



# WW2045

**ALIEN REVENGE**

**Exclusive  
Free  
Chapter**

**ROD TRENT**

Welcome, dear reader. This is a story that has haunted and taunted me for a few decades, and I've finally given in to the whisperings.

I invite you to delve into the lives of our heroes as they navigate a treacherous future based on ghosts of the past. The encroaching evil might be a thought too far, but human resolve is the true winner as the participants thread together a plan to prevent an apocalyptic event even the horror of nightmares couldn't create.

As the author of this story, I began my career writing fiction, a passion that has never dimmed even as I ventured into the world of technology content to pay the bills and drive my career forward. The act of creation is not just a job; it is a therapeutic escape, a return to the roots of my creativity, and I am thrilled to be sharing this passion with you. In a very real way, this book is just for me. Selfish, huh? But for those that know me, I share everything, so, I hope you both excuse and enjoy my attempted intrusion into your world.

- Rod



# Chapter 1

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## Introduction

Dr. Evelyn Montgomery's fingers danced a silent tap against the cold metal of her workstation, the rhythm lost amidst the hum of machines that surrounded her. She pushed her glasses higher on the bridge of her nose, eyes scanning the cryptic patterns that played across the myriad screens with an intensity that belied her calm exterior. Her short black hair framed a face etched in concentration, every line and furrow upon her brow mapping the contours of a mind relentlessly chasing the secrets of the universe.

The laboratory, a cathedral to science, was her sanctuary, a place where the whispers of alien intellects could be teased from the relics they had left behind. The data before her flickered with the ghostly light of otherworldly knowledge, each measurement and calculation a breadcrumb on the trail to understanding — or perhaps to damnation.

It was in this moment of hushed analysis that the lab's heavy door sighed open with an unexpected whoosh, shattering the cloistered silence. Captain Lucas "Hawk" Hawking stepped into the room, his frame casting a long shadow that seemed to momentarily eclipse the glow of the monitors. Hawk's deliberate movements carried the weight of his command, his piercing blue eyes sweeping the space with calculated alertness.

"Montgomery," he said, his voice a low rumble that filled the chamber with a sense of impending storm. "We've got a situation."

Evelyn's gaze lifted from her work, locking onto Hawk with a practiced sharpness. "What kind of situation?" she inquired, her voice steady despite the interruption.

"Security breach," Hawk replied, the two words carrying a gravity that seemed to compress the air itself. "We need eyes everywhere. Vigilance is paramount now."

A flicker of concern flashed in Evelyn's green eyes, quickly masked by the stoic facade she had perfected over the years. The past had taught her well; dangers seen and unseen lurked in the shadows of their work, ever-present threats that preyed upon the slightest weakness.

"Understood," she responded, her thoughts already racing through possible scenarios, analyzing and discarding them with the efficiency of her analytical training. Each step in their project was a move on a cosmic chessboard, and the game they played was one of high risk and unknown rewards.

"Keep me informed, Hawk," she added, her voice betraying none of the adrenaline that now coursed through her veins.

"Always," he affirmed with a curt nod, his gaze lingering for a moment longer than necessary. There was an unspoken understanding between them, a shared history of battles fought and sacrifices made.

As Hawk turned to leave, the silence settled back over the lab like a shroud, but it was a deceptive calm. Beneath the surface, currents of urgency surged, a maelstrom of possibilities that could spell either salvation or ruin. Evelyn returned to her work, her mind weaving through the labyrinth of data, all the while aware that the true enigma lay not only within the alien technology but also in the hearts of those who sought to wield it.

Evelyn's fingers paused above the keyboard, the soft glow of the computer screen casting long shadows across her workstation. The news of a security breach sent ripples through the still waters of her composure. "The implications of this breach could be catastrophic," she said, turning to face Hawk. Her green eyes were turbulent seas, reflecting the gravity of their situation. "Our project... it's not just about scientific discovery. If our research falls into the wrong hands — "

"Dr. Montgomery," Hawk interjected, his voice an anchor in the storm of her worries. He stepped closer, the overhead lights glinting off the medals that adorned his uniform. "I understand your concerns, but our mission has always been to safeguard humanity. This is why we stand guard," he continued, his blue eyes unwavering, the lines etched into his face telling tales of past ordeals overcome.

"Humanity..." Evelyn murmured, allowing herself a fleeting moment to ponder the vastness of what that word encompassed. She considered the myriad lives, unaware of the hidden dangers they faced, and the thin line they all walked between the known and the unfathomable.

