WTF even is a title

By me

## Chapter 1 – Sierra

*“Don’t worry yourself unduly about the protests. Be on the lookout for violent rhetoric, and if they get too rowdy, crush them with the Civil Guard, but they can’t harm us while they’re standing peacefully in the streets. The rebels in Anatolia are far more pressing, which is why I am attending to them personally.”*

* Grand Admiral Jacob Lancaster to Grand Marshal Archer Hamilton

Montreal wasn’t always miserable, Akiko remembered.

The city was still as beautiful as ever, this much was true. The university where she had studied continued to produce students who went on to achieve great things in the government or private sector. Up until her own graduation, Montreal had been to Akiko as the reflection in the pool had been to Narcissus, a poor soul whose story had lingered in her mind after her studies. She had loved the city with all her heart – its sights, its sounds, and its smells. Even the feeling of the pavement beneath her feet was like a friend to her. As soon as she had removed her cap and gown, however, the veil was lifted and the illusion of comfort fell to the ground like the silken garments that had brought her so much pride.

The cruel reality of the “new” Montreal was that, like every other city resettled by the United Nations Provisional Government, better known as the UNPG, it was not her friend. And, if it wasn’t her friend, what good was it to her? Akiko chided herself for her naiveté, for believing that she could have had a home in North America. The more time she spent in the increasingly cold, academic climate of Montreal, the more she noticed its ugly imperfections – the sterile laboratories of the academic world, the manic fervor of the researchers swarming through the streets like ants, the loudmouthed protestors voicing their grievances against something or other, and, looming above them all, the militant hand of the Skywatch, whose heavily-armed airships made port in the city to be retrofitted by Defense Administration. Following her tragic graduation, Akiko had come to hate the awful city that she had once loved. She often dreamed of how wonderful it must have been before the United Nations’ architects forced its wretched corpse back to life.

In the end, though, those same airships she hated proved to be her relief. The only job she was able to get was that of a stewardess aboard a government airship, enough to get her away from Montreal at the very least. Her new, transient life did bring her back to that city ever so often, but it was far more digestible in small doses.

Akiko’s new job was considered a low-risk position. Her ship, the *Sierra*, was a military transport, but the important officials – the important *targets* – had private vessels. Most of her passengers were civil guardsmen, police in all but name, or Army officers, both of whom played second fiddle to the Skywatch. Such an arrangement suited her well. Working on a transport rather than a battleship meant that there was little chance she’d see combat, something she’d had enough of during her mandatory year of service before completing university. Even better, the company she kept onboard the *Sierra* was of a humbler stock than the high-ranking Skywatch officers, who tended to be pompous at the best of times.

As she waited to pass through security at the Montreal airbase, Akiko took a call from Jameson Reed, the captain of her vessel.

“Hello?”

“Hamilton’s arrived on the tarmac and he wants tea. We’re set to leave in thirty minutes, are you almost here?”

“On my way through Checkpoint Charlie,” Akiko mumbled.

Reed laughed. “Security’s that bad, huh?”

“Yeah. Been in line for half an hour already.”

“Well, what can you do? Get here as quick as you can; you know the drill.” With that, the captain hung up and left Akiko in silence.

Reed made for an interesting captain. He was good to her; he never asked more of her than she was able to do, and never asked her to speak more than required. Chief amongst his idiosyncrasies was his insistence that his staff wear casual attire, which was a blessing. Dressed only in a ratty jacket and red beanie, handcrafted by her grandmother, Akiko could disappear into the crowd waiting to crawl through security.

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The UNS *Sierra* stood on the tarmac, ready to lift off as soon as its crew were all aboard. Next to one of its engine nacelles, Akiko could see Captain Reed discussing business with Grand Marshal Hamilton, the man they were to ferry across the Atlantic. It was the first time she had seen the Grand Marshal. He was an old man with tufts of grey hair and a gaunt frame, and a conspicuous mechanical hand protruding from his uniform’s left sleeve. Most of the men and women who served the UNPG had some form of machinery in their bodies, although they were usually less obvious than an artificial limb. During her student service with the civil guard, Akiko had been pressured to augment her senses with small implants, but had refused, even though she found the science behind them fascinating. With the Defense Administration campus so close by, the great scientific leaps could be observed from a safe distance. There was no need to put them in her body.

“I’m here, sir,” Akiko whispered to the captain when she reached the group.

“Yes, I can see that,” Reed replied. “Grand Marshal, sir? The young lady is ready to fetch your tea, if you still so desire.”

“I do,” Hamilton answered. Akiko curtsied, as was proper, and followed the group onboard, where she and her friends would accommodate them for the duration of the flight.

“Anyhow, Magnus has declared that he likely won’t be at the summit,” the Grand Marshal continued, speaking directly past Akiko as if she did not even exist. “They told me that a representative would take his place. Probably. Grand Admiral Lancaster implied that there was a possibility that the Director-General would show up despite what he said, which only makes sense.”

“I suppose he wouldn’t want to be absent for the passage of his pet legislation,” Reed muttered. “Would his proposed representative be accompanied by the Tower Guard?”

“According to the Lancaster, no, and I’ve no reason to doubt him. The word I’m getting is that, if Magnus does not attend, he will be doing business in Stockholm with most of his elite troops, which I believe leaves us vulnerable. So I do hope he comes. Not only would his security officers give me more peace of mind in light of the recent unrest, but I should also like to speak to him in private about Lancaster’s repeated interference in Army operations.”

“Have you talked with the Commissars about this?”

“Cutler and Bucharest have my back. Karahan has offered the Navy’ support as well, for what little that’s worth. Hopefully Magnus will listen to all of us together, and there won’t be an incident.”

“Then I wish you luck when the time comes,” Reed said with a respectful nod. “Still, wouldn’t it be better to wait until Fairchild makes his announcement?”

“About what he found in the Vatican archives? I don’t see why I should wait for that.”

“He says it will change the world.”

“It had better, considering how much money he’s cost us. But I don’t see what he could have found there other than the Holy Spirit, and that won’t change my plans.”

Akiko enjoyed listening to them talk, even if the barrage of names went well over her head. Jacob Lancaster was the famed Grand Admiral, and Marcus Fairchild was the government’s pet AI researcher, slated to speak at the upcoming summit, but the others were of little importance to her. During Akiko’s time at Montreal University, she had dreamed that she might one day be called upon to treat with other distinguished persons. Instead, she became a maid taken for granted by those she had aspired to be, and had to live vicariously through Reed and his associates. Not quite the same, but it was a living.

Once she and the rest of the crew were settled, they began their journey to Athens, the new capital of the UNPG. Her journey there was more eventful than she would have liked. The harsh weather over the Atlantic Ocean took its toll on the *Sierra*’s hull, forcing it to touch down in the wasteland north of the capital for repairs, but it was back on its feet soon enough. That shouldn’t have been a problem.

The *Sierra’s* precious cargo, Grand Marshal Archer Hamilton, had travelled to Montreal in order to oversee his legions’ efforts in making sure the protests did not become violent. Akiko didn’t care much for the man himself, but she approved of his actions. The protestors were mostly peaceful, but there were always some radical elements that needed to be suppressed.

Most of them called for the U.N. to lift its ban on organized religion, allegedly a response to the clash of faiths that defined the last century. Allowed to *privately* praise any gods of their choice though they were, the devout were prohibited from assembling in public. Faith was not entirely out, but the Church was.

Public opinion of this policy varied widely, meeting with great approval from some and violent opposition from others, the loudest of whom were by far the outraged clergymen, but so it was. Centuries of turmoil and ruin had granted a lucky few the chance to mold a new sculpture. The UNPG’s current form was what they had chosen to sculpt, even if many did not appreciate its avant-garde style.

“Montreal Control, this is HPS *Sierra*, ready for departure,” Reed said into his radio once his entire crew was aboard.

“HPS *Sierra*, the skies are clear. Departure clearance granted. Proceed along your designated route,” came the reply from the tower.

“Roger that. Crew, prepare for liftoff,” Reed said. The vessel’s thrusters surged into life and it was taken upward into the overcast afternoon skies.

Reed shared the bridge with a short, round Turk by the name of Yusuf Fahri. The man was an amiable sort, if slightly aloof. Very little poking or prodding could convince Yusuf to talk if he didn’t want to, so Reed had long since learned not to try. Between his co-pilot and Akiko, there was little conversation to be had aboard the ship.

A single corvette was attached to the top of the *Sierra’s* hull, ready to launch should they come under attack, but there was no expectation it would ever have to be deployed. Ordinarily, the escort would be piloted by a man named Pieter Marechal and his crew, but Marechal had suddenly fallen ill and been replaced by an eccentric woman named Eirene Baros. Reed didn’t know Baros, but her credentials were impressive. He doubted he would ever have a chance to assess her skills as a pilot in person, however.

The ship drew ever closer to its destination, beginning to pass over the Mediterranean Sea, and Akiko peeked her head through the doorway into the bridge.

“Something the matter?” Reed asked.

Akiko shook her head meekly. “Just some extra tea left, sirs, if you want any before it goes away.”

“I’ll be fine, doll, but thanks,” the captain replied. His co-pilot, Yusuf, nodded, and thanked the stewardess as she poured him a cup. Without another word, Akiko curtsied and left to put the tea back into storage.

There was only one person in the *Sierra’s* cramped eating quarters when she arrived – the new corvette pilot, Eirene. They’d never spoken, which didn’t bother Akiko much. Nevertheless, she gave her a polite smile, which Eirene returned.

“You don’t look like you’re with the Army, or even a guardsman,” the pilot said, catching Akiko off guard. “What’s the deal with this crew?”

“Eh?”

Eirene gestured towards Akiko’s clothes, cocking her head ever so slightly. “The people here, they don’t dress like professionals, you know? Reed doesn’t exactly run a tight ship. Not at all like the *Sunset Serenade*.”

“Shit, you served on the *Serenade?* You’re with the Skywatch?”

“Oh, mercy, no,” Eirene laughed. “I was Civil Guard, stuck around even after student service, but I had to land on the flagship for one mission. Lucky me, I guess.”

“Yeah, lucky you. In any case, you’re right that I’m not really military. A few of us are what I guess you could call civilian contractors. The Skywatch and the Army are stretched thin doing…whatever it is they do, so the Transportation Administration’s been lending people like me to do manual labor. It’s not exactly sexy, but it’s work.”

“Civilians, hm?” Eirene said with a hint of alarm. “So, the rumors were true. If you came from Transportation, then you probably studied in Montreal or Madrid, yeah? I heard most T.A. staff graduated from the universities there.”

“Montreal. They taught me well, but I can’t say I’m sorry to leave.”

“I see.”

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As Reed focused on coordinating the aircraft for its arrival, Yusuf watched the radar, tracking a single blip as it steadily approached the *Sierra*.

“Hey, Jamie,” he said.

“Something I should know?”

“Take a look at this.”

Reed leaned over and looked at the screen, noticing the incoming vessel. “Probably nothing,” he grumbled, until a message from the radio made clear his error.

“UNS *Sierra*, this is Grand Admiral Jacob Lancaster. As part of the extra security protocols for the upcoming summit, all vessels inbound to the capital must submit to extra security checks prior to landing. Please stop your vessel and prepare for aerial rendezvous.”

“*Sunset Serenade,* we are transporting Grand Marshal Archer Hamilton from Montreal on official orders from Samara Tower. Please transmit authority override code,” said Reed, looking over at Yusuf, who shrugged. They both knew that the man speaking to them was the real deal and easily outranked everybody on board, but procedure was procedure.

A few seconds passed, and a longer string of digits appeared on one of the *Sierra’s* many monitors. Reed sighed, and then re-opened the communication channel.

“Very well. Preparing to initiate rendezvous.”

The *Sierra* slowed to a mid-air crawl as its engines strained to keep the vessel in the sky, waiting for the flagship to come up alongside and begin boarding operations.

“Damnable Skywatch bastards,” Reed muttered once his headset was shut off. “We’ve got the Grand Marshal onboard, and everybody knows it. What could he possibly be hoping to find?”

“Nothing. You *know* he’s just doing this to make sure everybody knows he’s on top. And, of course, Magnus loves the Skywatch, so nobody’s going to stop him,” Yusuf replied.

“His flagship’s big enough to suck us into one of its turbines. We already know he’s on top.”

“It is pretty gratuitous at this point, isn’t it?”

“You’re telling me.”

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“Speak of the devil,” Akiko said, peering out the galley window to see the *Sunset Serenade* extending a bridge by which the Skywatch inspectors would arrive. The flagship’s hull dwarfed the *Sierra*, completely obscuring the two women’s view of the horizon.

Eirene’s heart had yet to rise from the pit of her stomach. “We should go,” she said. “This isn’t going to end well.”

“Go? Go where?”

“My corvette. Whatever business the Skywatch has here, I don’t think either of us wants any part of it.”

“Hell no. Even if you’re right, and shit’s gonna go down, then I need to be with Captain Reed to help him out.”

Despite Eirene’s stammered protestations, Akiko turned and started towards the hall. Before she reached the door, however, it swung open to reveal a host of figures, headed by two in grandiose uniforms. Both were old men with greying hair, one dark-skinned and the other ghostly pale, easily recognizable as Grand Admiral Lancaster and Marcus Fairchild.

The two women quickly snapped into a salute, a gesture which the older men ignored.

“Deepest apologies for the interruption, but we have received information revealing the presence of terrorist elements onboard this vessel,” Fairchild said, his enunciation stilted and unsettling.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me,” Akiko said as the Skywatch officers began to search both her and Eirene.

“I am afraid this is no joke.”

“They’re clean,” a woman finally said. “No weapons or contraband.”

Lancaster nodded. “Fine. Keep searching the room. And if *this* one,” he said, pointing an accusatory finger at Eirene, “tries to take off, shoot her down.”

“Yes, sir,” the officer replied.

Eirene and Akiko were released, free to watch Lancaster and Fairchild disappear towards the bow of the ship, presumably to interrogate the Captain. They stood in awkward silence, reeling from the indignity of the pat-down.

“So much for your plan,” Akiko said, nervously checking the few investigators who had remained to secure the room. “Anyway, I’m heading to the bridge to make sure Reed’s okay, but if you wanna take off and get blasted, that’s your business. Good luck out there, miss…”

“Eirene.”

“Right. *Sayonara*, miss Eirene.”

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The particular model of corvette that Eirene flew was not the latest in air combat technology, but it was fast. From inside the cockpit, she looked at the *Sunset Serenade*, trying to gauge whether her speed and what few missile countermeasures she had would be enough to escape the wrath of the Skywatch.

Lancaster and Fairchild had been right about one thing. There were hostile forces aboard the *Sierra*, and those forces were Eirene’s. The crew she had brought aboard with the corvette was to assassinate Grand Marshal Hamilton, but it seemed that the Grand Admiral had caught wind of this plan. That she had not been arrested on the spot suggested his information was incomplete. A small mercy.

With no conceivable route forward that did not risk the lives of her crew, Eirene was prepared to call off the attack until she noticed the *Sunset Serenade* drifting away. It seemed as if the investigation was only to be a brief affair.

And then she saw a single one of the flagship’s railguns taking aim directly at the *Sierra*.

Eirene was loath to take off until the four empty seats behind her were filled, but Lancaster had given her no choice. The young woman strapped herself into the pilot’s seat and disengaged the clamps binding her to the transport. One shot hit its mark before she was fully clear of the doomed vessel, and a second shot sealed the *Sierra’s* fate mere seconds after the corvette had launched.

There was no time to reflect on the horrifying scene. All Eirene could do was evade the fire that was now drawn to her, the only survivor and the only witness to Lancaster’s crime – not that the testimony of a rebel pilot would mean anything in a loyalist court.

It took every countermeasure she had, on top of a healthy amount of luck, but Eirene did escape, and the magnitude of her situation sunk in. The four men who had joined her for the mission were dead. That was always a possibility, but for the Skywatch to down a loyalist airship was unthinkable. While he was not known for putting much value on human lives, Lancaster would have been well aware that the UNPG lacked the technology to mass produce such vessels as the *Sierra*, making its destruction an irreplaceable loss.

Eirene’s priorities lay elsewhere. It was unclear why Lancaster had destroyed the *Sierra,* but she knew that, whatever his plans may have been, Akiko didn’t need to die.

Part of her wanted to believe that the technical success of the mission was enough, and that the collateral damage was unfortunate but inevitable. Lancaster was clearly playing his own game, and Eirene’s rebel friends were playing theirs. With so many pieces on the board, what was the value of a single girl?

## Chapter 2 – Fade to Blue

*“An apocalypse? Don’t dramatize it. Do you know what the greatest cause of death was in the 23rd century, even including the storms? Old age, with various diseases and the war itself taking a close second. In terms of what it did to our population count, the Himalayan-1 virus was the real apocalypse if you* must *use that word, but everybody forgets about that because it’s not dramatic enough. A slow decline in birthrate isn’t as easily spun into a cautionary tale.”*

* Ryan Mistle, editor for Archivist Victoria Cromwell

Istanbul was a city twice slain, first reduced to rubble during the League Crusade, and then again during the apocalyptic storms that gave rise to the new world. By some great fortune, or by the grace of God, depending on who one asked, the iconic Hagia Sophia still dominated the skyline, but it was surrounded by a bleak graveyard bearing a century of scars.

It was there that the UNS *Peregrine* and its mutinous crew had landed to take up arms against those who had ordered them to slaughter innocents. This crew, now known as the Peregrines after their infamous dreadnought, soon came to lead the foremost rebellion against the provisional government. From a base in Istanbul not far from the famed house of worship, they lashed out in the hopes of taking down the illegitimate regime.

Inside the Peregrine fortress, Alexis Eliades and Teague Ironwall sat alone at a table by the window. She was a tall and strong young woman with a thin face and a small, pointed chin, her short, reddish-brown hair lit up by the evening sunlight. He, by contrast, was a grey-haired elder, but far from frail. It was easy to tell that he had, in his youth, been someone of considerable strength and power.

As the two of them spoke. Alexis toyed with a rough stone, tossing it into the air only to catch it once again and repeat the process like some kind of Sisyphean game. Her right hand, meanwhile, clutched her rifle that lay flat on the table.

“It’s not too late to join us,” Alexis said. “Could be a chance to prove you’re not just another armchair general sending young people to die for your ideals. God knows the world’s had enough of those.”

“God. I already paid my dues to God. As He is my witness, I spilt more than my fair share of blood during the Crusade,” Teague said, wagging his finger at his younger counterpart.

“Fighting against many of our own people’s parents and grandparents. Aunts and uncles.”

“Yes, things were different back then. We’re better, now, I think. As a whole. My own body may not have fared as well as western civilization since the war, which is exactly why you don’t want to rely on me in a firefight.”

“I know; I was joking. Like, I’m not actually suggesting we send old coots like you and Hector into battle, because that would be ridiculous, but my point was that there are *some*, and I don’t mean myself or the other commanders, who resent taking orders from men that don’t assume as many risks.”

“They don’t take orders from me. They take orders from you. And Janessa, and Ian, the so-called ‘young people.’ Hector and I may be the ones making strategies, but you execute them. Is that not enough?”

“And after our final victory, when all the principalities are flying our flag, will you feed the people that same excuse? That you’ll have put Ian and a flimsy parliament in control while you stay pull the strings from the shadows?”

“Of course. Ian is the perfect age to rule – young enough to plausibly represent the new world while old enough to be respectable. Yet he’ll still need advice from the more experienced. Don’t you trust me to do that?”

“No, I do trust you. I wouldn’t have followed you this far if I didn’t. If your role is strictly as an advisor, then they might accept that, but I just worry that many folks might get the wrong idea. Maybe I’m just nervous with our move against Athens coming up so quickly.”

Before Teague could offer his sympathies, the pair of them were joined by the other Peregrine strategist, Hector Pendleton. He was a thin man of aristocratic stock, draped in the scent of cologne that trailed after him wherever he went. If Alexis represented the young idealists of the militia, and Teague represented the militant faithful, Hector was the economic muscle, acting as a face for all the capitalists who sought to regain control of the industries nationalized by the UNPG. The zealots and the idealists cared little for his cause, but he had connections to the factories that kept them supplied, so he was always welcome.

“Took you long enough to get here,” Alexis said. “I swear, one would think you’d be more eager to hear the news I have.”

“Oh, I am, believe me,” Hector said with a hint of sarcasm.

