

Cecil arc was the first arc created for Two Clusters. The original story of this was written in late 1980s and was in Korean. I've converted and rewritten this piece a total of eight times since its creation.

[Cecil arc] [1] [Cecilia] [3022]

Rev 8.0 (Created in late 1980 | Last modified on September 10, 2018)

Cecil stood before countless tomb stones. Every tombstone was worn and unreadable but he seemed to be able to identify the tombstone. He carefully navigated around with his eyes dimmed.

He eventually sat on a tombstone. Crossing his legs and arms, he closed his eyes slowly.

A.D. 3022

A woman was sleeping on bed. She had nothing but a panty on her. Moaning weakly, she struggled on bed. Eventually, she said weakly.

“Light.”

What seemed to be a pitch black wall started to lose its blackness and progressively became completely transparent, letting light pass through. Light revealed a king size bed with clothes scattered all over the floor. There was a large TV on a wall along with a phone. A glass table with black metal legs.

Her name was Cecilia Kiel, the arch character for this story. Her age was twenty four and was a business woman at this time.

Still dozing but nevertheless dragging herself out of the bed, she crawled into a bathroom. Puking was heard from there and she crawled back to her bed.

“Aw, fuck, I swear I am never gonna drink again...,” She muttered while digging her head into a pillow. She growled and moaned with a headache.

After a moment later, she eventually woke up. Taking a pill or two to suppress her hangover, then she took a shower and dressed up for work only to realize that it was Sunday.

“Fuck, not my day,” She complained.

She took a remote controller and clicked one red button on top. As TV was turned on, news was being displayed where two people were discussing and debating about a certain law that was about to pass.

It was called “True Equality Act” and, in the future, it would be named “True Equality Act of 3022”.

It was about removing the last names completely and permanently for all human beings. It was brought to public attention when equity between male and female was being debated. Most of female citizens supported the idea of removing last names. They tended to think that it was very unfair for their children to have the last name of their husband, male.

However, those in favor of the upcoming laws were from low and middle income households where men arguably had far weaker influence on their families.

Regardless, as centuries passed, the last name lost its value and was only being used to indicate which clan one belonged.

And, although many male disagreed and demanded to leave the system as it was because they felt there was nothing wrong with the system, the overall voice was that it was time for a change.

The announcer on the TV also said that this idea had not been approved yet but it would most likely be approved after a solar system wide public vote. The announcer also said that if this proposal was approved by the government and went in full effect, everyone would have their last name removed. For example, Cecilia Kiel would be just Cecilia.

She muttered, "Some have too much time..."

After the news, another came on.

The news was about a best seller book, known as "Mind Controller".

Cecilia changed channel as she had no interest in reading a book. She kept on changing the channel several times until she came to a conclusion that there was nothing worth watching it. She turned it off afterwards.

After finishing her breakfast in spite of her urge not to, she cleaned up the table and the floor which were filled with dishes, clothes, and underwear. Having done such, she dressed up with a blue jean and a blue sweater. She checked herself in a mirror.

The mirror displayed a woman with brown eyes and straight shoulder-length brown hair with a height of 168cm. With her relatively small breasts and slightly chubby figure, she wasn't exactly a hot smoking woman. She wasn't beautiful. Rather she was cute.

After finishing her hair and some makeup, Cecilia grabbed keys on a desk and left her apartment. She went all the way down to B7 floor, which was where her car is parked.

She drove her car away to her favorite cafe.

As she drove her car from the underground parking lot, a magnificent view of the Fallen crater came into her view. Perfectly clean asphalt roads, numerous

skyscrapers shooting toward the clouded sky of Venus, occasional parks, and seemingly happy populace hanging out there.

She liked Venus more than Earth truthfully.

"Hey, Jimmy," Cecilia threw her greetings as she entered the cafe.

The cafe was currently empty except Jim who is reading a small book with a cup of tea on a wooden table. Dried herbs were decorated on walls and its aroma filled the place.

"Hey, I am surprised to see you up so early," Jim said on the stool, crossing his legs. "Considering how much you drank last night."