"Remember, Evelyn, the threats we're up against aren't bound by our understanding of the world," Hawk said, his tone softer now as if he sensed her internal struggle. "We've held the line before, and we'll do it again. Together."

"Redemption isn't won through complacency," she replied, steel threading her resolve as she met Hawk's gaze head-on. "But vigilance alone isn't enough. We must also be prepared to act."

"Agreed," Hawk conceded, the corner of his mouth twitching with the ghost of a smile reserved for those rare moments when he acknowledged the shared conviction that united them. "And act we shall. For now, let's focus on containing this breach. I'll ensure our defenses are impenetrable."

Evelyn gave a curt nod, the scientist in her clinging to the logic and order within which she found solace. Yet, beneath her composed exterior, the embers of her fears smoldered, threatening to ignite at the slightest provocation. She turned back to her data, the alien symbols dancing before her eyes like cryptic omens, while Hawk's retreating footsteps echoed in the lab—a steady drumbeat in the march toward an uncertain future.

Evelyn Montgomery's fingers hovered above the console; her gaze fixed on the holographic display where a complex matrix of alien algorithms unfolded. The lab around her hummed with the lifeblood of technology at work, its walls lined with devices that were the offspring of human ingenuity and extraterrestrial mystery. She couldn't help but marvel at the fusion of science and artistry that had birthed the defensive technologies now at their disposal—force fields that shimmered like mirages, cloaking devices spun from invisibility's own thread.

"Progress?" The voice cut through her reverie, deep and resonant.

She turned to find Captain Lucas "Hawk" Hawking entering the lab, his presence commanding even in the quietude of research. Hawk's eyes scanned the data streams, searching for meaning in the cascades of alien script that had become their shared language of survival.

"Significant," Evelyn replied, her voice tinged with the gravity of their endeavor. "The adaptive shielding prototype responded well to the latest round of tests. It can now withstand an energy surge that would cripple any conventional system."

"Good," Hawk acknowledged with a nod, his blue eyes reflecting a glint of satisfaction. "The stakes are higher than ever."

"Indeed," she agreed, her mind already cycling through potential improvements. "If we could integrate this tech with our offensive capabilities..."

"Speaking of which," Hawk interjected, shifting the topic with the ease of a chess master moving a pivotal piece, "there's something new you need to see." He produced a small, metallic object from his pocket, setting it gently on her workspace. Its surface was etched with intricate patterns that seemed to writhe beneath her gaze.

"This artifact was recovered from the crash site on Ganymede," he continued, his tone laced with urgency. "Initial scans suggest there's more to it than meets the eye. I need your expertise, Evelyn."

She felt the weight of expectation settle upon her shoulders, a familiar companion in their clandestine crusade. With methodical precision, she reached for the artifact, her fingers grazing its cool surface. A shiver coursed through her as if the object whispered secrets in a language older than time itself.

"Of course," she said, masking her apprehension with the veneer of professional curiosity. "I'll begin the analysis immediately."

"Time is a luxury we may not have," Hawk reminded her gently, though the undercurrent of tension betrayed his concern. "We're not the only ones interested in what this might reveal."

"Understood." Her response was terse, yet imbued with determination. Evelyn knew the risks, the ever-present dance with danger that was their partner in this waltz of discovery and defense. But the lure of unlocking alien enigmas was too potent to resist—the chance to tip the scales in humanity's favor, to safeguard against the unknown threats lurking beyond the stars.



As Hawk took his leave, his silhouette a stark contrast against the sterile white of the lab, Evelyn turned her focus to the artifact. It lay before her, innocuous yet inscrutable, a puzzle begging to be solved. And she, Dr. Evelyn Montgomery, was determined to unravel its mysteries, whatever they may hold.

Evelyn's gaze locked onto the artifact, a gleaming beacon of potential in the dimly lit laboratory. It was as if the room itself held its breath, waiting for her to unravel the cosmic riddles entwined within the otherworldly relic. Her pulse quickened, an echo of the exhilaration that always came with the precipice of discovery.

"Captain," she began, the words tumbling from her lips like secret hymns to progress, "I cannot overstate how much I appreciate this opportunity." Her eyes sparkled with the reflection of the artifact's intricate patterning, a constellation of curiosity within their green depths. "Every piece we decipher from their world brings us closer to safeguarding our own."

