

# The Divine Sedition

**The Divine Zetan Trilogy, Volume 2**

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THE DIVINE SEDITION

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# Prologue



(This Chapter summarises the events in the last chapter of *The Divine Dissimulation*. If you have already read *The Divine Dissimulation*, you can proceed to Chapter 1).

The young and beautiful 22-year old Keila Eisenstein, a prominent leader of The Martian Humanist Alliance, a Martian rebel movement, is on the run following an utter defeat against the Terran Council on the asteroid Sylvia. She is pursued by her nemesis, Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller of the Terran Council who has a much bigger and better armed spaceship than she does. The situation looks dire when Keila suddenly has a vision of her dead mother Susanna, urging her to take her ship to the Terraformed asteroid world by the name of Eden, and free the Edenites from the tyranny of Abraham Goldstein, the egomaniacal tyrant God-king. Keila's righthand man, Sven, is sceptical of going, but he agrees to drop her off on Eden while trying to shake off their Terran Council pursuers.

Keila reaches Eden, and she uses one of the emergency pods on her spaceship to take her down to the surface. As Keila is descending, she watches in horror how her ship and its crew is obliterated by the powerful weapons on Bjorn's ship. Panicking, Keila releases the safety switch on her emergency pod, causing her to crash down on the Edenite surface, knocking her unconscious on impact.

Bjorn Muller wants to send his men to the surface of Eden to apprehend Keila, as she is a highly sought-after escapee. However, he is refused to land on Eden by Abraham Goldstein. The reason for Abraham's refusal is that Eden is used for his secret megalomaniacal purpose, which is erasing the memory of Martian captives to make them believe that Earth was destroyed and that he is the god of Eden, a Bronze Age futuristic world, using mind control technology. In Abraham's religious scripture, the Abrahameon, it's stated that the Edenites is all that remains of mankind, and Abraham fear let-

ting the Edenites find out the truth, that Earth still existed. After an armed standoff, Bjorn withdraws but gives the ultimatum that he will be back if Abraham hasn't delivered Keila to him in three days.

Meanwhile, a stranger called Jeshua finds the unconscious Keila on Eden, and brings her to the tunnels below the surface where they are safe from Abraham's mechanical spies and orbital laser cannons. Eventually Keila wakes up and following her dreams, she seduces Jeshua and had intercourse with him, making him an ally. She then falls asleep as she is still dazed from the crash. Jeshua is careless and falls asleep next to her, believing that she is an angel sent from the heavens to bring him joy.

A bit later, Nuriel and Gabriel, two genetically engineered super-soldiers who are aiding Abraham's tyranny comes across the sleeping Keila and Jeshua. Fortunately, Jeshua's twin sister Adina, who was infiltrated with mind control technology at birth, hides Jeshua and Keila from their pursuers' visions and they manage to escape, discreetly.

Abraham is furious with Nuriel and Gabriel upon knowing that Keila escapes and sends them back to the tunnels underground of Eden, to finish the job. Meanwhile, under Adina's leadership, the Edenites rebels against Abraham's rule as Adina manipulates them to rise against their evil "Divine Master". In the midst of confusion, Keila and Jeshua manages to kill Nuriel and Gabriel without Abraham noticing. The rest of his accomplices/angels are repressing the Edenites' uprising.

Suddenly, Adina then exposes herself as the one orchestrating the uprising against Abraham, to distract him from chasing Keila and Jeshua, and in his anger against his Adina, he programs his orbital lasers to fire at her when they are in range. In the midst of a heated telepathic battle of mind controls between Adina and Abraham, Keila and Jeshua uses the dead super soldiers "Angel" armours, secretly flies up to the Divine Control Centre, Abraham's headquarters orbiting just above Eden and enter the complex silently and stealthily.

Once Keila and Jeshua enter the Divine Control Centre, Abraham realises that Adina has manipulated him and he now senses their presence, so he sends his personal bodyguard Abaddon, an angel super soldier to eliminate Keila and Jeshua. Abaddon found them alive and manages to attack them both, and he is just about to kill them when Adina suddenly intervenes. Us-

ing her mind control technology, she tries to take control over Abaddon's body and cause him to kill himself instead. Abraham notices what Adina is trying to do, and they wrestle mentally for control over Abaddon's body. This releases a psionic blast that kills Abaddon and knocks both Adina and Abraham unconscious, flying miles away because of the psionic blast. Unbeknownst to Adina, this is actually an advantage as the psionic blast knocks her out of harm's way, just avoiding the orbital lasers firing at her. She is now trapped inside the dark empty tunnel underground where she then hides and rest while she recovers from her injury.

Wounded, Keila and Jeshua manages to drag themselves to the centre of the Divine Control Centre complex, where they find Abraham's unconscious body. Jeshua wants to kill Abraham, his evil grandfather, but Keila convinces him that he needs to be alive and transports both their minds to the Divine Dimension, using Abraham's Divine Detector machine in the Control centre. Once Jeshua warps to the Divine Dimension, Abraham is there and tells him that he shouldn't have come, and that Keila deceived him. Jeshua is confused with who to trusts but decided on killing Abraham. As he attacks Abraham and they fight mentally, this does not however harm their real physical bodies as their bodies are not in the Divine Dimension. Suddenly, free-falling from the top of the Golden lotus flower on the Divine Dimension, they both instantly drop to the ground, bleeding from bullet wounds in their heads and everything then fades to black.

In the normal dimension, Keila blows the smoke that buzzed out of her pistol and puts down her smoking baby and smirked a dangerously sexy smile. Her visions and prophetic voice told her that she is to kill both Jeshua and Abraham while they were both jacked into the Detector machine, killing them for good. She could then seize control over Eden, and Keila believes this voice that had been telling her to run away to Eden to meet her new future.

End of prologue



## Chapter 1 A new mistress on Eden



### 1.1 Keila makes a decision

Keila was overlooking the control room of the Divine Control Centre. There were no other people in the room except for the corpses of Jeshua, and the artificial robot abomination that had enclosed the malicious evil brain of Abraham Goldstein. “*I did it, mum!*” She said to herself, remembering the vision of her late mum urging her to free Eden from the tyranny of Abraham Goldstein. She looked at the monitor indicating all the employees working in the Divine Control Centre. Apparently, there had only been 30 employees running the operations with almost all functions controlled by automated AI and robots. 12 of these employees had died throughout the years, of which 3 had met their demise at her hand. Strangely all the employees had strange ancient names, and she recalled the battle suits they had worn when she fought them. They were all looking like angels of war, and they were referred to as angels in all the systems on the space station.

Keila looked at the display of the mainframe. Apparently, there were no employees at the entire space station. Instead, they were all down on Eden trying to restore control and order among the population, whose loss in faith had led them to total chaos and anarchy.

Keila tried to lock down the space station to avoid any of the angels coming back discovering what she had done to their divine master. She was unsuccessful in doing so as she lacked the biometric codes required to control The Divine Control Centre. Keila was uncertain how to proceed. On the one hand, she was considering escaping and leaving Eden. There was small space shuttle docked that could take her undetected to a nearby smuggler base. On the other hand, what would her escape achieve? If she left Eden, the people would succumb to the tyranny of another scumbag like Abraham Goldstein, or worse yet they would all perish as the systems in place to keep Eden live-

able would shut down at some occasion in the future with no-one supervising the automated processes.

Keila made her decision. She would not run anymore. Eden was the birthplace of her mother, and the circle was closed with her coming back to Eden leading its population to a brighter future.

Having made this decision, had no impact, however, if she lacked the means to lead so she needed to come up with a way. Apparently, the late Abraham had used some form of mind control technology to control everyone on Eden. Would she do the same? It was not necessarily ethical, nor was it her favoured way to proceed, as Keila believed in liberating people instead of enslaving them, but at present, it was her only realistic choice. She could not expect to take on 18 genetically engineered super soldiers on her own and hope to emerge victoriously. Particularly, not since she was already wounded with a bullet in her leg and one in the arm.

She searched the system for the secret to Abraham's mind control, and she found it. There was a scheme of everyone with a Divine Technology installed in their brains, and Abraham was the only one with a God chip installed. She kept searching, and she saw the schematics for the microchip. Keila was not an engineer, so she did not understand the schematics, but she did know that the Terrans had a technology called a particle replicator machine, which could replicate any item that they had a blueprint for. To her great relief, there was a particle replicator in the very room she was in. She sent instructions to the replicator to make a Divine Technology God chip. A timer started. Apparently, it would take two hours to finish building the God chip due to the complexity of the design. Keila leaned back in her chair drinking from a glass of water in the one hand, tightly grasping her pistol in the other. This would be two nervous hours, but she had made her choice. She would stand her ground here; Eden was her destiny.

## 1.2 A close call

KEILA WOKE UP WITH a twist. Exhaustion had put her asleep despite her best efforts to stay awake. The computer was beeping with a high-pitched warning sound. She had been unable to lock down the space station or alter its security protocols, but she had managed to set the alarm in case anyone

came in from the outside. She looked at the display and saw a 3D hologram. There was a whole squad of heavily armed men in battle suits advancing on her position. She looked at the remaining time to make god chip. The timer said 10 minutes, and there was no way she would be able to hold out for that long. Keila made up a plan, she needed to divert the angels for long enough to have the god chip done. Once she was in possession of the god chip, she would hopefully have a mean to deal with angels who all had the weaker Angel chip implanted.

Keila limped out of the control centre and took a position in a side corridor that the angels would pass shortly. She would need to distract the angels from the control centre where the replicator was working. Keila was also required to be level-headed enough to find the way back to the control centre and pick up the god chip once it was assembled. That was easier said than done, being in a new building with bullets hailing around her head, but she just had to have faith in her abilities.

She was interrupted in her thoughts when she spotted an angel running down a parallel corridor heading to the control centre. With no time to waste she lifted her pistol and shot at him. As she had anticipated the gun was not powerful enough to penetrate the angel's battle armour, and instead, the bullets just ricocheted off him. The shot did catch his attention, however, and he raised his rifle to shoot at her and Keila jumped around the corner, avoiding the bullets in the last second. She could hear him calling out his group to follow him. Her plan was working; now she just needed to keep them occupied. She turned around the corner and shot at the angel again. Yet again the bullets bounced off his armour, but this time he was joined by his peers setting off in full pursuit after her, realising that her bullets were unable to penetrate their battle armours. Keila understood she could never outrun the angels in her condition, after all, their battle armours contained an engine that assisted their motion and gave them superhuman speed, while she had a bullet in her thigh slowing her down immensely. She did, however, have one advantage, her small frame made her fit into openings that they would not be able to fit into. Keila got to the edge of the corridor and just managed to get into a ventilation shaft when the angels opened fire at her. One of the bullets partially struck her other leg, and she could feel the pain and blood dripping on the floor.

Keila could not let her injuries stop her though, and she crawled through the ventilation shaft. One of the angels threw a gas grenade into the ventilation shaft. She looked behind her, and she identified the grenade. It was a powerful sleep-inducing gas, and one breath would be enough to knock her unconscious. So, the solution for her was to not breathe! She saw the exit of the ventilation shaft 50 meters ahead of her. It would be 50 tough meters crawling in a narrow ventilation shaft with the injuries she had sustained, but it was what she had to do. She squirmed and wriggled, but the goal did not seem to get any closer. She was close to passing out, and she closed her eyes. Then it came, the vision of her in paradise with her mum, her ancestors and other spirits by their side. "*You can do it,*" they all said in unison, and as Keila looked up, she was at the end of the tunnel opening the ventilation shaft proceeding back to the divine control centre. Keila got up, and she limped to the particle replicator machine. The display said 20 seconds, and she could see the group of angels entering the room. In desperation, she lifted her pistol and fired off the remaining rounds at the angels. Upon hearing Keila's pistol clicking as it ran out of ammunition, the angel Samael took off his helmet. He quickly walked towards Keila while screaming obscenities towards her.

Samael:

- Not feeling so tough now you fucking whore?! I will rape you and give you a slow and utterly painful death for what you did to our grandmaster Abraham.

Keila:

- Oh, I am tough alright; I am not the one bringing an army to beat one small woman. As for raping me, I bet your dick is too limp to achieve that!

Samael:

- Oh, we'll see about that.

Keila:

- Alright, I am here, come to get some tough guy.

After saying this Keila demonstratively turned around, pulled her pants down and showed her private parts to the group of angels. This was, of course, a diversion, and she could see the timer on the replicator ticking down as Samael got out of his battle armour, ready to force his manhood through raping her. As the timer reached 0, the God chip came out of the replicator. Without hesitation, she crammed the chip straight into her ear. As it merged with her brain, she screamed loudly in pain and released a psionic shockwave so strong that it knocked herself, the angels and all the people on Eden unconscious.

### **1.3 Ascended to godhood.**

KEILA WOKE UP IN THE same courtyard in The Divine Dimension where Abraham and Jeshua had been before her. Was she dead? The last thing Keila could remember was a sharp pain and her screaming her lungs out before everything turned black. Thinking about it that way, she probably was dead, but if that was the case and she was in the afterlife, where were her mum and all the spirits she had seen in her visions? The courtyard was empty, and it had a very ominous feel albeit it was also at the same time a very peaceful and beautiful place. She made her way to a pond with glittering water. She looked down in it, and she could see it. Her body attached to the divine detector machine with the angels kneeling in front of her as if they were praying to her. The same people who last she remembered had tried to kill and rape her was now worshipping her, how did this happen?

In her struggle to understand what had happened she closed her eyes, and Keila saw a vision of herself on a golden throne with gemstones shining in the light, more beautiful than her senses could comprehend. She had a gut feeling this throne was close by and that providence had brought her to this sacred place. Keila left the pond and walked through a gate reaching the inner sanctum of the complex. She saw it, the golden throne at the back end of the room, but contrary to her visions, there was a lifeless body in front of the throne. She approached the body and examined it. The body was of an

old bearded man in robes, but it was neither Abraham Goldstein nor Jeshua. Who was this dead man?

Keila examined the body closer. It was a strange feeling. Growing up in war and rebellion she had seen a multitude of dead bodies despite her young age, but none of them had been like this. There was something godlike and majestic about this body, although the fact that the person in front of her was dead, somewhat disproved its supposed godhood. She held the hand of the dead divine and closed her eyes. Keila could feel a spiritual connection, and she knew who it was. The dead man in front of her was Yahweh, a god worshipped on Earth throughout the millennia. Keila opened her eyes and reflected. What did she know about this Yahweh? Evidently, not very much. The significant disconnect between the wealthy minority of humans on Earth and the impoverished majority on Mars had led to a tremendous cultural separation, and the Martians simply did not know much about Earth's history and the gods they followed. It did not matter to Keila to not know much about the Earth gods as she was a Martian, she could educate herself on the matter with Spacenet sources when she got out of this place, if she managed to get out of here.

Meanwhile, the humans on Eden that were knocked unconscious during the previous psionic blast started to wake up, and they began to call out for Abraham, the imposter god of the Edenites. They were filled with fear after the last few days' events and the anxiety got stronger when they did not receive any response from their master. Keila who was now having a divine God chip in her brain initially got utterly overwhelmed by all the people trying to connect to her at once. She could feel their pain and their fear, and it took over her senses. Struggling to breathe, she stumbled out of the throne room and instinctively was drawn to the Lotus tree in the courtyard. Keila sat down next to the tree, and at once she felt relieved, like the weight of the world was no longer on her shoulders. She sank down in a deep meditative state.

Keila spent the next few hours, which felt like eons meditating and learning about the secrets of the universe. Eventually a sudden white light came in front of her eyes and her consciousness was back in the normal dimension.

## 1.4: Metatron wakes Keila up

THE ANGEL METATRON was observing the agitated and fearful Edenites from the Divine Control Centre, located on the Asteroid B528B, just above the Asteroid B528A. The intended paradise governed according to Yahweh's strict but fair rules, under the hands of Abraham Goldstein, had turned into a hellhole where chaos reigned, and the population was killing and raping each other on an unprecedented scale. All the troubles had started a couple of days ago when a Terran Council starship had shown up and blown up a rebel ship, just outside the atmosphere of Eden, at a height only 1.5 kilometre up from the surface. The explosion had caused a widespread panic on Eden and exposed the great lie they had been told since the beginning of Eden era, the lie that Earth had been destroyed decades ago, and the people of Eden was all that remained of humanity. From there, things had gone worse. For no reason whatsoever, the religious militia on Eden who was meant to uphold the law had attacked and killed the angel Eremiel. The idiots of angels Hamshal and Haniel had then made things worse when they came in with guns blazing severely decimating the militia while failing to save their fellow friend Eremiel who was beyond saving. Finally, this mysterious woman Keila showed up out of nowhere and killed his grandmaster Abraham Goldstein.

But in chaos, there was opportunity. Metatron did not approve of the way Abraham had governed Eden, and he could not understand the motivations behind his former master's actions. Before they set out and created Eden, Abraham had promised that they would lead a revolutionary new world and that his authority came directly from Yahweh. At first, Metatron had been enthusiastic about their prospects and being part of such a grand plan. His enthusiasm had diminished over the years, and the turning point was when Abraham's physical body had died several decades ago, leaving only his brain to survive. Metatron had supported archangel Lucifer's idea to keep Abraham's brain frozen and then find a suitable robotic body to replace the dead corpse. But the Abraham who came back, as a human brain enclosed inside a machine, was not the same man as he had served and looked up to his entire life. Gone was the visionary and what remained was a petty, cruel and narrow-minded abomination who put the Edenites through years of tor-

ment and fear. Many years later archangel Lucifer apparently betrayed Abraham, and when they were sent to punish him, archangel Lucifer took angel Michael with him to the afterlife.

But why had Lucifer betrayed Abraham? Metatron had given the question some thoughts over the years. He had kept the issue for himself and never discussed it with anyone. If Abraham could kill his favourite angel Lucifer, he would have no problems killing Metatron should reasons arise. But now Abraham was gone, and that's where the opportunity lay.

Metatron knew that his standing among the angels was low, in fact, his status was the lowest in the pecking order. He had worked mostly with maintaining the systems that operated The Divine Control Centre and maintenance of Eden. Although his efforts were crucial for their survival, he just did not receive the same recognition the other angels got. The others expected him to do his job without error, but never gave him credit for doing so.

With the sudden appearance of Keila seizing the divine God chip, things had changed. When she put it on in a reckless manner, the divine system short-circuited and knocked them all unconscious from the psionic blast. As Metatron woke up first of everyone after the explosion, he had felt the opportunity. She could be something he could not; she could be the next leader of Eden. If he played his cards right, he could become her closest and most trusted angel and finally get the status and recognition he deserved.

Metatron had found Keila unconscious and severely wounded. He had placed her on life support and connected her to the divine detector machine to send her mind to The Divine Dimension. Hopefully this way she would regain consciousness and make it possible for the other angels to feel her presence. Metatron's plan had worked out. The other angels could feel her presence, and he had managed to convince them to elevate her to leadership instead of killing her as revenge for Abraham's death. It had helped that he had spoken with conviction while all the other angels had been confused and disoriented after the blast. Metatron decided that it was time to talk to Keila and that he was the first person she should see. He walked up to Keila's sickbed and disconnected her from the divine detector machine, transporting her consciousness back to the room she was in. Keila woke up.

Keila looked around the room, she felt disoriented and confused. She could swear that she had been to a heavenly extra-terrestrial paradise for sev-

eral hours, Keila often had intense dreams, but what she had experienced there was stronger than any dream, it was not dreamlike; instead it felt very real. In front of her was a very handsome man. Was he one of the angels? And if so, why was she still alive? The man smiled at her and started to speak.

Metatron:

- The angel Metatron at your service. Welcome back Mistress Keila.

Keila:

- Okay, I am Keila Eisenstein from the Martian Humanist Alliance. Am I a prisoner here?

Metatron:

- Oh, absolutely not, quite the contrary. You are the possessor of the divine golden crown implanted with the God chip and thus you are the rightful ruler of Eden; at least that's what I told my peers.

Keila:

- But you don't think so?

Metatron:

- I am merely a humble servant of the divine master, what I think does not matter.

Keila:

- Cut the bullshit and the pleasantries. Last thing I remember before the blast I was to be gang-raped, tortured and slowly killed.

- And now you're talking about elevating me to leadership. What's really going on here?

Metatron:

- Okay, so if you prefer me to be upfront.
- The psionic blast that occurred when you put on the divine golden crown should have killed you, and it probably would have if I did not wake up first from the blast and quickly connected you to the life support unit.
- However, I have used the argument that you survived the blast to convince the others that you were indeed sent by Yahweh to replace Abraham Goldstein, as Abraham had strayed from the righteous path.
- Whether you survived due to divine intervention or my intervention is irrelevant. If we play our cards right, we can rule Eden together.

Keila:

- And if I don't want to participate?

Metatron:

- Well, then I assume what awaits us both is a slow and painful death at the hands of the other angels.

Keila:

- That's a good enough motivation for me. I am in on your scheme.

Metatron:

- Good. You'll tell the others that you were sent by the divine Yahweh personally to replace the wicked Abraham, who strayed from the path.

Keila:

- Got it.

Metatron:

- Just between you and me, did Yahweh send you?

Keila:

- I am unsure. I had visions that told me to come here to Eden after I narrowly escaped the Terran fleet.

Keila paused for a bit, she was unsure whether she would tell her new-found ally in front of her about seeing the corpse of Yahweh in whatever strange place her consciousness had been transported to. She decided to disclose everything, as by all accounts Metatron was the only reason she was still alive.

Keila:

- In my dream, while I was unconscious, I saw a dead man. I think it was Yahweh.

Metatron studied Keila for a while without saying anything. He looked troubled. Eventually, he decided to speak up.

Metatron:

- What you experienced was not a dream. It was real, your mind travelled to the Divine Dimension when I connected you to the divine detector machine.

- If Yahweh indeed is dead, Abraham must have killed him. Yahweh has been looking after our people for over 5000 years. What is to become of us now?

- Then again you could be lying...

Keila:

- Be that as it may, it's quite easy for you to find out the truth. Connect yourself to the machine, go to the Divine Dimension. You'll find the corpse of Yahweh there.

Metatron:

- But I am just a man, I am not worthy.

Keila:

- Says who?

- If God is dead, who determines who is worthy to enter his domains?

Metatron:

- You are right; I have spent too much time following others blindly. Send my consciousness to the Divine Dimension.

Keila helped connecting Metatron to the Divine detector machine, and she could see him falling unconscious as she started the machine. She looked at the face of Metatron; he had a masculine and good-looking face, albeit he looked a decade older than her. Metatron seemed to sleep very deep and peacefully. Seeing Metatron in this helpless state gave Keila terrible flashbacks to her ultimate betrayal towards Jeshua, the boy she dated for a while, just on the day before. She had acted on her strange voices and visions telling her to murder Jeshua in cold blood while he was connected to the divine detector machine. Her visions were never wrong, and her premonition was the reason that she despite her young age of 22, had become the beacon of light for the downtrodden masses of the solar system and the number one enemy of the oppressive Terran Council plutocrats on Earth and Mars. For the first time in Keila's life, she felt a broad sense of regret, and she broke down in tears from what she had done.

Eventually, Metatron came back from the Divine Dimension. He was awestricken from what he had seen. Yahweh was indeed dead and his entire life and purpose to honour Yahweh had come to naught and lost all meaning.

He saw Keila sitting in a corner crying and shaking uncontrollably. Without saying anything, he followed his instinct and went over to her, held her tight and then started crying himself. They sat there for hours in crying silently without saying anything. It was the closest Metatron had ever felt to someone.

## **1.5 The Zetans discussing the events that took place.**

THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL species known as the Zetans, gathered in a semi-circle, around an obelisk that they had erected in The Divine Dimension, to remember the day of Yahweh's betrayal more than a millennium ago. In the distance, they could see the palace that Yahweh had expelled them from. It was as impressive as it had been when they built it many thousand years ago, but the tear in the space-time that enclosed the palace stopped them from coming back there. The Zetans were the most advanced species to ever appear in the universe and the only ones to ever manage to physically travel between the normal dimension and the Divine Dimension. At the height of their civilisation, they had portals spread across the Milky Way that could teleport them between the normal dimension and the Divine Dimension and then back to another location in the normal dimension as a way to travel faster than light. All of this had been lost in the apocalyptic war between the Zetans and the failed product of their own creation, the Xenos, which virtually wiped out the Zetans. The war destroyed their home planet Zetani and killed the clear majority of their species, except for a few Zetans scattered in the Divine Dimension, left scavenging for food and water. The few Zetans remaining in the universe has had a stagnant life in the Divine Dimension but with their remaining portal to Earth intact which they could use to pose as multi-gods to the simple-minded humans on Earth, to receive the offerings and supplies they needed to have a good life in the Divine Dimension. All of this was destroyed, however, when Yahweh had a psychotic breakdown, and destroyed the last active Zetan portal to Earth, and subsequently killed himself and his secret lover.

Since Yahweh destroyed the last active portal to Earth, the Zetans had millennia of hell. Being physical beings, they needed food and drinks to sus-

tain themselves, yet nothing of this was possible to produce in the Divine Dimension. With the state of timelessness of the Divine Dimension, they couldn't die from natural causes, age or bear offspring. Yet as physical beings they could still feel thirst and hunger. The result was that they were always hungry and thirsty, however kept alive by the timelessness they were stuck in.

When they were all gathered, Zeus began to speak.

Zeus:

- Fellow Zetans! For thousands of years we have been starving in this timeless abyss with no means of leaving. But I see hope in the form a human, a promised human that will reactivate the portals and give us back our rightful place as gods on earth.

- The woman I am talking about, her name is Keila Eisenstein, and she has something that our former hosts were lacking. She has access to a level of technology that is unprecedented in the history of mankind, almost on par with our technology during the peak of our civilisation.

- She has disposed of the human villain Abraham who was following the teachings of the traitor Yahweh; whose unholy human presence I am sure you have felt roaming around in our old palace.

Odin:

- Indeed, we have. Foul human taking his own right to step foot in our palace without our permission. Good riddance!

- I am questioning your faith in this Keila person however. She is the sworn enemy of the Terran Council that rules Earth and Mars. Having her travel around on Earth activating all the switches needed to restart our portals to Earth seems impossible. Why not influence a powerful Terran to do our bidding, instead of using a Martian woman?

Zeus:

- You are both right and wrong my old friend.

- Influencing a mighty Terran leader would be better, but unfortunately, the genetic makeup of humans makes a telepathic connection to them so unlikely, so we only get a human that we can influence directly once every few hundred years, and this destined human is Keila.

- It is however irrelevant. She is our future. I have foreseen it, and my premonitions are never wrong.

Brahma felt obliged to join in on the conversation. He was also a high ranking Zetan and Brahma did not like listening to other high ranked Zetans trying to show off to their lesser brethren with their supposed powers.

Brahma:

- Zeus, if your “premonitions” are so flawless, how come our civilization got wiped out by the Xenos and how could you let Yahweh destroy the last active portal to Earth, our only way back to the normal dimension?

Zeus:

- Silence, you arrogant fool! I never claimed omniscience. I argued that all my premonitions are correct, that is not the same. I never claimed we would not get destroyed by the Xenos, I never claimed Yahweh would not betray us. Whenever I do share a premonition, however, it comes true.

Brahma:

- Really, is that so?

- You seemed surprised when Keila murdered Jeshua.

Zeus:

- Yes, that was surprising and seemed illogical following her emotional thought pattern up to that point. Primarily since we only influenced her to kill Abraham, and not Jeshua. Then again humans are known to be emotionally volatile and prone to violence, and they have their own willpower, that's why we used them to fight the Xenos back when planet Zetani still existed.

- However, the killing of Jeshua is no concern to us, and everything is going according to plan.

- I would like to thank Odin for his efforts. If he hadn't helped me direct a psionic blast resulting from Keila's incorrect usage of the divine crown, we would not have received a favourable outcome.

- I declare this meeting finished. Keep observing human activities in the regular universe so we can come up with a plan on how to proceed.

After Zeus had said this, all the Zetans dispersed, and each went on their own way. Although they did not have anything to do or to go anywhere in particular, most of them preferred solitude as they could meditate deeper in that state. Most of the Zetan communication occurred telepathically anyways, so they did not need to be close to each other to talk, moreover the presence of too many peers amassed too much psionic energy in one place, preventing the Zetans from reaching deep meditation. Most Zetans preferred to be semi-permanently in deep meditation, as that was the only state of mind where the Zetans wouldn't feel the hunger or thirst that were eternally tormenting them.

Brahma reached his meditation spot and was tormented by a thought. What if someone else had influenced Keila to murder Jeshua? What if Rangda was the one behind it? The idea gave him shivers, but he shrugged it off. Rangda was condemned to forever stay in a small prison cell far far away, with a psionic force field stopping her from contacting anyone. At least that was what Brahma told himself. Full of discomfort, Brahma decided to go to sleep

to forget about his hunger and thirst. He slept a terrified sleep, full of nightmares.

## **1.6 Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller is becoming restless**

REAR ADMIRAL BJORN Muller put down the glass of fine Scotch he was drinking to calm down his irritation and restlessness. The alcohol had not helped, and he was reluctant to have another glass. Bjorn was after all a high-ranking officer in the Terran Council Interplanetary Forces, and it was inappropriate for him to get drunk while on duty, although Bjorn knew that his family ties would stop him from getting reprimanded in any case. Bjorn was frustrated by the fact that he hadn't heard anything from whoever was governing Eden regarding his request that they were to capture the infamous armed terrorist Keila Eisenstein and hand her over to him. He had given them three days. Three days had passed, and yet he hadn't heard anything from them which compelled him to act. Unfortunately, his options were limited. His superior, Admiral Max Wellington, had not sent him any backup and attacking the asteroid B528A, also known as Eden, with a mere single ship, amounted to suicide.

Bjorn Muller needed a success story and the capture of a figurehead of the Martian rebellion was just what he needed to gain a well-deserved promotion, a promotion that would take him off active duty in this interplanetary wasteland and give him a cushy lifestyle back on earth. Bjorn Muller wanted a position on the House Muller board as a military advisor. Bjorn felt resigned to his fate. He had been so close yet so far from getting back permanently to Earth for the last 20 years, but the final breakthrough never seemed to come. He damned his younger self for being so ambitious and excelling at the aptitude tests in his youth. If he had been more like his younger brother in his childhood, his life would be so much better.

Bjorn's brother, Michael was utterly uninterested in his career, but was due to his family ties, still running one of the House Muller's horse racecourses. In Michael's case he was not very interested in managing anything, but instead, he served as a figurehead for the racetrack doing what he liked doing the best, drinking and mingling. Needless to say, Michael would never be taken seriously in the family, but his life was thoroughly enjoyable. His oth-

er brother, Benjamin, ruled on his father's, Joachim Muller, side and this led to a deep jealousy and hatred in the eyes Bjorn. Bjorn's military ambitions, led to him being stuck on a gloomy military spaceship most of the time, with nothing but the darkness of space to look at. He had no family of his own and would probably never have if he couldn't get out of active duty soon. Bjorn was 70 years old, and although he could comfortably live more than double that age without complications due to the 29<sup>th</sup> century DNA regeneration technology, where people lived to be at least 150 years old, Bjorn felt that his life was drawing to the end. Bjorn decided that it was time to act. He went to the hologram generator and tried contacting the Divine Control Centre located on asteroid just above Eden.

Keila woke up with a shocked expression when she saw the very lifelike hologram of Bjorn Muller in her room. She instinctively reached for her gun and gave out a loud shriek when she couldn't find it. Metatron rushed in to find out what the commotion was about.

Metatron:

- Is everything okay, Mistress Keila?

Keila:

- That Terran commander! what is he doing there?

Metatron:

- That is a hologram machine. He is calling us.

Keila calmed down. She felt silly for panicking at a hologram machine. They had hologram machines on Mars as well although the devices they had on her home planet made it obvious that it was a hologram, while the Terran hologram machine accurately replicated the outer layer of a person, making it almost impossible to tell a hologram apart from a real human.

Keila:

- Silly me for jumping at a hologram!

- Is that the commander of the ship that destroyed my ship and killed my friends?

Metatron:

- I don't know, but I would assume so.

Keila:

- Are we able to blow his ship up with the weapons we have on board?

Metatron

- Potentially, but we need to get him in range first.

Keila closed her eyes. Instantaneously a vision came up. It was her mother, and the message was clear. *"Keila, tread carefully, no one needs to die today, this not your destiny."*

Keila:

- No, we should try to avoid violence. You speak to him. Step up on the hologram transmitter and find out what he wants.

Metatron stepped up on the hologram transmitter and started up a communications link with Bjorn Muller.

- This is Metatron from the Terran House of Goldstein, stationed in Eden. State your business, commander.

Bjorn:

- This is Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller from the Terran Council Interplanetary Security Forces.

Metatron:

- Okay, state your business commander.

Bjorn Muller could feel how his anger was growing; the arrogant bastard he was talking to intentionally disdained his rank to provoke him. He managed to control his temper however and to stay on track.

Bjorn:

- My business as REAR ADMIRAL for the Terran Council Interplanetary Security Forces is to bring in the fugitive terrorist, Keila Eisenstein. I have already discussed this with your colleague Michael Bernsmith or as he refers himself, angel Nuriel. I do not have the time or patience to explain myself to you, can you put Nuriel through.

Metatron:

- There is a slight problem with that request Rear Admiral Muller. You see our friend Nuriel is permanently indisposed, so you'll have to discuss the matter with me.

Bjorn:

- Permanently indisposed?

Metatron:

- As a Terran Council officer, I am sure you understand the term and its implications. Now state your business and how we can be of assistance.

Bjorn:

- As discussed with Nuriel, we gave you three days to deliver Keila to us, or we would come looking for her ourselves. The time is up, where is she?

Metatron:

- Well due to Nuriel's unfortunate passing, that message didn't reach me. I guess I can investigate the matter and see if we can assist you. We'll get back to you in a couple of days.

Bjorn:

- You are not listening to me, you insolent twat! You have failed to carry out your part of the deal, and now my men will land on Eden and apprehend Keila ourselves.

Metatron:

- Unfortunately, we would consider that trespassing, and that would force us to eliminate you and all your men.

Bjorn:

- This is unacceptable. You are threatening a Terran Council Rear Admiral!

Metatron:

- Not threatening commander, just stating a fact.

- If the Terran Council wanted to take something with force, they would show up in numbers with a fleet and not a single ship. Stay where you are, commander, I will discuss the matter with my colleagues and get back to you.

- Metatron Out!

As Metatron stepped off the hologram transmitter, he sighed loudly. What a mess they were in. Mistress Keila would never surrender herself to the Terran Council and if they did not cooperate, Bjorn Muller would eventually get enough reinforcements to attack the battle station. He looked at Keila, and she spoke.

Keila:

- Just as I thought, it's me he is after.

Metatron:

- Yes, I assume you are not too keen to surrender yourself?

Keila:

- Torture and a public execution? I think I'll pass.

- But what if we could give him my corpse?

Metatron:

- Your corpse? You want me to kill you and hand over your body?

Keila:

- Not my real corpse. A decoy.

- How long would it take you to make a clone of me in your medical lab?

Metatron:

- A real functional clone with memories and well developed neural patterns? That would take years!

Keila:

- No not a functional clone, just sack of meat and bones looking like me, like the ones we make of animals for eating.

Metatron:

- A couple of days, but they would never fall for it; an autopsy would reveal the fraud.

Keila:

- Don't be too sure about it. I know about this Bjorn Muller guy. He is so vain he would swallow the bait sink and hook with no questions. Just think about it, he can be the hero of the Terran Council, the one killing the infamous terrorist Keila Eisenstein, finally get his promotion and ending up on the council back on Earth. Or he could call in the fleet, and his superior will get all the credit.

Metatron:

- You seem terribly sure about this guy?

Keila:

- Let's just say our paths have crossed in the past.

Metatron:

- Okay. Let's do this.

Metatron stepped up on the hologram sender and contacted Bjorn. As Bjorn answered, Metatron simply stated "*We'll bring her to you in 48 hours*", before ending the transmission, without giving the chance for Bjorn Muller getting another word in.

## 1.7 The "murder" and delivery of Keila Eisenstein

KEILA EXAMINED HER non-functional clone. It was a dark and surreal experience, like watching a real-life wax doll of herself. Of course, the clone was not more alive than the wax doll, and it never would be. The accelerated cloning process used never created a functioning nerve system which excluded the possibility of consciousness in the organism. Keila was fascinated by the clone as she had never seen a human created this way although she was fully aware of the possibility to do it. Accelerated cloning was the primary way of producing meat in the 29<sup>th</sup> century, on all other planets except for Earth. On Mars, there were limited possibilities for grazing large herds of an-

imals, and accelerated cloning was the best way to solve the food shortage. On the downside, the accelerated cloning process left the food foul-tasting, which is why people on Earth still farmed their food with real animals.

Metatron stepped into the room. He glanced at the clone and then looked at Keila. She noticed it and spoke.

Keila:

- Hey Met! Don't be creepy!

Metatron:

- She looked like a spitting image of you!

- Ready for the last step of the plan?

Keila:

- Yes

Metatron:

- Okay, here is your pistol. You do the honours.

Metatron passed a pistol to Keila and turned a switch which sent an electric current to the heart of the clone to simulate a beating heart. Keila aimed her gun then shot the clone multiple times, destroying its brain and spine. This was to mask the fact that the nervous system of the clone had never been functional. Metatron and a few other angels then wheeled the bed where the clone was strapped onto a shuttle and set course for Bjorn Muller's command ship ISS Supreme Earth.

Bjorn met them as they docked. He had many armed men by his side, and he walked up to Metatron's small group and started talking.

Bjorn:

- What is the meaning of this? You are supposed to bring Keila Eisenstein, and I cannot see her.

Metatron:

- Look in the body bag.

Bjorn:

- What have you done? Why did you kill her? And from the damages, it seems she is permanently dead beyond resurrection.

- I told you to bring her, I didn't ask you to kill her! We need her alive for intelligence gathering and a public execution.

Metatron:

- The crazy bitch made a run for it, we had to put her down and make sure she stayed down.

- We promised to bring her, and we did. We upheld our part of the deal.

Bjorn:

- You idiots. I should arrest you!

Metatron:

- That's a terrible idea considering that you are still within firing range of our battle station.

- We have gone out of our way facilitating your request, now I suggest you go home to your masters on Earth.

- Farewell.

Having said this Metatron and his group went back to the shuttle. The Shuttle took off and flew back to the Divine Control Centre. Bjorn commanded one of his officers to bring Keila's corpse back to the science bay while he returned to his private room to reflect.

## 1.8 Bjorn Muller's dilemma

BJORN MULLER WAS LYING in the Jacuzzi bathtub installed in his private quarters. Despite having his body in peak condition, he still felt phantom pains in a previously lost body part that had been replaced. The phantom pains annoyed Bjorn, there was no reason to have them, and yet he was mentally unable to let them go. He was thinking of Keila. He could not decide whether he was relieved that she was finally dead, or angry that he was not the one to send her to The True Maker. He was mad at Metatron whose real name was Jack Silver, and Bjorn vowed to one day get his revenge if there was an opportunity for it. Regardless there was nothing he could do about the religious idiots on Eden at the moment, and there was bigger fish to fry.

He was thinking back on his first meeting with Keila, four years earlier. She had caused him immense pain and suffering, but he had no one to blame but his own stupidity for what happened. She had been barely adult back then, aged 18 and insignificant for the revolution, not one of the poster girls of the Martian revolution she was to become a few years later. She had been on a smuggler vessel that he had intercepted, and she had been one of his prisoners. Bjorn was 66 years at the time and was still an attractive bachelor back on Earth due to his family wealth and DNA regenerated good looks, making him look like he was in his late 30s. But unfortunately, Keila had attracted a strong urge in him that he did not usually feel, the urge to subjugate and dominate an enemy sexually and psychologically. Bjorn had secretly taken her to his private quarters and forced himself on her multiple times. He had kept her there for a long time until he one day got carried away, forgetting that she was not in bed with him by her free will, and made her give him fellatio, not knowing what she would do next. As a surprise, this had ended badly with Keila biting his dick and scrotum, spitting out his severed member on the floor, leaving Bjorn in excruciating and agonising pain, shrieking as loudly as he could, while Keila was heading for an emergency escape pod landing towards Mars. Deeply ashamed over the incident, Bjorn had not told anyone about Keila and her debauchery and following her escape, he had been in agonising shame and pain for several days before he could reach a private reconstruction clinic and get restored with DNA repair technology, without telling anyone how he got injured. Although his body had recovered to peak

condition, he could still feel the phantom pains years later, and the last few days had worsened the pains.

To cover up his shameful act after his last encounter with Keila, Bjorn had cleared all data records of her capture and everything they had managed to gather from her interrogation in the computerised mainframe of the ISS Supreme Earth. He had still stored a copy of everything on a private drive, in case he would need it in the future. In this private drive was a record of her DNA, and the corpse that had been delivered to him was a perfect match. Bjorn Muller made a decision, he would not wait any longer to publicise the news, he would finally get the glory he deserved!

## **1.9 “Notorious terrorist Keila Eisenstein killed by security forces led by Bjorn Muller.”**

*GREAT NEWS FOR ALL the rightful people in the solar system! The notorious terrorist Keila Eisenstein has been eliminated by the brave souls of the Terran Council Interplanetary Security Forces, defending our freedom and safety. Miss Eisenstein, who cowardly escaped when her brethren fell to the superior might of the Terran Council forces during the battle of the asteroid Sylvia, was pursued by the valiant troops of Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller, who fought through hordes of rebel scum before reaching Keila’s ship Miss Freedom, which was obliterated. Unfortunately, the cowardly Keila escaped yet again landing on an independent colony, turning the peaceful population on Eden against the just cause of the Terran Council. Fortunately, the local people were not deceived by her evil debauchery and instead decided to assist Bjorn Muller’s team to eliminate the wanted vile terrorist. Unfortunately, they attacked her with such ferocity and killed her instantly, leaving her dead corpse in such a bad condition that it will be impossible to revive her and trial her for her crimes.*

*Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller comments, “This is a great day for the families of the victims of Keila’s crimes. It’s an even greater day for all the good people of Earth who have seen their lives disrupted by the actions of Keila’s terrorist group. With the rebels out of the way, trade can resume, and the good people have yet again a chance to make an honest and moral living.”*

Terran Council Interplanetary Forces press release 20<sup>th</sup> February 2872

## 1.10 Chief Scientist Markus Bauer gets suspicious

MARKUS BAUER WAS LYING in a hot bath trying to shake off the cold. He hated waking up from cryogenic sleep, but what he hated even more, was to spend months wasting his life doing unqualified and simple diminutive tasks for the army. When Markus Bauer enrolled for the ship, Bjorn Muller had given him a choice that he could be cryogenically sleeping for most of his tenure. It had sounded great as it enabled him to get paid for 5 years, being able to afford a beautiful house when he got back to Earth, while being cryogenically frozen in time and not aging for most of his tenure. The drawback was missing out on what happened with his parents back on Earth and the disconnect that caused. The worst drawback, however, was the cold when waking up after a session of cryogenic sleep, and Markus absolutely loathed waking up.

Eventually, Markus felt warm enough. He put away his tea, got up from the bath, and finally got dressed. He had a look at his briefing. His objective was to confirm the identity and the cause of death of Keila Eisenstein. Apparently, his boss had already publicly stated that Keila had been killed. So, all that was expected of Markus was that he was to fall in line with his boss' expectation and confirmed Keila's death. Markus scoffed at the notion that he would just be his manager's lapdog. He had his professional principles and would do a thorough job at examining the case.

Markus entered the scientific morgue, and he immediately realised that something was amiss. The official explanation to the many bullet holes penetrating the body had been that Keila was running away from her pursuers and they shot her from behind with an excessive number of bullets, to make sure she collapsed and die. Markus immediately dismissed this claim. All the bullets had the same entry angle, and none of the wounds showed any signs of fibre from clothing or body armour. Hence, Markus concluded that Keila must have been shot while lying naked facing down, execution style, by just one individual. But why had they acted this way? They should have known that Keila was more valuable to the Terran Council alive, for propaganda and public execution reasons, rather than being dead. Instead, her brain and nerve system were utterly wrecked by the abundance of bullets penetrating

her body. Had the Edenites wanted to hide something, the possibility was there?

Another thing bothered Markus, how could he know that this, in fact, was the body of Keila and not some random corpse? Mysteriously enough he had a file on the system that supposedly was the DNA of Keila and that DNA was matching the body, but the origin of that file was very mysterious. Usually, a record with the DNA of a suspect would come with reports stating how and when the DNA was collected and a detailed dossier on the suspect. Nothing of that was available, just a date stamp for the DNA file, 25 April 2868.

*"25 April 2868"* Markus thought about the date. He recalled something. That day, an escape pod had mysteriously disconnected from the ship and crashed on Mars, and a prisoner seemed to be missing and was on the run. When he had met with Bjorn to discuss the matter, Bjorn had screamed at him and told him that it was none of his business, and everything was under control. This could not be a coincidence.

Markus was thinking a bit longer. Bjorn was definitely hiding something, but he could not be collaborating with the rebels. After all, Bjorn had ordered the destruction of Keila's ship, thus killing its crew only a week earlier. Markus could not contain himself any longer, and he walked to Bjorn's quarters to confront him to find out the truth.

## **1.11 Markus Bauer confronts Bjorn Muller**

BJORN MULLER WAS UNWINDING and enjoying a sensual massage from a limited AI massage robotic drone. The machine looked and felt like a human female, but due to its limited programming, it was only useful at giving massages. Bjorn Muller was happy this way. Although he could easily afford to bring a female employee from Earth to please his demands, he felt that it was awkward to have one sticking around on a military space vessel. Likewise, a part of him was yearning for a relationship and marriage, and yet again he felt that his military career was a barrier to such pursuits. Midway through the massage, Bjorn received the message that Markus Bauer requested to see him. Although a nuisance, he decided to grant the request, the massage could always wait until after the meeting.

Bjorn got dressed, sat down at his desk and commanded the AI to let Markus in. Markus walked up to him, but before he had time to say anything Bjorn spoke.

Bjorn Muller:

- Welcome, Markus. Are you here to explain yourself in regard to your delay?

Markus Bauer:

- I beg your pardon?

Bjorn Muller:

- I have already identified Keila and broadcasted her death. I woke you up 7 hours ago to officially verify her death. Yet you still have not updated our networks with your verification.

Markus Bauer:

- Unlike some people, I take my professional integrity very seriously. I am here to discuss my findings with you.

Bjorn Muller's gaze blackened, he had not expected this formality to become an issue. "*Go on,*" he said.

Markus Bauer:

- First: "The angels" explanation for what happened does not match reality. I concluded that Keila must have been shot with multiple bullets from the same pistol and the same position while she was lying face down. Furthermore as there is no traces of fibre in her wounds, I have concluded that she was naked when she was shot.

Bjorn Muller:

- Yes, I thought the same thing, but there was no opportunity to confront the Edenites religious fanatics about it when they were threatening us with their heavily armed battle station.

Markus Bauer:

- You let them get away with threatening you?

Bjorn Muller:

- Yes. It would be unsuitable for this single ship to battle an entire battle station, and those religious fanatics lacked self-preservation so they would not stand back from a fight.

- Regardless, Keila is dead, and I have already confirmed her identity. Now I am just waiting for you to do your part so we can finalise our report.

Markus Bauer:

- About that... I don't reckon I can identify Ms Eisenstein with enough accuracy. I need to make a thorough examination to conclude the matter.

Bjorn Muller:

- What is there to examine? We have both visual identification and DNA identification.

Markus Bauer:

- The visual identification is non-conclusive, due to unexplainable wounds of the corpse. Due to the extent of damage to the body, we cannot exclude that they have handed us a non-functional clone of Keila. Finally, I find it unsettling that the DNA profile of Keila did not come with any report on how the sample was gathered.

Bjorn Muller:

- The DNA profile of Keila does come with more files, they are, however, above your clearance level.

Markus Bauer:

- Okay. If you give me access to the extra files, that would facilitate and speed up my work.

Bjorn Muller:

- I do not have time or patience for this bullshit! As Rear Admiral for the Terran Council and captain of this ship, I command you to verify my report and go back to sleep.

Markus Bauer:

- As a Chief scientist for the Terran Council, my primary allegiance lies with the Terran Council Science Commission. I am expecting your full cooperation in enabling me to make an independent review of this case, fail to do so and I will report your uncooperativeness to the Science Commission.

Bjorn Muller:

- I will see what I can do to assist you, Chief Scientist Bauer.  
- Dismissed.

When Markus Bauer had left, Bjorn Muller punched his female massage robot to release his anger. Bjorn could hear a fizz as it broke and the massage robot fell lifeless to the floor. That insolent son of a bitch Markus Bauer! This was Bjorn's ship, and an insignificant scientist should not dare to oppose him. More than anger, however, Bjorn felt fear. He realised that he had made a crucial mistake, and that his fear could be true, that Keila was still alive and had escaped. Worse yet he had deleted her files to cover up his past actions.

Shortly after escaping from captivity, Keila rose to fame after successfully assassinating Hans Muller, who was the chairman of the Terran Council at the time and who had also been the Chairman for House Muller for almost a century. The fact that a Martian rebel assassinated the leader of the Terran Council had inspired the downtrodden masses of the solar system to rebel against the Terran Council. This had increased the popular support for The Martian Humanist Alliance, who were the enemies of the Terran Council, and it was this rebellion that they had been fighting for the last four years.

To summarise, because of Bjorn's failing to contain his sexual desires, the solar system had been drawn into a four-year war. He had indirectly caused this war by keeping Keila as a sex slave, as she after escaping had killed his grandfather Hans Muller. The rebellion had caused heavy fatalities and even worse a halt for commerce, the latter had brought Earth to a financial standstill and threatened Terran Council's dominance and authority. Bjorn knew if his peers found out what he had done, his life would be forfeit. He had to deal with the situation as fast as he could and he decided to stick with his idea that Keila was dead, and that she needed to stay that way!

## 1.12 An explosion in the science bay

MARKUS BAUER WAS EYEING through the classified files about Keila that Bjorn had given him clearance to view. While they contained interesting information about a fascinating character, it was not the files he was after. He was after the reports that should have been written at the same time when Keila's DNA was collected. Markus was looking at the corpse one more time. She looked familiar, and he could vaguely recall seeing her escorted to a cell some years ago. But the problem was the accuracy, he could not recall the date he had seen her, and Markus could not be sure of meeting her, but he did remember whispers about a missing prisoner around the time that Keila's DNA was supposedly collected.

Markus opened a file regarding Keila's family history. He could see why this section was classified as the DNA backtrack analysis revealed that Keila's father was a prominent Terran with the name of Mahmoud Rashid, who was disowned by his wealthy family for running off with a non-approved lower cast woman, who was originally sold as a sex slave to Mahmoud's grandfather,

Ibrahim Rashid. Markus searched for Mahmoud Rashid. He was born the same year as Bjorn Muller and supposedly died many years ago. Was it possible that Mahmoud and Bjorn had been friends and Bjorn had helped his former friend's daughter to escape her imprisonment? This was pure speculation of course, and Markus realised that he would be better off keeping this thought for himself.

He looked at a photo of Keila and the date that her DNA sample was collected. Markus had a flashback, he was sure he had seen Keila passing by him in the corridor escorted by Bjorn Muller on that day. He also recalled an escape pod missing a few months later and a prisoner that was apparently deleted from the prisoner checklist. Considering that Bjorn Muller's grandfather Hans Muller was assassinated by Keila a few weeks later, everything indicated that Keila and Bjorn were conspiring against the leadership of House Muller and against the Terran Council.

