

[Ashuta arc] [4] [Fresh start] [9600]

Rev 1.0

Ashuta stretched out. He was on a docking bay by a liberty captain Xing's cruiser.

“Finally!” He bellowed. “The taste of freedom!”

But, as much as he would have liked to enjoy the moment, there were ... issues.

He didn't have any credit on him. He was absolutely positive that his bank account would have been frozen by now, meaning he had to start over. Even if his account wasn't frozen, he wasn't about to access his bank account and reveal his location. Either way, his saving was lost.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, he wasn't sure which, but he had little credits left over his bank account, therefore it didn't feel doom and groom about starting anew.

“A job first..., I guess?”

He simply reached a random exit where there was a guide, a human guide at that. Noticing a seemingly clueless guy looking here and there, she called him up behind her counter.

“May I help you, sir?”

Scratching his head, Ashuta approached the counter. “Yeah, may I know where I could find a job here?” He kindly inquired.

“You should take a cab and head toward the administrative center in the commercial district. They act as an agency and provide a lot of jobs to new-comers and the likes.”

“Oh, I see, thanks!”

There was just one problem; Ashuta was penniless. He was in doubt that the cab would be free. In a desperate attempt, he searched all of his pockets and eventually found a cash card.

“What’s this?”

It was a cash card worth 50.000 credits.

“Ah...”

He recalled the master back on Moon. He figured he must have been the one who somehow slipped this cash card into his pocket during the farewell.

Tears rushed to fill his eyes. Sobbing weakly, he wept his tears.

He walked back to the guide and inquired again, “May I know where I can establish a bank account?”

Beaming a business smile, she kindly replied, “I can do that for you actually.”

“Yes, please. Here is my ID.”

She verified his ID and went through the progress. At some point, she made a pause.

“Sir,” She said, “It says you are a terrorist and apparently a wanted criminal.”

“Uh...” He didn’t really have how to respond. Eventually, he smiled nervously and said, “Ma’am, should I be running?” Pointing a random direction away from her, he continued, “That way perhaps?”

She smiled back, letting out of a snicker. “It’s not a problem, sir. I may not look like it, but I’ve been working here for 120 years. I have enough know-how to distinguish real criminals from falsely accused criminals.”

She resumed typing on her keyboard behind her counter and told him, “Sir, you are not a terrorist. I am sure of it.”

Ashuta paused. And for simply no reasons, tears poured out of his eyes. He just stood there like an idiot and continued to drop tears without crying or sobbing.

“Thank you...,” He uttered, “Thank you...” He rushed toward the counter and grabbed her busy hands, robbing them on his wet cheek. “Thank you... You are the second person to trust me. Thank you...”

Indeed, she had worked there, on the very same counter, for 120 straight years. She had seen many criminals, including falsely accused criminals, pass by.

Freedom colony did let everyone pass regardless their criminal status. The colony, however, did few simple tests which were what Ashuta had just gone through. The helpers at exit counters were actually all highly experienced professionals who were able to distinguish real criminals from falsely accused ones by just talking to them.

The helper Ashuta encountered was one of their hardened veterans.

“All done, sir, your account has been set up. Do you have any cash card to deposit?”

Ashuta was sobbing but managed to give her the cash card.

“Someone dear gave it to me,” Sobbing, Ashuta said, “I have no idea I had any cash until a moment ago.” Weeping out tears, he mumbled, “That bastard... I had no idea....”

The woman beamed a smile at him. “You had a good friend, sir. Consider yourself lucky. Not many came here with any help at all.”

“Yes..., I am one of the luckier ones...” Ashuta seized sobbing at once, weeping out tears and comforting himself that everything was going to be alright.

“I am sorry,” He said with embarrassment, “I acted like a child.”

The woman chuckled, “As far as I know, sir, all men are kids especially in bed.”

Ashuta laughed in response. “I wouldn’t know that though. I am a virgin so to speak.”

