

FAGATRON LIVES

VOLUME ONE



EDWIN RESTO

Prologue

Born This Way

Part I



I was five years old when my father, Onyx—Chief Commander of Division 224—was killed in combat, fighting for my life.

On *Galaxia*, a planet hidden amongst the stars, he made the ultimate sacrifice—trying to protect me from his own brother, Prius, who had ordered my execution.

My mother, Lola Miranda, was an Oscar-winning actress who captured the world's heart from an early age. By six, she had won her first award for playing the possessed doll Veronica in the cult classic *Child's Slay*.

Raised in the relentless glare of the spotlight, she became more than a star—she was a philanthropist, a fashion icon. Every designer dreamed of dressing her. Every camera followed her. But it was her raw, unforgettable performance at age 15 in the gritty, controversial teen prison film *Bad Girl* that cemented her status as a Hollywood legend.

With long, jet-black hair and soft mocha skin, Lola's diamond-sharp cheekbones seemed to cut into your brain. Her radiant eyes lingered deep into your soul, long after she was gone. Her Puerto Rican heritage added a fiery intensity to her presence, making her as unforgettable as she was captivating.

At the height of her career, Lola was a superstar of epic magnitude. She traveled the world, living a life of unimaginable luxury—making films, walking red carpets, and using her influence to help those in need around the globe.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, her life—the pure existence she had built and always known—was about to be shattered forever. Leading her to her true destiny, as Queen of the unknown planet *Galaxia*.

One evening, Lola Miranda was at home at estate the sprawling Miranda Mansion—a state-of-the-art compound gifted to her by her father, Cedric, an eccentric inventor.

After a grueling day on set for her latest film, *Jolie*, she had just stepped out of the shower and was sinking into the comfort of her bedroom, eager to unwind.

But then, a sudden crash echoed from down the hall.

The sound jolted her out of her calm, and an ominous sense of doom filled the air. Lola instinctively called for her 17-year-old brother, Miguel, who was staying with her that evening.

No answer.

Heart pounding, she stepped out into the dark hallway, which seemed to pulse with an unnatural heaviness. The air was thick with a mysterious smoke that clung to the walls.

Then she heard it—his voice.

A desperate cry for help.

“Lola!”

“Miguel!” she screamed, her voice high with panic as she sprinted toward his bedroom.

Her pulse raced as she threw open the door—only to be met with a sight that froze her in place.

Miguel was strapped to the bed, his body suspended in the air by an unseen, cosmic force. His face was contorted in fear and pain.

Standing beside him—towering and ominous—was Prius a menacing being with reptilian features. His beastly hands extended toward the boy, fingers twisted in an unnatural, claw-like grip.

He faced Lola.

“Come with me,” Prius growled, his voice cold and commanding. “And he will not be harmed.”

A terrified Lola cried out, her breath coming in frantic gasps as she stumbled back into the hallway. Racing for her bedroom. The air felt thick—the smoke choking her as she ran, her heart hammering in her chest. She sprinted down the dim corridor, the sirens of her security system blaring in the background.

She reached her bedroom door, her hand trembling as she gripped the handle. But before she could open it, the sound of boots echoed through the house.

Galaxian troops—sharp, disciplined, and merciless—began to emerge from the shadows, lining the hallway with deadly precision. Her mansion’s security rushed to intercept them, but it was too late.

“Master, we must go,” one of the Galaxicons said, his voice low and urgent.

“Apprehend her,” Prius ordered coldly, his eyes locked on Lola with terrifying intensity.

Before she could react, one of the Galaxicons lunged forward, grabbing her by the arm with an iron grip.

“What about the boy?” Lola gasped, struggling against the trooper’s hold.

“I will deal with him,” Prius said with unsettling calm, his gaze turning back toward Miguel’s room as if he were nothing more than a minor inconvenience.

“Sir, you mustn’t stay much longer,” another Galaxicon warned.

“I will be right behind you,” Prius replied, his voice unwavering.

With that, the Galaxicon forcefully gripped the distraught Lola’s arm. In the blink of an eye, they vanished—teleporting away.

The sirens blared louder, growing more frantic as the security team scrambled through the mansion.

Prius, unfazed, reentered Miguel’s bedroom.

Miguel was still—his eyes empty and distant, locked in a catatonic state brought on by terror.

“This won’t hurt, little one,” Prius said softly, his gaze locked onto Miguel’s unblinking stare.

He placed one hand over the boy’s heart, and with a strange, chilling calm, he began to drain his soul. The air around them thickened as Miguel's essence was pulled from his body—subtle, but unmistakable energy.

But before Prius could finish the extraction, the room exploded with the sound of shattering glass and pounding boots. Security forces stormed in, weapons raised.