Markus realised that this was explosive stuff and posed a severe threat to his life. He needed to find the right people back on Earth and make sure that his transmission was encrypted, so Bjorn would not realise that Markus was dobbing him in. Unfortunately, staff members were not allowed to bring encrypted messaging devices onto the ISS Supreme Earth, except of course for Bjorn Muller himself, who had a private encrypted phone. Stealing Bjorn's phone without him noticing would not be easy, but it was the only way to set things right.

Suddenly Markus saw a display flashing, "*Contamination detected, Science bay to disconnect in 30 seconds*". Panicking, Markus ran to the door, but it was sealed shut. Acting instinctively, he grabbed the memory unit and an oxygen tank and jumped into an airtight safety-capsule. Seconds later there was a small targeted explosion, and the Science Bay was dislodged from the remainder of the ISS Supreme Earth.

### **1.13 Bjorn Muller finishes his fraudulent report and orders a retreat to repair the ship**

BJORN MULLER WAS FINISHING up his report on the incident with the dislodged Science bay. On this occasion, he had been forced to use the keyboard instead of mind-typing which he usually preferred. Mind-typing

was a technology where one could put a hat with electrodes on one's head and use that to write documents using one's thoughts. While mind-typing was faster and more convenient, Bjorn used the keyboard on this occasion as he was worried that his mind would betray him and reveal the truth in the report. It had been a couple of stressful hours after the explosion and one of the crew members, Matt Johnson, was accidentally sucked out in the vacuum of space when they were fixing the damages from the explosion. Bjorn felt sorry for Matt; he had liked the man and felt guilt over his actions that had indirectly caused Matt's death.

After a while, Bjorn tried to shrug off what happened to Matt; after all, casualties were the consequences of the war machine, and Matt had known what he signed up for. Bjorn looked down on the report he had written to the council. Its' summary said:

*"At 03:00 hours, a collision with a meteor caused a computer malfunction, which caused an explosion dislodging the science bay from ISS Supreme Earth. Chief Scientist Markus Bauer died in the blast, and Technical Sergeant Matt Johnson died when performing emergency repairs after the explosion. With the loss of the Science Bay, we lost the following items listed in Appendix 2. Due to the damages to the ship, I ordered the ship to retreat to the closest safety base station immediately without retrieving the lost cargo, as this is a dangerous part of space."*

Bjorn looked down on the report, he told himself that he would be alright and that no one would question the validity of the statement. He got interrupted when Captain Adal Schneider requested to see him. Bjorn acknowledged this request and Adal walked into his office. Bjorn studied his 2<sup>nd</sup> in charge officer, he shared the same idealised North European features as Bjorn, but Adal looked a lot older than Bjorn despite being 20 years younger. This was because Adal was not wealthy enough to afford top quality DNA regeneration technology, so he had to settle for cheaper remedies. He walked up to Bjorn's desk.

Adal Schneider:

- Sir! We have received an emergency beacon from Chief Scientist Markus Bauer.

Bjorn Muller:

- That must be a mistake, there is no way he could have survived the explosion and several hours in space.

Adal Schneider:

- Nonetheless, I request that we go back and retrieve the bodies of Matt Johnson and Markus Bauer for their families' sake.

Bjorn Muller:

- Request denied. The ship has sustained damages, and this area of space is not adequately secured. There might still be rebels or pirates in the vicinity.

Adal Schneider:

- Our thermal scanners indicate that there is not a single ship within a 1-million-kilometre radius from us, and the Science Bay is only 90,000 kilometres away. We can retrieve them without any worries.

Bjorn Muller:

- For all we know, the thermal scanners might be damaged as well. We are proceeding to outpost 5 for service and repairs.

Adal Schneider:

- Please, Rear Admiral Muller, I am the Captain of this ship, in command in your absence, I want to show my men that I care about them.

Bjorn Muller:

- I do not look absent, do I? Do as I say!

- Proceed to outpost 5 immediately.

- Dismissed Captain.

As Adal left the room, Bjorn Muller sighed deeply and leaned back in his chair. What a mess he was in! If only that idiot Markus Bauer could have followed orders instead of causing all of this. Bjorn looked for something suitable to punch, but he couldn't find anything, so he decided to go for sedatives instead and go to sleep.

### **1.14 Keila hears about the explosion and is getting an idea.**

KEILA WAS PRACTISING target shooting on realistic hologram of Bjorn Muller. She was filled with rage and frustration that she hadn't put an end to him when she had the chance. Keila had literally had two different ways of disposing of him in the last few days, and she had stood down on both occasions. She could either have destroyed his ships using the weapon systems on the Divine Control Centre, or she could have mind-controlled one of the angels to shoot him when they delivered her "corpse" to him. She had chosen to stand down and contain her murderous tendencies and instead play the waiting game. Bjorn Muller was a filthy rapist who had violated her, and he would pay for it, but he would pay when it could further her goals. A week ago, she would gladly have given her life to end his, but since she had found Eden and the Divine Dimension, she had gained a new perspective and a hope that the sacred divine technologies, presumably hidden for thousands of years in the Divine Dimension would be the turning point of this centuries-long conflict within mankind. She loaded her pistol with another magazine and unleashed her rage against the Bjorn Muller's hologram. The gun clicked, and Metatron entered the room.

Metatron:

- You are an abysmal shooter, Keila.

Keila:

- No, I am not?

Metatron:

- Yes you are, as only score 75 % mortal hits from 15 meters. I have military capabilities nanotechnology chips implanted that give me perfect shooting at that range.

- Hand me the pistol.

She handed him the pistol. He immediately fired 15 shots, with extreme accuracy and precision.

Metatron:

- That's how you do it, 100 % mortal hits in less than 10 seconds!

Keila:

- Wow, I am amazed. You must have trained a lot!

Metatron:

- Why would I waste time and bullets training? My nanotechnology implant gives me near perfect marksmanship.

- We have a few spares actually; I can implant one in your brain if you want to?

Keila:

- Nah, I promised myself that I would never be a machine, and yet I implanted a God chip in my brain.

- Besides what will you do if your technology malfunctions and you haven't trained, you'd be useless.

Metatron:

- The technology won't fail though, so that's merely a hypothetical scenario.

- Regardless, I didn't come here to discuss the merits of nanotechnology augmentations.

- We have news. Apparently, there was an explosion on the ISS Supreme Earth, and we have received a distress beacon from one of their crew members.

Keila:

- Yes, I anticipated that happening in my vision, a few days ago. As for the beacon, do not respond to it.

Metatron:

- Understood, mistress. Anticipated an explosion? Have you planted a bomb there?

Keila:

- No, not like that. Let's just say Bjorn and I share a less than cordial past. I reckon he would be petrified over the prospect that his scientists would revive and interrogate my corpse, exposing his secret.

Metatron:

- Understood, mistress Keila.

- May I suggest that we speed up our efforts to regain control over Eden, now that your "friends" from the Terran Council have left?

Keila:

- Yes, I will prepare my speech and address the people of Eden later today. Tell the others to prepare to land on Eden.

Metatron:

- Very well! I will do your bidding. See you later.

After Metatron had left, Keila was left thinking. She hadn't given much thought on how to handle the chaos down on Eden. The presence of the Terran Council spaceship and her nemesis Bjorn Muller had kept all her attention. With the Terrans gone, she had time to focus and deal with the struggles of the Edenites. She decided to tell them the truth, that they had been living in a simulation of the Bronze Age governed by a megalomaniac Abraham Goldstein, and that there were other rich villains out there just like Abraham that needed to be stopped. Hopefully, they would follow her. Otherwise, she would give them the freedom to leave.

Another thought struck Keila. If all the Terran forces were untrained and utterly reliant on military nanotechnology to perform in battle, blocking that technology would be the key to winning the war. She did not know how to stop the Terran military forces, but maybe the answer would be in the Divine Dimension? She thought of this, and then plugged herself into the Divine Detector machine, dedicated to finding the answers she needed.

## **1.15 Floating in space: Out of the ashes into the fire**

MARKUS BAUER WAS CHECKING the pressure indicator on the oxygen tank. It was down to 50 PSI, a quarter full. This would give him approximately a few hours before he ran out of oxygen, giving him the options of either dying slowly from suffocation and a lack of oxygen, or dying instantly due to the vacuum of space pulling him out of his safety-capsule, bursting his lungs instantly and freeze-drying his shrivelled body into the space debris of the universe.

To Markus's great anger and despair, he realised that the explosion at the Science Bay was not a mere inadvertent accident. Instead Bjorn Muller had deliberately caused it to happen to silence him permanently. This was evident as his emergency beacon was activated, so they knew that he was still alive, and yet they had opted to abandon him out here, to die in misery. Worst of all was that they would get away with it, as there was no way for him to leave a message or contact anyone.

Markus started to feel very nauseous, and he realised that the air pressure and concentration of carbon dioxide in the container was dangerously high. His only choice was to open the tank slightly to let the excess air out, while having the risk of the freezing cold vacuum of space pulling him out of his safety-capsule. He exhaled completely to avoid bursting his lungs out and opened the door hatch only for a fraction of a second. The stale air was immediately sucked out, just like when one pops a helium-filled air balloon and the freezing coldness of space was let in. Markus quickly closed the hatch in a matter of a fraction of a second and then released enough oxygen from the oxygen tank that he had initially, to be able to breathe normally. Two more hours and then the oxygen would run out, and he would die.

Markus made up his mind. He would die from suffocation by staying within the safety-capsule. That way, if they found him, they would potentially be able to revive him. This was a big if though, as his emergency beacon was emitted by a microchip in his body, powered by bioelectricity. When he died, there would be no signal, and it would be almost impossible to find his lifeless body in the vastness of space. On the other hand, if he chose the quick death of letting the vacuum of space kill him, he would burst all his blood vessels including those in his brain, and he would be permanently dead without any means of revival. Having made up his mind, Markus released the remaining oxygen from the oxygen tank into the capsule he was in, and then went to sleep, with having no expectation of waking up.

Markus did wake up a few hours later; however, although he almost hoped he hadn't, as he was taken prisoner by the notorious space pirate, Mr. Morgan Henry...



## Chapter 2: There can only be one queen!



### 2.1 Alone in the dark.

Adina, the twin sister of Jeshua was wandering around in the dark maintenance tunnels under Eden. She had lost her memory in her psionic blast showdown with Abraham Goldstein a week earlier, and after falling off the cliff down into the tunnels, she had found no way out. She had tried to climb up the ladder that was attached to the wall, but for some reason, the sun itself had tried to kill her with a laser beam. It had narrowly missed and instead hit the ladder's attachment making it melt and drop down to the bottom of the tunnels with her falling as well. It had been a 20-meter fall, but due to the low gravity on Eden, the fall had left her relatively unscathed. With the ladder to the top dislodged, there was no way for Adina to reach the surface from this entrance and regardless, she felt no desire to return there with the sun apparently out to kill her.

Instead, she hid in the darkness feeding of the wild mushrooms that grew there. She was alone in the dark, and she was filled with terror as her angel chip was still connected to her brain and she could again experience the fright and terrors of the people of Eden on the surface, since the death of their god Abraham. Yet her amnesia made her unable to comprehend what was happening.

The fear and horror of being in a total darkness for weeks on end drove Adina insane, and she was sitting in a corner wagging back and forth, mumbling incoherent nonsense, until one day, an event up on the surface triggered the return of her memories: Keila's speech to the people on Eden!

## 2.2 Keila preparing her speech to the Edenites.

KEILA WAS SITTING IN the Divine Dimension being a bit hesitant on how to address the people of Eden. Being the ruler of a pseudo-Bronze Age tribe was nothing she had ever planned for, and her role in the resistance against the Terran Council had been more of a figurehead rather than being the de facto leader of the Resistance. Keila was the ultimate figurehead for the Martian Humanist Alliance, the beautiful young woman who had managed to assassinate Hans Muller, who was the ruthless and oppressive leader of the Terran Council. As such, she had given speeches in the past, but those speeches were always written and scripted by others, so she had never needed to make the decisions.

Keila was looking at herself in the mirror. Her red auburn hair matched nicely with her light green eyes and symmetrical features with a flawless complexion. She had an athletic body and stood at 170 centimetres, almost 30 centimetres taller than the average for a Martian female. All in all, she looked a lot more like a human from Earth rather than a human from Mars, which was ironic since she was the poster girl for the resistance against Earth humans.

At the age of 12, Keila's mother Susanna had revealed to her that Keila's father had been a Terran, an exiled grandson of a Terran House ruler, who had fallen in love and eloped with her, a mere Edenite woman who was sold off as a sex slave to a wealthy Terran leader, Ibrahim Rashid. They were cursed for eternity and were deported from Earth to live on Mars in exile for his forbidden relationship with Susanna. Sadly, he had fallen ill and died before Keila was born. Keila had planned to find out more about him, but there had never been the right time, and her mother had kept her silence. In the end, it did not matter; there were more important things in the world than learning about people who died before she was born.

Keila inspected Eden. It was based on 70-year-old technology, and yet it was still a marvel of technology, far surpassing anything she had seen on Mars. It was also utterly useless to her. It was designed to enable a person living with Bronze Age technology to survive on an asteroid, and while it was impressive, it was a backward technology that was specifically designed to

dumb down the population with no skills of military whatsoever that would make them strong and win in case of a war.

Since the day Keila had crashed on Eden, the entire fabric of Edenite society had collapsed with mass killings and anarchy because of Adina and Jeshua's insurgence. The sole foundation of Eden's religion and ethics was to follow the commands of the omniscient Grand Master Abraham, which was stated in the book of Abrahameon. When the rebellion and mayhem emerged, morality had collapsed, and society fell into a complete dark frenzy. Out of an original population of 8000 people of Edenites, 1500 of them had died because of the turnover of the religious dictatorship system. However, there were still 6500 individuals left desperately in need of leadership, leadership that Keila could provide.

Keila decided to deliver the truth to the Edenites. The truth that they were, living in the future and not living in during the Bronze Age era. Their original forefathers were of Martians who were abducted and then transported by the Terran villain Abraham Goldstein, to live in an artificial world created by him, doing his bidding as a part of his crazy egomaniacal desire for power and worship. She would tell them that they were free to leave, but that she implored them to join her in her fight against her enemies in the Terran Council.

She called Metatron to prepare the landing on Eden.

Keila:

- Metatron, have you prepared for our landing on Eden?

Metatron:

- Yes, the others and I are ready and awaiting your command.

Keila:

- Good, I am coming with you.

Metatron:

- Coming with us?

- Mistress Keila, if you are not transmitting your thoughts from the Divine Dimension, you will not be able to connect to all the Edenites at once. Hence the people of Eden will not accept your Godhood.

Keila:

- I am not coming down as a Goddess. I am coming as a human aspiring to be their leader. Thus, I will present myself as such, a true Martian leader.

- I will tell them the truth. The time of deception and dissimulation has come to an end!

Metatron:

- I see. But what place would the other angels and I have in this new dawn of time? We were deceived too, while all we ever wanted was to serve and do good deeds.

Keila:

- While you all committed terrible atrocities in your misguided aim to serve the will of the dead divine Yahweh and his imposter Abraham, I promise you that there will be opportunities to redeem yourself in the future, should you choose to follow me.

Metatron:

- Thank you, Keila. I will prove myself worthy!

## 2.3 Keila's address to the Edenites

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, at noontime; Keila, Metatron and most of the other angels descended from the Divine Control Centre down to Eden, floating on a platform above Mount Sinai. Keila had initially planned to land on the grounds of Eden to show that she was one of them, but Meta-

tron had talked her out of it. The Edenites were still agitated, and landing in the middle of an upset crowd was very dangerous, both for Keila and for them. Instead, Keila stood on an elevated platform floating above the ground, out of range for the primitive Edenite Bronze Age weapons to attack her, but still close enough for her to be clearly visible to the masses below.

For the special occasion, she was wearing a long white dress to signify her innocence and a golden crown with jewels that glittered under Eden's seven suns. She felt a bit strange wearing the religious and tribal ancient dress, being more accustomed to 29<sup>th</sup> century skin-tight light battle armour that she usually wore in her public appearances. However this was the way her visions had shown that this would take place, and Keila always trusted her foresight.

The masses below waited with anxious anticipation, when Keila deemed the moment to be right, she then started to speak.

Keila:

- Dear people of Eden!

- My name is Keila Eisenstein.

- I have good news and bad news.

- The good news is that the villain Abraham is dead, and his reign of terror has finally ended.

- The bad news is that your entire lives have been based on a pure deceit and untruth.

- Your ancestors were not the selected few that were "*saved*" by Abraham "*when Earth was completely destroyed*". They were abductees from the planet Mars and they were abducted by Abraham, to build his own population.

- Earth is in fact still around and the current year is the year 2872, and not year 62.

- You have been living in an artificial ancient replica of mankind's early history, while Earth is a lot more advanced than you can ever imagine.

This message was as expected, not well received by the Edenites at all. The population mistrusted Keila and did not believe her, screaming profanities and trying to hit her with Edenites arrows and spears, which she, fortunately, was out of range from. Metatron raised his rifle to kill the ones who threw spears at them, but Keila held down his hand to signal him to stop. She spoke again.

Keila:

- People of Eden, I have not come here to force myself on you. I have come here to offer you a hand and new path to follow. I will now show you images of present-day Earth humans to prove that there are humans just like you outside of Eden.

Keila had planned this move in advance. By showing the Edenites holographic images and visual screen displays about life outside of Eden, she would hopefully convince some of them about the validity of her claims. She chose to screen a few television shows from Earth as those would be more enticing to the Edenites rather than channels of televised programs from Mars. Earth was after all like a paradise for Martians and Edenites alike, while Mars to an Edenite would not be that enticing to live in as Martians had terrible lives comparing to Earth humans.

The crowd watched the show. While the crowd could not understand most of it, it was evident to most of them how similar the people of Earth dressed and looked like the Angels that had been guiding them for the last 60 years. One man in the crowd, Elder Gil shouted: *"Is that vision on the rock showing the Angels' home planet?"*

Keila answered:

- No, the paradise you are watching is Earth; it is the rightful home of all humans. If you follow me, one day you might live there yourself.

Elder Gil:

- Tell me, Mistress. What do I need to do be granted that honour?

Keila:

- You'll have to serve me and our common cause with loyalty to the best of your ability.

- Come with me, I must show you something.

Elder Gil walked up and stood on a ledge on Mount Sinai, and Metatron flew down using his Angel suit and picked him up. Keila lifted Elder Gil's arm to show the masses below of his triumph, and she spoke again.

Keila:

- Elder Gil will come with me and verify what I am saying is correct. When he returns you should trust in what he says and together we can start a new golden age for this barren rock that you call home.

- Until then, be peaceful and enjoy this new hope that you have been given.

After finishing her speech Keila, Elder Gil and the Angels entered a small space shuttle that took them back to the Divine Control Centre, up above the asteroid rock of Eden.

## **2.4 Adina regains her memories and her psionic capabilities**

ADINA HEARD KEILA'S and the Angels' speeches witnessing the entire event through a small opening from the dark tunnel down below. In the tunnels she was safe from the menacing "sun" that was set to fire lasers at her and kill her if she was to come out in the open. Seeing Keila's appearance filled Adina with rage. Her head was spinning, and she had to sit down to avoid

collapsing as she was weak and injured. Then her memories all came back to her. Ahe knew who she was, and she remembered her powers.

Adina sat down and tried to focus on her psionic abilities. She managed to connect telepathically to her foster father High Priest Markus and concluded that her adoptive parents were still alive and safe. This was a relief for Adina, but it was not the matter that mattered the most to her. She knew that her real parents were the supreme Archangel Lucifer and an Edenite woman by the name of Sara. Sara had been killed swiftly in the crossfire when Adina was just an infant, as the Archangel Lucifer was trying to protect his twin-newborns Adina and Jeshua from the other angels. Jeshua was secretly taken away and saved by Sara's grandfather, while Adina was then kidnapped by the Angels and given to Abraham, to keep as his protégé in the hands of High Priest Markus. However, Lucifer was captured alive and had received been exposed to a terrible execution. He had been publicly tortured and executed to show the people that no one was allowed to defy Abraham, not even his Archangel.

When Adina turned 10, she had learned that she had an unknown twin brother Jeshua. She had tried to get close to him, but he had been reluctant to get close to her as she was rumoured to be a strange girl and a magical sorceress due to her psionic abilities. Eventually, at the age of 16, she had saved Jeshua from the Angels and convinced him to form an underground rebellion against Abraham, while she at the same time pretended to support Abraham's rule while secretly plotting to overthrow him. The underground resistance had failed miserably with all of Jeshua's followers getting killed and Jeshua losing his mind spending years alone in the darkness underground with only wild mushrooms and water to survive on.

The emergence of Keila had changed everything though. Realising that there were humans outside of Eden had disproved Abraham's lies and deception about Eden being mankind's last home, and chaos and anarchy had followed. During this chaos, Keila and Jeshua had found each other, fallen in love and against all the odds managed to kill two angels, steal their equipment and fly up to the Divine Control Centre to confront Abraham. During this time Abraham had finally realised the threat that Adina posed to his rule and set his orbital satellites to fire lasers at her to kill her. One of the satellites had fired at Adina and narrowly missed, which instead of killing her had

caused her to fall down in one of the tunnel openings causing her to hit her head and lose her memory.

Adina thought about what must have happened since she lost her memory. The emergence of Keila as the new leader of Eden indicated that she must have killed Abraham and taken his place. But what about Adina's brother Jeshua? He was not contactable, and Adina had a feeling that her twin brother had been hurt and died. And what was Keila's future vision for Eden? Adina was the one who was meant to be the Goddess or the leader of Eden. Adina and her brother Jeshua was destined to lead, not Keila, who randomly took over the rebellion and won the war against Abraham. There was only one way to find out. Adina closed her eyes to see all the possible divine technology connections on Eden. As she had expected, she found Keila, as the only individual with a god chip implanted. From what she could see it seemed like Keila was unaware of Adina's presence.

Adina hesitated for a second. She needed to find out about Keila's intention and what happened to Jeshua. But what was the best course of action? If she chose to spy on Keila by trying to read her mind and was detected, she would have put herself at risk of detection which could be dangerous. If she, on the other hand, tried to openly communicate with Keila, she exposed her existence and risked being fed lies. Adina made up her mind. She would try to spy on Keila through the divine technology. After all, this was her only chance to find out the truth. If she chose to communicate with Keila, she would not be able to enter Keila's mind at a later stage, as Keila had a god chip, which was vastly superior to the angel chip that Adina had implanted.

Adina sat down and focused all her mindpower trying to penetrate Keila's mind undetected. To her surprise, she managed to enter Keila's mind undetected, no doubt because Keila was not as accustomed to the divine technology as Abraham had been. Adina was not able to enter Keila's deep state of mind and was only able to see what she is doing at the time. Accessing what Keila was experiencing at the moment was easy, but it had no relevance to Adina. Adina had more pressing matters at hand than finding out what television shows Keila liked watching before going to bed. Adina tried to go through Keila's memories and thoughts methodically. It was a very challenging job as every human's mind categorised their memories in different layers, so it was difficult for an outsider to find what they were looking for. It was ex-

tra difficult for Adina as she needed to keep her own mind and emotions under complete control to avoid detection. Eventually, Adina managed to find Keila's vision for Eden. It disappointed her as Keila apparently saw Eden as a base of operations that she could use in her armed conflict with the Terran Council and nothing more to it. If Keila's plans were to take place, many Edenites would perish in a pointless battle that they had no initial part in and the world that Adina knew and loved would be in jeopardy. She managed to keep her emotional cool though until she saw the memory where Keila seemingly in cold blood, shot and killed Jeshua. Seeing her twin brother murdered in front of her eyes was too much for Adina, and she screamed her lungs out drawing the attention of Keila before severing the mind connection.

## 2.5 Keila is reminded of Adina's existence

KEILA WAS IN BED WATCHING "*The wealthy wives of Warner*" on the big TV screen in her room. It was a vain, materialistic show that reminded Keila of her teenage years before the latest rebellion when there had been relative peace and safety in her life back in Mars. Back then she had limited interest in her mum's revolutionary talk and hatred for the Terran Council. Instead, Keila had been looking at ways to use her half-Terran heritage to her advantage, trying to secure Terran citizenship to get off the red dusty shit-hole Mars, and start a new life on the pristine Earth. Those dreams had come to naught though as Keila, was filled with anger and psychologically scarred after being repeatedly raped and tortured by Bjorn Muller when she was abducted and kidnapped by the monster. Keila had directed her anger into violence by killing the leader of the Terran Council, Hans Muller. Killing the leader of the Terran Council ensured that she would be branded a nefarious criminal for the remainder of her life and realising that the dice had been thrown she embraced her fate and became the figurehead of the revolutionary movement, The Martian Humanist Alliance.

Keila's premonitory visions and visual imagery had also started appearing actively at the time when Bjorn Muller kept her as a sex slave. Before that event, she had had some weaker premonitions that she hadn't thought much about, but from that moment her visionary gift and prudence intensified. Her visions had told her to inure Bjorn Muller and they had guided her to

safety. The visions had also shown her how to infiltrate the Terran Council and get close enough to Hans Muller to assassinate him. The latest four years they had helped her countless times to perform other near impossible feats. But what did frustrate her was that she never managed to understand how she got all her prudential visions and premonitions and what goal she was really serving. Despite having clairvoyance and premonition, she was clueless just like everyone else.

Keila knew that her visions technically speaking, classified her as crazy and severely schizophrenic and that many in the rebellion group whispered about it behind her back. It had been hurtful at first, but she had learned to ignore it. After all, a delusional madwoman would not consistently be right, so she knew her visions were not insanity but something else, something scientifically unexplainable and something out of the ordinary.

Suddenly Keila's visuals started flicking, and she started having random memories pop up in her mind. Eventually, the memory of her killing Jeshua came up out of the blue. Then, a woman similar in age to herself, showed up in the room as a mirage and screamed her lungs out before then disappearing again. Startled by the sight, Keila summoned Metatron, the only one she trusted, to her chamber.

Metatron:

- You called mistress.
- Pardon me for seeing you in limited clothing. You look very beautiful and alluring, nonetheless.

Keila:

- No apology needed, it's all on me. I experienced something so stressful, so I merely forgot to dress appropriately before summoning you.

Metatron:

- I am listening, Keila.

Keila:

- I'll get to it. But first a technical question. Is it possible for someone with a lower-tier chip, and angel chip, to access my memories and show up as hallucinations?

Metatron:

- No, I have never heard of it, and it would defeat the purpose of the divine technology. Then again, the technology is alien in origin, and we still don't fully understand it.

- What happened?

Keila:

- My vision started flickering, and I had random memories popping up in my mind. Then at one memory, an image of a woman screaming came up in the room.

- She looked similar to me, I think we shared the same racial features, but she was less toned, and she was wearing an Edenite priestess gown.

Metatron pressed a switch, and Adina's photo appeared as a hologram in the room.

Metatron:

- Was it this woman?

Keila

- Yes, that is her. Who is she?

Metatron:

- She is Adina. She was Lucifer's daughter. Abraham ordered her to have an angel chip implanted, and she was to be raised by high priest Markus under close supervision from the angels.

Keila:

- Why did he order that?

Metatron:

- I have no idea, to be honest, and trust me on this one; Abraham was not someone you ever questioned.

- Anyways, Adina was rumoured to have special psionic abilities giving her abilities that no other angel or even Abraham had. Abraham did not realise the threat she posed until it was too late for him, something that was very fortunate for you.

Keila:

- Fortunate? What do you mean?

Metatron:

- Do you really think Abaddon chose to kill himself when he had maimed you and Jeshua and was just about to kill you? It must have been Adina's doing.

Keila:

- Now that you are saying it, I did come across this strange woman, Elizabeth, who acted like a remote-controlled zombie, who told me that she was bringing a message from Adina.

- She helped us back then; does that mean she is a friendly and a potential ally?

Metatron:

- Considering that you took the position she is yearning for, and you killed her brother in cold blood, I would say a non-hostile attitude from her is very unlikely.

Keila froze for a moment. She had known Metatron for over a week, and she had never mentioned what she did to Abraham and Jeshua. She had assumed he didn't know what had happened, which was an absurd notion, considering the number of cameras filming everything on the Divine Control Centre spacestation. But why hadn't he mentioned it before? Keila was suddenly filled with remorse over what she did to Jeshua, and she was struggling to hold back her tears.

Keila:

- So, you knew all along, and you haven't mentioned it. I don't know what happened to me when I killed Jeshua. I was just compelled to do it, my visions told me.

Metatron:

- There hasn't been any reason to mention it before. Your reason for killing Abraham was apparent, and your reason for killing Jeshua is merely irrelevant to me.

- Regardless I only mentioned it now to explain the unlikelihood in Adina being of friendly alliance to us.

Keila:

- But if you knew that I killed my former partner, seemingly in cold blood, why did you choose to help me?

Metatron:

- I just went with my feeling!

- After you killed Abraham, I was free from his tyranny. But what would I do? Then I woke up first of everyone after you unleashed

the psionic blast, knocking everyone unconscious. I knew what to do, by elevating you to Godhood, I would also elevate myself and finally be able to redeem myself from obeying Abraham's wicked egotistical ravenousness to carry out his atrocities throughout the years.

Keila:

- You don't worry that I will do the same to you as I did to Jeshua.

Metatron:

- No, I don't.

- I am an old man in a young man's body. If I am meant to die, so be it.

Keila:

- You are not that old? You don't look much older than 30?

Metatron:

- Quadruple that and you are closer to the truth.

Keila looked at Metatron with a puzzled expression. It did not make any sense to her that the man in front of her would be so old. She was aware of DNA regeneration technology being commonly used among Terrans, but even then, Metatron would bear the scars of aging that the technology could not hide. Eventually, she decided to ask him.

Keila:

- How can that be? You don't have the distinct scars of aging that people that old would always have?

Metatron:

- That is because I have spent most of my years in cryogenic sleep to avoid aging as Abraham envisioned Eden to be a project to last for an eternity and he didn't want his Angels to age.

Keila:

- I see. I would prefer to be alone now. Return to your quarters Metatron.

As Metatron walked towards the door, Keila failed to control her emotions any more. Filled with grief and remorse, she let down her barrier, and the feelings overwhelmed her. With tears pouring down from her chin, Keila called out to Metatron: *"Don't go, stay with me, I don't want to be alone"*. The puzzled Metatron turned around, and Keila jumped into his arms. She refused to let go with tears running down her cheeks. They just stood there like that frozen for a long time, before Metatron tucked her into sleep.

## **2.6 Brahma studies Keila's mind and is reminded of an ancient enemy.**

BRAHMA WAS MEDITATING in his meditation chamber 30 kilometres from the Divine Palace where Yahweh had ruptured the portal to Earth thousands of years prior. He was in deep meditation and was at peace, as deep meditation was the only state where his hunger and thirst wasn't tormenting him. Brahma tried to access Keila's mind and found that he struggled to connect to her. He had been struggling to access it for the last few weeks. Although it could be because the insertion of a god chip in Keila's brain had changed her neural pattern, Brahma knew that was not the reason. Most of his Zetan peers had god microchips installed since their prior Godhood on Earth, and he could communicate with them precisely as the God chip and the Zetan innate telepathy worked on completely different wavelengths.

Brahma thought of other reasons why he struggled to connect with Keila. The distance from her could be one reason. He was 30 kilometres away from the heavenly palace, and since distances were compressed in the Divine Dimension, this was the equivalent of being 3 billion kilometres away from

Keila in the regular universe. He shrugged off the idea as implausible. He had connected easily with Keila in the past from this location, and before the destruction of Zetani, the planet of Zetans, his predecessors were able to communicate telepathically with each other light years away. 3 billion kilometres were only 3 light hours and wouldn't be a limiting factor.

He started thinking about Rangda again. It was a bittersweet feeling. Being one of the greatest Zetans, he had many concubines and she had been one of his favourites.

The fact that prominent males had many concubines was one of the great paradoxes of the Zetan civilisation. While Zetans were close to asexual compared to humans and thus had a prolonged reproduction rate, having many beautiful females in his cohort was the best way for a prominent Zetan to show his status to his peers. As the Zetans were governed through a utilitarian mind, facilitated by the Zeto crystals, money and individual ownership were utterly irrelevant to them. Instead, clarity of thoughts and pureness of the genome was their fundamental values, and by binding many women to prominent Zetan men, they increased the odds of improving their genome as species.

Brahma had saved the life of Rangda, after the fateful day, when the Xenos had managed to penetrate the core of Zetan territory and blew up the star that the Zetan's homeworld Zetani was orbiting around. The explosion was so powerful that it created the massive supernova in the centre of the Milky Way obliterating hundreds of star systems and permanently marking the end to the Zetan civilisation. The few Zetans who had survived the blast were the ones that were in the Divine Dimension and the ones on distant, isolated worlds. The ones' stuck in the Divine Dimension were stuck in the timelessness, condemned to immortality continually suffering from hunger and thirst, while the ones on the isolated world degenerated as species, with Zeto crystals no longer around to unite them.

Zeus and Odin had found Rangda alive and well in the Divine Dimension on the same day that their homeworld and most of their civilisation was destroyed by the Xenos. While they had never been able to prove Rangda's betrayal, the circumstantial evidence was strong enough. Rangda had been the commander responsible for protecting the Zetans home star system, and during her watch, a Xeno crew had managed to stay close to the Zetani star

for long enough to manipulate its energies into a complete collapse prompting a colossal supernova explosion. Zeus and Odin had intended to instantly kill Rangda for her crimes, but Brahma, who had strong feelings for Rangda had intervened and requested that she should live and be given a chance to defend herself. The others had no interest in listening to Rangda's defence, but they had decided to let her live forever, tortured continuously in solitude in a specially designed inescapable prison.

Brahma could feel Rangda's presence. But he knew it shouldn't be possible. The prison for Rangda was built of a particular material that would stop her ability to telepathically connect with anyone. And yet he could sense her stronger than he had for thousands of years. What to do? He considered contacting Zeus and the others, but he decided against it. His relationship with the other Zetan leaders had deteriorated, and they would probably be less than motivated to travel the 50,000 kilometres to Rangda's prison to make sure she was still locked up. They would also question his motives for going there.

Brahma made up his mind. He left a note to anyone looking for him stating that he would be gone for a while. Brahma thought for himself how long the trip would take. He would have to walk the entire way since the Zetans were out of fuel for the spaceships they had in The Divine Dimension. Walking 50,000 kilometres would feel like walking for several years, but due to the time divergence between The Divine Dimension and the normal dimension, it would actually only take a couple of months in regular dimension time. Brahma took up a high-powered binocular that had a maximum of 1000x magnification. He faced in the direction of the Rangda's prison and could barely see a minuscule dot, but he knew it was there. As the Divine Dimension was a flat featureless and endless plane he could theoretically see things very far away. In practice, Brahma was limited by his senses and the level of magnification that his equipment could provide.

Brahma took a deep breath in and started walking. He knew that hunger and thirst would torment him during the walk, but he walked steadily forth. He knew what he needed to do.

## 2.7 Adina gives Keila an ultimatum

KEILA WOKE UP IN SHOCK as she fell out of her bed and found herself lying face down on the floor. She felt blood dripping from her nose and worst of it all, she had an excruciating migraine that felt like she had been shot. She cried out to Metatron, but he was no longer there as he had left when she fell asleep. Keila got up on her knees and looked up. There was a very realistic illusion of Adina in the room in front of her.

Without saying anything, Adina launched another psionic blast to strike Keila. But this time, being awake, Keila managed to counter Adina's burst, and both Keila and Adina fell backward to the ground. Keila coughed up some blood and spit it out and Adina, in turn, had blood running down from her eyes. Keila screamed out.

Keila:

- What are you doing, what do you want?!

Adina:

- I came to kill you, for killing my brother and stealing my rightful place.

- As it turns out, you're stronger than I thought, and I cannot use my powers to kill you, without risking my own life.

Keila:

- Is that so?

- Crazy bitch! Feel this!

Keila tried directing a psionic blast onto Adina, but it failed as her mental capabilities were also weakened. Adina studied her for a second and spoke.

- Interesting, it seems you are too weak to smite me as well.

Keila:

- What a shame!
- So, what do we do? Duel at dawn?

Adina:

- I am afraid that is not how we solve problems on Eden.
- My demands are simple.
- You are to remove the god chip and leave Eden under my control. Don't ever think of coming back!

Keila:

- And why would I agree to that?

Adina:

- Because you value your life.
- You are a foreigner here, Eden means nothing to you. Just leave!

Keila:

- I am afraid you are mistaken.
- Eden is my future. Eden is the future of mankind.
- I didn't come here by accident; providence brought me here.
- With technology and resources on this rock, I will free humanity from the tyranny of the Terran Council.

Adina:

- I don't care about any of that; you are a murderer and an imposter. Leave, or I will kill you!

Keila:

- Fuck off, bitch!

After screaming out, Keila lashed a second psionic blast at Adina. To her great surprise, Adina simply vanished from her consciousness, and she could no longer detect Adina being a connected node to the Divine Technology. Metatron ran into the room. He looked at her with a worried expression.

Metatron:

- Mistress Keila! You are injured, what happened?

Keila:

- Just take me to the medical bay immediately, I'll tell you later.

Metatron lifted up Keila in his arms and rushed her to the medical bay for immediate treatment.

## 2.8 Keila wakes up in the medical bay

KEILA WOKE UP THREE days later in the medical bay. Her head was still spinning, and she suffered from severe nausea. Keila looked at a display and noticed that she had been unconscious for three full days. *"Three days,"* she thought *"What really happened to me?"* She remembered her psionic fight with Adina, but it felt so unreal that she couldn't tell if it was real or not. Metatron entered the room.

Metatron:

- Mistress Keila, I am relieved to finally see you awake.

Keila:

- What happened to me?

Metatron:

- We are not sure. The security footage shows you being alone in the room slamming your head against the floor several times in a

seizure-like way. However, the damage and scarring on your brain tissue was unique and did not match injuries associated with blunt trauma.

- Regardless, you are lucky to be alive, without immediate medical attention you would most likely be permanently killed.

Keila reflected over what Metatron had told her. She had indeed been lucky, but could she be so fortunate that Adina had died during their altercation? After all, Adina had disappeared from the grid, and she would not have access to advanced medical science down in the tunnels under Eden. Keila decided to ask Metatron about Adina.

Keila:

- Adina did this to me. She blasted me with psionic energy. Do you know what happened to her?

Metatron:

- Really? Is that so? I don't see how that would be possible, considering she has a lower-tier chip installed than you do.

Keila:

- I am telling you, that is what happened!

Metatron:

- I believe you.

- She has been gone from the grid for the last few days. Maybe she died in your confrontation?

Keila:

- I am not taking any chances. Send down security bots in the tunnels and kill her!

Metatron:

- Hmm, unfortunately, we don't have any security bots to send.

Keila:

- But Eden is vast, and there are lots of robots on the dark side of Eden?

Metatron:

- Well, you must remember Abraham's vision of Eden: to be a replica of the Promised Land during the Bronze Age, security bots didn't fit in on that narrative.

Keila:

- I see. Well, we must make sure to get security bots delivered then. To keep ourselves safe from that crazy bitch, it must be our priority.

Metatron:

- Understood. I'll try to get some bots sourced and delivered off the black market. It won't be quick or cheap though.

Keila:

- Thanks, Metatron. And one more thing, I want you to be by my side at all times, to protect me in case she strikes again.

Metatron:

- Understood Mistress Keila, I will keep you safe.

Keila closed her eyes again and thought on how to proceed. She could clearly not send any Angels or Edenites to confront Adina. If her aptitude with the divine technology were so great so that she almost managed to kill

a higher-tier user such as herself from afar, it would pose no difficulty at all for Adina to eliminate any Angels or humans that Keila sent after her. With security bots it was different. They had no divine technology chips installed, and Keila was convinced that Adina had no other combat skills than those granted to her due to her superior usage of the divine technology.

But what if Adina was dead, and they wasted precious resources buying robots to chase her down? That could be a crucial tactical mistake. Keila shrugged off that notion; her gut feeling told her that Adina was still alive and Keila always followed her intuition.

## 2.9 Adina strikes again

THREE DAYS LATER KEILA was struggling to fall asleep. The incident with Adina was gnawing in the back of her mind, and she was afraid. They had failed to find any trace of Adina in the Divine Technology neural network, and everyone except for Keila assumed that Adina was dead. Keila had turned down Metatron's offer to use an accelerated sleep pod to get her daily need of sleep in less than two hours. Keila liked natural sleep, as that was when she was dreaming and could unleash her imagination. The accelerated sleep pod, on the other hand, was just two blank hours of her life, and it did not appeal to her.

She looked over to Metatron, who was watching over her from the corner of the room. He had been watching over her almost continuously for three days straight, and Keila had never known a man that loyal before. Suddenly she started to feel how she was yearning for him. It was an odd feeling for her as he was not the type she usually found herself attracted to. While Metatron, like all the angels, had a perfect body and great facial features; he wasn't very charismatic, which was the reason he was seldom sent down to Eden during Abraham's reign of terror.

Keila looked away. She tried to control her desire. "This is insanity," she thought to herself. Metatron was almost a century older than her, but due to extended periods in cryogenic sleep and DNA regeneration technology he was physically in his thirties, or roughly a decade older than Keila.

Despite her attempts to use logic to curb her desire for Metatron, Keila's urge for him kept growing through the night, and instead of fear of Adina, it

was her desire for Metatron that kept her awake. Did he feel the same desire for her? It was easy to find out, all she needed to do was to enter his mind via the divine technology and find out. Keila rejected the notion. The last few weeks Metatron had grown to be the closest person to her in the world, filling the void of her late mother. It would be a betrayal to spy on him instead of just communicating and trusting him. She called him over.

Keila:

- Metatron, what do you think about me?

Metatron:

- I think you are a capable individual who will provide excellent guidance to the people we have in our ward and in Eden.

Keila:

- But do you like me, as a person?

Metatron:

- Yes, but my feelings are not what matters. My duty and doing good is.

Keila:

- I like you Metatron, and I find you very attractive.

Metatron:

- Thank you, Keila. Is there anything I can help you with?

Keila hesitated. She had hoped that Metatron would be more excited over the conversation. After all, she was in lingerie in bed, and they were the only two people in the room. But maybe he was just afraid and had repressed his sexuality? After all, he had been living isolated with a group of men for over 60 years. Keila decided to make the leap and not fear the rejection.

Keila:

- Yes, there is. I desire you, make love to me!

Metatron:

- Desire... I have buried that feeling so deep inside me I wouldn't even recognise it anymore.

Keila:

- Well, then it's undoubtedly time to unleash your desire.

Metatron:

- I will if you lead the way. Control my body through the psionic powers of your god chip.

Keila:

- Sure, let's give it a try.

Keila focused her mind on taking control over Metatron's body. It was an extraordinary feeling, as she technically was touched by someone else, and yet it felt like she was touching herself. Keila decided to let her worries go and just embrace the orgasmic feeling. They both got undressed, and Keila felt how her desire peaked when she touched Metatron perfectly sculpted physical body. He entered her and was thrusting rhythmically and gently, perfectly hitting the spot every stroke. Keila came multiple times, and ultimately lost track of time and place.

Meanwhile, Adina was studying Keila through the eyes of Metatron. The plan was working, and in a moment, it would be time for her to strike. Adina was touching the scars where her healthy eyes had used to be. The eyes were still there, but they had been wounded from the psionic blast during her altercation with Keila that had rendered her blind. Adina had been clinically dead after her previous fight with Keila, but somehow, she had seen the light and felt compelled to go back and face Keila. When she had woken up, she

was totally blind, but her already great psionic powers with the divine chip had increased her sight even more. Adina was now so powerful that she could stay hidden from the other users and manipulate their inner thoughts undetected. In fact, she had shaped Keila's thankfulness towards Metatron for saving her life into a deep, irresistible carnal desire towards him. This was because, Adina realised that Metatron was mentally weaker and more accessible to control than Keila was, thus it would be easier way to use him to kill her than it would be to face Keila herself again.

Adina put her plan into motion; she took control of Metatron's body and started strangling Keila with his strong hands.

Keila didn't immediately notice that Metatron was strangling her as she was so aroused. After a few seconds, however, she noticed what he was doing and that she had lost the connection to his mind and his body. She started screaming and punching him to no avail, as the unemotional and remotely controlled angel was just too powerful and resilient to pain to notice her resistance at all. Keila looked into Metatron's eyes, he was completely gone and out of his mind! Keila's vision faded to black, but before she passed out, she could see Adina for a fraction of a second. With great resolve, Keila managed to gather her remaining powers and blast Adina with a psionic blast. Adina was shocked by getting struck, as she thought she was invisible to the other users, and she passed out from the shock. Metatron, being wholly controlled by Adina at the time, also got struck, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

Keila in her weakened state, then managed to activate the alarm and shortly after Samael and a group of angels entered the room. He looked in disgust at Keila and Metatron, both sweaty and naked.

Samael:

- What is going on in here? This is unacceptable.

Keila:

- Just take Metatron to the medical bay immediately! And connect me to The Divine Dimension. You can whine to me later.

Samael looked at Keila and decided to obey. He had strong negative opinions on sex outside of marriage, especially since Metatron had taken vows of celibacy when he became an Angel, but in the grand scheme of things, he was a loyal subject and there to serve.

## **2.10 Keila finds a solution to the Adina problem in the Divine Dimension.**

KEILA WAS BACK IN THE Divine Dimension for the first time in a couple of weeks. She hadn't been there for a while, as the divine detector machine that transported her mind there was using tremendous amounts of power to operate, and Keila had other plans for Eden rather than wasting all the precious fuel on running the divine detector machine. As she had a safe supply line of hydrogen, enabled by automated robotic drone ships farming Jupiter's atmosphere, she was still running the fusion plants that were powering the divine detector machine. Instead of running the the divine detector machine, however, she was running a particle replicator that was creating trace elements which she could then sell for a high price on the black market, as she needed extra money for weapons and equipment.

She was studying the ancient Zetan tomes for a way to deal with Adina, when Samael contacted her.

Samael:

- I have some terrible news about your fuck-buddy Metatron.

Keila:

- Show some respect Samael!

- Metatron is your Archangel, your supervisor, and we had sex because I wanted to.

Samael:

- Apologies mistress Keila, I should have watched my tongue.

- Anyways. It seems there is irreparable damage on Metatron's brain. If we regenerate tissue to get him back alive, he might be permanently damaged. I suggest we let him pass away in peace.

Hearing this made Keila very upset and she blasted Samael with a light psionic shock for even daring to recommend it.

Keila:

- No, you are wrong! As long as there is life, there is hope! I will not let Metatron die!

Samael coughed and brushed off the light blast he had received:

- As you wish Keila, we'll keep him alive. But don't blame me for the consequences.

Keila:

- I can't guarantee you that. Now get back to work and save Metatron.

Keila severed the connection and screamed out in pain. She couldn't lose Metatron, he was the only one she had left in the world after her mum and all her friends in the resistance had fallen. Keila walked around randomly in the Zetan archives room, crying uncontrollably and unable to think clearly, until she suddenly stumbled onto a bookcase, causing herself and some of the books to fall over on her. As she got up on her knees, she glimpsed at one of the open books on the floor and smiled in great relief. The gods had given her the vision to solve her problems once again!

## **2.11 Keila sets up a meeting with Adina**

KEILA WAS SITTING UNDER the Lotus tree in the divine palace courtyard. Her mind had been a complete emotional mess earlier in the day, and it was now in perfect peace, as she knew what she needed to do. She contacted Samael.

Keila:

- Samael, new directions: Turn off Metatron's life support and let him die; then freeze his body cryogenically.

Samael:

- That's the direct opposite to what you ordered before?

Keila:

- I know. Does that bother you Samael?

Samael:

- Not at all Keila; I am glad you listened to my advice.

Keila:

- All good. Dismissed Samael.

Keila leaned back and sensed how Metatron's signal became weaker and weaker until he perished. Keila sighed. It was painful sensing Metatron die, but letting him die now was the best way to save him later. Although Keila felt at peace, she riled herself up for a show. It was time to lure Adina into a trap. She managed to find Adina's signal in the system and contacted her.

Keila:

- Adina, you fucking bitch!

- Metatron is dead because of you!

Adina:

- I know; I sensed it. It hurts to lose someone you love, does it not?

Keila:

- Yes.

- Let's settle this, you and I. Let's meet up and determine once and for all who is worthy of ruling Eden.

Adina:

- And why would I agree to meet you?

Keila:

- Because you want me dead as much as I want you dead. Besides, what else are you going to do, blind and stuck in the tunnels underground?

Adina was considering her options. She was unsure whether grief had driven Keila insane or if she somehow had an ace up her sleeve that Adina couldn't realise. Then again Adina really needed to kill Keila quickly as Keila had the all the trump on hand. Keila had an advanced medical bay and practically unlimited food and resources while Adina had no access to medical treatment and was confined in the tunnels with limited sustenance that was hard to find in her blinded situation. Adina made up her mind. She would meet with Keila in the catacombs. From close proximity, her psionic powers would be stronger, and she would have no trouble blasting Keila out of existence. With Keila dead, it was an easy task to take control of the Angels, have them turn off the orbital lasers targeting her, and elevate her to become the God-queen of Eden.

Adina finally spoke:

- Agreed. Meet me at the tunnel entrance to the southwest of Mount Sinai. Come alone and unarmed. See you in 12 hours.

Keila:

- See you then. Prepare to die, Adina!

## 2.12 The eradication of Adina

TWELVE HOURS LATER, Keila arrived in a shuttle next to the tunnel entrance southwest of Mount Sinai. She was nervous and knew that there was no help to get if things did not play out according to her plan. Before Keila left the divine control centre, she had made sure that all Angels had entered cryogenic sleep to avoid Adina taking control of them and using the space stations weapon system to kill her. She stepped out of the shuttle and tentatively walked towards the tunnels. Keila really hoped that Adina would decide to talk to her face to face, instead of taking the shot as soon as she entered within lethal range of the psionic blasts. She didn't dare to take any chances though and ambled with full focus to avoid being taken by surprise. To Keila's great relief, she spotted Adina a bit from the entrance. She shone a flashlight at her, and it was a pitiful sight.

Adina had taken some severe physical damage from her previous psionic confrontations with Keila, and the lack of medical attention had not helped her. Her entire face was bruised and worse, yet her eyes had been crushed, and they were full of worms and maggots. As Adina's physical senses had weakened, her psionic abilities powered by her divine technology Angel chip had strengthened, and she was a formidable enemy.

Keila:

- We meet at last.

Adina:

- Yes Indeed.

- You have made a deadly mistake coming here.

- I am wounded, and without help, you could have bided your time waiting for me to perish. Instead, you came here within lethal range for my psionic blasts.

Keila:

- Is that so?

- Then I suggest you try to blast me away with your mind!

During the time she said that, Keila quickly used the deactivation code to the divine technology she had seen in the Zetan book the day before. Adina tried to blast her with a psionic blast, but to no avail, as she fell to the ground, mentally exhausted.

Adina:

- Why... Why is it not working?

Keila:

- Because I deactivated the entire system.

- Did you honestly think I was so stupid so that I would come down here for you to blast me away with your mind, when all I needed to do was to wait for you to slowly die?

Adina:

- Did you honestly think your intense emotions and desire for Metatron came from nowhere? I manipulated you and made you fall in love with the tool I used to try to kill you.

- And now your heart is broken because of the death of a man I made you love. How ironic!

Keila:

- You are lying, bitch. Metatron was always special to me.

Adina:

- Special like all your other men, you filthy whore?!

Keila:

- You have pestered me enough crazy woman! Time to die!

Adina who was wounded and not much of a fighter to start with, tried to fight but she was no match for Keila who was a trained fighter.

As Adina was weakened and coughing blood on the ground, Keila spoke:

- Oh, and Metatron's death doesn't bother me at all, you see I found a way to revive and restore him!