“Glad to hear it. Now, I think you’ll like this. Not only did we recover four vehicles and a bunch of other materiel from Nicaea, we also found…well, here. Check it out.”

She laid the worn papers on the table. Hector leafed through a few sheets while his slightly older counterpart looked closely at a single page. Each one had an intricate urban map printed onto it with long and complex strings of letters and numbers printed next to certain points. Hector’s brow furrowed as he discarded page after page, letting each one rest on the table as he analyzed the next.

“This looks like Athens – there’s the Panopticon, and that’s unmistakably Samara Tower, but I don’t understand. What are these?” he asked, pointing at the various labeled points.

“They look like codes of some sort. Identification, maybe? Access?” added Teague.

“Close” replied Alexis, grinning subtly. “Here, get a closer look at...” she paused for a moment, selecting the correct document. “Ah, here we go. This one.” She passed it on to Hector for inspection.

“Alright,” he said, reading the text in greater detail while Teague looked over his shoulder. “What have we here? ‘Athens PAC Four …’ Oh – oh my god.” He put down the paper and looked at the others for a second time. “Athens’ missile defense system. Exact locations of launching stations, engagement control stations, and radars. Personnel assignments, access codes. Where did you possibly find this?”

“There was old corvette – an earlier model than what ‘Rene uses – I think it was resting, I don’t, fifty kilometers south of here? Anyway, it was entirely abandoned. Most of the tech was either broken beyond repair or looking like it was jury-rigged in a hurry. I think some U.N. pilot had to make an emergency landing and got stranded out here who knows how long ago. Anyway, we found these in the ship’s CIC along with some other parts and pieces in the cargo hold.”

Hector remained silent for just a second as an aide approached Teague, whispering something into his ear. As Teague nodded and followed the man away, Hector spoke. “Then how do we know it’s valid?” he asked. “You said it yourself, there’s no telling how long these were out there. They could have changed the setup any number of times since then. You’ve brought us nothing we can use.”

“It’s still worth a shot, don’t you think? Like, at least to look into? We could have a serious advantage in Athens if it pans out,” Alexis replied.

“Alexis,” Hector said. “I really do wish that I could tell you that this is valuable intelligence and that we can adjust our plans for a more efficient strike. But the truth is that we’re attacking the capital in three days. To even investigate this lead will take a lot longer than that and risk alerting the government. If they detect any intrusion into their missile security system, you can bet that they’ll be able to trace it back to us. Besides, the colonization summit isn’t going to wait. Once Eirene reports in, hopefully with good news, we’ll pack it up for the move into Athens. It’s not negotiable at this point, foolish to think we can change course.”

“It’s alright. I understand. You’re right, of course – it was worth looking at, but it’s not useful.”

“I’m just sorry you wasted your time getting his back when we can’t use it. But still, you managed to recover a great deal of other useful supplies, for which we thank you.”

“Of course.”

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A short but fierce rainstorm bode ill for Eirene’s arrival, but the skies mercifully saw fit to clear just before she reached Istanbul, making her descent just a little bit easier. By the time she stepped onto the landing pad, there was naught but a bitter cold in the air, made warmer by the sight of Alexis, her closest friend, waiting for her.

“Oh!” Eirene grimaced, the temperature stinging her skin through her flight suit. “Yuck, it’s so chilly here. You get used to the nice, climate-controlled cockpit.” As she spoke, she fell right into Alexis’ arms, taking in what little heat her friend’s body offered her. The weather remained stronger, however, and so the two women quickly hurried inside.

As they were nearing the entrance, Teague and Hector arrived through another doorway with an escort of guards, cheerfully greeting the new arrivals. They both waved cheerfully, a gesture that Eirene reciprocated. The men and women joined together and continued walking in a single group.

“Eirene, you seem…upset,” said Hector, noticing a slight shadow over the pilot’s face. “Operation didn’t go as smoothly as you said it would?”

“I think I’ll be alright,” she replied. “Promise me one thing, though.”

“Yes, yes, whatever you like.”

“Just tell me that what I – what we’re doing – is going to help. I mean, that we’re actually going to achieve peace in the end. A better world, all that.”

Hector was silent for a moment, and then nodded. “Yes,” he said. “Yes, we are.”

“So I have your word on that. It’ll have to do.”

Teague led the group back inside while a swarm of workers set upon the corvette, putting it under maintenance and loading cargo in preparation for the journey to Athens.

Once inside, Eirene approached Alexis directly. “Hey, ‘Lex, Can I speak to you for a minute?” she asked.

“Of course,” Alexis said, nodding towards a corridor that would take them to their room in the women’s wing. The two of them departed with a quick acknowledgement from Hector and Teague and sat down on the old, squeaky chairs.

Their room was warm and familiar. Two old beds, a wooden desk with a vase filled with wilted flowers, a broken clock, and a radio that spat out more static than music. Eirene enjoyed charcoal sketching as a hobby – her works were pinned hastily to the walls, along with photos of scenic vistas throughout the U.N.. Their assets were worn down, but Alexis had reliably kept them organized, at the very least. Anything else, she thought, was unacceptable.

Now in private, Eirene looked far more visibly shaken. Her hair was rustled and she looked close to tears.

“What’s wrong, Angel?” Alexis asked softly. “Like, every mission you’ve run, you come back looking fine. Stress getting to you?”

“No. Well, yes, but that’s not really it. I can handle myself.”

“Then what is it?”

“There was a girl onboard. Early twenties, looked like, just out of school. I got to talking to her while my crew was planting the bomb, and she confirmed that civilian contractors were being deployed on military ships for menial work.”

“Okay, so?” Alexis asked. “That’s not that unusual. Even the Skywatch needs janitors and such.”

“How do you not get it?” Eirene cried out, her voice suddenly harsh. “The *Sierra* was a military target, but there were civilians on that ship. Normal folks just there to serve drinks and pick up trash, and I killed them all the same. Hector tells us day and night that we’re the good guys, that we’re doing the right thing. But that gets a little hard to believe when we start to justify innocent deaths, letting them just die because apparently*,* it’s worth it if we get *one* enemy officer. I have no problem shooting down Skywatch ships because those cretins can rot in Tartarus for all I care, but civilians? I’m sorry, no, that’s where I draw the line. I don’t care how many times Hector says ‘that’s the reality of war’ or some such nonsense. It doesn’t have to be that way.”

Alexis recoiled from Eirene’s outburst as the girl steamed and then glared and then cried. Her mood broke down from a red-hot anger to a deep blue sorrow, from carmine to cerulean. Alexis felt guilty about the satisfaction she felt whilst consoling Eirene, holding her petite body close and letting her cry into her shoulder. The warmth felt nice.

“There shouldn’t have been any civilians on that ship,” she said. “If there was collateral damage, then I won’t try to justify it, but it wasn’t your fault.”

“We didn’t know for sure, but we’d heard the rumors about what they were doing. At the very least, we knew somethingwas up. Point is, I could have had my guys stop the bombing, but then the *Sunset Serenade* of all things came up beside us for who knows what reason, and suddenly it was a ‘now or never’ sort of moment, and we went for it, even knowing that innocent people would die. That isn’t right, and it’s on me.”

“Hey, don’t worry, little angel, I gotcha,” Alexis whispered as she held Eirene and gently stroked her back. Eventually, the younger woman sat back and wiped her eyes clear, leaving tear stains on Alexis’ uniform.

“And the worst part,” Eirene continued, “is that, in the moment, I *enjoyed* it. Watching the *Sierra* explode was so satisfying. I spent years serving the UNPG’s imperial ambitions, and got so used to that rush when a bogey goes down that I can’t…can’t get rid of it.”

“Listen, if you want out, I’ll get you out. I’ll tell Teague and Hector that Eirene Baros has done more than enough for our cause, and then we’ll get you whatever help you need. I’ll also talk to the others about improving our intelligence-gathering to make sure we don’t have to make this kind of hasty decision again.”

It did little to soothe the feelings of distress that already plagued Eirene, but her friend’s continued support was reassuring. “Thanks, I appreciate it. And, I mean, you might have a point about the stress getting to me. Athens, man, whatever plan they’re cooking up is going to be a nasty piece of work.”

“Come on, Eirene. Teague and Hector are good at what they do. I trust their strategy. Besides, you don’t have anything to worry about; you’re just going to drop us off and get back to safety.”

“That’s not true at all! Well, that last part is, but it doesn’t mean I can’t be worried. With you and Ian and the others actually going into the tower, I just couldn’t take it if you – any of you – were killed. Even Ian.”

Alexis smiled and patted Eirene on the shoulder. “Have a little faith,” she said. “He and I have survived this long. I think we can make it another day. Besides, if you buy into Teague’s sermons, we’ve got God on our side, for what it’s worth.”

“And do you believe him?”

“I do, actually,” Alexis said after a brief, contemplative pause. “If He’s out there, then I can’t imagine He would favor the loyalists over us. But, even if the worst should come to pass and there really is nothing out there, we’ve done everything we can to make this work. God helps those who help themselves, eh.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Eirene replied.

## Chapter 3 – Hotel India

“Consider the following words by Hobbes: ‘That a man to obtain a kingdom is sometimes content with less power than to the peace and defense of the commonwealth is necessarily required. From whence it cometh to pass that when the exercise of the power laid by is for the public safety to be resumed, it hath the resemblance of an unjust act, which disposeth great numbers of men, when occasion is presented, to rebel…’ The old world made people soft. They thought that their freedom would last forever. That’s all these ‘Peregrines’ are: Malcontents who fail to realize that we’re only doing what must be done for humanity’s survival.”

* Director-General Magnus Keller, in Watching the North

At the head of the corvette, Eirene sat comfortably in her pilot’s chair. Her work wasn’t particularly laborious thanks to a smooth interface and all kinds of quality-of-life technologies laced in the U.N. systems. To her left, Alexis watched her carefully, while the older men sat to the right and nervously chatted about the attack to come.

“Entering populated Athens area now” she said over the ship’s intercom. “Active signal dampening in effect. Switching to LPIR. Disengage outgoing communications.”

In the air, Eirene felt like a different person entirely. On the ground, she was small, soft, and physically weak, but when she was in the pilot’s seat, her aircraft an extension of her own person, all of that stopped being true. Her corvette was fast and durable, even if it was weak compared to larger Skywatch ships. It couldn’t stand up to the storms that surrounded the cities of the U.N., but those were the unrelenting, hurricane-force winds that had –allegedly – toppled cities. The corvette made her feel more confident and secure than she had any right to be.

“Well, anyway,” Eirene continued as the group approached their destination, “We’re getting close to the base. Everyone buckle up, secure your loose items, and all that usual nonsense. I’m putting us down in a minute.”

The Peregrine forward base was far enough from Athens proper that Eirene could land the corvette without alarming the U.N.’s security. Hector had once used it to produce textiles in service of the government, but now it worked day and night to supply the revolution.

“Ian will be in the conference room,” Teague said as the vessel was unloaded. “Let’s not keep him waiting.”

“Of course not,” Eirene said, as professionally as she could.

She and the Shock Corps’ commander shared a father, the late Neleus Baros, but there was no love between them, and they rarely acknowledged each other as siblings. Born of different mothers, they bore no physical resemblance to each other, and Eirene had even gone so far as to change her name to sever any connection with the family she despised save for a single thread to her biological mother, who had taught her the French language before everything fell apart. That mother, although not dead – as far as she knew – was no longer in the picture. Alexis and Eirene had cut ties with their families when they defected, in order to ensure that such connections would not bring harm to either party.

While the others were getting ready to discuss their plans, Ian pulled aside one woman from the group: Janessa Tyler.

Alexis regarded Janessa with an air of curiosity. Everything about the woman was an anachronism, from the way that she dressed in the field – hearkening back to the flamboyant uniforms of the Swiss Guard – to the way she threw antiquated words and phrases into her speech. Her position as commander of the Dragoon Corps led her to fancy herself one of the old cavaliers of yore, but she seemed to have little idea of what that meant.

“Been a while,” Janessa said to Ian.

“Yeah. How are you holding up?” Ian looked at her, and only then did he see the grotesque scarring on her face. The dark skin on her left jaw was torn and burnt, crudely sewn back into place by the field medics travelling with her party. Marks reached down onto her chin, past her crooked nose, and up to just underneath her left eye, bounded by the short, deep brown hair.

“Good, but you’ve surely noticed the damage,” Janessa said softly. “I got clobbered something fierce by First Legion scouts. Was lucky to survive, quoth the field medic anyhow. I’ll be alright, but I’ve got some ugly damage.”

Ian held his hand to her face and traced the scars with his finger. “You think this is ugly? No, a wound might be painful, but it’s a sign of endurance. Of defiance. And I can’t think of anything more beautiful than that.”

Janessa smiled. “Defiance, hmm? I wonder what my parents would think of that.”

“I’m sure they’d be very proud.”

“Perhaps. I do wonder, though. When they see the news tomorrow…”

“That’s something to think of after we’re done.”

“Alright, if you two are quite done, we’re ready to begin,” Hector said from his place at the table. Ian and Janessa sheepishly took the last two seats at the table and the meeting commenced.

“So we need to get people into Samara Tower tonight, is that correct?” Alexis asked.

“Yes,” Ian said, immediately shifting gears into the discussion at hand. “Intelligence suggests that the colony summit will be held on the Grand Balcony just as we were prepared for, only sooner. That means that most of our plans are still valid, but I had to make some emergency calls to get the people we need in the right places on the new schedule.”

“Really? Nothing changed?”

“Other than how you’ll get into the tower itself, yes. We have a plan for that, though. I expect you’ll be okay as far as getting inside goes.”

“Are ye sure about that? I wouldn’t be so sure we’ll be okay,” Janessa said. “I’m all kinds of nervous. I can do what needs to be done to get us in, but getting back out once our cover’s blown…I don’t even want to think about that.”

“Listen, Jan, I understand your concerns, but we’ll do fine,” Alexis said, trying to reassure her associate. “The U.N. doesn’t expect an attack like this, not after so many years of what they like to call ‘peace.’ They’ve grown soft.”

Janessa furled the side of her mouth with the worst of the scarring. “Soft. Right.”

“The United Nations isn’t as peaceful as they like to preach, but they’re hypocritical, not stupid. They’re ready for bigger threats than us,” Eirene continued. “Tell us how we’re getting in. It’s not like I can just airdrop you onto the Grand Balcony.”

“Not with their missile defenses still active, anyway,” Alexis said with palpable annoyance lingering in her voice.

“The Science Administration Tower is linked to Samara Tower by a footbridge that spans the highway between the two buildings. That will be your point of entry, but you will first need to get into the Science Administration itself. Fortunately, it is poorly guarded compared to the capitol building, and Ian and Janessa have a plan for securing entrance into the facility.”

“The Shock Corps are ready to move on the Foxtrot Romeo factory,” Ian said. “It’s a large industrial park that makes computer parts during the day and is inactive at night. More importantly, the Science Administration is at the southeast corner of the park. If we can take Foxtrot Romeo, we can get into the Tower with little trouble.”

“And how are we going to take Foxtrot Romeo?”

“Diversion. Janessa will lead a fire team from the Dragoon Corps and hit one of the nearby plants, drawing attention away from our target. Meanwhile, Alexis and the SSC can easily infiltrate Foxtrot Romeo and take control of its security hub. With the alarms off and no coordination, the guards will be easy pickings when the Shock Corps moves in and the Dragoons come back to give us a hand. From there, it’s a straight shot to the Tower.”

“What kind of resistance are we looking at?” Alexis asked.

“Civil guard, mostly. Not the conscripts fresh out of university, though; these are the veterans who stayed around and have experience. Not Legion material, and certainly not Skywatch, but not pushovers.”

“Were these Alexis’ people?” Eirene followed up.

“I doubt it,” Alexis replied. I might have known some of them, but I made sure my girls were clear of any places we might run into them before we jumped ship. If we get lucky, I could leverage some connections, but that would require a serious amount of luck. Better just to assume they’re hostile. What’s strange is that, with Magnus in town, I’d have thought they would have more professional soldiers standing watch.”

“I’m not sure what’s going on, but I’ve triple checked it. The intelligence is accurate – the Tower’s defenses are unusually thin for such an important event. If they somehow manage to raise a general alarm, we’ll have to storm the castle, though, and there would definitely be Skywatch officers in there even if Magnus is not. It’s in our best interest to keep the operation in Foxtrot Romeo as tight as possible so that, once your boys and girls open the doors for us, we can get close before we have to take the shot. Our disguises won’t do much good if they’re looking for intruders. Hopefully they won’t connect Janessa’s attack to the Tower.”

Alexis nodded.

“We should begin final preparations,” Teague began, “but before we do, I should like to say that, if we do not see one another again, I have the utmost respect for each and every one of you, and that our mere presence here today will undoubtedly send a message to the U.N. that they cannot ignore.” He paused, took a deep breath, and looked solemnly to the assembled commanders. “God be with you.”

\* \* \*

Despite some reservations from amongst their number, the Peregrine strike team set out soon after. It was a long walk between Hotel India and the Samara Tower, through the rows and rows of factories shutting down for the night. The late hour meant that many of the nearby factories were dead silent, so the strike team expected no resistance as it began its advance.

“What’s the deal with you?” Janessa asked Alexis as they walked. “You look so happy.”

Alexis didn’t answer immediately, instead taking the time to gaze longingly at the buildings around them. "I just love this city,” she said when she finally responded.­

“The one we’re attacking.”

“Hah, yeah. I’m talking about the architecture. You ever hear of brutalism?”

“Brutalism? Have I heard that right?”

“Yeah, brutalism. It’s an architectural style, a lot of what you see in the heart of the city. You see anything big, blocky, angular, and wrought entirely from concrete, that’s brutalism.”

“And you like it.”

“Yeah. It exudes power, control, confidence, solidity. You know? So monolithic, strong and secure. Course, that’s on one hand – on the downside, you’ve got pictures of bureaucracy and tyranny; that’s why so many dystopian movies go to it for their set design and whatnot. People still see the concrete blocks and think of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia or that kind of stuff that stopped being popular after the twentieth century. And those kind of states used it for good reason, though, yeah? I just like it ‘cause it looks so powerful; it’s got some real oomph behind it.”

“Is this what I miss in Hector’s history lessons?” Janessa asked, rolling her eyes.

“Nah, that’s my own interest talking,” Alexis laughed. “There’s a lot of story and thought behind architecture.”

“But you just think it’s pretty.”

“Yeah, I guess. In small doses. When the whole city looks like that it can be kind of soul-crushing, but whoever made Athens had the good sense to keep it to the administrative centers and places where it made sense to project the power of the state. Samara Tower, the Panopticon, the works. It actually looks pretty nice juxtaposed with the, uh, more elegant stuff in the commercial and residential blocks.”

As she walked, Alexis scooped up a small stone and began to toss it to herself. “Blacker than night,” she mused, looking closer at the rock. It was a fragment broken off of a factory’s outer wall. “Probably the government’s second favorite color, other than blue.”

“Why do you always do that?” asked Ian.

“Do what?”

“Toss rocks like that. Every time you’re bored, that’s what you do. Any reason at all?”

“Not really.” She looked around for a second at the somber workers shuffling by, lit only by the yellow-green beams cast by aging streetlamps. The rock landed back firmly in her palm, and she tossed it to Ian. “You should try it. It’s fun.”

He pocketed the rock. “Maybe,” he said, “but I prefer – what?”

“Ssh. Guardsmen afoot,” Janessa whispered.

A patrol of legitimate civil guardsmen was indeed in the area. A half dozen men marching in twos with a sergeant at the head of the column. Not enough to best the Peregrines in combat, but more than enough to sound an alarm if things turned sour.

“Ma’am!” the sergeant said, hailing Alexis. The uniform she wore was of the same rank she had been before she defected – a lieutenant, making her this man’s superior, if he fell for the ruse.

“I didn’t expect another patrol, ma’am,” he continued. “Are you here to assist with the riots? We’re almost overwhelmed, and I got word that more guardsmen were coming. That’s you, then?”

“Affirmative,” Alexis replied, unsure what riots he meant but doing her best to play along. “Moreso, we’re here to relieve you and your men. Retire to the barracks for now, sergeant, and my people will handle this just fine.”

“I need to see proper identification before I can accept that, ma’am,” the sergeant said. Alexis did as he asked and produced a plastic card, showing it to him.