Prius glanced at them with cold, unblinking eyes. In an instant, the dark energy surrounding him surged—and with a flicker, he vanished.

The force field dissolved with him, leaving Miguel motionless on the bed.

“Where is she? Are you okay?” one of the guards asked, his voice sharp with urgency.

Miguel blinked and began to cough excessively.

The guards looked just as dazed—no recollection of Prius. No clue what had happened.

“I... I don’t know,” Miguel said, his voice low.

He scanned the room. Nothing felt right.

“What happened?”

No one answered.

They were all thinking the same thing—

They couldn’t remember a thing.

Weeks passed after Lola's disappearance, and the world was plunged into mourning for their beloved star. News outlets, fans, and loved ones flooded the airwaves with tributes. But despite an exhaustive search, there were no signs of her.

The case was eventually classified as a random kidnapping—an unsolved tragedy.

Miguel, miraculously unharmed, could only offer a fragmented account of the events that night. His memories were a blur—a collection of strange images and emotions, but nothing concrete.

The mansion's high-tech security system had inexplicably malfunctioned during the incident, leaving no footage to support Miguel's recollection. Authorities struggled to make sense of his claims of an extraterrestrial encounter, dismissing them as a product of trauma or imagination. No physical evidence backed his story.

In time, the case was closed for lack of proof.

Yet Miguel's determination never waned.

Now, 15 years later as the Director of the NSA's *Unidentified Anomalous Phenomenon* (UAP) research division, he has dedicated his life to uncovering the truth behind his sister's disappearance.

The shadows of that night still haunted him—and with every passing year, the need to find Lola, to understand what truly happened to her, has grown into an obsession.

Meanwhile, on Galaxia a dark, unforgiving planet —hidden among the stars, with metallic towers, dark skies, and air that hummed unnaturally—Lola awoke in an unfamiliar place: restrained, disoriented, and surrounded by dozens of other captured women. The cold, harsh environment pressed down on her as she struggled to make sense of her new reality. There was fear, but also a sense of rebirth.

At first, life on Galaxia was brutal for the women. They were viewed with disdain by the Galaxicons—treated as nothing more than objects, their existence barely acknowledged. The once-celebrated actress, accustomed to Earth’s opulence and adoration, now found herself cast aside, forced to adapt to a cruel and alien society.

Yet despite the harshness of it all, Olarian—the enigmatic holographic leader of the Galaxicons who had ordered her abduction—had plans for Lola. After only a brief period of captivity, he summoned her to his fortress. She was the only one permitted to meet him in person—a privilege she neither asked for nor understood.

Over time, Lola began to live lavishly within the fortress, her isolation broken only by daily meetings with Olarian. They became close friends. The King would listen as she told him stories about Earth—about her films, her life as a star. She shared these tales in the hope—no, the desperate belief—that one day he would release her, send her back to the planet where she belonged.

But deep down, she knew Olarian’s interest in her went far beyond mere curiosity.

She was a pawn in a larger game—one that, at times, felt hopeless.

Lola, along with the other women, remained unaware of the sinister process unfolding within them. As they lay sedated, their bodies were unknowingly subjected to the slow drip of a memory-altering serum. The memories of their past lives began to blur.

Over time, the serum's effects stripped them of who they were and where they came from. Memories of Earth—of fame, of family, of freedom—faded.

And with each passing day, Lola's desire to leave Galaxia diminished, until it felt like nothing more than a distant dream.

Eventually, she was crowned Queen of Galaxia. The coronation was a grand affair, and Lola was presented with the Medallion of Hope—a powerful symbol crafted from the finest diamonds she had once worn, infused with the rarest soil of Galaxia, the Equilibrium. It was a token of unimaginable power, making Lola the most influential ruler in all the galaxies.

As Queen, Lola's primary duty became overseeing the women—guiding them as they adapted to their new lives in Galaxia. She taught them to coexist with the Galaxicons, instilling a sense of unity and harmony. The women, once mere captives, began to discover a new form of love—rooted in trust, mutual respect, and friendship. Sex was not yet an option; instead, their connection blossomed in ways that transcended the physical.

In this new era, most of the Galaxicons embraced the peaceful regime under Queen Lola. Slowly, the barren landscape of Galaxia began to change. Flowers began to bloom. Trees started to sprout—transforming the planet into a vibrant mecca of life and hope for the future.

It was a world of promise—one that, under Lola's rule, seemed to be healing from its violent past.

But not all were content.

A few loyal to Prius—who had never accepted Lola's reign—formed an underground army of ruthless vigilantes. These rebels terrorized the peaceful citizens of Galaxia, continuing to fight for an older, more brutal vision of their world.