After that Keila dragged Adina to the tunnel entrance and then she threw her out in the open where the orbital laser cannons incinerated Adina. As she walked past Adina's charred remains, she felt a great sense of relief. Her nightmare was finally over, but her battle had just begun!

## 2.13 The revival and promotion of Metatron

KEILA WAS HOLDING THE "God chip MKII" she had found the schematics for in the Zetan archives. The chip was even more potent than the one she had implanted, and it could restore destroyed brain tissue. Keila looked at the lifeless body of Metatron in the cryogenic tank. If she was to revive him and implant him with the MKII chip, would he still be loyal to her, or would the reversal of power in their relationship change him? There was no way to know, but all she knew was that she missed him and wanted him back by her side.

What she did know, was that his brain tissue was destroyed beyond repair with the other technology she had on hand so that she could not revive him without granting him more power.

Keila made up her mind, she would revive him. He had saved her life, and she had to do everything in her power to protect him as well. Besides, her intuition told her that he would remain loyal to her, and why question her intuition now, when she never questioned it otherwise? She called in Samael to help her with the procedure. He seemed less than eager to help.

Samael:

- This is not right; in our culture, we have never followed more than one deity. Yahweh was our god for thousands of years, he was succeeded by Abraham, and then you replaced him. Still, the con-

cept of one god remained. Now you are suggesting elevating Metatron to your level, leaving us with two gods?

Keila:

- Okay Samael let's speak frankly

- We both know that the "Divine Technology" is just mind control technology developed by the alien Zetan race to control humanity.

- Yahweh was an alien, an extra-terrestrial being who used their technology to manipulate our ancestors and Abraham was a man who used the same technique to manage you and the people in Eden. Through destiny, I am now in control of the technology, but that doesn't make any of us divine. I now wish to share my power to Metatron, as that is the only way to revive him.

Samael:

- I still can't believe that Yahweh was an imposter. His principles guided our people throughout the millennia and gave us hope and comfort.

Keila:

- And yet you have seen his corpse in the Divine Dimension. You have visited the Zetan archives and learned everything about the great multi-millennia war and how the Zetans used humans to fight the Xenos back before our times.

Samael:

- Yes, I have seen it, but I don't want to believe it. I still want to believe in something higher than myself. Something to look up to.

Keila:

- If it's any comfort to you, I still believe that there is a great maker, a great god that created everything. Just that this True Maker who created the entire universe and all the life in it, is too great to focus its attention on detailed rules for how humans should live their own lives. The great creator of the universe just doesn't need our worship and prayers.

Samael:

- I guess that's a comforting thought.

- But there is one more thing bothering me. Metatron was bound by an oath of celibacy and yet he engaged in coitus with you.

Keila:

- Well, his oath was sworn to Abraham who perished. Once Abraham died, the promise was null and void.

Samael:

- Does that mean that I...?

Keila:

- Yes, you are free to find yourself a suitable partner Samael. I am sure there is plenty of eligible singles for you on Eden.

Samael:

- Thank you, mistress Keila. That's a significant burden that is off my chest.

Keila:

- Yes. Let's focus on reviving Metatron now, shall we?

After saying that, they defrosted Metatron and started a complex surgical procedure of removing his Angel chip and inserting a god MKII chip instead. The actual surgery was performed by a medical bot, but as the bot didn't have any file on how to deal with the Zetan technology, they had to control the bot with their minds through an electrode helmet that they had put on top of their heads. They had both been in the Divine Dimension and studied complex reparative surgery in the Zetan archives but to make sure that they avoided mistakes, they acted as each other's fail-safes. After several exhausting hours, they had finally managed to remove the angel chip and inserted the god MKII chip. They defibrillated Metatron's heart, and he woke up straight away.

Metatron, getting a flashback of how he tried to strangle Keila, was filled with remorse and when he saw Keila's face he broke out in tears.

Metatron:

- Mistress Keila. I am... I am so sorry.

Keila:

- It wasn't your fault. All that matters are that you're back with me now.

Samael left the room. Metatron and Keila then sat silently, but happy and feeling mutual connection in each other's embrace, for ages.



## Chapter 3 Order is restored and the first steps of the revolution



### 3.1 Keila's dilemma

A few weeks later, Keila was sitting in a couch looking at the vastness of space outside, through a sizeable fortified panorama window. When she stared straight ahead, she could see Eden. It seemed vast from her perspective, despite being a relatively small world. Its land surface was mostly brownish yellow with some green and blue patches where there were farms and water reservoirs. Eden's atmosphere looked intensely blue from her perspective. This was because the atmosphere was tightly packed with air. The atmosphere on Eden only stretched a kilometre up to the electrified nanotechnology protective layer that kept the atmosphere in and the cosmic radiation out; and yet the surface air pressure was similar to that on Earth. To achieve this, the air concentration was a lot higher on Eden than on Earth, hence its atmosphere was a lot bluer when viewed from space.

Keila looked on a control panel; she saw that all the systems that kept Eden liveable was working like clockwork and now that peace was restored, the people could live excellent and safe lives and in abundance, down on the surface.

The potential for good living conditions on Eden was the root of Keila's dilemma. She needed to choose between what was good for the people she was governing and what was good for most of the population in the solar system that was oppressed by the tyranny of the Terran Council. She had initially planned to use Eden as her secret base of operations to make covert strikes on Terran Council ships and mining stations. This was still her plan, but after getting to know the people on Eden better, she felt reluctant to go through with this cruel project. The people on Eden had nothing to do with her fight with the Terran Council, and she could not inspire them to fight a battle

that wasn't theirs willingly, without deceiving them. Deceiving them would be easy, but if she chose that path, she would be no better than her enemies who had been using false promises and divide & conquer tactics to dominate the solar system for the past six centuries.

Another issue she was wrestling with was the freedom of her people in Eden. Initially, after defeating Adina, Keila had intended to free all her subjects through surgically removing all their divine technology human microchips from their brains. Metatron had staunchly opposed this idea which had initially upset Keila, but she had come around and realised that he was right. Metatron had argued that the people of Eden were happy with being mere subjects and part of something bigger than themselves. To force everyone out of the community by removing their divine technology microchips was a far bigger crime than controlling people that wanted to be controlled. Keila had admitted that forcing atheism was not more freedom than forcing religion or theism, so she had left the people with the choice to remain connected, or to have their chip removed. A few weeks later no one had opted to get out, most likely due to the fear of the great unknown that was beyond Eden, the only world that they ever knew.

Keila connected to Metatron to see what he was doing. He was counselling some villagers on Eden after the death of their grandfather. Keila was moved when she watched Metatron counsel the villagers. He treated them with a level of compassion and love that she just could not muster. It seemed like Metatron personally cared for all of his subjects and Keila could only imagine how much pain it would have caused him to carry out all the atrocities that Abraham had ordered in the past. Keila disconnected from Metatron. She leaned back in her couch looking forward to seeing him in the Divine Dimension later. The timelessness of that place made their encounters so much more pleasant and blessed. After that, she fell asleep, filled with pleasant dreams for the first time in 4 years.

### **3.2 The prisoner of Morgan Henry is freed**

MARKUS BAUER WOKE UP in his prison cell aboard Morgan Henry's pirate spaceship. For the last month, Markus had felt a puzzled sense of optimistic fear for his situation. When he was first picked up by Morgan's crew,

he had felt a terrifying fear and disappointment that he merely hadn't perished a peaceful death from suffocation in space. Morgan Henry was notorious for mutilating and torturing prisoners for days on end, to please his sadistic tendencies. At least this was what media portrayed, and Markus had no reason to question the media portrayal of Morgan Henry, the evil space pirate. But during the first interrogation, he hadn't been tortured at all. Instead, Morgan Henry had merely extracted the data from the microchips in Markus Bauer's brain and then sent him back to his cell. Markus had questioned the usefulness of this procedure, as most of the data on these chips were heavily encrypted and impossible to read without the decryption keys. Markus was however, smart enough to not question Morgan Henry. After the initial interrogation, Markus had been left in the cell with little contact with his captors, but they had provided him with enough nutrition and hygiene products to avoid disease.

Suddenly Markus Bauer heard a pistol discharged. He recognised the sound that he had heard for a few times in the last month. It was Morgan Henry's own custom-made pistol that used special propellant to accelerate the bullets to ten times the speed of sound, while still being low recoil and easy to carry. The pistol was designed to have enough power to penetrate any armour, even the highly advanced Terran Council's special operations armour. Suddenly, the door opened, and Morgan Henry stood there with blood splattered all over his face.

Morgan Henry:

- Aye Lad, you are coming with me.

Markus Bauer:

- Are you going to kill me?

Morgan Henry:

- Kill you? Why would you say that?

- Ah, you mean the blood on my face? I do all the executions on this vessel. The one who gives the sentence should carry out the killing himself, that's our code.

Markus Bauer:

- That's barbaric!

Morgan Henry:

- Nay, what's barbaric is ordering others to kill for you, while rich folks like you are sitting and sipping space cognac and smoking cigars from the safety of your elegant boardroom back on Earth!

- But enough of that. Aye today is your lucky day. Arrrr! Someone posted your large ransom; a hefty amount for the price of returning you alive! They will meet you close to the dock, and I will bring you there.

They walked together to the docks where they met with Tzi Chen Cheng; the chairman for the Terran Council Science Commission and a high-ranking member of House Cheng. Markus Bauer was baffled to see him under these circumstances, and even more baffled to see him alone without any bodyguards. Morgan Henry made a signal to his men, and he and his fellow pirates left the docks to the two men.

Markus Bauer:

- Tzi Chen! What on Earth are you doing here, on the ship of the most notorious pirate of the solar system, at the fringe of this solar system?

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- We are actually close to Earth, Mr Bauer.

- Mr Henry and his men secretly work for us as an independent party. By having pirates carry out objectives for us, we have plau-

sible deniability when things go wrong. All Terran houses operate the same way.

Markus Bauer:

- But I am not affiliated with House Cheng? I come from House Muller territory, and I work directly for the Terran Council.

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- True, but it would be silly to deny any connection with Morgan Henry when I am on his ship. Besides who would believe your claim, if you made our secretive association public.

- Truth to be told, I came to see the body of Keila Eisenstein, if it even exists.

Markus Bauer:

- It exists! I examined it myself, before the explosion on the Science Bay at ISS Supreme Earth occurred.

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- Very well.

- Let's examine it together. Morgan Henry claims that it is stored in that crate over there.

Both men walked to the crate where Tzi Chen immediately noticed that this was a phony.

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- You fool! Chief Scientist on a Terran Council vessel, and you cannot even immediately identify that this is a forgery!

Markus Bauer:

- What do you mean?

- I had a suspicion that it could be a non-functional clone, but it was hard to determine due to bullets destroying the spine and the brain, rendering it impossible to be analysed in its entirety.

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- It's a lot easier to determine just by studying the bone structure. The bone structure of the corpse matches the body of someone who grew up on Earth. But Keila grew up on Mars. She should have more hollow bones due to the lower gravity on Mars and a different colour pigment on the skin tissue, due to the various elements present in Mars food produce and harvest.

Markus Bauer:

- I am not sure that I follow you?

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- What you have in front of you is a clone, made with Terran equipment emulating a person who lived under the conditions of Earth. Whether it was a functional or non-functional clone remains to be examined, but I can guarantee you that it was definitely not Keila Eisenstein.

Markus Bauer:

- So, what are you going to do? Expose Bjorn's deceit?

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- No, that's your job. I am not going to officially complain about a senior member of another House, based on a corpse I found on a pirate ship. That's not a good look for House Cheng and not a very credible claim.

Markus Bauer:

- So, what am I going to do?

Tzi Chen Cheng:

- You'll figure it out. Now let's leave this ship. There are better places to linger than a pirate ship, regardless if the captain is your top-secret agent or not.

After saying that, they entered Tzi Chen's private shuttle and set the direction to Earth.

### **3.3 Bjorn Muller reacts to the news of Markus Bauer's rescue**

BJORN MULLER WAS LYING in bed, sipping space Cognac on his private quarters of The Terran Council's Armed forces base, on the tiny Martian moon called Phobos. Next to him were two beautiful sleeping female twins, named Greta and Magda, who had always been Bjorn's favourite mistresses/prostitutes. When the conception and birth of Greta and Magda were approved, they had had their genetics DNA specially modified to suit the taste of Bjorn Muller and other important House Muller members. As such, they were designed to have the perfect genetics DNA arrangement for beautiful North European female appearance while also having an elevated sex drive to ensure that they enjoyed the field of work they were expected to participate in. While people on Earth were not technically slaves and were free to choose whatever job they wanted, their preselected genetic abilities and the threat of deportation to Mars made most people comply with and accept the path assigned to them by the ruling class.

Bjorn Muller had always enjoyed Greta and Magda's companies in the past, but all of that had changed when he first came across the magnificently beautiful and mesmerising Keila, four years earlier. Something about her had changed him. His desire to dominate and own her physically, combined with her alluring and wickedly seductive rebellious nature, had led to him taking her as a hostage, repeatedly and shamelessly raping her while also deny-

ing his own immorality. His self-convincing false sense of righteousness combined with a fake pretence and a high ego had resulted in catastrophic events that followed. Since Keila assassinated Bjorn's grandfather, Hans Muller a few weeks after her escape from Bjorn, he had never dared to speak to anyone about his disturbing emotions for her, and it had slowly tearing him apart. To see the corpse of Keila had not helped these feelings, and instead, he had constant nightmares of Keila coming after him from the afterlife, horrors he knew was totally ridiculous and yet he couldn't get rid of them.

Bjorn decided to send the sweet and obliging but boring twins, Greta and Magda back to Earth. He had lost interest in them, and he had been consuming large amounts of sexual enhancement drugs, to copulate with them in the past few days. Having sex with them was significant as it would be rude to his father not to accept his birthday gift, as his father had spent a lot of Terran credits paying for these mistresses, but more importantly Bjorn needed to prove to his other relatives that he was still very virile.

Bjorn decided to ask his father to send a few concubines from House Rashid territory to replace Greta and Magda. The House Rashid's women were of Mediterranean/Middle Eastern looks, and this would remind him more of Keila and could give him more satisfaction, especially in satisfying his desire to dominate. He could imagine that his father would not be particularly happy about the request, but he would grant it. While sex between the different races on Earth was not encouraged within House Muller, it was not taboo like it was to have sex with Martians or other extra-terrestrials.

When he opened the computer, he was met with an email from his superior in the Terran Council Armed Forces, Admiral Max Wellington:

*"Good News Bjorn. As it turns out the chief scientist on your vessel Markus Bauer, was not killed when the science bay dislodged after the explosion. Instead, he survived and was taken hostage by pirates. He has now been freed from the pirates and is en route to our base on Phobos to partake in the debriefing after the incident. Best Regards. Admiral Max Wellington"*

Reading this Bjorn felt an uncontrollable bout of anger and smashed the monitor with his hand so hard, he started bleeding. Greta and Magda looked at him with shock, and he screamed at them.

Bjorn Muller:

- Get out of here and go back to Earth you filthy whores! Or you'll be next!

Knowing better than arguing with Bjorn, they gathered their clothes and quickly left his private quarters.

### **3.4 Keila searching the Zetan archives for Zetan technology**

KEILA WAS GETTING INCREASINGLY restless and unsure on how to start her rebellion against the Terran Council. Technically, she had a few thousand followers comprising of the population of Eden, but the problem was that they were mostly illiterate, and literally living in the past. Furthermore, they had little to no reason to fight the Terran Council and seemed happier to live the way they were, and although Keila and the Angels had started attempts to modernise Edenite culture and improve the technology they were short of, literally every resource needed to create a modern society with modern armed forces.

The problem for Keila was that Eden easily could house and equip over 100,000 individuals from Mars with modern advanced farming and harvesting production techniques, but she could not entice all these people to move to Eden and join her cause without getting the attention from the Terran Council, and the last thing she wanted was their attention.

To defeat her enemy, she needed to create an underground Martian movement, sabotaging the world-wide Earth economy and massive global production of Earth, and somehow get the factions on Earth to start fighting each other, instead of standing united against the rest of the Solar System. Keila knew that there was a lot of mistrust and scepticism between the great Houses of Earth and that they were always fighting each other through proxies. So how would she do this? She realised that the answer might lie in the vast undisclosed information of stored and hidden treasures of interstellar knowledge of the cosmos in the Zetan archives. After all the Zetans had been a very advanced alien species that ruled the galaxy for over 100 millennia, so they would have vastly superior technology.

After a lot of searching, she found what she was looking for, and Keila called Metatron to join her and to understand the astonishing and spectacular Zetan technologies she had discovered. Metatron joined her, and together they took note of the blue-print schematics of the Zetan technologies that could help them win the war against the Terran Council.

The most prominent Zetan technologies were:

***The Zetan Spherical Communication Blocker:*** The creation of a 20,000 cubic kilometre large sphere that blocked all incoming and outgoing interplanetary communications. This would help them to surprise-attack the Terran Council, dominate their fuel-mining colonies and obliterate their military outposts undetected, stopping any incoming and outgoing emergency calls.

***The Zetan Advanced Cloaking Device:*** A highly advanced electromagnetic cloaking device that blocked out 99 % of all the reflected light of a spaceship as well as 95 % of the heat signature, rendering it almost completely invisible to the watchdog of the interplanetary military surveillance. While it was not failsafe if someone was actively looking for them, it would be more than enough to approach the unsuspecting Terran Council's military outposts and mining stations undetected.

***The Zetan Ballistic Energy Absorber:*** A device powered by a high-powered battery that could repel any force of kinetic energy from a ranged distance and any incoming firing projectiles, in a form of 1-metre sphere protecting the wearer, and essentially leaving all firing bullets, shrapnel, metal pieces and other projectiles drop instantly to the ground motionless. The battery was the limiting factor, as the design would limit time and use up all the repelling energy quickly when the wearer stood out in the open receiving heavy fire.

***The Zetan Non-Encrypted Bionic Chip Disruptor:*** A device that emitted a signal that disrupted the function of all non-encrypted bionic microchips within its range. As the Terran Council forces were highly reliant on bionic microchips and implants and didn't care about actual training of military skills, the soldiers would be utterly useless when their microchips were disrupted by the chip disruptor.

***The Zetan External DNA Modifier:*** The technology the Zetan had used when they first came to Earth posing as human gods. The outer layer

DNA modifier was an advanced Zetan serum that changed the superficial outer skin of a person to that of another person of choice. This way a person would look like and smell like the person of choice, but the brain would remain the same as before. This would be very useful for infiltration and deception purposes.

With all these fantastic mind-blowing alien technologies at her disposal, Keila felt an actual glimmer of hope of challenging and taking on the Terran Council. However, she would still need to rely on espionage and subterfuge for the time being as the difference in numbers was just too great to take on the Terran Council at this stage.

The next step was to find a way to reverse engineer and create these extra-terrestrial devices on a large scale. While she could theoretically create all the prototypes with the particle replicator, a future technology equivalent of a 3-D printer, this was a very slow process and way too expensive to produce new equipment on a large scale. What she needed was to turn Eden into a production plant for these extra-terrestrial technologies. But to achieve that she needed both the technological know-how as well as obtaining rare compound elements. Keila was critically low on both at the moment. Keila sighed and sat down. She would just have to sit back for a while and wait for another sign. The visions would tell her what to do, and it would be silly to risk this golden opportunity by rushing it.

### **3.5 Admiral Max Wellington confronts Bjorn Muller**

ADMIRAL MAX WELLINGTON was sitting in his office at the Terran Council base on the moon Phobos. He had just met with Markus Bauer who had seemingly returned from the dead to file damning accusations against Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller. According to Markus Bauer, the corpse of the criminal insurgent Keila Eisenstein was just a decoy in the form of a non-functional clone that she had created to fake her own death. Furthermore, Markus claimed that Bjorn had been aware that the body was a decoy and the explosion in the science bay was Bjorn trying to silence Markus and get rid of the evidence at the same time. This was damning and dangerous accusations

especially since Bjorn's father was the current chairman of the Terran Council.

Admiral Max Wellington sighed. He would have preferred not to be involved in this matter as it was a ticking bomb that could potentially blow up in his face no matter what he chose to do. Accusing the son of the Terran Council leader of treason was a guarantee of punishment and execution if he was proven to be wrong. Choosing to not act on suspicions of treason could also lead to his demise. Hence no matter how he chose to move, his life was in danger.

Max tried to evaluate Markus Bauer's claims. They seemed incredibly far-fetched and unlikely. According to Markus, he had survived for over a day in an airtight capsule with only an oxygen tank and no protective gear whatsoever. Then he had passed out, and when he woke up, he had been a captive of the space pirate Morgan Henry. Eventually a wealthy Terran scientist from the Science Commission, Tzi Chen Cheng had paid ransom for him and he was free to go. This story made little sense to Max. It was highly unlikely that Markus had survived all this time in space on his own and it was more likely that his corpse would have been picked up by a House Cheng spaceship and that they had revived him, and then told him to make false claims against Bjorn Muller as a part of a political power play. After being dead in space for an extended period, Markus had probably been a complete mess when he woke up, and thus he was easy to manipulate.

On the other hand, while Markus' claims against Bjorn could be complete fabrications, Max wasn't ready to completely write them off. This was because he saw Bjorn as a spoiled, incompetent brat that had his high position in the Terran Council Interplanetary Forces solely due to his wealth and his family ties. While Admiral Max Wellington came from a poor family and had started from the bottom and worked himself up through the ranks, Bjorn Muller had merely shown up one day and was appointed as Rear Admiral, without ever proving himself. Bjorn had never led soldiers in front-line battle, Bjorn was very distant from the daily lives of the soldiers he commanded, and he showed very little interest and knowledge in what was and what wasn't practically achievable in actual combat and battle missions. When battle missions didn't go according to plan, Bjorn always passed the blame on someone else, and he got away with it due to his wealthy family ties.

Admiral Max Wellington knew that the Terran Council was aware of Bjorn's incompetence, otherwise they wouldn't have ordered him to stay in command of their Phobos base, instead of Bjorn. While Max was technically in command, he could not really give orders to his subordinates without Bjorn's approval or get Bjorn to do anything as there was no way to reprimand the rich spoilt bastard, which led to a very dysfunctional command management structure on the military base. Max invited Bjorn Muller to his office, and eventually Bjorn showed up, lazy and drunk.

Bjorn Muller:

- Hi Max.

- We should really have these meetings in my office instead. It's a much prettier and bigger room, packed with a nicer couch and a better alcoholic beverage selection as well.

Max bit his lip in bitterness. He feels a surge of jealousy and rage enfolding him. Despite being the commander on the base, his office and private quarters were considerably smaller and standard-looking, and it annoyed him every time Bjorn brought it up.

Max Wellington:

- As I understand it, your office has a better selection of prostitutes as well, I reluctantly had to sign and approve your latest requests this morning...

Max showed him a bunch of brochures and photos with different prostitutes, all posing in their spacesuit bikinis.

Bjorn Muller:

- How delightful, I have been looking forward to these new and fresh-looking ones.

Max Wellington:

- You turning the base into a brothel is however, not the reason you are here today!

- I had some grave accusations coming in about you, from someone you might have heard of.

Bjorn Muller:

- Then, let's be serious.

- What were the accusations?

Max Wellington:

- I met with Markus Bauer the other day, and he had made a lot of claims about you.

Bjorn Muller:

- Markus Bauer?! He must be dead already! Wasn't he killed during the explosion at the science bay a couple of months ago?

Max Wellington:

- Well, apparently not!

- Markus claimed that the explosion in the science bay was not an accident, it was an attempt made by you to silence him and get rid of the corpse of Keila Eisenstein, the Martian rebel, which he said was a decoy used to fake her death.

Bjorn Muller felt sudden fear crippling into his core, and he had to force himself not to crack under pressure. He was sweating profusely. He took a deep breath, and then succeeded to calm his own mind and instead nonchalantly answered:

- So, a man of no importance in my eyes is coming back from the dead to accuse me of treason. How absurd! Does he have any proof of his claims?

Max Wellington:

- Yes, it does sound absurd, and there is no proof to say that this is actually real.

- The question remains though: Is he telling the truth?

Bjorn Muller:

- Of course not! The explosion in the Science bay was a computer malfunction, and I have several witnesses who saw the body of Miss Eisenstein, when it was delivered to the ship.

- Tell me, how does Markus Bauer claim he survived the explosion?

Max Wellington:

- He claims he was taken hostage by the space pirate Morgan Henry, and then freed by a Science commissioner from House Cheng who paid his ransom.

Bjorn Muller:

- Ahh, I see. This is obviously just a political play from House of Cheng, trying to stir up propaganda and lies.

- As a son of the Leader of the Terran Council, I command you to stay out of it!

Max Wellington:

- Okay, Bjorn Muller, I'm only doing this because of your family ties.

Bjorn Muller:

- Thank you for being sensible Max, much appreciated.
- Where is Markus Bauer now, I would very much like to speak to him!

Max Wellington:

- I had him transferred to another placement.
- And as a non-aligned Admiral, I decided to keep his location classified, to avoid confrontation between the two of you. He is a worthy scientist of Terran Council after all.

Bjorn Muller:

- That's ridiculous! I can just call my father Joachim Muller and ask for the location.

Max Wellington:

- Yes, but that means you'll have to tell your father the accusations and why you are looking for Markus.

Bjorn Muller said nothing and stormed out towards the door in anger, and he kicked the door violently before he managed to leave the room. He was interrupted by Max:

- Rear Admiral, I'm sorry but one more thing...

Bjorn turned around and looked at Max:

Max Wellington:

- From all the photos and brochures of the girls that I've shown you, how come your latest "selections" are all the spitting images of Miss Keila Eisenstein?

Max looked at him with a sceptical eye. Bjorn Muller lost his temper and yelled back at his superior:

- That's because I like to fantasise about fucking and dominating my enemies, unlike you, you old impotent eunuch!

He slammed the door and left Max's office.

### **3.6 Bjorn Muller fuming and finding out Markus Bauer's location**

BJORN WAS SEETHING with anger when he came back to his office after meeting with Max Wellington. How dared that pathetic poor bugger reprimanding him for his behaviour and worse yet, refusing to give him the location of Markus Bauer when he asked for it? Bjorn was fuming with revenge but realised that he was better off directing his focus towards finding Markus Bauer than he was plotting revenge against Max Wellington. Finding Markus wouldn't be easy, as his location was classified, and a search would reveal nothing, but Bjorn could still find him in a more laborious way. As a Rear Admiral, he had access to all the security cameras from all the Terran Council installations throughout the Solar System. There were several thousand of them, and Bjorn would have preferred to just let the computer do the auto-search, but Markus Bauer's location was classified, and Bjorn was less than happy to explain to his father why he needed to find Markus' location. Sifting through all the security camera recordings would take months, but if he narrowed the search to only look through the cameras in the science bays of the stations, he was likely to find Markus Bauer's location in a day or two. To Bjorn's great relief he had helpers for this task:

Intisar and Kinnette were the latest female assistants that were sent to take care of Bjorn's needs. His father had remarked on his disappointment, both over the enormous expense to hire these exotic-looking women and also over their racial genetic makeup. Bjorn had answered that no man could be expected to eat the same meal every day and his father had let go of the topic. The two escorts were noticeably surprised when he tasked them with finding

Markus Bauer, but they seemed happy to comply, in fear of his aura of egoistic dominance.

Bjorn studied Intisar and Kinnette from his fancy expensive armchair, made from the leather of a hybrid of rare animals that only existed in the Alpha Centauri star system, which were transported from the colony that House Muller had established there. As they were searching all the cameras looking for Markus Bauer, Bjorn was looking at them from head to toe. Studying them made him incredibly aroused. They were the spitting images of Keila, the girl he used to keep as a sex slave and repeatedly had his fantasies played out to. He thought about playing out his fantasies on them, this time without ending up in excruciating pain from the encounter.

Bjorn spent the next few hours drinking expensive Scotch and snorting the synthetic drug Amorphia, which speeded up his thought patterns and made him highly aroused. His sexual satisfaction peaked 5 hours later, when Intisar notified him that she had found Markus Bauer. Bjorn looked on the screen and confirmed that the man indeed was Markus Bauer. Pleased with Intisar's effort, he kissed her cheek and transferred 20,000 Terran Credits to her "diamond bank", a microchip inserted into the user's neck that was the 29<sup>th</sup> century equivalent of laundering black money as the transaction was untraceable, and discreet.

Having found Markus Bauer's location, Bjorn Muller engaged in a marathon sex session with Intisar and Kinnette before letting them retreat to a sleeping capsule, waiting for their next sexual interaction. After this Bjorn fell asleep drained but feeling utterly fulfilled.

### **3.7 Markus Bauer smells a rat.**

A FEW DAYS LATER AT the research and mining station, Proxima Thule on the asteroid B540, Markus Bauer was getting increasingly paranoid and restless. When he spoke to Admiral Max Wellington about what had happened, the Admiral had seemed genuinely sympathetic and had promised him a secret location where he would not be harmed while investigations of the claims occurred. While he trusted the Admiral, Markus was sure that something was amiss. The days since Markus arrived at Proxima Thule, it seemed that most of the employees on the space station had been granted

leave at the same time. It did not make sense. Proxima Thule required a certain amount of personnel to conduct research safely, but with everyone on vacation and just a minimal crew left to maintain the operations, the research had come to a standstill.

Markus Bauer was worried. He was a sitting duck on Proxima Thule, he had no sense of protection and was very vulnerable to attacks, and if someone wanted to hurt him, there was no way to get out of there, as no space ships were docked there at the moment. And where would he go anyway? If indeed Bjorn Muller wanted him dead, going back to Earth would be suicide. Seeking refuge at Mars seemed like an awful idea, as he was more likely getting robbed and killed by the barbaric Martians than he was securing meaningful employment. Then, he thought of something outrageous. How about joining up with the sole survivor of The Martian Humanist Alliance party, befriending Keila and joining her on Eden? If the body of Keila indeed was a decoy, then that would mean that the rulers of Eden were collaborating with Keila to rebel against the Terran Council.

Markus Bauer held that thought and felt shame. Although his life was at risk, he was not sure he had what it took in him to betray his brethren on Earth. Although the Terran Council was a brutal plutocratic dictatorship, it brought peace to Earth and stability to the Solar System. In Markus' world, the end justified the means and besides it wouldn't make sense to rebel against the organisation he had worked for by his own free will for the last 20 years.

Having tentatively decided to stay loyal to the Terran Council, Markus Bauer logged in on a computer to check his work schedule. What he saw overwhelmed him with a wave of paranoia. Apparently, he was meant to perform maintenance on a set of gravitation turbines on his own at the fringe of the space station. This task was highly risky and thus always performed in groups. He thought, the only reason someone would have him do it by himself, was that there must be a "planned accident" waiting for him down there. Seeing this, Markus Bauer quickly changed his mind and decided to contact the rebels on Eden. He contacted Metatron via a holographic encrypted message on Space Net, hoping to obtain some help.

### **3.8 Keila is frustrated by the slow progress and receives a suspicious signal.**

KEILA WAS SITTING ON the throne in the temple of an Edenite village receiving offerings from the villagers. She was accompanied by several Angels that acted as her bodyguards as a precaution. Keila had deemed it necessary to come down and participate in the day to day life of her Edenite followers. She wanted to utilise an entirely different leadership style than Abraham's, so instead of using commands and threats from afar, she aimed to be a good role model that the people could look up to. Since Keila had slayed the Terran Council leader Hans Muller four years earlier, she had been widely recognised as the poster guerrilla fighter for the Martian resistance, The Martian Humanist Alliance. However, the collapse of The Martian Humanist Alliance happened nonetheless, due to the destruction of the Freedom First base on the Asteroid Sylvia, which led to the sole survivor Keila Eisenstein fleeing and crashing down to Eden while she was escaping from the Terran wrath. She chose Eden as a refuge as her mother had always used to tell her about this world. The Terran Council was ruling supreme again, and with no more resistance, they took vengeance on everyone that they perceived had wronged them.

Keila was used to be a role model for the rebellion party, she was however not used to being worshipped like a god, and she had mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, Keila had been very clear with pointing out that she was not a divine being, on the other side it felt good being revered, genuinely loved and being pampered and spoiled for the first time in her life. In fact, she had eaten so much good food for the last few months that her previously rock-hard solid body had loosened up and started to get round, something unacceptable to her that she would have to address.

Despite having a relaxed and comfortable time as the "goddess" of Eden, Keila was getting increasingly impatient. The modernisation of Eden was moving at a glacial pace, as she lacked both the war personnel and the military resources required to make Eden a strong base of operations in the resistance against the Terran Council.

The city of Pamshal on Mars had been one of the Terran Councils recent targets. As Keila grew up there, the entire city was deemed hostile, and the

military had decided to test a new highly dangerous biological weaponised virus on the Martian settlement. The virus was a synthetic and airborne genetically-modified deadly organisms, making it the ultimate weapon for chemical warfare. Being synthetic, it would not spread between organisms, so it was easy to contain the target to a specific area. The victims would have Ebola-like symptoms and die of a slow and excruciatingly painful death, with blisters and boils emerging from their eyes and bodies. Watching the footage of Pamshal through her holographic television in Eden, Keila recognised several former friends and classmates dying slow and painful deaths. The worst part for Keila was that Pamshal was not the collateral damage of war, but merely a brutal and indiscriminate mass murder conducted by an arrogant, selfish and tyrannical government.

Feeling shocked and helpless, Keila lost focus on the Edenite offerings and suddenly, she had smashed a pot of olive oil in an instance of rage and anger. The crowd became completely silent and looked at her in fright and despair. Keila apologised, but did not know how to handle the situation, so she rushed off into the wilderness with the bewildered Edenites staring at her, not knowing what to do. Eventually, she got out of sight from the crowd, and she calmed herself down, sitting on a rock near a small pond and stared out at the deep blue sky. Metatron contacted her.

Keila:

- Okay Metatron, I know what you are going to say, I am sorry about smashing the pot. I zoned out and had a rush of anger.

Metatron:

- Don't worry about it, Keila.

- When Abraham lost his temper, he used to have people stoned or set aflame. I am sure they don't mind a broken pot.

- I'll let them know that you forgive them.

Keila:

- That I forgive them?
- I was the one who broke their olive oil pot for no reason.

Metatron:

- Abraham never apologised for anything. Apologising would only confuse the people of your hierarchy even more. Let's change things for the better but not too quickly.

Keila:

- Okay, fair call.

Metatron:

- Yes. The reason I called you is something far more critical.
- We received an encrypted message from someone called Markus Bauer. He knows that you are still alive, and he wants to join our faction. He is on the Terran Council research station Proxima Thule on the asteroid B540, only a few days travel away. According to Markus, the station is inadequately defended and full of valuable resources and research data up for grabs.

Keila:

- That sounds like an obvious trap!

Metatron:

- Yes indeed.
- Shall I ignore the transmission?

Keila sat down to think. She didn't trust Markus Bauer completely, as far as she knew he was a prominent scientist of Terran Council. But then Keila thought that if the Terran Council knew that she had faked her own death, they would come with a large fleet to apprehend her on Eden. So why hadn't

they? Eden had strong defences, but not strong enough to deter the army from attacking. The resources, equipment and scientists on Proxima Thule could prove crucial to speed up her efforts to make Eden a base of operations for the resistance. It could be a trap, but it could also be just what she needed.

Keila:

- No. Tell him we are coming within a week.

Metatron:

- Is that really wise, considering the likelihood for it being a trap?

Keila:

- Yes. My instincts tell me that the Terran Council is not behind this. If they had knowledge about our deception, they wouldn't hesitate to destroy Eden from afar with no regards to collateral damage. They wouldn't send a mere scientist to come and plead for our partnership.

- I will take a ship equipped with Zetan technologies and surprise him. You stay here and look after Eden.

Metatron:

- But I want to go with you, to keep you safe.

Keila:

- I would feel safer with you by my side, but we must think about the people. If we both die, there is no-one to maintain Eden and eventually the civilization will break, and they will all die. We cannot both leave Eden until it's a self-sustaining colony,

Metatron:

- You are right, my love.

- May the light guide you and the Maker keep you safe!

### 3.9 The attack on Proxima Thule.

THE OFFICER IN CHARGE of Proxima Thule, Captain Berndt Messerschmitt was looking worried at a screen. He felt that the station he oversaw was threatened. For some unclear reasons, the spoilt, arrogant brat Bjorn Muller had authorised everyone to leave the station, leaving the Proxima Thule station with only 10 per cent staffing. This amounted to only a dozen security officers and around 50 scientists and engineers. Considering the number of valuable resources and technology on the station were being put on hold, Berndt was genuinely concerned that the station would get attacked and looted. Bjorn Muller had dismissed the concerns and said that they had enough automated defences to deal with any enemy before they entered the station.

Suddenly, a display started beeping saying that a ship had docked with the station. Berndt looked out and to his shock, he saw that an old, rusty and burnt-looking House Goldstein transport vessel was docked with the station. House Goldstein! They were no longer part of the Terran Council, and had no business being there. House Goldstein's power had diminished, and they had slowly have lost all their power as their finances were solely targeted on building Eden to satisfy the late Abraham Goldstein's narcissism and ego. How had the ship managed to sneak up on him unnoticed? Fearing the worst, Berndt activated the emergency beacon and tried to contact other stations close by for backup. But the communications were down, all he heard was eerie static.

Berndt grabbed his gun and ordered the other security officers on duty to come with him to the docks. What he saw down there shocked him. Down at the docks was the infamous, supposedly dead, terrorist Keila Eisenstein flanked by a group of soldiers with wings-like space suits. As he approached her she called out:

*"Captain, I require that you immediately surrender this station to me. Do this and you'll live. Do not, and you will die"*

Berndt noticed that Keila and her soldiers were standing out in the open, with no defensive armour. It didn't make sense, but they were easy targets and

killing her would certainly bring him a promotion. “*Fire at will!*” he yelled out to his men, and they all started shooting Keila’s group. To his shock and awe, the bullets just stopped mid-air and they fell to the ground as the bullets came close to Keila and her troops. Keila ran up to Berndt and shot all the other soldiers in their heads with her pistol. She then said, “*You should have surrendered Captain*”. It was the last thing Berndt heard before everything turned black.

### 3.10 The looting of Proxima Thule

KEILA LOOKED AT THE battery indicator on her Zetan Ballistic Energy Absorber, which strapped nicely on her arm. It was down to 1 % only. A few more bullets and she would have been dead, if her battery had ran out and her Zetan technology no longer stopping the bullets from hitting her. She had been careless, but lucky at the same time, and that was apparently the way things were meant to go, but she reminded herself that she needed to be more careful in the future.

She needed to act quickly. The Zetan Spherical Communication Blocker would stop anyone from communicating with the outside, thus deterring anyone still alive from seeking help, but the complete absence of communications would also arouse suspicions. The Terran Council would evidently send people to investigate what had happened. She gathered all the scientists and engineers in one room and sprayed in sleep-inducing gas to put them all to sleep. After that, she and her group of Angels quickly removed any bionic microchip that could give away a person’s location from all of the sleeping scientists, and then inserted Divine Technology “Human” chips in their brains so she could force their loyalty once they woke up, by making all of them her complete devotees.

After placing the unconscious scientists aboard their vessel, they quickly looted all the rare elements and equipment that they could find, and they also downloaded all the data available unto memory units. Finally, they blew up a small EMP grenade inside the mainframe of Proxima Thule. This would delete all the security footage of the attack and turn off the air pumps on the station, suffocating any survivor that might be in hiding. After doing all of

this, they returned to their transport ship, activated the cloaking device and travelled back to Eden.

### 3.11 Reconnaissance report to the Terran Council

WEDNESDAY 17<sup>th</sup> October 2872:

*We arrived at Proxima Thule today three days after communications with the space station abruptly ended. What we found indicates an organised attack by an unknown assailant. We found all the members of the station's security team shot in the heads with a pistol from a close distance. Initial findings indicate that they are all permanently dead, but we will freeze their bodies and bring them back to Earth for a more thorough examination. The attack must have come as a surprise for the security team as they were all just wearing standard issue jumpsuits and not any combat armour. Despite the security team being shot point-blank execution style, there are still indications of them firing their weapons at the assailants. The corridor is littered with empty shells next to their bodies and their hands are filled with traces of gunpowder. Strangely we found a lot of undamaged bullets lying around between the corridor and the docks of the station. We do not know how these bullets ended up there with undamaged tips, as it defies the laws of physics. We have attached pictures of the scene.*

*As for the scientists and engineers on the vessel, we have not found any trace of them and we must assume that they were taken as hostages by the assailants.*

*I recommend that you send a specialist forensic team to investigate the occurrence. We will establish a perimeter and secure the area for a more thorough investigation.*

*Captain Michael Meyer*

*5<sup>th</sup> reconnaissance squadron*

### 3.12 Markus Bauer meeting up with Keila.

MARKUS BAUER WAS SITTING in a holding facility on the dark side of Eden with his fellow scientist abductees from Proxima Thule. He was dearly regretting what he had done and felt a deep shame for indirectly causing the death of the security staff due to Keila Eisenstein's violent raid. What was he thinking? Alerting the enemy about a weakly-defended research base

could only lead to one thing, bloodshed. While the loss of life was regrettable, Markus Bauer's biggest concern was his own wellbeing and he sincerely worried about it. He had hoped to be introduced to Keila in high regard when they attacked Proxima Thule. Instead, she and her cronies had grouped him together with the rest of the science staff and put him to sleep with gas. He had then woken up in this holding facility with no idea where he was or what day it was. Suddenly he felt someone's presence, and Keila appeared out of nowhere in the centre of the room. Was he losing his mind? Markus Bauer concluded he wasn't as the rest of the room also were staring at the woman in the middle of the room.

Keila:

- Greetings, dear Scientists from Proxima Thule. You are my prisoners of war and will be treated as such. While you were asleep, you were implanted with Divine Technology human chips, experimental technology that only I have access to. This technology allows me to see your every thought as well communicating to you, like I am now.

- I am going to give you a choice. Either you can defect and join my faction and thus eventually win your freedom, or you can stay loyal to the Terran Council and remain here as prisoners. Choose carefully, because if you join me and betray me, I will know about it and you'll die a terrible death.

Markus Bauer decided to answer to Keila's message. Not knowing how the implanted chip worked, he opted to scream out his words instead of just relaying it telepathically.

Markus Bauer:

- I am Markus Bauer, and I am the one who informed you about the weak defences on Proxima Thule. I pledge myself to your cause, and I require of you that you treat the prominent scientists you see in this room reasonably.

Hearing about Markus Bauer's betrayal was too much for some of the other prisoners, and it prompted them to attack him. Keila had to intervene and sent psionic blast against some of the attackers to keep him safe.

Keila:

- Prisoners! I wish to speak to this prisoner in private. Do not try to harm him or you'll pay the ultimate price. Markus, go through the door I just opened, the rest of you stay where you are.

After that Markus Bauer walked through a remotely opened blast door to enter a waiting area. As he came in the door closed behind him. He was anxiously waiting there for what felt like forever until finally one of the Angels came to escort him to a shuttle. The shuttle flew to the divine control centre floating over the bright side of Eden. The Angel escorted him to the meeting room where Keila was sitting in an armchair overlooking Eden through a large panorama window. The Angel left, and Markus Bauer was left alone with Keila in the room. She turned the chair around and looked at him.

Keila:

- So, Markus, why are you here?

Markus:

- Because I am your prisoner and you summoned me.

Keila:

- While technically correct, that doesn't answer my real question. How did you know I was still alive and why did you want to join me?

Markus:

- I knew you were alive because I was the one who carried out the autopsy of your "corpse", and the reason I am joining you is that Bjorn Muller tried to kill me to cover up the fact that you weren't dead.

Keila:

- Fair enough. Did you ever wonder why Bjorn Muller was so afraid of the truth coming out?

Markus:

- I suppose it would be embarrassing to admit that you are still alive after announcing your death by his hand to everyone.

Keila:

- No. That's not it. I will tell you the truth.

- When I was 18 years old, I was taken prisoner by Bjorn Muller. He never took down my details as he wanted me as his own unregistered sex slave to abuse as he wanted. I escaped and mutilated him in the process.

- Shortly after that I infiltrated the Terran Council Headquarters and assassinated Bjorn's grandfather Hans Muller, who was the chairman of the Terran Council at the time, and that's how the latest rebellion started.

- Because of Bjorn's incompetence and sexual depravity, his grandfather died, and House Muller got weaker.

- Bjorn is terrified that my corpse somehow would reach the Terran Council, they would find a way to revive me, and the world would know about his failure.

- That's why he never questioned it when my men delivered him a non-functional clone that was damaged beyond revival, because he never intended for me to be revived and interrogated in the first place.

Markus:

- So, all of this is because Bjorn Muller raped you?

Keila:

- No. All of this is because I want justice and freedom for my fellow Martians. If my only goal was to kill Bjorn, I would have blown up his ships with Eden's weapon systems when I had the chance. That would have exposed me and destroyed my only opportunity to reignite the insurrection against the Terran Council.

Markus:

- Reignite the Rebellion? Are you kidding me? We managed to wipe out the entire leadership for the rebellion and kill tens of thousands when we destroyed the rebel base on the asteroid Sylvia. What you have here on Eden is nothing compared to what you had on asteroid Sylvia, and you were no match back then, so what's different this time?

Keila:

- While what you are claiming is factually correct, I have something you lack: faith.

- And do not refer to the Terran Council as "we", you are working for us now.

Markus:

- Understood. What do you want me to do?

Keila:

- I have acquired highly advanced alien technology. I need you to assemble a group of scientists obliging to our cause, and reverse engineer this technology so we can mass-produce it here on Eden.

Markus:

- Interesting. I will get on it at once.

Keila:

- Good. Build a good team, Metatron will show you to your site on Eden.

- Dismissed.

As Markus Bauer left the meeting room, he was filled with disbelief. What on Earth had he got himself into and what was this talk about alien technology? For over 800 years of space, exploration humanity had never come across any advanced alien civilisations, and the probability that Keila against all the odds had managed to access technology that the rest of mankind hadn't was minuscule and unbelievable. Then again, she had seemed very sure of herself and whatever mind control probe she had inserted into his, and the other scientist's brains indeed appeared to be new technology to him. Markus Bauer decided to keep an open mind as he set up a list of scientists who were likely to be obliging and willing to become Keila's followers.

### **3.13 Joachim Muller summons Bjorn Muller back to Earth.**

BJORN MULLER EXITED his shuttle at the landing site in Hansstadt in the European Alps. Hansstadt was the city where House Muller had built their headquarters, Europeum Tower, the highest building in the world. Although the tower was not as magnificent as when it was constructed a century prior, it was still a marvel of technology displaying the wealth and power of House Muller, the mightiest house on Earth as well as the House holding the chairmanship of the Terran Council.

Bjorn Muller was happy to be home and finally be able to live a life of comfort and luxury yet again. It had been over a year since the last time he visited his home city, and although he had taken every step possible to ensure that his position in the space forces was a comfortable one, there was only so

much one could do to make a military ship comfortable. Although he had been offered a ride from the landing site to Europeum Tower, Bjorn Muller had opted to walk. He wanted to inhale the fresh air and experience all the flowers and smells he could not experience out in space.

Although Bjorn's head was energised, his body was not. Even though both his command ship ISS Supreme Earth and the Terran Council military headquarters on Phobos had artificial gravity, this gravity was just not enough to simulate the gravity on Earth and as such Bjorn became very weak and unfit once he had to move on Earth with full gravity. Finally, after 2 hours of walking, Bjorn reached Europeum towers and entered the lift to his father's penthouse level. The elevator scanned his DNA and gave him access to his father's penthouse. As it was 3000 meters up, he would spend a couple of minutes in the elevator, so he had a rest on the bench inside the lift.

He looked at himself in the mirror, and much to his dismay his Rear Admiral uniform was drenched in sweat from the exerting walk from the landing site. As Bjorn was now used to working in conditions with 20 % gravity, the 100 % gravity on Earth felt very heavy for him.

Bjorn Muller wondered why his father had summoned him and concluded that his father would finally have come to his senses and called him back to Earth to work more closely with him. Maybe his father had even organised a suitable bride for him? Bjorn Muller decided to agree to any bride this time, he was sick of space and if he had to spend his days with some stupid swamp monkey to please his father, so be it; he could always have fun on the side.

The lift finally reached its destination, and he exited the elevator and walked to his father's dining room. Much to Bjorn's dismay, his father was the only one at the dinner table, which in turn only was set for three persons. Apparently, his father had not organised a welcome back gathering to meet with him. Joachim Muller looked at Bjorn, seemingly not happy to see him:

Joachim Muller:

- I haven't seen you in over a year, and here you are, a slob bringing disgrace to your uniform yet again!

Bjorn Muller:

- Nice to see you too dad...

Joachim Muller:

- The pleasure is all yours...

Bjorn Muller lost his patience. His relationship with his father had been strained for many years, but he could not accept being treated like dirt after coming all this way to see him.

Bjorn Muller:

- Fucking hell dad, I came all the way from Phobos to see you, and you treat me like this! Why did you summon me.

Joachim Muller:

- Sit down!!

Bjorn Muller tentatively sat down, before Joachim continued.

Joachim Muller:

- Our medical team managed to temporarily revive Captain Berndt Messerschmitt before he succumbed to his injuries...

Bjorn Muller:

- Berndt Messerschmitt, who is that?

Joachim Muller stood up and slapped his son before sitting down again.

Joachim Muller:

- You fucking degenerate. Stop obsessing with your hookers and drugs, and you would know.

- Captain Berndt Messerschmitt oversaw Proxima Thule, our science and mining station that was hit by unknown assailants a month ago.

Bjorn Muller bit his lip and said nothing. He was angry at his dad for slapping him, but even more irritated at himself for his embarrassing mistake. Bjorn had plenty of implants to help his memory and reasoning skills, and yet too often his stupidity managed to take over. Eventually, he decided to get back on track with the topic.

Bjorn Muller:

- Okay.

- Did he say anything worthwhile during his short return to life?

Joachim Muller:

- Indeed, he did. He claimed that Keila Eisenstein and a group of men with peculiar armour that looked like Terran special forces arrived out of nowhere with mind-blowing technology that stopped bullets mid-air, attacked the base, killing him and the other defenders.

Bjorn Muller:

- That's absurd. His brain was obviously beyond repair, and that's why he died shortly after.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes. But that doesn't take away the incriminating fact that days before the attack, you sent 90 % of the staff on leave.

Bjorn Muller:

- Yes, but that's purely coincidental. The rebellion forced me to keep bases fully staffed for years on end; I just saw the opportunity to sort out all the leaves at once, especially since no vital research takes place there anyway.

- Besides Captain Messerschmitt should have done his job instead of being taken by surprise, after all, how easy is it to sneak into an asteroid base undetected? It is unheard of!

Joachim Muller:

- Blaming the dead won't teach us anything worthwhile.

- I don't like your connection with this Keila woman. I don't like it one bit!

Bjorn Muller:

- Connection?

- You mean risking my life chasing her down and having her killed, while you sit in your cushy boardroom? You're welcome!

Joachim was thinking of hitting Bjorn again, but he controlled himself. Instead, he spoke in a cold and distant voice barely hiding his contempt.

Joachim Muller:

- No. I am talking about the fact that you asked me to send you whores looking exactly like her at a great expense.

- I am talking about the fact that you somehow managed to lose her corpse in space and instead of retrieving it, so we could confirm it, ran back to Phobos with your tail behind the back.

- I am talking about the rumours that you were seen with her on ISS Supreme Earth, just weeks before she against all the odds managed to gain access to our headquarters killing your grandfather Hans Muller.

Bjorn sat silent. He didn't know how to defend himself, and his father's fierce attack made him feel both heartbroken and afraid. Bjorn cried silently,

his ego had been penetrated with deep shame and sense of guilt, for indirectly causing the death of his grandfather. Joachim continued his tirade.

