

Tony rose. He backed up a step, took off a black glove and sliced his right arm forward through the air. Along the perimeter road, just under a hundred black shapes rose, abruptly lifting their weapons to their shoulders. Crouched over, appearing like a giant horde of black panthers, the teams slipped inside the tree line and scaled up through dark and murky woods.

There was a slight rustle of low foliage being brushed quietly aside as the force worked its way up through the forest. Tony paused now and then to listen. Nothing. They moved forward closing the distance to the crest.