The clock was ticking at nine thirty eight.

"I am up, either way, with a dreadful hangover."

Grinning, he told her softly, "Make yourself home."

Jim's cafe was an interesting place. It was a cafe during daylight and it became a pub in evening. He didn't run the pub side however.

"Is that a book? I haven't seen an actual book for God knows how long."

"It's Mind controller. You know, the best selling book. It's all over the news, you know."

She vaguely recalled hearing about it from the news earlier.

"What is it about?" She asked while making her own tea. The cafe was self-serve.

Closing the book, he gently massaged his eyes. "It's about discovering your hidden powers. It says most of people are using only 10% of your brain and power and

that you may be able to get something out of it, you know, like turning into an ESP or something.”

“Isn’t that a myth? Why would anyone make a book out of that? Waste of time and money, I tell you.”

Jim laughed casually. “Probably. But it’s the current best seller. I figured it had something.”

“Can I take a peak?”

“You may not.” Having said so, he put the book away.

“The hell? Why not?”

“Get your own damn book, girl.”

Pouting, Cecilia replied, “Bah, whatever. Let me borrow your handcom at least.

[Handcom] was a trademark for a handheld computer. It was issued by Venus government to all of its registered citizens, meaning it was given away for free of charge. In a nutshell, it was a smartphone but locked to individuals.

It provided a useful way for Venus governments to track their citizens. Cracking it was illegal and consequences of such actions were severe. In other words, it wasn’t worth cracking the handcom.

“You forgot to bring the handcom? What’s the matter with you?” Jim exclaimed jokingly.

“Didn’t I tell you I have a hangover?”

He reluctantly handed over his handcom to Cecilia and she made an order for the book from it.

“Hey, hey!” Jim exclaimed. “I am paying for this?!”

Every handcom was tied to an individual and their bank account.

“Oh, come on, dude, I will pay you later for it.”

Sighing and shaking his head, he accepted defeat. “Fine, fine!”

Cecilia moved to Venus a long time ago. She didn't know how long exactly. The thing was that she had no recollection of her childhood memories. It was strange because she had very good memories otherwise.

From what she was told by her family, she fell from a tree and hit her head which resulted a selective loss of her memories. She had no reason to doubt and believed it was so in spite of a fact that she found no scar left on her head.

"Have your way," Pouting, he complained. "Enjoy my book."

"I told you that I will pay you."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. I hope you will like it. Who knows you might be the one."

"The one?"

"Read the damn book and you will know."

She went shopping for a while and returned to her apartment. As she entered her apartment, a computerized voice sounded.

"You have a package."

She looked next to the main door. There was a small round metal plate with a small handle attached to a wall.

As she pulled down the plate, a small package dropped to the floor. It was the book. She grabbed and threw it to the bed and undressed, then took a shower.

When she was done and out of the bathroom, she wasn't bothering to cover her body with a towel. There was no one in the apartment although it could have

been a possibility that someone could peep from the transparent wall with right equipment.

She stared at the transparent glass.

"Blur., As she spoke the word, the glass becomes blurred, allowing some light to pass but not allowing anyone see through it.

Looking at the clock, it was 3 PM. Still being naked, she sat on the bed. Water drops fell down from her body, wetting the bed. She picked up the package and unpacked it. As soon as she opened the book, a lone statement was printed on its first page.

Human's brain is a basket of unlimited abilities. Yet, only few obtain the right to control their powers fully.

She uttered, "Bullshit." And then continued reading, skipping some pages along the way.

Cecilia set her alarm at seven and half in the morning. As the clock reached the time, the black wall turned into transparent and TV was turned on. She woke up from the disturbance shortly afterwards.

"Argh...," She moaned. She was apparently having a morning sickness, just as she did almost everyday.

As usual, she took a quick shower and ate breakfast. It took her 30 minutes until she left her apartment to get to work.

The company Cecilia worked was a software company. She was a low-end employer that did usually debugging programs. It was a boring work and required

stamina but the pay out was alright, which was apparently why she even bothered working for the company.