Joachim Muller:

- If you weren't my son, I would put you on trial or have you assassinated by now. Unfortunately, you are my son, so I cannot utilise those options. This leaves me with a third option.

- As Admiral Max Wellington cannot keep you in line, I am putting you under the direct command of Alicia White.

Bjorn was flabbergasted and couldn't believe what he was hearing. Working under the freak Alicia White?! His father was surely joking, after all, he knew about his father's morbid sense of humour.

Bjorn Muller:

- I sincerely hope you are joking.

Joachim Muller:

- I certainly am not.

Bjorn Muller:

- But she is a freak?! A failed genetic mutation experiment, a by-product of DNA modification error?!

Joachim Muller:

- I suggest you share your emotions with her personally. She is joining us for dinner.

Alicia White was the daughter of House White CEO's John White. She was his favourite child, but to everyone else, she was a freak; a fearsome reminder of the dangers of excessive genetic modification of embryos. John White had always wanted a warrior-princess type of human as his successor, and when the genetic modification of Alicia's embryo took place, he thought

a bit too far outside of the box. By mixing in the human embryo with DNA from other predator species, Alicia was born extremely fearless and highly dangerous, with predatory super senses, but completely lacking human empathy and any regard for social standards. She had the sense of smell of a wolf, the night vision and sharp retractable claws of a tiger, the courage and temper of a bull and the utter explosiveness of an ambushing crocodile. Unfortunately, her explosive feats came with a drawback, as she was deformed with fangs hanging outside of her lips, the tongue of a serpent, glowing yellow eyes, and a tiny tail that formed a round lump at the end of her back. She also had the unfortunate tendency to scratch people with her claws and lick them in the face.

As Alicia due to her condition could not be publicly seen on the board of House White, her father reluctantly had to hide her away in the Black Operations department of House White. Fortunately, she was happy to work there as it provided her with the opportunity to participate in her favourite activities: torturing and killing other humans in the most brutal sadistic way possible. When Joachim Muller during a private meeting with John White complained about his problems with putting Bjorn in place, John had suggested that Bjorn temporarily was assigned to serve under Alicia, as her genuine fearsomeness had put others in place throughout the years. Together they had decided to allocate Alicia's group to find and deal with the people that attacked Proxima Thule a month prior.

Alicia White entered the Dining Room. Bjorn and Hans stood up to greet her. Without a word, she walked up to Bjorn Muller, grabbed him roughly by the balls and licked him in the face. "*Bjorn Muller: we meet again*", she licked her lips and slowly hissed. Bjorn Muller was stunned by shock and pain, and his father felt compelled to act.

Joachim Muller:

- That's enough Alicia! Let him go.

Alicia White:

- As you wish, Master Muller.

Alicia let go of Bjorn, who took a deep breath of relief. After that, she walked up to Joachim Muller, shook his hand and bowed to him, before taking her place at the table. The butler came in and served the meal. Bjorn looked in disgust at Alicia, as her meal was a kilo of raw meat and nothing else. She declined the offered wine and instead drank a glass filled with animals' blood. Bjorn Muller felt compelled to comment on her choice of drink.

Bjorn Muller:

- Alicia, you know that House Muller is famous for making the best wine in the world, and we are also known for making the best wine glasses in the world. Glasses that are not meant for the filth you are drinking.

Alicia hissed back at him:

- Alcohol is a deadly poison; animal blood is good for you!

She drank the glass of animal blood with pure pleasures, and then licked her lips, while looking at Bjorn with satisfaction. Joachim Muller added in:

- Due to Alicia's unique genetics and abilities, her liver cannot break down alcohol. Thus her refusal to drink our most excellent vintage wines should not be seen as rude.

Bjorn Muller:

- So, a drink is all it takes for her to go down? Good to know!

Joachim Muller:

- Anyways the reason that the two of you are here is that John and I have decided to put Bjorn under your command Alicia. You are to use unofficial channels and unsanctioned methods to find the assailants of Proxima Thule and to determine whether the rumour about Keila Eisenstein being alive is true or not.

Alicia White:

- With pleasure sir.

- I have long waited to mix business and pleasure with your son.

Bjorn Muller:

- Never going to happen, freak!

Alicia White:

- We shall see.

- Now I must take my leave.

- I'll see you tomorrow sexy boy...

She purred and winked with a wicked and predatory look in her eyes. After Alicia had left, Bjorn stared at his father with pure terror in his eyes, close to tears:

Bjorn Muller:

- You cannot possibly send me on a mission with that evil hideous monster??

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, I can, and I will.

- Your whoring and substance abuse have annoyed me for decades, but the breaking point is your failure with this Keila woman. If she was to resurface alive and well after we declared her dead, we will lose face, and everyone will laugh at us. This is your mess, and you'll have to sort it out.

Bjorn Muller:

- But the woman is a monster. She infected the city Pamshal with a deadly synthetic virus killing tens of thousands.

Joachim Muller shrugged his shoulders:

- Casualties are the fuel of war.

Bjorn Muller:

- But this was after the rebels were destroyed and the war had ended.

Joachim Muller:

- Oh really. I better discuss this with John White personally. One faction cannot unilaterally destroy Martian cities without first consulting the Council.

- Anyway, this changes nothing for you, Bjorn. You better fix your mess and redeem yourself or not come back at all.

- Those were the options my father gave me back in 2785, and I did redeem myself in the end.

Bjorn Muller was looking for words, but he came up with nothing. His father was right; except for his family name he had achieved nothing. Instead, he was stuck in deep trouble if Keila indeed had tricked him and faked her death. He would be ridiculed throughout the solar system after his triumphant display of her body a few months prior, and he would be forever barred from holding a position of real power. Dealing with the Proxima Thule situation and secretly finding out the truth about Keila's death was the way to go, and it was his own responsibility to do so.

Bjorn Muller was vehemently against his father's decision in one regard though. He should have overseen the operation leading House Muller operatives, instead of being a subordinate of the vicious half-beast half-human Alicia White.

### 3.14 Alicia White requests an audience with Metatron.

BJORN MULLER WAS TRYING to catch some sleep in his room on Alicia White's small and unregistered black operations shuttle "SS Shady Business". He had been on the shuttle for a couple of weeks, and he hated every minute of it. His room was basic and cramped, and a lot of it seemed to be used for storage. The food was basic and not even close to the standard he was used to. But the worst part was that the shuttle he was on was so small so that it lacked artificial gravitation, meaning he had to sleep strapped to a bed, vastly different from the comfort he was used to.

Bjorn's former command ship ISS Supreme Earth was a large ship, about 100 meters long and 60 meters wide and 60 meters high. Being of that size, it had double hulls. The outer shell had the thrusters that propelled the craft forward as well as armaments. The inner hull contained the living quarters and the command centre of the ship. The inner hull continually accelerated around its own axle to create gravity while being attached to the outer shell that propelled the craft forward. While the gravity on board a large vessel was still a lot weaker than on earth, it was still enough to be able to walk around, eat, drink, and sleep regularly.

Even more than luxury and comfort of his command ship Bjorn was missing the feeling of power associated with being in command. While Bjorn was technically second in command for the mission, Both Alicia and her staff completely disrespected and ridiculed him, knowing very well that he had no real power on this vessel. Bjorn was interrupted in his train of thought when Alicia knocked on his door.

Alicia White:

- Rise and shine pretty boy.

Bjorn Muller:

- I am awake, you freak!

Alicia White:

- Good. We are at the B528B asteroid. Time to sniff out your girlfriend, Keila.

Bjorn Muller:

- I highly doubt they are going to give us free access to search their secretive base. Besides we have no official business being here.

Alicia White:

- You'll find that I can be very persuasive.

They docked with B528B and Metatron with a group of angels met them at the docking station. Without a word, Alicia White walked up to Metatron, grabbed him by the balls and hissed in his ear.

Alicia White:

- Where is Keila?!

- I can smell her on you!

The other angels lifted their weapons and so did Alicia's entourage ending with an armed standoff. Alicia let go of Metatron, and after gasping for air, he finally spoke up.

Metatron:

- She is dead; we delivered her body to your friend over there, Bjorn Muller.

Alicia White:

- Liar!

- I can smell her on you. She is definitely here. I require access to search the station.

Meanwhile, Keila saw what was happening through the divine technology chips installed in the angels. She realised that fighting the Terrans was

the last option she should consider and instead made her way to an emergency pod that would take her down to the surface of Eden. She instructed Metatron to stall the intruders, while she made her way to an escape pod that would take her down to Eden.

After a long wait, Metatron finally broke the silence.

Metatron:

- Okay, you can have a look around. But I can assure you that we will complain with the Terran Council about this.

Alicia White:

- Good. Complain as much as you want, you'll have a lot to answer for when we catch Keila!

Alicia and Bjorn walked around in the space station with Metatron as their hostage. After a few hours, they had seen everything, and they walked back to the docking station.

Alicia White:

- Thank you for the tour. What a lovely station. We will meet again shortly.

Metatron:

- No, we will not. You are not welcome here anymore. Try anything funny, and we will shoot you down on sight.

Alicia White completely disregarded the threat. The man in front of her was gutless and had already been a pushover once. The people on the space station were clearly scared of the Terran Council so there was no way they would ever try anything against them.

Alicia White:

- Are you inviting me to dinner on Friday?! I don't know if I can fit it in, but I'll see you soon handsome!

Hearing her response, Metatron just stared at her dumbfounded as she entered the shuttle and took off with her crew.

Once they were back in space Alicia spoke to Bjorn:

Alicia White:

- Keila is there. Did you notice there was a room with female clothing in it and that one of the emergency pods was missing?

Bjorn Muller:

- Doesn't prove anything. And I doubt the Council will give us the permission to strike and the attack ships needed, based solely on circumstantial evidence.

Alicia White:

- Oh, but I have proper evidence.

Alicia pulled out a pair of female underwear that she stole from the visit and smelled them. She growled.

Alicia White:

- That is definitely the smell of Keila!

Bjorn Muller:

- Very well. Let's match the underwear with her DNA to see if they match.

- If they do, we get reinforcements and attack the station.

Alicia quickly dumped the underwear into a garbage collector and propelled them out into space.

Alicia White:

- No! Keila is my prey. Now that I know what she smells like, I know that she will be delicious!

Bjorn Muller:

- You fucking psycho. How do you think we'll reach Keila now?

Alicia White:

- I will find a way.

- But first, let's head to Proxima Thule. We have captured a spy, and I am ravishingly hungry.

### 3.15 Keila receives a disturbing video message

A FEW DAYS LATER KEILA was sitting on a couch in the reception area of the divine control centre overlooking the vastness of space through the panorama window. She was angry and felt much violated. Whatever freak the Terran Council had sent to look for her had intruded her residence and violated the integrity of her lover, Metatron. Worst of all Keila herself had been a coward opting to hide on Eden instead of confronting her foe. While it had been a strategically correct decision: after all she couldn't openly fight the Terran Council at this time, it had still stung her immensely, and she was filled with anger and frustration over the intrusion.

What angered and confused her the most was to see the disgusting slime-ball and rapist Bjorn Muller among the intruders. Keila could not for her life understand why he personally came down to lead a strike team instead of leading from the back of his command ship like he usually would, but there he was, seemingly commanded by the beastly abomination that had driven the intruders. Filled with anger, Keila decided to defuse it the only way that she knew would work for her. First, she punched a boxing sack in the gym with her bare fists until her knuckles bled and then she had a round of very rough sex with Metatron. Afterwards they both lay in bed exhausted and satisfied, ready to sleep when they received a holographic video message with the following text, *"Keila! I found a survivor from the unfortunate Ebola outbreak in your hometown Pamshal. Hope to meet you soon!"*

The video was of Alicia White and a prisoner. Keila immediately recognised the prisoner. He had been her first teenage crush nine years earlier. He

had been several years her senior at that time and although nothing sexual had ever occurred between them; he still retained a soft spot in her heart. In the video, the prisoner was chained to a wall, and Alicia was viciously tearing pieces of flesh from his body with her teeth and devouring it. With blood, soaked all over her face, she turned towards the camera and smirked at it. She licked her lips and showed her sharp nasty fangs.

Keila had seen enough! She turned off the TV and rushed towards the shooting range for some more anger management as her knuckles were sore from before. *“Find out more about that woman! I want to kill her myself she screamed at Metatron!”* and then she left the bedroom.

### **3.16 A frenzied Alicia White rapes and almost kills Bjorn Muller.**

ALICIA WHITE WAS FEELING ecstatic as she was having a rest after the violent and gruesome meal, in a secret House White safehouse on Mars. There was nothing better to her than blood, violence and fresh human meat and she had just had all of . There was no better taste to Alicia than eating a human alive, and it was a pleasure Alicia seldom came across. She knew that her father was firmly against her cannibalistic behaviour, but her men were loyal and would not tell him anything. Besides her father, John White never asked for the details about the secret operations she took part in as he preferred to have plausible deniability if things went south.

Suddenly Alicia White felt that her blood was boiling with intense sexual desire. The object of her desire was Bjorn Muller. Alicia was craving for Bjorn Muller for several reasons. Firstly, his genetics were optimised for good older man looks while the other men of her crew lacked that optimisation. Secondly, his high position in another faction made him incredibly attractive compared to the low-level grunts she usually slept around with. Thirdly and most importantly, his disdain and revulsion towards her made him the ultimate object of sexual desire as Alicia thrived on dominating others against their will.

For the last month, she had managed to contain her innate desires out of respect for her father’s will and business interests. Giving in to her desire and sodomising Bjorn would no doubt lead to severe diplomatic tensions

and problems between House White and House Muller. Her father could not afford that as he needed to keep House Muller close as he had hostile relations with other factions on the Terran Council. But now she just felt a desire that was so strong that she was foaming and drooling from her mouth, she couldn't resist any more.

Unbeknownst to Alicia, the man she devoured was a heavy user of synthetic Martian drugs. Combined with Alicia's animalistic hyper-sensitivity and low tolerance to any recreational drug, the drug residues she ingested from her victim's blood was enough to send her into a complete frenzy.

She tore off her tight-fitted snake-skin clothes and grabbed a syringe with a potent male aphrodisiac and then she made her way into Bjorns quarters. Baffled, he couldn't get a word out before she suddenly leapt to him, grabbed him with one arm and jabbed him in the neck with the syringe. *"I want you to fuck my slimy and horny pussy"* she hissed at him with the sounds of a deadly snake.

Bjorn Muller regained his composure and pushed her away. Then he screamed at Alicia.

- What the fuck are you doing?!
- Get out of my room you crazy freak!!

Alicia White:

- I have waited long enough for you to come around. Fuck me now!

Bjorn Muller:

- Over my dead body, freak!

Alicia gave Bjorn a psychotic smile and replied:

- As you wish, perfect human specimen. As you wish.

After that, she jumped towards Bjorn and started strangling him. He punched her several times in the head to get free, but in her frenzied state

the impact from his fist only made her even more aroused, and she grabbed his throat even stronger. As Bjorn almost passed out, she growled and temporarily let go of his neck so that she could tear apart his military pants and ride him as he had an involuntary erection of the drug she injected him with. Having regained his breath, Bjorn screamed his lungs out for help, and Alicia grabbed his throat again while she also bit deep into Bjorn's arm and drank the blood as it pumped from his artery.

Bjorn passed out and was close to dying but was saved in the last minute when the other operatives, realising what a disaster it would be for them if Bjorn Muller died this way, rushed in to restrain Alicia White. She put up with a good fight but eventually the six of them managed to control her. They put Bjorn Muller on emergency iceblock and rushed him to the Terran Council on the moon Phobos for immediate medical treatment.

After dropping off Bjorn at the Phobos base, they quickly took off, as the group was not very inclined to explain how Bjorn had sustained his injuries.

### **3.17 A diplomatic crisis.**

JOACHIM MULLER WAS lying restless in his bed in the penthouse level of Europeum tower. Bjorn had undoubtedly got him in trouble this time, and it was all because of Joachim's own wrong decision to put him under the command of Alicia White. A few days earlier Bjorn Muller had arrived unconscious at the Phobos base, and when he woke up, he had made grave accusations against Alicia White who was nowhere to be found. The medical examination supported Bjorn's allegations, however, and it was highly likely that Alicia indeed had raped him and bit into his flesh.

Bjorn being sodomised was not the issue for Joachim. Bjorn was a sexual degenerate, and although Joachim had never heard any formal complaints about Bjorn's behaviour, there were a lot of rumours about him stating that consent wasn't his primary concern when choosing his sexual partners. No, the fundamental issue was the fact that Bjorn had made a big deal out of what happened and aired his story in the media, and even warranted an arrest order for Alicia over what happened.

Bjorn's accusations and arrest order against Alicia White had caused Joachim a lot of issues on the Terran Council threatening his position as

chairman. House White was his closest ally in the Terran Council, and they shared their hostile attitude to House Rashid. Joachim was unsure whether House Cheng was with him or against him, as they were often shifty and unpredictable. The fifth member faction on the Terran Council, House of Bolivar that had replaced House Goldstein was too weak and unaligned to be a matter of interest.

Joachim's problem was that he needed to prove himself strong and loyal to his family by requiring that Alicia White came back to Earth for a court trial while also trying his best to keep his ally John White, Alicia's father happy and still supporting him on the Terran Council. Unfortunately, John White had claimed that Alicia and her crew had gone rogue and that he was unable to command them back to Earth. This had forced Joachim to act to avoid losing face, and he sincerely hoped that John White would understand his predicament and avoid escalating the issue.

Realizing that he wouldn't be able to sleep naturally, Joachim entered a sleep pod to rest and let go of his worries.

### **3.18 A challenge to a duel.**

ALICIA WHITE WAS SITTING on the abandoned Moreno outpost in the asteroid belt. The Moreno outpost had served as a hotel, bar and brothel for workers on the nearby asteroid mining facilities, but as they were mined out of minerals, they have shut down and thus there was no longer any business operations for the outpost. She realised that she was in a pickle and there was only one way to redeem herself, by bringing Keila Eisenstein's dead body to the Terran Council. That would shift focus from Bjorn Muller's allegations against her to Bjorn's failure and accusations of him working with the rebels.

Alicia was still shocked that Bjorn had acted the way he did. In hindsight, her actions were unacceptable but the conventional method of solving issues within the Terran Council was to settle them behind closed doors, away from the media's and the public's knowledge. Bjorn had done the opposite. By publicly accusing Alicia of rape, and issuing a warrant for her arrest, he had created the most significant diplomatic crisis since the death of Hans Muller, almost 5 years earlier. The alliance between House White and House Muller

was dissolved, and it was only a matter of time before skirmishes started taking place, as the balance of power had shifted.

Alicia White was considering her options. She could come back to Earth to stand trial, but that was a considerable risk. Even if she got away with what she had done to Bjorn, a hearing still risked spreading light on the atrocities Alicia had committed and hidden throughout the years, and that was the last thing she wanted. Another option would be to convince Bjorn to drop the charges. This option was unlikely though as he already had made his accusations public, which had drawn him into a corner. The third option was the best: To find and kill Keila Eisenstein and bring back her body to Earth. That would make Alicia a hero on Earth and humiliate Bjorn. The only problem with that was that Keila was hiding on a well-armed battle station with her advanced technology and soldiers, and Alicia could not expect to be welcome back there again now that she did not have the Terran Council behind her.

No, to find Keila, she needed to provoke her to come out from her base and face her on this outpost. Alicia White recorded a provocative message and sent it to Eden. It was a risky move, because if Keila was smart, and she knew of Alicia's court ordeal, she could just forward the message anonymously to the Terran Council to let them deal with Alicia. But Alicia counted on Keila coming after her personally. After all, Alicia was the one who had used synthetic viruses to kill almost everyone in Keila's hometown on Mars, the City of Pamshal. Alicia sent the message and was full of anticipation for the upcoming battle. She dragged a rat out of a cage, crushed it with her bare hands, while it squealed in fright and blood splattered all over her face, and then greedily, she licked the blood off her face and slurped it up ravishingly.

### **3.19 Challenge accepted.**

KEILA WAS HEADING TOWARDS Alicia's position in an unarmed shuttle, accompanied by a strike team. The strike team was people from Eden that she had trained in modern combat, since she took over on Eden six months earlier and started to modernise the Edenite society. She had left Metatron and the Angels back on Eden for two reasons:

- If she was to walk into a trap and die, she wanted Metatron and his Angels to rule and modernise the Edenites. She cared about the people of Eden, and they were not ready to govern themselves yet.

- She wanted to test the *Zetan non-encrypted bionic chip disruptor* in action. Keila assumed that Alicia and her squad most likely also had unprotected implanted microchips that would be affected. The angels had a lot of implanted microchips that would be affected by the device and make them perform poorly in combat. With Alicia's group incapacitated when their bionic was disrupted, Keila and her relatively inexperienced team would be able to eliminate their foes, with ease. The Divine Technology microchips that she and her troops had implanted were of Zetan design and were not affected by the disruptor as they were encrypted and more advanced.

Keila recalled the conversation she had had with Metatron before she left. He had wanted to relay the information to the Terran Council and let them to deal with Alicia. It was known common knowledge that Alicia had gone rogue and the Council had a warrant out for Alicia's arrest. While this solution had made logical sense, Keila had turned it down immediately. The death of Alicia was a personal vendetta for Keila, as the freak had slaughtered her hometown with biological weapons and tortured and murdered her close friend, Josh, in front of the camera, just to mock her.

They were approaching the Moreno outpost where Alicia was hiding. "*Be ready for anything!*" Keila told her troops as they docked with the outpost.

### **3.20 The showdown between Keila and Alicia**

KEILA STEPPED OUT OF her shuttle and realised that the artificial gravity on the Moreno outpost was very limited. This worried her as her troops had never trained for low gravitation combat. While the gravitation was still enough to prevent her from flying off when she walked there, the recoil of the weapons could prove to be a challenge for her troops. She instructed her

men to activate their Zetan ballistic energy absorbers but hold off with the Zetan bionic chip disruptors. Handheld devices had limited battery capacity, and she did not want to waste it before combat.

She entered the main lobby of the Moreno outpost and was greeted by a blood-soaked floor and Josh's head on a pike. Under Josh's head hung a sign: *"Welcome Keila, you are next"*. Keila looked up, and out of nowhere Alicia swept in with a plasma sword and decapitated the soldier next to her. Before anyone had time to react, Alicia grabbed the head and jumped away to the cover of darkness. *"Hey! Your friend lost something!"* she screamed mockingly and threw back the head. As she screamed, some of Keila's troops lost their cool and started shooting randomly towards Alicia's voice. This was the cue for Alicia's operatives to hail bullets and grenades against Keila's position. The ballistic energy absorbers absorbed most of the impact, but some of Keila's soldiers fell as they had misdirected the device. Keila dropped to the ground and activated her Zetan bionic chip disruptor. This turned the tide of the battle as Alicia's operatives lost all ability and started acting very erratic, shooting randomly once their microchip implants were disrupted. This made them easy targets and Keila's fighters eliminated them quickly.

Alicia, however, was still at large and unaffected by the disruptor as she, opposite to most Terrans, relied solely on her wild animal instincts and not on bionic microchips. She swept in another time and decapitated another one of Keila's men. On her third swoop, she got hit by multiple bullets and was unable to jump away. Instead, she quickly crawled behind one of Keila's female troops, grabbed the woman and pointed the plasma sword to her throat. Then, Alicia screamed out to Keila.

Alicia White:

- I have one of your soldiers as a hostage. Face me in single hand to hand combat, and I'll let her go.

Keila:

- You are surrounded, injured, and all your men are dead! Surrender, Alicia!

Alicia White:

- Oooh heee heee hee heee!! The ever mighty and brave Keila, the poster girl for the insurrection movement The Martian Humanist Alliance, the ever so famous guerrilla-fighter girl, too afraid to face me huh!

Keila:

- I'm not afraid of you. Challenge accepted, bitch!

Keila stood up and threw away her rifle and grabbed her knife.

Alicia White pushed away her hostage, hissed and said "*Excellent*". She stared in shock as Keila swiftly pulled up her pistol and shot the exposed Alicia right between the eyes. Things went silent. Alicia paused for a second and suddenly screamed in agony. "*I'll get you Keila, I will get my revenge! Revive me and fight with honour!*" after shouting that out she dropped dead to the ground.

Keila:

- Thanks honey, but I prefer to do things the easy way.

Keila gently blew the smoke away from her pistol, and she smirked with a sweet, bright and intelligent look in her eyes. After killing Alicia, Keila and her remaining troops quickly dragged all the wounded and dead friends and enemies back on the shuttle and went back to Eden. They brought back their own troops to try to revive them while avoid being detected, and they brought back the fallen enemies to try to restore them and then extract intelligence from them.



## Chapter 4: Fear and Paranoia is spreading in the Terran Council.



### 4.1 Brahma reaches his final destination

**B**rahma stood outside Rangda's eternal dark and gloomy prison, and he was relieved that his long 50,000-kilometre walk had finally come to an end. It had taken longer than he had planned it would, as the searing thirst and hunger within had forced him to have many extended meditations breaks to regain his mental clarity and keeping him going. Yet despite the delays, less than a year had gone past in the outside universe away from this wretched timeless place.

Brahma had been without food and drink for thousands of years, and yet he was immortal in this despicable place, forcing him to live day to day suffering from endless thirst and hunger. He had passed most of his time, the last few millennia, in deep meditation, to avoid the torment, but walking all the way to Rangda's prison had amplified the pain and suffering he was in.

He came up to the prison and saw that there was tunnel made through the impenetrable wall of the building, to the centre of the prison, where they had kept Rangda. Had Rangda manage to get out of the jail, and how had she done it? He looked at the ground where the tunnel exited and realised the solution. There was a ring on the ground.

Rangda's prison had been built using the second hardest material in the known universe, but the ring on the ground contained a minuscule amount of the hardest substance in the world. Brahma had a flashback of when they sealed Rangda in. The last thing he had done to her was to throw a ring at her, a ring she previously had given to him, to distance himself from her. This was the ring she had used throughout the millennia to incredibly slowly but determinedly, dig herself out. Brahma suddenly felt the chills. He had struggled immensely with thirst and hunger to walk here. Rangda must have struggled

a lot more digging herself out of the eternal prison. She had shown an incredible determination when all she needed to do was to enter deep meditation and live out the eternity that way, while being captive in the prison. What had driven her? The question filled Brahma with terror and confusion.

His terror increased when he turned around and saw Rangda for the first time in many thousand years. Her spirit was the same, but her body was disfigured, and instead of being beautiful she now looked like a terribly hideous and ugly monster. Brahma had seen those features before, she looked like a Xeno.

Brahma:

- Rangda? Is that you? What happened?

Rangda:

- Yes, multi- faced traitor! It is me.

- What you see is my true form. I am half Zetan and half Xeno, the only one of my kind. The ultimate species in the universe.

- For millennia, I used Zetan technology to look like one of you to blend in. You were blind, and I was never exposed

- Now I don't need to blend in anymore. This is the real me.

Brahma:

- The wrong choice, you looked better before.

Rangda:

- Says the man who cannot keep the same face for more than a couple of minutes!

Brahma, like most of the Zetans who came to Earth to pose as deities, had adapted his appearance to that which was expected by his human followers. The background of Brahma being the multi-faced deity, was that his

Zetan outer layer **external DNA modifier** malfunctioned, which led to his face consistently changing every few minutes. At first, Brahma was terrified by this, but after a while, he had come to appreciate this unique trait in himself.

Brahma:

- At least I don't look like a Xeno monster.
- So, your heritage, is that why you betrayed us and wiped out the majority of all the life in the galaxy, while you were at it?

Rangda:

- Wiped out the majority of all life? Bah. Twelve inhabited planets were annihilated when I caused that supernova explosion. Disastrous for the Zetans, but for the total biomass in the Milky Way, negligible.

Brahma:

- Disastrous for the Xenos as well. What was left of us then annihilated the Xeno species scum, before the unfortunate loss of the Zeto crystals destroyed the foundation of our civilisation.

Rangda

- That's of no consequence. The Xenos will rise again, and I will rule them as their God-Queen!

Brahma:

- None of us are real gods, and to be a queen, you need subjects. The Xenos are extinct.

Rangda:

- Hmm, really, is that so? I suggest you look around.

Brahma looked around and what he saw shocked him. A Xeno warrior with sharp claws stared him in the eyes and before he had time to react, the beast had pierced straight through Brahma's body, with the claws sticking out through his back. Responding instinctively, Brahma managed to focus all his strength to his right fist and crushed the Xeno's head with a well-aimed blow. Brahma pulled the dead Xeno's claws out of his body and while standing on his knees, he coughed blood, but still he was able to look at Rangda decisively and seemingly unaffected.

Brahma:

- Is that all you can muster?! Your friend is dead, and you'll be next.

Rangda:

- I don't think so. He might be dead, but he served his purpose.

Brahma:

- And that was?

Rangda:

- To weaken you enough for this!

Rangda pulled out a corrupted Zeto crystal. Instead of pure clarity, it was coloured of blood and fire, and it emitted energy of terror and fear, unlike the uncorrupted Zeto crystal that emitted peace and unity.

Brahma:

- A Zeto crystal? They still exist? What did you do to this one??

Rangda:

- Yes, it would be a waste to let these precious crystals be destroyed, when your home planet Zetani was annihilated.

- I have merely turned the crystals useful to my benefit. You'll witness its real power for the first time!

Rangda lifted the dark-red and fiery corrupted Zeto crystals to the sky and suddenly Brahma felt an extreme pain, Brahma could feel how his head was about to explode, but that wasn't the worst part, he could also feel how his essence and soul was sucked out and absorbed by the darkness of the evil crystal. A few seconds later Brahma's head exploded, shattered into million pieces and his headless body dropped to the ground, vibrating and jerking violently before it finally stopped moving.

## **4.2 Keila experiencing tremors and vivid hallucinations**

KEILA WAS HOLDING AN operational meeting with the Angels and some of the prominent Edenites in the boardroom of the divine control centre. Contrary to her predecessor Abraham Goldstein, Keila preferred to keep the sessions face to face to discuss issues, instead of sending decrees via the divine technology mind-control chips. The reason she chose to include prominent Edenites was that she planned to modernise the Edenite society and create a more democratic and equal society. To be able to do that, it was imperative for the Edenites to learn how to run their own colony and create a sustainable economy, while also having freedom of speech, as they no longer had to fear the late Abraham Goldstein's wrath and evil dominance.

Suddenly, Keila started shaking uncontrollably and she started having vivid hallucinations. She recognised the place as the Divine Dimension, but she did not understand how her mind had been transported there, as she was not connected to divine detector machine. In front of her was a horrible looking evil cattish-looking woman, she had bright luminescent purple eyes and sharp fangs and she appeared out of a thick green and smelly gas, not unlike the odour of a prison cell or a dark sewage brick well, the smell that reminded her of a very stale, old and dark empty prison cell, the smell of black death. This other-worldly looking strange and devious woman grabbed her shirt, dragged her closer and stared right into her soul. Keila then fell to the

ground feeling deep anguish and despair, screaming at the top of her lungs in pain. She then passed out and fell unconscious.

When she opened her eyes the people that had gathered around her stepped back in shock. Against all odds, her eyes had spontaneously changed colour, from green to dark purple.

Metatron finally got around asking what everyone was thinking:

- Keila are you okay? What happened?

Keila:

- I had a vision, and don't mind me, this is just something I have experienced a lot.

- I have never felt better.

She gave the group a very foreboding smile, and then left while wondering who this woman in her vision was.

### **4.3 Rangda satisfies her hunger and looking ahead.**

RANGDA WAS FEASTING of Brahma's headless body and felt satisfied for the first time in thousands of years. With her mouth and lips now drenched in silver-bluish Zetan blood, she stopped for a moment, asking herself if this act of cannibalism was wrong. Rangda concluded that it wasn't. She had been kept in that prison for so long, and she felt a real hunger and hatred for her enemies. She was only a half Zetan so technically she was another species than Brahma, and once Rangda had become a God-Queen, she would be the source of all morality and she could set whatever rules and morals that she wanted. One of her Xeno followers wanted a bite of the body, but she pushed him away. Most likely she didn't need to eat Brahma's body to capture his essence, having trapped and absorbed the fragments of his soul into the tainted Zeto crystals would probably do the trick, but it felt damn good to finally be able to eat and why risk sharing Brahma's body with her Xeno underlings, when she could savage his headless body alone.

She lashed out at the Xenos:

Rangda:

- Step away from my pray! I killed him, and his meat is mine, and mine only.

- Eat the weakling over there that fell to the Zetan, This Zetan killed by me, is my pray.

The Xenos hesitated. Cannibalism was taboo in Xeno culture as well, and that was the only reason they had managed to stay alive for thousands of years trapped and starving in the divine dimension without eating and killing each other. If cannibalism hadn't been taboo in the Xeno culture they would have since long consumed each other in animalistic frenzy. The Xenos had been hiding for thousands, close to the very dark edge of the Divine Dimension. Having received the approval from their mistresses, however, they quickly devoured their fallen comrade. Rangda smiled, seeing her beastly allies finally getting themselves some fresh meat was a joy to her eyes.

The Xenos was a savage bunch, but their energy levels and tenacity impressed her. They had something that the Zetans never have had, the will to dominate and spread throughout the entire universe. Rangda was a hybrid species, the only one of her kind, a Half Zetan and half Xeno, a pure mix of debauchery and reproductive mishaps that was destined to be the Zenith of all creation.

The Xenos had existed on their home planet for millions of years before the Zetan explorers who imbued their genome with intelligence had come across them 100,000 years ago. Like with humanity on Earth, the Zetan explorers originally had left the Xenos shortly after imbuing them with intelligence. This had proven a critical mistake as an event came to pass that led the Xenos to almost completely wipe out the Zetan galactic civilisation.

#### **4.4 Xenora, Xenos and Rangda's backstory**

FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, the Xenos existed like primitive beasts on the Xeno home planet, Xenora. Xenora had unique features for life that set it apart from most other inhabited worlds in the Milky Way. The most unique feature was Xenora's close orbit to a blue giant star, and its very slow

rotational speed where one Xenora day was 3 months long. These circumstances led to days with a maximum temperature over 300 degrees and nights that could reach a minimum of -150 degrees. Despite these extreme circumstances, Xenora had life forms that could survive the extreme conditions. This happened the following way:

All larger life forms continuously followed Xenora's orbital rotation to always be on the side that had liveable conditions, the morning side of the planet. This forced all animals to be continually moving around the orbit, as a place would be too hot and kill them if they stayed long enough for the scorching midday sun to arrive and scorch them. Depending on the species of animal, they preferred different locations in the Xenora morning. The early morning was freezing as the ice from the night had not melted yet, and this suited animals that liked ice. The late morning was very hot, albeit still bearable, and suited animals that loved the heat.

Animals were able to keep up with Xenora's rotation as the planet's movement was very slow. As animals were forced to be continually moving on Xenora, life and survival instinct evolved differently, with different strategies implemented than on Earth. To survive on Xenora, an animal species could only rely on speed, pure strength and pure ruthlessness, as there was no time for prey animals to be hiding or for predators to utilise stealth.

All the plants that existed were different types of fast growing grass and other weeds, which had extremely short life cycles. These plants had entire lifecycles of only a few weeks between the time when the icicles and permafrost of the night had defrosted in the early morning, until the heat of the midday arrived which would cause widespread fires that killed all plant life in an instant. Having adapted to this way of how the planet revolved, plants on Xenora had fireproof seeds.

All the water on Xenora came down as snow and ice during the night and evaporated to steam during the day. Xenora had no tilt to its star and as such had no seasons. The lack of angle led to Xenora's North and South Pole to always exist in twilight, and it was in the Polar Regions that all life had originated as they were more survivable than the rest of the planet.

All animals on Xenora had very thick and sturdy skin to be able to cope with the tremendous amounts of UV radiation the planet received from its nearby blue star.

The Xenos had lived in the equatorial regions of Xenora, which were the most inhospitable regions of the planets. They had been very fearsome predators to survive under these circumstances. When the Zetans altered the Xeno's DNA, the Xenos started spreading over the planet until they reached the Polar Regions. Once they arrived at the Polar Regions, they eventually came to start building permanent settlements, as the North and South Pole, with its eternal twilight, were the only places where it was safe to erect buildings without the need to worry for extreme heat, or extreme cold.

The dwellers of the only two Xeno cities had to be wary and continuously on alert though as the only two known sites suitable for permanent settlement were highly sought after by all the roaming hordes of Xeno tribes that roamed the planet. Every time a tribe thought they would be strong enough to conquer the city, they would try and fight to the last individual to do so, as was the custom in the Xeno culture for civil wars. Because of their constant warring and lack of advanced technology, the Xeno tribes remained on a Stone Age technology level for over 50,000 years. The lack of technological progress had convinced the Zetan researchers that sporadically would go on interplanetary study trips to examine Xenora that the Xenos was inferior to them. The Zetans wrote the Xenos off as a primitive race that would never pose a threat to the highly intelligent Zetan civilisation. On the last Zetan research trips to Xenora, something happened that would forever alter the fate of both the Xenos and the Zetans. A female Zetan scientist, Kalianka, was left behind on Xenora. This scientist was in fact Rangda's mother, and this is how she became one.

Kalianka felt victim to a cruel and unfortunate ploy. One of her fellow colleagues, a mean-spirited Zetan researcher, had tried to win her heart in courtship, but she rejected him. Feeling hurt, he secretly beat her up and left her to die on Xenora as he felt rejected and decided that if he could not have her, no one else would have her either. The cruel irony of fate was that, she had at times considered her assailant's proposal; however, his outrageously low self-esteem and short temper were the reasons she rejected him, which she later regretted as it had caused him to attack and almost kill her. He lied to the other Zetan researchers on the mission and told them that Kalianka was attacked and eaten by an animal. The other researchers did not go back

to look for her as they believed him, and because their location was getting hotter and hotter as the sun rose over the sky, and they needed to move on.

When Kalianka woke up, she felt weak and what was even worse, the surface temperature had risen to 80 degrees Celsius and she had no water and no means to get to a colder location. This was lethal conditions to a Zetan, as her home planet Zetani had similar climate as Earth, and the Zetans were not adapted to the extreme heat on Xenora. She looked up and saw a Xeno scout in front of her. Unable to fight in her condition she closed her eyes and prepared herself to meet the True Maker, but the attack never came. Instead, the Xeno scout lifted her up over his shoulder and started running towards cooler conditions and a water source to keep Kalianka alive.

Kalianka woke up many hours later by someone pouring ice cold water over her. It turned out that the scout had managed to outrun the planet's rotation speed and they were now earlier in the Xenora day cycle when it was cooler. The air was still warm around 30 degrees, but the water was ice cold as the water had retained a lot of coldness from the long night. Kalianka later understood that the Xeno tribe that had taken her in, saw her as a goddess and worshipped her. Eventually, she learned their language and could learn and understand their culture. This was the best time in her life as a scientist as she finally could genuinely appreciate the Xenos from their own words and not just from observing them via a miniature drone that she had been doing previously during her career. Her biggest regret was that she couldn't share her revelations and discoveries with her fellow Zetans. Her telepathic abilities didn't work as there was no other Zetan in the star system to communicate with as the rest of the expedition had returned to Zetani.

Kalianka got a unique insight into the harsh life the Xenos were living, and she understood them better than any Zetan had ever done. The tribe she was part of was living at the equator and had to move the furthest distance every day to remain in a liveable time of the day on Xenora. As Xenora was roughly the size of Earth, that meant that they had to move over 200 kilometres a day to the west, to avoid getting scorched by the sun. This puts a lot of pressure and forced a non-empathic approach to the members of the tribe. If someone for instance, got sick or injured, the tribe had to leave him or her to die or kill him as they couldn't travel fast enough with weak fully-grown members of the tribe. The only exception to this rule was for Kalianka. Being

a Zetan, she was not nearly physically fit enough to move 200 kilometres a day on foot. As her Xeno tribe considered her a goddess, they did not mind sharing the burden of carrying her around. Eventually, her tribe decided that her presence with them was a sign, a sign that it was time to move from the bottom of the Xeno hierarchy to the top. To do this, they needed to invade the Xeno city on Xenora's North Pole. They managed to pass all the other tribes territories on the way to the North Pole without any confrontation. The Xeno culture was very direct, and as the tribe had declared that they were after taking over the North Pole, the other tribes did not see them as a threat and let them pass through their territories on their way there.

Once they reached the North Pole, Kalianka's tribe did not stand a chance. This was because the defenders had both the numerical advantage as well as fortified city walls. As the Xeno culture required that they fought to the last individual, they all died, except for Kalianka who was taken prisoner by the North Pole inhabitants. Being a prisoner of the North Pole city was the end of Kalianka's luck, as the city dwellers had experienced contact with Zetans in the past and understood that Kalianka was not a goddess, and instead that she was an alien species, a species they had had previous disagreements and altercations with. They tortured and raped her continually, for revenge and to extract scientific knowledge from her. This ended abruptly when Kalianka very surprisingly fell pregnant. This shouldn't have been possible as they were completely different species, but it happened due to an extremely unlikely mutation taking place in Kalianka's body. To the Xenos, this was an act of the True Maker and Kalianka's misfortune turned topsy-turvy again and she was now the wife of the Xeno high priest and the mother of their future queen, Rangda. Unfortunately for Kalianka, the amount of UV radiation her skin had soaked up during her years with equator tribe caught up with her a few years later, and she contracted lethal skin cancer and sadly died at the age of 220 years, a very young age to die for a Zetan, as they usually reached a lifespan of longer than 1000 years.

Losing her mother at a young age caused a permanent psychological scar within Rangda, and she blamed the Zetans for her mother's suffering and unfair treatment. Growing up, Rangda swore to get revenge for her mother with the destruction of the Zetan galactic civilisation. As it turned out, she had plenty of time to get her revenge. Her unlikely DNA that was a combi-

nation of Zetan and Xeno DNA stopped her from aging once she reached adulthood and granted her immortality. As she was a hybrid species, she was also completely infertile, and she looked morbidly insane.

Rangda began the long journey to make the Xeno species, a species that could contest with the Zetan for dominance of the galaxy. Her first step was to make the North Pole city an impregnable fortress so that her tribe would remain in power. This was the natural step as her late mother had provided her tribe with a lot of Zetan technological knowledge that could be used to make superior weaponry, more than capable of repelling anything the other tribes could throw at them with considerable ease. The next step was to build tunnels across the planet for underground settlements, where the extreme variations in temperature did not exist. Xenora was ideal for building underground societies as the planet had very limited geological activity cycle which meant that the heat didn't increase as they dug deeper and they didn't need to worry about earthquakes. They kept digging for thousands of years until the tunnels spanned across Xenora, with a multitude of large settlements all controlled by Rangda.

The basis for Rangda's control was that she had found out that there were Zeto crystals underground on Xenora, the initial reason why the Zetan researches arrived millennia ago. The unaltered Zeto crystals did not affect the minds of the Xeno species as the Zeto crystals promoted values such as the pursuit of knowledge, unity, passiveness and the love for all life. Rangda, however, managed to find a way to corrupt the gemstones to promote values such as lust, greed, violence and domination. These values were more aligned to the Xeno minds, and by controlling the crystals, Rangda could control her ever-increasing number of subjects.

The Xeno underground settlements were fed in two ways. Most of the nutrition came from mould-based artificial meats. The Xenos were carnivores, but they were able to eat plant or algae-based proteins if they had to. The second way to feed her settlements was to catch the animals on the surface by climbing up tunnels through to the surface. By utilising tunnels to the surface, her tribe didn't need to continually move to avoid getting burnt and instead they just surfaced when outside temperatures were suitable and then dragged all of their catch back to the deep tunnels where they were protected against the outside extreme temperatures.

Once Rangda's tribe controlled all of Xenora, they quickly eradicated all the other tribes and set sight on their next objective, to start the war of conquest against the Zetans. The Xenos conquered their first planets easily. These planets were scarcely populated, and the Zetans living there hadn't anticipated any threats and were mostly unarmed. The Xenos moved in, and due to their short life cycle and quick reproduction rate, they quickly established a foothold on the conquered planets. As the conquered planets were better for Xeno settlements than Xenora, they promptly spread and created an economic base on the planets, aided by the confiscated Zetan infrastructure. After a century, the Xenos had consolidated their hold and set out to capture more worlds. This time the Zetans were better prepared, but the planets were still too far away from their homeworld to be adequately defended, and even these planets fell.

#### **4.5 The multi-millennial Xeno Zetan war revisited.**

HAVING LOST SEVERAL star systems, the Zetans finally realised the threat that the Xenos posed to their existence. But they could not mount a counter-attack. The Zetan civilisation was not based around military conquest, it was based on peace and unity, and besides, there had never been many of the Zetans. The average lifespan of a Zetan was 1000 years and the maximum number of children they could have during this millennium was 5, meaning in average a Zetan had a child every 200 years. The Xenos, on the other hand, had an average lifespan of 30 years, and during that time they could have up to 40 children. This meant that the Xenos could replenish their losses quickly.

The third attempted conquest by the Xenos was the Zetan's second most important planet, Zetani Nova. This planet was well defended and due to the Zetans being prepared and knowing they were about to be attacked, this time the Xenos were butchered with hardly any losses for the Zetans. This led to a stalemate in the conflict; every 30 years the Xenos sent a large force that ended up being nullified by the Zetan defences without reaching any progress. The Zetans, in turn, could not muster enough enthusiasm for a counter attack due to their peaceful nature, and the relative concern of the lost planets. Instead, the Zetans fortified their borders and repeatedly pursued peace, but

even though the Zetans were able to nullify their Xeno counterpart's anger and hateful intention, it still brought to no avail: The Xenos wanted the Zetans dead, and thus the two species always clashed.

The utterly pointless attacks on the Zetans were just a diversion by Ranga, to keep the Zetans unaware of the Xenos expansion, settling the uninhabited planets far away from the Zetans, and building up a massive invasion fleet.

After hundreds of years of skirmishes, the Xenos took the Zetan by complete surprise one day when they showed up in the Zetani Nova system with a 1000 times bigger fleet than they usually attacked with. Instead of the regular fleet of 300 Xeno ships, there were now 300,000 ships, and despite their vastly inferior technology, they swarmed the Zetans and annihilated the Zetan defenders as well as all Zetan civilians on Zetani Nova.

The loss of Zetani Nova finally alerted the Zetan civilisation to the existential threat that Xenos posed to them, and they managed to rally their forces from their other planets and muster a counter attack that liberated Zetani Nova a decade later. Much to their dismay, Zetani Nova was destroyed beyond recognition. What was once the most beautiful planet in the Zetan civilisation was now a toxic wasteland, and what was worse were that all the Zeto crystals, the source of all the beauty and harmony on Zetani Nova, were gone. The Zetans also found a map that revealed the terrifying truth; that the Xenos had colonised and conquered a lot of neutral planets while distracting the Zetans with small-scale battles to distract them of their true motive.

The Zetans gathered their leaders on Zetani for an emergency meeting. Their future as a living race seemed bleak and in a couple of centuries, they would be overrun by the Xeno hordes, no matter what they did to stop it. That was when Yahweh, one of the Zetan leaders, rediscovered the long-lost technology to enter and travel through the Divine Dimension, to the normal dimension and escape the Xenos threat and their apocalypse. The technology was crucial for two reasons: Firstly, going through the Divine Dimension was vastly quicker. Moving between star systems only took days instead of years. Secondly, their discovery of the Divine Dimension meant that they could manipulate other sentient beings to fight for them against the Xenos. This was the reason for Zetans to come to Earth, posing as gods and recruiting humans to fight their wars. With their newfound allies and considerably

faster travel times comparing to the Xenos counterpart, the Zetans turned the tide in the war and repelled the Xenos time after time, resourcing the humans on Earth by infiltrating their minds and souls, and finally liberating and restoring the planets that had fallen to the Xeno scourge, back to the hands of the Zetans and their human servants.

Rangda realising that the tide in the battle had turned against her, came up with a new plan, to use her half-Zetan intelligence and abilities and altering her own genetics to infiltrate the Zetan leadership under the radar. Using the Zetan external DNA modifier, Rangda changed her appearance from the monstrous appearance of Xeno beast to that of a beautiful Zetan woman. Using a captured Zetan ship, Rangda travelled to Zetani. Since she had Zetan telepathic abilities, Rangda managed to convince the Zetans that she was one of them and soon after she managed to seduce Brahma and gain access to the Zetan leadership as well as finding out about the Divine Dimension.

Despite Rangda's infiltration and deceit the Zetans were winning the war, and as a last spiteful effort, Rangda used her position within Zetan leadership to cause a supernova explosion that destroyed Zetani, which caused the collapse of the Zetan civilisation as well as the almost complete annihilation of the Zetan species. Having blown her cover, she was locked up by Brahma in her eternal prison in the Divine Dimension until the time when she was visited by Brahma, millennia later.

## **4.6 Keila has a vision and sets up a strategy for the war to come**

KEILA WAS LOOKING AT herself in the mirror. She was pouring sweat and was determined to get back into peak fitness, something she slightly had missed out on for the last year being the somewhat spoiled queen of Eden. The Edenites food was delicious, and since she had arrived here, she had for the first time in her life enjoyed eating and drinking, with all the godly pleasures provided to her as offering. This had started showing on her body, and Keila needed a super fit body to promote her ideal image, a guerrillas Martian fighter. Keila was not an armchair general that sent people to do things she didn't dare to deal with herself. Keila had personally led the mission to apprehend/eliminate Alicia White. The mission had ended in a bloodbath,

but Keila survived it, and now she had one trump on hand. Having the bodies of Alicia and her operatives, Keila could use the Zetan outer layer external DNA modifier to pretend to be Alicia White, as this technology allows the user to change appearances, which could have great advantages if she were to infiltrate House White as Alicia herself.

Keila looked at her eyes in the mirror. She used to have a pair of lively innocent green eyes as a child, and eyes glowing with determination and positive energy as she got older. Suddenly, her eyes had changed colour. Her current eyes were shining in a strange bright luminescent purple colour and had a peculiar shape like those of predatory animal.

Suddenly she felt a severe migraine, got dizzy and fell forward, knocked her head on the mirror. The mirror broke, scattered into pieces and she started bleeding profusely as she tasted the blood running down her cheeks. She suddenly had a vision and felt immediate clarity on how to proceed to reach her goal. She saw images of the Terran Council falling apart to fighting among themselves, and of how the Martians were attacking and destroying the Terran Council's base on Phobos, which had been the base for the oppressors for the last centuries. She heard a voice speak in her head. At first, she was terrified. It wasn't the usual voice; instead, it was the voice who had told her to kill Jeshua, almost a year ago. But then she listened in to the voice and what it said made sense. It had said, she shouldn't take on the Terran Council directly as an external threat would unite them, and if this was the case, they would become stronger than she ever could hope to be. Instead, she should aim to infiltrate and secretly divide them, and cause them to fight among themselves. If she could turn House Cheng against House Muller and House Rashid against House White, the entire Terran Council organisation would come down, and her Martian brethren could finally have their freedom from oppression.

Seeing this vision, she forgot that she was bleeding from the broken mirror shards, and instead she was smiling with her face soaked in blood. Metatron came in to examine the noise from the incident. Keila's eyes turned back to her usual beautiful shade of green. Keila told him that she was okay, but he insisted and brought her straight to the medical ward. Thanks to stem cell technology her wound healed nicely without a scar in just a few days.