Hawk stood firm, a sentinel against the encroaching shadows of uncertainty that seemed to cling to the laboratory walls. His voice, when it broke the hush, carried the gravity of unspoken fears. "Dr. Montgomery, while your enthusiasm is commendable, I must stress the importance of discretion." He paused, his gaze sweeping the expanse of the lab, as if searching for unseen eavesdroppers amongst the array of high-tech equipment.

"Remember, the knowledge we're uncovering here," he continued, softer now but no less urgent, "could change the balance of power on Earth. And there are those who would kill to possess it."

The unspoken truth hung between them, a specter of the past betrayals that had left scars on both their careers and souls. Hawk's eyes, the color of a stormy sky, met hers, and in them, she saw the reflection of her own inner turmoil – a tapestry

woven with threads of duty and the insatiable thirst for knowledge.

"Caution will be my guide," Evelyn assured him, her voice a whisper against the enormity of their task. She turned back to the artifact, her fingers hovering above its surface, aware of the silent vigil Hawk kept at the doorway. The weight of their shared secret pressed upon her, a reminder that their quest for understanding skirted the edges of darkness, where the price of revelation could be redemption or ruin.

With a steady breath, she resolved to tread lightly through the labyrinth of alien code and technology, aware that each step forward could either illuminate the path to humanity's salvation or hasten its descent into chaos.

Dr. Evelyn Montgomery's fingers hovered momentarily over the alien artifact, a tangible aura of anticipation encircling her. The lab around her was silent except for the soft hum of machinery — an orchestra of electronic whispers that accompanied her every move. She let out a controlled breath, allowing her laser-focused green eyes to scan the enigma before her. Its surface was an intricate dance of unknown metals and symbols, etched with precision beyond human capability.

Evelyn's analytical gaze caught on a peculiar seam, nearly imperceptible, that snaked along the side of the object. With utmost care, she deployed a set of fine tools, the metal tips glinting under the stark laboratory lights. Her movements were practiced and patient, a testament to her dedication to unraveling secrets that the universe had not intended for human minds.

As she prodded gently at the seamless join, the artifact yielded, revealing a compartment so cunningly hidden it might have been missed by a less discerning eye. Within it, there lay a series of crystalline structures, pulsing faintly with an inner light. Evelyn's pulse quickened — here was the undiscovered country

of knowledge she yearned for, the siren call that drew her ever deeper into the unknown.

Meanwhile, in the security hub of the facility, Captain Lucas "Hawk" Hawking's deep-set eyes narrowed as he received a report that spiked his adrenaline. "Repeat that," he demanded, his voice a low rumble that did not betray the sudden tension that gripped him.

"Surveillance has picked up unclassified signatures at the perimeter, sir. Movement patterns are erratic, not matching any known wildlife or automated systems." The officer's report was met with Hawk's swift response, each word clipped with military precision.

"Initiate lockdown protocol. Double the guards on all entry points and sweep the grounds. I want eyes in the sky, too – our little project cannot afford curious visitors."

Orders cascaded down the chain of command, ripples of urgency spreading throughout the compound. As personnel sprang into action, Hawk's mind raced with the implications of this breach. Every scenario was a dagger pointed at the heart of their operation, and he could ill afford a stab in the dark.

Back in the lab, oblivious to the burgeoning chaos outside, Evelyn marveled at the encrypted data nestled within the artifact's hidden chamber. Her heart thrummed with the prospect of deciphering its secrets, each beat a drum of determination. She knew the risks – her work danced on the knife-edge between brilliance and madness, each revelation extracted at great cost.

Yet, driven by the ghosts of past failures and the promise of redemption, Evelyn allowed herself a moment of quiet triumph. Here, in her hands, lay a puzzle that could elevate humanity or doom it. She would be the architect of its fate, her keen intellect the key to unlocking wonders or horrors yet unseen.

As the shadows of dusk crept into the corners of her lab, Evelyn leaned closer to the artifact, her focus undeterred by the specter of danger that loomed just beyond the walls. And as Hawk marshaled his forces against the encroaching threat, Dr. Evelyn Montgomery delved deeper into the enigmatic heart of alien innovation, unaware that each discovery brought them one step closer to an abyss that hungered for the light of knowledge.

Dr. Evelyn Montgomery's hands paused mid-air, a shiver darting down her spine as the distant clank of heavy boots resonated through the sterile silence of the laboratory. The abrupt intrusion of martial rhythm into her sanctuary of science jolted her from the trance of analysis. She glanced up, her piercing green eyes flickering momentarily toward the lab's entrance where shadows danced in tandem with the increased footfalls of security personnel.

