

Behind her, the Union Jack flapped in the wind just below a crimson flag with SPRQ embossed in gold. A hard, bitter gust rushed against her bare face, it did not matter to Queen Caesaris. The roof was one of the few places in Buckingham Palace where she could go to truly be alone. The buzzing sound of a drone flying overhead, commanded through a link to a centurion's cerebral cortex, served as a reminder she was never truly alone.