

Kwali Bunker's UNITED SOLAR SYSTEM:

Revelations & Legends

VOL. 0

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Prologue

Sometime in 2305 Near the Surface of the Sun

On its burning surface, the Sun fractured. A tenth of its energy, siphoned from the core, into the body of a single man.

Once a protector, an Askari, a symbol of hope.

Now, the single greatest threat humanity had ever birthed.

He hovered just beyond the corona's rage, cloaked in solar fire. His MAV suit pulsed with raw fusion energy, the metal glowing a golden red aura. Gravity bowed around him. Light distorted at his edges. He was no longer just a man.

He was an anomaly. He was power incarnate.

And across the void, the remnants of the United Solar System Military Alliance braced for one last stand.

Sergeant Future Peyroux led them, shoulders squared, his next-gen MAV suit battered but whispering with restrained power.

"Cut us off, Meed!" Sergeant Peyroux ordered as he and the few remaining Askari got into a blockade formation

Captain Meed moved with instinct, deploying a kinetic net barrier in milliseconds, his fingers trembling only after the net sphere sealed.

"Okay, Sergeant, we're trapped in here with him now."

"No, he's trapped in here with us."

There was nowhere to run. Sergeant Peyroux advanced alone, slowly. He flew towards his once closest ally.

"This isn't you, Kati," Future called out, his voice carried by directional comms across the silence of space. "We were supposed to protect the solar system. Remember?"

A pause.

Then a voice returned—cold, composed, hollow as the vacuum itself. "I am."

Then he vanished. **Flash**. The gravity rippled.

The silence of space masked the pleas and screams of the remaining Askari.

But before the sun bent to his will... Before the betrayals, lies, and loss. Before his rise to the Omni Force, he was just a boy. A boy from Atlantis. From Earth, standing in line at a spaceport, his ticket to Mars burning in his brain. No armor. No army. Just a dream... and a duffel bag full of hope. This is his origin. The story of a Man who forever changed the solar system.



CHAPTER O

The Beginning of the End

Late December 2286 Atlantis, USA, Earth

Amid the shuffle of luggage skimmers and yawning red-eye travelers stood a young man, barely more than a boy, a pack tugging one shoulder low. Veins corded his forearms as he straightened, exhaling the briny air that leaked down from Atlantis's submerged dome. Overhead, a gender-neutral TSA hologram glowed red beside *WAIT*. One breath later, the figure uncrossed its arms, cycling to green—*Approach ID-Vm*.—and beckoned him forward.

He stepped into a footprint-scarred white circle. A sleek verification drone drifted into orbit, emerald beams combing his outline.

The haloed voice intoned, "Please share your ticket and passport."

Points of light rippled across his vision; he fetched the documents from his xTension and sent them to the ID-Vm. The drone paused, then: "State full name, birthdate, primary address, destination."

"Wakati Zuri, July 25th, 2269, 1846 Maji Cove, Kuzamishi, Atlantis, Earth. Destination—Mars, Elon, Habitat 1E."

A commuter clomped past on chrome prosthetic calves, holocall blasting gossip in native Atlantean. Green sigils blossomed on the hologram.

"Biometrics verified. Gate L-7 assigned. Enjoy your journey, Mr. Zuri."

The barrier sank into the deck. Wakati hitched his pack higher and followed a pulsing crimson arrow only he could see.

A soft chime bloomed behind his eyes.

INCOMING CALL: **Mom**.

"Hey, sunshine. You through TSA yet?"

"Just passed. Heading to the gate now."

"Good." A pause, static and worry in equal measure. "I still don't understand why you passed on Atlantis U. It's my—"

"Mom, I like MUIE, simple as that. And the acceptance deadline is long gone."

She sighed. "I'll still worry about you out there."

He dodged a shuttle-rover carrying two xTension-gaming tourists reclined, foggy-eyed, their bodies cushioned by years of easy calories. Holo-banner ads rippled overhead:

WE ARE DESIGNING THE FUTURE—CHADNEZZAR FOR ZARRIX 2288.

"That security line was brutal," he said. "Can't wait till I'm eighteen, fix up Dad's old AstroCoupe and fly myself."

"Patience, baby. Seven more months."

Gate L-7's archway flashed BOARDING. "They're loading now. Love you."

"Love you. Call me when you get to EM3."

The astrobus swallowed him—a double-decker tube with a broad central aisle and two slimmer side lanes threading six columns of recliners. Gradient lights traced star-maps across the vaulted ceiling.