She entered a large hall where it was divided with countless cubicles for debuggers to work in. It was a usual day. Debug for hours, going for a lunch break. Get back to work and leave at six.

One day, Cecilia received an invitation from one of her female friend's wedding. The wedding was a few days later, this Saturday.

She was leaning her back against a metallic wall holding the invitation card. One of the guys who was passing by recognized her.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"A wedding invitation from my friend," She casually replied even without checking who it was asking.

"Cocky as always," He whispered to himself.

Cecilia wasn't bad looking. Granted she wasn't a hot smoking woman but she was in the upper half of grades. She was occasionally hit on by fellow co-workers but she was never interested in the opposite gender.

In fact, she was never interested in relationships. It didn't bother her. It never did but seldom she questioned what she was living for. Because quite frankly, there appeared to be nothing she was living for.

Childhood dreams? What dreams? She didn't even have childhood memories.

She went back to work as usual

"Did you get the invitation?" Zigana asked.

Zigana was Cecilia's old friend whom she had known ever since she came to Venus. But they weren't close mainly because Cecilia did not open her mind to anyone. Her relationship with Jim was also the same, platonic at best.

Cecilia pulled the wedding invitation card off her pocket. "Yeah, I've got it. This Saturday."

"She sent out the invitation to everyone on this floor," Zigana said with a smile, "Do you even know her?"

"Nope. I do think I've run into her few times and I think that's about it."

"The same here. Are you going to go?"

Cecilia stared at the invitation for a moment and said, "Why not?"

Why not indeed. Events were relatively rare on Venus. Repeating days without much, if any, excitements, it was a dull life for pretty much everyone.

At night, Cecilia was reading the book, Mind-controller. She had been reading the book for a few days. She had not turned the glass wall into black. And no light was on except for a small lamp next to her bed. The glass wall was showing the outside, the bright night of the well established metropolis.

Night life in the Fallen crater had a face of its own, but she was never a part of it. Drinking alone at Jim's pub was the farthest she had gone to.

"Ahhhh," Eventually she murmured and dropped the book.

"So, according to the book...", Cecilia pointed a glass cup on the table far from her location on the bed.

She began to concentrate. A few minutes have passed. Nothing happened.

"I knew this book was bullshit." She muttered. "Oh well," She then threw the book on the floor and turned the lamp off.

Although she failed to notice, the glass cup was indeed moved but by only few centimeters.

She had a strange dream. She was observing a line of people, actually a line of people and creatures.

She was watching them walk in a line. At first, they were humans but as the line went on, there were monkeys and then whales, and then some other creatures she couldn't identify. It seemed the line was progressively getting more savage.

There was no end to the line. Whatever they were kept going on and on and Cecilia was just watching them pass by.

Slowly opening her eyes, she said, "Light."

The wall began to turn transparent but the sun shine wasn't coming it, it was raining out there.

"Rain....," She mumbled vacantly.

The sound of rain filled the room. The individual sound of rain hitting the wall was music to her ears.

She preferred rainy days over sunny days. She felt that sunny days were dull and too bright.

"Light cannot exist without darkness but darkness can exist without light," She said to herself. However, it didn't appear that she knew what she was saying; she was still half-asleep.

She stared at the scenery outside for a moment before turning back and went to a bathroom.

After taking a shower, she turned on TV while being completely naked as usual.

"Today, the proposal of removing last name has been approved. It is only matter of time for solar system wide vote.

In the meantime, the proposal has been modified a bit. It is possible to keep or create the last name under certain conditions. For more detail, please visit the Venus website," said the announcer on the TV.

She had no strong attachment to her last name, so she couldn't care less.

"... What am I living for?"

It was perhaps a genuine question.

"What am I living for?" She repeated.

She had a strange dream. Actually, it was the same dream she had a day ago. She was standing by a line of humans and creatures. First ten or so were humans and then it was monkeys and then it was whales and then so on.

Strangely, she did not feel awkward standing by the line. In fact, the humans and the creatures all seemed familiar as if she had met them before, as if she was a part of her life.