As the sergeant reviewed the card, the guardsman to his left side looked at him with a skeptical expression, but the sergeant handed back Alexis’ ID and nodded.

“You know our orders,” he said to the guardsman.

“Yes, but…”

“This is for the best. Come on, men. Let them do their work.”

As the patrol quit the area, Alexis whispered her thanks into the air as if addressing God himself.

\* \* \*

After this disruption, that the infiltration was a smooth operation came as a relief to all the Peregrine forces.

“Alright, the radios are off and the sirens are dead,” Alexis whispered into her radio once she and her troops had taken control of the security bunker. Janessa’s diversion had worked well so far – the few guardsmen who hadn’t responded to her incursion were easily overcome by the Scout and Salvage Corps.

As the Shock Corps advanced through the park, eliminating the unsuspecting defenders as it went, Janessa and the Dragoons moved quickly to meet her. Bursts of suppressed gunfire sounded out at irregular intervals, interrupted by the occasional shout as Ian and Alexis took point so that the cavalry could sweep behind and surprise the dedicated but unfortunate guardsmen. Soon, they were at the back door, ready to enter the first of the two towers, neither of which was yet aware it was under siege. Their plan was working remarkably well.

## Chapter 4 – Overlord

*“It is unlawful for any individuals to identify themselves or to refer to any other individual or group by any term, label, or name, derogatory or otherwise, that would promote tribalism and create false divisions between citizens of the new world. This includes, but is not limited to, race, religion, gender identity, sexual orientation, and disability. Exceptions can be made in the case of mental and physical healthcare providers, so long as confidentiality is maintained.”*

* Excerpt from the United Nations Provisional Government’s Constitution

The Peregrine soldiers had little trouble making their way through the Science Administration tower. Although her encounter with the sergeant had shaken her confidence, he had not displayed any signs of suspicion, and once Alexis and her allies had secured Foxtrot Romeo and taken a moment to regroup, she pulled herself together and proceeded with such admirable confidence that none would have believed she was no longer the officer she claimed to be. The journey to the footbridge where the Science Administration met Samara Tower was short and blissfully uneventful. Alexis’ forces split with Ian and Janessa there, they to the capitol building and she to act as a rear guard.

“My people are staying put, then,” Alexis said, mostly to herself. She wasn’t thrilled to be so far removed from the action, but holding up the rear was an important job.

She watched as her two friends disappeared across the footbridge, parting ways with nothing more than a hotshot flick of the wrist from Ian as a goodbye. They were a trustworthy couple, she knew, but she had her doubts.

“They’re gone now, hmm?” Eirene said. She was still on the line, speaking with Alexis and Alexis alone.

“Yeah. Reckon it’s about forty meters across the bridge. We’ve got eight guys up here and a few more still in the lobby. Nothing I can do now.”

“I wish I could be there with you. It’s infuriating sitting here in the base and being so useless. If it weren’t for their SAMs and stuff I could take the whole summit by myself, but all the way back here…well, I can provide moral support.”

“What ever happened to you not wanting to fight anymore?”

Eirene laughed. It wasn’t a happy laugh. “I know what I said. Old habits die hard, I guess. And…maybe I overreacted a little. Blowing up civilians is still crossing the line, so I suppose that rules out bombing the tower, but I might have been hasty when I said I wouldn’t be flying *any* more combat missions. I’d be lying if I said it didn’t feel good.”

“Listen, ‘Rene, if you want out, I promised you can get out. You seemed pretty bad back there, and I don’t want you doing anything you’ll regret later, understand? There’s no going back to the U.N. for any of us just yet, but I’m gonna stick to my word that you won’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. You need to be sure about what you want too, though.”

“Appreciate it. Listen, you know I’d never leave you, not after all you’ve done for me. You are quite literally the best thing that’s ever happened to me, and likely the only reason I’m still alive. Guess we both have to count on Ian and Janessa coming through. You ever considered what happens if they fail?”

“If they get into trouble, my guys will try and help them out. If it gets too hopeless, we retreat into Hotel India. You might have to carry us out quick, or we just make a heroic last stand. But that’s a bridge we’ll build once we get to the river. It’s enough of a plan to get by.”

“I wish there were more I could do. You’re the only one of the group I know I can trust, and you’re stuck with the rear guard.”

“I know you don’t trust your brother, but Janessa?”

“They’re certainly capable, but…I’m just not sure we can rely on them for support if it comes to that. That and the fact that we have no way of knowing what it’ll be like in the tower itself. I don’t think there’s anyone who I could trust to do well in there, but…” she paused, shaking her head even though she knew Alexis could not see her.

Alexis smiled. “I know you have your misgivings about Ian, but I’ve seen him in the field. He’ll do it, and he’ll do it well. If you don’t trust him, trust me.”

“Aye, I can trust you. If you think that Ian and Jan’ll pull through, then I’ll believe it. Take care of yourself.”

“I will, if you promise to do the same.”

Eirene laughed and smiled, more heartily this time. “Deal,” she said.

\* \* \*

Later, in the tower, Ian and Janessa finally reached their position, a small alcove embedded into the tower far enough above the Grand Balcony that they would only be able to hear the proceedings with the use of their aural implants. Janessa prepared a heavy crossbow, setting up a tripod to keep it stable. The Director-General’s barrier would stop short the kinetic energy of a bullet but might not react to something relatively light and slow, like the explosive bolts she had brought. It was their best chance. Even if she missed, the concussive force of the explosion might do the job, if luck was on their side.

The procession of dignitaries and officers arrived with some fanfare. First to enter were a group of aides surrounding Petty Admiral Karahan, a man who, no matter how hard he tried, would never become Grand Admiral. Rather than command the prestigious Skywatch fleet, Karahan was stuck at the helm of a navy that sat in dry-dock more often than it sailed the seas. He was a disappointing reminder that, although most of the Skywatch officers were former members of the Turkish military, being a Turkish officer was far from a guarantee of status in the new world. The less favored were relegated to the navy or the legions and largely forgotten

After Karahan came the four commissars who made up the Legionary Commission, each representing one of four legions. Scout Commissar Ria Cutler was the only woman there whom Ian and Janessa knew – her forces had skirmished with the Peregrine army on many occasions in the outskirts.

There was also Zheng Jun Min, formerly the Chinese state councilor back before most of eastern China was lost. He had been one of the first imperators assigned to a new principality when the U.N. started expanding into the wastelands. Behind Zheng came a line of sharply-dressed individuals who were likely of similar rank, each an imperator representing his or her principality. The municipal praetors underneath them were not considered important enough to receive an invitation despite the prestige of their offices. Of the rest, Ian was able to recognize only Martin Oswald, the aging man who had been dismissed from the U.S. government for being an utterly incompetent secretary of state. Evidently, the U.N. saw something of value in him that the Americans did not and recalled him to government service once again, this time as the imperator of the principality of Madrid. At the tail of this line was a man clad in the particularly grand regalia of the Secretary-General, the leader of the civilian branch of the UNPG.

Next, they saw the current overseer of the Defense Administration, Marcus Fairchild, leading a group of representatives from the other administrative functions. He was quite the celebrated figure – a prodigious young scholar before the storms, and widely regarded as the top scientist of the UNPG and honored as the owner of one of the few private corporations the government was willing to suffer.

Of all those in attendance, his presence was the most disconcerting. It made sense for a Defense Administration representative to be called in to discuss security plans for this new colony. That was nothing worthy of note. But for the same man to head the Madelyn-Rash Corporation was significant. The U.N. allowed him to own the company because he was so fiercely loyal to the government, and trusted him with the development of their most advanced weapons. If he had been chosen to represent the D.A. at the summit, then whatever lay in store could not be good.

The last to arrive was Director-General Magnus himself, the first to occupy the office since it was created thirty years prior. The man wore a sharp suit with a dull blue tie, the colors of the U.N. standard. He flanked by a half-dozen troops in similarly-colored flak vests – the elite infantry of the Skywatch and their Grand Admiral, Jacob Lancaster.

The Grand Admiral was an intimidating man. Tall and broad with dark skin and piercing brown eyes, nobody would dare question his authority, even without the uniform. Few ever saw Lancaster in person. This stopped no one from telling stories. That he was half Turkish and half British by blood was a well-documented fact, but the rumors contended that he had been the product of an affair between star crossed lovers, one Christian and the other Muslim, each fighting on a different side of the war at Istanbul. Although this was likely a romanticized half-truth, it was a useful one when it came to securing the loyalties of a diverse set of subordinates.

Once in place, Magnus held his hand high to silence the assembly, calling attention to himself as an attendant quietly took roll. “No doubt you are all aware that there has been some degree of violence in the capital tonight” he began. “A rebel attack in the Foxtrot Romeo Park and some unruly mobs in Lima Charlie. The situation is under control, but I should like to remind everyone to remain on guard.”

“If you suspect an attack, then why haven’t you reinforced our defenses?” Lancaster asked. “I was under the impression that you would only send the Tower Guard to Stockholm if you yourself had gone there.”

“I haven’t sent them to Stockholm; I’ve sent them to Foxtrot Romeo and Lima Charlie. They were the most readily available units I had that could deal with the threat. The Civil Guard wouldn’t have been able to muster a sufficient response in time. Better to deal with such matters quickly when we have important business to attend to.”

“Reasonable enough, I suppose. That doesn’t change the fact that our defenses are woefully understaffed for such an important summit.”

“Lancaster,” Magnus said, shooting the Grand Admiral a reassuring smile, “my men will be back before you know it. Besides, even if they had disappeared permanently into the void, are we not untouchable in our high towers?”

“Of course not.”

“Right you are. But our defenses are more than enough to deter anything short of a full siege, so we should be safe for the next few hours. Which, if we can now begin the summit properly, brings me to the main event: this assembly is convened to discuss the risks, benefits, and procedures regarding the colonization of the region surrounding the megacity of Johannesburg, the contribution of each administration and government function, and to vote upon resettlement legislation. This will be an expensive undertaking, I won’t lie. A few recent discoveries will alleviate some of the manpower and materiel costs of the project, but it will nevertheless require significant mobilization of resources. With some planning, I believe that the U.N. can profit from Johannesburg.”

“With all due respect, sir,” Zheng said, “it would take a great yield to compensate for the cost of settling so far south. Africa is very large. Surely there are vast resource deposits that can be taken without crossing an entire continent.”

Magnus continued, “I wouldn’t waste the resources needed to build a colony on a simple pile of junk. Obviously, the usual scrap can be gathered from the ruins of the old city, but we would also gain access to the South African mining industry. Plenty of valuable metals, including gold, as well as diamonds and electronics. Plus something special that I think Mr. Fairchild will enjoy.”

“And how do you plan to ship all that back to the other principalities?” Oswald asked. “Madrid, Valencia, Grenada, my municipalities are taxed enough as it is following the recent unrest, and our officials are responsible for the majority of the transportation burden throughout the new world.”

“Actually, I do believe that Mr. Fairchild himself will be able to provide a solution for that particular problem,” replied Magnus, “Is that right?”

The Defense Overseer considered this briefly, then nodded. “Yes, I do think that I will be able to help. You’ll have what you need. I’m interested in what you think I’ll find so beneficial, although I have my suspicions already.”

“Give me one minute. So, there you have it,” said Magnus. “We can inexpensively move our supplies down to Johannesburg, set up a settlement, and begin reaping the rewards. Now, Marcus, I…”

“Are you going to explain exactly *how* Fairchild will be able to accomplish this, or are we just supposed to accept your words on blind faith?” asked Zheng.

“What is there to say? The D.A. will roll out several upgrades to make our lives easier. More efficient engines for our airships, better AIs to reduce manpower costs, and so on. It’s nothing special, really.”

“Fine, I suppose we’ll have to take your word for it.”

“Yes, you will.” Magnus then turned his attention directly to Fairchild. “If that has ‘satisfied’ them,” he said, “there is this thing I have that may please you. Tell me, how are your factories holding up?”

“All but worked to capacity, but we’re managing. Have you found more that can support the mourners?”

“We have. One of the foremen in charge of expansion up in Stockholm came across an old Swedish black site with manufacturing equipment that should be sufficiently advanced to support your production and research. Mostly superannuated military stock dating back to the April Fool’s War, but preliminary searches have turned up some databases and forges with ties to the East Asian Endeavor. Circa 2290. But, on a more relevant note, there is also evidence that suggests a similar foundry could be found in Johannesburg. Hence why it is in our interest to settle there.”

“Post-Crusade. Same as we found in Montreal and Valencia?”

“Yes, as far as we can tell. If not, it should be easily adapted to support your project. More so than the primitive twenty-second century junk we’ve been making do with to support less sophisticated industries. The site in Stockholm will be the property of Madelyn-Rash to do with as you please, and you may also have any factories you desire in Johannesburg, whether they be fully-operational EAE forges or for processing raw material. Of course, we will prioritize the establishment of mining and salvage facilities, but after the infrastructure is in place and we have a steady supply of civilians arriving to pick up the labor, you’ll have free rein to develop your project as you see fit.”

“That is…very generous, sir. You shall have as much support as you need to establish the colony, but you already knew that.”

“How needlessly sycophantic,” Karahan said in snide.

“What was that, Petty Admiral?” Lancaster asked. “Are you sure you want childish insults going on record under your name?”

Karahan grumbled. “Fine. I retract the statement.”

The other officials at the table exchanged looks that ranged from confusion to suspicion, but said nothing until Martin Oswald raised his hand. “Sir,” he said, “we may be able to fund the expedition, it will take a long time to cross the vortex. That’s about as long as to Montreal, so it won’t be an unprecedented undertaking, but it will be slow to take stormworthy ships through there.”

Magnus grinned. “That’s the best bit. We’ve made a breakthrough in Africa that will make transport of goods southward a breeze. In the dead megacities on the continent, we have discovered enough of the towers that those old world fools erected that, if we disable them, we can create a corridor straight from Tunis to the Highveld.”

These were the old weather control towers that many held responsible for the storms. No one knew who had built them, but whoever it was had clearly harbored a grudge against the old world. Enough to see it brought to ruin for its crimes. Whether the plagues, fires, and quakes that accompanied the storms had been part of the plan, no one knew, but that was beside the point. It disgusted many to see nature perverted in such a way. The technology in the towers had been intended to see Mars or Luna made habitable for a mass emigration from a beleaguered planet, but had instead been used to slay millions and balkanize the entire world.

“The towers seem to have a lifespan of about thirty to forty years, which means we’re seeing many of them fall apart on their own. But a small force moving ahead of the settlers could bomb them and put them out of commission more quickly” Magnus continued. “Clear the way for the transports to make good time. A Tunis-Highveld corridor would greatly aid inter-principality commerce and please the trade bureaucrats.”

“Still no progress on any other fronts?” the Executor asked.

“Like I said, some have overheated and fallen apart on their own, so the storms are gradually receding, but nothing to give us enough of a clear zone to found another principality like we saw with any of the others. Otherwise, we have dedicated nominal resources towards hunting down sites to forge a connection between our principalities. Believe me, it would make centralizing the government much easier, which would make my life easier in turn. Give it time.”

“Fine, fine. We can afford to be patient with the stability you’ve won us. But in more practical matters, we surely need to appoint an imperator for the principality and consider candidates for praetorship once…”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, Executor,” the Grand Admiral said. “We have the official agenda of this meeting to attend to first – we can deal with appointments to office later.”

“Fine. Director-General, how are we to proceed?”

“We should discuss the administrative support for the project *beyond* Madelyn-Rash, and presumably, the Defense and Science Administrations. Then we can take a vote on the resettlement mandate, and adjourn until tomorrow.”

The politicking was beginning to bore Ian, but he was also becoming uneasy. Every second that passed watching the discussion below was a second not spent assassinating the Director, and the odds of being caught only increased with time. Ian was ready to take the shot without it and deal with whatever came up. The intelligence he had gathered by listening in was enough for one night.

On the balcony, the summit continued, with Director-General Magnus continuing his speech. “The Principality of Athens, of course, will pledge support for the settlement in Johannesburg.”

“The Principality of Madrid cannot support the settlement at this time,” said Imperator Oswald. “We simply do not have the resources to commit to such an effort, regardless of how much Madelyn-Rash and the Defense Administration are able to cover.”

“Montreal must withdraw limited principal support from the settlement as well, except insofar as we play host to the Defense Administration,” said another of the imperators. “The incident with the CSS Manticore in Terrebonne has exhausted most of the principality’s security detail, and the economic damage, while light, restricts our ability to provide materiel for the project.”

“Fine, Laccaby,” Magnus replied with a respectful nod.

“The principality of Stockholm can pledge full support for the Johannesburg settlement. We have plenty of excess industrial capacity to produce goods and supply security forces to the staff,” the final imperator added before the conversation passed to the administrative representatives.

“The Defense and Science administrations will pledge support, as promised,” Marcus Fairchild said.

That was frightening. Marcus Fairchild had evidently become overseer of both the Science and Defense Administrations, a dangerous consolidation of authority. With so much influence, Fairchild could easily rival the Director-General in terms of power. Of everything Ian and Janessa had heard, this was the only news that made them pause.

The rest of the summit went smoothly. The Transportation, Trade and Commerce, and other administrations were all but obliged to follow Marcus’ suit and support the project. It wasn’t until the vote on what Magnus had called the resettlement mandate that the plan was finally set into motion.

“The Legionary Commission is in favor of the mandate,” one of the representative commissars said.

“The Skywatch and the office of Grand Marshal are against the mandate,” continued Lancaster.

“The Defense Administration is in favor, but it is not in the interest of the Science Administration to vote either way. Abstained.”

And so on. When the results were finally decided, with fourteen in favor, two against, and three abstentions, it went to the Executor who would exercise or not exercise his right to an absolute veto on civil affairs. Because he had voted for the mandate, no one was surprised that there would be no veto.

“Well, then, Director-General,” the Executor said, “up to you. I think we can all guess what the verdict’s going to be.”

Before Magnus could respond, Grand Admiral Lancaster interrupted him.

“I’d like to request that the veto be passed through the executive military arm in addition to the civil branch. I have concerns that I’d like to raise.”

“Yes,” Magnus said, “we’re aware that you voted against the mandate. But don’t become power hungry just because you seized the office of Grand Marshal. Civil legislation only passes through the offices of the Executor and the Director-General for final approval.”

“The resettlement mandate has substantial military implications!” Lancaster protested. “And I don’t just mean that we would need to assign new security detail to the new principality, which is inconvenient but tolerable. By forcibly conscripting the poor saps living on admittedly generous welfare, we would only foster anger towards our government, practically handing more troops to the Peregrines and their ilk”

“The peasants in the poorer districts like Widow’s Walk surely wouldn’t object to their new positions in an urban center. They’re not wanting for basic amenities, yes, but they only stand to gain by resettling, and I still don’t see how that warrants military intervention through the veto.”

“Believe me, Director-General, people will despise anything if they’re forced to take it against their will, no matter how much good you might think you’re doing. The resistance going on now is proof enough of that. By forcibly deporting our citizens to a new principality, which will surely be rife with crime and suffer from poor infrastructure before it is fully developed, we would create an entire class of people who resent the U.N.. And if we populate Johannesburg solely with these types…”

“…it would be a hive of anti-U.N. sentiment, so far removed from our influence,” Oswald said.

“Exactly. Without a substantial military investment to keep control, we risk creating an out-of-reach state that might as well declare independence, or at the very least act as a perfect haven for rebel belligerents or dissidents. We’re already seeing concerning amounts of public agitation against the U.N. in recent years, and an increasingly militarized opposition. We cannot risk sacrificing even more goodwill by subjecting the populace to such arbitrary mandates.”

“And with the Tunis-Highveld corridor cleared of the storms, we would already open up our supply lines to interception by enemy aircraft,” Marcus said. “I’m sure that we’re all aware that some of the opposition groups are in possession of corvettes at the very least. Without the storms to scare away light aircraft like that, their emboldened pilots might dare to strike at our transports. If we have to worry about agitation within Johannesburg itself in addition to that…it would be a nightmare. I support the Grand Admiral’s right to the veto in this situation.”

“Fine, let him have his veto.” Magnus said.

“So you’ll not override him, then?” Karahan asked, clearly annoyed at his superiors’ ability to wield so much power.

“No, he brings up a good point. The resettlement mandate can be tabled until a more favorable political climate. In the meantime, perhaps we should bring in some food? I’m famished.”