“There you go, your ID and your bank card with 50.000 credits.” She asked for a handshake which Ashuta complied gladly. “Thank you, ma’am. Do you have a business card or some sort? I would have to thank you personally once I am settled down.”

To which she replied, “You are too young for me, but thanks! I’ve called a cab for you. It will be here soon.”

That wasn’t what he meant, but he replied with a grin.

“I will not forget you, I swear. Like I said, you are the second person to trust me. Not many did.”

“I am honored.”

A cab swiftly descended right in front of Ashuta and its door slid open.

“Get in, sir,” Its driver exclaimed from his cockpit.

Where Ashuta ended up was a four story building which looked unusually ... plain.

“Mr. Driver, are you sure this is the right pla-”

He was gone already. The cab was gone.

Sighing, he looked up and down at the building again. The building was really unstylish compared to the usual stylish buildings on the colony. It was as if the building was made in thousands years ago. Additionally, there was no people coming and going around the vicinity.

Regardless, since he came this far, he decided to go inside and check it out.

Inside was surprisingly packed and quite active. The interior resembled much like a government facility. It was clean and well organized.

There was a long counter where they were twelve office ladies busy with something. There were also two guards at the entrance he just walked through who scanned him right away for weapons.

He did have an energy blade which he named "Drunken J" but they didn't seem to mind his energy blade and let him pass through.

He was the only one in the lobby. Everyone else was either guards or officers. He walked toward to a lady behind the counter who was busy talking to someone. Every office lady was busy doing something. Therefore, he randomly picked someone.

"Excuse me, ma'am..."

She struck out her palm at him for a good minute or two. Finally, withdrawing her palm, she beamed a smile at me and said, "What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a job, either a part time or full time employment."

"Can I have your ID?"

Recalling what happened back at the exit counter, he was clearly reluctant to hand it over. Noticing that, she asked, "Is there a problem, sir?"

Realizing he had no choice, he handed it over, adding, "I, uh, have a criminal record."

"Let me see..." The office lady inserted Ashuta's ID into a machine and looked over a screen.

"A class C terrorist," She said, "But there is a note which says 'Falsely accused'. And it has a seal of approval from one of our veterans, so you are fine."

"What?"

“You may have not realized, but one of our veterans tested you and she felt you were falsely accused and duly added a note.”

“How is that possible?” Ashuta argued back. “It’s a government issued ID. She couldn’t have hacked it, could she?”

“She hacked it. Having said that, I will issue a new ID without the criminal record. You don’t deserve that.” She pulled out Ashuta’s ID off the machine and burnt it in her hand; she was an ESP. She pulled out a blank ID from a drawer and inserted into the same machine.

A moment later, Ashuta was given a brand new ID card.

“It won’t have the criminal record.”

“Wouldn’t this be pointless?” Ashuta argued, “My criminal record is still on the file, isn’t it?”

“True, sir, but as long as you reside on the colony, you won’t be bothered by the false accusation.”

Realizing what she meant, Ashuta replied, bitterly smiling, “Charming.”

“About your job, sir, I see that you are a class B hyper human. You will have plenty of choices. What kind of memory implant do you have? Internal or external?”

“Internal, give me a cord.”

Internal memory implant was a memory module that was capable of holding a large amount of data. Given the fact that a human brain, unless it’s ESP’s, cannot memorize a large amount of data effectively, this memory implant was developed

to store data which was accessible by its host brain at any given time. Internal implant was generally installed right below left ear.

External memory implant would be installed right below left ear on skin. External implant was generally avoided due to a fact that it could be damaged or even destroyed easily, but on rare occasions, a person developed allergic reactions in which case they would have to use an external unit.

The lady handed a long cord over to Ashuta which he took and placed it below his left ear. It wasn't male to female type of connectors. At end of the cord, there was just a small flat medal piece which was about the one sixth size of index fingernail. A same sized medal piece was also present below his left ear. He would simply place the cord on it.

"I've got it," Ashuta confirmed and he started to read it from his left eye. Most of jobs involved escorting and guarding. There were few odd jobs here and there in addition.