We are here...

A voice echoed in her head. It was a heretic voice. It was unpleasant just to hear the voice. It gave her creeps and worse it gave her a headache.

We are here... under your command...

Cecilia woke up. She noticed she was too late for work today. But also she realized that it was Saturday, meaning day-off.

She picked up the book from a trash can and searched for something from the book.

"Written by T.T...? What the hell does T.T. stands for?"

It started out with a mere curiosity. While she insisted calling the book "bullshit", she did find it fairly interesting. It did have few interesting points in life and its goals.

She reached her pants on the floor and pulled out her handcom. She started searching for T.T. on the net.

A few moments later, she found out that T.T. stands for Tudor Tinyman. She also tried to search for location of Tudor Tinyman but the information was protected due to privacy. She decided to ask Jim who was available on phone.

When she asked him if he knew the location of T.T., Jim gave her an .eth address.

Author's note

For your information, the Internet in this era became too big just to remain as one. Therefore, each planet had their own network and followed the traditional http address with planet level domain (PLD). Venus had .vns. Earth had .eth.

Then, all of a sudden, she realized she had to get ready to attend the wedding of her friend. Hanging up the phone, she rushed to dress up for the occasion.

Cecilia arrived at the church she was supposed to be. Numerous people were already there. She parked her car nearby and walked into the church.

Although the outside was noisy, the inside was very quiet. There was a certain cleansing aura to the interior. She stared at her watch. There was still some time left over until the wedding. Therefore, she decided to medicate in the church a bit.

She hadn't been feeling too well ever since the beginning of strange dreams. She thought that perhaps a meditation could help her.

Placing her hands properly on her lap, she closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind. As soon as she entered a trance, she felt a strong urge. She couldn't exactly tell what it was but it was almost as if ... it was some form of hunger.

When she opened her eyes slowly, her irises started to glow in red progressively from bottom to top as if red fluorescence liquid was filling her irises. This wasn't something she could have noticed however.

She felt awkward. She could see but not in a manner of human visions. Everything was transparent and there were dots that were glimmering in white light.

Narrowing her eyes, she realized the dots presented people and other objects. Humans had bright dots. Objects had dimmer dots with slightly different shape. She had no idea what was going on and why this was happening.

And then there was this strange urge glowing rapidly inside of her. She couldn't resist it. She had to do something..., something...

Just as she left the church in rush to get away from what she was feeling, a man walked toward her.

“Hello, are you with the groom or the bride?” He asked gently.

Her consciousness was clear but she was unable to say anything. She attempted to open her mouth which she was successful but no word was coming out.

Noticing that Cecilia was acting strange, he asked again. "Miss? Which side are you with? We are going to assign the seats soon. We need to know..."

"She's with the bride."

Zigana ran quickly toward them and repeated. "She's with the bride."

"Oh, I see."

It was this moment that what the urge was about. It was a desire to kill. She wanted to kill the man and, once her mind was set, she was ready to act. She made a claw and was about to pierce his chest but –

Zigana quickly covered her eyes and the urge started to withdraw.

"Oh, my, I think you have a little fever. Why do we go have a cool drink. Excuse us now."

Cecilia soon regained control of her body and the urge was gone.

"Who are you?" She asked Zigana. "I thought you were my co-worker, but it seems there is more."

They were walking toward a washroom.

"I am afraid now is not the time. I will tell you when the time comes."

It was a long day for her, not because of the wedding, but because of what happened. The strange urge and Zigana.

"What does she know? Or more importantly, what is happening to me?" was Cecilia's words as she fell to her bed.

When Cecilia woke up in morning, she felt vigor from inside. Usually, when she drank, she ended up having a hangover.

However, this time, she wasn't having a hangover. To make it weirder, she felt energized. She didn't feel the need to eat and didn't feel the need to go bathroom, either. It was weird.

At one point, the door bell rang. It was Zigana.

"What a mess. Do you ever clean up?"

It was the first time ever that someone visited her apartment.