Prologue

Born To Be Alive

Part II



My father, Jon Christopher, was a decorated soldier and scientist with the NSA (National Scientific Association). Standing at 6'4" with a powerful physique, there was nothing he couldn't do. He possessed an adventurous spirit and was a natural leader, respected by all who knew him.

After an undisclosed alien incident on Earth, he was handpicked by the NSA for a top-secret, high-risk solo mission—to venture into the galaxies and investigate signs of extraterrestrial life. He would never return from that voyage.

One evening, in a high-tech bubble designed by him and NSA scientists, my father embarked on his mission into the unknown. He lifted off, heading into the vast uncertainty of space.

But his worst nightmare would unfold in the deepest, darkest realms of the cosmos.

While exploring the far reaches of space, he stumbled upon a mysterious force field that enveloped both him and his vessel, pulling them toward an unknown destination—Galaxia. Upon arrival, he was immediately captured by Prius and his troops and taken to the palace.

Unbeknownst to him, Prius had orchestrated his arrival. Disguised as the chief organizer for the mission back on Earth, Prius had lured Jon Christopher to Galaxia. For weeks, he studied him from afar—carefully observing his strength, skills, and instincts.

Prius had a plan to build an army—and he believed that Jon Christopher's military training made him the ideal candidate to lead it.

Despite exhaustive searches, he was never seen again on Earth.

Jon's disappearance was a significant blow to the NSA (National Scientific Association)

In a brutal experiment, my father was injected with Equilibrium, the planet's primary source of life. Christened with the name Onyx, he underwent intense training and experimental procedures until, one day, his transformation was complete. Onyx became a Galaxicon hybrid—his body a fusion of Equilibrium crystal and human flesh, granting him superhuman strength.

He was presented to Olarian as a new kind of warrior—quicker, faster, and far more advanced than any Galaxicon before him. Though his physical form had changed, his human instincts remained intact.

Olarian, intrigued by Onyx and the potential of humanity, welcomed him into the palace as one of his own, elevating him to third in line for the throne.

Onyx always treated Queen Lola with kindness, and despite the memory-altering serum that had dulled their recollections of Earth, a special bond had developed between them. Their connection was deep in a world that was no longer their own.

Prius, however, watched their relationship with growing jealousy. His envy simmered beneath the surface, and he soon found himself pleading with Olarian to put an end to it.

But Olarian, ever the visionary, saw things differently. He understood that Galaxia's survival hinged on its ability to evolve—something the planet had failed to do for centuries. The bond between Onyx and Lola, in his eyes, was a necessary step forward.

One afternoon, as the Queen sat in Olarian's chamber—as she did every day—their conversation took a more intimate turn. After a brief discussion about the state of Galaxia, Olarian's voice grew serious, his words heavy with the weight of the planet's future.

“I see you and Onyx have developed quite the relationship,” he said, his gaze steady, studying her reaction.

Lola, who had grown used to his probing questions, responded softly—her voice laced with a quiet affection she had never expected to feel in this foreign world.

“It’s quite special, Your Highness.”

Olarian’s expression softened, though there was still a sharp edge to his words.

“I created this planet with the hope of a future. A future that would keep the galaxies alive. But there has been no new life on Galaxia for centuries. My light... it has begun to dim. For Galaxia to survive, it must evolve.”

The words hung in the air heavy pressing down on her.

“You are here for that reason, Queen Lola,” he continued, his voice steady, almost calculating. “Tomorrow, you will be inseminated with the semen of Onyx and the equilibrium soil of Galaxia. You will carry a child unlike any other—one who holds the potential to shape the future of this planet. Your approval is the key to the success of this project. Your respect is my highest duty. However, the choice is mine. Do you understand?”

Lola’s heart raced, her mind reeling. She had come to understand much about the strange, twisted world of Galaxia—but this? This was beyond anything she could have anticipated.

The pressure of her new responsibility—and the role she was being thrust into—felt unbearable. But beneath the fear, there was something else... something she couldn’t yet name.

Surprised by the magnitude of Olarian’s words, Lola walked slowly toward the large window in the palace, gazing out over the sprawling city of Galaxia. The city—once dark and desolate—now pulsed with new life. Greenery crept across the barren landscape, and the air was filled with a fresh, almost electric energy. It was as if the planet itself had awakened, just as she had.

“There is a new energy in the air,” Lola whispered to herself, her hand instinctively reaching to cradle her belly. She closed her eyes for a moment, absorbing the gravity of her decision—the weight of her new role.

She turned back toward Olarian, her voice steady despite the turbulence within her.

“It will be my honor.”

