and causing the metal deck to groan beneath them.

The two combatants became blurs of motion, their strikes landing and deflecting in rapid succession. Solar-infused fists clashed, sending arcs of golden energy crackling into the walls.

Malgrith twisted, bringing his leg around in a flaming roundhouse. Xal ducked, countering with an uppercut that sent **Malgrith** staggering back. But the assassin recovered with a grin, wiping blood from his lip. *"Not bad. But let's see how you handle this."*

He raised his hands, summoning a swirling vortex of solar fire. With a forceful thrust, he unleashed the attack, sending a searing wave of energy barreling toward Xal.

Xal braced himself, crossing his arms just in time to absorb the blast. The force sent him skidding back; boots scraping against the scorched floor. But when the light faded, he was still standing, eyes burning with determination.

Malgrith's smirk faltered.

"My turn," Xal said.

He surged forward, his entire body blazing with Ra power. Malgrith barely had time to react before Xal was upon him, landing a devastating series of strikes... one to the gut, another to the chest, and finally an open-palm strike to the assassin's face, sending him crashing into a fuel tank.

The tank ruptured, sending a fireball into the ceiling. The engine room shuddered violently as systems overloaded, warning sirens blaring.

Malgrith coughed, struggling to his feet, his body smoking from the impact. *"You..."*

Xal didn't let him finish. With one final strike, he drove his fist... burning with concentrated solar energy... straight through Malgrith's chest. The assassin choked, eyes wide with shock as the golden light flickered and dimmed. Xal yanked his hand back, and Malgrith crumpled lifelessly to the ground.

Before Xal could catch his breath, Krynn sprinted into the room, his expression grim.

"We've got a problem!" Krynn shouted. "The detonator's damaged. The bombs are going to go off whether we like it or not. We need to move... NOW!"

Xal took one last look at Malgrith's body, then turned to Krynn with a sharp nod. *"Let's get out of here."*

The Great Escape

Krynn and Xal sprinted through the smoke-filled corridors, their weapons still humming from the battle. The ship trembled beneath their feet, warning of its imminent demise. Krynn's sharp gaze swept the passage ahead as they turned a corner, finding Lysara and Kael racing toward them.

"Report!" **Lysara** demanded breathlessly.

Krynn barely paused. *"Xal and Malgrith's solar-powered fight lit up the engine room and damaged the detonator. This ship could blow any second."*

Lysara's eyes narrowed. *"Where's the shuttle?"*

Coming around a corner was the **High Admiral Kaylith Voss**, followed by twenty soldiers. *"My sentiments exactly!... Where's my shuttle!?"*

A familiar metallic voice echoed from the side corridor. *"Over here!"* **Vex** stepped forward, his imposing frame unscathed from the chaos. Smoke swirled behind him as he motioned toward the docking bay. *"I have The Black Talon docked."*

The two teams scurried to get on board. **Lysara** sighed in relief, picking up speed. *"Even better."* But then, something clicked in her mind. *"But seriously... Where **is** the shuttle?"*

Vex slid into the pilot's seat, his fingers flying over the console with practiced precision.

Vex (head tilted slightly): *"I took the liberty of putting the Draetheon pilot and guards aboard the shuttle and informed them that the flagship is about to explode. Then I cut them loose... So, I have no idea where the shuttle is now."*

Lysara: *Fair enough!"*

Krynn scowled. *"Enough talking... Get us out of here!"*

The Black Talon's engines roared to life, thrusters igniting in a fiery glow. With a sharp jolt, the sleek vessel detached from the flagship; its hull vibrating as it gained distance.

From somewhere deep within the corridors, the High Admiral's voice echoed, growing fainter with distance. *"Where's my shuttle!?"*

With a final command, Vex engaged the hyperdrive. The Black Talon streaked forward, vanishing into the void just as the flagship behind them erupted into a brilliant explosion. A fiery shockwave expanded outward, but the ship was already gone, lost to the stars.

For a long moment, the cockpit remained silent, the weight of what had just transpired settling over them.

Xal broke the quiet with a smirk. *"You see?... I told you to just turn her loose on that flagship!"*

Kael chuckled. *"Princess Lysara can rival the Power of Ra."*

Krynn leaned back, exhaling as a knowing grin crossed his face. *"Yeah... We just averted a war that Mer'Kuri never even knew was coming. Very impressive."*

Lysara's expression darkened slightly. *"And I learned that Mars and Venus were next on their list."*

At that, the quintet fell silent, their gazes turning toward the endless expanse of space before them. A battle was won... but a greater conflict loomed on the horizon.

The End... For Now!