“Alright, Alexis, I think I’ve heard enough,” Ian said. “We’re gonna take the shot. Are your guys ready on overwatch?”

“Yep. We’re ready to cover your escape.”

Sensing the opportunity, Janessa took aim at the Director-General and loosed her crossbow bolt, praying that her luck would be with her.

It was not.

The silver bolt landed squarely in Magnus’ soup bowl, causing a horrific explosion. When the smoke cleared, however, it became apparent that nobody had yet been killed – the Director appeared injured and his pristine suit had been ripped and singed, but he was very much alive. That would not do.

At that very moment, everything descended in to chaos – not knowing where this shot had come from, everybody drew whatever weapon was at hand; whether it was a gun, a sword, or a fork didn’t matter. Karhan’s few allies in the Legionary Commission, assuming that he had been fired upon by an over-eager guardsman, rushed to his aid whilst the rest scrambled to find cover or take advantage of the commotion to settle old grudges.

“Fuck! Alexis, scratch that, you need to be in here, right now!” Ian yelled, no longer caring about remaining unheard.

“Yeah, yeah, I gotcha,” Alexis said. “Overwatch, you stay on the bridge. Everybody else with me!”

Alexis’s crew stormed across the footbridge and laid down fire to suppress the U.N. guards. A corvette swooped around the tower and took action – rockets began to strike the bridge, breaking apart the metal and concrete. A few soldiers were unlucky enough to be hit directly, their bodies ripped apart into gory shreds. Others fell down into the streets below, where their mangled bodies were flattened by cars and trucks that screeched to a halt as their drivers ran from the scene in a panic.

With hellfire in front of and behind her, Alexis had to make a quick decision: There was still enough of the bridge left to make a retreat, but that would leave Ian and Janessa all alone and the mission incomplete. This was unacceptable. As loath as she was to see more lives lost, she needed to ensure Magnus and his officers’ deaths, gambling on the chance that decapitating the chain of command would be enough to see her troops safely out of the city.

Casualties continued to mount. A second volley of rockets shook the bridge, obliterating the soldiers who stayed behind to provide cover. Debris flew through the doorway, wounding even more. Alexis herself took a single chunk of concrete to the arm which, while doing little permanent damage, stung terribly and caused her to drop to the ground, falling on her face while all around her the U.N. guards took advantage of the stalled advance to retake some ground and opened fire on the wounded to ensure that none of them got up to strike back.

Meanwhile, Ian prepared to follow up on Janessa’s failed attack. The situation on the balcony had cooled somewhat. Several of the attendees were dead, or at least critically wounded, lying in puddles of their own blood. Magnus, the Vice Admiral, and Zheng had more or less made sense of their surroundings and were rallying guards to restore order. To stop their efforts, Ian fired into the balcony, but, to his dismay, he was no more effective than Janessa. One of his bullets struck Zheng through the neck, killing him instantly and revealing the Peregrines’ position atop the upper ledge. The survivors down below stopped and focused their fire on Ian’s position, forcing him and Janessa to retreat further into the tower

Miraculously, the invaders in the foyer were able to continue their push. As Alexis and her troops pushed forward with the zeal of men and women possessed, they found their way to the Grand Balcony and joined the fight just as Ian and Janessa committed fully to the engagement. They would slay Magnus or die trying; if nothing else, their deaths could cover their friends’ retreat.

In battle, Alexis controlled the crowd like a director might control the stage, every move calculated so that her enemies and allies landed in just the right positions. The calmness with which she fought surprised even her.

To her left, the spectacle she had hoped to see was finally before her, Ian and Janessa covering one another in perfect unison. It was if the two of them were one mind, one lashing out just as the other fell back and neither giving up an inch of ground.

Unfortunately, the three of them were not the only skilled warriors on the balcony. The Director-General himself was more than a capable opponent, a master swordsman and marksman. Whilst the common folk speculated about Lancaster’s origins, they told even more fanciful tales about Magnus – they said that he had once been caught off guard by a group of bureaucrats who spoke only Mandarin and been able to flatter and soothe them as only a native speaker could, and they said that he had once killed several assassins armed with guns using only a ceremonial sword. Alexis looked forward to proof of his martial abilities, at least, if not his talents as a polyglot.

Magnus moved quickly, throwing down a smoke grenade to cover his and his allies’ escape. Unable to respond, Alexis pressed forwards slowly but steadily, firing at shadows where she saw them. Loud energetic pulses signaled that some of her shots had found their marks, but had been stopped by that infernal barrier Magnus wore.

Suddenly, Alexis found herself face-to-face with the Director-General himself. He pointed his pistol at her head and pulled the trigger, but to no avail. He had expended his ammunition. Not wanting to waste time reloading and confident in his immunity to the Peregrines’ firearms, he drew a fearsome saber, lashing out at Alexis only to be thwarted as se parried with her rifle and, summoning all her remaining strength, twirled around to arrive behind his back. Distracted for one second by an incoming shot from Janessa, he failed to notice her maneuver. Greedily, Alexis thrust the bayonet of her rifle into Magnus’ back. He fell forward as sparks flew from the spot she had struck, but did not die. Instead, he spun around yanking the rifle out of her hands. The bayonet was still lodged firmly in his back, but he seemed unharmed.

It was then that she noticed that the faint shimmer of his shields had faded away. Her attack had found the generator mounted on his back, saving him from one death but exposing him to another. She drew her sidearm and pointed it at the Director, grinning despite herself.

The action stopped except for more distant gunfire as the Peregrine troops kept U.N. reinforcements at bay. Ian, Janessa, and Alexis’ squad had successfully wounded their enemies enough to force a surrender. All eyes were now on her and Magnus.

His brow was furrowed, his sharp eyes staring into hers. He had obviously embraced the same augmentations that she had, the telltale switches to control the aural implants visible on his temples. They’d been switched to the on position, but there was no way of knowing how for how long it had been so. If the things had been active for the whole summit, then surely he would have detected Ian and Janessa. Magnus must have turned them on as soon as the battle started – anything else meant they had just fallen into a trap.

He muttered but a single word before he died: “Congratulations.”

Alexis smiled back and fired a single shot into Magnus’ head, undoubtedly ending his life. If it had been a trap, the U.N. had used quite the expensive piece of bait. Before she could feel even a moment of pride, however, Ian yelled bloody murder and pulled her to the side as a volley of rockets struck the balcony. It was another gunship, but not the corvette that had caused so much damage earlier or even a model that she recognized. Smoke clouded the space around her, filling her lungs, and there was a sudden tidal wave of yelling, and then gunfire, and her advantage had been lost.

Was it a trap after all? Was the Director-General willing to sacrifice himself, or had he used a body double? Either way, this was bad news.

“Everybody,” she yelled, running through the clouds. “we’ve been had! Everybody! You need to get out of the city!”

Back in Hotel India, Eirene ran towards her corvette. “Just hold tight, Sunshine! I’m coming to get you!”

“No,” said Alexis, crying both in sadness and in pain as the smoke stung her eyes, “you have to escape. Take as many as you can, just go!” And then suddenly the smoke began to clear and she could see the gunship again, crimson red and not at all like the Skywatch one from before. As she stopped to stare at it, she began to cough, her consciousness fading as the gas that she had breathed in began to take effect.

And then everything was dark, and everything was cold.

## Chapter 5 – The Trial of Hector Pendleton

“The U.N. is not stupid, I think. I believe it knows that a colorblind policy will not solve some nebulous problem of ‘discrimination’ because it ignores centuries of context and the extralegal prejudices that already exist. However, its architects propose that the destruction of the old world means that the context no longer applies and that we are starting again from scratch. The flaw in their logic, however, lies in the same stroke of luck that enabled their very existence. Greece was never destroyed. The state likes to think that Greek culture and nationality were destroyed alongside everything else, but they were not – Greece and the Greeks survived the storms, but even this is merely symbolic of the millions of people who fled there on New Years’ Day of 2300. And with them they carried on their backs the hated, almost mythical ‘old world,’ a demon that can never truly be exorcised.”

* Omar Kelli, in Athens Lives!

The air was no longer marred by the sound of gunfire, which could only mean that they had lost. Hector remained ignorant to the exact details of what had transpired, but the few transmissions he had received from the strike team and the subsequent loyalist assault on Hotel India were enough for him to deduce that Ian, Alexis, and Janessa had been defeated. How long ago had that been? Several hours, surely. The government’s counteroffensive had no doubt been severe, and the looming silence surely marked the end of Peregrine resistance in Hotel India. As far as Hector knew, he was the only one who remained, alone in the basement room to which he had retreated. Not out of cowardice, he told himself, but out of duty. The documents stored in this room had to be destroyed before the enemy could retrieve them, and, indeed, that task had been done. All that was left was to wait.

Hector briefly considered martyring himself by using a grenade to take any potential captors down with him, but rejected that idea. The government generally avoided capital punishment for those lucky enough to be taken in alive, and so he made the strategic decision to live to fight another day. When the Skywatch troops – if the U.N. even respected him enough to deploy its elite forces, which he hoped they had – arrived, he would surrender without a fight. As a gesture of good will, he unlocked and opened the basement door, not that it would matter.

Slumped against the wall, Hector greeted the first troops to arrive with a tired sigh. At the very least, they were indeed Skywatch officers. He briefly imagined the shame of being taken into custody by civil guardsmen as they placed him in handcuffs and took him back to the surface, where he was surprised to see the Grand Admiral himself, Jacob Lancaster. Having evidently survived the attack, the man must have come along to supervise the cleaning up of the last remaining resistance.

“To what do I owe this honor?” Hector asked.

“Don’t flatter yourself, Mister Pendleton. Shall we begin?” The Grand Admiral said, staring at Hector with his aged but fierce and not wholly unattractive eyes.

“Begin with what? My interrogation?”

“You can call it that if you like. I simply wish to have a discussion.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Then you go to the Panopticon without a chance to argue your cause. I know you revolutionary types love to preach, and there are some questions I would like answered, so we may as well negotiate, don’t you think?

“I suppose,” Hector said.

“Good. Shall we take a walk? Surely you’d appreciate some fresh air as much as I.”

Hector nodded after a second of thought. The Skywatch troopers undid his chains, and he followed the Grand Admiral. Although he was no longer bound, the watchful eyes of the soldiers reminded him that he was by no means a free man. He would follow his captor, but to what end he did not know.

Hotel India had been a factory before it was a base, and could never have been said to be easy on the eyes. What plant life had been there had long since withered and died, but at least it had been a change from the monotonous concrete buildings. During the siege, it seemed, the yellowed grass and barren trees had been burnt away entirely and in their stead lay wrecked vehicles and craters from the bombing.

“Your men fought well,” said Lancaster. “I’m surprised you managed to keep an army of this size hidden for so long. We sustained heavy casualties taking your fortress.”

Hector considered telling the man that the Peregrine army had been moved in just hours before the attack began, but then remembered that he was still in the company of the enemy, and he refrained from divulging this information.

“My name is Jacob Lancaster. As you have most likely realized, I am Grand Admiral of the Skywatch. And I believe that I owe you some thanks.”

“Thanks? What for?”

“After an attack on Athens, procedure dictates the institution of martial law. With the death of Magnus, succession passes first to the Grand Admiral. For all intents and purposes, I now control all that remains of Human civilization.”

They were then joined by a woman, also clad in Skywatch colors, and several more guards. She was unmistakably the vice admiral who had accompanied Cem Karahan to the summit.

“No doubt you also recognize Danica, here,” Lancaster said. “She and I were among the only survivors of your little raid.”

“You did a decent job, considering how woefully unprepared your army was,” she said, almost smirking. Hector frowned at her, silently hating her arrogance.

“Still,” she continued, “You had to realize that you’d never have won. Even with Magnus gone, what could you have hoped to accomplish? At most you’d have a little pressure taken off your backs, but our vengeance is swift, as you now see.” She gestured around to the ruins of Hotel India.

“Alright, that’s enough,” said Lancaster. “We have things to discuss. Leave us.”

Danica saluted the Admiral and departed with her guards. Lancaster and Pendleton continued walking.

“She’s an impressive woman. Algonquin, from near Montreal. You don’t see many of the North American indigenous anymore; the last century hit them even harder than it did most places,” Lancaster said. “She was a child when we liberated her city and adapted well to the new world. Unlike your friends.”

“Liberated, you say. No matter. Am I to stand trial or be executed?” Hector asked, not caring about the vice admiral.

“Neither, for the moment. We have no need of a trial, but I see no need for your death. Not yet. What I want to talk about is *why* you did what you did. I can kill rebels all day, but it behooves me to make some effort to understand their motives so that further resistance may be preemptively corrected.”

“Why me? What happened to the others?”

“Some of them are dead. Others are being interrogated separately. You’re here because, to be concise, we now occupy this facility. It does a decent job as a prison until we can shuffle people out of the Panopticon. A few others are being contained here as well.”

“I don’t suppose you’ll let me see them.”

“Correct. You may not. Anyway, as I said, I want to know why you did what you did. What inspired you to sow discord amongst our already fragile society?”

“Simple. The UNPG has stripped us of our liberties and freedoms, imposing its own might upon the populace in order to keep them in line. This isn’t a dystopian police state, true, but our goal is to stop you before it becomes one. Ounce of prevention, and all that. I should like to see what you intend to do with this ‘martial law’ of yours.”

Lancaster looked pityingly at Hector. “That’s certainly an idealistic standpoint, but you must recognize that we have done an exceptional job of protecting the human race from annihilation. The old world almost destroyed itself by toying with nature. They created plagues, storms, and worse, but we survived because of our leadership’s decisive action. The systems of the old world deserved to die; they could never have yielded the same results as we have.”

“Yes, but, if you’ll permit me to paraphrase Benjamin Franklin, ‘those who sacrifice liberty for security deserve neither.’ You have certainly sacrificed our liberties, *without* our consent, I might add.”

“Ah, an educated man. Then you surely must also know that Voltaire once said “a witty saying proves nothing.’ And no, the irony of that is not lost on me. So, shall we discuss using our *own* thoughts rather than letting the long dead argue for us? Or is regurgitating platitudes out of context the best you can do?”

“As you wish. Still, I believe that that particular saying is relevant.”

“No, it’s not. Even if he meant what you are implying, Franklin lived half a millennium ago, during times that were downright charmed compared to ours. The American Revolutionaries were threatened by, what, a few unjust taxes? We’re facing total annihilation of our species.”

“I don’t buy it,” said Hector. “Look around you. The storms were bad, yes, but not as bad as you say. Civilization as we knew it may have been broken apart, but the species is still alive and well in the settlements you refuse to acknowledge as proper nations. And we’ve come such a long way since the inception of the Commonwealth. Maybe your tyranny was necessary back then, but we’re so much more now! The storms are receding from Athens and we’re taking back lands elsewhere all the time. Stockholm, Madrid, Montreal, and now Johannesburg. We’ve got all these territories thriving and yet you still act as if we’re on the edge of total destruction! Surely you could loosen up a little. Let the people have a voice in parliament, at the very least.”

Lancaster scowled. “But how much of that would have been possible without our policies? You cannot deny that under the us, the redevelopment of human society has been remarkably efficient. Without it, we would be subject to the tyranny of the masses, and all the problems associated with it. Look to the governments preceding the UNPG. The Tehran Pact had an Emperor, but he was democratically elected. The nations making up the loose conglomeration that was the Catholic League were also democratic, and both let their citizens’ whims dictate a course of action. And what did those citizens decide? Both parties, deluded by the false boundaries of ideology, felt that the other posed a threat and launched entire continents into a near century of warfare. And where democracy is not violent, this is only because it is inefficient! Parliaments, senates, houses, they bicker *ad nauseam* and divide into yet more parties that refuse to cooperate because the people that make them up are too stupid to realize that they’re being used. My state puts power in the hands of a few educated individuals. We do not succumb to tyranny because all of humanity shares a common interest in this age after the storms – survival. After the balance is restored and the human race has reclaimed its rightful role as the master of our planet, then your point is well taken, but, until that time, my methods are necessary.”

“The Provisional Government has been efficient, yes,” Hector said. “But it won’t last even that long. Your programs to cure the ‘social ills’ of the old world have sown nothing but discontent. You want to raise generations who don’t think of others in terms of labels, admirable on the surface, but you fail to realize that some people are *proud* of their race, religion, sexuality, or whatever. That’s not dangerous – a strong self-identity keeps people going! An equal society should not ignore differences between people – it should give everybody an equal chance while *respecting* that different people are different!”

“We do respect that different people are different. Our policy is the ultimate expression of that sentiment! When people are grouped into categories, is that not a sacrifice of some degree of individuality? Should I be a Catholic, and not Jacob Lancaster? Should you be a white man, rather that Hector Pendleton? If a man wants to love who he loves, be that a man or a woman, then so be it. If someone wishes to worship a different god than her neighbor, then so be it. This isn’t some kind of ‘everybody is the same’ nonsense; just because we don’t make some futile effort to classify these people doesn’t mean we deny their existence.”

“That isn’t the point! Take your religious example: yes, people are free to worship as they please *in private*, but religion is not about isolation, it’s about community! The Church as it was in the old world may have been a corrupt institution, but it didn’t have to be. If one Catholic wants to pray alongside his brethren, or a Muslim amongst his, then now he has to flee the cities to do so, and, when you respond to this sort of desertion with military force, these factions are forced to militarize in kind. When their rights are threatened, people are more violent and chaotic than ever. Is it really that surprising that we, a conglomeration of everyone who opposes the UNPG, would arise eventually? It’s not just religion, either…”

“In a perfect world, you might be right,” Lancaster interrupted. “But this is not a perfect world. Too many problems arose in the old world because of rampant factionalism. The polarizing ‘us-versus-them’ mentality could be seen anywhere: homosexual versus heterosexual, black versus white, cisgender versus transgender, any of a hundred different religions versus each other, and many more needless conflicts. So we get rid of them, make everybody a unique individual rather than a member of a class.”

“And you think that will eliminate conflict? Just like that?”

“Of course not, but conflicts between individuals are much easier to manage than conflicts between groups a billion strong. Did you not live through the Second Pact War, through the League Crusade? Because I did. And I saw thousands of men slaughtered like animals simply because they were so-called ‘Muslims,’ or ‘Christians.’ I was a young man when I saw my fire team cut to shreds by the ones they thought of as little more than animals. And to them, we were no better. Without a second thought, they choked us with gas and shot us down while we were vomiting blood. That’s why the Provisional Government exists. To make sure that nobody has to suffer like that again. Would you have us return to that kind of barbarism?”

“Spare me your noble rhetoric, Director,” said Hector. “Millions of people died during the wars, millions of squads were wiped out. Did you think you were special? That somehow, your trauma justified what you’ve become? Not even a founding father, but a pawn promoted to king by sheer dumb luck. To answer your question, yes, I fought, and many of my friends fought the war to its bitter end. We all agree that the old world needed to change, but your laws suppress social progress rather than enabling it, as they should. Paint your country as wrought upon vast legs of stone all you want, but stone is immobile. It, like everything else, succumbs to entropy and crumbles into sand.”

“Was that supposed to be a reference to Shelley? Do you think you’re clever? I spent years reading poetry, so don’t try to use it against me. I’m not an idiot. I know that nothing is truly permanent, but should we just lie down and accept that one day we will die? With a strong enough foundation, humanity can be something great, and you say that this foundation is as rotten as the old world, but that’s not true, and you know it. People have come together from all around the globe. All nationalities, races, cultures, and ideas now mixed together to form a truly concrete foundation, without trying to kill one another like they were before the storms. Isn’t that progress? The change, the development you desire? Life has been improved for so many, the tired, the poor, the victims of violence. Poverty and unemployment are all but eliminated, and the people enjoy a higher quality of life for it. That will be the lasting legacy I leave.”

Lancaster pursed his lips and looked at Hector for a moment. “Tell me, Mr. Pendleton,” he said. “Where did you work before becoming a terrorist?”

“Right here. Hotel India was my factory. We made the guns, ammo, and other things for the rebels to use, right under your nose. We were supposed to be making textiles, but I swapped out most of the machines long ago, and your bureaucrats were too dumb to see my treachery.”

“That wasn’t enough for you, was it? I suppose that is the answer I sought. Your revolution is nothing more than a *regression*, the former elites or their children clamoring to reclaim the positions they held in the old world and using lofty rhetoric to sway small groups of the common folk. You don’t object to the UNPG on their behalf, you object because it prevents *you* from taking *my* place.”