"Must be Hawk's doing," she muttered under her breath, the corners of her mouth tilting downwards in a frown of concentration. With a swift push of her glasses up the bridge of her nose, Evelyn redirected her attention to the alien artifact sprawled before her. Its intricate design, a labyrinth of unknown metals and pulsating lights, beckoned her back to the enigma it presented. The heightened security was but a necessary distraction in the grand scheme of their mission – a mission that bore the weight of humanity's future.

As Evelyn's focus narrowed, her fingers resumed their dance; deft and determined over the artifact's surface, seeking, probing for the faintest hint of hidden functionalities. Her mind, an unwavering fortress against the chaos of the world outside, wrapped itself around the puzzle with a relentless grip.

Meanwhile, Captain Lucas "Hawk" Hawking strode with purpose back to his office, his tall frame casting long shadows across the corridors bathed in the sterile glow of fluorescent lights. The faint scars etched on his face felt tight, a physical

echo of the tension that gripped his mind. He passed by the sentinels stationed at every corner, nodding curtly in acknowledgment of their vigilance.

Once enclosed within the confines of his office, Hawk stood before a bank of monitors displaying feeds from cameras scattered throughout the facility. His blue eyes scanned each screen, searching for any anomaly, any breach that could endanger the project — his project. He reached for a secure comm link, issuing commands with the precision of a man who knew too well the price of failure.

"Double the patrols on the east wing," he instructed, his voice carrying the gravel of authority. "And keep an eye on the ventilation systems. We cannot afford even the smallest oversight."

The murmurs of assent crackling through the comm link were music to his ears, a symphony of preparedness that fortified the walls of his resolve. Hawk's gaze lingered on a particular screen, one that showed Dr. Montgomery hunched over her work, oblivious to the world crumbling around her. A flicker of admiration crossed his features, masked quickly by the stoic facade of command.

"Protect her," he whispered to no one in the room, his words a solemn vow to shield the mind that held the keys to salvation or ruin.

As night deepened its embrace upon the compound, Evelyn remained ensconced in her cocoon of research, the gentle hum of machinery her constant companion. Outside, Hawk positioned his chess pieces, moving silently across the board of security protocols. Both were players in a game much larger than themselves, driven by ghosts of the past and the elusive promise of redemption. Neither knew just how close they stood to the precipice, nor the depth of darkness that awaited should they falter. But on they worked, each in their own realm,

guarding the fragile flame of hope in a world teetering on the brink of the unknown.

Evelyn's fingers traced the grooves of the alien artifact, her touch as delicate as a whisper against the cool, metallic surface. The laboratory was shrouded in silence, save for the occasional beep of a monitor that punctuated the stillness like a heartbeat. Her eyes, ever so discerning, caught an irregularity — a seam where there should have been symmetry.

"Curious," she murmured, her voice a soft intrusion upon the quietude. With measured precision, she employed a set of fine tools, coaxing the reluctant mechanism to reveal its secrets. And then, with the subtlest click, a compartment sprung forth, hidden layers unfurling like the petals of some exotic flower.

A gasp escaped her lips, not from fear but sheer awe at the revelation. Inside lay a matrix of enigmatic symbols, pulsating with an eerie luminescence — as if the very code were alive, beckoning her to unravel its mysteries. Encrypted data, undoubtedly, and Evelyn felt the surge of adrenaline that came with the prospect of decoding such alien cryptography.

Meanwhile, shadows stretched long across Hawk's office as he leaned over his desk, brow furrowed in concentration. The array of screens before him painted a picture of vigilance, each pixel a soldier in his army of surveillance. It was then that his comm link chirped — a sound that sliced through the tension like a knife.

"Captain Hawking." The voice on the other end was clipped, bearing the unmistakable gravity of authority.

"Speak," Hawk replied, his tone a reflection of steel, ready to be forged into whatever weapon necessity demanded.

"New orders," the voice continued, "from General Vandor himself. Immediate and confidential."

Hawk's hand tightened imperceptibly around the comm link. Vandor was not a man given to trivial interruptions; his missives bore the weight of mountains. With a curt nod, even though the gesture went unseen, Hawk acknowledged the message. His attention, for the moment, was torn from the labyrinthine web of security he had woven around his precious charge.

"Understood. I'll secure a private line." Hawk's words cut through the air, finality etched into each syllable.

As he stepped away from the console, his mind raced with possibilities, each more ominous than the last. What tidings could demand such immediate secrecy? The question hung in the air, unanswered, a specter from the past rearing its head to cast doubt on the path forward.