Jobs provided by Freedom colony required a small percentage of collateral. If one would cancel a job, such collaterals would be lost. In most cases, the required collateral was 10% of the reward. On rare occasions, however, it went over 10%. It was up to the clients.

Such as...

"Looking for a hot male?" He uttered in amusement.

"It pays well," The lady replied innocently, smiling, "It also has no collateral."

"Well, duh!"

“You look pretty alright, so you might fit the bill for that job.”

“Thanks, but no thanks.”

“I will choose Job # 41259. I am used to that kind of job.”

The job was to escort and guard a client from a location A to B.

“Very well, I will sign you up for it. Do you have a bank card? I need to register your bank card.”

“Of course, here.”

“All done. I am uploading the mission info to you and withdrawing the collateral.”

“Got it.” And he handed the cord over to her.

“You don’t need to report back when it’s done. It will be client’s job. Once the client reports that the job was completed, the reward will be deposited into your bank account immediately.”

“Do I need to come back here if I want another job?”

“Yes, unless you register yourself to be an agent of Freedom colony. Otherwise, you will be registered as an independent mercenary.”

He did not like the sound of being “An independent mercenary”, so he asked,

“How do I register to be an agent?”

“You need to have an interview.”

“GAWD,” He complained. “I will pass, for now.”

“Up to you.”

“Thank you. I will probably see you later.”

Just as Asuta was about to exit, he bumped into a girl who ran into the lobby rather fast. He just didn't see her coming due to her being too short.

“Oops, sorry.”

“Not a problem, kiddo, bye.”

The girl was ... fluorescent literally with her bright pink jacket and miniskirt. Her dressing code was too provocative for her age, Ashuta felt, but it was none of his business to comment on that on a random stranger.

“Kiddo?” Ashuta was certain that he would be older, much older.

His mission was as simple as it could get. He was to meet his client on a fixed time which was a day after the acceptance of the task. He would escort his client from where he they met to another spot in the same district. The client contacted him soon after acceptance of the job and informed him of exact time and location to meet.

And the job was even easier. He ran into no troubles. It was not the first time Ashuta had done escort tasks. Therefore, he knew the basic rules which were never ask clients anything, just keep mouth shut and do the job.

And he did exactly that; he kept his mouth shut; he asked his client no questions. When arrived on destination, the client casually went on his merry way and Ashuta left.

From his experience, escort tasks were easy money makers. In general, those who sought out escorts were rich and very often paranoid for no apparent reason. Very often, they just wanted some sort of physical insurance when going somewhere.

He repeated several of such escort missions for a week at which point, he had gathered enough credits to rent a place to live. He had been staying at a motel so far and he was getting sick of it.

“A place to rent?”

It was the same agent Ashuta had been visiting for jobs.

“Sure, I can arrange a broker for you.”

“You can look at my bank account to see what I can afford.”

After a moment, she stated, “Yes, I see you currently have 59111 credits. Since you’ve arrived here recently, the computer cannot project your income level, but since I’ve earned 9111 credits after 7 days, I can manually round up your income level accordingly.”

“I am not looking for anything big. A single room apartment would work. Though I prefer two bedrooms.”

She nodded along while continuing working with her holographic keyboard. "I see. Give me a moment please."

While waiting, he figured he'd look at a list of available jobs. She handed the cord over and he connected the cord to his memory module.

While browsing, he noticed a very unusual job.

"What kind of mission is this? I am talking about job # 9983. It says ... 'Find my girl'? It even reveals the client's nickname, the fatman?"

"Yes, clients have a choice of whether to reveal their name or not."

"Fatman is actually his name?"

"Well, no, but he has been using that name for decades if not longer."

"Charming..., I suppose you can't tell me anything about the job unless I accept it?"

She gave him a nod.

"And what's with the 200% collateral? Is that even allowed?"

"He's a special client. Yes, we've allowed him to charge such collaterals."

The job was asking 12.000c collateral which was insane. The reward was 6.000c.