"LUX Section... seat Z-5," he murmured, sliding past passengers and flight attendants. He lifted his pack onto the overhead mag-rack, then collapsed into memory foam with a grateful grunt. Cool window glass met his temple.

The engines' bass thrum faded behind the hush inside his head: xTension lifted a translucent dashboard into his mind-space—icons hovering not before his eyes but somewhere deeper, like a thought-based operating system. A flick of intention opened the HelloWorld app; reels unspooled—Boxing Highlights, breaking-news clips, employee recruitment ads. Another mental nudge opened the music app: *Retro Jazz, shuffle*. Saxophone licks rolled through his auditory cortex, and Atlantis's lights dwindled beneath the keel. Memory foam cradled him; sleep crept close.

Five minutes later, a precise, androgynous voice filled the cabin, "Valued passengers, this is Pilot, your AI navigator. Please fasten safety harnesses and secure carry-ons. We are launching for Mars—Elon, Habitat r-Echo—at a cruising velocity of ten gigameters per hour; total transit time eighteen hours, including a forty-five-minute layover at Interplanetary Spaceport E-M[III].

Food and beverages may be ordered via seat-display or xTension; items will arrive through the **urServed** delivery module above your seat. Live ascent, cruise, and landing telemetry are likewise available.

Thank you for choosing AviFutra. Enjoy your flight."

Harness webbing snugged across his chest as he thumb-locked the buckle. Retro jazz faded beneath the launch engines, and the astrobus climbed from Atlantis' deep-blue abyss into black space. Wakati scowled at the interruption—Pilot's crisp monotone always grated. He exhaled, and let the horns lure him back to sleep.

Nine hours later, a chime and the familiar AI voice cracked the dark, "Approaching Interplanetary Spaceport E-M[III]. Passengers, please return to your seats and view the landing tutorial. Elapsed flight time nine hours, one minute; touchdown in fifty seconds."

"I slept that long?" Wakati rubbed his eyes while the safety holo demo flickered—gravity arrows, harness icons, the whole drill.

The deck plates trembled, inertial dampers sighed, and the astrobus kissed the platform.

"Touchdown confirmed."

"Welcome to Spaceport E-M[III]. We are halfway to Mars. Refueling layover: forty-five minutes. You may remain aboard or explore the port. **Warning:** late return may result in abandonment at your expense. Disembark now, beginning with Section LUX."

His harness latch clicked open. Wakati rolled his shoulders, thought off the jazz, and hoisted his pack. Joining the front row of LUX travelers, he stepped onto the exit ramp—then stopped dead.

"Whoa."

The Layover

Late December 2286
EM[III], Between Earth and Mars

E-M[III] arced around him like a polished gem. Beneath his boots, the brushed-stainless-steel concourse stretched for kilometers, each step thudding with the certainty of artificial gravity. Sleek cargo pods glided past on silent mag-rails, bound for any one of the station's 120 concentric levels. To his right, thirty-meter-tall gel-tubes of bioluminescent kelp swayed in the habitat's rotation, droplets spiraling around each stalk like mini cyclones.

Above the southern spaceport decks, Hades Park unfurled its sculpted lawns and cascading fountains. Beyond it rose the Southern Residential District, where gleaming townhomes and private academies clustered along wide promenades. At the station's heart lay the Tourist Quarter—a trio of entertainment, fashion, and commerce districts—each glittering behind seamless glass with high-end boutiques, an artificial beach, exotic wares, exclusive clubs, and pulsating neon marquees.

All of it sat inside a hyper-tempered conductive dome—an unbroken lattice of triangular panels curving toward the station's spine and dissolving into the star-studded void. Only the axial hubs at the north and south poles—docking bays and life-support towers—remained solid, anchoring this vast living orb.

"This is insane... I've never been anywhere like this," Wakati murmured, eyes locked on the glittering panorama.

A gravelly voice drew his gaze. "Yeah, kid—this is how they're makin' 'em now."

Wakati turned to a tall, bald man in his late forties, an iron toothpick clamped between perfect teeth. The stranger wore a silky silver shirt beneath a vantablack three-piece suit and carried himself with easy confidence.

This dude's got bars, Wakati thought. "What do you mean?"

"Seven years back," the man said, flipping the toothpick with a practiced flick, "the Department of Infrastructure signed off on my Artificial Planet Design Template. Since then, every major station follows the same blueprint."

Wakati's eyes widened. "Your design?"