In her laboratory, Evelyn leaned closer to the alien device, the encrypted data a siren call to her insatiable curiosity. Unseen by her, the world shifted on its axis ever so slightly, tilting toward a future fraught with unknown perils. Yet, undeterred, she pressed on, her quest for understanding a beacon in the gathering storm.

Dr. Evelyn Montgomery's fingers danced across the holographic keyboard; each tap a precise echo in the stillness of the lab. The alien artifact before her cast an ethereal glow on her stark features, shadows playing beneath her piercing green eyes as they narrowed in focus. A labyrinth of encrypted symbols sprawled across the screen; a riddle wrapped within the enigma of extraterrestrial intelligence.

With a practiced flick, she toggled between screens laden with algorithms and ancient languages of Earth, seeking a cipher to unlock the secrets held within the metallic confines of the artifact. Her mind, a fortress of knowledge, remained oblivious to the dangers that the encrypted data might harbor, her sole

aim to peel back the layers of alien encryption like the petals of a rare and exotic flower.

"Come on, there has to be a pattern," she murmured, pushing her glasses higher upon her nose with a habitual gesture born of countless hours of research. The room breathed silence around her, save for the rhythmic hum of the supercomputer that crunched numbers at a feverish pace.

A sudden flurry of activity punctuated the slow pulse of her work as the computer emitted a sharp bleep, signaling a breakthrough. Evelyn's heart quickened; she leaned in closer, her breath fogging the glass interface. Lines of code cascaded down the screen, a waterfall of alien script that seemed to mock her from within its digital depths.

"Is this it? Is this the key?" The questions fell from her lips, unanswered whispers in the sterile air. She was alone with the enigma, Captain Hawking's presence now just a lingering specter of authority and protection in the recesses of her mind.

The lab's walls seemed to close in as the weight of potential discovery pressed upon her. Shadows lengthened, casting grotesque shapes that danced with malevolent life against the cold machinery. Each click of the keyboard was a step further into uncharted territory, a plunge into an abyss where the lines between salvation and damnation blurred.

Evelyn's fingers halted, suspended above the keyboard as if hesitant to summon what lay beyond the veil of encryption. The thrill of the chase, the hunger for redemption through scientific breakthroughs, spurred her onward. With a resolute exhale, she resumed her work, unaware of the clock ticking down to an event horizon beyond which there could be no turning back.

The screen flickered, responding to her commands with reluctant obedience. Data began to unravel before her, a tapestry of unknown consequences. It whispered promises of