The following evening, in a private, solemn ceremony, Lola was inseminated with a serum that combined the essence of her true love—Onyx’s semen—with the rare Equilibrium crystal soil of Galaxia. It was a union of both flesh and power, a perfect blend of Galaxicon and human essence, crafted with the hope of ensuring Galaxia’s future.

Her pregnancy would last ten long years—ten years of anticipation, of waiting, of hope.

And on the day of my birth, the entire planet held its breath.

It was the most incredible day in Galaxian history. A day of unparalleled significance. A day that marked a new beginning.

I was the first of my kind—half-human, half-Galaxicon—a hybrid formed of human skin and a human heart yet infused with Equilibrium soil and Galaxian blood. I carried powers unlike any being before me.

My arrival was more than a birth; it was a crowning achievement for Olarian, proof that his vision for Galaxia’s future had finally come to fruition.

To mark the occasion, Olarian forged the Medallion of Hope—crafted from the sacred soil of Galaxia and fragments of my mother’s Earth-born diamonds. Said to glow only in the presence of the true heir, the medallion was more than a symbol. It was a key to the throne, a beacon of destiny.

In an unprecedented move, I was immediately named next in line to the throne, despite my youth. The decision ignited outrage in many—particularly Prius, who had long believed the crown would be his. But it was the medallion that sealed his fury. It refused him. It recognized me. His resentment simmered into something darker. Something irreversible.

As for me, I was raised in the palace, surrounded by luxury and power, under the watchful eye of my mother, Queen Lola. I grew up amidst the opulence of the kingdom and the disciplined training that would one day carry me beyond it.

On the eve of my fifth birthday, the air was thick with tension. The announcement had been made—Olarian's light was fading, and I would soon be crowned King of Galaxia. The entire planet, once plagued by conflict, now teetered on the edge of a new era.

But not everyone was pleased with this shift in power.

Prius, fueled by years of resentment and ambition, had begun to storm the palace with his army of loyal Galaxicons. His plan was clear: he would not let a child—especially one born of human and Galaxian blood—take the throne from him.

Onyx, the Queen, and their loyal soldiers were ready. They had sworn to protect me at all costs, and they would not let Prius seize the throne without a fight.

The battle that followed was one of chaos and destruction. Galaxicons clashed with palace guards in the heart of the royal city, the sounds of combat echoing through the halls.

Amidst it all, Prius and Onyx came face to face in a long-awaited showdown—their hatred and rivalry finally reaching its boiling point.

Prius sneered, his eyes gleaming with disdain as he confronted Onyx.

“You are no match for me,” he growled. “You’re just a pitiful human. The crown belongs to me. Hand over the boy, and I’ll let you live to see him perish.”

Onyx stood tall, undeterred by Prius's cruel words. His eyes burned with defiance.

"I will never let you have my son," he said firmly, his voice unwavering as he placed himself between Prius and me.

His determination was palpable. He would not allow Prius to have his way—no matter the cost.

Outside the palace walls, the battle raged on—but inside, the stakes had never been higher.

Brutus, Prius's brother and a trusted ally of the Queen, and Onyx whom he considered a brother, burst into Lola's chamber, breathless and urgent.

"Your Majesty, they are here to assassinate the child. Prius wants the Medallion. He plans to kill him tonight."

The news hit Lola like a thunderclap. Her heart pounded in her chest, torn between the duty... she owed to the people of Galaxia and the desperate need to protect her son.

What could she do? Who could she trust?

Frozen, every option before her seemed laced with danger. One wrong move could doom us all.

"His survival is vital to the future of this planet," Lola lamented, her voice heavy with the severity of the decision that had to be made.

She stood in the dimly lit chamber, haunted by the realization that once Olarian's light dimmed completely, she would be left vulnerable—without the protection and guidance she had once taken for granted.

Using his unique power, Brutus unlocked Lola's mind, allowing her to relive her memories of Earth. As the memories of her former life came rushing back—the bright lights, the red carpets and bustling city streets, the familiar faces she once knew—Lola felt the sharp sting of longing and remembrance.

Yet through the bittersweet pain of recollecting her lost humanity, she realized something profound.

She was no longer just the woman from Earth.

She was destined to be the Queen of Galaxia.

After much deliberation, and with a heavy heart, it was decided that I—Fagatron—would be sent to Earth.

It was the only chance: to protect myself, preserve the future of Galaxia, and safeguard a vital piece of our planet's essence... The Medallion of Hope.

The portal between Earth and Galaxia would be closed permanently.

And my journey would begin.

With the portal sealing behind me, I embarked on a mission to not only save Galaxia, but to ensure the survival of the very balance that kept the galaxies in harmony.

Alone—but determined—I stood ready.

But I would not remain alone.

This is where my story begins...

My name is Fagatron.

I am here to save the world ⚡

Chapter One

"Hi, my name is..."