## 4.7 A cold Father's Day meeting

BJORN MULLER WAS LOOKING at the calendar that he had built in one of his bionic chips. It was Father's Day, year 2873. He thought about his father, whom he hadn't seen for over six months since the fateful day when his father had decided to put him under Alicia White's command. His father had set him to work for a monster that ate people alive and ended up sodomising him. He didn't know what the worst part was, the psychological scarring or the total humiliation he had faced, but Bjorn had refused to talk to his father after the incident and turned down all communications attempts. Since the incident, Bjorn had been transferred back to Max Wellington's command and stationed on the Terran Council base on Phobos orbiting Mars. It had been quiet and comfortable months, and Bjorn's biggest struggle was that he no longer could receive particular food, drinks and female companionship since he refused to speak to his father, who was the one who provided these things for him.

Suddenly, the door to Bjorn's suite opened. Bjorn angrily turned around, "*Who would be insolent enough to enter his room without asking first?*" he thought. And his question immediately got answered; it was his father, Joachim Muller.

Joachim Muller:

- You forgot to honour me on Father's Day this year...

Bjorn Muller:

- What on Earth are you doing here?

- Besides, it's not past midnight yet.

Joachim Muller:

- It is past midnight in Europe, but I guess I'll have to give you the benefit of the doubt.

Bjorn Muller:

- Happy Father's Day Joachim...

- Now, why are you coming all the way here unannounced?

Joachim Muller:

- Well, to be honest, I am not here because of Father's Day!

- I am coming because this week the distance between Earth and Mars is the shortest, meaning I must only endure three days in transit to get from Earth to Phobos instead of the maximum 21 days when the distance is the longest.

- While the trip was less inconvenient than it could have been, I would still have preferred if you picked up the fucking phone.

Bjorn Muller:

- Well, maybe we don't have that much to talk about father?

Joachim Muller slapped Bjorn Muller, for a moment Bjorn Muller thought about unleashing the fury on his father, but he kept his cool.

Joachim Muller:

- I decided that we do have things to talk about. And I won't have spent 3 days in fucking space getting here and 3 days getting back for no reason, so you better improve your attitude at once Bjorn.

- You are to withdraw your allegations against Alicia White at once; I cannot afford a conflict with House White. John White has been my closest ally on the Terran Council for the last 5 years.

Bjorn Muller:

- I have nothing against John White, but his crazy-ass mutant daughter ate a man alive and then assaulted and raped me. Convince him to put down that animal of his and focus on his other more well-adjusted children.

Joachim Muller:

- It would be unwise of me to give unsolicited advice to John White on how to deal with his family matters, especially considering my abject failure with my own children.
- I have three sons who all bring disgrace to the family.
- Michael is a lazy family man without any aspirations, who like to spend our money on leisure activities for him and his family
- Benjamin is a man who engages in bedroom activities with men.
- You are my eldest son, an abject failure in the armed forces with a drug and sex addiction. I have turned a blind eye to your shortcomings as I hoped that you at least somewhere would have the drive to take over the company from me when I retire. But the latest embarrassment is just too much. Driving away our allies with your allegations and humiliating your own masculinity at the same time... Just stop.

Bjorn Muller was going to say something when Admiral Max Wellington urgently stormed into his office. Short of breath, he looked at Joachim Muller with surprise before catching his breath.

Max Wellington:

- Sorry to interrupt your conversation Chairman Muller, but I have urgent news.
- There has been another mysterious attack; this time on the House Rashid's outpost Aljadid Salam.

## **4.8 The attack on the Aljadid Salam outpost**

THE ALJADID SALAM OUTPOST was a House Rashid's outpost that had been built a couple of centuries before to protect the shipping lanes between Earth and the nearby House Rashid asteroid mining stations. The

mining stations had run dry a long time ago, but House Rashid had decided to keep a small skeleton staff on the outpost regardless, to be able to claim that portion of space for future use. Sometimes gravity pulled asteroids from the fringes of the solar system to a more central location, and for occasions like that, it was potentially useful to claim vast swaths of empty space for what could host the goldmine of tomorrow. Another reason for House Rashid to keep a multitude of space outpost guarding empty space was to keep their large army busy and occupied far away from Earth to avoid them interfering in internal faction matters.

The attack took place in a similar manner to the Proxima Thule attack six months prior. First Keila's vessel approached the outpost with Zetan stealth technology to avoid detection. Then they blocked all communication to and from the outpost. Then they stormed the outpost with their kinetic energy absorbers and bionic chip disruptors activated. The unprepared and disrupted House Rashid defenders never stood a chance. Then they set explosives to blow up the station but intentionally used too little explosives to destroy the outpost. This was an intentional ploy as Keila wanted it to seem like a failed attempt by House White to destroy the outpost.

The timing for the attack was something that had come to Keila in a vision. On the day of the shooting, one of the aging Chairman Ibrahim Rashid's many sons, Akram Rashid, was on-board the station. And he was killed beyond resurrection just like the rest of the defenders. To make it seem evident that House White was behind the attack, Keila and her group had used the weapons and ammunition that they seized from the battle with Alicia White. They also left some of the corpses of soldiers from Alicia's group at the scene. These corpses being of black ops operatives, had no identity tags in their brains, but it would not be challenging for House Rashid investigators to figure out who they were, just by looking at their uniforms and weaponry.

## 4.9 A diplomatic crisis

KEILA WAS DRINKING a protein fruit smoothie, recovering from a hard fitness session with her Edenite troops. While her female physique made her weaker than some of the men under her command, her total fitness level was well above that of her average soldier. It was vital for her to show her fittest

self and the extra kilos she had added when she first became the queen of Eden were now gone, and she was in her prime. Unfortunately, she couldn't convince Metatron or the angels to participate in the sessions as they were confident that genetic optimisation, nutrition and selective electrical stimulation were far superior to something as archaic as physical exercise.

Keila's Edenite troops were a mixture of men and women. This was the opposite of what Abraham had been preaching during his reign, but Keila believed in equality and treating people as individuals. Besides, there were not many things that were reliant on pure strength when it came to the 29<sup>th</sup> century low gravity warfare so women could be equally suited to combat as men were.

She connected to the closest Space Net node to watch the news. Apparently, her attack on the Aljadid Salam station had worked out exactly as she planned. Furious over the death of one of his sons, Ibrahim Rashid had demanded that House White came out with a public apology as well compensated him accordingly. House White had refused to do such thing and claimed to be innocent of all allegations despite the damning amount of evidence against them. This had led to House Rashid losing their patience and ordering their forces to capture a House White's owned luxury cruise spaceship and taking the over 1000 passengers and crew as hostages to have as leverage. While no prominent House White family members had been on the cruise, it had been filled with other prominent high society American plutocrats and tensions were growing. Pressures weren't easing when rumours spread about Rashid troops slitting the throats of their hostages.

Keila sat on her desk and thought, with a bit of luck this could be the powder keg driving the Terran Council into complete disarray and for House Rashid and House White to open war. Keila would not sit around and wait though, as she had a new objective on hand. She had heard rumours about a group of House Muller spies infiltrating an independent trading post not very far away. Apparently, these spies were there to sabotage the non-affiliated trader to drive them to bankruptcy and then take over the operation and incorporate it into the House Muller conglomerate.

While Keila didn't mind helping independent commerce in the solar system, she was after the House Muller operatives for another reason. Keila's

plan was that it would be very convenient if the House Muller operatives happened to fall unconscious and then woke up on an attacked outpost belonging to House Cheng, just in time for the House Cheng security forces to arrive and think the attack was House Muller's doing.

Having made up her plan, Keila disconnected from Space Net and entered a sleep pod. While she preferred natural sleep, it was useful for situations where time was of the essence, and she needed to be adequately rested.

#### **4.10 Bjorn Muller studies a report about a missing espionage team**

BJORN MULLER LOGGED out from the computer terminal, picked it up and threw it into a wall. The last week had been a shit storm. His father had refused to leave until he withdrew his allegations against Alicia White and cancel the arrest order he had against her. Later that day, he had studied the hologram images of the attack on the Aljadid Salam outpost and recognised some of the dead supposed perpetrators to be part of Alicia White's group. He had not shared this information as House White was House Muller's ally and he did not want to escalate the situation. Besides he could smell the rat. There was no way a battle could have taken place in the reconstructed way that the House Rashid report had stated. Besides, there were many similarities to the attack on the Proxima Thule station six months earlier. The Aljadid Salam outpost defenders also seemed to have been entirely unprepared for battle, the communications ended abruptly without any emergency calls, and just as with Proxima Thule, there was the mystery with a lot of fired bullets lying in the middle of the corridors, seemingly without having impacted with anything.

It could, of course, have been Alicia White attacking both installations, but if it was true, why did she leave her casualties behind on the Aljadid Salam outpost and not on Proxima Thule? Bjorn Muller knew that Alicia White's group consisted of 15 operatives plus Alicia herself. It made no sense that she would leave three dead agents on the battlefield exposing their identity. The entire purpose of a black operations team was to conduct operations without leading back to their employer. Leaving their dead would be the opposite of this purpose. Another strange fact was that there was no sign

of Alicia anywhere, despite him withdrawing his allegations against her and cancelling the arrest order. He understood someone like Alicia and her team could have holed up somewhere while there was a warrant for their arrest, but why would they hide now, and why would they attack an insignificant outpost? It made no sense whatsoever, and Bjorn could only come up with two possible explanations:

1. Either Alicia had gone rogue and actively worked against the interest of her family by attacking outposts and leaving her dead troops as a trace back to them
2. An unknown group had eliminated Alicia's group and were dumping their bodies on the scene to indict House White for the attacks.

Sadly, he could not share all of his ideas in the report as some of the information was confidential and there were things he did not want to share with all the Houses of the Terran Council.

Another thing that bothered Bjorn Muller was the disappearance of his espionage team on the Freedom Markets trading post. The team had been there posing as asteroid mining surveyors between jobs, while they really had come to sabotage the station to make it go bankrupt. Unknown assailants had drugged and kidnapped them in the middle of the night and then dragged them onto a stolen space shuttle. The worst part of it all was that the assailants had been caught on camera and yet they were impossible to identify. They didn't match any personal identity records in the solar system and what was stranger was that Bjorn could not pinpoint where they were from. They were definitely not from Earth, but they looked like they had too pure genetics to be from Mars. He asked the AI on the ship to find humans with similar characteristics as the ones on the images, and to his surprise, he got a match. Racially these humans looked like how humans had looked like in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, almost 900 years ago. Especially one of the assailants fascinated Bjorn. He could swear that it was Keila Eisenstein from the movement pattern, but her face was completely different.

Bjorn put his hands to his face and closed his eyes. He needed to get over Keila. He had been obsessed with her for too long. For the last years, Bjorn

had been spending endless night studying hologram videos of her. Officially it had been because he needed to learn all there was to learn about the enemy, but he knew that that was only a made-up reason. Since Bjorn first met her, he had been obsessed, filled with dark twisted unrequited love. Thinking back on it, things could have been entirely different if he just acted differently on their first encounter. If he had been kind to her, instead of opting to dominate and rape her, she could have become his wife and the mother of his children. Instead, he had forever made her an enemy on that fateful night and caused her to start the insurrection by killing his grandfather Hans Muller.

Nothing of this mattered now though. Keila was dead, and she had been dead for almost a year. Bjorn had seen the body himself, and he had been the one to proclaim her dead. Bjorn had to let her go from his mind. Bjorn felt like crying over how he had fucked up his life, but he didn't. Bjorn Muller, high ranking member of House Muller and one of the most influential persons in Europe wasn't going to cry. He was the epitome of success, and that was how he should live his life, forever portraying success through a hedonistic and carefree approach. Bjorn opened an expensive bottle of champagne and lined up a significant amount of cocaine. He then summoned the female companions his father had sent from Earth. Obeying his father and being on his good books certainly had its perks.

Unbeknownst to Bjorn Muller, it was actually Keila he saw on the hologram videos from the abduction of his espionage team. She had used the Zetan External DNA changing technology to give herself the appearance of Edenite woman who was of similar stature and body type as herself. Since none of the people living in Eden were recorded in any official population registration of the solar system, this was the perfect way to confuse her enemies. Of all the people living in the 29<sup>th</sup> century, the Edenites were the ones that resembled 20<sup>th</sup> century humans the most. The reason was that Terran humans were highly genetically modified to give them certain desirable traits and appearances, while the Martian humans faced a lot of mutations from the harsh and toxic environment of Mars. Keila's troops while having their ancestry from Mars were third generation Edenites and as such their genetics had returned to standard human DNA in the absence of both DNA manipulation and a toxic environment.

## 4.11 Conflict between House Cheng and House Muller.

JOACHIM MULLER FINISHED the conference call he has had with the leadership of House Cheng. There had been an armed robbery against one of House Cheng's storage facilities for valuable minerals located halfway between the asteroid belt and Jupiter. At the moment of the theft, the facility had been unguarded but with full of security measures in place, to incapacitate any intruder and keep them locked up until House Cheng security forces arrived.

When the Cheng forces had arrived, they had found that vaults had been emptied and that several House Muller spies had been captured in the base's non-lethal traps. While the situation was not as dire as it was between House Rashid and House White, it was very humiliating for Joachim Muller to find his operatives caught in what was essentially a bank robbery. Joachim Muller had discussed the matter with Bjorn, who had confirmed that the men captured by House Cheng were indeed the operatives who were abducted a couple of weeks earlier.

Joachim Muller had seen the hologram videos of the operatives' abduction and truly believed that they were not stupid enough to rob a House Cheng facility rare mineral vault. The problem, however, was to convince House Cheng of the innocence of his faction in the robbery. Joachim would, of course, show the video of his men being abducted in the first place, but the problem was, how he would make the House Cheng leaders believe him. If the roles were reversed, he would certainly not trust the House Cheng leaders if they showed him a video of the Cheng operatives in his custody being abducted a week earlier. On the other hand, if Joachim apologised for the incident and offered to pay repatriations, he would seem like he admitted guilt for what happened or at least admitted that he didn't have full control over his operatives.

The situation was extra critical because of the current tensions between House Rashid and House White. Following the hostage situation where House Rashid operatives boarded a House White cruise spaceship and took the passengers hostage, House White had answered by sending their own troops trying to free the hostages. This attempt had gone terribly wrong and

had caused the cruise spaceship to explode, killing every single passenger as they were choked by the freezing cold vacuum of space. As the chairman of the Terran Council, Joachim Muller and his board members had worked tirelessly around the clock for over a week to prevent a full-scale war between House Rashid and House White. Having his credibility destroyed by his agents participating in a mischievous plan and a bank robbery was the last thing he needed.

Joachim decided to bite the bullet and apologise and compensate House Cheng for the money lost claiming that his operatives had worked outside of his knowledge. His incompetent son Bjorn would then have to sort out this mess and find whoever responsible for the robbery. As Joachim was heading to the vacuum tube station to travel to the House Cheng headquarters in China, he was stuck in a fearsome mindset.

Who was the real force behind all the trouble lately and what was their end goal? Fear was growing within him, but he did not want to speak about it with anyone, not even his fellow board members and closest advisors. He was after all the chairman of the most powerful faction on Earth and the chairman of the Terran Council, an organisation that had ruled the solar system supreme for over 600 years. As such he could not fear anyone!

## **4.12 A cryogenic frozen embryo and a succession plan.**

KEILA LOOKED AT THE pregnancy test, and it confirmed what she had been suspecting; that her bout of morning sickness and declining fitness was a natural effect of a parasite infection that was crucial for the survival of any species. But how had this happened? Metatron was over a hundred years old despite his significantly younger looks and he shouldn't be fertile any more. Thinking back, she had temporarily lost her memory due to intoxication a few months earlier, on an Edenite celebration, and she could potentially have had a moment of indiscretion without remembering it. It was unlikely though as she occasionally checked the minds of her Edenite subjects to check current talking points, and if she were to have sex with anyone on Eden during a massive celebration it would undoubtedly have been one the most significant talking points. Fortunately, it was easy to find out the answer

though as she had access to everyone's DNA on Eden in the mainframe. She entered a full body scanner, and to her relief, it revealed that the 52-day old embryo she had in the womb was of Metatron's seed.

But this created another issue. Keila had other priorities than family life on Eden with Metatron. If she were to tell him about the pregnancy, he would certainly make another attempt at dissuading her from her insurrection plans and instead stay on Eden to rule it peacefully with him instead. While she certainly could understand where he was coming from she was not keen to give up her rebellion to save her Martian brethren just to please him. After all, the gods had led Keila this far, and there were so many people suffering from the injustices of the world. She had to follow through with what she had started.

Keila closed her eyes and had a vision. The vision was of herself, Metatron and a girl that looked like her future daughter holding an adulthood ceremony on Eden. Keila opened her eyes and felt confused. Had she come this far just to give up her plans and become a mother instead? It didn't make any sense but then again, who was Keila to understand the divine plan, she was just the one who made it happen. Just to be sure she closed her eyes and studied the vision again. It was the same vision still, but she noticed a crucial detail. The date and year on the cake. The date and year were 14 years and 7 months in the future, which didn't make sense since Edenite adulthood ceremonies for girls were when the girl was 13 years old. Hence the child in the vision would not be born for another year and 7 months. Thus it could not be the child she was carrying in her belly.

Keila made up her mind. She would not kill the embryo, but she would not carry it either. Instead, Keila would suck out the embryo and freeze it before its due time and keep the future baby in suspended animation for one year. If she were still alive in a year, she would quit the rebellion and focus on her motherhood. If not... She would have the child born in a synthetic womb. She wrote a message to Metatron with instructions that were encrypted with her safety signature that would open to him in exactly one year. After finishing the letter, she ordered the full body scanner to do the procedure for her. She woke up an hour later and was met by Metatron.

Metatron:

- What were you doing in there for so long? Is there any problem with your health?

Keila:

- No, Metatron I am fine.

- I just can't tell you what I did in there.

Metatron said nothing and walked away. Keila looked at him as he left the room and felt guilty. She knew that he knew what she had been doing and felt guilty for not consulting him, and yet now she didn't know how to bring it up. Dealing with emotional problems like she often did, Keila went to the shooting range to let the adrenaline clear her mind.



## Chapter 5 Keila developing technology and the Terran infighting worsens.



### 5.1 Keila's unique genetics.

The human genome consists of a lot of genetic information that doesn't normally activate or fill any function in the human body. The residual DNA from ancient Zetan human hybrids was an example of this kind of DNA as every living human had traces of Zetan DNA in them and yet most of them had no telepathic ability, visions or premonitions whatsoever. The Zetan DNA had been integrated into the human genome during two periods of history. The first round of Zetan DNA was induced into humanity 100,000 years ago when Zetan scientists were experimenting with travelling around the Milky Way galaxy producing a variety of species with intelligence and a soul. That program was rightly cancelled when Zetan experts argued that increasing the intelligence of various species across the galaxy could lead to one of these species rising and destroying the Zetans. After cancelling the program, nothing happened for 90,000 years, and the Zetans forgot about it.

10,000 years ago, the Xenos started their attacks on the Zetans which started the multi-millennial war between the two species. The Zetans realising they did not have the numbers to take on the Xenos needed allies, and that's where humanity came in. As humanity's deities, they commanded human fighters to take on their Xeno enemies with advanced Zetan technology. To have enough humans however they needed humans to multiply faster. This was why they gave humanity the concept of civilisation based around agriculture. They did this by procreating directly with humans to create hybrids between humans and Zetans. These hybrids became very prominent super leaders and kings for humanity that advanced the human technology and civilisation. As the Zetan/human hybrids or demigods as the ancient humans called them, tended to get a lot of offspring, the Zetan DNA spread among

humanity and in all generations down the line, everyone had a tiny piece of Zetan DNA in themselves. This did not affect their abilities though as an individual needed to have the complete sequence of Zetan DNA to be granted the unique Zetan skills of telepathy, premonition and heightened intelligence.

Yahweh was the last Zetan to procreate with humans before the portal between Earth and the Divine Dimension was destroyed. Due to the aphrodisiac he ingested before going to Earth; Yahweh had a lot of offspring. While many of them became prominent but forgotten throughout the times only one of them really stood out, Jesus. Jesus, in turn, had a lot of children with various women before meeting his end, a detail that was secretly left out and not told in public as his disciples came from a monotheistic and monogamous background and did not want to promote polytheistic and polygamous teachings.

After the fall of Jesus, there would emerge a human with a full Zetan DNA sequence every few hundred years, and this individual would be incredibly gifted and special. The Zetans directed this person towards scientific pursuits as they needed to progress humanities' science level if they ever were to activate the dormant portals between Earth and the Divine Dimension.

The last person before Keila who had an unusual Zetan DNA sequence was Jack Brown. Jack Brown was the scientist who had helped to build the Divine Detector machine that transported Abraham Goldstein's mind to the Divine Dimension 80 years earlier, at the beginning of the first book. While this had been amazing achievement, it had been a dead end as the technology to transport physical objects was utterly different from the technology that Jack Brown had developed. Jack Brown's telepathic link with the Zetans was also too weak to enable them to communicate with him through the dimensions, so all he gained from his Zetan DNA sequence was his exceptionally high intelligence. As Jack Brown was so brilliant and ahead of his time, the Divine Detection technology was still undiscovered by the rest of the Teran Houses 80 years after his discovery, as he and his group had been loyal to their words and not told anyone else but Abraham Goldstein about the technology to mind-warp to another dimension.

With Keila, the Zetans had a slight problem. Despite her strong telepathic connection with the Zetans, she lacked the scientific mind and ability to

create a portal for physical movement between the dimensions from scratch. They did believe, however, that they could use her to activate the ancient Zetan portals that were hidden within pyramids on Earth.

The Zetans had initially intended for Keila to go back to Earth and use her heritage as the exiled Mahmoud Rashid's daughter to gain entry to Terran citizenship, freedom and resources to explore the pyramids and find the secret to activating the portals. This had failed miserably when Bjorn Muller had not acted at all as Brahma had foreseen.

Brahma had set the plan in motion to have Keila crave for Earth so much so she would join a people smuggler ship taking her from her planet Mars to Earth. Brahma had planned for this ship to be intercepted by Bjorn's spaceship, but then things fell apart. Instead of pursuing Keila with his good looks, wealth and Terran citizenship, Bjorn had gone feral and kidnapped and raped her instead, thus destroying Brahma's plan of peaceful love. For Brahma, this change of circumstances came as a shock. After all, Brahma was the many-faced, all-seeing god, how could he have missed this? Another reason that Brahma had intended for Keila and Bjorn to fall for each other was that Bjorn had a high amount of residual Zetan DNA, and that combined with Keila complete Zetan DNA sequence would lead to very gifted and useful children.

The potential child of Keila and Bjorn could have become the ultimate human/ Zetan hybrid. Keila had 2 out of 3 Zetan DNA sequences for premonition and telepathy which gave her these abilities. She did not, however, have the full Zetan DNA sequence for intelligence, so she did not have superhuman intelligence. Bjorn Muller, on the other hand, had high amounts of recessive Zetan DNA for high intelligence, but sadly due to lack of parental love had caused him growing up to value only on wasting life by hedonistic values and his excessive drug use throughout the years have destroyed his innate intelligence and talent, Regardless Keila and Bjorn together could potentially have given birth to a child with all the three full sequences of Zetan DNA genes, creating a supreme individual, a demi-god.

All of this had come to naught though. The wretched Rangda was in fact the villain behind Bjorn's terrible and unpredicted behaviour to Keila. Bjorn was weak-willed, and cowardly, but in his natural state is relatively harmless. Naturally, he ordered atrocities against the Martians at times, but that was

more a function of his position in the armed forces than a malicious trait in his personality. Rangda had used the fact that Bjorn had plenty of recessive Zetan DNA to subconsciously manipulate him into becoming a sadistic rapist, thwarting Brahma's original plan of genuine love and peaceful mannerisms.

After the unfortunate incident between Keila and Bjorn, Brahma had lost his direction and believed that he was meant to have Keila starting an insurrection against the Terran Council. He had managed to keep her alive, but he had not managed to get closer to his fellow Zetans' goal of returning to the regular dimension. Brahma had not realised, until the very end, at the death by Rangda's hand, what a threat she was to the Zetans and how she had played him.

Rangda was studying Keila from her location in the Divine Dimension. It was damn fortunate that she had managed to stall the opening of the portals when the Zetans almost got there. At the time Rangda had not been powerful enough to take on the Zetans, but now with Brahma's soul absorbed by the corrupted Zeto Crystals, and upon eating his headless body, her power had grown. But this damn war that Keila was involved in was a complication for Rangda's plans to get Keila to Earth, to activate the portals. Oh well, she would just have to do it the hard way.

## **5.2 The Zetans in fear after Brahma's death**

ZEUS, RA AND ODIN WERE looking at the Zetans they had managed to assemble for an urgent meeting. There was 300 of them which was a slightly smaller number than the previous year. That was to be expected. Stuck in the timelessness of the Divine Dimension constantly hungry and thirsty and yet immortal, their numbers had thinned out through the years as many of them had chosen to take their own lives as the only way out. It had been almost 3000 years since the portal to Earth was destroyed, and as time passed, hunger and hopelessness drove more and more of them over the edge. There was still a lot more than 300 Zetans left in the Divine Dimension, but many of them were in deep meditation to avoid the suffering that being awake brought to them, and thus they ignored the summons of the leadership. Zeus didn't blame them.

Zetan leadership had been working on the way to open the portals back to the regular universe for thousands of years and yet they had nothing to show for it. The majority of the Zetans had given up and had either committed suicide, decided to remain permanently in the deep meditation, or walked off into the endlessness of the Divine Dimension too far away from their peers to be contactable.

Zeus thought of Brahma, and he shivered with fear. Brahma had walked off and killed himself like many others before him. But there was something with Brahma's death that did not make sense. Unlike the others, Brahma had no reason to kill himself, at least not now. Brahma had been convinced that Keila was the one they had been waiting for, the one to open the portals and set them free. Even if something had happened that had made Brahma re-evaluate Keila's usefulness, there was no reason for suicide, as he was full of hope and glory. Keila was still alive, and even if she was not the chosen one, human life was very short, and Brahma might as well have decided to wait and see.

But there was something else that scared Zeus even more: The way that Brahma had died. Most of the times when a Zetan walked away and killed themselves it was just like blowing out a candle: a peaceful transition from life to death so the soul could move on. Brahma's death was different. He had moved on in a state of terror and fear, and worse yet it seemed that instead of his soul moving on, his soul had scattered into fragments and been absorbed by the darkness. This prospect terrified Zeus. Not wanting fears spread among the assembly, Zeus started the meeting with an issue of more practical character.

Zeus:

- I am sad to tell you all that Brahma is dead. He walked off in the distance and killed himself, like so many before him.

Upset chatter was spreading among the crowd after this announcement and eventually a lesser Zetan, Altjira called out.

Altjira:

- Stop lying Zeus. We all know Brahma didn't kill himself. Something terrible caught up with him and devoured his soul.

Zeus was going to speak, but Ra beat him to it.

Ra:

- Don't speculate about things you don't know Altjira. While the circumstances regarding Brahma's death are suspicious, we can't do anything about it. All we know is that he was very far away when he died, but without knowing the details, there is not enough information to ever find him.

- Besides if what you are saying is true, that something evil and powerful is out there to get us, the last thing we should do is to split up and go look for Brahma separately.

Zeus added in. He said:

- I agree with Ra, and besides, we have another issue on the agenda. With Brahma's death, we lost our connection to Keila. Without that connection, we cannot guide her to open the portals. I request that we gather and utilise our collective psionic power to bind her telepathically to me.

A murmuring broke out among the Zetans, but no one rejected the proposal. While Zeus was not famed for having as much foresight as Brahma, there was not anyone else who wanted the responsibility for the future of their species on their shoulders. The Zetans gathered in a circle to initiate the ritual that would bind Keila's mind to Zeus. It failed and shocked, they saw Zeus falling to the ground screaming in pain with his face burnt.

Zeus (shouting in agony):

- I could not connect with her. I was blocked by the tormented fragments of Brahma's soul. I saw Rangda; she must be behind this!!

Suddenly, Zeus vomited up litres of blood and died. Shocked, Odin and Ra ran up to his lifeless body but to no avail, there was nothing they could do for him. Filled with rage and grief, Odin shouted out:

Odin:

- To arms fellow Zetans. We march to Rangda's prison at once; the witch must pay for what she has done!!

Determined, they all got up, gathered their equipment and set out for their very long walk to Rangda's prison. They left a dozen of them to form a vanguard in case the portal was somehow opened, but the remaining 280 Zetans marched to Rangda's jail.

### **5.3 Markus Bauer's dilemma.**

MARKUS BAUER WAS PREPARING his presentation for Keila and her leadership team. He had done what they asked him to do and reverse engineered the Zetan technologies so that they could be mass-produced with current technologies. Although the reverse engineered products were inferior to their Zetan counterparts, they had the advantage of being inexpensive and fast to make. As they needed many gadgets to give to their allies they could not use the particle replicator machine as every unit made that way was extremely energy demanding and thus costly to produce. To make an exact copy on a molecular level was also extremely slow compared to other methods of manufacturing.

One Zetan technology, however, Markus Bauer refused to reverse engineer for mass production, the Divine Technology. While the other Zetan technologies were gadgets that were used for warfare they did not really change anything. Humans had always developed better weapons to try to outwit and destroy each other. If Keila and her rebels wanted to kill her enemies, it was just natural that she wanted the best defences possible at her disposal, and Markus had no ethical problems with providing them to her.

The Divine Technology microchips were different. They gave the ruling classes with angel and god chips complete control over the enslaved masses below them fundamentally transforming the essence of humanity from in-

dividuals to slaves under a hive mind. Markus Bauer made up his mind. He would not reverse engineer the Divine Technology microchips for mass production; he would not release this evil to the world on his conscience.

Nervous and tentative Markus Bauer entered the boardroom where Keila, Metatron and the ruling council of Eden had convened. He was relieved when Keila looked at him with a smile. She raised her glass of wine and spoke.

Keila:

- Cheers to our chief scientist Markus Bauer for his excellent services to our cause. I already know everything that you are going to say today, but please hold your presentation anyway to fill the others in.

Markus felt a moment of great irritation take hold. He didn't like that his boss/captor took the liberty to spy on his mind. Then again what else could he expect? Markus corrected his tie, drank some water and started his presentation.

Markus Bauer:

- Dear delegates. It pleases me to announce that my team and I have managed to reverse engineer Zetan technology so that it could be easily mass produced by us and our Martian allies. While the reverse engineered versions are not nearly as good as the originals, they are still vastly superior to the current weapons on hand by our Martian peers.

Keila interrupted him:

- While I am happy with the breakthroughs you have done, I am not satisfied that you haven't taken the steps required to solve one of our most significant issues. How are we going to communicate with our Martians friends uninterrupted and secure from Terran spies?

Markus Bauer:

- I am afraid I don't know how to answer that question, Ms Eisenstein. My team and I have not been working on our communications at all. As a matter of fact, you are not even letting us communicate with the outside world out of fear that we would betray you to the Terran Council.

Keila:

- Well, your refusal to reverse engineer the human chips has set us back on the communications front. I intended to use the human chips as a way of secure communication and not to control and dominate like you assumed.

Markus Bauer:

- And yet you spied on my mind without my permission. Whatever you logically intend to do; you are never going to be able to resist the urge to use the technology to spy on the followers that have the chips implanted.

Keila found herself without words. She had spoken herself into a corner with her previous statement and Markus had been brave enough to expose the hypocrisy of her claim. She swore to herself and nervously drank some water to moisten her dry throat. Metatron joined in on the discussion.

Metatron:

- Markus is right. Even if the Divine Technology is just a tool and not inherently evil, it can easily be used for evil. I saw it myself when I served under Abraham.

Keila spat out her water and scorned at Metatron:

- So, you are siding with Markus now, against me?! I am very disappointed with you Metatron.

Metatron:

- Quite the opposite Keila. I am siding with humanity and the real you. The Keila I know, values the individual's freedom, and yet you propose that we mass-produce technology that could enslave them. It just doesn't make sense, does it?

Keila:

- So how the fuck, do I coordinate a rebellion throughout the solar system without a reliable means of communication? I can't use Space Net because it's so insecure I might as well telegraph my every move on the morning news. And I don't happen to have hundreds of secure communication satellites, unlike the Terrans.

Metatron:

- Well, I am sure there must be a better way to beat the Terran Council than installing a worse tyranny than theirs. If there isn't a better way, we better just leave the things the way they are.

Keila realised that Metatron and Markus were right. She felt ashamed over what she had become, how the power she had corrupted her mind and perspective. Keila had come to Eden to stop Abraham's tyranny, and now a year later she was proposing to spread the menace all over the solar system. Keila knew that she hadn't been thinking clearly. Just because SHE would never use the divine technology to tyrannise the population, it didn't mean that it was a good idea to spread the technology. If she was to die there was an overwhelming risk that someone would take her place and use it to instate tyranny, like Abraham did before. Keila eventually spoke.

Keila:

- You are right Metatron. We are not going to develop something that can be used for tyranny. But we are not going to give up our struggle either. We'll find another way.

- I hereby declare this meeting concluded. Return to your work ladies and gentlemen.

As everyone else left Keila sat in her chair staring out at the vastness of space. She felt at a loss what to do and decided to just do nothing for a while.

## 5.4 Keila has a nightmare and reconciles with Metatron.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT Keila was sleeping restless and had very vivid dreams. *“He’s holding you back,”* a voice said. It followed up with *“just kill him, and mankind will succumb to your will.”* Keila saw images of Metatron lying in a pool of blood. The perspective changed, and she could see herself looking out from a penthouse at Earth. She recognised the location and knew where it was although she had never been there. The view was from the penthouse level of European towers in Hansstadt in the European Alps. There was nothing strange with her recognising the place, after all as the seat of the House Muller and the Terran Council was a location often featured in the news. But what happened next was even stranger. She saw herself together with Bjorn Muller and several children. That didn’t make any sense, that creep had kept her as a sex slave and then had been responsible for catching and killing her after she had killed his grandfather Hans Muller. Finally, she saw a blueprint for a divine technology human chip. She could tell that it was modified, but she was unsure how it had happened. *“This is the chip that you need, the human chip that you can mass-produce with your technology,”* the voice said. *“Show yourself”* Keila screamed at the voice, but it didn’t answer. Keila could feel that the owner of the voice tried to disconnect from her mind, but she wouldn’t let it. Using all her mental strength Keila got a glimpse of the other side, a very short glimpse of Rangda.

The source of the voice didn’t look at all like the benevolent old man she had seen in her visions before. Instead, she saw a terrifying female witch. Did the voice belong to an evil monster? But Keila knew that appearances could be deceiving. All the leaders of the Terran council were picture perfect and could look very friendly and charming on television. And yet most of them were sadistic sociopaths who couldn’t care less about the poor people getting hurt, as long as they could live their hedonistic lives in luxury.

Keila felt that she needed to talk. She missed Metatron. She knew that her actions had made him feel betrayed and she understood him completely.

And yet they wanted different things. Metatron wanted to focus on Eden and the Edenites looking after and improving the lives of its inhabitants. Keila was entirely focused on how to take on the Terran Council and free her Martians brethren from its oppression. The two goals were not compatible, and yet she needed him. She hadn't told him about the vision, as a matter of fact, she hadn't discussed the foetus with him at all. And yet he knew, and things had changed. He was not sleeping with her anymore, as a matter of fact, Keila was wondering if he slept at all. Keila decided to stop overthinking things and just talk to Metatron. She visited him in the command centre where he was overlooking a process.

Keila:

- You don't sleep much these days.

Metatron:

- I only need to sleep two hours a day using the accelerated sleeping pod.

Keila:

- But you used to sleep eight hours a day next to me, getting natural sleep in a bed.

Metatron:

- I can't afford to waste that much time sleeping. My people need me, and there are lots of things I need to do.

Keila:

- You can't afford to, or you don't want to?

Metatron didn't answer; instead, he turned back to the computer terminal supervising a process.

Keila:

- I don't know. The visions that used to guide me don't make any sense to me anymore. They have changed, and their source has changed. Please help me find my way.

Metatron:

- Why do you ask me now? You certainly didn't ask before you killed our baby.

Keila:

- I didn't kill her! I put her in suspended animation. You see my vision told me that she would have her adulthood ceremony in 15 years' time, but the adulthood ceremony is at the age of 13. Hence she is supposed to be born in 2 years' time.

Metatron:

- And it never crossed your mind that your vision was bullshit, or that it was real, and you misinterpreted it?

Keila:

- Oh Jack, don't say that. You know that my visions are real.

Metatron:

- Don't call me Jack. That is my Terran name, and I haven't been to Earth for 80 years.

- When I lived on Earth, I was carrying out assassinations for Abraham Goldstein.

- Eden is my destiny, and this is where I can redeem myself and find peace.

Keila:

- Oh yes, I keep forgetting how old you are.

Metatron:

- Yes, it's easy to forget my age when admiring my baby face.

For the first in a while, Keila saw Metatron smile. It was a tired, resigned smile but still a smile, and she would take what she could get. Despite Metatron being over 100 years old, he always looked young. This was because he spent most of his life cryogenically frozen between missions and had also exposed himself to a significant amount of DNA regeneration to keep him in peak condition.

Keila:

- Don't worry about your age Met; you got another good 100 years in the tank.

Metatron:

- I'll probably outlive you, my young lady.

He winked at her to take away the seriousness of the joke.

Keila:

- So, are we back on good terms?

Metatron:

- Sure, if you tell me why you approached me to talk today, after a month of silence.

Keila:

- I had the strangest dream, you were dead, I was raising a family with Bjorn Muller, and I saw the human chip in its reverse engineered form.

Metatron:

- That's good.

Keila:

- Pardon me?

Metatron:

- You wouldn't have told me about the dream if you intended it to come true. Thus, you are no longer slavishly following your visions making them become self-fulfilling prophecies.

Keila:

- I guess. So, what do you suggest I do?

Metatron:

- Well, let's free Mars, shall we? No point beating around the bush.

Keila:

- Okay, handsome, but first come with me to bed. The Edenites can wait.

After this Metatron joined Keila to bed and the two of them were reconciled for now.

## **5.5 Keila watching the news and finalising the reverse-engineered human chip blueprint.**

KEILA WAS WATCHING the news. The conflict between House Rashid and House White had erupted into a series of full-on proxy wars throughout the solar system. Although the news report did not mention the affiliation between Rashid and White and the warring factions, Keila was well enough versed in the political alliances of the different factions to know that these seemingly unrelated regional conflicts were, in fact, part of something bigger,

a full-on battle between House White and House Rashid. So far, she had not achieved what she wanted though, although Rashid and White were fighting it was her fellow Martians that died and her home planet that was the worst affected. Infighting alone would not crush the Terran Council; she needed to mount a full-scale attack when they were fighting among themselves to finally beat them.

Keila was studying the blueprint of the reverse-engineered human chip that she had drawn herself from memory with a blueprint drawing software. Keila was amazed at her sudden engineering ability. Despite having no knowledge of engineering, she had managed to draw it exactly as she had remembered it. Although it would have been easier to extract it from memory, Keila did not have any bionic microchips in her brain, and thus she could not retrieve information from her mind quickly.

Keila was hesitant on how to proceed. She knew that she had promised Metatron and Markus Bauer to not mass-produce the human chip and spread the technology. On the other hand, in spreading the technology, she had the opportunity to accomplish two things

1. She got access to a completely secure communications channel. The divine technology microchips operated on their own unique wavelength, and no-one had any idea how they worked. Thus, it would be impossible for the Terran Council spies to intercept and interpret her signals.
2. Introducing a new religion could be what united Mars against their oppressors. The reason that the Terran Council could control and tyrannise the Martians was that the Martians were divided and Terrans could quickly turn them against each other. If she introduced a new religion with enough followers that could change the momentum and unite the Martians against their Terran overlords. And what better way to launch a new religion than to mass-produce human chips and spread them among the population? While other religions required faith, she could transport the messages straight to her followers.

Best of all was that even if the Terrans were able to get their hands on a human chip, it would be useless for them. Without the angel chip and god chip, the human chip was useless and didn't do anything. Apparently, she would not spread the angel chips and god chips on Mars, and she would not reverse engineer them for mass production.

Keila made up her mind. She would travel to the Olympus Republic on Mars and arrange a secret meeting with its president Hellas Petrakis. Using the outer layer external DNA modifier, Keila changed her face to that of a female Edenite, but not the same looks she had used when kidnapping the House Muller operatives. She left a message to Metatron that she would be gone for a while and that he oversaw Eden in her absence, but she did not further reveal her intentions. She asked one of her Edenite aides to fly her to one of the transport hubs that ran transports between the asteroid mining stations and Mars for the asteroid stations Martian employees.

A day later she boarded a transport bound for the Olympus republic. Keila leaned back and expected a few quiet weeks in space. Things would not turn out that way though as the notorious space pirate Morgan Henry had the ship in his sight.

## **5.6 Rangda fills Keila with enough power to take out an entire pirate crew.**

MORGAN HENRY PREPARED to board the passenger ship that was taking Keila and many others from the asteroid belt to Mars. He and his crew were looking forward to another round of violence and mayhem against innocent defenceless people. This was the third time he was attacking the passenger ships this month.

Morgan Henry's attacks on passenger ships were not a random occurrence. Although the vessel did not contain much of value and their passengers were poor, Martian workers attacking them served a purpose that made him rich quick. Morgan Henry was secretly working for House Cheng, and they paid him lavishly to attack passenger ships that were transporting workers to House Muller territory. This was payback for the robbery a few months ago where Keila had robbed a House Cheng rare elements vault and made it look like House Muller operatives were behind the theft. While House

Cheng officially had accepted House Muller's apology and compensation payments, and not had taken any official hostile actions, the attacks by Morgan Henry were their unofficial response. By targeting and killing off House Muller workers, they weakened their enemy covertly.

Morgan Henry prepared to board the ship, it would have been easier to just blow it up from a distance, but that would have caused suspicion. Pirate attacks were to steal and rob, blowing up ships from afar wouldn't generate any loot and wouldn't make any sense. He and his 20-man pirate crew drank a unique concoction that would make them violent and merciless. They attached grappling hooks and an airlock to the passenger ship, before blowing up its doors and storming the ship.

Keila woke up with a twitch when she heard the explosion. She instantly realised that something was amiss, and she was thankful that she had opted for a private cabin instead of cryogenically sleeping the duration of the trip to Mars. Keila opened the door slightly and released a few automatic miniature drones to get an overview of the situation. What she saw on her monitor frightened her. The ship was under attack by a large group of pirates led by the infamous mass-murderer, the space pirate Morgan Henry. They were busy killing and robbing passengers on the lower level, but it was only a matter of time until they moved up to her level.

Keila felt fear engulfing her, she had been to many desperate battles in the past and come out on top, but she had never been this outnumbered before. Despite her Zetan gadgets, she did not think she would be able to take on that many pirates on her own. She was trying to figure out where to hide and swore at herself for being complacent and not learning the exact floor plan.

Suddenly Keila heard the voice; the voice of the witchlike monster who had been guiding her visions for the last few months. It said, "*I can make you strong and fast enough to take them all on and win*".

Keila (via telepathy):

- Take them all on? Are you kidding me?

Rangda (via telepathy creepily hissing):

- No. I can give you the power. Get you out of this mess. If you let go of control for a while.

Keila was tentative to the offer. She didn't trust the voice, and she had seen the being that it originated from. It wasn't a pretty sight; quite frankly it looked like the manifestation of evil. Keila woke up from her thinking when she heard the tormented scream of pain from the person in the cabin next to hers. Short of options she realised that she had no choice but to trust the voice in her head.

Keila (via telepathy):

- Okay whoever you are, I give up control for the next five minutes.

Rangda (Via telepathy, hissing):

- Excellent. Hee Hee Heee Heeeeeee!!!!

In shock, Keila felt how she lost control of her body. Her first impulse was to fight back for control, but then she realised the deal she had made with the voice. Her sight changed to infrared, and her vision became narrower but broader. Most of all she could feel how the adrenaline was pumping through her veins maximising her blood pressure and heart rate. The door opened, and the amazed pirate didn't even have time to react before Keila had jumped him and cut him in half with her plasma knife. She then proceeded to pull out his beating heart and have a big bite before throwing it away. Keila was shocked by what she saw, but she let the voice remain in control. Moving with superhuman speed, she moved to the end of the corridor precision hitting the pirate around the corner with a knife to the throat. She then rushed through the lobby where four pirates were standing dropping a proximity mine among them and getting away before the mine blew up the four pirates who hardly had time to react. The sound of the explosion alerted the other pirates that something was amiss. With extreme haste Keila booby-trapped all the doors to the lobby with the fallen pirates' guns, she then quickly made her way over to the pirate ship and set an explosive device in its engine room before heading back to the passenger ship where an additional

two pirates had fallen to traps she set. She then hid in an air vent and watched all the pirate running back to their ship in panic, until Morgan Henry was the only one left on the passenger ship. Then she jumped down and knocked him to the ground and disconnected the airlock between the ships, disconnecting the passenger ship from Morgan's ship. Baffled Morgan Henry asked:

- Who are you?

Keila answered (hissing):

- Rangda, remember my name, pitiful human.

Morgan got to his feet and reached for his pistol, but he wasn't fast enough. Before he even knew it, Keila punched him, with a punch strong enough to penetrate his body and pulled out his heart. She then held it over her head and crushed it with her hand, licking the blood that dropped on her mouth. Seconds later the explosive device at the pirate ship went off destroying the spaceship and killing the pirates on it. Keila struggled to regain control of her body, but she finally did it. *"Look, little girl, trust in Rangda, and you'll be fine,"* the voice said before severing the connection to her.

Keila went down on her knees and vomited from the shock of what she had witnessed and from having her body possessed by another being. She screamed in pain, and some of the survivors that had been hiding came to her assistance.

Survivor:

- Oh my god! Are you hurt? - We need to call the Terran Council forces for immediate assistance and backup.

Keila:

- No, don't. I repeat DO NOT involve the Terran Council. - Look after my wounds and take me straight to the Olympus Republic on Mars.

The survivors on the ship did not dare to do anything else than comply with Keila's request and a few days later she arrived on Mars in a manageable condition as the wounds she had sustained had only been superficial wounds.

## 5.7 A cold welcome at Olympus republic

OLYMPUS REPUBLIC WAS a nation on Mars that consisted of a group of underground settlements. It was one of the safer and more prosperous regions on Mars and was technically a democracy, although in reality it was in-

directly controlled and influenced by House Muller. Built on the high volcanic plains around Olympus Mons, it was relatively safe from the raiders and warlords on the ground level, as Olympus Mons was over 20 kilometres up, so it was impossible to get there except via air transport and the Olympus Republic had excellent air defences that would deter any raiders from even trying. The drawback of living on the high altitude volcanic plains was that it was always freezing cold outside and the outside air was too thin to be breathable without breathing aids.

Keila had arrived at Olympus republic to meet with its president Hellas Petrakis whom she knew was sympathetic to the idea of Martian independence and self-determination. Although his nation was technically a vassal of House Muller, Hellas Petrakis was not at all fond of them, but had merely aligned with the faction he hated the least. It was almost impossible to survive as an independent nation on Mars, so most countries and regions were forced to align with one of the Terran Council members for “protection”.

Keila stepped out of the shuttle that had taken her from the passenger spaceship in orbit to her preferred location in the Olympus Republic, and she was immediately arrested by a vast host of Olympus Republic police, having seen security footage of her butchering Morgan Henry’s crew, they put her in heavy chains as well as kept her in place with an invisible nanotechnology force field. They then transported her to a secure holding facility awaiting further instructions.

The Olympus police tried to interrogate Keila, but she requested to speak to president Hellas and refused to talk to anyone else. This was a risky move, but it worked because the Olympus police commissioner was grateful that she had ended the terror of Morgan Henry, who had killed hundreds of Olympus Republic citizens in the last month. The police commissioner contacted Hellas, who tentatively agreed to meet with the mysterious female prisoner.

Together with the police commissioner Hellas walked into the interrogation room where Keila was chained to the wall.

Hellas Petrakis:

- I am president Petrakis.
- You requested to meet me, stranger.

- Why?
- Who are you?

Keila:

- That depends. Is the man with you is a friend or House Muller spy?

Hellas Petrakis:

- He is Mark Bello, the commissioner of police and a true patriot to the Olympus Republic.

Keila:

- Excellent. Deactivate all cameras and microphones in the room, and I will talk.

Hellas:

- I am the president here, I decide what happens.

Keila:

- And yet I was the one who ended the terror of Morgan Henry, you should really hear me out.

Hellas Petrakis:

- AI, deactivate cameras and microphones sector B5
- Okay, it's done. Now talk.

Keila:

- It's me, Keila. I am back because I have found a way to defeat the Terran Council and give our people freedom.

Hellas Petrakis:

- That is absurd! Keila Eisenstein is dead, and besides, you don't look at all like her. Furthermore, you don't match her DNA sequence.

Keila:

- That's because I used ancient Alien technology to change the DNA of the outer layers of my body to give me a new appearance.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Is this a joke? You are wasting my valuable time with these fairy tales.

- If it's that easy just change back, then.

Keila:

- While I can change back, I am not going to do that now. You see once I revert to my usual face I cannot change my face again without the Zetan outer layer external DNA modifier. Walking around as Keila Eisenstein is undoubtedly going to attract unwanted attention.

- Take a blood sample if you want. That is going to confirm my story.

Hellas Petrakis took a blood sample from Keila and analysed it. He stared at her in disbelief. How was it possible to have one set of DNA on the outside and an entirely different genome on the inside?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Who are you?

- What is going on?

Keila:

- I told you already I am Keila.

- I came across technology created by an ancient alien race called the Zetans. The species that created mankind. With their technology, I will lead us to freedom.

- Unchain me, and I will show you something.

Hellas Petrakis exchanged a look with his subordinate Mark Bello, who shook his head. Despite this Hellas released Keila from her chains.

Keila:

- Now tell your police commissioner to shoot me.

The police commissioner had no problem following that order and fired a burst of four shots towards Keila. The bullets were stopped by the Zetan Ballistic Energy Absorber and dropped to the ground. The police commissioner was to go to shoot again, but Keila kicked the pistol out his hand before he had the chance.

Keila:

- The device is battery operated; don't waste my battery, please.

After this Hellas Petrakis was convinced that Keila was the real deal and they set up a secret meeting with his cabinet to develop their war strategy.

## **5.8 Bjorn Muller investigates the pirate attacks and confirms his worst fears.**

BJORN MULLER WAS PUTTING down his touchpad computer. These bloody pirate attacks were really putting a strain on the House Muller mining operations in the asteroid belt. Although no mining station had been attacked since Proxima Thule, enterprises were still struggling. The reason was that pirate had started attacking passenger ships with workers for no apparent reason, as attacking passenger ships with workers didn't yield much loot. Not only had they lost a couple of hundreds of skilled workers in these attacks, what's worse was that thousands of workers had refused to come back to work from their holiday in fear of the pirate attacks.

What frustrated Bjorn the most was that he couldn't do a lot about the pirate attacks as he was low on ships and manpower. Because of the damn conflict between House White and House Rashid, they had both withdrawn their support from the Terran Council's security forces as they refused to work together. House Bolivar had never been particularly interested in Space Colonization and focused mainly on developing their territories in South America. Finally, House Cheng did not seem overly interested in dealing with the pirate scourge, which had left the job to House Muller themselves. While House Muller was dominant, they were not influential or wealthy enough to fund peacekeeping of the entire solar system themselves. Hence Bjorn had been forced to attend several press conferences the last month explaining why they hadn't been able to deal with the pirate scourge while at the same time trying hard to portray that the Terran Council were in control of the situation. Bjorn's intercom rang, and Captain Adal Schneider entered Bjorn's office.

Adal Schneider:

- There has been another pirate attack.

Bjorn Muller:

- More bad news every fucking day... Tell me some good news for once!

Adal Schneider:

- I was just getting to that. The pirate attack failed, and the infamous pirate Morgan Henry is dead.