After a moment of consideration, Ashuta decided to give it a shot.

"Fine," He said, "I will accept the job." And then he handed over his ID card. "It sounds interesting. I hope I am not getting myself into a deep shit by taking this job."

“Are you sure? By the way, I’ve found a broker for you.”

“Yeah, I will take the job. I hope this is worth the collateral.”

“Understood, assigning you to the job and withdrawing the collateral...”

“Hold onto that broker. I want to finish the job first.”

“Roger that. You are supposed to visit Seaside retreat and meet up with the Fatman there. He will brief you on the situation.”

“Seaside retreat? Where is that?”

“It’s located in the commercial dis...,” She paused and instead pulled out a cord.

“It will be better if I upload a map and mark it there.” She also left a memo regarding Seaside retreat.

According to her memo, Seaside retreat is a 5 star nightclub. Although it’s a nightclub, due to the nature of space, it was open 24 hours a day. It’s owned by a name whose nickname went by “The fatman” who was an influential figure on the colony.

She also mentioned, or warned, not to piss him off.

“Got it,” Ashuta replied after reading her memo. “I will be on my way. See you soon.”

Seaside retreat turned out to be a luxury membership-only nightclub. The club had a part of the place where it was free for all. Ashuta went into the free-for-all part and found a really fat man who fit the description of his client.

“Find my girl!”

A fatman, a really fatman was crying his eyes out and stuff were coming out of his mouth as he cried out loud.

“Sir, I am here for the ...”

But Ashuta was cut off by his loud crying. “Find my girrrrrrrllllll!” He cried out loudly.

Ashuta hoped that “Find my girl” wasn’t the only clue he was going to get. And it wasn’t.

There was a woman next to the fat man. She was wearing a sexy bunny suit with fishnet stockings. She had her legs crossed and was caressing the fatman’s chest.

“You new?” She told Ashuta who wasn’t paying attention to her at first. “You new? She repeated. Only then Ashuta realized the bunny girl was speaking to him.

“Ah? Oh, yes, I am pretty new here.”

She looked up and down on him as if she was checking him out. She eventually told him, “One of our girls did not come to work today. We sent someone to check her place and she wasn’t there, either.”

Nodding along, Ashuta responded, “I see. What is her name and how does she look like?”

“She’s hoooooooooottttttttt!” The fatman screamed. Contents of yellow gel-like things were coming out of his mouth.

“There you go,” The bunny girl added.

For a second or two, Ashuta wasn't quite sure what kind of detail he was given. And then he realized and uttered, "What, that is it?"

The bunny girl nodded.

"She's hot and that is all the description?"

The bunny girl calmed the crying fatman down. Only after he calmed down and fell asleep on the bunny girl's knees, she told him, "She served Liberty captains before she left work. I reckon they might know something."

"I see. Once I find her, what then? Take her back to here?"

"Only if that is her wish."

Ashuta crossed his arms. He felt he wasn't briefed properly and felt they were hiding something from him. "Care to explain? If you want me to work, at least tell me what is going on so that I can react properly."

The bunny girl shrugged while caressing the fatman's head. "Most of waitresses who work here were sold."

"Sold?"

"The waitress you are being told to find, her parents had a debt of 7 million credits. They sold her to the fatman here to repay their debt."

Ashuta frowned. He had to. "Are we talking about human trading here? Is that even allowed legally?"

"You do know where we are, don't you?"

She had a point. They were at Freedom colony in the lawless zone.

“Anyway,” She continued, “Your job is to find her. And bring her back only if she is willing to come back. If she is not willing to come back, give her this and bid her farewell.”

The bunny girl pulled out a cash card out of her breasts and placed it on a table in front of her.

“Cash card?” Ashuta wondered. “What for?”

“It’s a cash card of two million credit. She earned it. Therefore, if she is to leave, this should be hers.”

Two million credit was no small amount and she was entrusting such an amount to him.

“I could run away with that, you know.”

The bunny girl smiled. “To where?”