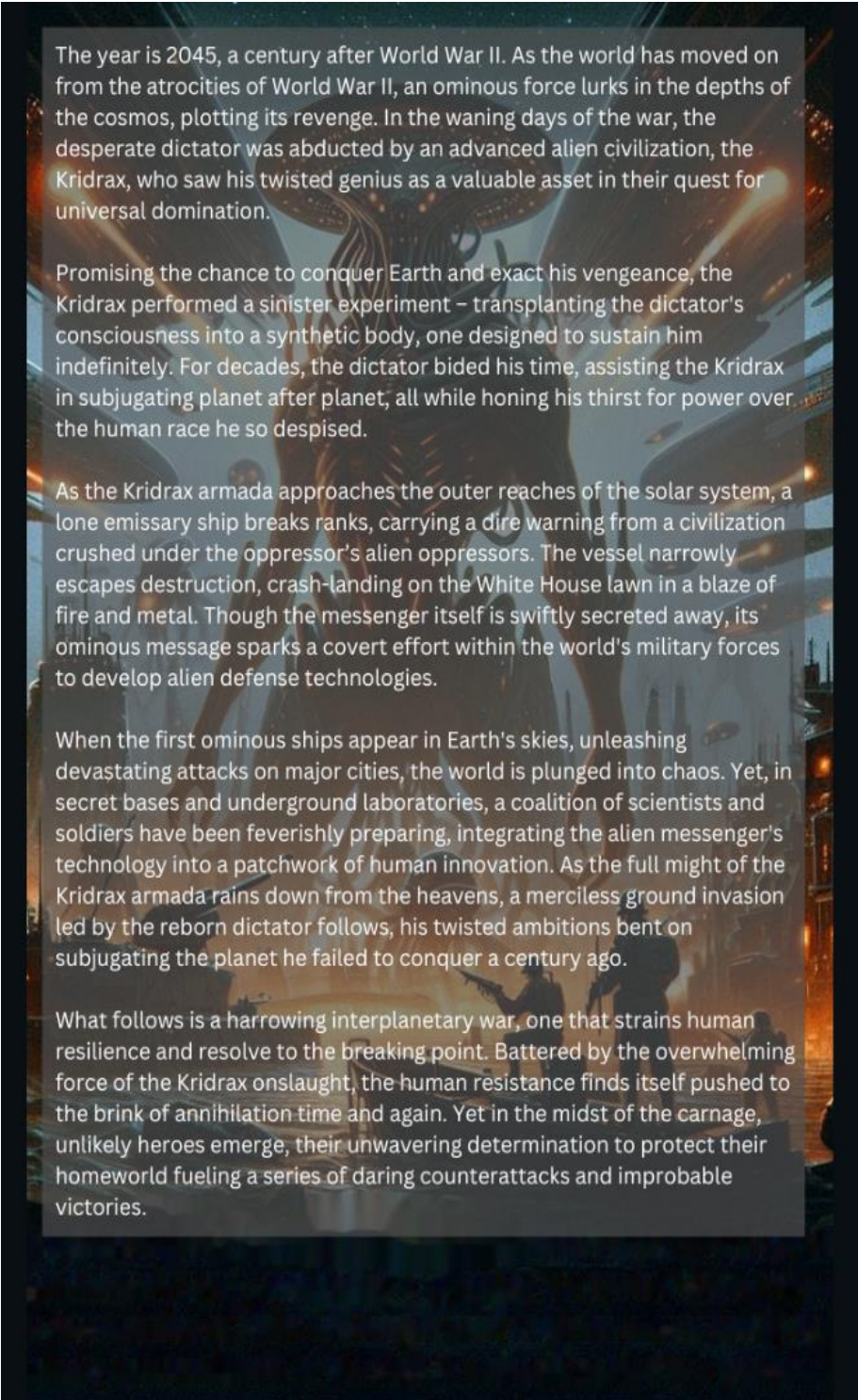


ancient knowledge and power, of cosmic truths hidden from humanity's grasp since time immemorial. But with every revealed secret came the lurking threat of unleashing something far greater than her or any mortal could comprehend.

"Almost there..." Evelyn's voice was a ghostly intonation, the embodiment of her resolve. Her eyes reflected a galaxy of possibilities, each more tantalizing and terrifying than the last. In this moment, she was both architect and prisoner of her own relentless pursuit, the very essence of human ambition reaching into the void for answers that have evaded their grasp since the stars first beckoned to the ancestors of old.

And yet, for all her brilliance and caution, she remained blissfully unaware of the Pandora's box her keystrokes threatened to open — a truth veiled in darkness, waiting to be brought forth into the unforgiving light of reality.





The year is 2045, a century after World War II. As the world has moved on from the atrocities of World War II, an ominous force lurks in the depths of the cosmos, plotting its revenge. In the waning days of the war, the desperate dictator was abducted by an advanced alien civilization, the Kridrax, who saw his twisted genius as a valuable asset in their quest for universal domination.

Promising the chance to conquer Earth and exact his vengeance, the Kridrax performed a sinister experiment – transplanting the dictator's consciousness into a synthetic body, one designed to sustain him indefinitely. For decades, the dictator bided his time, assisting the Kridrax in subjugating planet after planet, all while honing his thirst for power over the human race he so despised.

As the Kridrax armada approaches the outer reaches of the solar system, a lone emissary ship breaks ranks, carrying a dire warning from a civilization crushed under the oppressor's alien oppressors. The vessel narrowly escapes destruction, crash-landing on the White House lawn in a blaze of fire and metal. Though the messenger itself is swiftly secreted away, its ominous message sparks a covert effort within the world's military forces to develop alien defense technologies.

When the first ominous ships appear in Earth's skies, unleashing devastating attacks on major cities, the world is plunged into chaos. Yet, in secret bases and underground laboratories, a coalition of scientists and soldiers have been feverishly preparing, integrating the alien messenger's technology into a patchwork of human innovation. As the full might of the Kridrax armada rains down from the heavens, a merciless ground invasion led by the reborn dictator follows, his twisted ambitions bent on subjugating the planet he failed to conquer a century ago.

What follows is a harrowing interplanetary war, one that strains human resilience and resolve to the breaking point. Battered by the overwhelming force of the Kridrax onslaught, the human resistance finds itself pushed to the brink of annihilation time and again. Yet in the midst of the carnage, unlikely heroes emerge, their unwavering determination to protect their homeworld fueling a series of daring counterattacks and improbable victories.