Bjorn Muller:

- Music to my ears!  
- How did this happen?

Adal Schneider:

- Watch for yourself.

Adal transmitted the video footage of Keila with an unknown woman's face assassinating Morgan Henry and his men. Bjorn stared at the footage. This woman reminded him of Keila, as a matter of fact, he couldn't stop thinking of her, and yet he said nothing about it to Adal. It was a silly thought; the woman was apparently not Keila, so why did his mind bring it up?

Bjorn Muller:

- Certainly impressive. I don't know if we shall reward this woman for helping us out by killing a wanted mass-murderer and his pirate group, or kill her pre-emptively as she could pose a threat to us with demonic superhuman abilities like that.

- Who is she?

Adal Schneider:

- We don't know her identity. Her DNA is not in our database, and our facial recognition system doesn't recognise her.

Bjorn Muller:

- Oh really?

- Was this mystery woman by any chance involved in the disappearance of our espionage team on the Freedom Markets trading post?

Adal Schneider:

- I thought the same thing, but as it turns out. No.

Bjorn Muller:

- I see. Anyways where is the attacked ship? I would like to study the scene myself.

Adal Schneider:

- It's docked at the Mars 4<sup>th</sup> interplanetary passenger terminal. We will pass its orbit in one hour.

Bjorn Muller:

- Very well. Let's go there ourselves and "assist" our Martian colleagues. Gather a platoon and meet me at the shuttle.

Adal Schneider:

- Yes, sir.

An hour later Bjorn, Adal and their 30 bodyguards took a shuttle from the Phobos base to passenger terminal to investigate the attacked ship. It was essential to come in force to show the Martian investigators who were in charge but not too much so that it would attract media coverage. If Bjorn travelled there in his large command ship ISS Supreme Earth, that would cause a lot of speculation.

Mars had 24 interplanetary passenger terminals each in geostationary orbit over a specific place, and each covering one timezone. Every planet had a similar setup of orbiting interplanetary passenger terminals, as the ship that travelled between worlds were large and as such were very difficult to land on the planets. Thus smaller shuttle ships took interplanetary passengers between the surface and the passenger terminals.

Bjorn and his group arrived at the scene, and they briefly spoke with the Olympus Republic officer in charge, before sending them back to Mars. Bjorn then proceeded to talk to the captain of the attacked ship, Mark Newton.

Bjorn Muller:

- Captain, tell me what happened.

Mark Newton:

- We were attacked four days ago by pirates. They threatened to blow up our ship with their laser cannons if we didn't let them board.

- We had no choice but to let them board, as our ship, as you know, is entirely unarmed.

- Anyway, I thought they were just going to rob us, but instead, they stormed the ship in a frenzied state killing anyone they could find.

- Then suddenly, this mysterious woman emerges from her cabin and kills all the pirates using superhuman speed and strength.

Bjorn Muller:

- Yes, I have seen the footage myself, captain.

- What I don't understand is why you didn't alert the Terran Council of what happened until this morning?

Mark Newton:

- We were going to, but our mysterious friend insisted that we took her straight to Mars before alerting the authorities.

Bjorn Muller:

- Mysterious?! Didn't you check proper identification before allowing this woman on your vessel?

Mark Newton:

- We must have slipped up somewhere along the way.

Bjorn Muller:

- No, this wasn't a slip-up. You intentionally looked the other way and allowed this unregistered passenger to travel on your vessel. As you know, all interplanetary travellers are to be registered with the Terran Council Security Forces. Non-Compliance is a severe offence. Is there any way we can identify this woman?

Mark Newton (Stuttering in fear):

- I...

- The woman was treated for minor wounds at the medical bay. Maybe there are still some of her bloody bandages in the bins there.

Bjorn Muller:

- Excellent. Your helpfulness will be considered during your sentencing hearing.

- Adal!

Adal Schneider:

- Yes, Rear Admiral.

Bjorn Muller:

- Arrest Mark and his whole crew.

While Adal and his men were rounding Mark's crew, Bjorn walked up to the medical bay and examined the bloody rags and bandages with a DNA scanner connected directly to the Terran Councils networks. Most of the blood was from foreign sources, but eventually, a name came up that both fascinated and petrified Bjorn Muller. The name was Keila Eisenstein. While he couldn't be sure that Keila was the mystery woman who killed off Morgan Henry's pirate crew, Bjorn just instinctively knew it. Burdened by the shock and realisation, he said nothing and returned to the base on Phobos.

## 5.9 Bjorn Muller meets with Hellas Petrakis

BJORN MULLER WAS UNSURE on how to approach the fact that Keila was still alive and that she had changed her appearance. If he publicly announced that Keila was still alive, he would look like a complete idiot for declaring her dead in the first place. But if he didn't announce that Keila was still alive, she would cause more trouble, like she had when she killed Hans Muller 5 years earlier.

What baffled him the most was not that she could change her looks, after all, plastic surgery was plentiful and readily available in the 29<sup>th</sup> century, but the fact that she could change her DNA signature to make her unrecognisable for security cameras. Security cameras had DNA detection capabilities, so that the DNA detection could work as a safeguard against the widely available plastic surgery.

Bjorn Muller was sure that House Muller didn't have any technologies that could mask an agent's DNA signature and it was unlikely that the other houses or the primitive savages on Mars would have access to a better technology than theirs either. So where had she accessed this technology? Eden was her last known location and presumably where she was killed, but all the intelligence reports about Eden he had on hand indicated that Eden was home to a backwards group of strange cultists, that for reasons unknown to Bjorn was stuck in a strange role play pretending to be living in the Bronze Age.

Bjorn took a deep breath in. His main priority was to stop Keila before rumours of his humiliating failure: declaring Keila dead when she was, in fact, alive, would spread. Bjorn stepped up on the hologram machine and called Hellas Petrakis. After a while, Hellas showed up on the platform in front of him.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Greetings, Rear Admiral Muller. How may I be of assistance?

Bjorn Muller:

- We need to meet today at 3PM. I'll come by your office, don't be late.

Bjorn then hung up on Hellas. Hellas Petrakis was a House Muller puppet. As such there was no reason to organise meetings when it was convenient for him. Instead, Bjorn Muller intentionally showed his disdain and disrespect for Hellas to keep him in place.

A few hours later Bjorn Muller landed and was greeted by Hellas Petrakis in the Presidential Palace reception area. While the lobby was luxurious by Martian standards, it looked destitute and pathetic compared to Europeum Towers in Hansstadt, House Muller headquarters. Bjorn Muller deliberately ignored Hellas and walked straight into Hellas office. Hellas came after him subserviently.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Rear Admiral Muller, you are missing out on the great food and refreshments we organised for you in the reception area.

Bjorn Muller:

- How thoughtful of you to look after my bodyguards, but I prefer to eat real food.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Objection noted. We will try to satisfy your tastes better next time.

Bjorn Muller:

- Don't bother; I wouldn't come here to socialise.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Duly noted.

- So, Bjorn, why are you here?

Bjorn Muller:

- You know why.

- The extraordinary woman that dealt with the scum Morgan Henry, where is she? I heard she was detained here.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Yes. She was detained here for questioning. I actually spoke with her myself.

Bjorn Muller:

- So, where is she?

Hellas Petrakis:

- I don't know. She was cleared of any wrongdoing and was free to go. She left earlier today.

Bjorn Muller:

- Cleared of any wrongdoing? She stopped the attack from being reported to the authorities! She travelled between planets without proper identification!

Hellas Petrakis:

- Neither of those is Olympic Republic laws, and besides, they didn't happen within our jurisdiction.

- If you wanted her arrested, you could have sent a request. We cannot randomly detain people for no reason.

Bjorn Muller was feeling the anger and frustration rise within him. Was Hellas Petrakis really that dumb or was he playing him for a fool? Then again Bjorn realised that he hadn't been the friendliest to Hellas and that he could

expect the Puppet president to be obstinate. Bjorn was doubtful whether he should escalate the issue with Hellas or not. Bjorn knew through his forensic examination that the mystery woman, in fact, was the infamous terrorist Keila Eisenstein, the same Keila he had declared dead a year earlier. But no one else knew that Keila was alive, and the last thing Bjorn wanted was for people to find out that she was alive, as that would embarrass him as well as act as a beacon of hope for the Martian resistance. Bjorn was disturbed in his train of thoughts when Hellas spoke again.

Hellas Petrakis:

- So why did you really come, Bjorn? What is this woman to you? High ranking officials don't typically come down here for migration matters.

Bjorn Muller:

- That is correct. I am here to investigate her because of her immense capabilities.

Hellas Petrakis:

- I see.

- Well, being talented and capable of looking after oneself, is not a crime here in the Olympus Republic so I am afraid I cannot do more to assist you.

Bjorn Muller:

- Well, that's unfortunate.

- I guess I might as well join you to the food and refreshments now that I am here. I am sure the food and beverage cost a lot by your standards.

Hellas Petrakis:

- We would be honoured to have you and your men dining with us.

Bjorn Muller:

- Excellent. If you provide us with some female entertainment, I can put in a good word for you with my father.

Hellas Petrakis:

- That is very gracious of you. I am sure we can have it organised.

After that Bjorn and Hellas left the office to enjoy the dinner at the reception area of the Olympus Republic presidential palace.

## **5.10 Rangda killing off isolated Zetan's and increasing her power.**

RANGDA WAS RIDING A Xeno leading her group of other Xenos. Being a Zetan and Xeno hybrid, she was considerably smaller than the other huge and bulky Xenos and could use them as riding animals. Although she as a hybrid could keep up with them, there was no reason to do so. She needed to conserve her energy for more important tasks.

When Rangda killed Zeus with a psionic shock, she learned something valuable, which was the location of a bunch of Zetans hibernating in deep meditation throughout the Divine Dimension. She would need to find them and kill them off one by one for two reasons. Firstly, so that they did not get the opportunity to wake up and join the Zetans that would try to stop her. Secondly and more importantly so she could shatter and absorb their souls using the corrupted dark Zeto crystals. This was imperative to her plan, without her corrupted dark Zeto crystals her psionic powers were not impressive as she was only half Zetan. With them fully charged, however, she was stronger than anyone else.

Rangda saw a group of three Zetans a couple of kilometres away. They were awake and had surely detected her troops. While this was not optimal as she had preferred to kill them off when they were asleep, but she had to

attack; there was no other viable option. She would have to sit this fight out though and let her Xeno soldiers do the fighting for her. When Rangda killed Zeus, he had managed to counterblast her which had caused massive internal bleeding in her brain, but not enough to kill her. The migraine caused by the blast was excruciating for her though. Zeus had considerably stronger psionic powers than Rangda had ever encountered but she managed to kill him when he was weak and unprepared. When Zeus tried to bind himself to Keila through the dimensions, he lowered his defences and Rangda could get a lethal surprise attack in.

Rangda hissed out to her troops in the Xeno language:

- Attack them, but don't kill them altogether. I'll finish them off.

20 minutes later Rangda arrived at the battlefield. There laid dozens of slain Xenos, but on the flipside, the three Zetans were drawing their dying breaths. She killed them off using the corrupted dark Zeto crystals, scattering and absorbing the dead Zetans' souls. She then feasted on their dead bodies while her Xeno army had to settle for eating their own fallen brethren. After finished eating, Rangda felt her power increasing. She roared out and followed up with a sinister laugh.

## **5.11 Strategy meeting between Keila and Hellas Petrakis**

KEILA WAS READING A report in her room and felt a sensation of relief. She had been holed up in this bloody room for a week as the face she was using was too well-recognised after the news has spread about how she killed Morgan Henry. She couldn't change to another appearance as she had left the External DNA Modifier arm gadget back on Eden, and reverting back to her real face, that of Keila Eisenstein was not suitable as the Terran Council had lots of spies on Mars and would find out in no time if she was to show up.

The report stated that the Olympus Republic scientists and engineers were able to produce the reverse engineered Zetan technologies she had brought with her. With access to an external DNA modifier, she would be able to change her face and detectable DNA to that of another person,

preferably a law-abiding Martian citizen to avoid attracting any suspicions. That person would obviously have to switch places with her at this secure secret facility as it didn't make sense for the same person to be seen at two different locations at once. Keila requested an audience with Hellas Petrakis, and a couple of hours later he came down to talk with her.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Hi Keila.

- Good news, our research team managed to make the prototypes of the reverse engineered plans you gave us.

Keila:

- Yes, I know Petrakis, I saw the report you sent me.

- This is excellent news, are you sure you are willing to commit to the revolution?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Yes, I am willing, not because I enjoy the prospects of war and bloodshed but because defeating the Terran Council is the only way for me to lead my people out of poverty and oppression.

- I spoke to Joachim Muller on the hologram generator the other day. He requested 20 billion Terran Credits worth of rare elements for the "maintenance" of the magnetic field generators on the North and South Poles.

- How am I ever going to create an economy when all our resources just disappear to blackmailing plutocrats?

The magnetic field generators on the Mars' North and South Poles were imperative for life on Mars. They were put in place 600 years earlier when the Terran leaders wanted mass migration from Earth to Mars to get rid of all the undesirables from Earth. The magnetic field generators worked by send-

ing an electric current through the planet to activate and electrify its core to create a magnetic field. With a magnetic field in place, Mars could maintain a breathable atmosphere, as its gravity was strong enough to keep an atmosphere once the magnetic field repelled the toxic solar wind. The Terran Council owned both of the magnetic field generators and guarded them with massive armies, which meant that they could blackmail all the Martian nations to pay them enormous sums that would keep the countries perpetually poor, just to have access to breathable air on the surface.

Keila:

- 20 billion Terran Credits? Does the Hellas Republic even have that much money?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Oh yes... Joachim Muller showed us that we did... If we just cut down “unnecessary” expenses such as universal healthcare and universal education.

Keila:

- Yeah, what are the lives of suffering Martians worth when profit must increase for the dividends?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Exactly. Besides House Muller, profits won't go up this year. With the conflict between Rashid and White, House Muller must provide more funding and troops to the Terran Council to compensate. Joachim is just desperate to cover his costs.

- Unfortunately, the citizens of Hellas Republic are the ones who will suffer unless we strike back.

Keila:

- So, we have a deal then?

- Whose identity will I take?

Hellas Petrakis:

- You'll become Rose Menakis. A woman your age who unfortunately died this morning in an accident, but her death hasn't been made public yet.

Keila:

- Excellent.

- Just one more thing; The microchips for untraceable communications. I brought you a high grade one from Eden. Mass-produce the cheaper ones to give to our troops, we don't want the Terrans to intercept our communications.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Alright, hand one over and I'll plug it in.

Keila handed Hellas a Divine Technology Angel chip. He screamed in pain as it merged with his brain as he pushed it into his ear.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Fucking hell. What kind of communications equipment does that?

Keila:

- The chip merged with your brain stem. It's the only way to make the signal completely secure.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Just great. So how do I take it out?

Keila:

- You would have to surgically remove it.
- But don't worry about that now. It works, and it will help us immensely. Now get the basic chip mass-produced.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Sure, whatever. I don't like how you talk to me like my boss.

Keila:

- You'll get used to it.
- Now let's go and get my face changed.

After that, they went to the room where the outer layer external DNA modifier was assembled so that Keila could assume the identity of Rose Menakis, an unremarkable Olympus Republic citizen.

After changing her appearance, Keila used her new identity to take a passenger ship back to the same station in the asteroid belt where she had departed to Mars a few weeks earlier. This was an uneventful journey, and she made it safely back to Eden where she stored Rose's DNA for future use and reverted to her regular appearance.

Keila felt during the trip back to Eden, how more and more Martians were connected to the Divine technology chip. She felt a bit guilty. Keila hadn't told Hellas about the real powers of the Divine Technology chips. Instead, she had merely stated that they were secure communications devices. Keila was unsure whether he had exposed her lie or not when he inserted the human chips in his followers as that would allow him to read their thoughts. He hadn't mentioned it, and she was unsure whether he was playing ignorant or actually hadn't noticed the effects and the powers that angel chip gave him over his followers. In the end, it didn't matter to Keila as she would still have the power of Hellas Petrakis.

Once she came back to Eden however, she was in for a hostile reception as both Metatron, and Markus Bauer were extremely angry with her actions.

## 5.12 End of romance

KEILA WAS BACK IN THE gym hitting the boxing bag. It felt good to be back exercising again, as apart from the extremely exerting task of killing Morgan Henry and his crew; she hadn't been very physically active for the last few months. Besides, she needed to let off some steam. Due to her own bad behaviour of lying and not keeping her promises, she had destroyed her romantic relationship with Metatron. Keila was sad and upset over the breakup.

When they broke up, they had decided to keep respecting each other's goals and wishes and not get into each other's way. The way they had done this, was to divide the power and responsibilities between them. Keila was given command of her Martian revolution plans and her strike force of highly trained Edenite volunteers. Metatron was left in charge of Eden itself and transforming it into a modern, peaceful and democratic utopia.

Keila repeatedly ignored demands and commands from the mysterious being called Rangda, to kill Metatron. Although being possessed by Rangda had saved Keila from certain death when Morgan Henry's crew attacked her ship, she was wary of the evil creature communicating with her, and she would not heed Rangda's counsel unless it was desperate times. Not only had Rangda made her kill the innocent Jeshua 1.5 years earlier, but Rangda had also made Keila eat her fallen enemies' hearts and drink their blood, during her possession of Keila's body during Morgan Henry's attack. Keila got sick and almost vomited every time she thought about the carnage she had caused that day.

Keila received a message from Hellas Petrakis. Her equipment had been mass-produced on Mars, and the Olympus Republic forces were ready to strike. Keila decided that she did not have the time or the will to take public transportation to Mars this time. Instead, she gathered her troops and used a shuttle equipped with Zetan stealth technology to get to Mars undetected.

### **5.13 Joachim Muller becomes furious with Bjorn and the Olympus Republic.**

JOACHIM MULLER ARRIVED on Terran Council base on Phobos for the second time in a couple of months. He was less than happy. He was unhappy with the travel time, the Olympus Republics refusal to pay tribute and the fact that he had received video evidence of Bjorn Muller having sex with Martian prostitutes in the presidential palace of Olympus Republic.

The travel time between Earth and Mars was 7 days for this trip, compared to 3 days on Joachim's latest trip to Mars. This was because Earth had moved further away from Mars as part of its orbit around the sun. Joachim didn't like being in space as it felt unnatural to him. What he disliked, even more, was handing over control. In Joachim's absence his third son, Benjamin was left in charge of the faction. While Joachim had faith in Benjamin's abilities, he did not like the fact that Benjamin would not provide him with an heir. Joachim also disapproved of Benjamin's sexual deviation towards men which was an embarrassment for House Muller's reputation.

What was worse than Benjamin's failure to produce a suitable heir was the Olympus Republic's unreasonable refusal to pay for the maintenance of Electromagnetic field generators on Mars. Instead of contributing with the 20 billion Terran Credits that Joachim had demanded, they had responded with the footage of Bjorn engaging in coitus with Martian prostitutes. This was terribly embarrassing to Joachim and was nothing short of blackmail against him. Having sex with Martians was illegal for Earth humans according to Terran Council law, and although the law was often ignored, it was utterly pathetic for the son of a faction leader to sink so deep.

Joachim and his bodyguards approached Bjorn's quarter in the Phobos base. Joachim was so angry with Bjorn, so he didn't even bother announcing his presence at his door. Instead, he used his position as Terran Council Chairman to override the electronic locks on the door and then sent his bodyguards in to beat up the sleeping and confused Bjorn, and drag Bjorn to him.

Bjorn who was bloodied and bruised looked at his father in surprise:  
Bjorn Muller:

- Dad?
- What's happening?

Joachim Muller:

- Two weeks...
- Two fucking weeks I am spending going back and forth to this rotten planet.
- I DO NOT like going to Mars, and yet you force me to come here repeatedly cleaning up after your fucking mistakes and atrocities!

Bjorn Muller:

- What did I do now?

Joachim Muller:

- I spoke to Hellas Petrakis last week. He refuses to pay us tribute for the magnetic field generators...

Bjorn Muller:

- And instead of asking me nicely to pressure him to pay, you show up here with your goons to beat me up? Great leadership dad, I am sure that will solve the issue.

Joachim Muller punched Bjorn right on the nose causing his nose to break, and a massive nosebleed.

Joachim Muller:

- No Bjorn. I am here to resolve the issue by discussing the matter personally with Hellas.
- Punishing you is just a side-business. If you haven't figured out why you are punished yet, have a look at this screen.

Bjorn looked at the video of him having sex with the Martian prostitutes. He said nothing, and Joachim continued his tirade.

- I have had it with you, Bjorn. One more fuckup and I will renounce you as my son and expel you from House Muller. After that, I will instruct Max Wellington to dump you off alone and unprotected on Mars. Do we have an understanding?

Bjorn Muller nodded. He didn't dare to say anything against his strict and angered father. Blood and tears were running down his cheeks. Joachim's anger faded. He was ashamed of what he had become. He had used to be young himself, humane and idealistic, but his father Hans Muller had extinguished that part of his personality, so all that remained was bitterness, anger and lust for money and power. Joachim had felt a great sense of relief when Hans Muller was murdered so he could finally step out of his tyrannical father's shadow and yet here he stood, five years later treating his own children just as bad as his father had treated him. Joachim decided to show Bjorn some compassion.

Joachim Muller:

- Good. Guards take Bjorn to the medical ward and make sure that he gets the best possible treatment.

- We are all heading to Olympus Republic tomorrow.

## 5.14 So close but not yet.

KEILA AND HER EDENITE strike force landed their shuttle close to the presidential palace of Olympus Republic. Due to the altitude, it was freezing, and the air was very thin as well. To survive the outdoor conditions Keila and her troops were dressed in full cold weather suites with built-in heating and were using mountaineering rebreathers to be able to breathe the very thin air at the altitude. Suddenly the sky became a lot brighter, and the temperature rose quickly. Keila looked up and noticed that several orbital satellites were reflecting the sunlight down to the surface. Keila was unsure why this was the case and felt hesitation on how to proceed.

Suddenly Keila saw a multitude of spaceships land on the surface close to her. The ships were carrying the emblem of the Terran Council. And once they landed, they sprayed out concentrated oxygen eliminating the need for a rebreather. But why was the Terran Council here? Had Hellas Petrakis betrayed her and if so, what was she going to do about it? If the Terran Council had come after her with this overwhelming force, she was doomed. She was stuck on the surface of a flat, featureless plain, and there was no way she could outgun them or run away from them. Keila connected to the mind of Hellas and realised that he was unaware of the Terran Council forces arrival. This was a relief for Keila as it meant that he hadn't betrayed her, but it didn't answer her question why she was there. She got stopped in her thoughts by the shouts of a Terran Council Officer, Bjorn Muller's second in command, Captain Adal Schneider:

Adal Schneider:

- Terran Council: Drop your weapons and identify yourselves!

Keila realised that there was no way she could fight herself out of this situation and she psionically told her troops to give up her weapons as well.

Keila:

- I am Rose Menakis, a citizen of the Hellas Republic, and the people with me are citizens of the independent Eden colony, generally referred to as the Asteroid B528A.

Adal Schneider:

- I can confirm your identity but not the identities of your followers. Explain yourselves.

Keila:

- These people are from the independent colony, Eden. They have isolated themselves from the rest of the solar system for the last 70 years and are as such not included in public records. They are here to sign a trade agreement.

Adal Schneider:

- Merchants don't usually trade armed to the teeth ready for war.

Keila:

- These are dangerous times, and as unaffiliated traders the Edenites don't come under the gracious protection of the Terran Council, thus they need to defend themselves.

Adal Schneider:

- Whatever. This is not our territory anyways. Just stand back and let us temporarily confiscate your weapons. You'll get them back at the end of the summit.

Keila:

- Summit? There is not supposed to be any summit here today? Who is meeting?

Adal Schneider:

- That's none of your concern, Martian peasant.

Keila *\*sarcastically\**:

- How lovely. Guys, just lend your guns to our benevolent guests, the peacekeepers from the Terran Council.

Adal Schneider:

- Smart move.

Keila and her group dropped their weapons, and they were surrounded by a group of armed Terran Council forces aiming their guns at them. Keila saw Adal Schneider walk off to a luxurious shuttle speaking to someone. She

froze when she realised who it was: Adal was speaking to Bjorn and Joachim Muller. Two of her greatest enemies were within striking distance from her.

Keila closed her eyes to get inspiration and see possible potential outcomes. In some of the aggressive scenarios, she managed to kill both Bjorn and Joachim. But in none of these scenarios did she survive herself and what was worse was that killing either of them would not change Mars for the better, she needed to unite the Martian and crush the Terran Council for real change to happen. To Keila's big surprise Joachim and Bjorn approached her.

Joachim Muller:

- My apologies for our intrusion, Rose. You must feel terrified, being surrounded by all these armed men.

- But fear not as my men are not here to punish you, but merely to keep the peace and make sure the meeting between Hellas and I can take place without incident.

- Tell me, your Edenite friends, who is their leader?

Keila:

- Eden is governed by a guy called Metatron, and the leader for this delegation is Melchior, who stands next to me.

Joachim Muller:

- Very well. Melchior, let your master know that he is better off trading directly with House Muller, as all other trade is subject to heavy taxation and potentially severe penalties.

Bjorn Muller joined in the conversation screaming and shouting:

- Filthy liars, give me Keila's location now. I know you are working with them.

Joachim Muller gave Bjorn a stern look. Keila managed to hide her fear of detection, while also considering striking swiftly. If she was to go down,

what better way to do so than bringing her tormentor and rapist Bjorn with her?

Keila:

- I don't understand Sir; didn't you publicly announce that Keila was killed over a year ago?

Bjorn Muller:

- Shut your mouth peasant. I did not address you; I spoke to the delegation from Eden.

Joachim Muller:

- That's enough Bjorn. There is no reason for you to abuse the local citizens.

- I apologise for my son's behaviour Miss Menakis.

- Unfortunately, we will have to detain you and your delegation for the time of the duration of our meeting with Hellas Petrakis. Do not worry; you are not our prisoners, only our guests and you will be served a delicious meal for your troubles.

Keila decided to play it cool and not resist. It was evident that Joachim Muller believed in her fake identity and her backstory and there was no way she would come out alive of a confrontation at this time. Keila and her Edenite militia were led on board a Terran Council shuttle, where they were served food and drinks. The reason for their detention in the first place was just that they were armed close to the presence of a Terran Council leader. A few hours later they were released and given back their weapons and equipment. Keila was very thankful that the Terrans hadn't inspected their equipment more closely, as it could have been a critical problem if her enemies had realised that she was in possession of advanced alien technology!

## 5.15 Attacks are coordinated with Hellas Petrakis

AFTER BEING RELEASED from Terran Council detention, Keila and her militia went to Hellas Petrakis's office in the presidential palace of the Olympus Republic. It looked less impressive than during her previous visit as if it had been ransacked of everything of value. Hellas commented on what she saw:

Hellas Petrakis:

- Impressed by my new slightly more Spartan-looking office?

Keila:

- Not really. What happened?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Joachim Muller came by. He was upset at our refusal to pay him 20 billion Terran Credits. Joachim reckoned that if I was too destitute to pay him the money he demanded, I was also too poor to afford a beautiful office. Hence, he ordered his men to take everything of value in this place back to Earth.

Keila:

- Yeah, I know, I spoke with him outside.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Oh really. So, your cover held then? I am impressed you didn't attack him, causing the death of all of us.

Keila:

- I already tried that once, killing Hans Muller. The Terran Council is a many-headed hydra, chop off one head, and another head will just pop up.

- No, what we need to achieve is to unite the Martian population and destroy the Terrans main base, their base on the moon Phobos.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Agreed. But how would we attack the Phobos outpost? Even with the technology you provided, we have no chance for an attack.

Keila:

- Not yet, but with some subterfuge and some guile and we'll get there. I have brought some plans for us to discuss.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Very well. Let's look at and discuss these plans more closely.

After saying this, they studied and discussed the plans until they had come up with their first objectives. Keila was to lead the covert attacks while Hellas, being the president of a significant Martian nation, was to pursue the diplomatic contact with other Martian countries and factions.



## **Chapter 6: Keila performs covert attacks and unites the Martian population.**



### **6.1 The attack on House White's gadolinium mines in the Tengil dominion**

Colonel Mark White was overlooking the desolate wasteland that had once been the Tengil Dominion from the Terran base on Mars. He hated this placement. While it was crucial to maintain a military presence here to protect the mines, Mark did not appreciate living within an abandoned wasteland.

The Tengil Dominion had been an independent Martian society, controlling most Mars' gadolinium supplies which had made them wealthy and powerful despite their relatively small population (3 million) and territory (10,000 square kilometres). The region had been assigned to House White when the Terran Council unilaterally decided to divide the areas of Mars to the different Houses of Earth. This was to ensure that every Martian territory only had one possible trading partner and that this House faction controlled all their trade and could thus bleed the territory dry.

The leaders of the Tengil Dominion ignored the fact that they belonged to House White's sphere of influence for decades and kept on trading with other Martian nations by using smugglers and unofficial channels. Eventually, House White leadership had enough of the obstinate people of Tengil Dominion and decided to destroy the entire nation so that they could move in and run the gadolinium mines themselves. They had done this by spending huge amounts of money and navigating a medium-sized asteroid to collide with The Tengil Dominion, destroying most of the buildings and killing most of the population at the same time, with the survivors seeking refuge elsewhere. While using asteroids instead of nuclear weapons had been a more difficult and costly path of action, it had the apparent advantage of not leav-

ing any radioactive fallout in its wake, meaning that House White could quickly move in and rebuild and operate the mines themselves.

Managing the mines themselves had an apparent drawback however; that they needed to guard the mines themselves from all the desperate and needy Martians that would otherwise come to steal their valuable gadoliniums to afford a better living. That was why Mark White, half-brother of Alicia White was assigned to lead the House White garrison in the Tengil Dominion.

Mark White hated his life. Like Bjorn Muller, he was a too highly ranked member of his family not to be in a leadership role. His father found him to be lazy and too much of an embarrassment to keep close at hand working at the House White headquarters on Earth. One thing that Mark White hated more than himself was his father John White, who was the chairman of House White. The bastard had left him here to rot, making shitloads of money for his family and yet seeing very little of it himself. What angered Mark White the most though was that his father held him in even lower regard than his freak mutated half-sister, the failed genetic experiment Alicia White.

Mark White studied the perimeter of the base. It was an hour before sunset and Mark felt the chill as the temperature was quickly dropping below zero. Much worse than the cold was the spell of disappearances that had occurred lately. Dozens of soldiers had disappeared the last few days and fear was spreading among his men. Mark White had begged his father to use orbital satellites to direct more sunlight down to the base to extend the days, as all the disappearances had happened at night. His father had rejected the proposal claiming that Mark should toughen up and not complain so much about the Martian winter cold. Despite Mark insisting that the freezing weather was not the issue, his father had ignored his pleas.

Mark watched the sunset. There was no movement on the perimeter, and everything seemed fine. Mark decided that there was no point standing out here in the cold staring at the empty horizon. He had soldiers and cameras to do that job, so he headed back to his private quarters. He tapped up a hot bath, made himself a cup of herbal tea and tried to warm up.

Since he got stationed on Mars, Mark had turned from being a heavy drug user to be a clean-living individual. He changed this way as he reckoned

that the only way to get back to Earth where he could enjoy the good life that his position entailed was to show his father that he changed for the better and would not embarrass him anymore. Unfortunately for Mark, his change of lifestyle did not work as his improved behaviour only showed his father that keeping Mark on Mars was good for him.

Suddenly Mark started feeling very dizzy and disoriented, and he heard gunfire. Mark was surprised how close the shooting seemed to be, the perimeter was three kilometres away, so the sounds should only be very faint, especially since the thinner Martian atmosphere didn't transport sound as well as Earth's atmosphere. Someone was banging on the door, and he could hear one of his bodyguards calling his name. Struggling to find his balance in his disoriented state, Mark fell over several times on his way to the door but finally managed to open it. Once he opened the door, he saw several of his bodyguards collapsing and vomiting outside.

Bodyguard:

- Sir, we are under attack by unknown assailants.

Mark White:

- How did this happen? Why wasn't I contacted until now?

Bodyguard:

- All the communications went down. We have been unable to communicate the different units within the base, and we are also unable to contact Terran Council Security Forces headquarters on Phobos.

- Everyone is also feeling very sick and nauseous.

Mark White:

- We cannot fight if we cannot communicate and coordinate our efforts. Sound the evacuation alarm.

Bodyguard:

- Are you sure sir? If we abandon the most essential gadolinium mine in the solar system, your father won't be happy.

Mark White:

- That old bastard is never happy. If you want to stay here and die for his wealth, be my guest. I am getting out of here, and I am urging everyone to do the same.

Bodyguard:

- As you wish sir.

Mark White activated the evacuation alarm and every House White troop ran towards the space shuttles immediately evacuating the base. Keila and her soldiers stood baffled on the ground, this battle had gone a lot easier than she imagined. Why were most of her foes fleeing for their lives instead of staying back and fighting? Indeed, her troops had better weapon and equipment than they did, but she had never imagined her enemy to be this cowardly.

The reasons for her enemies' retreat did not matter, and the attack had achieved its target. Now Keila just needed to steal enough gadolinium for her future goals and destroy the facility so that it would be useless for House White and cripple their supply lines. Keila and her troops worked quickly to load the gadolinium metal bars onto their transports, and then they activated the explosives that would blow up the facility. After that, they enabled the Zetan stealth technology on their vehicles and took off.

## 6.2 Humiliating defeat for House White

*NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: Olympus Republic Tribunal, 5<sup>th</sup> July 2874*

*The Occupation Forces from House White who moved in and seized control of the former Tengil Dominion, after destroying it from orbit over four decades ago, was routed back to Earth and showed a humiliating level of cowardice when a strike force from The Mars Humanist Alliance, attacked their base. The attack by a small group of individuals prompted the 1000 men, strong military force*

*to take off running for their lives and leaving all their equipment behind to be looted by the Martian resistance. The video below is showing how the cowardly colonel Mark White is running for his life while half naked and wearing a bathrobe.*

*Anonymous writer, Olympus Republic Tribunal*

### **6.3 Meeting with Joachim Muller, Bjorn Muller and Max Wellington**

JOACHIM MULLER WAS annoyed. Due to the incomprehensible incompetence of Mark White, he had to postpone his return to Earth to sort out the mess on Mars before being able to return home. Terran Council troops had returned to the site the day after, but the attackers was gone when they got there. The damage was done though. The facilities in the Tengil Dominion were looted and damaged, and it would take months to get production up and running again. And yet the biggest issue for Joachim Muller was not the lost production, that would be House White's problem, but the absolute embarrassment in the defeat for all of the Terran Council to bear. Images of the half-naked Mark White running for his life had spread all over the planet, and the Terran Council Security Forces was now the laughing stock of the Martians. They would need to attack and kill a lot of Martians to spread fear and erase this embarrassment from peoples' memories. But who would they attack? All Martian factions and significant population centres had sworn loyalty to the Terran Council and were controlled by their assigned overlords. To bomb and kill people that were supposedly loyal would indeed spread fear, but it would spread even more dissent, and in no time, they would have another costly uprising on their hands.

Joachim was looking at the intelligence on hand about the Martian Humanist Alliance. Supposedly this terrorist group was utterly destroyed 1.5 years ago when their base on the asteroid Sylvia was eviscerated. Since the death of the group's figurehead Keila Eisenstein, nothing had been heard from the group ever since. And yet, now they were strong enough to attack a stronghold on Mars and rout the defenders. Something did not add up. Joachim decided to call in Admiral Max Wellington as well as his hapless son

Bjorn Muller to discuss the matter at hand. They both arrived at his suite a while later.

Joachim Muller:

- Okay, gentlemen. Can you please update me on your latest debacle?

Max Wellington:

- Hmm, excuse me Sir Muller, but Mark White and his group belong to the army defence force. Both Bjorn and I technically belong to the space navy.

Joachim Muller:

- That's a distinction without a difference to me. You are both armed and funded by my company with the sole purpose of enabling profitable ventures throughout the solar system.

Max Wellington:

- Apologies Sir; you are absolutely right.

- From speaking with the survivors, they all tell a similar scenario. Their communications went out, they were all afflicted with severe confusion and nausea and the bullets they shot seemingly stopped in mid-air instead of hitting the attackers.

Joachim Muller:

- This is absurd. People say anything to talk themselves out of their actions these days.

Bjorn Muller:

- Well, their claims match what we found when we reconstructed the attacks on Proxima Thule and Aljadid Salam outpost.

Joachim Muller:

- What are you talking about Bjorn? Proxima Thule and Aljadid Salaam were small outposts with only a few defenders and no survivors. The Terran Council base on Mars was large and well-defended with a lot of survivors escaping.

Bjorn Muller:

- Yes, but they seemed to have used similar technology at every attack. Advanced cloaking technology to get close undetected, something that blocked communications, something that made our troops nauseous and unable to fight back and something that stopped bullets in mid-air.

Joachim Muller:

- Bjorn. I am afraid this is your drugs talking. Do you have any proof for the existence for these other-worldly technologies or any plausible explanation of how the Martians, who are hundreds of years behind us in technology, can muster these supposed super-weapons out of nowhere?

Bjorn Muller:

- It must be Keila that has ganged up with the people of Eden to undermine us.

Joachim Muller:

- How many times do I need to hear that woman's name?!

- She is a nobody. She managed to kill your grandfather by coming to his bed posing as a whore. Hans died from his own carelessness and nothing else.

- Besides, considering how obsessed you are with her, what disproves that you are conspiring with her, faking her death?

Max Wellington:

- Gentlemen, stop arguing, please! I can assure you that Eden has nothing to do with this. We have conducted a multitude of surveillance missions over the years on Eden with nanotechnology drones, and they had all proven the same thing. That Eden, the most expensive single terraforming project in the history of mankind that was created by the now weak faction House Goldstein, is used for nothing else than a strange cult, emulating living in the Bronze Age. Nothing indicates that these people have any combat military skills whatsoever, and they have limited contact with the rest of the solar system.

Bjorn Muller:

- We met an armed delegation from Eden that was supposedly meant to meet up with Olympus Republic officials. Explain that!

Max Wellington:

- Well, they apparently have new leadership on the station. The new leader has realised the foolishness in whatever strange ideology they were following before, and is now focusing on making Eden a more civilised and metropolitan regime.

- I spoke to the guy over the hologram transmitter once. He calls himself Metatron, but his real name is Jack Silver. He is a former Terran citizen, and seems like a decent guy.

Bjorn Muller:

- I have met him twice. I am not a big fan.

Joachim Muller:

- Regardless. Back to the topic gentlemen. How do we deal with this problem and how do we find out which faction is secretly conspiring to create instability in the Terran Council and in turn the solar system?

Max Wellington:

- Well, House Goldstein and House Bolivar are the only significant factions that haven't been attacked in the last year.

Joachim Muller:

- That is true, but that doesn't exclude the other notable players. Anyone could have ordered false flag attacks as a diversion to direct attention elsewhere. Trust no one, not even from House Muller.

- Gentlemen, I'll leave this task to you.

- Now I need to contact John White to stop the bloody fool from randomly attacking our allies on Mars. It would also be helpful if he can send his own troops to defend his bloody mining stations, so I don't have to spend money guarding them.

Joachim Muller left the room. Bjorn and Max sat silent for a while until Bjorn came up with a new idea:

- Hey Max. The report stated that The Martian Humanist Alliance left most of the weapons and equipment and focused on stealing gadolinium instead. Why would they do that?

Max Wellington:

- Yeah, I thought about that too. Gadolinium is neither super expensive nor does it have any military applications.

Bjorn Muller:

- Let's ask the AI.

- Artificial Intelligence Computerised Software. What is the primary usage for gadolinium on Mars?

AI:

- Gadolinium is hardly used on Mars due to the House White monopoly making it prohibitively expensive. Gadolinium's primary use on Mars is for the planet's magnetic field generators on the North Pole and South Pole of Mars, in providing sufficient electricity and keeping the agricultural greenhouses and food source maintained.

Bjorn Muller:

- This must mean something!  
- I better discuss this with my father.

Bjorn rushed off, and Max Wellington stayed back alone in the meeting room. What a strange mess they were in!

## **6.4 Widespread orbital bombings by House White, causes several Martian nations renounce their alliances.**

*NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: Olympus Republic Tribunal, 8<sup>th</sup> July 2874*

*In the last few days, the regions neighbouring the recently attacked House White gadolinium mine has been relentlessly bombarded from orbit by a fleet of House White warships. This was a response from House White to the humiliating defeat they faced last week. House White initially required the leaders of the neighbouring regions to round up all members of the Martian Humanist Alliance and send them to House White for punishment. When they failed to deliver the required number of prisoners in the short time frame given to them by House White, the villainous tyrants from Earth unleashed hell upon the regions, exposing them to relentless and barbaric bombing from orbit for days. The*

*final death toll of these atrocities is still to be determined, but it is expected to rise over 100,000. Because of House White's barbaric behaviour, many Martian nations and autonomous regions have renounced their alliances and affiliation with their assigned Terran Council member, and the peace that has lasted for 1.5 years since the destruction of The Martian Humanist Alliance headquarters on the asteroid Sylvia, is likely to be over.*

*The President of the Olympus Republic, Hellas Petrakis, condemned the barbaric actions of House White and promised an extensive amount of humanitarian aid to the affected region during a press conference earlier today. He reaffirmed that House Muller is still an ally of Olympus Republic and said that he will work hard to maintain a productive affiliation with them.*

*Anonymous Writer, Olympus Republic Tribunal*

## **6.5 Keila is sent to arm the rebels**

KEILA WAS WATCHING the news reports from the bombarded areas. She was crying and feeling miserable. There were endless pictures of dead and wounded, many of them children from the relentless bombardment the last few days. She was feeling hopelessness and guilt over what happened. Casualties were an evil necessity of war, but this brutal, indiscriminate butchery was not. She should have seen it coming though. House White was infamous for being cruel and hateful towards the Martians who they saw as an inferior race. They were evil and needed to be stopped, but the price to achieve victory was terrible suffering for the common people.

Keila turned off the news report. She just wanted to talk to Metatron. She was unable to do so via the Divine Technology chip as Mars and Eden were too far apart at the moment. Keila considered calling Metatron via Space Net. It was a risky move as Space Net was wholly supervised by Terran Council AI, so she wouldn't be able to expose any secrets or plan. But she needed to see him. Despite their separation, he was still her closest friend and confidant.

She called him via the holographic television. Half an hour later he responded. Keila hated that it was impossible to get a live connection, but it was merely a matter of the distance between the worlds being so vast that it took at least 15 minutes for a message to go between the planets, and then

the same time back. She received the response from Metatron. He responded in text form without transmitting himself visually as a hologram, which was a disappointment for Keila

Metatron:

- Hi. Who are you?

Keila:

- It is me. I just wanted to see you. I am feeling sad, and I miss you a lot.

Keila thought of transmitting herself in the hologram transmitter in her lingerie. She decided not to. Partly because it felt a bit awkward to communicate with her ex that way, but more importantly because the outer layer of her body had the DNA and appearance of another woman, and it wouldn't make sense to send a sexy nude hologram of another woman's body. To her relief, Metatron realised what she was after and sent a moderately hot hologram of himself in a tight gym outfit.

Metatron:

- Okay, we'll be in range in a couple of weeks, I'll contact you then.

Metatron disconnected, and Keila kept the hologram of him up for a while. It looked exactly like he was in the room and smelled exactly like him as well. The only thing it couldn't do was to actually feel the presence of him, as the hologram generator just recreated a visually perfect copy by utilising a nanotechnology layer powered by an electric field. If she were to touch the hologram, she wouldn't feel him. Instead, she would get an electric shock, and the hologram would turn off as a failsafe. Keila suddenly felt very aroused. She hadn't had sex for many months since before the breakup with Metatron. She got interrupted in her thoughts when Hellas Petrakis was knocking on the door. She let him in, and he started to speak.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Your plans are coming along nicely.

Keila:

- Pardon me?

Hellas Petrakis:

- House White's brutal attacks on civilians are driving a wedge between our Martian brethren and their Terran overlords.

Keila:

- I never intended for 100 thousands of dead and injured civilians.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Really? Not very well versed in the politics of the solar system, are you?

- On the bright side, this time there is massive evidence for their atrocities, evidence that wasn't around when they butchered your hometown Pamshal with biological weapons last year.

Keila:

- Yes, you are right. It's a relief that they got caught out this time.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Which brings us to the next step: I am sending you to arm the people in the bombarded areas. Officially you'll be Rose Menakis, in charge of the humanitarian efforts. Unofficially you'll be Keila Eisenstein from the Martian Humanist Alliance arming the population and preparing for the next phase.

Keila:

- Good plan. We'll need massive popular support if we are to win this fight. Our lack of unity has always been our biggest weakness.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Good. You'll leave in the morning.

Keila:

- Yes, sir.

- I better prepare for tomorrow.

- Until we meet again, President Petrakis.

Keila left the office. She felt revitalised and optimistic. While Keila was annoyed that Hellas Petrakis was treating her as a subordinate when he in her mind was lower than her, she had let it pass and played along. Keila knew that she could always control him through sheer dominance via the Angel chip he had implanted in his brain if she had to, although Keila would avoid that option if she could. After all, she wanted to improve things on Mars, not become a tyrant to replace the Terran Councils' tyranny.

Keila packed her equipment and prepared her Edenite militia for days to come before going to sleep.

## **6.6 Keila is intercepted by a House White Strike Force and becomes a symbol of hope for Martians.**

A FEW WEEKS LATER KEILA was driving a hovercraft in the wasteland between two settlements. Her few weeks as a humanitarian aid relief worker/rebel recruiter had gone well, and she had gained a lot of support for her revived rebel movement. Suddenly Keila heard an explosion and found herself flying out through the windshield with a trajectory for a fatal collision to the ground. Subconsciously she managed to activate the Zetan ballistic energy absorber that absorbed most of her kinetic energy, so she landed safely on the ground instead of colliding head first at 500 kilometres an hour for certain death.

Keila got up on her knees and saw her uncontrolled hovercraft fly straight into a cliff and explode. She heard explosions and gunfire and took a quick look at her battery indicator. Absorbing kinetic energy to save herself from falling had drained her battery, which was now empty, so she could

not rely on her Zetan technologies. Keila managed to take cover behind a cliff, and she had an overview. She was surrounded by enemies that seemed to be a House White strike team. She was wounded, and blood was pouring down her head from deep cuts that came when she flew head first through the windshield. She was only armed with a pistol as the rest of her equipment had been on her hovercraft. Was this her end? Keila closed her eyes and hoped for a miracle.

She could hear Rangda talking to her, offering her powers for temporary control. Keila was tentative towards the proposition. Although Rangda's powers had saved her life when Morgan Henry attacked, Keila had qualms regarding utilising the abilities of a being that she intuitively felt was pure evil. Then again, her feeling might be wrong and trusting in Rangda was really her only way out of this.

Keila:

- Okay so if I give you control, can you promise me to no do any sick things like eating people and drinking blood.

Rangda \*hissing\*:

- Yes, Rangda can promise that. Rangda has been eating plenty of delicious Zetan flesh recently.

- But to help you win this battle I need your true form.

Keila:

- My true form? I am not a monster?

Rangda:

- Your true human form. Deactivate your external Zetan DNA modifier.

Keila reverted to her real appearance, and to her relief, this healed her superficial flesh wounds. She released control of her body to Rangda and felt a massive surge in power, way stronger than what she had felt the first time

around. She got out of her cover and in a split second managed to fire off two shots towards one of the armed flying drones that the strike team had brought with them. The first shot wedged the trigger mechanism into shooting continuously, and the second shot destroyed the steering mechanism on the drone making it spin around uncontrollably shooting everywhere and killing four attackers before crashing into the ground. This forced the other attackers to hide in cover and Keila used this time to quickly get to the closest attacker and stab him in the head with her plasma knife and steal his rifle. She then booby-trapped him with two hand grenades and called on his radio, *"I am wounded, require medic!"*, imitating his voice. Keila quickly got out of sight and watched as she blew up two other attackers when they set off the booby trap she left for them. She then sprinted in a semi-circle and shot another two attackers in the back.

One of the fallen attackers had a jetpack and Keila proceeded to use the jetpack to fly up in front of the windscreen of an air support hovercraft and shoot the two pilots, before they had time to react and fire the hovercrafts weapon at her. She then shot the windshield to pieces and used her jetpack to make her way to the driver seat of the hovercraft, to take control of the vehicles before it hit the ground. She then flew past the other attackers and carpet bombed them to disrupt them, and stop them from chasing her and then she set off as quickly as she could from the battlefield. Once out of the combat zone, she deactivated the tracking device on the hovercraft and connected the Zetan stealth technology to its battery, to make the hovercraft invisible to Terran Council satellites.

She then made her way to an unoccupied bomb shelter, got the hovercraft out of sight and immediately fell asleep. Keila slept for over 24 hours straight to recover from her wounds as well as the strain that being possessed by Rangda had on her body. When she woke up and scanned her phone, she realised that she had gained overnight fame.

The reason for Keila's overnight fame was that House White had followed up on their spies' suggestion that Keila had assumed the identity of Rose Menakis. It was possible with the Terran technology of the time to perform a plastic surgery that exactly replicated someone else's appearance. What was unique and different with Keila's external DNA Zetan technology was that it also could replicate the DNA of another person as well as reverse

back to the real appearance. Following up on their spies' information House White had opted to make the killing of Keila a live television spectacle, so they had small drones filming the attack and broadcasting it live. This backfired terribly for House White, and instead of triumphant victory, they saw their elite strike team obliterated by a single woman on live television. Keila's incredible feat indeed increased the hopes and the will to fight among the suppressed Martians.

## **6.7 Open conflict in the Terran Council.**

THE AUGUST 2874 TERRAN Council meeting was held a few weeks later in the America First Tower, which was built on the top of Mount Massive in the Rocky Mountains in the centre of the American continent. America First Tower was the headquarters of House White, and it was inspired by House Muller's headquarter Europeum Tower in the way that it was built along a mountain peak to support its weight and give it extra height. To stroke the House White leaders' ego, the engineers constructing the building had made it 10 metres higher than Europeum Tower so that House White could rightfully claim to have the tallest man-made structure on Earth.

The 2874 Annual General Meeting was filled with conflict and was hardest meeting to organise in many years. Although Joachim Muller was still the chairman of the Terran Council, he had let House White arrange the meeting this year as he was sick of paying for the spectacle every year. The top executives eventually made their way up to the meeting room on the penthouse level that had a 360-degree view over the Rocky Mountains and a large part of the American continent.

Joachim Muller:

- Welcome to the AGM of 2874. We have several questions to discuss, but let's move to the most crucial issue. The instability and potential uprisings on Mars are reaching a critical melting point, and we need to take concerted and constructive actions to re-establish our dominion over the red planet.

Ibrahim Rashid who was very old and frail but filled with anger, burst out:

- All our problems are due to that man, John White. He is a wretched heretic and the cause of all our troubles. First, he let his men kill my favourite son Akram, and then he conducted random mass-bombings of the Martians turning them to rebel against us. I request an apology at once, or I will abandon these proceedings and taking my delegations with me. I will also break the cease-fire between House Rashid and House White.

John White turned tomato red in his face and screamed at Ibrahim.

- I will not apologise to that old and filthy paedophile. We had nothing to do with the attack on the Aljadid Salam outpost, and he knows it. Then his men high-jacked one of our space cruise liners. When we sent our men to save the hostages from this illegal extortion, the fighting claimed the lives of many innocent and prominent Terran citizens.

- Ibrahim! You are in my territory. I require you to apologise.

Ibrahim Rashid stood up and screamed at John White:

- Fuck you pig. We are leaving.