Lancaster stood up and began to leave, but continued. “And that you say whatever you need to say in order to convince the common man that you fight for him will be your downfall. Your rebellion’s ‘ideology’ is so scattered that you don’t even know what ideas you’re defending or what exactly it is you want to attack. Sun Tzu – ‘preparedness everywhere means lack everywhere.’”

“I thought you wanted us to argue using our *own* ideas. It’s fine when you do it, but no, not a lowly one such as myself,” Hector chided back.

“Master Sun is more timeless than Franklin, but for the sake of this conversation, fine. You can have that point if it means so much to you.”

“Thank you,” Hector said with a pitying expression halfway between a smile and a frown. “And yet you still miss the point itself. Our rebellion stems not from one specific complaint, but from many. My voice is not the voice of a person but of *the people*, and many of our number have different concerns. We will advocate for all of them. Some are ‘disgusting, self-interested industrialists’ like myself who think that your economics are bollocks but lack the political capital to even hope to join your sequestered conclave that makes all our decisions for us. Others take issue with your ideas about religion, or self-expression. We may be few in number now, but time will show how many really agree with our ‘confused’ ideology. We will address all their concerns when you will not.”

“Then you’ll tear yourselves apart. If you achieve victory, what then? Your members will fight each other over how to replace my policy.”

“That is why *democracy* was invented!”

“If democracy hadn’t shown itself to be synonymous with *bureaucracy* then I might agree, but, alas, this is the world we live in. Democrats destroyed the old one. Everywhere I look, I see people like you who only look to the past and re-instate systems that would give rise to the same ruin. In Italy, we encountered a group of survivors who styled themselves after the Roman Empire. The ruins of Turkey are divided between insignificant groups of people claiming some heritage from the Ottomans or the Byzantines. In Eastern Asia, the Kingdoms of Joseon are expanding beyond the Korean Peninsula and fighting a so-called ‘Shogunate’ in Japan. When we took South Africa, we did so over the dead body of a warlord who called himself a successor to Shaka. Only we look to the future.”

“Funny that you should criticize, say, the Romans, when their conception of emergency dictator powers was similar what you yourself possess today,” Hector said.

“It’s the principle of the thing. Yes, most of the societies that are being re-created by these survivors were not democracies, but they were early steps on the path that led to modern democracy and then to the apocalypse. Many of the upstart kingdoms we’ve crushed were not inherently broken, but their worship of their ancestors was problematic.”

“Because how *dare* people unite themselves around shared cultural icons in a time of crisis.”

“When they think that their symbols are superior to others’, that they justify the slaughter of others, that is reprehensible. Do you disagree?”

“No, but the response to that is to ban slaughter, not symbolism. Do you leave anybody alive? At all?” Hector asked, changing the subject.

“If they cooperate and join us, yes. Were you paying any attention to our expansion over these past few decades? Montreal, Stockholm, and Madrid were all incorporated peacefully. Johannesburg was taken with violence. We’ve fought in the Middle East and Turkey, but withdrew because the Crusade left those lands nigh unusable. They can keep their piles of rubble, but, if they engage in hostile action, we’ll destroy them. They have no place in the new world.”

“I’m sure they’d say the same of you,” Hector said.

“Then it’s a good thing they don’t get to decide. Magnus was told by the moribund U.N to save the new world however he could, and I am his successor. I have the power. I will not make the changes you desire, and I will make sure that you are never in a position to make them. I’m sorry.” Lancaster’s voice dripped with venom as he spat out his last sentence.

“You’re going to leave me here? Not one for making new friends, hm?” Hector asked as the Director-General walked away. He didn’t get an answer.

## Chapter 6 - Hyperion

“The mythical Shanghai, a glistening vessel from the east come to deliver us from evil. The scripture here reeks of Oriental fetishism. Supposedly, the Hyperion Cult believes that the ship which carried so many vital refugees to Geneva will make a second coming in our time of need? I suppose it was easy for the Prophet to fit it into most religions’ mythologies, either as the intervention of some deity or as part of an apocalyptic, end-game battle like those that might be fought at Dabiq or at Tel Megiddo. It’s a decidedly nonsensical concept for a long-destroyed, man-made vessel to somehow return, but, if it helps him unite the people, then so be it.”

* *Uriah Washington, in* A Light From the East?

“What?”

Ian opened one eye to see his surroundings. Polished hardwood floors. Whitewashed walls. Luxurious furniture. Not a window to be seen, but the gentle hum from all around and the steady sway of the room told that he was on some manner of aircraft. A Commonwealth prison transport was what he had expected, but this was far too comfortable for such a vessel.

There was no chance that someone such as him had been granted a place in Heaven, if it existed. More importantly, he *felt* alive. If he had fallen in battle, he believed that he would know. And yet here he was, in an otherwise unexplainable situation.

The ship swayed gently underneath Ian. His lengthy service with the civil guard had seen him packed with the other guardsmen into more than their fair share of transports as they were shipped between principalities, but this one was surprisingly smooth. Were he in any position to rest, the motion could easily have lulled him to sleep.

“No storms,” he muttered to himself. That could only have meant that they were above one of the settled principalities, or else some place where the towers Magnus had mentioned had fallen into disrepair.

He stumbled out of bed.

Beneath him, the wooden floor felt cold against the bare soles of his feet. The civil guard uniform that he had been wearing last he checked was nowhere to be seen, taken away in favor of a white undershirt and shorts, with bandages over burns on his arms and legs. Moving these limbs hurt, but he forced himself to stand upright.

“Why the hell did I survive?” Ian muttered aloud, plodding over to the wall with rage coursing through his veins and slamming his head against it, as if to punish himself. “I fucked everything right the fuck up and didn’t even have the dignity to die because of it. What kind of justice is that?”

Ian’s rifle and pistol, the same ones he had used in the Tower, stood propped against a bedside table. A quick check showed that they were bereft of ammunition, but he picked up the sidearm nonetheless.

“Eirene…Lavinia,” he thought. “That’s twice now I’ve gotten you hurt. Maybe even got you killed, and yet here I am, alive.” The gun in his hand was empty, but it would only need one bullet to set things right.

No. As much as he wanted to make himself suffer for his crimes and his failures, Ian knew there would be time for that later. Now, it fell to him to gather information. If any of his allies yet survived, he could begin to put the pieces back together, and that would be more difficult if he were dead.

Ian carefully pushed the heavy metal door open and peeked out into the hallway. A single man could be seen, and Ian pointed the unloaded weapon at him almost without thinking.

“Don’t shoot,” the man said as he carefully put his hands in the air. “They put me here to send you in the right direction once you woke up. It’s a lot to deal with, but…I’m sorry, we didn’t expect you to be awake so soon. Just wait in your room, and I’ll send for Master Théoden.”

There was no use threatening this fool any further. If this ‘Théoden’ character was knowledgeable, then there was the chance that he would know what had happened to the rest. Heart rapidly sinking, he picked up speed as he decided to seek out the captain of this vessel. That was his best chance of finding an answer.

Before long, an elderly man arrived. He was of average build with wispy white hair and a kindly demeanor, which only served to unnerve Ian further.

“I am Théoden Lockhart. It is good to finally meet you, Mr. Baros,” the man said.

“Well, this doesn’t reek of supervillainy at all,” is what Ian wanted to say, but he refrained. “You can’t possibly have heard that much about me,” is what he said instead. This whole situation unnerved him. Here was a man, obviously not associated with the UN, who somehow had knowledge of him. It didn’t make sense.

“You’re right,” said Lockhart. “I do not know that much about you, personally. What I do know is that you and your friends were a threat to the continued existence of mankind and had to be neutralized.”

“Well, I’m sorry, but would you mind telling me a little more about, I don’t know, where I am and why I’m here?”

“But of course. I could hardly expect you to cooperate blindly with what I’m going to ask you to do.”

“We’ll see.”

“Indeed. As I said, my name is Théoden Lockhart. Master of the Hyperion Cult in Switzerland. Though you do not realize it now, our goals are similar, which is why I brought you here instead of killing you.”

“Are they? Then explain why you stopped us from finishing our job in Athens.”

“Ah, you’ve put two and two together already. Good, good. Yes, we did attempt to interrupt your assassination of the Director-General. Again, it was…necessary. I shall explain why if you’ll just let me talk.”

Ian took a deep breath and remained calm. “Fine, go ahead.”

“We both want to bring about a better society, Mr. Baros. The difference is that where you prefer to burn the old to make way for the new, Hyperion goes about its business in a more enlightened manner. We understand that the UN, as unpleasant as it might be at times, is a necessary evil. Like all things, though with just the right amount of pressure it can be molded into whatever shape one desires.”

“So you’re a rebel group like us, then?”

“We are our own sovereign state. We maintain an army because, while our intentions are peaceful, the Provisional Government has demonstrated many times that it cannot say the same. In its nascent years, it put any who would not join it to the sword, expanding and absorbing groups of survivors without mercy. It is by the grace of this army and by my agents’ subterfuge that Hyperion survives today. So to call us mere ‘rebels’ is to do us an immense disservice, but I cannot blame you for that. You have not yet seen any of what my country is.”

Théoden paused and looked out the window, then returned his gaze to Ian. “You have to understand that if we’d let you continue with your little revolution, it wouldn’t have been long before we were cutting off heads and dancing the Carmagnole in the streets. I deeply regret the use of violence, but my advisors insist it was necessary to prevent the collapse of what may be, unfortunately, the strongest bastion of civilization that remains today. I must agree with them.”

Ian immediately didn’t trust the man, but he didn’t see any option but to cooperate for the time being. His captor clearly had great resources at his disposal. Perhaps, with enough time, he could use these tools to find his former comrades.

“Alright, point taken,” he said. “What do you want from me?”

“I am glad you’re taking this so well. You have demonstrated that you are a competent soldier and commander, so I believe that I may make use of your skills.”

“I thought you didn’t want to fight?”

“I don’t want to fight. I abhor violence, I loathe war. But time and time again, someone forces us to interrupt the calm, intellectual life I would have my people lead in favor of yet another bloodbath. In the beginning, I thought to passively wait out the conflict, but my advisors wisely steered me from that naïve path. Therefore, as much as it pains me, I must fight to protect the world I would create, where the natural order of things is preserved, the way it was before the scientists of the old world and the Commonwealth perverted all that was good and holy. I will not force you, rather, I shall simply ask that you accompany me to Geneva and give Hyperion a chance. We both want the world returned to the way it was, and we can do great things together.

“Geneva,” said Ian. “I haven’t heard of it being clear there.”

“It is,” replied Lockhart. “As I implied earlier, we subtly push and prod the Commonwealth into the directions we would like. It has been enough to keep them out of our way.”

“Alright, fine. But there’s one thing that I still don’t understand.”

“I’ll answer any questions you have.”

“Then answer me this: Where are the rest? Janessa, Alexis, Hector, Teague, Eirene? My friends, where are they?”

“I don’t know,” Lockhart said after a moment of contemplation, during which Ian felt his heart accelerate. “I’m sorry to say they could be dead. Many of them likely are, and if they aren’t, well, the loyalists will have them soon enough. We were lucky enough just to get you.” Upon seeing Ian clench his fists and furrow his brow in anger, though, he held up his hand and continued. “I know what you’re thinking, but we did not kill them. Not directly.”

“Your gunship was firing *missiles* at them not one day ago. You can’t possibly know that for sure.”

“Those bombs produce smoke, chemicals that put you to sleep, and little else. I had intended to take you all alive if it were possible. The Commonwealth guards were too quick to respond, though, and got to them before we could. The smokescreen didn’t delay them as much as we’d hoped.”

Ian knew that it was unwise to provoke his “host,” but he could not restrain himself. “We were doing just fine until you showed up, thank you very much,” he said, jabbing an accusatory finger at Théoden. “I don’t care if it was all smoke, they’re still gone because of *you*!”

“No. I understand your anger, but they are gone because of themselves. You didn’t honestly think that it would have succeeded? What was your plan of action after Magnus’ death? Hmm? Not even just getting out of the tower, which was a dubious proposition at best. The Peregrine militia, if it’s even still around, now has the full attention of the Commonwealth. Where they were once content to fight you with token defense forces they will now see you crushed under the weight of every ship and every soldier they have at their disposal. You’ve woken the sleeping tiger, to use a clichéd phrase. Hyperion was your only chance at salvation.” He looked down at the floor in shame. “…and we failed. I’m sorry. But I did not kill them, and if you help me then I intend to make their sacrifices worth something.”

Ian thought about Théoden’s words, knowing that he wasn’t wrong, and then began to cry. Théoden let him do so, patiently waiting for Ian to clear his head.

When the tears finally slowed, Ian considered his situation. He still didn’t trust Théoden, but he seemed sincere enough. Enough to play along for a time and see where this went, at least. “Fine,” he said with a sniff. “I can see that I don’t have much choice in the matter. Take me to Geneva.”

The ship began to quiver as it started to enter a storm. “You will be comfortable with us,” said Théoden. “Geneva is a far cry from what I’m sure you’re used to. All of the facility’s amenities will be made available to you. You shall have food, drink, and leisure. Spiritual services you’ve likely been denied in the Commonwealth. Women or men as you desire them, none of them coerced like you might find in some survivor enclaves.”

“Hookers and gigolos?” Ian laughed darkly. “I’ve still got someone at home to whom I’d like to be faithful, but thanks for the offer.”

“You still hold out hope that they can be rescued?”

“There’s always hope. This isn’t the first time I fucked up.”

Théoden smiled. “Good. Hope is good.”

## Chapter 7 – Escape from the Panopticon

“It was undoubtedly a dramatic affair, so many ‘natural disasters’ striking at once, all over the globe. However, contrary to the narrative pushed by the UN, they were far from a genocidal force. Each storm’s death toll was scarcely higher than a regular disaster; it was merely the fact that so many had erupted at once and that they did not seem to dissipate that set them apart. An argument could be made that they ended the world as we know it, because the storms did have a devastating effect on infrastructure and transportation, leading to the balkanization of most nations, but that would be an extreme interpretation of events.

* Archivist Victoria Cromwell, in A Blank Slate: Humanity’s Second Chance

The facility known as the Panopticon was not a true panopticon, as the layout was originally envisioned. The supposed advantage of such a building was to allow a single watchman to supervise every prisoner, exploiting the fact that they could never know if he was observing them at any given time, but the Provisional Government had grown paranoid and augmented Bentham’s design with an entire army of guards to keep the country’s worst offenders in line.

Officially, the Panopticon was created to contain the worst of the worst, those who needed to be kept under close scrutiny. Over the years, most of its population had been replaced by political prisoners, mostly young idealists and elders who advocated a return to the ways of their childhoods. The Peregrine rebels who were captured expected that most of them would be sent there, and the government did not disappoint.

All things considered, it wasn’t a terrible fate. Even if it believed them beyond any hope of rehabilitation, the government was reluctant to abuse the Panopticon’s inhabitants and, for the most part, treated them fairly. Presumably, Alexis thought, this was designed to reduce the likelihood of a revolt. Sensible enough, granted they could spare the resources. In the event that the prisoners did revolt, however, there was one last measure in place to quash an upstart rebellion. The main “ring” of cells that surrounded the central guard post was not a tower, as most panopticons were, but rather a pit. A pit connected to the canals bringing fresh water into the city after being desalinated at the St. Elodie Waterlock. The prison’s warden, if he felt it necessary, could open the floodgates and drown the entire panopticon in cold Aegean water.

“That does put something of a dampener on our otherwise decent accommodations, Janessa said as she and the remaining Peregrine commanders ate lunch at the bottom of the Panopticon. Meals were the one time of day that the prisoners were allowed to socialize with anybody other than their cellmates, under the watchful eyes of the guards.

“Yep. Like, I’m sure that the criteria for actually activating that protocol are pretty strict, but, still. Makes the idea of a breakout somewhat undesirable,” Alexis replied. “If we wanted to get out, it would have to be a few at a time. Not that it’s relevant, because that doesn’t exactly seem possible.”

“Aye. Seems like the only consolation we’ve got now is that we killed Magnus. With any luck, that will inspire someone else to take up our mantle. The revolution will not die with us.”

“God willing.”

“Indeed.”

The two women were not alone at the table, but company was sparse. The prisoners were assigned meal shifts, and few were lucky enough to eat with their friends, if they even had any. Besides Janessa, Alexis was joined by a strong-looking man of Eastern European ancestry and a skittish woman with a soft English accent. The English woman was Alexis’ cellmate, Lisbeth Stroud, but she did not recognize the Slavic man.

“I don’t believe we’ve met. Irwin Sokolov,” he said, extending a hand to Alexis.

“I was just about to ask,” she replied.

“Sarcasm, or…?”

“No. I was genuinely curious. I’m sorry if it came off that way.”

“Oh, it’s no trouble. Anyway, seems we’ve got two of the three commanders at this table. You don’t suppose Commander Baros’s just on another shift, do you?”

“He has to be,” Janessa said.

“And if he’s not?”

“Then, when we burn Athens to the ground, you’ll have a different commanding officer, I suppose.”

Alexis looked sideways at Janessa. “So, Lisbeth, you never said which section you belonged to,” she said, moving the conversation away.

“Dragoon,” Lisbeth said before opening up a bottle of pills and swallowing one with a gulp of water.

“One of Jan’s girls, then. What are the pills for? The UNPG lets you administer your own medication?”

“Yeah. They do. See, I, uh, have implants. Augments. Same as you. But my body doesn’t like them. So I have to take these pills or else I’m gonna have a pretty bad time of it. It’s a lot of rubbish, but that’s my lot in life.”

As Lisbeth spoke, Alexis found herself struggling to keep up. Her rapid delivery of each fragmented sentence combined with her accent made for a difficult conversation, but she was starting to get used to it.

“Are the pills from Madelyn-Rash?” Sokolov asked.

“Yep. Mm-hmm. Standard issue. Defense Admin sends ‘em out to the military, too. We’re rare enough that our pills aren’t exactly over-the-counter.”

“Hector used to be able to procure some for her,” Janessa added. “He had enough fingers in the industrial pie to make it happen. Guess he won’t be doing that anymore.”

“Lucky he could do that, then. From what I’m hearing, it’s not the kind of thing I’d have been able to find on my salvage runs.”

“Aye.”

\* \* \*

Because of the shifts, Alexis was unable to assess how many of the Peregrines had survived Samara Tower. Hector and Teague were unaccounted for, but that did not mean they were dead. Hector’s death would not have been a tragedy in her eyes, but Teague was someone she did not want to lose. By the grace of God, Eirene had evidently made it out alive and, physically, in one piece. Alexis’ younger counterpart was part of the lunch shift just before hers, and the two occasionally caught glimpses of each other as they were shepherded between their cells and the base of the Panopticon. On one such occasion, Alexis had observed Eirene sitting at a table with a pad of paper and drawing pencils, sketching a fragile-looking young woman posed opposite her. The guards soon ordered her to pack it up and return to her cell with the rest of her shift, but it was clear from the brief scene that the two women had, to some extent, become friends. Alexis couldn’t help but feel an ounce of shameful jealousy that she quickly hid in the back of her mind.

\* \* \*

“We need to get the fuck out of here,” Janessa said on that day’s lunch meeting. “I’m not going to just sit around like a lousy good-for-nothing while there’s people who need killing.”

“I think it’s clear by now that just killing people isn’t enough,” Alexis replied.

“And you know this exactly how? Since when does a single defeat – a pyrrhic victory, even – warrant a radical change in direction?”

“I didn’t say we’re going to become peace-loving hippies. But we clearly need to, uh, augment our methods. Do something new. Not a radical shift in doctrine, but we clearly need to reconsider our approach to this problem.”

“And what exactly would you say our problem is?”

Alexis paused.

“See, you don’t know. Fighting’s all we have. If we waste time deliberating, experimenting, we let the enemy take advantage. We need commitment, dedication to a single goal. That’s how we win.”

“Sure, sure,” Alexis said. “Because it’s not like we’re locked up or anything. The enemy already *has* the advantage, so why not take the time to re-evaluate our strategy?”

Janessa laughed. “Aye, that’s fair. Still, if we get out, we need to hit the ground running.”

“I guess I can’t argue with that.”