Again, she had a damn good point. Where would he go from Freedom colony? He was wanted by United Sol and, if he went to Andromeda union, they would likely arrest him as well. One other choice was the Nebula which he wasn’t going to even think about.

Taking the cash card, he left Seaside retreat and contacted the agency.

“Can you tell me where Liberty captain ships are located at?”

A female voice sounded in his left ear. “I am afraid I cannot tell you that. You are unauthorized to have that info.”

“This is related to the mission I’ve taken. It’s 9983. You can see for yourself and contact them.”

There were thousands of docking bays in Freedom colony. He wasn’t going to check every one of them.

She responded right away, “I am sorry. You are not authorized to have that information.”

Sighing, he closed the channel. Of course, he wasn’t going to check each one of docking bays. Therefore, he did what he could.

He asked around.

And it turned out that it wasn’t as hard as he thought. The presence of liberty captains was a hot topic at that time and he was able to obtain information that one of liberty captain was still in the colony. He was even able to know which docking bay it was.

“Docking bay 8541...”

A docking bay was basically a giant parking lot for space ships. Gravity was significantly weaker within docking bays in order for space ships to take off easily. Space ships by nature wouldn’t be able to take off under 1G. Docking bays had generally 0.3G.

Hundreds of ships were parked in front of him.

“Great... an ordeal after another...” He talked to himself as he walked inside.

However, again, it proved to be easy to locate the ship. It was because of a fact that majority of ships in the docking bay was merchant ships. Liberty captains had cruisers and cruisers looked distinctively different compared to freight ships. Freight ships looked bulkier while cruisers looked sleek and smaller in appearance.

The cruiser had its cargo bay wide open and crates were being loaded inside by ship crewmen. The crates seemed too big and too heavy for them, but thanks to low gravity, they were able to handle them with relative ease. He casually approached one of the workers and asked.

“Seen a hot girl lately?” He felt embarrassed asking such a question. And as expected, the worker looked up and down on him with a weird look on his face.

“Who the hell are you?” He demanded.

“I am, uh..., a private investigator. I am looking for a certain woman.”

“A hot girl?”

Sighing and shrugging, he nodded, saying, “Yeah.”

“The captain brought in a really hot girl some time ago.” He turned his attention away from him and asked another crew afar. “Hey! When was it that the hot girl came here?!”

The crew shouted back “Who knows! More than a week, I think though!”

“There you go.”

“Could I see her?”

The worker had his thumb pointing inward. "Feel free to. Go inside the cargo bay, find a console and ask."

He did exactly what he was told. He casually walked inside through the cargo bay and found a console inside and pushed a button to talk.

"Hello, I am looking to meet the captain of the ship."

"I am the Captain. Who's this?"

Ashuta explained himself that he was sent by the fatman.

"The what?"

"The fatman. He runs Seaside retreat."

There was no response for few seconds. "I am coming. Stay where you are."

When the captain came to the cargo bay, he was with a hot girl who Ashuta assumed was the girl he was looking for because, as the fatman said, she was really hot.

The captain struck his hand out for a handshake. "Hello, my name is Dieter. I am the captain of this ship. You are...?"

Shaking his hand, Ashuta responded, "My name is Ashuta. I was hired by the fatman." He glanced at a woman behind him. "I assume that is her over there."

Dieter was about to respond but the woman stopped him and spoke instead.

“Yes, I was afraid he’d send someone after me.” She sounded afraid and concerned. “Does he ... want me dead?”

Ashuta wasn’t under an impression that the fatman intended to kill her or anything remotely close. Thus, he was about to tell her that it wasn’t what she thought. However, he felt a sharp pain between his legs. Apparently, she kicked his nuts.

“We have to get out of here!” She exclaimed in rush. “Dieter!”

“What?!” Dieter was very confused by the sudden turn of event. “Who’s this fatman? Why are you afraid of him?!”

Ashuta was down on his four and was groaning with extreme anguish.