"Perhaps it is time for you to explain yourself," Cecilia demanded, "Who are you first of all?"

She shrugged and put her purse down on a table and started to pick up loose clothes from the floor. "I am Zigana. I thought you knew that."

"Don't evade my question. You know exactly what I am asking."

Continuing to pick the loose clothes on the floor, she replied, "I am Zigana. I am or was your dedicated maid."

Cecilia twisted her head in confusion. "Dedicated maid? My? And was?"

"My master was never messy like this however."

"Your master? What are you talking about?"

"You have no recollection of your childhood, yes?"

Nodding, Cecilia answered, "Yes, I have no recollection. It was a select memory loss."

Or so she was told.

"You are only two years old."

Even more confused, Cecilia narrowed her eyes. “Two years old? Do you expect me to believe you?”

“Your predecessor was supposed to educate you when the time is right. I was told that it’s take approximately ten years. You are waking up too early.”

Cecilia raised her voice because the more she spoke to Zigana, the more confused she had gotten. “My predecessor? What the fuck is going on here?”

After gathering all loose clothes, Zigana threw them into a basket in a bathroom.

“You are the predecessor,” She claimed.

“You know this is not even funny anymore.” Cecilia approached Zigana at once and grabbed her arm to stop her from doing the cleaning. “Quit cleaning and just tell me what is going on.”

“I told you what I know. Your predecessor is inside of you. She is the only one who can tell you everything you need to know.”

Cecilia growled in frustration.

“All I can tell you is act normal for now.”

Cecilia called her company and notified that she wished to take a small vacation but it was denied. Not wanting to lose her job which was her only income source, she decided to continue working.

Meanwhile, she was able to get her hands on Tudor Tinyman’s other books which were mostly related to supernatural events and occult.

With her mind elsewhere, she was no longer doing as good as before at work and her slower pace and rapidly increasing number of mistakes was quickly spotted by her boss.

She was soon called to her boss’ office.

“Cecilia,” The boss said in a soft voice with his chin supported by his crossed fingers. “I understand that you wanted to take a break and we denied your request. But, as you know, this is the busiest period. We cannot have our workforce reduced at a crucial time like this.”

Cecilia was silent. She had no interest in listening to his lecture.

“We will give you a break but not now. Right now, we need everyone to work hard and not make mistakes you are making right now. If we have to debug what you debug, there isn’t much point of you being a debugger if you increase number of bugs, don’t you agree?”

She was still silent and wasn’t really paying attention.

“Are you listening?”

She was still silent. She wasn’t listening at all. She was literally daydreaming in front of her boss.

Angered by her attitude, the boss stood up from his chair and walked toward her.

“Hey!”

She was still silent and her focus was elsewhere.

Unable to resist his sudden burst of anger, the boss pushed her. In a response, Cecilia slapped him. But that didn’t end there. He was slapped so powerfully that his neck was twisted in a way that was normally impossible.

When Cecilia came back to herself, she saw her boss down on the floor with a twisted, and broken, neck. His body was twitching badly.

“What... have I done?!” And she ran out of the room.

Amazingly, no one knew that the boss called Cecilia for a lecture and there was no camera footage of her presence because the security system in that part of company was apparently undergoing a quick maintenance.

In other words, no one knew who was responsible for the boss' death.

Meanwhile, Cecilia was shocked by her action as well as the result. She thought of turning herself in but eventually became scared.

I am one that is locked in time and space eternally.

I am one with enormous hatred.

I am one with no light but darkness, yet my darkness is pure, purer than light.

She opened her eyes at once. Her body was covered in sweats.

"Time!" She bellowed.

A voice answered her. "Five Thirty Eight."

Panting, she covered her eyes with her arm. "What have I done..."

And then a voice answered her in her head.

You have done nothing wrong.

"What the fuck are you saying?! I killed someone!"

It is your divine right to kill others.

"... Who are you?"

I am you and I am your predecessor.

Then she felt like her body started to fall despite the fact she was on her bed. The next thing she realized that she was floating in complete darkness.