Suddenly, Janessa’s eyes sharpened. “Ssh, guards approaching,” she said in a whisper that only those sitting at the table could hear. Her words briefly reminded Alexis of their encounter with the guardsmen before the fateful attack on Samara Tower. Allegedly, the civil guard had been instructed to respond to some riot or other, but, as she reflected, she recalled that Magnus had insisted that his own elite troops were on site. Another oddity, and another mystery to solve.

Regardless, the rebels kept quiet as a pair of civil guardsmen meandered by. One of them, a young man with tanned skin and hair as red as Alexis’ muttered something incomprehensible into the other’s ear, prompting the latter to nod and quit the area, leaving the former alone with Alexis, Janessa, and company.

“Good afternoon,” the man said. “I was just transferred here. Figured I should become acquainted with our newest and most infamous guests.”

“Is that so?” Janessa asked, masking her suspicions beneath as neutral an expression as she could manage.

“Why not? Is it wrong?”

“It’s certainly unusual,” Alexis said. “Why do you care?”

The guard looked from side to side, checking to see if his peers were watching him. They were not. “There are some of use who are sympathetic to your cause,” he said in a low voice. “Don’t expect us to help you organize a prison break, or anything – that’s beyond our power even if we wanted to – but I at least understand your grievances, if you get my drift.”

“Oh, one of *those*. You say you support our cause but lack the conviction to take action, is that right?” Janessa said.

“Jan!” Alexis snapped.

The guard smiled. “Don’t worry, I’m not going to punish you for a little back talk. But take your colleague’s advice – many of the other guards are not so tolerant.”

“Whatever.”

“I apologize for her,” Alexis said, prompting a loathsome glare from Janessa. “Anyway, what exactly did you want?”

“Just to talk, I guess. My name is Adrian. I hope you haven’t suffered any grievous abuse at the hands of my peers. I’m sure you know how zealous they can be.”

Alexis shrugged. “Nothing worse than a few nasty looks. They’ve been kind enough to grant most of our requests for simple materials. Books, pens and paper. You know. Food’s actually an improvement over what we usually had to eat on the outskirts.”

“Good, good. You don’t deserve harsh punishment.”

“Is that so? I know quite a few who’d disagree.”

Adrian shrugged. “Yes, and, alas, they hold a little more sway here than I do. Still, just know that I’ll do whatever I can to make life easy for you.”

“I appreciate it,” Alexis replied, deciding that it was best to be diplomatic.

Janessa instead eyed Adrian with a suspicious glare, sizing him up and arriving at the conclusion that he was of dubious quality as an ally. “So,” she said, “If you’re so sympathetic to our cause, why did you stay with the UNPG? Why didn’t you join up with us before…”

“Before everything went to hell? Would I have really made a difference? Don’t you think it’s better to have a man on the inside?”

“And what exactly was our ‘man on the inside’ doing for us all this time?” Janessa’s glare intensified. “You may have ideals, but you lack the conviction to do anything with them. We don’t need a milquetoast coward of an ally who spends his days lying to himself that he’s making a difference sitting on his ass and doing nothing but enabling a tyrant’s visions.”

“Do you think I had a choice?” Adrian asked, a hint of malice insinuating itself into his voice. “I have a brother. He can’t take care of himself, so I have to do it for him. Abandoning a stable job to pursue some pipe dream wasn’t exactly a good idea.”

“You always have a choice. You think none of us have families? I left my parents behind. I, for one, was more than happy to do that, because they were awful people, but plenty of others gave up people they loved to make a better world.”

“I cut ties with my mother,” Alexis admitted.

“And I with my wife and son,” Sokolov said.

“Parents, brother, and sister,” Lisbeth added, finishing the group.

“It was for the best,” Janessa said. “We went into a dangerous business, and having close ties to relatives outside the Peregrines was a risk, to both them and us. It sucks, but there’s no progress without sacrifice. And it sure as hell beats doing nothing.” She sighed. “Listen, I know your situation was a little different. You needed to actually care for this brother of yours. But that doesn’t excuse doing *nothing*. And just ‘expressing your sympathies’ *is* doing nothing.”

Adrian looked at the table. “Maybe,” he said. “Maybe.”

“I used to be with the civil guard,” Alexis said. “Stayed with them even after student service. We all know how hard it is to leave a comfortable life, so I don’t blame you for staying. And you’re not wrong to assume that a man on the inside could help our cause, even if you haven’t really done much thus far. I can hardly expect every man, woman, and child to drop everything and take up arms for the cause.”

“Would make our lives a lot easier if they did,” Janessa said, cracking the faintest of smiles. Lisbeth giggled in response, her face immediately turning red as she stopped and bid herself make no more noise.

“Yeah, well, something tells me that isn’t going to happen,” Adrian replied. “Still, you said you were civil guard? If it’s not too much to ask, what made you quit?”

Alexis sighed. “I mean, there were a few reasons. But the last straw was this operation we had in the outskirts near Liar’s Bluff, not far from where I ended up living with the Peregrines, funnily enough. Anyway, it was a hostage crisis. Pretty routine – bunch of thugs took two engineers and were demanding money and passage to some rebel base they’d heard of in Tehran.”

“I’m guessing that base no longer exists.”

“I’d assume so,” Alexis replied. “I didn’t stick around for the follow-up. Anyhow, I was a lieutenant at the time, one step up from the Athens guard captain.”

“Quite the prestigious position.”

“Mmhmm. If you asked my captain, though, my job was basically to keep them from spending their entire downtime ‘drinking, smoking, and fucking’ with their boyfriends or girlfriends, which I did. Mostly. Point is, I had a lot of authority, but still had to follow someone’s orders. So when the day started going south…well, our first attempt to storm the building was sub-optimal, to say the least. We were in position and thought we could take out the bad guys fast enough to keep the hostages alive, but, apparently, they had more intel than we thought and were waiting for us. A half dozen of my girls killed or wounded, which is more than I’d lost in my entire career up to that point.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Adrian said, the expression on his face seemingly genuine.

Alexis felt the sorrow rising up inside her, each memory bringing with it a new pang of guilt. “I’d done my best to turn them into the best unit the guard had to offer,” she said. “We were never gonna be on the same tier as the Skywatch, but we were damn close. It just wasn’t enough. Anyhow, just one loss wasn’t gonna make me defect. We all knew the risks. But what happened after…” She paused. “As soon as we’d fallen back, regrouped, I made plans for another go. They’d executed a hostage in response to our attack, some old man who deserved better. I wasn’t about to let them take another.”

“So, what happened?”

“With only one hostage left and an apparently unassailable position, my captain made a decision – glass the whole place. Figured it was better to flatten everybody, including the hostage, than waste more people having another go at a rescue. The UNPG ran the numbers and came to a decision. Nothing I could say would change their minds.”

Janessa scoffed. “Perhaps they put too much trust in you. Thought that if you couldn’t take it, then that was that.”

“I won’t disagree. Part of it was my fault, I don’t deny it. But they should have replaced me and tried again, not just given up and resorted to scorched earth or whatever.”

“So you decided you’d had enough and deserted, hoping to find someone who could use your talents in a more ethical way, is that right?”

“To find greener pastures, yes. I took some of my most trusted people and headed north that day. They were just as disgusted as I was, so it wasn’t hard to convince them. One of them knew about the Peregrine base ‘cause her brother had apparently defected a little earlier, and that’s all she wrote.”

“The brother she’s speaking of is dead now, by the way,” Janessa said, her mouth curling into a bitter grimace.

“As are most people in that story, I imagine” Sokolov replied. “We should avenge them, not sit around mourning.”

Janessa turned to face him, her incensed face betraying any attempt to disguise her rage, but was interrupted as Adrian stood up. “Whatever you’re planning, I think it’s best I don’t know about it,” he said. “Anyway, thanks for your time. It’s been…interesting.”

“And thank you for listening,” Alexis said, giving him a quick and sloppy farewell salute.

\* \* \*

As time went on, the truth that there would be no escaping from the Panopticon became oppressive. With only one way in or out and an omnicidal mechanism ready to destroy them all at a moment’s notice, any conventional escape plan was all but an impossibility.

“I suppose there are worse fates,” Sokolov said. “Military prisoners of regimes past would likely give their right legs to trade places with us, if they still had them.”

“Would that we had better food, though. I’d hoped to improve my lot in life, and yet here we are.” Janessa said with a hint of humor in her voice.

“I always assumed that food from the government would be average at best. Fortunately, I find myself comfortable with mediocrity, being myself mediocre.”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself,” Alexis said.

Sokolov shrugged. “Not hard, just realistic,” he said. “I joined the Peregrines to make something of myself, to do something worth writing down in the history books rather than waste away in obscurity. But, as Commander Tyler says…here we are.”

“Not for long, God willing.”

“So that’s your plan?” Janessa asked. “Just wait for God to help us?”

“I didn’t say we shouldn’t try. But, like, look around us. Realistically, is anything short of an act of God gonna deliver us from this pit?”

Janessa shrugged. “I’m of the mind that the words ‘god’ and ‘realistic’ scarcely belong in the same sentence. If your god did help the faithful, then perhaps there’d have been more than one successful crusade. But what do I know about the machinations of the Lord – I’m but a humble chevalier.”

“Well, do you have a better plan?”

“Any plan we come up with is liable to get us killed. I’m sure you don’t need reminding. So why not just make a leap of faith? I guess that’s a bit of an ironic term to use given what I just said, but whatever. Storm the elevator and see if we can get to the surface before they dump the Aegean on us. Either we escape or we die trying, which, the way I see it, is preferable to rotting down here.”

“Fortune favors the bold,” Sokolov said.

Alexis hummed. “That’s what they say, but I’m not sure how often it proves true. I prefer caution.”

“How many are remembered in history books for their caution?”

“At least as many as are remembered for hasty mistakes, like the one that ended us up in here. We lost at the Tower because we were forced to scuttle our plans and take reckless action. I’m not going to make that mistake again. We’ll be patient and wait until the enemy presents us with an opportunity.”

“Right, I guess you’re the boss,” Janessa muttered.

\* \* \*

On the rebels’ last day of incarceration, their morning began with a cacophony of sirens and yells from the rim of the Panopticon. From the base of the pit where they had assembled for breakfast, the prisoners could not tell what crisis had arisen, but could easily make out the shapes of a half-dozen capital ships passing overhead. Those with an acute sense of direction realized that they were headed north, in the direction of the now-abandoned Peregrine base.

“That doesn’t seem right,” Alexis said as she watched the metal hulks drift away. To her left, Lisbeth twitched, and, on her right, Sokolov eyed the ships with keen suspicion.

“Couldn’t be headed for our old place,” Janessa said, sharing her comrades’ concerns. “If they wanted to sweep the area for stragglers, a fleet like that would be entirely uncalled for. Do you think, perchance, someone else might have moved in?”

“Would have to be someone pretty damn scary. We held that base for years and never saw more than a few skirmish units. I can’t think of any other reason that they’d be sending a fleet to the north, though, so who wants to guess who the new public enemy number one is?”

“Russian remnants, maybe?” Sokolov mused. “If they wanted to hit the UNPG, they’d probably do a blitz attack from the north. It’s what I’d do, at any rate.”

Alexis considered his hypothesis, but dismissed it. “Doubtful,” she said. “Russia was still on the Security Council when the UNPG was founded, so any Russian forces worth mentioning were integrated from the start. Nothing but a few urban holdouts and Siberian tribes up there now, far as I’m aware.”

“So many with bones to pick. None of them strong,” Lisbeth said.

“She’s right,” Janessa agreed. “The Provisional Government’s not without its enemies. All the scattered groups who don’t want to swear fealty to the new world order would no doubt like to see them dead, but, unless one of them’s managed to rebuild itself into a proper country with an organized military, I’m not sure what they could do to provoke that kind of reaction. We were the most credible threat to the UNPG that I ever knew of, and even we had to resort to guerilla warfare at the best of times.”

Sokolov shrugged. “Well, if we go by Alexis’ logic, we can rule out Russia, France, Britain, China, and the United States. All permanent members of the UNSC and founders of the UNPG. The Chinese and Americans, maybe not, since they’re farther away and had to leave more people behind when the storms hit, but that also means they’d have a harder time mobilizing anything that’d pose a real threat.”

“Iran,” Lisbeth said, quietly but decisively.

“Hey, now there’s an idea. Pure conjecture of course, but I’d put some money on it,” Sokolov said. “Could be some other group of Tehran Pact remnants, but Iran’d be strongest individual power left in the Middle East. Or, if they managed to reform the Pact…now *that* would be a threat. Of course, I’m no expert on that area, so that might not even be possible. It’s all a guessing game anyway.”

“Thing is, if the Tehran Pact were attacking, you’d think they’d use Istanbul as a staging point, not hit us from the north,” Alexis said.

“That didn’t work out so well for them during the Crusade, did it?”

“They got all the way to Vienna before they ran out of steam. If they launched a second attack against the West, but this time only needing to take Greece to land a killing blow, they could probably do it. But maybe you’re right, and they’re being cautious, sending an expedition up north to loop through Ukraine and tie up the UNPG in the north while they make a naval landing at Attica or the Peloponnese. The only other possibility that I can even imagine is that the Pope, if he even exists, finally mustered a big enough army to seek revenge for the sack of Vatican City.”

“That seems…unlikely,” Janessa said.

“Agreed. My money’s on Tehran. Not that it matters.”

\* \* \*

When they finally learned the truth, the Peregrines were surprised to discover that they had been correct – almost. That evening, prompting no small amount of alarm, the Peregrine leaders were summoned to a clandestine room near the rim of the Panopticon, alone but for a mere handful of Skywatch officers in their grey-blue fatigues and body armor.

Scanning the room, Alexis noticed just about everybody of importance within the rebel leadership. In addition to herself, Teague and Hector were present, as was Janessa. Ian was conspicuously absent, a poor omen of his chances of survival, but in his place was Eirene, representing the Peregrines’ air wing. Every branch of their military was represented except for the Shock Corps, but, in that moment, none of them mattered to her except for Eirene.

It was almost a guilty pleasure, watching her. Everything about Eirene must have been divinely inspired, God’s greatest success if he had truly tried to build humanity in his own image. Alexis couldn’t help but want to reach out and touch her, not so much for any sexual reason but rather out of her rebellious spirit’s yearning to defy what ought to have been there: a museum’s admonition not to touch the art.

“Tell me,” one of the officers said, interrupting Alexis’ admiration, “what work would you be willing to do for us in exchange for your freedom?”

“I beg your pardon?” Hector asked.

“We have protocols. In the event that a threat is posed which our existing military cannot contain, the Skywatch is authorized to recruit reinforcements from within the penal system. You and your troops have extensive combat experience in the regions where we expect to engage the enemy, so I’m ready to offer you a deal. All your people get released, re-armed, and re-supplied, and we ship you all up north to hold the enemy off at your old base.”

“Tehran?” Alexis asked, echoing Lisbeth’s gamble from earlier in the day.

“Sort of,” the officer replied. “We’ve yet to observe the rise of any legitimate nation-states, but a group of insurgents *has* sprung up from the corpse of the Pact. Islamic extremists, according to our intelligence. We’ve deployed what forces we can to the areas they’re threatening, but our infantry units are occupied elsewhere, so we could use your guerilla specialists to actually hold the ground.”

Alexis was immediately suspicious, and she was certain that her compatriots felt the same way. They had killed the Director-General of the Provisional Government – if these were mere insurgents, how could they possibly warrant the liberation of such dangerous prisoners? Everything she saw pointed to some sort of trap, or at least a scheme that would not be to their benefit.

As she voiced these concerns to the others, most of them seemed to agree.

“And yet, why set a trap for those already in custody?” Hector asked. Neither Alexis nor any of the others could present a counter-argument.

“It isn’t a trap, but neither is it meant for your benefit. You’re a tool that we intend to use, and ideally expend, and once these Tehrani rebels are dealt with, we will recall your forces. Naturally, you’ll resist and we return to the status quo prior to your great failure at the Tower.”

“In our weakened state, a return to the status quo would put us at a severe disadvantage, but freedom is freedom,” Hector said. “Even if it is a trap, at least we’d have room to maneuver.”

“He’s not wrong. I suggest you take this opportunity,” the officer said.

The entire scenario still seemed implausible to Alexis. After all, why would the government release prisoners on only their word that they would fight some mysterious enemy? However, she had to concede that Hector was right. Whatever plan the Provisional Government had cooked up had to be better than the Panopticon. “Fine,” she said. “If you’re all on board, then so be it. I’ll do whatever you need me to do.”

“Likewise. Seems like waiting did pay off after all,” Janessa said with a grumble.

“We’ve yet to see if that’s true,” Alexis replied.

“Right.”

The rest of the Peregrine leaders agreed that this was their only real chance, suspicious as it was, and so the deal was struck. All the rebel prisoners would be released and garrisoned at their old fort, in the hopes of warding off the attack from Tehran. A convoy of troops and supplies, including everything from rations to Eirene’s corvette, arrived at its destination in the evening of the next day. For the time being, they were free, although most of them were still unsure as to why.

## Chapter 8 – The Children’s Crusade

“Reconciliation, not retribution is what we need. No side can claim to have won that war. Both have suffered equally. If we extend a helping hand, show the West that we are willing to cooperate, then we can avoid future conflict and take back the moral high ground. Let us work together to rebuild each other’s ruined cities.”

* *High Councilor Aaliyah Samara, daughter of the Emperor*

As Ian disembarked the vessel, he was struck not only by the magnificence of the ship itself, but also by the breathtakingly beautiful sight of the city. The ship was long and ornate, its smooth, curvaceous hull a deep red hue trimmed with gold, a color that set it apart from the purest marble white of the surrounding architecture. Fanciful towers sprouted from the elaborate maze of smaller facilities and structures, while lines of viridian trees and clear blue water features accented the beautiful sight. Ian stood in awe upon the dock, gazing at the vista before him.

The smell was the third sensation to strike him. While Athens had its moments of beauty, its scent was undeniably that of a city, no matter how clean. In Geneva, he found himself able to take a breath of fresh air and pick up traces of nature all around him. From where Ian stood, he could easily think himself in the wild if he closed his eyes.

Théoden, who had been following shortly behind, patted him on the back. “Welcome to Geneva. It must look quite overwhelming, but I assure you that you’ll soon find yourself accustomed to the city.”

“Thank you.” Ian took a few steps forward, then stopped and turned around. “Say, how big is this place anyway? It looks like you’ve up and rebuilt all of Geneva, and then some.”

“I don’t know,” Théoden confessed, shrugging. “Large, I suppose? Not a megacity like Athens or Montreal, but big enough to support all the refugees I’ve collected.”

“Yeah, it seems like quite the flock. May I ask how you built such a grand city?”

Théoden smiled. “A light came from the East. My family was quite wealthy and owned quite a bit of land here in Switzerland, so I was able to make preparations for the disaster I knew was coming. Unfortunately, I anticipated another war, not a cataclysmic storm. When it happened, much of our infrastructure was destroyed, and the ship carrying many of my contracted workers sank just off of Algiers.”

“So what’s this ‘light from the East’ you mentioned?”

“The CAS *Shanghai* was a refugee airship bound for what would become Athens. Its communication and navigational equipment failed, so it ended up crashing in Geneva, and from the wreckage, it disgorged a whole host of engineers, scientists, and laborers. They were literally our salvation, and so earned themselves and their ship a permanent place in our scripture.”

“Scripture?”

“Religion here takes a different form than you might be used to. Many see the *Shanghai* as a Messianic figure, regardless of their religious affiliation. Their intervention was quite miraculous, and so many have taken to the belief that, when the world is threatened by heresy and violence, the *Shanghai* will return and once again lead our people to victory. It helped that the ship’s iconography was a white horse, a figure that features prominently in many mythologies. Islam and Hinduism, for instance.”

“Erudite, aren’t you?”

“Hardly. I have picked up a lot over the years, but much of my knowledge is second-hand.” Théoden put his arm around Ian and pointed at a building barely visible from their position on the sky dock. “That there is an information center. Head inside, get a map, then find your residence in Dufour Tower. Once you’re inside, you should meet with two people. The first is your magistrate, Robert Lamb. The magistrates are local nobles who all report to me, but they have autonomy regarding the laws of their own holdings. Lamb’s a good man, and he’ll treat you well, so don’t worry.”

“That’s good to hear.”