He then picked up a jug of water and splashed the water over John White, who in turn called in security to arrest Ibrahim Rashid. Joachim Muller felt that he had to intervene:

- Back down guards. As the chairman of the Terran council, I am giving you an executive order to escort Ibrahim Rashid and his delegation safely and untouched to the vacuum tubes for safe transit back to Egypt.

John White said nothing, and the guards did as Joachim instructed them to, and Ibrahim Rashid and his men were escorted out of the building to the

vacuum tubes for transport home. The meeting was paused, and the room was cleaned, and John White went to change to dry clothes. Half an hour later the meeting recommenced.

Joachim Muller:

- Now, this is an unprecedented embarrassment and a blemish on our reputation. I hope the rest of the meeting can proceed without any more incidents.

Santiago Bolivar, CEO of House Bolivar joined in on the conversation:

- Speaking of incidents. What is the story with this Keila Eisenstein woman?

- She is supposedly the great-granddaughter of Ibrahim Rashid. She showed up 6 years ago and killed Hans Muller, then she was the figurehead for a rebellion against us for 4 years, until your son Bjorn Muller claimed to have killed her two years ago. Conveniently he then lost the body, and nothing is heard about her for years until she shows up out of nowhere on live television killing an entire House White strike team and showcasing superhuman powers.

Joachim Muller:

- I don't see what you are trying to say?

Santiago Bolivar:

- What I am saying is: Does this woman even exist, or is she merely an artificial plot device, whenever you need something done Joachim?

Joachim Muller:

- Excuse me? Are you accusing me of using Keila to elevate my own power?

Santiago Bolivar:

- I would not accuse you of anything without concrete evidence Mr Muller. I am merely asking questions.

Joachim Muller:

- Very well. Keila did exist, and if she indeed is still alive, that is unfortunate. My only explanation if that indeed is the case, is that someone found her corpse and either revived her or cloned her.

Chi Ping Cheng, the CEO of House Cheng joined in on the conversation:

- We have had access to Keila's "*corpse*" for the last two years. It turned out to be a poorly made non-functional clone. This points us to Bjorn Muller and in turn his father conspiring against the rest of us and Keila being their operative!

Joachim Muller sat silent. He did not know what to do with this new information, but to his significant grief, he could not disregard Chi Ping's claims as false. But had Bjorn fooled him, his own father, to secretly conspire against him? Or, had Bjorn in turn been duped by the Edenites? Joachim was unsettled by Bjorn's obsession with this Keila woman, but if he indeed was conspiring with her to overthrow Joachim himself, why hadn't he made a move yet. He turned to his other son Benjamin Muller who was now the CEO of House Muller.

Benjamin Muller:

- Thank you for providing us with this new information. It is unfortunate that you did not choose to share the information as soon as you got it as Terran Council protocol states. I now invoke clause 5.2 that gives us a break to review and interpret the new information.

The meeting had a second break for the day, and Benjamin and Joachim retreated to a room where they met with other high-level House Muller executives. They were all dumbfounded by the new intelligence. House Cheng had offered to immediately ship the body of Keila Eisenstein together with their lead scientist Tzi Chen Cheng to give a talk about why the body was a fake. They would arrive within a couple of hours. Joachim Muller and Benjamin Muller were both surprised and had no idea on how to react to the new information, but they knew the meeting had gone terribly wrong this far. On top of all their troubles their attempts to bring House White and House Rashid closer had literally blown up, and now they needed to contain the damage.

They both spent the next few hours communicating with representatives for the two factions trying to contain the damage and maintaining the peace on Earth.

## 6.8 An autopsy and an action plan

THE FACTION LEADERS met a few hours later in an unusual meeting spot: The morgue. Tzi Chen Cheng gave them a demonstration on the body confirming that it had the same DNA as Keila Eisenstein and proving that it was a fake, in the form of a non-functional clone. After this, they agreed to skip lunch as the visit in the morgue had dulled their appetites and they instead went back to the penthouse boardroom for further discussions.

As they all gathered in the meeting room again, Joachim Muller resumed the proceedings.

Joachim Muller:

- As you all can see there is a lot of division among us. It seems that our enemies have learnt from us that the best way to control the enemy is to make them fight among themselves. We are not going to fall for this ploy though.

- I have written an action plan for how to get us out of this crisis. We need to A: stop fighting among ourselves B: Stop randomly bombing Martian Settlements as that just unites them against

us. C: All start contributing to the Terran Council Forces and D: Share intelligence among us so that we can anticipate the enemies' next move and see through her deceptions. Do you all agree on this, gentlemen?

Santiago Bolivar:

- I agree with what you say, but I have a question:

- Why are we even bothering with Mars? We at House Bolivar are not very involved in the Martian business, but it seems that all of you are losing billions on Mars every year. Why not just leave the damn dustbowl to govern itself?

Joachim Muller:

- A good question Santiago and I'll give you the historic pretext.

- In the 23<sup>rd</sup> century, the population of Earth was a staggering 25 billion individuals. It was hell for rich and poor alike. The planet was heavily polluted, and there were constant strife and public unrest. Like on Mars today, but worse. That was when my ancestors in House Muller came up with the solution. To drastically reduce the population by mass-sterilisation and deportations to Mars. There were a lot of fights and protests against it but due to their iron wills they managed to achieve their dream.

- Since the 24<sup>th</sup> century, Earth has had a stable population of 1 billion individuals where everyone can have a fulfilling life. We achieved this by enforcing strict population control and adherence to genetic pre-selection in the community. This way we have almost entirely got rid of all crime and undesirable behaviours.

- Now in the 29<sup>th</sup> century Earth is a paradise where everywhere is clean and non-polluted the population can thrive.

- We gave the majority of the population paradise to the low cost of limited freedom.

- Now, what would happen if we left the Martians to fend for themselves?

- They would eventually reach our technological level, and on top of this, there would be a lot more of them as they still are driven by their short-sighted, selfish individual needs to procreate. They would thus have to expand their territory, starting off with attacking our asteroid mining stations that are essential in bringing wealth and abundance to Earth without the destruction of our environment. Eventually, they would invade Earth, and we would fall leaving Earth at the mercy of these ravaging hordes. They would then mass migrate here, and within a couple of centuries, the planet would be the overpopulated hellhole of the 23<sup>rd</sup> century.

- So, to sum things up: To contain the Martian hordes and keeping them in place is not for today's profits but for the future of our planet and our people.

John White added in:

- Thank you for the history lesson, Joachim. I agree that it's crucial for the future of our children to contain the Martian threat. I will try my best to not escalate my conflict with Ibrahim Rashid any further.

The remaining faction leaders also agreed, and they ratified the document with Joachim Muller's action plans.

Afterwards, Joachim and Benjamin Muller spoke in the vacuum tube transport pod on their way back to Europe.

Benjamin Muller:

- That went better than expected. We saved the day in the end.

Joachim Muller:

- No, this is a disaster. They were all playing lip service. They are never going to follow this document.

Benjamin Muller:

- You might be right, but I hope you are wrong, father.

Joachim Muller:

- Only future will tell.

Benjamin Muller:

- What do we do about Bjorn?

Joachim Muller:

- It is difficult. We can't leave him in as an officer in the armed forces after this debacle, and we can't take him back to Earth either. There is only one solution, but it is hard. He is my son and your brother after all.

Benjamin Muller:

- I see. It would probably be better if I dealt with the issue myself?

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, that would be better.

They both nodded in acknowledgement and then drank their drinks in silence for the remainder of the trip without saying anything.

## 6.9 Keila recuperating her body and preparing the war plans.

KEILA WAS RECUPERATING her troops in a secret hideout in the Olympus Republic presidential palace. She wanted to make a live public announcement declaring that all Martian territory was now free from Terran Council overlordship, but she realised how foolish that would be. The Terran Council had a lot of weapons in orbit around Mars, and if she were to show up publicly, it wouldn't be long until they bombed that area to dust.

Keila was looking at her reflection. She had her real appearance as it was no point pretending to be someone else within her inner circle at the Olympus Republic. Keila saw a few grey hairs. This worried her as she was only 24 years old. Since she let Rangda possess her body for the second time, she had felt weak, out of shape with her body aching. Had Rangda when temporarily giving her superpowers and controlling her body, also drained her life force and visibly aged her? It was a small price to pay as Rangda's intervention had saved her from certain death at both occasions, but it still worried Keila.

Keila stretched her aching body and got up. This worry was just her vanity speaking. And besides, from a vanity point of view, her purple predator eyes were probably a more significant concern than her visible aging. She got up and walked through the corridor to Hellas Petrakis office. He wasn't busy, something Keila knew from spying on him via the Divine Technology chip. While it felt a bit rude to spy on her allies this way, it was for her own safety and their own good. If someone were to betray her to the Terran Council, all of Olympus Republic would be doomed in the bombardment that would follow.

Hellas Petrakis gave her a concerned look:

- I am a bit worried about your health Keila. The DNA regeneration serum I gave you yesterday should have hidden your aging and yet you look worse off today than you did yesterday.

Keila tried to joke it away:

- Never tell a lady she looks old Hellas, I thought you knew that?

Hellas Petrakis:

- I'm just worried that the serum doesn't seem to work on you.

Keila:

- I am more worried about the clear majority of Martians that cannot afford the serum because it's prohibitively expensive and instead die way too young.

Hellas Petrakis:

- I have raised the issue with Joachim Muller on several occasions.

- His stance is that it is unwise to extend the life expectancy before we lower the birth rates. Otherwise, we'll be overpopulated in no time.

Keila:

- I thought Mars has always been overpopulated, as the dumping ground for unwanted people in the solar system?

Hellas Petrakis:

- Yes and no. I reckon with a balanced economy it could easily sustain a doubled population living in relative prosperity.

- From 4 billion living in utter poverty and despair to 8 billion living in moderate prosperity.

- But let's not discuss economic theories for now. Just have faith in my ability to reform Mars economy without our Terran overlords.

Keila:

- Well, you have believed in my ability Hellas, so would be rude of me not to reciprocate.

Hellas Petrakis:

- So how are our plans for the assaults going?

Keila:

- Both good and bad. It is difficult building up a sufficient force outside the North Pole and South Pole bases without being detected by orbital satellites. If we destroy the satellites too early, the Terrans will realise that something is amiss and send reinforcements. We will just have to rely on a small force and the element of surprise as well our superior technology for the missions to succeed.

Hellas Petrakis:

- So, all we have is hope? I thought we had gained a strong following among the population.

Keila:

- We do. It would be challenging for the Terrans to take control of the rebelling areas on the ground. That's why they are resorting to orbital bombardment.

- The excellent support among the population is imperative for the second stage of our attack. The bases on the North Pole and South Pole could be taken with small forces relying on superior technology and the element of surprise. The attack on the Phobos base on the other hand, requires a large army with a large fleet of small ships and will be a bloodbath no matter what we do.

- But I have faith in our coming victory.

Hellas Petrakis:

- Faith is good, but do you have any logical reason to believe that our plans will succeed?

Keila:

- No, but logic doesn't win wars. If you look at it strictly arithmetical, we have no chance at all facing the entire might of the Terran Council armed forces. And yet we have beaten them time after time coming this far. They are fragmented and fighting among themselves. There will never be a better chance than this.

Hellas Petrakis:

- You are right Keila. Join the attack on the North Pole on the Spring Equinox just before the sun rises, and I will lead the attack on the South Pole just after the sun sets. If it all works out I will meet you back here after we destroy the Phobos base.

Keila:

- Sounds good Hellas. Until we meet again.

## **6.10 Bjorn Muller realises Keila's plan and is almost killed by an Assassin.**

BJORN MULLER WAS LOOKING at satellite maps, mapping the movements of the Martians. As the Terran Council were losing control over many areas, the lawlessness on the surface was increasing, and he could see that many bands of roving raiders had emerged on the surface in the last week. This was to be expected and was a problem that needed to be resolved before order could be restored. It posed no threat to the Terran Council though, and in his opinion, it was better to let the Martians experience lawlessness and anarchy for a while. That way they would eventually beg the Terran Council to come back and protect them, and they could return to Mars in force as saviours instead of being the enemy.

But then Bjorn noticed something. There were apparently large gatherings of roving raiders close to the South and North Pole of Mars. This didn't make sense as there weren't any major population centres to raid and pillage for the raiders there, plus that it was absolutely freezing in the Martian Polar Regions so how did these raiders sustain themselves? Then it occurred to him. The Martians had stolen a lot of gadolinium the months before when they attacked House White's gadolinium mines, which was the cause of the current period of instability. Gadolinium was the main component in the magnetic field generators on the North and South Pole imperative to give Mars a magnetic field to sustain its atmosphere. Could the bands of raiders in the Martian Polar regions actually be an army waiting to strike for the Martians to take control of the magnetic field generators?

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was a waiter bringing Bjorn coffee. The man left the coffee on his desk and walked out towards the door when Bjorn noticed something. The coffee on his desk wasn't the one he ordered, and the waiter was new as well. He shouted out to the waiter:

Bjorn Muller:

- Hey. This is not the coffee I ordered, and where is Fritz? He is the one supposed to work today.

The assassin posing as a waiter mumbled "*Scheisse!*" and turned around and shot Bjorn with a silenced pistol. His aim was off by a bit, and he hit Bjorn in the shoulder. Bjorn dropped to the ground, and the assailant ran up towards his desk to shoot him again. Bjorn anticipated this and threw a gold bar that he had under his desk and hit the robber in the head causing him to miss his shot. Bjorn jumped up and punched the assailant who dropped his pistol out of reach for both of them. Bjorn got on top of the assailant, hit him several times in the head and screamed out. "*Who are you and who sent you?!*" The assailant didn't respond, and instead, he pulled out a knife and stabbed Bjorn in the side, puncturing his kidney. Bjorn was bleeding heavily, and the assailant pushed him away and made his way to the pistol. He aimed the pistol at Bjorn and said "*Auf wiedersehen, Bjorn*". He did not have time to shoot though, as Bjorn's bodyguards came in and shot the assassin in the head just

before he could fire the shot. Bjorn passed out and was taken to a medical bay.

A few hours later Bjorn woke up and Captain Adal Schneider, the second in command for his ship was waiting by his side.

Adal Schneider:

- I am so relieved that you survived the attack on your life.

Bjorn Muller:

- So am I Adal.

- What did the attacker say?

Adal Schneider:

- Not much. The bullets from your bodyguards struck him straight through the brain stem. It would be impossible to revive him and question him.

- Furthermore, he carried no ID chip, and his DNA was not in our database.

Bjorn Muller:

- It is in the database Captain, just above your rank. I recognised the man, a black op operative for House Muller. One of our top men in the field. The question is: Who sent him?

Adal Schneider:

- You think your own family wants you dead?

Bjorn Muller:

- Doesn't look better. I have a dozen potential suspects. My father, my brothers, my uncles or my cousins. I certainly hope it wasn't my father or brothers.

Adal Schneider:

- That is terrible Bjorn. I don't know what to say.

Bjorn Muller:

- Don't worry about it Adal, I don't see any reason for them to come after you.

- Do you have any news about Fritz?

Adal Schneider:

- Yes, unfortunately, he was found dead in the kitchen. The assailant must have strangled him to take his place and poison you.

Bjorn Muller:

- Is it possible to revive him?

Adal Schneider:

- Yes, but it would be expensive. As his position is a non-combat position, he is not covered by the army medical insurance, and hence he doesn't have enough funds to pay for the procedure once he wakes up.

Bjorn Muller:

- Don't worry about the money. Just revive him, and I'll pay the bills. I want Fritz to make my coffee!

Adal Schneider:

- Of course, sir.

- I strongly suggest you are resting in the medical bay for the next few days. The attacker destroyed your kidney, and it will take another two days to use your stem cells to grow a new one.

Bjorn Muller:

- Okay. Not the best way to spend two days but bring me enough opiates to make it worthwhile at least.

Adal Schneider:

- Yes, I will let the doctor know.

Bjorn Muller:

- Good. Now go and take my place in my absence.

As Adal left, Bjorn thought whether he should do anything about the suspected troop movements near their military bases. He decided against it. After his own family sent assassins to kill him, he was done serving House Muller. As soon as he had received his medical treatment, he would go back to Earth to make them pay for this bullshit. He groaned in pain but soon felt a lot more comfortable as a nurse gave him a shot of morphine, and he fell into a blissful sleep.

## **6.11 Keila conducting surveillance at the North Pole and reconciling with Metatron.**

KEILA WAS CONDUCTING surveillance from the top of a hill, 30 kilometres from the Terran Interplanetary Security Force's North Pole base. Protecting the single most important Terran Council installation on Mars, was a mighty and formidable fortress which would be a lot harder to attack than the smaller fortress guarding the gadolinium mines of House White was. Keila could not expect the Terrans to be unprepared for the attack either. They were arrogant and convinced of their superiority, but even they could

not be stupid enough to stay unprepared, after she had defeated them several times

Keila was wondering whether her idea to conceal her followers as raiders was a good plan or not. The advantage of this plan was that she could move around her units freely on the Martian surface, and it was unlikely to arise any suspicion from the Terran troops and officers that were observing the planet using orbital satellites. The drawback was that she could not use advanced heavy military equipment that would have helped her when attacking fortified installations. Raiders and bandits on Mars were not using heavy military equipment as it was immobile and did not fit their operations of raiding and pillaging small weakly defended settlements. Raiders usually never bothered the Terran Council's activities on Mars surface, and thus they rarely got in each other's way.

Keila took a deep breath. She really hoped that the Zetan technologies would be enough in the battles to come. Otherwise, she and her troops would be summarily butchered by the well-fortified and heavily armed defenders. Keila sat down and wanted to pray. But to whom would she direct her prayers? The voice that had guided her, her entire life had gone silent for the last year and instead she was evoked continuously by the demonic creature called Rangda. Keila did not trust Rangda despite Rangda having saved her life twice. The second time had come at a steep cost, and Keila had aged many years, aging that had not been possible to reverse with any known serum or DNA regeneration technology. She decided to aim her prayers to the True Maker despite knowing that it was pointless.

The deistic god, The True Maker, had gained a lot of popularity in the 25<sup>th</sup> century on Mars. The background to this was that in the 25<sup>th</sup> century, a Zetan had inadvertently revealed the truth to a Martian via his telepathic psionic capabilities that the only real God in the universe was The True Maker. The True Maker suited the Martian mind very well as it was a great force setting the law of nature and creating everything but that it had neither the desire nor the ability to change outcomes in people's daily lives.

Having finished her prayers to The True Maker, Keila felt a strong force which she realised was Metatron contacting her via the Divine Technology chip. Keila was happy to see him as she hadn't been able to communicate

with him since she left Eden, and they hadn't been on good terms when she went to Mars.

Metatron studied Keila. He was worried about what he saw. She looked at least a decade older than she had the last time he saw her, half a year ago. While her old looks didn't bother him at all, as a matter of fact, he enjoyed her looks even more now that she looked as old as he did. He was worried that she had aged so significantly in just a couple of months. While Metatron was a very young looking 122-year-old, due to his extended periods of cryogenic sleeping and usage of DNA regeneration, Keila was a mature looking 24-year-old, and they both looked like they were in their late 30s.

Metatron:

- Keila! You have aged a lot in six months. What happened?

Keila:

- I let her possess me again. I had no choice. They would have killed me for sure.

Metatron:

- You let Rangda possess you again? The demon that made you eat people and drink their blood? Why on Earth would you do that?

Keila:

- I was scared. I was intercepted by a House White strike force. There was no way out, and they would have killed me... or worse.

- I did what I had to do. And Rangda did help me. I am sure you have seen the television footage as everyone else.

Metatron:

- Yes, I saw it. Didn't know if it was real or not until now.

- So, what is new, except for your aging?

Keila:

- I am at Martian North Pole. Tomorrow is the day; we'll perform coordinated attacks on the Terran Council outposts. If all goes well, we will then proceed to storm the Phobos base.

Metatron:

- Sounds risky. How did you manage to get enough heavy weaponry within range of the bases? The Terran Council is continually mapping the Martian surface.

Keila:

- I didn't. All our troops are posing as raiders and are only using light equipment. I am gambling on the Zetan technology, and the element of surprise is enough to beat them.

Metatron:

- Sounds incredibly risky.

Keila:

- Change always is.

Metatron:

- Yes, about that. I was visiting a female adulthood ceremony yesterday, and I came to think of our child. If your vision were correct, I would need to insert the embryo in a synthetic womb next week to fit the right birthday.

Keila:

- I don't know any more Metatron. After all that has happened, I am not too sure I can trust the source of my visions. Can we talk about it next week?

Metatron:

- You might not want to be around next week. Some incredibly dangerous days ahead for you. I just want to know your will, in case you perish.

Keila:

- I just want you to do what makes you happy if I am no longer around. Besides I am not going anywhere.

Metatron:

- Very well. Talk to you in a couple of days Keila.

Keila:

- Yes, talk to you later.

Keila leaned back and sighed. She didn't know what she should have told Metatron regarding his question. Her vision had shown her, her daughter and Metatron. She had no idea what would happen if she died before her daughter reached 13 years of age. It was all confusing for her, and it made her restless. But then she felt optimism. The visions would be correct, and she would settle down on Eden with Metatron and live a happy life. It was a given, and the fact that he still thought about her in that way proved that it would happen. She went to sleep, and she slept peacefully despite the anticipation for the next day's decisive battle.



## Chapter 7: The Martian Revolution



### 7.1 An empty prison.

After many months on the march, Odin and his Zetan host finally reached Rangda's prison in the Divine Dimension. Odin was terrified by what he saw. The prison was open and empty and, on the ground, laid the bones of Brahma as well as the remains of a Xeno. This raised many questions to Odin, and it had terrifying implications for the future. How had Rangda got out? How had she killed Brahma? How had the Xenos made their way into the Divine Dimension?

Odin made a terrible realisation. The tormented screams he had heard psionically the last few months were not Zetans who had given up on life and killed themselves, but worse yet Zetans that had been killed and eaten by Rangda and her Xeno army. For every Zetan that fell to the beasts, the Xenos would get stronger as they were filled up, while the Zetans who were starving would remain weak. So, what should he do? Odin spoke to Thor, his son who had been promoted to be Zetan High Council after Zeus death, and with Ra.

Odin:

- Rangda tricked us! We should never have listened to Brahma's pleas to spare her and imprison her instead of just killing her outright.

Ra:

- Yes. As it turns out that was a fatal flaw. But we must not dwell in the past. Instead, we must look forward.

Odin:

- Yes.

- My son, what do you suggest that we do?

Thor:

- We must return to the Divine Palace and summon every Zetan to gather there. We can no longer be divided; only by standing together can we hope to survive the onslaught of our eternal enemies.

Odin:

- Excellent plan my son. Let's start the summons at once.

Thor:

- Yes, but first, there is another thing. To be able to face the coming Xenon onslaught we must eat, and there is only one food source left for us here.

Ra:

- What you are suggesting is blasphemous and strictly forbidden.

- If we eat our own fallen, we are no better than the beasts we are fighting against.

Thor:

- But if we don't, we will all succumb to the enemy.

Odin:

- This is not a choice for just the three of us to make. Let's summon all the Zetans to the Divine Palace and let the assembly decide our future as species.

Having said this, they gathered all the Zetans that were with them into a ring holding each other's shoulders to increase the collective psionic capabilities and commence with the summoning.

## 7.2 The assault on the North Pole base.

KEILA LOOKED AT HER watch. The time to strike was now. She ordered her troops, still masked as regular raiders, to start moving. While it would have been better to equip them with proper Martian military armour, the element of surprise was imperative for success. She gave the command telepathically via the God chip to Olympus Republic army to send missiles to knock out the Terran Council satellites covering the targeted areas. This would expose her, but it would stop the Terrans from orbital bombardment of the battle zones until they had replaced their broken satellites. She ordered her troops towards the fortress. They were moving behind a large number of light trucks and hovercrafts that were equipped with large high capacity fusion batteries attached to reverse engineered Zetan technologies.

The limited functionality of the reverse-engineered Zetan technologies was a hurdle that could hinder for the success of the operation. While the handheld technologies worked, they were limited by the battery capacity of each individual machines. To breach massive fortresses like the one on the North Pole, she needed something that was scaled up, both in range and battery capacity. While her scaled up Zetan technologies should work in theory, there had been no way to field test them in practice as that would have risked Terran Council getting knowledge of the technology. Her troops moved towards the fortress in a circular formation, aiming to encircle the stronghold. She had 500 trucks and 10,000 infantry which were actually more than the number of defenders, but the defenders had lots of automated defences and heavy weaponry, so she would not stand a chance if her Zetan technology did not work.

As she moved closer, she could hear the Terran Council commanders shouting out warnings on the megaphone. She ignored them, and her troops kept advancing towards the fortress. Eventually, she stopped 200 meters from the 300 metres high, impenetrable metal walls of the fort.

A Terran officer came out in a helicopter to parley with Keila's group.

Terran Officer:

- You are intruding on Terran Council Security Forces territory. State your business raiders.

Keila:

- We request that you immediately surrender, and lay down your weapons. The North Pole magnetic field generator should from this day on be managed by Martians, and only for Martians.

Terran Officer:

- Is this a joke? You are arriving at one of the most massive fortified facility in the solar system with a ragtag band of raiders, requesting that we surrender? Your pathetic forces wouldn't even make your way through our automated outer defences.

Keila took off her helmet revealing her identity to the Terran Officer. She then spoke again.

- I am Keila Eisenstein of the Martian Humanist Alliance. The Terran Council's reign of terror ends today. I declare Martian Independence. From this day on, no Terran shall ever set foot on Mars armed and unwelcomed.

Terran Officer:

- Very well. Looks like I am up for a promotion.  
- Activate Automated Defences, fire at will!

The Terran Officer flew back in his helicopter to behind the relative safety of the fortress, Keila said a quick prayer to the True Maker before facing the automated defences of the fortress. Then the fortress' defences rained down a barrage of artillery and machine-gun fire on her troops. To her great relief most of her Zetan technology held up and absorbed and stopped the barrage but at a few places the technology failed, and she saw those sections

obliterated and the soldiers occupying them dead beyond resurrection. Eventually, the barrage ended as the Terran weapons overheated and needed to be reloaded.

*“Charge!”* Keila yelled out, and her troops equipped their jetpacks setting the direction for the top of the walls. The desperate defenders tried to shoot them with the automated defences but to no avail, as the computerised defences were still overheated and reloading. Keila and her troops landed on the top of the battlements and in the courtyard of the fortress. Keila and her soldiers dropped off a few crates with amplified Zetan bionic chip disruptors in various areas of the large courtyard disrupting and confusing the defenders, who got very nauseous, with symptoms like severe motion sickness, when their bionic chips were interrupted. Keila and her troops then charged the defenders. They did this with activated personal ballistic energy absorbers equipped with plasma swords.

They were equipped with plasma swords as they wanted to charge the enemy quicker. Another advantage of the plasma swords was that their individually powered ballistic energy absorber didn't disrupt each other's bullets, something that otherwise might be the case. A third advantage that plasma swords had over guns was that Terran armour was designed to withstand a lot of shots while it was not intended against the blasting slices of plasma swords.

The confused, nauseous and panicking defenders stood no chance against Keila's powerful attacking force. Although some of her troops ran out of battery and were killed by the bullets from the defenders, the majority of Keila's troops reached their target and chopped their foes to pieces with their plasma swords. They were helped by the fact that Terran troops were nauseous from the bionic chip disruption and also from the Terran forces being untrained in melee combat, as in the 29<sup>th</sup> century they were so used to relying on their AI technology and had forsaken to rely on human physical strength.

They reached the gate of the main building of the base that held the magnetic field generator within. It had impenetrable walls, and Keila ordered some of her troops to find a way to blow up the walls with the Terran equipment that was scattered throughout the base. She led a group of soldiers to

scale the walls of the fortress, trying to find a suitable entrance. They found a ventilation tunnel that led them to the main hall of the fort, where the defenders were waiting for them. Keila suddenly felt a sharp pain in her shoulder. She fell backwards over a ledge dropping several levels before hitting the floor. She heard the battery signal beeping indicating empty battery, before she collapsed and fell unconscious.

### 7.3 Saved by the bell

MARK WHITE WAS LOOKING down on the unconscious Keila Eisenstein that was lying on the floor next to him. Since the debacle in the Tengil Dominion, where he shamefully was televised defeated while wearing his bathroom robe, Mark White had been stripped of his high-status grade and was forced to serve on the edge of Mars in the cold and darkness as a lowly private officer. He was panicking and was aware of his oncoming death. The mighty Interplanetary North Pole Security fortress had been breached, its defenders slaughtered, and by pure luck, he had been among the ones in the inner military camp when the hell broke loose. All communications with high commanders were blocked, and even if they choose to respond, they would probably respond by bombing the military camp to dust to avoid it falling into enemy hands, now that most of the defenders had fallen. Mark could hear the attackers trying to blow up the front gate, and with every explosion, the entire citadel was shaking.

But from the bright side, if he could film himself killing the terrorist and resistance leader Keila Eisenstein, he would redeem himself, and with a bit of luck, his family would bring him back from the dead to a leadership position. He bound Keila to a chair and woke her up by throwing a bucket of ice cold water over her.

Mark White:

- Miss Eisenstein. We meet again.

Keila:

- Yes. And this time you even got your clothes on... Although I suspect you don't like to wear a "private grade" uniform.

Mark White:

- Indeed, I don't. But I much rather stand where I am standing, than sit where you are sitting.

Keila:

- What difference does it make? My troops will breach that gate any minute. When they do, you'll be dead. Your only chance of survival is to give up, and I'll spare you.

Mark White:

- Yes, I am aware of that. But I will not disgrace myself again, being paraded as your prisoner. This is how I redeem myself.

Mark White lifted his pistol to shoot Keila. She stared him in the eyes defiantly to make him hesitate. It worked well enough to stall him for the split second and that was all that was needed. The next massive explosion that hit the building, dislodged the construction fittings of a large bell hanging a few levels up, on the watch tower of the mighty fortress. The bell fell, and hit Mark White in the head, instantly killing him and thus Keila was literally saved by the bell. A few minutes later Keila's army managed to breach the gates, and the remaining defenders surrendered. Thus, the North Pole magnetic field generator which provided Martian with a safe atmosphere had fallen to the hands of the Martian Humanist Alliance.

## **7.4 Keila's address to the Martians.**

KEILA WAS LOOKING AT the reports from the other battlefields. Her coordinated surprise attacks had granted her total victory on the Martian surface. This was due to the introduction of advanced Zetan technology as well the fact that the Terran Council's ground forces on Mars had been severely understaffed as House Muller was the only faction providing troops from Phobos to the Terran Council bases due to the other houses being busy fighting each other. Unfortunately, President Hellas Petrakis had died be-

yond resurrection when fighting for the South Pole, so there was no unifying political force to look up to.

Keila knew that her victories would account for nothing unless she could beat the Terrans in orbit and destroyed their Phobos base which was their base of operations for their Martian expeditionary forces. The next battle the Terran would come prepared and in force, and she would not be able to utilise her Zetans technologies to surprise her enemies if she gave them time to regroup. What Keila needed was a decisive victory today. Without a base of operations, it would be hard for the Terrans to stage another invasion and she could pursue peace and declare independence.

Keila produced a television clip showing the battlefields and the Martian Humanist Alliance's flag hanging over every significant Terran Council base on Mars. The camera then showed her sitting in a chair in the general command room of The North Pole base. Keila spoke into the camera.

- Dear fellow Martians. For over 500 years the evil plutocrats in the Terran Council have terrorised and dominated our people and managed to turn us against each other. Today we achieved unprecedented success by taking every major Terran Council stronghold in just one day. We did this by being united and acting as one. But the biggest challenge is still ahead of us. To beat the Terran in the skies. To indeed defeat the Terran Council, we need to destroy their Phobos base, the staging ground for their troops and their real centre of power in our part of the solar system. The Martian Humanist Alliance cannot fight this battle alone. That's why I am urging everyone who has a weapon or a ship to take to the skies at 3PM Olympus Republic time, and together facing our foes. Many of us will die but just remember. They can end our lives, but they can no longer steal our freedom. The True Maker bless you all!

After the finishing the address, Keila fell to the ground in severe pain. The bullet wounds in her shoulder were not critical, but the 15-meter fall that had knocked her unconscious before were. Although a 15-meter fall was not necessarily fatal on Mars due to the lower gravity, it was still enough to

maim her and put her out of action for a while. Melchior, the highest ranked member from her Edenite militia, ran up to her.

Melchior:

- Mistresses Keila. You are badly hurt.

Keila:

- Yes, but I need to stay strong. The assault on Phobos starts in three hours, and I need to lead it.

Melchior:

- No! Mistress Keila, you are too injured to be useful. You need to stay here, recover and lead us after the enemy has been defeated.

- I will lead the attack if you let me.

Keila:

- But Melchior, you are not Martian, you are an Edenite.

Melchior:

- That is irrelevant. My ancestors came from Mars and were tormented by the evil Terran plutocrat Abraham. Fighting the oppressors the Martians fight against is also my fight.

Keila:

- Very well Melchior. You have convinced me. May the True Maker be with you, and may we meet again.

After that Keila gave Melchior a Divine Technology god chip and inserted it into his brain. If he was to control the attack, he needed the best possible opportunity to coordinate the forces. She then groaned in pain and fell unconscious with her troops rushing her to the medical ward of the facility.

## 7.5 Max Wellington's desperate pleas to abandon the Phobos base and regroup is rejected

ADMIRAL MAX WELLINGTON was studying Keila's TV statement in shock and awe. He realised that he was in great trouble. When the Martian Humanist Alliance had conquered all the Terran Council bases on Mars, they had also acquired a lot of weaponry as well as shuttles and minor space attack ships to attack his position. This would not necessarily have been a big problem if he had his full fleet of large vessels at his disposal as he then could start a relentless bombardment of the Martian surface, forcing the enemy to take cover and stopping any attempt on attacking him. But Max Wellington hardly had any ships at his disposal. As 4 out of 5 factions had stopped providing the Terran Council armed forces with weaponry and personnel, his base was guarded by a skeleton staff, utterly insufficient of taking on the might of a unified Mars. And there was no reason to believe that Martians were not united against him. After all, utterly defeating all Terran Council ground forces on Mars in the morning was an unprecedented achievement and in hindsight, he bitterly regretted that he hadn't investigated the rumours of revolutionary new technology more thoroughly. 100,000 Terran Council troops were dead or captured on the surface of Mars, and there was nothing he could do to relieve them.

He turned around and noticed that Captain Adal Schneider was in his command room.

Max Wellington:

- Captain Schneider. Why are you here? I asked Bjorn to come. Don't give me bullshit Captain, I know Bjorn was cleared for duty yesterday.

Adal Schneider:

- That is correct Admiral. However, Rear Admiral Bjorn Muller requested that I went to talk to you in his stead while he is preparing ISS Supreme Earth.

Max Wellington:

- Very well. And what does Bjorn suggest that we do?

Adal Schneider:

- He agrees with your assessment that we should probably abandon Phobos and then regroup with a large fleet and retake it in a couple of days.

Max Wellington:

- That is just great. And yet he refuses to come here and say this to his father.

- No matter. Just step up on the hologram machine with me Adal; we will have to convince Joachim Muller that retreat is the only option ourselves.

The two officers stepped up on the hologram machine to Joachim, ten minutes later they received a response from Joachim:

- You are not to surrender or leave the Phobos base in any case. If you do and the base is lost, you'll be tried and executed for treason. Pass on this message to Bjorn as well. If the base is lost, set Phobos on a collision course with Mars. If we cannot have it, no one else should.

Adal Schneider:

- So, we are dead unless we repel a massive invasion force or send a moon colliding with the Martian surface, wiping out all life on the most populous planet in the solar system.

Max Wellington:

- Yes, more or less.

Adal Schneider:

- Boss. I must admit. I hate my job.

Max Wellington:

- So, do I.

Max Wellington took up a photograph of his daughter Magda who died in a rare form of incurable brain cancer and whispered for himself "*Magda, soon we'll meet again.*"

## **7.6 Bjorn Muller decides to try to destroy Mars to save himself.**

BJORN MULLER WAS STANDING at the command bridge of ISS Supreme Earth looking at the massive swarm of small spaceships and shuttles heading in the direction of the Phobos base. It was an impressive and awe-inspiring sight, watching the masses rise together as one to finally break the chains of tyranny and free themselves. Many of them were in dingy shuttles that were hardly flightworthy, but it mattered not. There was just too many of them, and they were too determined

To be scared off by anything. Bjorn estimated that there would be over a million Martian attackers in many thousands of ships while his defenders constituted of a hundred ships and a total of 15000 defenders. Against a swarm like that, it did not matter what he commanded. He and the vessels he commanded would run out of ammunition before the enemy ran out of ships and then they were doomed regardless. Bjorn sat silently, impressed by the people revolting against their allocated lot in life, trying to improve their destiny. But then he realised something. He was a Terran and superior to the vermin race that was trying to end his life. He would destroy them all when they were on the verge of achieving their freedom.

He called captain Adal Schneider to his side:

Bjorn Muller:

- Captain. I am relieving myself of command, and I hand it over to you. I have one final mission to do before the end of this war.

Adal Schneider:

- I know that you want to run Bjorn, but it is no point, your father has forbidden it and besides, how far would you manage to go in a small fighter ship?

Bjorn Muller:

- You are mistaken Adal. I am not running. Quite the contrary, I do what is needed to preserve our future.

Adal Schneider looked down in the ground. Was Bjorn really going to perform the atrocity that his father had ordered? Was there not any better way? Adal Schneider decided to neither condone nor reject the behaviour.

Adal Schneider:

- Okay, Citizen Muller. I grant your request to resign and to leave the Terran Council Security Forces effective immediately. Feel free to acquire a small ship for your transport off this command ship.

Bjorn Muller:

- Thank you, Adal. See you on the other side.

Bjorn Muller then quickly headed for the docks to acquire a small ship to take him to the thrusters on Phobos that governed its artificial gravity.

## **7.7 Keila wakes up with a vision to stop Bjorn Muller.**

KEILA WOKE UP WITH a twitch. She had seen in a vision what was about to happen. She needed to stop Bjorn Muller at once. Keila limped towards the exit of the medical ward. One of her Edenite medics approached her.

- Mistress Keila. You should not move as you are badly hurt.

Keila:

- If we don't move, we'll all die. I have seen it. I need a shuttle to take me to Phobos at once.

Medic:

- What are you talking about?

- Our troops have overrun the Phobos base; they are fighting inside the station as we speak.

Keila:

- It's a trap, The Terrans are going to use Phobos base itself as a weapon to destroy Mars. I need to go now.

Medic:

- Very well I'll help you to the shuttle and come with you.

They reached the hangar and as it turned out the only ship that remained was a small fighter spaceship made for one person. Keila farewelled the medic and headed off.

## 7.8 A divine intervention

KEILA LANDED AT PHOBOS next to its artificial gravity thrusters. Bjorn Muller was already there. She realised a fatal flaw. In her hurry to get there as soon as possible, she had forgotten to pack her equipment, weapons and Zetan technology devices. Bjorn saw her coming, screamed something, but she couldn't hear him. The gravity generating thrusters on Phobos was in the vacuum of space and hence there was no sound. Bjorn took up a pistol and shot Keila twice, with both hits being non-fatal. He tried to shoot again, but his gun jammed. Keila picked up her plasma sword and tried running towards Bjorn, but she could barely walk. Bjorn waved his finger at her and shook his head. He smiled gently, as if to say sorry for what has happened

over the last few years, and then slowly put his finger on a detonator, setting off an explosive charge. Keila was knocked to the ground in the blast. He then jumped on his spaceship and took off.

Keila tried to get up. She was in terrible pain as her blood was boiling, freezing and evaporating at the same in the freezing cold vacuum of space. She realised that explosion had changed the direction of the thrusters and that they were now pushing the Phobos moon on a collision course with the Martian surface. If there was a collision that would melt the crust of the planet and kill all life forms, this would be the one, as Phobos base was massive enough to make a collision with Mars utterly devastating to both the moon and the planet. She tried to make her way to the rudder of the thrusters to manually change the trajectory of Phobos to avoid a collision with Mars. It was rusted shut and hopeless. No matter what she did, she would never be able to change the trajectory of the moon. In a matter of hours, they would all be dead. She collapsed next to the rudder and felt that she was dying.

Then it happened. As Keila closed her eyes preparing to take her last breath, she saw him. She saw the True Maker himself. The eternal origin of the universe, the all-knowing creator that never intervened in humans or any other living beings' lives, was communicating non-verbally to her. She got up and realised that her wounds had sealed. She instantly felt reinvigorated, and hope was now surging back alive. Summoning all her strength, she managed to turn the rudder 180 degrees, changing the trajectory of Phobos from a collision with Mars, to a collision with the Sun. Keila got in her fighter spaceship and set after Bjorn Muller.

Keila intercepted Bjorn and destroyed the engines on his ship with her weapons. She then followed his ship as he went down crashlanding on Mars.

## **7.9 The Fall of Bjorn Muller**

BJORN MULLER WOKE UP from the crash landing and got out the ship. He was in immense pain as he had broken his leg and had a metal pole penetrating the side of his body. Bjorn knew that he would bleed out and die within minutes if he tried to pull out the pole, so he decided to leave it in. He got out of the ship and realised that he had crashed just before the edge of the Olympus Mons mountain. He looked up and realised that his father's

plan had failed. Phobos was moving away from Mars instead of getting closer. He heard a familiar voice and turned around.

Keila:

- Bjorn Muller! I have finally won the war for my people.

Bjorn looked at Keila in disbelief.

- How did you do that? How did you manage to both survive and stop me with a punctured lung and a destroyed liver?

Keila:

- What are you talking about, I am fine.

Bjorn:

- Really? Look again.

Keila had a look at her body. Bjorn Muller was right. She was bleeding profusely, and she was struggling to breathe.

Bjorn:

- Looks like we are both dying. We might as well talk to each other and die in peace.

Keila dropped to the ground without saying anything. She was coughing blood, and for the second time in less than 20 minutes, she felt like she was dying.

Bjorn continued:

- You know Keila. I never intended for any of this to happen. Things could have been so different between you and me.

Keila:

- That doesn't change the fact that you tried to kill 4 billion individuals to save your own skin. You'll end up in hell for your crimes.

Bjorn:

- If there is such a thing as hell. Yes, you are right.

- But you see, hell will be nothing new for me. You see, you have made my life a living hell for the last six years.

Keila:

- What are you talking about? You were the one who locked me up and kept me as a sex slave for two dark months before I finally escaped. I was a young girl back then. Full of dreams and hopes and you destroyed my faith in people on Earth.

Bjorn:

- Yes, you are right. I did all those things. But then again, the one I hurt the most was myself.

- Before we even met, I had all these visions of you in my dreams. You and I and our daughters in Europeum Towers running the solar system for the benefit of everyone.

- Then when we finally met, I was crippled by my fear and awe. You see, I realised that you were the woman from my dreams and visions. But I also realised that you were half Martian and half Rashid, so my peers would never allow us to be together.

- I was a friend of Mahmoud Rashid, your father, who fell in love with an Edenite woman against his grandfather's wishes, causing both to be forced into exile on Mars.

Keila was feeling dizzy and confused. She didn't know if it was the blood loss talking or if she was shocked by how similar her visions and Bjorn's visions had been. When Keila was a teenager, she had dreamed about going to Earth and meeting someone like Bjorn. For some reason she had seen Bjorn in a lot of her visions recently, displaying an alternate reality where she was

together with him in peace and love. She had dismissed them as nightmares, but maybe this was how the divine plan was meant, until Rangda came along and changed things.

Keila:

- I had many visions of you too when I was young and innocent before we met, and you turned out to be my nemesis. You were the reason I disregarded my mum's objections and tried to go to Earth.

- But for what? Instead of being my white knight, you ended up being my tormentor and wicked rapist.

Bjorn:

- I had no choice. I did not know what else to do. Keeping you as my sex slave was the only acceptable way for me to keep you near me. My father would not object to me holding you as a sex slave, but he would never allow me to have you as my partner.

Keila:

- Bullshit. You knew the right thing to do all along, but you choose to not do it because it was the hard thing to do

- You were a spoilt brat that felt superior and that you could take whatever you wanted by birthright. But you were wrong. Some things are not to be stolen, they are only to be given. Love is one such thing.

- I'll make you answer for your crimes and it won't be easy for you this time.

Bjorn:

- Keila. We are both dying in the wilderness. I don't think we'll need to worry about the future any more.

Keila:

- Oh, but you forget. We might be on Mars, but we have access to Terran technology now. If we die, we'll both get revived, and you'll answer for your crimes.

Hearing this, Bjorn realised what he had to do. He pulled the metal stake out of his body to bleed out. He then dragged himself to the edge.

Bjorn:

- I am the son of the Terran Council leader Joachim Muller, I will not be trialled here. Goodbye Keila.

After saying this, Bjorn threw himself off the edge of Olympus Mons freefalling for 5 kilometres. It took so long time for him to hit the ground that he died from the blood loss before he reached the surface. He smiled as his body was falling towards ground. In death, Bjorn finally found peace.

Before Keila almost died, she managed to contact friendly troops via the Divine Technology chip, and they brought her to a facility with Terran technology where they could revive her. She thought of Metatron, and she closed her eyes and her whole world turned black.

## 7.10 Keila's independence speech

A FEW DAYS LATER KEILA woke up. She knew instinctively that she had been dead for a while and yet she had not experienced any afterlife, just a long black dreamless sleep. It hadn't been too bad, but Keila was a bit curious if this disproved the afterlife or if she hadn't experienced it as her soul was not yet ready to move on. She looked out through the window. There were a lot of people ignoring the cold to see the saviour of Mars. She decided to walk out to the podium and give them a speech. It wasn't well rehearsed as she just had woken up from the dead, but she did put some effort into it.

- Fellow Martians. Six months ago, no one would have believed me if I said that we one day would be free from our oppressors and free from the symbol of our oppression in the sky that was the

Phobos base. We mourn the many that died to fight for our freedom and cheer their spirit that gave us this freedom.

- We have come a long way, but we are yet to be vigilant. We need to be able to sue the Terran Council for peace before we can live in freedom. The only way we can sue them for peace is we are armed enough to stop any attempts from them to bully us from the skies with their large fleet. What we must do is have enough weapons aimed at heavens to deter the Terrans from ever bothering us again. With this in place, I am optimistic that we can finally win our peace and our freedom.

After having said this Keila returned to her bed to recover from her wounds. She looked at a report from her commanders. Apparently, the Terran fleet had retreated to Earth, and a lot of fringe worlds and mining colonies had overthrown their Terran Masters and pledged themselves to her cause. The Terrans would have to accept the peace and independence she dreamt about now.

As it turned out Keila was gravely mistaken about this as the Terran Council had no interest in peace. They had finally united behind Joachim Muller, and they had no intentions of participating in peace talks. On the contrary, they had plans in place to end the Martians forever.



## Chapter 8: Desperate Measures



### 8.1 A final solution

A few days later the Terran Council member held an emergency meeting in the Europeum Towers in Hansstadt. They were looking at a report put together by Mathias Muller, Supreme Commander for the Terran Council Security Forces, and Joachim Muller's brother. The situation was critical. Following the complete defeat and annihilation of their Martian expeditionary force, the reputation of their military might was in shambles. To make matters worse, the moon Phobos that hosted their base for their Martian expeditionary force had been slung out of orbit and was heading straight for the Sun. While Phobos was too small to make any impact on the Sun, the loss of their base of operations made it almost impossible to retake Mars from the rebels.

The loss of Mars and the annihilation of their Martian expeditionary force had prompted the Terran Council to withdraw all their ships to Earth to regroup and think of a strategy. This in combination with the fear of them diminishing had led to many asteroid mining colonies and fringe colonies to rebel and either declare independence or pledge allegiance to Keila's organisation The Martian Humanist Alliance. The loss of the asteroid mining colonies was worse for the Terran Council than the loss of Mars. While Mars mainly served as a dumping ground for unwanted dissenting citizens, the asteroid mining colonies continuously brought back vital supplies to keep the Terran Economy going, and to keep the economy going was imperative for the Terran Council as they based their power primarily on economic might.

Joachim Muller:

- Thank you for your report, Mathias. I will now discuss potential solutions with the members of the council and get back to you shortly.

- Welcome council members. These are desperate times, but one good thing has come from this. At least we have stopped fighting among ourselves. I have a suggested solution to this crisis, but first I would like to hear how all of you want to deal with the crisis.

Santiago Bolivar:

- Accept peace with Mars. Let them keep their cold, polluted dust-bowl of a planet but make sure to retake control of all the Asteroid mining stations where the money and the resources are.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, Santiago. Financially that would make sense for the time being, but like I said last time you brought this up, it is not a viable long-term solution. Leave the Martians unchecked, and they will want to expand in a generation or two. They don't pose a threat to us now, but in century or less they will, and they will stage an invasion of Earth.

John White:

- Yes, I agree with you, Joachim. I think we should take a full fleet with all our large ships and bombard them from orbit into submission.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, but that won't work this time. Without a base of operations nearby, our ships can only carry so much ammunition and supplies before going back to Earth. The Martians can just hide in their bloody tunnels for a few days and then we need to go back to resupply. We'll never win a war that way. Besides I believe the

Martians anticipate that, and now that they are united they probably have a lot of weapons aimed at the skies to fight back against any attempt to bombard them from orbit.

Ibrahim Rashid:

- I suggest that we bombard them with our whole fleet and stage an invasion at the same time. While they hide in their tunnels. We land with a lot of heavy troops and take back our lost fortresses on the surface. From there we can project power and force the Martians to submission.

Joachim Muller:

- That won't work for three reasons. 1: The Martians are way more numerous than us Terrans, and they are even more numerous than our military personnel. 2: It would be impossible for us to supply these bases without a base of operations in orbit. 3: The Martians have discovered a technology that disrupts the bionic microchips in our soldiers' heads. Before we even consider an invasion, we need to replace the implants and retrain our soldiers.

Chi-Ping Cheng:

- Okay, how about a blockade of Mars? We use our forces to regain control of the asteroid mining stations, and then we maintain a distance that is too far for Martian surface weapons to reach us, while we blockade every attempt from them to conduct interplanetary trade.

Joachim Muller:

- That would work against us but not against the Martians. They are already dirt poor, and to be honest they have hardly received any interplanetary imports for the last centuries, so they wouldn't be affected if the trade stopped.

Chi-Ping Cheng:

- Okay Mr. Muller. Now you have argued against every solution we have put forth. What kind of masterstroke do you have on your mind

Joachim Muller:

- The almost complete obliteration of Mars, masked as a natural disaster.

- In six months' time, the asteroid B600 is passing by Mars missing it by only 500,000 kilometres. It is a 10-kilometre asteroid travelling at 80,000 kilometres an hour. If it hit Mars, it would most likely wipe out most of the life on the planet. It would be an easy task for us to change the trajectory of the asteroid to impact Mars instead of narrowly missing it.

Chi-Ping Cheng:

- But wouldn't the Martians see the asteroid coming and send their own expedition to divert it from hitting them?

Joachim Muller:

- Of course, but they wouldn't get far, as we would send a large fleet to escort the asteroid until it was too late to change its course.

- Since we are still at war with the Martians, a war that they started by a surprise attack without a declaration of war, we have the full legal right to attack any Martian vessel we come across.

- Apparently, we are not going to acknowledge the fact that we are directing a large asteroid towards Mars, causing genocide.

John White:

- Excellent Joachim. I didn't think you had it in you. This is a great solution. B600 is large enough to kill off most of the population and dispersing the Martian atmosphere while still leaving the planet in good enough condition for resettlement once the dust settles in a couple of years.