"Welcome to the seventh sense."

A figure that looked like Cecilia greeted her with open arms with a friendly face.

“Who are you? What’s this place?”

“This is the seventh sense, a place we gather.”

“We?”

“Yes, we.”

She explained that they had been watching over the universe for countless millennia, and while they were immortal, their spirits were not. Thus, they had to swap spirits when they felt their spiritual integrity weakened.

“Our recent forms for past few thousands years have been human. Before humans became predominant on Earth, we took other forms.” She emphasized in addition, “Our forms do not matter. No matter what form, we are us.”

“What the hell are ‘we’?”

It was a question that took a moment for the figure to answer.

“We are we,” She said, “We don’t know what we are. We’ve been here as long as the universe has been here.”

What she said was something Cecilia could not believe or even take seriously. However, given the situation, there was little choices she had.

“Who are you? Is it true that I am only 2 years old?”

“Your spirit itself is 2 years old. I created you to replace me, for I felt my time had come. I am the founder of the Kiel clan and, as a founder, I had powers to have someone to look after you while you matured.”

“Zigana.”

“Correct. I ordered them to isolate you and let your spirit mature before I would talk to you, alas you were awaken early.”

“What is going to happen now?”

"That is something only you can answer. It is your life. Live your life however you see fit."

"But... I don't even know what to do?! I don't even have goals..."

"Live however you see fit. You can do anything. You can get away with anything. You have the powers to make it happen. It is up to you."

Cecilia was sobbing on her bed.

"Why is this happening to me? I am a human just like everyone else."

Are you?

"Shut up!!" Cecilia swung her arm to air in a futile attempt. "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" Dragging herself out of her bed, she threw her pillow into air. "I can do anything, huh?! Fine! I will do anything I want!" She threw everything she could get her hand onto. "I will do anything! I will kill people! I will get myself killed!"

Cecilia was looking down on her palm where there were red earthworm like things were coming out of her hand. They followed her will and their shapes changed at will as well.

As her irises grew, red strings were coming out of her back and started to swirl around her. Staring at the table in her apartment, she was seeing it as a transparent object with a dim dot on in center.

“Destroy it,” She commended and one of countless strings flew toward it and pierced the table. And the table shattered into pieces as if it was made of LEGO blocks.

Smiling, she said, “This could work.”

She went to her work. She was a little late but no one seemed to care. She spent time in her cubic idly without doing anything and waited for a lunch break.

By a vending machine, several employees were chatting. Cecilia was walking toward them casually. Just as she walked past them, she gave an order.

“Kill.”

A string came out of her shoulder at once and made a swift long swing. By time Cecilia was already a fair distance away, their heads fell off their bodies.

She repeated this three times on other floors before leaving work to home early.

The whole city was on alert. Twelve people were murdered yesterday. According a TV report, the police secured and searched the whole building where the bodies were found. They ended up having no clue or evidence of who the murderer may be. But the police assured that they would find and punish the murderer.

Cecilia was watching it on the TV in her apartment.

“Hahaha!” She laughed hysterically. “They have no clue!”

She was enjoying it. At this very moment, this was her goal in life. And, on that night, she went out to murder more.

This time, she picked a random apartment in the same building. Gaining entry was easy since she simply sliced the door with her strings.

A man and a woman were sleeping on bed whom Cecilia chopped their bodies with her strings.

The more she murdered, the easier it was getting.

In the meantime, a detective and several forensic investigators were working on the mass murderer case.

A forensic investigators was picking up some samples from a neck of a body. The detective approached the doctor and asked.

"Can you guys at least tell me what weapon was used in this case?"

The investigator shook his head. "No, to be honest, as others have been kept telling you, we don't have the slightest idea of what weapon was used to kill twelve people here."

Another investigator was working with a laptop with the samples. He spoke up. "I don't know what any of this would mean from the samples," He sighed, "The readings simply do not make any chance. A new bio weapon maybe?"

"That is certainly possibility but we need actual evidence here," said the detective.