“Indeed. Now, the second person you’ll meet is Inquisitor Charlotte Aucoin, with whom you’ll be working here in Geneva. How she treats you is entirely your choice. Treat her well, and you’ll get respect in return. The Inquisition rewards loyalty and punishes treachery, as you’d expect.”

“I’ll be sure to honor her, then. But what am I actually going to do? What’s this Inquisition about?”

“You’ll follow her as she does whatever she needs to do, and I will observe to see first-hand how a Peregrine officer handles himself. If I think you would do better outside the Inquisition, and my advisors approve, then you might even earn yourself land and a title. I don’t micro-manage my people, so Charlotte herself will have to explain what your actual tasks will be. Now, unless you have any more questions, we’ll part ways here. Find me in my office at Geneva Tower if you need me.

Ian could immediately tell what building he meant. An enormous tower dominated the skyline, with Théoden’s office no doubt at the top. Samara Tower, Geneva Tower. Some things never changed.

Robert Lamb seemed an amiable sort when they first met. Large, but not fat, he would have been quite intimidating had it not been for his friendly countenance. Smiling, the man shook Ian’s hand and bid him welcome to the “community,” as he put it.

Ian appreciated the gesture, thanking his host before taking a longer look around the foyer.

“Here’s your room key,” Lamb said. “Don’t worry *too* much about losing it; just ask any security staff if you need a replacement.”

Ian nodded and took the keycard, a thin plastic chip with the number 405 on it.

“Fourth floor, room five in case you couldn’t tell. She’s got a good view of the lake. Lucky man you are.”

“Right, thanks. Hey, uh, do you maybe know where I could find Inquisitor Charlotte Aucoin? Théoden said I was to report to her.”

“Master Lockhart set you up with Lottie and her little girls, eh? You’ll have an interesting time with that one, no doubt about it. Charlotte and her little sister are in room 511, and if they’re not back already, they will be soon. You speak French, I hope?”

“Enough to get by. They don’t speak English, then?”

“Emma, the little sister, she’s fluent. Lottie’s not bad but she prefers French. You can tell the English words don’t come naturally to her.”

“I see. I’ll keep that in mind, then. Anything else I need to know?”

“Depends. How old are you, exactly?”

“Thirty-five.”

Lamb let out a chuckle. “Thirty-five, eh? Well then, if nothing else, you should know that Lottie’s barely more than half your age. Girl’s only just turned nineteen, so I hope you don’t mind working for a youngster.”

Quiet alarm bells began to sound in Ian’s head, but he ignored them. Nineteen wasn’t that much younger than Alexis or Eirene, who were both capable women. Depending on Charlotte’s experience and the jobs they would be doing, he figured that she could yet prove adequate.

\* \* \*

Ian finally found Charlotte in her room, as Lamb had indicated. He hadn’t yet visited his own, as he had no belongings to unpack save for what he was presently wearing, and so he decided that he should meet his superior as soon as possible.

When Charlotte opened the door, Ian immediately noticed her displeasure at his dropping by uninvited. She had bags under her eyes and her dark hair was a mess of uncoordinated strands that dangled around her shoulders. Her lips were twisted into a scowl that was more intimidating than it had any right to be, coming from a woman so much younger than he.

Before he could say anything, however, her face softened. “Pardon me if I am less than hospitable,” she said in stilted English. “My little sister has been capricious of late. What business do you have with me?”

“I’m, uh, supposed to report to you now. Théoden recruited me and said that I was supposed to shadow you on operations, get a feel for the place, and all that.”

“Master Lockhart recruited you personally, did he? Then I shall expect great things from you. But, yes, I was informed that I would have a new addition to my retinue.” Charlotte shrugged. “I do not believe that it is necessary, *mais c’est la vie*. Sometimes we get things we did not ask for.”

“Tell me about it. Anyway, just thought I’d introduce myself straight away, get that taken care of. If I’m going to be working for you, is there anything I should know?”

“I do not know how much Master Lockhart told you about our little country, so I will give you the full spiel once you are settled in. In the mean time, I only have to ask if you speak any French. It is my preferred language, but I can tolerate English if it is necessary for our work.”

“It’s not my first language, obviously, but I speak it well enough,” Ian said.

“Excellent. That’s very good to hear,” Charlotte replied with a smile, switching to her mother tongue. “Anyway, I’ll meet you in the foyer of this building at seven-thirty in the morning. I assume you’ve talked to Lamb already, given that you knew where to find me, but I’d recommend going back to him to find out where you can get outfitted and equipped. I’ll expect you at seven-thirty sharp with a uniform and weapon of your choice. Outside of the uniform, the Inquisition doesn’t really have a standard set of gear.”

“Sure thing, I’ll get on that as soon as possible. I look forward to working under you, Inquisitor. Is that the title I should use?”

“That or ‘Mistress Aucoin’ will do. Now, if you’re done, I should attend to my sister. We’ll meet you tomorrow morning.”

\* \* \*

After picking up his uniform – a sharp-looking set of crimson fatigues – and a replacement rifle, Ian spent the rest of the day resting in his room. The bed, at least, wasn’t uncomfortable, and his room had a pleasant view of Lake Geneva complete with a small balcony that offered a breath of fresh air in a private environment.

In the evening, after a simple meal at the residence hall’s cafeteria, Ian stood alone on the balcony. There had been alcohol at the cafeteria, and he felt a strong desire to down a drink or two as he watched the sun disappear, but he knew it would be best to remain sober as he got his bearings. The city that was now his home was beautiful, of this there was no doubt, but he could not shake the feeling of dread and the worry that he had become an enforcer for an oppressive theocracy. What other form of government would employ an inquisition?

Charlotte, meanwhile, tried not to think about her new recruit. The part of her that was, at the end of the day, still a teenager acknowledged that he was certainly quite attractive, but her more professional instincts reminded her that such thoughts were highly inappropriate, and so she disregarded them.

Regardless, Charlotte was uneasy taking on an apprentice. She knew nothing about Ian, save that he was an expatriate from the UNPG and that he looked Greek, which made sense. Worse, she questioned whether this arrangement was ideal given the current set of circumstances. She was but a junior inquisitor, as her superiors were eager to remind her, and her responsibilities were usually limited to petty crime investigation. Perhaps this is why Master Lockhart had assigned Ian to her, as some way to test the new recruit’s skills in a low-stakes environment, but she had no experience training someone older than a cadet. Her little sister was one thing, but a man twice her age was quite another. Under any other system, she thought, he would be the one training her, but she resolved to prove to Ian, Théoden, and anybody else who was listening that she was up to the task.

\* \* \*

Just as Charlotte had ordered, Ian was ready in the foyer at seven-thirty in the morning, his uniform pristine, his hair freshly combed, and his rifle at the ready. He saw the young inquisitor arrive less than a minute afterwards, with two small girls in tow. They couldn’t have been more than twelve, he thought.

“Before we begin, there’s one thing you should know,” she began in French, skipping any pleasantries. “Our Inquisition is not modeled after the historical organizations of the same name, so if you were afraid your duties would involve burning heretics, you needn’t worry. Master Lockhart has always supported freedom of religion. ‘Heresy’ in Geneva has very few specific qualities, so we mostly act as a glorified police force.”

“So we’re just cops on duty, then?”

“Basically. If the Inquisition needs us for a specific operation, we’ll be informed at least twenty-four hours in advance, but we’re expected to respond to any requests for aid should an incident arise during our patrol. Otherwise, we just walk the streets and keep the peace. Simple.”

“Sounds good to me, ma’am,” Ian replied.

“Ma’am, is it? How quaint.”

“I’m sorry, would you prefer I called you ‘Mistress Aucoin?’ Was that what you said yesterday?”

Charlotte smiled. “No, ‘ma’am’ will do fine. We typically use ‘Master’ and ‘Mistress,’ but we’re not strict about it. I suspect you’ve gotten used to your own titles from your work down south, so I don’t mind whatever you call me as long as it’s respectful. We’re not a traditional military group in the way something like the Skywatch is.”

“Alright. I’ll try to use ‘Mistress’ from now on.”

“When in Rome, hmm? Right, now that that’s squared away, you may as well meet my other wards, Emma and Peony. They join me on patrol on the weekends.”

Ian followed Charlotte’s gesture towards the children. They were small, skinny girls with nearly identical haircuts that stopped precisely at their shoulders and cheerful smiles on their faces. Up until that point, they had been distracted whispering and giggling to each other, but they perked up at the mention of their names.

“Introduce yourself, girls,” Charlotte said, stepping aside to clear the space between them and Ian.

The dark-haired girl spoke first. “I’m Emma. Charlotte’s sister,” she said, with an exaggerated bow. “*Ever* so pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“And I’m Peony,” said the brunette, eschewing Emma’s theatrics in favor of an ambivalent shrug. “Cadet serving Mistress Aucoin. But you already knew that.”

Ian did his best to show the girls a friendly smile as he introduced himself and promised that he wouldn’t let them down.

Peony just stood in silence as Emma laughed. “So, you’re working for my sister too, then? I don’t suppose we outrank you then, since we’ve been here longer?” she said, returning Ian’s smile with her own. It was such a saccharine smile that it could only have been an insult, a reminder that he had fallen so far that a pair of little girls had seniority over him.”

“Strictly speaking, no,” Charlotte said. “Mr. Baros is outside the usual chain of command while Master Lockhart evaluates his abilities. Once that time comes, he will be assigned an appropriate role. Theoretically, you might all graduate to junior inquisitors together, but that remains to be seen.”

“Killjoy.”

“Right. It’s worth noting that the inquisition also acts as the fun police,” Charlotte said to Ian with a deadpan look on her face. “Regardless, we should get going. I still have questions, but we can walk and talk. Come on.”

Ian, Emma, and Peony followed the young woman onto the street, which was mostly deserted. What surprised Ian the most about Geneva was twofold – its beauty, and its scale. In Athens, the atmosphere had not been entirely unpleasant, but it had been crowded, its streets blocked by hordes of pedestrians and its skylines obscured by endless rows of skyscrapers, to say nothing of the ruins where he had spent the last few years of his life. The other UNPG cities were scarcely better, or so he heard. But Geneva, while clearly expansive – from his room, at least, Ian could not see a limit to the city – easily eclipsed even the finest architectural achievements of his former home. Its air was fresh and smelled of early spring, and he could hear birds chirping amongst the trees. With precious few skyscrapers in the area, the nearby mountains made for an attractive view from almost anywhere in the city. How such a large settlement had escaped the UNPG’s vision, or at least its grasp, was a mystery.

“Okay, so we have a problem that we need to fix,” Charlotte said.

“And what’s that?” Ian asked.

“I’m an inquisitor. Knowing things is half our job description. And I don’t know anything about you. That won’t do, especially if you’re to support me in the field.”

“Well, then, what do you want to know?”

“As much as possible. For instance, I want to know your family, your friends, your blood type, allergies, medication, skills, hobbies, employment history, relationship history, what you had for breakfast each morning and the color of your underwear.”

“Really?”

“What do you think?” Charlotte asked, her face betraying none of the answers Ian wanted.

“I haven’t known what to think since I got here. I don’t even remember what color my underwear is? Grey?”

“Correct. All undergarments in the set you would have received when you got your uniform are grey.”

“Alright, then,” Ian said, trying and failing to hide his confusion. “So, do you already know the answers to all those other questions? Is this some kind of test?”

“No, I don’t know the other answers. I can make educated guesses based on the statistics I know, but nothing more. For instance, I’d wager that you had waffles for breakfast since they’re by far the most popular breakfast item here, but, being a new arrival, you may not have known that. Unless you asked someone for a recommendation.”

“Which is exactly what I did. Damn.”

“My sister’s basically a genius. She’s the brains of the family,” Emma said.

Charlotte frowned. “Don’t sell yourself short. As I said, just an educated guess. I’m not even going to try to deduce anything else. Too many variables. So, in the absence of any other ways of gathering information, I suppose I’ll just have to ask you a few questions.”

“Fair enough,” Ian said. “Shoot.”

“Right. All that stuff about blood type will be handled by the doctors. I assume you got an appointment when you picked up your new gear?”

“I did, indeed.”

“Good. First off, I want you to tell me about your work with this ‘Peregrine Militia’. What kind of work did you do? Who did you work with?”

“Lots of things and few people. Officially speaking, I was the Commander of the Shock Corps. We hit fast and hard whenever there was a serious fight. The Scout and Salvage Corps under Alexis Eliades supported us by doing reconnaissance, acting as skirmishers, and scouring the ruins for supplies we could use. And then there was the Dragoon Corps, the horseback riders and occasional unit of mechanized infantry, who mostly ran messages and supplies between various units in the field. Heavy vehicles like tanks and aircraft were rare enough that we’d assign them to *ad hoc* task forces whenever they were needed. Myself and the other commanders – Alexis Eliades and Janessa Tyler – worked together on various missions, usually leading from the front on the really important ones, but we also doubled as strategists, spies, and diplomats whenever necessary. On our last mission before I ended up here, the plan was to assassinate the Grand Marshal and pull some strings to get me elected so I could get close to the Director-General. That didn’t pan out, as you can tell.”

As Ian explained the past few days’ events, he felt the hole in his heart grow larger. It wasn’t his fault, he knew. At least, not entirely. If anything, Teague and Hector were to blame, since they were the ones who had laid the plans for this operation and sent them all into danger, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that there might have been something he could have done to salvage that disastrous attack. Now, all he could do was answer Charlotte’s questions and join this “Inquisition” in the hopes that it would grant him access to resources that he could use to make amends for his failure and set things right.

“I see. Well, a diverse set of skills will be useful in the Inquisition, at least. Especially if you have experience with espionage,” Charlotte said.

“At this point, being useful is about all I can hope for,” Ian replied. It wasn’t the full truth, but he did not yet feel it would be appropriate to divulge any ulterior motives.

“I think we’re all hoping out that your assistance proves useful. Regardless, you mentioned two names – Alexis and Janessa, as I recall? Were you close to either of them, or any other people you may have left behind?”

“Close?” Ian said with a dark chuckle. “Yeah, I’d say we were close. I wouldn’t go so far as to say the militia was like a family, but Janessa and I were, uh, together. She was a good woman. Very eccentric. She let the fact that she led the cavalry go to her head, dressed like she was at some kind of a renaissance fair even though I’m not sure she ever picked up a history textbook. But a good woman all the same.”

“Ah. I’m sorry for your loss,” Charlotte said, perhaps the first bit of sympathy Ian had gotten from her.

“I’m not too eager to count her out just yet,” Ian continued. “She was always a stubborn one.”

“I see. And what of this other woman? Were you and her close at all?”

“What, you mean Alexis? It gets a little bit complicated here.”

“Your ex?”

That made Ian laugh, although he immediately regretted it. “Definitely not. No, she always had more of a taste for women. Besides, I was with Janessa before she and I even met.”

“So, what’s complicated about it?”

“The fact that she’s in love with my sister.”

“Oh. Does your sister feel the same way?”

“I think so, yeah,” Ian said. “They’re not ‘officially’ a couple, haven’t even kissed as far as I know, but anybody with eyes can see the way they look at each other. Now, don’t get me wrong. I don’t object to their relationship at all, and, even if I did, her love life isn’t any of my business. But my own relationship with Eirene isn’t the best, which makes it a bit awkward when I have to work so closely with the woman she loves.”

“And Eirene is your sister’s name, I assume? Was she in the militia with you?”

“Yeah. And yeah. She was our pilot. To make a long story short, back when she was a kid, I didn’t help her when she needed me most and she resents me for it. I can’t say I blame her.”

“What did she need?” Charlotte asked.

“At this point, what does it matter?” Ian snapped. “I fucked up. I’m not going to fuck up again. That’s all there is to it.”

Charlotte frowned, but eventually nodded in acceptance. Ian couldn’t help but feel like she intended to get this information out of him one way or another.

“Now, I have one last question for you.”

“Oh, only one more?” Ian said.

“Where do your loyalties lie?”

“Excuse me?”

“If we were to find out that these friends of yours, your sister included, were still alive, would you leave Hyperion to join them? If I ordered you to take an action that would hinder their cause, would you comply?”

“I’m not…”

“Choose your words carefully, Mr. Baros. I expect you to be completely honest. If you aren’t, I’ll know.”

Ian took a deep breath. “The attack on Athens shook my faith in the Peregrine cause,” he admitted. “Still, I know them. They’re good people, and they’ve earned my trust. What kind of man would I be if I just threw them all away?”

“Yes or no, Mr. Baros.”

“No. No, I wouldn’t follow an order that would hurt my old friends. I can’t say for sure whether I’d go back – I suppose it would depend on whether they’ve gotten their act together or not – but I can’t just forget years of loyalty.”

Charlotte nodded again. “Your convictions have been noted. Now it’s my job to prove that we deserve your trust, too.”

\* \* \*

That day’s patrol was entirely uneventful, but Ian appreciated the chance to explore the city and listen to Charlotte give him an informal tour. The younger girls in particular were eager to point out the best places to grab a bite to eat, Emma showing particular excitement for a local candy shop whose owner she claimed would often give samples and leftovers to her and Peony.

“And this,” Charlotte said towards the end of the route, “is the Grand Theatre of Geneva. Rebuilt. Again. There’s someone here that I’d like to catch up with.”

“Friend of yours?” Ian asked.

“A colleague. Inquisitor Royce, who was responsible for my early training. He’s been running surveillance out of the theatre for a while now. Just thought I’d check in to see how he’s doing.”

“Are there a lot of unsavory types in the theatre?”

Charlotte laughed. “Depends on what you mean by unsavory. No, many of them are a bit strange, but not criminal. The theatre’s as good a place as any to use as a front for a listening post.”

“So, how many buildings here are just fronts for the Inquisition, then?”

“All of them,” Emma answered in a tone that was far too chipper for a confession that the entire city was spying on them.

Charlotte regarded her sister’s interruption with an amused smile. “A bit of an exaggeration, but it’s at least eighty-five percent,” she said.

“Seriously?” Ian asked.

“You’ll find out in due course, won’t you?”

Ian groaned. He had begun to suspect that Charlotte was having far too much fun with her new recruit, but he wasn’t going to say anything about it. Regardless, he was interested in seeing the inside of the theatre, even if he felt guilty to enjoy such a luxury while his friends were rotting in prison, or worse.

Ian had rarely had cause to enter any kind of theatre, but he knew that they were often lavish to the point of excess, and the Grand Theatre of Geneva did not disappoint. Its interior was the very picture of European neoclassical architecture – not a subject in which Ian was well-versed, but he appreciated it as much as a layman could. He watched Emma swaying in time with the music that could be heard from the auditorium as they entered the foyer, with Peony practically attached to her but far less dynamic in her movements.

Inquisitor Royce wasn’t hard for Charlotte to find. At first glance, he didn’t seem any different from the other patrons of the musical arts. A pale, grey-haired man in an immaculate suit was hardly out of place in such an establishment, but a closer look revealed at least one scar travelling from his chin to his ear, partially covered by a grandiose moustache.

“Master Royce,” Charlotte said with a bow. Emma copied the gesture, as did Ian after a moment’s delay. Peony just stood still with her arms crossed, but Royce didn’t seem to mind.

“Miss Charlotte, Emma, Peony. So good to see you all. Have you come to face the music with me?” the elder Inquisitor said with his face aglow. Ian noted that the man had a distinctly boisterous American accent.

“Careful how you say that, or some people might think you’re actually in hot water,” Charlotte said.

“Ah, just a joke. I remain in good standing with the Inquisition. As do you, it seems, given that you’ve been assigned a new responsibility.”

And now, Ian saw, he had been downgraded to a “responsibility”. A step above “liability,” at least, even if that would probably be more accurate.

Nevertheless, he introduced himself. “Ian Baros. Former Peregrine militia. Your Master has me shadowing Charlotte as she helps me learn the ropes,” he said. In English, to Ian’s relief.

“Good. Good. Have you been acclimating well?”

“As well as I can, considering that I lost everybody important to me not too long ago. But, hey, at least this place has good music, so I can hear a nice violin solo to accompany my mourning.”

“Ah. You have my pity.”

Pitiful. That was an even more accurate assessment of Ian’s current state. Hopefully, he could remedy that before long. Teague would have told him to pray for salvation, but that alone certainly wouldn’t do.

“But, yes,” Royce continued. “Athanasia Comis is perhaps the best violinist alive today. We’re lucky to have her. Although I wouldn’t be surprised if little Emma surpassed her one day.”