“He sent a killer!” She pointed at Ashuta who was overcoming his pain of getting his nuts kicked. “You must kill him!”

Other crewmen rushed to the cargo bay due to the commotion.

“What’s going on, Capt?” A crew asked and she turned to him, shouting, “Kill that guy!”

“H, hey...” Ashuta was finally standing up. “I don’t know what’s going on..., but there must be a misunderstanding...”

She yelled, “Protect me! Kill him!”

Dieter and the crews were obviously reluctant to harm Ashuta.

Finally, she turned to Dieter and asked gravely. “Aren’t you going to protect me?”

“Listen, lady!” Ashuta attempted to grab her arm which she resisted strongly.

“Listen, calm down, listen!” She showed no sign of calming down and slapped him once. Dieter eventually joined the struggle and attempted to calm her down as well.

“I mean you no harm!” Ashuta exclaimed and repeated. “I mean you no harm! So, listen!”

Dieter also spoke to her, “Let’s listen to the guy. He says he means no harm.”

She eventually sobbed and calmed down, and they went to the ship’s cafeteria to talk.

The cafeteria was empty. In fact, there were barely any crew within the ship. They were given a vacation. Only Dieter, the hot girl, and few crewmen were aboard.

“Sorry, even our chef is away,” Dieter apologized while getting Ashuta a drink of water.

The hot girl’s name was Melissa. According to her, she had been working at Seaside retreat for roughly eight years.

“Eight years without a day of break,” She added.

Ashuta explained himself that the fatman meant no harm and that he was hired to find her and check on her.

Mildly amused, she asked, “He doesn’t want me back?”

Instead of answering her, Ashuta asked her, “Do you want to stay with him?”

Her eyes were downcast and she refused to answer. Realizing that Dieter's presence might be the reason, Ashuta asked Dieter to give them a moment of privacy. Dieter complied and left the cafeteria reluctantly.

“Can you tell me now?”

She let out of a long sigh as she began her story.

According to her, her parents had a debt that was too big to handle. Out of her desire to help her parents, she volunteered to work for a high paying and high risk job. As a young woman, she had one choice. It was to sell her body. In the end, the fatman from Seaside retreat offered her a very lucrative job and paid off her parents' debt but, as expected, it carried a heavy price.

“I couldn't take it anymore!” She exclaimed. “It was too much. Every single day I had to sleep with some random men and most of time it wasn't even on a bed!” And then she started to sob and cried out. “It was too much.”

Being a hyper-human, Ashuta was able to sense Dieter's presence right outside of the cafeteria. Even though he was told to give them a privacy, he didn't; he was eavesdropping.

“Why did you choose to run away with the captain?” Regardless, Ashuta asked.

“I've been meaning to run away, but I didn't want to run away with just a random guy. I was looking for someone decent.”

“What makes you believe that the captain is a decent man?” It was a genuine question for him. Ashuta did not feel Dieter was decent, for he chose not to give them real privacy.

“Because he is a liberty captain. I even saw the famed Oraekyn with him!”

Ashuta concluded that Melissa had no intention to come back, and just as he was told, he placed the cash card on the table and told her, “The fatman bids you farewell. This is the money you’ve earned. It is yours to take.”

Melissa, at first, took the cash card casually and then realized it was a cash card of two million credits. “What’s this?” She uttered.

“He says this is the amount you earned and that you are free to leave.”

“He’s... he’s letting me go like this?”

“Ma’am, I am just a hired hand. I am doing what I was told.” Having so, he stood up. “My job is done and I shall take my leave.”

He left astonished Melissa behind. As expected, Dieter was right outside but he ignored him and left.

He reported the outcome to the fatman at Seaside retreat. The bunny girl was still with him.

“I see.” The fatman beamed a tranquil smile. “Good job. You did good.”

“I am contacting the agency now,” The bunny girl said. “I will inform them that you’ve completed your job.”

Ashuta had his questions regarding the mission, but it was really none of his business to ask. He had been a mercenary for pretty much his entire life and he learned not to ask questions needlessly.