Chi-Ping Cheng:

- Yes, but I am worried about how the population on Earth will perceive it if the truth comes out. While they certainly don't love the Martians, I am sure they wouldn't condone Martian genocide either, they might even rebel against us.

Joachim Muller:

- Worry not. They won't find out. We own and control all the media and all of Space Net. The few conspiracy nuts and dissenters that question us can be sent to resettle Mars.

Ibrahim Rashid.

- This is an excellent plan. Death to our enemy. Slay them all.

Joachim Muller:

- Excellent, so do we have an agreement? A decision on this scale will require blood verification. I will write down the order, and then all of us will spill our blood on this panel to verify that we agree to it. To change or cancel the directive we all need to drop our blood again on the same panel.

They all did as Joachim Muller said. They all took a small knife and spilled a drop of blood each on top of their faction's seal to verify the order. They then sat ominously quiet. They knew what they had ordered was a terrible atrocity even by their standards. Eventually, they all excused themselves and made their way back to their respective countries speaking to no one about what they had agreed on.

The official statement from the meeting was that Terran Council would not discuss peace with the Martians at this stage as the enemy first needed to be punished for their evil surprise attack on their Terran protectors.

## 8.2 The redirection of the asteroid B600

JOACHIM MULLER HUNG up the phone. It was done, and the order was dispatched to a specially selected Terran Council joint secret operations team. The Terran Council rarely performed mutual secret operations as its members were more likely to perform individual secret operations, often against each other. But for this mission, it was imperative that they were all represented as they all had agreed to do it and no side should be able to accuse the others if something didn't go to plan.

The special operations team would land on B600 and install fusion rocket thrusters that would redirect B600 for a collision course against Mars. They would then stay on the asteroid to safeguard it from attackers and to be able to abort the mission until it was too late to change the trajectory of the asteroid. With this in place, Joachim Muller called his brother Supreme Commander Mathias Muller, to make sure that a fleet escorted the asteroid to stop the Martians from interfering with his plans.

Joachim Muller:

- Good evening brother.

Mathias Muller:

- Good evening Joachim. I had expected to hear from you yesterday. Delays are no good for our efforts.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, you are correct. The Council trusts in your judgement on how to subdue the rebellious asteroid mining colonies and only have one specific order for you.

Mathias Muller:

- So, they finally trust my judgement? Better late than never. Tell me about your specific order.

Joachim Muller

- You are to lead a group of ten star-cruisers and escort the asteroid B600.

Mathias Muller:

- B600? There is nothing of value there, besides it has an orbit that makes it unprofitable to ever try to mine it.

Joachim Muller:

- This is a secret between you and me, but we have received information that the heinous villain Keila Eisenstein is intending to use the asteroid as a weapon against us. We want to direct it into the sun to get rid of it, but you need to guard it against Martian interference for the time being.

Mathias Muller:

- This is terrible. That woman has no limit to her evil schemes and atrocities.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes. So, can I count on your support to keep us safe?

Mathias Muller:

- Yes of course brother.

Joachim Muller:

- Good, you and your men will depart Earth tomorrow. Joachim out.

Joachim hung up the phone. He thought whether he should involve his brother in the plan or not but had decided against it: For a conspiracy on this level, the fewer that knew about it, the better. Besides his brother might have objections on this genocidal mission. Mathias Muller was a stern military man, but he had always tried to minimise civilian casualties, opposite to some other Terran commanders that had actively sought to maximise the civilian casualties on Mars to cause fear and terror among the population. A general that tried to minimise the civilian casualties would most likely not agree to destroy the most populous planet in the solar system. But destroying Mars was imperative. Joachim Muller knew that there was no way for the Terran Council to control and dominate Mars' downtrodden population anymore, and if they were not destroyed, they would grow stronger and eventually come after the Terran Council and Earth with a vengeance.

Joachim sat down in his room and listened to classical music. He was looking at a picture of Bjorn and mourned the loss of his son despite giving tacit approval for his liquidation a few weeks earlier. Joachim looked at the images from Bjorn's childhood as well as a scientific evaluation of Bjorn's DNA. According to the assessment, Bjorn had exceptional DNA, and yet he had ended up being a whore mongering drug addict. What had gone wrong? Joachim was considering reusing Bjorn's genetic material to revive him again as a baby and try again at raising him. He decided to wait. If everything went according to plan, he could do it when things had calmed down in the solar system, so he had more time for the project.

### **8.3 Emergency meeting in the Martian Council**

KEILA WAS SITTING IN an underground meeting hall in the Olympus Republic. It was the meeting hall that was usually used by the Olympus Republic parliament, and it was situated far underground safe from any orbital bombardment.

Keila had summoned all the Martian leaders to decide the future of the planet now that the Terran Council had lost their power. It would not be an informal meeting. Different regions of Mars had vastly different cultures, goals and rivalries and they were no longer united against the common enemy as the Terran Council hadn't been seen or heard from in the last month.

In a way, the complete silence from the Terran Council was an ominous sign. Keila had hoped that they would accept her peace proposal or at least have chosen to communicate in some way, but there was only silence, thus they were still at war with Earth.

The worst part of being at war with the Terran Council was that they had been completely cut off from Spacenet networks, so they had very little knowledge of what was happening outside of Mars. All space traffic to and from Mars had also ended as the Terran Council had a blockade in place around the planet, at a distance too far away from the surface to be hit from surface-based weapons, but close enough to intercept and destroy any transport ships going from Mars to the asteroids. The blockade was not a big deal for the short-term survival of the Martians though, as they had got used to only delivering shipments, but rarely or never receiving any shipments from the outside in the previous highly-unethical trade arrangement with their Terran overlords.

Keila looked out over the delegates from her position in the late president Hellas Petrakis chair, in the centre of the large amphitheatre building. This was a unique occasion. For the first time in the history of the planet, the leaders of the planet were gathered to decide their own future without the Terrans interfering. But what was the future of the Martian people and what would her role be? Ideally, Keila wanted to replicate what the Terran Council had created for Earth when it came to building peace and prosperity for the planet. What she wanted to differentiate from the Terran Council was that she wished to implement democratic leadership that benefited the ordinary citizen on Mars and not a plutocratic dictatorship that only profited the few on the expense of everyone else. As the de-facto leader of the Martian Humanist Alliance, her voice would be important for the future of Mars, and it was vital for her to align with politicians that would follow through with their promises. But how would she know if they were honest? Secretly implanting politicians with Divine Technology chips would make her know their thoughts, but it would also make her the dictator of the planet and worse than the previous dictators she had aimed to replace. Keila was interrupted in her train of thoughts when a member from the Science Commission, Jasper Svensson, rushed in and interrupted the meeting.

Jasper Svensson:

- I am sorry to interrupt dear delegates, but we have an urgent crisis!

Keila studied Jasper. She didn't know him, but she had met with him briefly a few times in the last year when the Olympus Republic was reverse engineering her Zetan Technology. He seemed very agitated. Keila spoke:

- What is the problem, Jasper? My door is always open, but not during the middle of a planetary meeting!

Jasper Svensson:

- B600 is the problem. It is a 10 kilometres large asteroid travelling at 80,000 kilometres an hour. It is heading on an inevitable collision course with us. It will impact us in 5 months. I will show hologram model of it for you to see.

Jasper activated the 3D hologram generator in the middle of the room showing the asteroid heading towards Mars and the estimated effects of the enormous impact it would cause. The petrified gathering studied the 3D model. If Jasper were correct, the collision would kill off the clear majority of Martian life and cover the planet in a thick dust cloud for the next ten years. Keila spoke:

- Why haven't you brought up this problem until now Jasper? As far as I know, the flight paths and orbits of all large celestial bodies have been mapped and estimated for the coming centuries.

Jasper Svensson:

- Because the asteroid was meant to miss Mars by 500,000 kilometres, which is a safe distance. Someone or something is changing its path.

Keila:

- What? Do you think the Terran Council is behind this?

Jasper Svensson:

- I don't dare to speculate, but it does seem like a large fleet of Terran ships is heading towards the asteroid.

Keila:

- This is not good. Would you be able to redirect the asteroid from hitting us?

Jasper Svensson:

- Yes, as long as I am on the asteroid at least a month before the impact.

Keila:

- Very well. Gather a team and take our fastest ship with stealth capabilities to intercept the asteroid as soon as possible.

Jasper Svensson:

- Thank you, Mistress Keila. I will gather a team at once.

As Jasper Svensson left the meeting room, an upset chatter began where most of the assembly wanted to surrender to the Terran Council to avoid total destruction of their home planet. Keila put an end to the discussion. There was no point completely yielding just a month after their victory, and besides, it was impossible to communicate with the Terran Council as Mars was disconnected from Spacenet, all their transmissions were jammed by the blockading fleet, and they received no answers from the Terran counterparts. They would merely have to hope and pray that Jasper and the team he assembled would be able to carry out the crucial task at hand.

## 8.4 Meeting between Joachim Muller, Benjamin Muller and Mathias Muller in Europeum Tower

MATHIAS MULLER SUPREME Commander of the Terran Council Security forces was presenting the last month's achievements when it came to suppressing the rebellion in the solar system. It had been an overwhelming success, with all the factions of Earth united behind the Terran Council Security Forces instead of fighting among themselves. The Terran Council had managed to crush all uprisings on the asteroid mining colonies as well as those on Jupiter's and Saturn's moons. This had been easy as they had managed to close down Spacenet, thus blocking the rebelling colonies from communicating, cooperating and coordinating their plans. It also helped that the Terran Council was the only force that had a deep space fleet, i.e. a navy that could travel for months on end without the need to land and fill up resources. Mars and the asteroids, on the other hand, had only access to transport ships and small fighter ships that were just able to travel for a few hours before they needed to resupply and change personnel. With all threats contained, they could now focus on how to deal with the Martian uprising.

Mathias Muller:

- So, like I said, we have secured control over the solar system and the shipments from the asteroid mining stations are up and running again. So how do you wish to deal with Mars? From what I have heard, they are desperate to sue for peace?

Joachim Muller:

- Yes. But I will not grant them any peace. Not after what the treacherous bastards did to us.

Matthias Muller:

- With all due respect brother, but there is no way we can invade Mars. We don't have a base of operations in the area anymore, and if we move our ships close enough to bombard the surface, they

can respond with their ground to air weapons that would devastate our forces.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, I am aware of that. But like a said, no peace with those treacherous scumbags

Matthias Muller:

- So, what would you have us do? Just blockade them indefinitely?

Joachim Muller:

- Sure, why not. Let them have their "freedom" in their dusty dirt-poor desert.

Benjamin Muller:

- How about we resume control over Phobos, and push it back into orbit around Mars?

Joachim Muller shook his head and gave Benjamin a disapproving look, he then spoke mockingly:

- Brother, teach my son basic science, please.

Mathias Muller felt a bit uncomfortable, but brushed it off and started lecturing Benjamin on why his plan wouldn't work.

- You see Benjamin, the Phobos base is bound for a collision with the Sun, which means that it is falling towards the centre of gravity in the solar system. We do not have the technology pushing such a massive object away from the centre of gravity. We could theoretically save it by driving it sideways to make it orbit the Sun, that would, however, give it an orbit between Mercury and Venus,

and we do not have the need for a military base in that part of space, and besides, it would be prohibitively expensive.

Benjamin Muller:

- I see, uncle. So, what do you suggest?

Mathias Muller:

- Well as a military man, I have realised that the conflict Mars is stuck in a deadlock. We can't invade them, and they can't harm us either. I suggest we listen to them and give them their independence.

- To stop their influence, I also suggest that we transport an asteroid from the asteroid belt and put it in orbit around Mars. On that asteroid, we can build a new base to make sure that our presence is still known to our enemies.

Benjamin Muller:

- But uncle, you just said we can't move large celestial bodies?

Joachim Muller shook his head again:

- Benjamin. When pushing an asteroid from the asteroid belt towards Mars, you are also driving it towards the Sun. It is a lot easier to move an object towards gravity than pushing it against gravity.

Mathias Muller:

- Yes, Joachim, you are correct. I am sure your son is just tired from his hard work.

- Speaking of other things. What is the deal with B600? It seems that it has come on a collision course all of a sudden?

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, that is the reason why you are meant to escort it. Our scientists have discovered that the asteroid is on a collision course with Mars, and they are working to divert it from its path and make it crash into the Sun instead

- You are there to stop the Martians from reaching the asteroid first, as we fear that they are going to try to redirect it to collide with Earth instead.

Mathias Muller:

- But that is completely unlikely? The orbit of B600 is very remote from Earth.

Joachim Muller:

- Yes, you may say that now, but you didn't foresee the Martian surprise attack that wiped out our entire army on Mars, did you?

- Now do your job and make sure to keep the B600 safe from the Martian scums. I will update your systems with the correct trajectory of the asteroid to keep you from worrying.

- I will see you at dinner before you leave.

Mathias Muller:

- Thank you, brother, seeing the updated trajectory of B600 is what I need to keep my mind at peace. I will see you for dinner.

Mathias Muller left the room, and Joachim and Benjamin looked at each other in silence for a bit before Benjamin spoke:

- Do you think he fell for it father? My scientific idiot act and the falsified trajectories you uploaded into his PDA?

Joachim Muller:

- Hopefully. If not, I have an assassin in place to kill him, should it be needed. He trusts this spy that I've assigned to him entirely so she won't fail us, unlike the amateur you sent after Bjorn. But let's hope I can keep my brother alive while wiping out the Martians, shall we?

Benjamin Muller:

- Yes, father. You are always one step ahead. Who is this assassin you have in place?

Joachim Muller:

- I wouldn't be one step ahead if I told you. Now freshen up and get changed. You have a farewell dinner with your uncle to attend.

## **8.5 An Assassination and a destroyed ship.**

A FEW WEEKS LATER, Supreme Commander Mathias Muller was back on his command ship escorting the asteroid B600. He was studying the star maps and the trajectory of the asteroid, and it didn't make sense. The path for the asteroid was for it to hit the sun and yet the instruments on his command ship indicated that he was heading straight towards Mars. Mathias called in the captain of the vessel as well as his secret mistress, Melissa Schiller, to talk.

Mathias Muller:

- Melissa, can you explain this: The supposed trajectory of B600 will direct it into the Sun and yet our ships escorting the asteroid, is heading towards the Mars

Melissa Schiller:

- Don't worry about that Mathias. Didn't your brother tell you that he had men answering directly to him redirecting the asteroid from its collision course with Mars to collide with the Sun instead?

Mathias Muller:

- Yes, he did. I am just not comfortable with the secretiveness of the mission. I am the Supreme Commander of the Terran Council Security Forces. I shouldn't even be on this mission, and yet he withholds information from me.

Melissa Schiller:

- Don't worry too much about it. Why don't we have a quickie now that we are alone on the command deck?

Mathias Muller:

- Don't be silly, the command deck is full of cameras.

Melissa Schiller:

- We both have access codes to override the cameras and turn them off.

Mathias Muller was considering Melissa's proposal. He didn't get further as he suddenly got a call on the hologram generator. The call was from a small Martian science vessel which confused Mathias as the spaceship had to be somewhat close to contact him directly, as Spacenet had been turned off for Martian vessels, and yet he wasn't aware of any Martian vessels in the vicinity. His curiosity got the better of him, and he ignored the directive to ignore all transmissions from the Martians. The hologram of the Martian scientist Jasper Svensson came up on the hologram generator.

Jasper Svensson:

- Thank you for finally answering our transmissions. You Terrans haven't been very talkative lately.

Mathias Muller:

- I was just curious about how you managed to contact me. Mars is too far away, and you are blocked from Spacenet.

Jasper Svensson:

- Oh, I am much closer than that.  
- Anyways. I have an urgent request for you.

Mathias Muller:

- You are not in a position to make requests to me. I am the Supreme Commander of the Terran Council Security Forces, and we are at war with you.

Jasper Muller:

- Oh, sorry about my choice of wording. I am pleading with you to help us.  
- B600 is on a direct collision course with our planet Mars. I have arrived with a team to redirect it from hitting Mars.

Mathias Muller:

- We already have a team on the surface of B600 that is working to redirect the asteroid to avert Mars and to hit the Sun instead.

Jasper Svensson:

- Sorry, Supreme Commander Muller, but that is not true. B600 was initially meant to miss Mars by 500,000 kilometres, and now its course has changed to a direct collision with Mars.  
- I know we are at war Mr. Muller but please work with us in this case. If that rock hits Mars, most of our population would die. I know you dislike seeing innocents die.

Mathias Muller was confused and did not know what to believe. What Jasper was saying supported his own suspicions that the asteroid indeed was heading for a collision with Mars and not aimed at the Sun. But then again Jasper was one of the enemies. The cowardly enemy who had surprise attacked and slew 10,000's of his men two months earlier. He would be a fool to trust the enemy. Then again, he did not want to risk trusting his own brother either, potentially becoming an accessory to the worst genocide in mankind's history. He decided to go for a middle ground.

Mathias Muller:

- Mr Svensson. I would like you to come by my ship and parlay under the banner of truce. I want to go to the bottom with your claims.

Jasper Svensson:

- I would be honoured to meet you, Supreme Commander.

Half an hour later, a small shuttle with Jasper Svensson docked with Mathias Muller's command ship. Mathias' troops stripped him nude to search him for weapons, scanned him for any viruses and pathogens and then gave him a crew tracksuit for his visit. He was then escorted to a meeting room where Mathias was waiting for him. They shook hands and started to talk.

Meanwhile, Melissa Schiller was watching the men via the CCTV. She was feeling guilty of what she had to do, but she had no other option. Joachim Muller had warned her that it might come to this, that her toy lover would betray her people and befriend the enemy. She couldn't let that happen. She entered a command into her private encrypted phone and activated a microscopic dormant poison ampule that she had secretly inserted into Mathias' body when he was asleep. The hidden container released a fast-acting nerve agent that killed the victims by corroding away their brains, preventing any resurrection attempts.

Jasper Svensson was looking in terror as Mathias Muller was dying in front of him with blood pouring from his eyes. A few moments of agony lat-

er, Mathias Muller lay dead on the floor, and Melissa stormed in and shot Jasper in the head. She looked straight into the camera and spoke:

- Crew Members of ISS Terran Dominion; Our supreme Commander Mathias Muller was just murdered during a parley with this treacherous Martian creature. This is unacceptable. Destroy his ship and the rest of his crew.

Seconds later ISS Terran Dominion opened fire at the Martian ship and destroyed the research ship immediately with its massive firepower.

## **8.6 The foolish Supreme commander Mathias Muller is assassinated by the infamous terrorist's Keila Eisenstein's operative**

*NEWS BROADCAST IN THE Terran Council News Network, 25<sup>th</sup> October 2874:*

*After the cowardly and dishonourable attacks on our military bases conducting humanitarian aid on the Martian surface two months ago, Terran Council chairman Joachim Muller has ordered a complete blockade of the Martians until further notice. This wise order was foolishly broken by his brother Supreme commander Mathias Muller yesterday, and he paid dearly for his gullibility.*

*Mathias Muller agreed to parlay and meet with the assassin Jasper Svensson, who posed as a Martian scientist. The killer linked to the nefarious terrorist Keila Eisenstein wasted no time and immediately killed Mathias Muller, using a tiny poisoned needle he had managed to smuggle past the ship's security. The ship's security officers then stormed in and eliminated the threat before he could cause any more damage. The spaceship with Jasper's co-conspirators was also promptly destroyed as a precaution.*

*Chairman Joachim Muller comments: "I am still mourning the loss of my dear son Bjorn, and now on top of that I have lost my dear younger brother. I can assure you all that this only strengthens my resolve and I urge everyone to avoid Mathias' mistake and ignore all contact with our Martian enemies." - Joachim Muller.*

*Joanna Lechinsky, Terran Council News Network Journalist.*

## 8.7 Desperate Times require Desperate Measures.

KEILA WAS LOOKING AT the video that supposedly depicted the murder of Supreme Commander Mathias Muller by her lead scientist Jasper Svensson. Had Jasper really assassinated the supreme commander during a parlay? What an idiotic thing to do that was, especially with a supermassive asteroid heading on a collision course with Mars in 4 months. Or had the Terrans turned their backs on Mathias Muller and killed their own Supreme commander while using this to blame her? Keila did not know enough about Terran politics to understand why they would want to kill their own Supreme Commander, but the cause mattered little to her. What she needed was an action that could save her people, and she was running short on options.

Keila closed her eyes to think. She could hear Rangda calling her. Keila had ignored Rangda and the visions she was getting for the last few months after realising that Rangda was inherently evil, and that using the powers Rangda could grant her was aging her terribly. She had used Rangda's abilities twice, and it had seemingly aged her over a dozen years. While Keila was not overly afraid of getting killed, she did not fancy the idea of dying of old age in her mere 20's.

Realizing that the situation was critical, she opened her mind and allowed Rangda to talk to her.

Rangda:

- You have been avoiding me for a while, little girl.

Keila:

- Yes. Speaking with an evil alien demon is not on the top of my lists to do.

Rangda:

- The concept of evil is in the eye of the beholder. I did what I had to do to save my people. Just as you are.

Keila:

- So how do you explain the massive aging I have experienced after letting you help me?

Rangda:

- That is not my fault. I did not intend for you to age. But your feeble human DNA simply cannot accept the powers I am lending you without consequences.

- Regardless, you are talking to me now. So how can I help?

Keila:

- The Terran Council has sent a giant asteroid to crash with my home planet to kill most of its population.

Rangda:

- Yes, I know. Such a terrible waste of life. So much death and so little eating.

Keila:

- So, your objection is not the killing itself, but the wasting of the meat?

Rangda:

- Yes. Killing for eating is natural, and part of the cycle of life. Killing without consumption of the fallen is unnatural and depraved. Typical human and Zetan behaviour, done purely out of greed and hunger for power. Not at all like my noble Xenos, who kill to live.

- Anyways. You want help, and I can help.

Keila:

- How? Can you redirect the asteroid that is currently directed towards my planet, to kill my people?

Rangda:

- No. But I can attack the humans on Earth, making it easier for you to redirect the asteroid.

Keila:

- I see. What's in it for you?

Rangda:

- My Xenos and I are hungry, and human meat is delicious.

Keila was contemplating her options. She really wasn't very fond of the idea to release a host of man-eating aliens on the surface of Earth as this would indeed kill a lot of innocents. But then again Terran Council had sent an asteroid to exterminate her people like they were low-life insects. Sending them some man-eating monsters to deal with would make them realise that Martians and Terrans were all humans and that they shouldn't fight each other but unite as one.

Keila:

- Okay. I want your help but on one condition. That you only kill and eat the soldiers, not the citizens, and that you allow the enemy to surrender.

Rangda:

- Surrender? What a strange concept. Is that something humans really do? Abandon their honour and becoming someone's slave? Very well, I promise.

Keila:

- Good. So how do I unleash you and your army on my enemies?

Rangda:

- There are four pyramids spread across the Earth. They all need to be activated at noontime local time, the same day. Doing this will power up the portals between my dimension and your dimension.

- Open your mind, and I'll transfer the information you need to achieve it.

Keila opened her mind, allowing Rangda to transfer her information psionically. She was fascinated by seeing the undiscovered inner workings of pyramids across the Earth, pyramids that to most people thought were just ancient piles of rock.

Keila:

- Got it. One more thing. How do I move around on Earth? I don't think they'll grant me an entry permit.

Rangda:

- Alicia White...

After this Rangda became silent and disconnected but Keila had heard enough, and she knew what she had to do. She called in Melchior, her Edomite aide and second in command to her office.

Keila:

- Melchior. I need to go to Eden at once. I am leaving you in command of Mars in my place for the time being.

Melchior:

- I see. Are you abandoning us, Mistress Keila?

Keila:

- I would never do that! After visiting Eden, I am going to Earth to fix things once and for all.

Melchior:

- Going to Earth? That's suicide.

Keila:

- No, it's not. I have a plan.  
- Do you trust me, Melchior?

Melchior:

- With all my heart.

Keila:

- Then just rule Mars in my stead until I am back. I'm heading back to Eden now. May the True Maker be with us until we meet again.

Melchior:

- It has been an honour serving you Keila. Farewell.

After promoting Melchior to command, Keila left Mars with a small group on a stealth shuttle transport ship heading for Eden.

## **8.8 A quick and emotional visit on Eden**

KEILA WAS DOCKED TO the Divine Control Centre at B528B orbiting Eden. She exited her shuttle and met up with Metatron who greeted her. It was a touching sight. She hadn't seen him for over 9 months, and despite their break up, she had missed him a lot. Keila found it strange that she hadn't been able to get over him, as she many times during their relationship,

had found him boring, then again maybe a boring a serious partner was what she secretly yearned for, after all these long years of warzones, interplanetary instability and fighting. She looked at his face. He seemed both sad and happy to see her. He approached her and spoke.

Metatron:

- Welcome back, Keila.

Keila:

- Thanks, Metatron. I have missed you.

Metatron:

- Then stay. You are the reason we are apart. I have never pushed you away.

Keila:

- I know Met. But there was always something I needed to do.

Metatron:

- Yes. I want to show you something.

- Come with me.

Keila and Metatron walked together to the medical bay. They stayed next to an artificial womb. It contained a three-month-old foetus.

Metatron:

- I went ahead and inserted the embryo of our daughter into the artificial womb. I believe in your vision. If everything goes to plan she will be born on the 25<sup>th</sup> of March, the date of her adulthood ceremony as in your visions.

Keila:

- That is nice...

Metatron:

- You don't seem very enthusiastic.

Keila:

- I know. There is a lot of pressure on me. 4 billion of lives are at stake.

- Besides... The visions...

- I have had a lot of visions of me having a family with Bjorn Muller back on Earth. The premonitions are confusing me, considering what happened between Bjorn and me.

Metatron:

- Well. Those visions are never going to happen. No point thinking of "what ifs" in life. You just got to deal with things that actually happen.

Keila:

- Yes, you are right.

Metatron:

- Can I ask you for a favour? How about you stay back on Eden and give birth to our daughter. I don't want her to end up being a soulless, emotionless individual like I am. I want her to be like you.

Keila:

- I think you don't need to worry about that. You are the best man I have ever met, and you sprung from an artificial womb. Besides, what is a soul anyway?

Metatron:

- Good question. I think it might just be a social construct.

Keila:

- Exactly.

- Sadly, while what you suggest is tempting, I cannot stay. I got to finish what I started.

Metatron:

- Maybe you should try inaction for once? Most likely the Terran Council only wants to scare your people with their imminent doom and then divert the asteroid from colliding with Mars in the last minute.

- I don't think they have it in them to slaughter billions of people in cold blood.

Keila:

- They do, unfortunately. Bjorn Muller tried to crash the Phobos moon onto the surface of Mars when his defeat was imminent. I barely managed to stop him.

Metatron

- That is a shocking disregard for human life!

- Very well, then I understand why you must go.

Keila:

- Good. Did you find me a suitable team of Edenite candidates to pose as Alicia White's crew?

Metatron:

- Yes, I did.

Keila:

- Did you tell them that it was most likely a suicide mission?

Metatron:

- No, I did not, because I have faith in your return.

Keila:

- Good.

- Show me Alicia White's corpse and all the information we have about her.

Metatron:

- Why?

Keila:

- Because if I am to act like her, I need to know about her.

Metatron downloaded all the files available on Alicia White from Space Net. As Eden officially wasn't participating in the Mars/ Earth conflict, they had full access to Space Net, and yet they hardly came up with anything. Virtually all the information that came up was that Alicia White was the daughter of John White, the Chairman of House White. That Alicia White was born 25 years earlier and that she was missing, presumed dead. The picture of her on Spacenet was edited to make her look like a normal Terran and not like the genetic freak she was.

Keila:

- This is strangely little information on a woman who presumably was one of the wealthiest on the planet.

Metatron:

- Yes. House White is apparently trying to keep her existence and identity a secret. No matter this is the information we have.

Keila:

- Yes.

- Let's not waste any more time. Use the outer layer external DNA modifier to change my looks to Alicia's.

As Keila transformed into Alicia's body, she experienced something strange. Keila felt how her physical body changed drastically. When she had disguised as Rose Menakis and various Edenite women she had always felt like herself, just with a different face, but not when she was posing as Alicia White. She felt an urge to consume blood, and raw meat, urges that she could withhold as they disgusted her. Another desire also increased dramatically, her psychopathic and sadistic sexual urge. She felt no need or reason to repel this urge, and she pushed Metatron to the ground and pulled off his pants. He was surprised but did not resist her advances. She then jumped on top of him and rode him until she climaxed. She then got off and nonchalantly said, "*See you later, lover boy*", as she got dressed and headed for Alicia White's shuttle that she had captured at the Moreno outpost over a year earlier. She gathered her Edenite strike team that like her have also assumed the identities of the fallen members of Alicia White's black operations operatives, and set her course for Earth.

## 8.9 Passing Earth Immigration

KEILA WAS LOOKING IN amazement as she got closer to Earth, The Blue home planet for all of humanity. It was the first time she saw it, but she remembered dreaming about going there all the time when she was a child.

During the rebellion, Keila had been around a lot in the solar system, and yet the blue planet was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. There was not much time to marvel at its beauty though, as she needed to get through Ter-ran customs immigration orbiting Earth.

There were a lot of Terran Council warships that defended the perimeter, no doubt due to the war with Mars. But where was it best to receive her clearance for landing on Earth? The natural thing for Alicia White to do would be to obtain an entry permit from a House White ship. But if she docked with a House White ship, she risked running into someone that knew Alicia, and that could expose her. As it happened, destiny decided for her, and she was contacted by Hilda Muller, Bjorn Muller's considerably younger cousin.

Hilda Muller:

- Alicia White! Welcome back to Earth. Would you please dock with ISS Blue Haven, so we can clear you for re-entry to Earth?

Keila \*hissing\*:

- Clear for re-entry? I am the daughter of John White. Let me pass.

Hilda Muller:

- Spare your bullshit, Alicia. I am the daughter of the late supreme Commander Mathias Muller. Comply with our rules or face the consequences.

Keila:

- Very well. Let's do it your way, but don't waste my time.

Hilda Muller:

- Excellent. Dock with my ship ISS Blue Haven, and we will process you and your entourage for re-entry to Earth.

After finishing speaking to Keila, who appeared to be Alicia, Hilda turned to the soldiers that she was sitting with.

Hilda Muller:

- I want you to be very thorough when examining this group. There is something amiss with someone disappearing for over a year and then just reappearing without warning.

Hilda Muller was puzzled. It was likely that the "*Alicia White*" she had been talking to over the hologram generator indeed was a Martian spy. But while a spy could easily use plastic surgery to change their physical appearance, they could not change their DNA so her advanced scanners would detect if "*Alicia White*" indeed was a Martian spy and not the real deal. Ideally, Hilda wanted to detain Alicia, so she'd have plenty of time to verify her identity, but this was not a realistic solution for a high-ranking citizen. Instead, she opted for an informal chat. Keila's ship docked with ISS Blue Haven and Hilda lead her to a pre-set dining table.

Hilda Muller:

- Welcome back to Earth Alicia White, apologies for our need to verify the identities of yourself and your operatives.

Keila:

- Apology accepted. Especially now that you're providing me with this excellent food and wine.

Hilda Muller:

- So, you appreciate our produce?

Keila:

- Of course. House Muller is famous for making the best food and drinks on Earth. Much better than the food I have eaten the last year.

Hilda Muller:

- Yes, speaking of the last year. Where have you been?

Keila:

- I have been hiding. After Bjorn Muller's allegations against me, I felt no desire to go back to Earth. With Bjorn out of the picture, it's good to get back to Earth and live the kind of life I deserve.

Hilda Muller:

- Speaking of Bjorn, was his allegations against you correct?

Keila:

- I'd rather not say, but what amused me about this whole charade was how vital non-consensual sex suddenly became for Bjorn, who himself is known to be a rapist and would rape anyone that he pleases.

Hilda Muller:

- Agreed. The man was a creep. I hated how he sized me up with his eyes when I was younger.

- Whatever you did to him; I condone it.

- I just need to check a thing. I'll be right back.

Hilda went outside of the room and checked the reports on "Alicia" and her group. Both their facial features and their DNA matched the records. They couldn't have been killed and cloned as they only had been away for one year and it would take much longer to get clones aged to a mature age, even with accelerated cloning. They were also highly unlikely to have joined the Martian side as they were prominent Terrans and had nothing to gain from switching sides. Hilda Muller decided that the only logical step was to allow

Alicia White and her group re-entry to Earth. She walked back to the dining room.

Hilda Muller:

- Alright, Alicia. You and your group have been granted re-entry to Earth.

Keila:

- Thank you, Hilda. And thanks again for the delicious food and wine.

## 8.10 Pyramids and estranged fathers.

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, Keila and her group travelled around the world to the pyramids that Rangda had mentioned in Keila's vision. There were a total of four pyramids that needed to be activated at noontime in their respective time zones; these pyramids were spread across the globe ranging from Central America, the Pacific, Asia and Egypt. They would need to prepare themselves adequately if they were to succeed, as they needed to find and activate all of the pyramids within one day for Rangda's plan to work. To quickly move between the entrance and the activation points in the different pyramids, they first needed to excavate the sites. To be able to rush in and out from the excavation point was crucial as they only had a couple of hours between activating one pyramid until they needed to enable the next, and pyramids were 1000's of kilometres apart. Fortunately, the spaceship they flew had a high top speed, so if they were able to move in and out of the pyramids quickly, there was no problem reaching the next pyramid on time.

The only issue was the last pyramid they needed to reach. The Cheops Pyramid, which lay in Rashidium, the capital of House Rashid's territory, which was gold plated and its activation point was not easily accessible. While they could easily excavate the other three pyramids using lasers, they were sure that House Rashid would not allow them to excavate their gilded pyramid willingly. They decide that their only option was to activate the other three pyramids first and then quickly blow up the walls exposing the activation switch in the Cheops Pyramid, using uni-directional explosives. Then

they could swiftly enable the fourth pyramid and hopefully open the portal of dimensions, before House Rashid soldiers had time to stop them.

The night before the operation, Keila was finding sleeping difficult. It was hot and humid in her Central American excavation camp, and the mosquitos didn't make things better. Keila feared for her own life, and she worried even more about the fate of her home planet. B600 would impact in 1 month and 1 week, and she was unsure whether there would be enough time to divert the asteroid from crashing with Mars, which would lead to Martian genocide. Strangely she also felt guilt and pity towards John White, Alicia's father. While he was a monster who had caused the death and torment of countless Martians throughout the years, he also seemed to be a loving father who dearly missed his daughter. She had received a lot of messages where he begged her to come home and see him. Many of these pictures also contained pictures from Alicia's childhood and different milestones of her life. Keila found the pictures moving; despite John White being a public figure he never stepped away from his freak daughter and stood by her despite public opinion. He could have hidden her apart, and yet he always stood there with her by his side.

Keila received an email from John White, who like everyone thought that she was Alicia, his daughter.

*Dear Alicia.*

*I don't know what I have done to you for you to refuse to talk to me, but just please answer, and we can work things out.*

*PS. I will be in Rashidium in the next few days for a Terran Council meeting, so we can meet there, and you can tell me more about your new-found interest in pyramids.*

*/ Dad*

Keila read the email. She was contemplating whether it would be a good idea to answer or not. Keila decided to try to use John's love for Alicia to try to make him do things she wanted. She decided to answer his emails for once.

*Dear Father.*

*Thank you for wanting to be a part of my life again. I hadn't answered your contact attempts because I am upset that you didn't publicly stand by me when Bjorn Muller publicly ordered my arrest.*

*I am studying the pyramids, looking for an ancient forgotten technology that we can use to defeat and regain control over the Martians. I am willing to share my findings if you are willing to divert B600 from impacting on Mars' surface.*

*/ Alicia.*

A few minutes later, Keila received a response from John White.

*Dear Alicia. I don't know how you'd know about B600, but I guess intelligence gathering is your specialty after all. I am unfortunately unable to help you with B600 collision diversion, as the destruction of Mars using the asteroid was a blood oath during a Terran Council meeting, and the only way to reverse the order is to issue another unanimous blood oath, repealing the order, and this requires the mutual agreement of all Terran House leaders, not just me. Hope to see you in Egypt nonetheless.*

*/ John*

Keila read the message and felt hope. If she somehow failed to initiate Rangda's portals she could always try to use her Alicia White disguise to infiltrate the Terran Council meeting and "persuade" the Terran Council leadership to see things her way. Keila asked one of her Edenites operatives to pull out one of her teeth and replace it with a small container of extremely toxic nerve gas. She then injected herself with an antidote that would grant her immunity to that poison for the next 96 hours.

Happy with her prospects of success Keila finally managed to fall asleep.

## **8.11 Keila activates the portals and is arrested**

THE FOLLOWING DAY KEILA woke up, and when the time approached noon, she approached the centre of the Central American pyramid where she could perform the activation sequence. The sequence was hidden to the others, and only Keila could see the hidden switches that she needed to activate to enable the portals. Keila's ability to see the secret meanings and activation codes in the pyramids was partly due to her Zetan DNA sequences, but mostly due to her psionic connection to Rangda.

After Keila had activated the Central American pyramid, she quickly rushed to her spaceship, so she could fly to the next Pacific pyramid, just in time to enable that one as well. She repeated this procedure with the Pacific and the Asian pyramids, and she reached the Cheops Pyramid in the out-

skirts of Rashidium. Keila and her Edenite operatives brought stun guns to knock out the guards and unidirectional explosive charges to destroy the wall that blocked their way to the activation chamber in the pyramid. She managed to activate the last pyramid, but nothing seemed to happen.

Disappointed, Keila ran out from the pyramid just to realise that she was surrounded by a large group of House Rashid security forces.

Security officer:

- Alicia White! You and your group are all under arrest for assaulting security guards and vandalising Rashid property. Surrender immediately!

For a second Keila thought of fighting back, but then she stood down. As long as they believed she was Alicia White, they wouldn't dare to do anything against her, so she would be better off standing down biding her time.

Keila looked in disappointment at the pyramid from the backseat of the truck she was in. Whatever she had done hadn't worked, and no portal had opened! Keila was put under house arrest in a luxurious private suite in Rashid tower, while her associates were held in small holding cells in the basement.

## 8.12 A confusing science report.

JOACHIM MULLER WAS reading a confusing science report in the vacuum tube transport that took him to Rashidium for the Terran Council meeting. According to the report, Earth's orbit had slowed down by 2 seconds in the last 24 hours. But this did not make any sense to Joachim. If the Earth's rotation indeed had slowed down that quickly, this would lead to a lot of friction energy from the deceleration, effectively causing earthquakes or a significant rise in surface temperature. But there hadn't been reports of either. Furthermore, the scientist had claimed without evidence that the reason for Earth's supposedly slowed rotation speed was somehow connected to the vandalism Alicia White had performed on the Cheops pyramid the day before. These claims were absurd, and Joachim made a mental note to have that scientist fired when he got back from the Terran Council meeting.

Apart from that Joachim found the meeting to be a waste of time. There wasn't much for them to discuss, but they had all decided to meet more often and be more transparent, as they needed to stay united to avoid their enemies turning them against each other, as Keila Eisenstein had done before.

### 8.13 Time for a trial

KEILA WAS LOOKING OUT through the window of the luxury apartment in Rashid Tower where she was under house arrest. Posing as Alicia White had apparent perks and even as a prisoner, her life here was more luxurious than it had ever been. But Keila could not enjoy the luxury. Time was running out for her Martian comrades. Scientists on Mars had estimated that B600 needed to be deflected at least a month before colliding with Mars for it to pass on a safe distance from the planet. It was now 1 month and 2 days from a collision and time was running out. Her plan had failed, and Rangda had betrayed her. She had been staring at the damn Cheops Pyramid for the last day, and although it was beautiful, covered in gold reflecting the sunlight, it hadn't done anything, and she was stuck here unable to do anything to save her friends.

Suddenly everything changed as a few Rashid guards entered the apartment.

Guard:

- Time to freshen up and look decent Alicia.

Keila:

- Why is that?

Guard:

- Because you are answering to the Terran Council for your crimes in an hour.

- Strip naked and have a decontaminating shower. We have provided fresh clothes for you here.

Keila thought of arguing back but decided against it. It was evident that the guards were suspicious towards her, but as long as they didn't detect the nerve gas she had hidden in a fake tooth, it mattered little. Keila showered and then got dressed in her allocated clothes. It was an expensive and fancy dress, but their intention was obvious; she was their prisoner.

Keila followed the guards obediently when they were leading her to the meeting room on the penthouse level of the tower. She was filled with a bittersweet feeling. On the one hand she could finally deliver justice to her enemies and save her people; on the other hand, she would most likely not get out of here alive!

## 8.14 A crucial late realisation

HILDA MULLER WAS HAVING a relaxed afternoon as a guest in the Rashid tower. She was attending the Terran Council meeting in Rashidium. Hilda was important enough to participate, but she wasn't powerful enough to have much impact on the results, so she saw these meetings as a few days off to mingle, relax and have excellent food and drink. She was looking out over Rashidium from the Terrace of the 30<sup>th</sup> level of the Rashid Tower. It was a beautiful day, and Rashidium was as beautiful as ever. Built as an oasis in the desert of the Giza valley, the lush Residium city shone like an emerald in the desert. It's most remarkable features, however, was the great pyramids of Giza, restored to their former glory and covered in a thick layer of gold.

The three pyramids were covered in over 10000 tons of gold, but the most remarkable feature was how the gold was acquired. A century earlier, House Rashid scientists had discovered a medium sized rogue meteor that was made exclusively of gold. This was because it was created by a supernova explosion and it had been floating around the galaxy for eons before entering the solar system. House Rashid scientist had managed to land the golden rock safely on Earth without causing an impact, which had been a great engineering feat. Rather than putting this massive amount of gold in circulation causing the gold prices to drop, they had opted to gild the pyramids, creating one of the great wonders of the future world. Hilda Muller turned around, and she was greeted by Markus White, an attractive bachelor, visiting Rashidium under similar circumstances as herself.

Markus White:

- So, this is where the party is?

Hilda Muller:

- I guess the party just got started.

- Coming out here to marvel at the pyramids?

Markus White:

- Yes... I am marvelling at the pyramids among other things.

Hilda Muller:

- You flirt! I met your cousin Alicia, the other day.

Markus White:

- Any claw marks or scratches from your encounter?

Hilda Muller:

- No, she was actually acting pretty civilised. We had some beef eye steak and some wine.

Markus White:

- You mean, you had some steak and wine, and she was eating raw meat and drinking blood?

Hilda Muller:

- No of course not. Why would she act like that? She was actually quite thirsty and had several glasses. I guess that's what a long time in space do to you.

Markus White:

- That's impossible. Alicia doesn't drink alcohol?!

Hilda Muller:

- Well, she did when I met her. I'll just show you the security feed, so you can see for yourself.

Markus White looked at the video from the security cameras and froze for a moment. Not only did Alicia taste the wine but she seemed to drink quite a lot of it.

Markus White:

- Where is Alicia now?

Hilda Muller:

- I think she is answering to the High Council for her vandalism of the pyramids the other day.

Markus White:

- Come with me at once and bring some guards. We need to stop her now!

Hilda Muller:

- I don't understand?

Markus White:

- We are dealing with an imposter! The real Alicia White has a condition that makes alcohol deadly to her.

- Quick, gather some guards and rush to the meeting room. We must catch her before it is too late!

Having said this, they rushed to gather a few guards and then took the lift to the Penthouse level of Rashid Tower where the imposter posing as Alicia White was put on trial by the Terran Council leaders.

## **8.15 Keila kills the Terran Council leaders and redirects B600 to crash into the sun.**

KEILA WAS LISTENING to Ibrahim Rashid giving a lengthy statement on how priceless the pyramids were and the gravity of her crime. She knew this was just charade so that he could make more money in compensation from House White for letting her go. But all of this was irrelevant. She hadn't come here to get involved in Terran Council politics; she had come here to end them and save her home planet from destruction. And yet she felt fear. She was very aware that if she did what she had to do, there was no chance for her to get out of here alive. She didn't want to die, she wanted to live; live on Eden with Metatron and her daughter. But if she didn't act, her inactivity would cause the death of 4 billion people, and she would never be able to live with that knowledge.

Suddenly she heard the lift beeping in the lobby, and she saw Hilda Muller accompanied by several guards moving towards her. This forced her to act swiftly. She jumped up to Ibrahim Rashid and pushed his hand on a handprint scanner. She then activated the blast doors and managed to seal off the room before the guards managed to get in.

John White yelled out:

- Alicia! What on Earth are you doing?!

Keila pulled out the fake tooth releasing the very toxic nerve gas in the room.

Keila:

- I am not Alicia.

The nerve gas instantaneously paralysed the Terran Council leaders. They were filled with fear as Keila deactivated the Zetan Outer Layer external DNA modifier and her appearance reverted to her real looks. She then

pressed the broadcast button so that all of Earth would be able to see what happened this day. Keila thought of giving a speech to the camera, but there was no time for such nonsense, she needed to save Mars and time was running out. She dragged the council members one by one to the blood oath machine and dropped some of their blood on the device. Eventually, they had all had their blood dropped on the device, and the command prompt was unlocked. Keila wrote:

*Redirect B600 to collide with the Sun, instead of impacting with Mars. Then destroy the steering mechanism on the fusion thrusters as this is a final, irreversible order.*

Unfortunately, the crew was currently 30 light minutes away, so it would take her at least an hour before she knew if they had carried out the order or not. She decided to make one last effort before the guards got through the blast doors. She needed to make sure that the Terran Council leaders were not revived. She found a massive metal sculpture and started bashing in their heads. When she was done, she was covered in blood and brain matter. She tried contacting Rangda to be possessed by her as a last-ditch attempt of getting out Rashidium alive. Rangda didn't respond. Instead, Keila went to the window, found a comfortable chair and marvelled at the sun setting behind the enormous gilded pyramids.

## **8.16 The portal opens; Rangda and the Xenos are swarming in and capture Keila.**

JUST AS THE SUN WAS about to set behind the pyramids, Keila was stunned by intense blue light as the portal to the Divine Dimension opened. Out of the portal came a swarm of Xenos lead by Rangda. The House Rashid security forces were taken by complete surprise when the Xenos appeared, and most of them got slaughtered when the wave of Xenos came rushing towards Rashid towers. The reason the Xenos was unstoppable for the Rashid defenders was that they had stolen ballistic energy absorbers from the Zetan armouries in the Divine Dimension and because they had a top running speed of 100 kilometres an hour which was faster than any of the Rashid defenders on foot could match. The main reason, however, was that Rashid's

was entirely caught off guard and only had police and light units patrolling the streets.

Keila heard the gunfire, sirens and screaming coming closer to her position and she felt hope returning. Rangda had kept her promise and had come to save her. She looked down the building and could see the Xenos scaling the building with immense speed. The Xenos were genuinely fearsome looking, but one of them looked completely different from the others. Keila figured that, that one must be Rangda. Suddenly Rangda appeared in front of her on the other side of the window, it was made of very thick fortified glass, but Rangda destroyed it by letting out a high-pitched shriek that shattered the glass

Keila:

- Rangda! You came to save me?

Rangda:

- I came, yes. But not to save you. You are my prisoner!

Keila:

- No! I will fight you then.

Rangda:

- No, you won't.

Rangda blasted Keila with a psionic blast, and Keila fell unconscious. Rangda then lifted Keila over her shoulder and made one of her Xeno warriors jump out of the window with her on the back as it was quicker to fall down than climbing down again. Just before impacting the ground, Rangda with Keila on her back jumped off the Xeno warrior with such force that it neutralised the terminal free-fall velocity she had, and she landed safely, while the Xeno soldier was splattered and killed when he hit the ground.

She then handed over Keila to one of her fastest Xeno runners, and she rode another Xeno back to the portal as quickly as possible. She knew that

the humans would respond with aircraft and heavy weaponry sooner or later and she did not want to be stuck on Earth when that happened. Rangda brought Keila to the edge of the portal and gave out a loud shriek, to command her Xenos forces to retreat as well. She then lifted Keila over her shoulder and went back to the Divine Dimension. Shortly after Rashid security forces arrived in force, carpet bombing the Xenos, killing all the aliens who had been too preoccupied in frenzied eating to follow Rangda's order to retreat.

### 8.17 B600 directed into the sun

CAPTAIN MELISSA SCHILLER watched as B600 changed course, and she had to change her own ship's course to avoid getting hit. She called in her second in command, Commander Michael Berndt.

Melissa Schiller:

- Michael! Why is the asteroid changing course?

Michael Berndt:

- Presumably, they got ordered by the High Council to change the course. Maybe the Martians agreed to peace after all.

- No matter. Of course, there was going to be a solution, the council would never willingly massacre four billion people.

Melissa Schiller:

- Then why didn't Joachim tell me?

Michael Berndt:

- Why do you think the leader of the Terran Council would run every decision with every single captain in the space navy?

- Unless the rumours are true...

Melissa Schiller:

- What rumours? I am the captain of this ship. I command you to reverse B600 to a collision course with Mars.

Michael Berndt:

- Very well this makes it easy for me.

- Captain Schiller, you are under arrest for the murder of Mathias Muller and for conspiring to mass-murder innocent civilians. Soldiers arrest her.

Melissa Schiller:

- You don't have the authority to arrest me!

Michael Berndt:

- I have all I need, for now, the loyalty of my men. The rest I will figure out later.

Melissa Schiller was screaming and shouting as she got locked up, but it mattered little. Her involvement in the genocidal plan was foiled, and a few months later B600 crashed into the Sun, ceasing to be a threat.



## Epilogue



Keila was taken to the Divine Dimension, where she was tortured by Rangda, who wanted to use Keila to amplify her own powers aiding her in her nefarious final goal. The Xeno army conducted a few raids on Earth through the opened portals via entering the different pyramids to secure supplies and to eat humans. They stopped their raiding as soon as the remains of the Terran Council had established well-defended perimeters around the portals.

The weakened remains of the Terran Council saw no other option than to accept peace with Mars, so they could focus on consolidating their vulnerable power on Earth and defend against the Xeno threat. Their influence diminished over the years to come, and many reforms took place that granted more rights and freedoms to the people and less power to the megacorporations.

Odin managed to gather all the Zetans and drive the Xenos away from the portals to Earth. He realised however that the humans would not be accommodating if he was to send Zetan scouts to the normal dimension to establish contact as the destruction caused by the Xenos had made humans very suspicious of extra-terrestrial Alien species.

Mars enjoyed a few years of freedom but then succumbed to a new form of tyranny. The Theocracy instituted by Melchior after Keila left him in control of Mars. He abused the potential of the reverse-engineered Divine Technology and mass-produced and spread them to create his own theocratic police state that was the dominant nation on Mars.

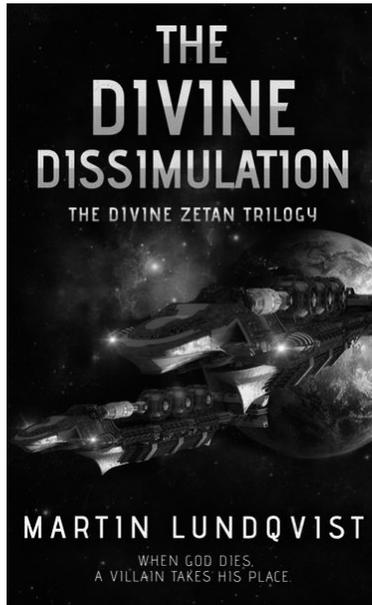
On Eden, Metatron inserted his and Keila's embryotic daughter into the uterus of an Edenite woman, Sandra, and used her as a surrogate mother for the child. Metatron did this as he wanted to ensure that his daughter had a soul. He named her Sabina. He continued to be Eden's enlightened leader,

and under his supervision, Eden became what it was always meant to be the ideal human world. This would not last for long, however..

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