

Stalemate

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Submitted: November 7, 2004

Updated: November 7, 2004

A Halo fan-fic. A Hunter meets a Marine...

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1. Untitled

"Stalemate"

It towered over him at an amazing thirteen feet, encased in rounded blue, composite armor plating. In its left hand, a nine foot tall, five foot wide shield composed of metals unknown to mankind. In its right hand, a fuel rod cannon, capable of blowing away several battle-ready marines with a single fully charged blast. The shield came up until it rested just above the thing's head, pitch black eyes somehow managing to convey a sadistic pleasure. It was going to crush him...

With its shield held high over its head in preparation for a devastating blow, the hunter had to extend its rather flexible body in order to accommodate the strain, thus leaving several small openings in the armor it wore. There was no time for thought, no time to devise a strategy, no time to breathe. He grabbed the grip on his pistol, wrenching it from the military style holster at his thigh, bringing the barrel around and centering on the thing's barely exposed throat.

He got a single shot off before being smashed into the cold earth. In an instant, a life full of thousands upon thousands of memories, tastes, sensations, smells, and experiences...all of it gone in the time it took to blink. The hunter lifted its blood spattered shield, revealing the shattered form of a marine, took two triumphant steps then suddenly froze. It looked down. Hot amber fluid ran down its massive azure breast plate in small rivulets traversing the armor's many indentations and grooves.

The hunter thought this to be strange, and continued to think that even as both large armored legs gave way beneath it. Finally, it fell forward, black eyes containing a certain confused air, shock clearly etched into the rapidly closing orbs. Its body remained there even as the last vestiges of vitality bled away.