“I’m not sure about that,” Emma said.

“Don’t be silly. Master Barbie said you were literally born to be a musician,” Peony said.

“Ugh, don’t remind me about Barbie,” Emma said with a look of disgust suddenly marring her face. “Besides, what does he know about genetics? As far as I’ve heard, there’s no solid evidence that it’s genetic.”

Ian coughed. “If I may, what exactly are you all talking about?” he asked.

“Emma has perfect pitch,” Charlotte explained. “She can easily recognize or produce specific notes without a reference, which helps her excel in her music classes. Athanasia is the same way.”

“Is that so? I suppose that’s a neat talent to have.”

“Yeah, neat’s about all it is” Emma said. “Too bad the days where you’d take a drummer girl into battle are long gone. But at least I can be the most musical inquisitor in the field, am I right?”

“It’s a bit early for you to thinking about going to war, isn’t it? Do they even have you training for combat at your age?”

“Well, yeah. I mean, I’m technically *in* the army. So are most of my classmates. Reserves, not front line troops, so it doesn’t really mean anything until there’s an actual war, which, let’s be honest, probably isn’t happening any time soon. If it comes, though, we’re going to fight alongside the adults all the same.”

“That’s barbaric!” Ian said, slightly louder than he intended. “Who could possibly justify throwing away children’s lives like that? I don’t know what Théoden’s experience is with war, but it’s no place for anybody – it’s hell enough as it is for people my age; kids like you should be, I don’t know, worrying about tests and homework, not dodging bullets and driving tanks! Even the UNPG doesn’t conscript until nineteen; to put a twelve-year-old into combat is unthinkable.”

Emma’s expression quickly darkened as her innocence evacuated her face. “I don’t mind the idea that I might have to go to war,” she said. “I really don’t – it’s my duty to defend my motherland just like it is Charlotte’s, or Royce’s. Or yours. The UNPG forgot about me and Charlotte. They preach about their generous safety net, but if you’re unlucky enough that its bureaucrats don’t catch you, then you’re as good as dead. Théoden rescued us from being lousy slips on the capital streets, and he’s earned my loyalty for that. It’d be my life on the line in the field, sure, but I would rather die than be forced to go back to Athens.”

Ian chewed his lip for a minute as an awkward silence set in.

“It’s only scout work that we do,” Peony added, as if that made it any better. “We’re not in as much danger as the magistrates’s regular levies.”

If this was how things were, then Ian supposed he would have to deal with it for the time being, as much as he didn’t want to. Unlike his sister, he had usually acknowledged that a war would come with some collateral damage, but intentionally sending children into combat was another thing entirely, one that he was unsure he would ever come to accept.

“Well, if I may,” Royce said, breaking the pregnant pause with a cough, “I do have a request to make of you all. My investigation’s run into a bit of difficulty, and I could use some extra eyes and ears.”

“Well, luckily for you, we have some of both to spare,” Charlotte said.

“Fantastic. We should speak further in private. Come, the Inquisition has a bunker underneath the theatre where we can talk.”

The violin solo had shifted back into a full orchestra by the time Ian and his new allies reached the elevator that would take them to the inquisitorial safehouse. It was nondescript save for a lengthy passcode that Inquisitor Royce easily pressed in.

“Less security than I expected,” Ian mused.

“This is not an important facility, so it can afford to be a softer target,” Charlotte explained.

“Right. It’s only a place to have a bit of privacy,” Royce added. “We don’t store any sensitive material here.”

“I see.”

“Good. Anyway, now that we’re alone, I can tell you what’s going down. The magistrate who owns this land has been under investigation for a while now. His name’s Dietrich Lübeck, and he’s a member of the strategoi.”

“Which is what, exactly?”

“Ah, right. New guy. The strategoi are the cult’s generals, our highest-ranking magistrates. They command the lesser magistrates, who in turn command their personal levies. Only Master Lockhart and the Archons of the fraternal and sororal lodges, that is, the leaders of the Inquisition, outrank them. And even then, the Archons’ primacy over the strategoi has weakened.”

“So, this guy’s a pretty big fish is what I’m gathering.”

“Very big. We have cause to believe that he’s leaking government secrets, and Master Lockhart tasked the inquisition with proving it. This is our big chance. If we can take down a strategos, no one would be able to question our authority.”

It seemed that Geneva was as rife with factionalism as Athens was. Ian could easily imagine the Grand Marshal salivating at the prospect of arresting a Skywatch officer.

“What kind of evidence do you have against Lübeck?” Peony asked. “Can’t imagine it’s anything solid.”

“You’re right, we don’t have anything solid. We did an audit of each strategos’ activities and noticed a few irregular patterns, but nothing more. Charlotte, I was hoping that I could get your little ones to follow him around for a bit.”

“So long as it is outside their regular school hours, I do not think that would be a problem. I think they will enjoy some more interesting field work. Is that right?”

“Of course,” Emma replied. Peony nodded in agreement.

“Is there anything specific you want us to do, or should we just shadow the guy?” Ian asked.

“Lübeck has a child of his own. A boy named Johann who should be in one of the girls’ classes, if I recall correctly.” Royce turned to Emma and Peony and raised an eyebrow.

“Yep,” Emma said. “Little Johann. Quiet, mousy kid. I ate lunch with him a few times and he seemed nice enough, but never really got to know him.”

“Good. Lübeck dotes on him and rarely lets him out of his sight, so what I’d like Emma and Peony to do is see about making friends with Johann. Peony in particular – she’s less directly connected to an inquisitor, so it will seem less suspicious. Stick around Johann and see if you can leverage that friendship into getting close to our target and looking out for anything suspicious.

“Seems manipulative, but I can do it,” Peony said.

“Poor Johann,” Emma added.

“Yes, well, we’ll try not to make him suffer for his father’s sins. Or, at least, his alleged sins. Now, while the children are doing that, I’d like the adults to help me monitor Lübeck’s correspondences. If you’re willing to help, I can have specific tasks for you tomorrow.”

“I think that sounds good,” Charlotte said. “If you think it will help, then I will do what you ask.”

“I probably don’t have much of a choice, but sure,” Ian said.

“You always have a choice.”

“I guess. Anyway, if I’m here, I might as well make myself useful, so I’ll do whatever you ask, uh, Master Royce?”

“Yes, Master Royce will do fine,” the Inquisitor said. “I’ll see you both tomorrow.”

\* \* \*

As the sun first began to light up his room early the next morning, Ian heard a knock on his door. He was awake, at least, having gotten up early to mentally prepare for whatever Royce would ask of him, but was not expecting guests at such an hour. Behind the door, he guessed that Charlotte or one of the girls was waiting for him to answer.

The man whom Ian actually did meet upon opening the door, however, was not anyone he recognized. He was tall, spindly, and pale, with finely-trimmed hair the color of charcoal. The uniform he wore was unfamiliar, dull brown with golden epaulettes as opposed to the Inquisition’s crimson. Neither Robert Lamb nor Théoden had been wearing a uniform when they’d first met, so he had no clues as to this person’s occupation. It was military, that much was certain, but he could say no more with any certainty.

“Ian Baros?” the man asked.

Ian nodded. “Yes, that’s me. Are you one of Lamb’s levy officers?” he asked, making his best guess.”

“Certainly not,” the man said with just a hint of disgust on his face. “I am Strategos Nathaniel Barbie. Master Lockhart dispatched me to collect you and your inquisitorial companion. Your presence is required.”

Just listening to Nathaniel speak told Ian that this man had an exceptionally high opinion of himself. Any reservations he had about working for Charlotte and Inquisitor Royce were no longer necessary if this was the alternative.

“Does she know about this yet?” Ian asked.

“No, but she’ll be informed soon enough. Don’t trouble yourself with her. Get dressed quickly, if you would, and then follow me. I’ll take you to our meeting room.”

“Alright, if that’s what Théoden wants, then I’ll be all ears. But I already told Inquisitor Royce that I’d meet with him to help out with some things.”

“Inquisitor Royce has already been told that you’ll no longer be available today. You may meet with him later, after our meeting concludes.”

Ian had to wonder how Nathaniel already knew that he was working with Royce. Either someone at the meeting had let that detail slip, or that safe room was less safe than the Inquisitor had claimed. Either way, it was worrying.

“Alright. I’ll be ready in a minute,” he said, trying not to betray any of his concerns.

“Don’t keep me waiting,” Nathaniel replied.

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Charlotte was already waiting in the foyer when Ian and Nathaniel arrived. The unhappy look on her face was the least composed Ian had ever seen her during his short time in Geneva.

“Are you intentionally disrupting the Inquisition’s work?” she demanded in angry English as the two men approached.

“Miss Aucoin, I am only doing Master Lockhart’s bidding. Take it up with him if you have a problem with it,” Nathaniel replied.

“You and I both know that is bullshit.”

“Why don’t you ask him when you see him?”

“That is not what I meant. Bah, never mind. Come, Mr. Baros. I suppose we should see what our Master has to say.”

“As you wish, uh, Mistress,” Ian said.

Nathaniel kept up his haughty air as he escorted Charlotte and Ian to Geneva Tower, which the two of them did their best to ignore. The Tower itself was easy to see from any point in the city, but its omnipresence was less oppressive than Samara Tower had been back in Athens.

“The tower extends as far beneath the surface as it rises above,” Charlotte said in French as they began to climb the staircase to the Tower’s main door. “Before we enter, Mr. Baros, tell me – do you think our meetings are conducted at the top or the bottom?”

“Top, easily. I’d expect there to be secure rooms at the bottom in case of a bombing, but Théoden…or, I guess, Master Lockhart seemed to want this place to be some kind of philosophical paradise. For that, he’d want to do as much business in the open air as possible. So we’ll be meeting at the top.”

“Right you are. I suppose it’s not a hard guess, considering that even the UNPG meets at the top of Samara Tower rather than the panic rooms underneath, and they’re far more paranoid than Master Lockhart is.”

In truth, Ian was mostly looking forwards to seeing the view from the top. The entire city was lit up and glistening underneath the morning sun and would surely make for a stunning vista. It was a welcome change from the dreary ruins of the Athens outskirts and the crowded bustle of the city proper, one that almost soothed his mind. Had the locales been reversed, Ian questioned if he’d be coping nearly as well.

To his dismay, the conference room lacked a view of the outside, but the elevator to the top had been lined with glass, so that would have to do. The lighting was comparatively poor, and more similar to the UNPG’s authoritarian motif than he would have liked.

The trio was evidently the last to arrive at the meeting, as Théoden and a group of others were already present. Ian didn’t recognize them, but they were wearing the same uniforms as Nathaniel, indicating that they were the other members of the Strategoi. Théoden sat at one end of the table in flowing religious regalia, gesturing for the late arrivals to sit at the other end.

“My apologies, Master,” Nathaniel said with exaggerated deference. “I was less expedient in collecting my subordinates than I’d have liked.”

“The Inquisition reports to Master Théoden, not to the Strategoi,” Charlotte said with bitter air on her breath.

“For now,” Nathaniel replied. Ian was surprised to see him state his intentions so blatantly.

“Please, don’t squabble,” Théoden said. “We have business to discuss.”

Charlotte and Nathaniel both agreed in unison before taking their seats, leaving Ian to sit between them, directly opposite Théoden. The two of them made brief eye contact before Théoden coughed and began to speak again.

“Mr. Baros, I’m pleased to see that you seem well. Have my people been as good to you as I said they would?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent. I have faith in the good men and women I employ, and in the work we do. But you haven’t really had a chance to see any of it. I have a real job for you, now, one that I think you’ll be well-suited to. I’m aware that the other inquisitors may have asked you for help, as is their right, but my Strategoi have informed me that something urgent has come up. I’d like you to look into it.”

“We recently took out a heretic stronghold here in Geneva,” Nathaniel began. “Inside, we found some rather juicy intelligence.”

“Heretics? Earlier, Charlotte told me that your inquisition has a rather…loose definition of heresy. What exactly do you mean by that?”

“Perversions of nature,” came the reply from a man Ian didn’t recognize. He was tall and tan with light stubble on his chin, by far the handsomest man in the room. “The kind of research that destroyed the old world, like those weather control towers we all know and love. Genetic modification and AI are also very much off-limits. There are things that Mankind shouldn’t mess with.”

“One of our high-level objectives is to hunt down and purge the Holy Spirit AIs,” Charlotte said.

“Talk about spilling secrets,” Nathaniel said, glaring at her.

“If Master Lockhart brought Ian here, then he trusts him. We should too. Besides, I have the authority to decide what my subordinates need to know, do I not?”

“Fine.”

“It’s actually relevant information to his new job, wouldn’t you say?” Théoden asked. “Miss Aucoin, please, continue. Mr. Baros does not know this story.”

“Right. As I was saying, the Vatican did a good job of purging the Holy Spirits in the late years of the Crusade. Originally, the Catholic Technologist faction thought that making true AIs, something that could really be called ‘life’ would bring them closer to God.”

“And I’m sure it didn’t hurt that AI soldiers would help them with the war,” Ian said.

“Too true. The original Seraph interceptor was upgraded to house the Holy Spirit AIs, and was nearly unbeatable in the skies, up until the Tehran Pact developed its own counterpart using the same wetware. It was based on East Asian Endeavor tech, although we do not know if it was stolen by one side or the other, or whether the EAE was playing both sides.”

“We do know the EAE was perfectly willing to play both sides of the Sino-Japanese conflicts, even after they were officially disbanded. It wouldn’t surprise anyone if they were using the Second Pact War as another test bed,” the handsome man interjected.

“Probably, but, if that were so, one would think they would have tested less outdated technology. That wetware was decades old by the time the Seraphim were introduced. Either way, it does not matter. The point is that the Catholics started using true AIs around the time they started making gains against the Tehran Pact, but the Vatican quickly divided into factions who supported or opposed the ‘Holy Spirits,’ as they were called. Pope Leo XVI was a Technologist, but the Luddite faction managed to convince him to scrap the project. Almost all the Holy Spirits were destroyed. Almost.”

“Which, Mr. Baros, is where you come in,” Théoden said. “We have reason to believe that the UNPG has resurrected the Holy Spirits, or at least forked the technology into something equally abominable. These heretics that Mr. Barbie mentioned were working on just that, and they had some ties to the Provisional Government’s Defense Administration. We found documents pointing to a former EAE black site in the ruins of Thessaloniki that the UNPG may have activated.”

“And you want us to shut it down?” Ian asked.

“I’ll be in charge of this operation,” Nathaniel replied. “Shutting it down is an ideal scenario, but our primary goal is gathering intel. They may be heavily defended, and I don’t want to march my levies into any fortifications without first knowing what we’re up against.”

“So it is a scouting mission,” Charlotte said.

“Correct.”

“And we do not know anything more about what this black site produced? Only that there are loose links to the Holy Spirits?”

“If the EAE is involved, even the remnants they left behind, it can’t be good,” Théoden said, his face wrinkling in disgust. “Human garbage, the lot of them, which is a shame. A multinational research agreement was supposed to improve stability in East Asia, but the scientists said ‘no, thank you’ to patriotism and ‘yes, please’ to promoting war between their patron states to make a testing ground for some of the most disgusting technologies known to man. Whatever the United Nations is doing with their research, you’ll find out when you get to Thessaloniki.”

“We don’t know any more than that, unfortunately. That’s the whole point,” Nathaniel said. “We’ll send a small team to Thessaloniki to scout out this black site. If we don’t find any more evidence of heretical research, we’ll keep an eye on it but otherwise leave it alone. If we do, then we probe its defenses and try to figure out how to shut it down for good. Surely you can see why this is more important than that idiocy Royce had you doing.”

Nathaniel was technically right, Charlotte knew, but she still suspected ulterior motives were involved. For the sake of avoiding conflict, she agreed.

“I have the carrier *Alanis* on standby to take you and a team to Thessaloniki’s airspace tonight, where you’ll board a corvette to take you the rest of the way,” Théoden said. “In addition to yourselves and Miss Aucoin’s little girls, you’ll have support from sixteen Inquisition cadets. That should be more than enough to survive down south, and be a good exercise for the cadets.”

Charlotte let her jaw drop, and then immediately regained her composure. “You cannot seriously want to send the cadets on this mission!” she said. “They are children! Not soldiers yet.”

“You just want your sister safe,” Nathaniel said.

“Children are our future. I want them all safe.”

“But I imagine you wouldn’t volunteer Emma to be one of the ones we send into Thessaloniki, given the choice.”

“No, I would not,” Charlotte admitted. “It should not be my place to tell anybody they have to put their lives on the line, but…”

“But you’re an inquisitor. That *makes it* your place. Your job, in fact.”

Charlotte furrowed her brow and stared fiercely at Nathaniel. “Then let me do my job. You and your *adult* levies are going into Thessaloniki. Take Ian as an aide if you want, I do not care. The young ones are staying here, by the authority of the Inquisition.”

Nathaniel met her gaze with a look of contempt on his face. “A *junior* inquisitor,” he said, correcting himself. “You do not give *me* orders. I am a strategos, and you are barely more than the children you’re trying to protect. Emma is going to Thessaloniki, and if there’s a fight, she fights.”

“I….yes, Master,” Charlotte said, not even trying to mask her hatred.

“Can I trust the two of you to get along for one mission? Théoden asked.

“Of course, Master,” the two of them said, once again in unison.

“If nothing else, it’ll be a bonding exercise,” the handsome strategos said with a laugh.

Charlotte did not dignify his comment with a response.

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“This is ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous” Charlotte fumed in French when she and Ian were finally alone. “The strategoi couldn’t be more transparent.”

“You think this is suspicious?” Ian asked, although he already knew the answer.

This was the first time that Ian had actually seen Charlotte let out her anger. “Of course it’s fucking suspicious,” she snapped. “As soon as we start looking into this Lübeck case, the strategoi decide that we’re *urgently* needed elsewhere.”

“Didn’t Théoden decide that? Is he in on whatever they’re planning?”

Charlotte sighed. “Master Lockhart is a good man. Completely dedicated to the cause of peace and prosperity for everyone. But he trusts his advisors a little too much.”

“He wouldn’t listen to the archons?”

“The archons and the Inquisition are a bit too busy doing actual work to play politics. Since Master Lockhart insists that our military be purely defensive, and nobody’s attacked us yet, the strategoi get to spend their days sitting around and doing whatever they please. In this case, making our lives hell.”

“I see.”

“And don’t let them trick you into thinking this’ll be easy. If I’m right, and this is a plan to get rid of us before we find out anything nasty, I fully expect that little shit Nathaniel to arrange an accident for us.”

“Really? He’d even have the kids killed? Just like that?” Ian asked.

“I wouldn’t put it past him. Realistically, I think he won’t turn his own guns on us, or anything like that. Too obvious. But he *will* deliberately expose us to more danger than he lets on. If you and I die, then Royce’s investigation is compromised, and if the other cadets – the children of various Inquisitors – are killed, their parents might be too distraught to work effectively. It won’t shut us down, but it would impede us without raising suspicion.”

“But you figured out his game immediately. Surely Théoden would be able to tell what’s going on?”

“Maybe, but only if he believes that the strategoi are actually up to something. My theory’s based on the assumption that they’re guilty. If they’re clean, then it could all just be an unfortunate coincidence.”

“You don’t seem to believe that, though.”

“Not one bit.”

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Just as quickly as he had found himself taken to a quiet, comfortable place, Ian had been returned to a combat zone in the decrepit ruins of an old world city. Somehow, the conditions in Thessaloniki were even worse than those in the Athens outskirts, where there had at least been plants and animals to give the landscape some life.

“Nothing but dust and rubble as far as the eye can see,” he said, looking down at the city from the window of the corvette. “I wonder why nothing grew here the way it did in Athens.”

“Looks like a lot of factories down there. Maybe it was more polluted?” Emma said, hazarding a guess.

“Maybe. Or maybe whatever the UNPG’s building down there is keeping animals away.”

“If the animals were avoiding the area because of something resonating from the facility, wouldn’t the plants be thriving? I think Emma’s right – pollution is the most likely,” Peony said.

“We’ll find out soon enough, I guess.”

The corvette’s engines kicked up a storm of dust as it set down. The Inquisition team waited for it to settle before they disembarked the *Alanis.*

All around them, the late winter air felt crisp and refreshing. Outside of the breeze and their footsteps on the rubble, there wasn’t a single sound to be heard in Thessaloniki.