“Thanks. I will leave now.”

“I thought you had questions,” The fatman said, stopping him with a hand gesture when Ashuta tried to turn away.

Ashuta replied, “Does it matter?”

Indeed, it did not matter whether he had his questions answered or not. It was never his business and he had nothing to do with it.

The fatman clapped few times. “You are a good mercenary. Very professional.”

Beaming a grin at the fatman, he thanked him and left Seaside retreat.

He went back to the agency right away.

“Congrats. It was a fast and quick earning, no?”

Indeed, it was.

“Do you want to meet the broker right now?”

“Yeah, sure, why not. I think I’ve done for the day anyhow.”

As he headed out, he noticed the small girl he ran into another day. The girl was apparently scolding some officers. He found the whole situation weird but nevertheless he went on his way.

Ashuta and a broker were inside of a two room apartment. It had a small living room, an integrated food dispenser in place of a kitchen, and a small bathroom in

addition. The small living room had a console for a holographic TV. A food dispenser existed for those who chose to take pills for daily nutrition. They would still need to take dummy food and that was what a food dispenser was for.

“The rent includes a paid subscription for IMG,” The broker stated. IMG, short for Imagination, was a porn channel.

“Is it possible to add Kala entertainment channel?”

“May I ask why?”

“I used to live on Moon, so, I have few programs I used to watch there.”

The broker scratched his chin and groaned. He eventually replied after a moment of silence. “It is possible but it can’t be included in the rent. You will have to pay extra.”

“How much extra?”

“I am not exactly sure. No one has asked me to add Kala Ent channel before. I will get back to you on that. Do you like this place though?”

“Yeah.” Ashuta looked around once more. “It’s cozy enough for me and it is within my price range. Very little to complain about.”

“Done deal then?”

“Sure, why not.”

“Thank you, sir!” The broker merrily took out a device which popped a holographic document above it. The document was already filled but was missing

Ashuta's digital signature. "Sign, right here please." He pointed at a bottom left of the holographic document.

Nodding, he signed using his index finger.

"Thank you, sir! This place will be registered to your ID in a moment."

"Good."

"Deducting the first and last rent now..." The broker tabbed his index finger on the device as if he was eager. "And... done! Transferring ownership of the apartment now to you."

A moment later, a computerized voice sounded in the apartment.

"Welcome, Mr. Ashuta, a class C terrorist."

An uncomfortable silence struck between them. The broker laughed nervously as he removed the terrorist part. "My apologies."

"Nah, don't mind it. How many terrorists do you see around here?"

"Quite often. Nobody pays much attention to that though. United Sol has a habit of branding pretty much every criminal 'a terrorist'."

After the broker left, Ashuta laid down in the empty living room. There was still a TV console, so he activated it. A 50inch holographic TV appeared on a wall and asked an input by voice.

He knew he didn't have an access to Kala entertainment channels yet, but he tried anyway.

"Kala Ent," He spoke out.

"Entry not found," The TV replied.

Pouting, he spoke again, "MMD."

The holographic TV blanked once and two hosts appeared with a small seated crowd behind them. A classy music played for a moment before the hosts made their announcement to start the show.

There were one male and one female host on the screen. The male looked rugged and had a full but short beard. The female host was charming with full black straight long hair.

"Welcome to Make My Day today!" The female host smiled as she spoke and the crowd behind them cheered briefly.

"We have lots of topics to discuss today," The male host spoke with a husky voice. "First of all, let's begin with the new president of United Sol."

The female host added, "Did you know? It's actually United solar system federation."

The male host continued, "So, this Gvew guy. So much for democracy, eh?" He then chuckled before continuing. "He goes in and kills everyone and then takes over the seat of the president!"

“United Sol has a bright future ahead!” The female host jumped up and down, clapping and chuckling sarcastically.

And the crowd behind them laughed pleasantly.

The male host continued, “And what the hell is up with...”

And there Ashuta was, snoring as he merrily fell asleep on the floor.

Fin