The man nodded. "Mostly. Stations near the Asteroid Belt, like M-AB II through IV and AB-J I, skip the giant see-through walls. They need extra reinforcement out there. But the shape? Small artificial planets, all of 'em."

"So, you designed this place?"

"Mostly," he repeated with a half-smile.

"That's dope. I want to design things, too—that's why I'm headed to MUIE. You been out to the M-AB or AB-J stations?"

"Good school." He shrugged. "And yeah, once or twice."

"You've actually been that far? Are you a government architect or something?"

"I'm a--"

A simultaneous ping in both their minds: 40 MINUTES UNTIL LAUNCH.

"Gotta' run, kid," the man said, brushing past.

Wakati dashed after him. "Wait—what's your name?"

The man paused, glanced back. "Quinton. Now skedaddle, kid." He melted into the crowd before Wakati could reply.

"Quinton..." Wakati whispered, watching the stranger vanish. "Why does that sound familiar?"

"Alright—39 minutes to kill," Wakati muttered, eyes flicking across the holo-banner for Ry's LOADED CHICKEN FRIES. His stomach growled in agreement.

He tapped his temple twice and summoned xTension's map:

- Ry's Level 10 (Southern Spacport): 500 m 2 min
- **Ry's Level 60 (Entertainment District):** 1,300 km 6 min
- **Ry's Level 67 (Tech District):** 2,000 km 8 min

He selected Level 60 and headed for the transit tubes.

A sleek mag-lev capsule whooshed him along a neon-lit tunnel at hypersonic speed—zero fuss, six minutes flat.

When the doors slid open, Wakati stepped into the Entertainment District: a riot of arched promenades stretching into the distance, each more ostentatious than the last. Laughing crowds wove between bars, music lounges, and street-food stalls, while suspended ads shimmered overhead:

VOTE CHADNEZZAR FOR ZARRIX 2288

WUN Co. 15 % OFF STORE-WIDE

FIND PEACE IN UNITY—Join Us Sundays At the Church Of Symmetry

His gaze snagged on the Fabrication arena, a childhood favorite, before he ducked into Ry's for his fries.

"Welcome to Ry's. Place your order."

Two mental taps later, he'd got the Loaded Chicken Fries in hand, their savory steam drifting up as he exited back onto the glittering boulevard.

A ping in his mind: 28 MINUTES UNTIL REFUEL COMPLETE.

"Perfect," he grinned, sinking a fry into his mouth. "I got time to watch a game—maybe play a round before we take off."

He approached the Fabrication arena and scanned the small crowd, heart thudding. "Yo—anybody up next?" he called, voice steadier than he felt. A trio of onlookers shook their heads. "Say less—I got next," Wakati declared, tossing aside his empty fry box.

The announcer's voice boomed from overhead speakers, so pumped it rattled his chest. "ONCE AGAIN, THE WINNER IS... BANIAN! ANY CHALLENGERS?!"

A hush fell, then Wakati's own voice snapped out. "Lemme run it one time!" He climbed the metal ramp two steps at a time, adrenaline prickling his skin.

The platform loomed several meters above the floor, four giant holo-screens dangling like chandeliers, each showing the last competitor's POV.

"BANIAN, CHOOSE YOUR MODE!" the announcer roared.

Banian didn't even look up—he grinned, arms crossed. "Demolition," he said, calm and certain.

The crowd leaned in as the announcer whipped into full hype: "PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE BATTLE OF A LIFETIME, THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES!

FABRICATION: DEMOLITION—THE ONE-HOUR REIGNING CHAMPION, AND..."

He looked at Wakati, "Uh, what's your name?"

"Wakati Aki-"

"AND WAKATI, THE CONTENDER! PART PARAMETER IS SET TO THREE, WITH A FIVE-MINUTE BUILD PERIOD! ARE YOU REEE-ADYYY?!"

Wakati's pulse hammered his temples. He shot Banian a sideways smile—equal parts nerves and thrill. Banian's eyes flicked to him, cold and focused. Wakati squared his shoulders, took a breath, and stepped into the arena. "This guy's kinda intense, huh?" Wakati chuckled nervously, looking at Banian.

Banian didn't respond, instead, he fixed Wakati with a menacing glare, his eyes promising no mercy.

"Um, okay... Good luck, I guess," Wakati said, his voice trailing off as he moved to his fabrication station.

"You're the one who's gonna need luck," Banian replied, his tone cold and confident.

"Right," Wakati said to himself as he entered his play station.

Contact USS at kwalibunker.com/uss to request the full chapter.