The investigator with a laptop responded, "The wounds on neck and the heads were somewhat charred in a weird way."

"In a weird way? Care to explain?"

"It wasn't from heat. It was more like ... from the motion itself."

The detective was confused. "I have no idea what you've just said."

"Well, I am just guessing here, so take my words with a huge grain of salt. I think, when the murderer sliced their heads off, it was so powerful and so fast that the motion carried some of excessive energies."

“That doesn’t help the case.”

“I told you I am guessing.”

The detective’s handcom rang and he answered. "What is it?"

“What?! What the?! I will be there!” He hung up as he bellowed.

"What's going on?" The investigators asked.

"I have been just informed that a couple were murdered last night. They were found chopped up on their bed.”

Meanwhile, Cecilia was in a park. She was walking toward a family who was playing by a seesaw.

“I have a divine right to kill, huh?!” She talked to herself in anger as she walked toward them.

The father noticed her walking toward them but didn’t pay too much attention to her at first. However, with her eyes awkwardly growing and her cold stare made him become alert.

Leaving his son and wife playing by the seesaw, he walked toward Cecilia.

“Miss, is there something wrong?”

“Time for you to die.”

“Wha-” Before he could finish, he was beheaded.

The mother screamed after witnessing her husband’s beheading. Grabbing her child in her arms, she attempted to run away only to be stopped by Cecilia after her feet were sliced clean off.

Crying with pain, she still had her child in her arms. “Spare this child at least please! Spare the child!”

“Why should I?” Cecilia beamed a cold grin at her.

A divine right to kill others... Fuck this shit.

The child started to cry.

“Because he’s a child!” The woman screamed.

Normally, she’d have simply killed them. However, as she murdered more and more, the more relaxed she was becoming. “If you can make him stop crying, I will spare him.” At this point, she was playing with lives.

The mother attempted to calm the child down but it was a futile attempt. Realizing that she wasn’t able to get her son calm down, she started to beg instead.

“Please, please, just spare the child...”

Her eyes widened as she saw Cecilia with hundreds, if not thousands, strings coming out of her.

“Kill them!” Cecilia bellowed.

Cecilia appeared in her apartment. She fell on her bed and turned the TV on. As expected, the news about the murder was being played.

"Many have raised questions. How did the victims get murdered? What weapon could have been used by the murderer? Are there any suspects? The police is not answering any of the questions, but I strongly feel we deserve answers," said the announcer on TV.

"Yeah, right," Cecilia talked to the TV. "None of you deserves anything. Quit feeling entitled."

"The police wasn't willing to share the pictures of the murder scene but we were successfully able to obtain some of pictures from other sources." Then the TV displayed the pictures with a little bit of censoring on the headless bodies and the heads themselves.

The announcer continued as the photos were being displayed. "As you can see, the victims were all decapitated by some very sharp thing. It could be a knife or a steel string. No one is certain for now. It would appear that none of the victims could have stood against the murderer. This raises a question, who could act so quickly, stealthily and accurately?"

Cecilia pointed herself, "Me."

She stayed low for a while. She could go to work but the company was locked down due to the murder case. In the meantime, the public had been yelling at the police for more explanations but the police remained quiet.

In a heavily secured lab, there were six scientists.

The scientists in the lab were all wearing full hazard suits. They were working on some samples that were taken from the victims from the mass murder. Hours of hours of silence and experiments were taking a toll on their concentration and their hands were shaking slightly.

At one point, they exchanged some gestures and left the lab. While taking an air shower and taking off the suits, they had no conversation or whatsoever. They all gathered in another secured room, several high ranking policemen were already there.

The six scientists took their seats as they entered. They prepared shortly and one of scientists began after standing up and walking to the front.

"We have a preliminary result on the samples," The scientist declared. He made a short pause before he continued.

"We have experimented the samples obtained from the victims in every way that our technology offers. This is nothing like we have seen before."

"What is it? What is the weapon?" One of the policemen was getting impatient.

"We can not be sure. Our current technology can not analyze the samples properly. We can only speculate at this point."

There was, again, a short pause before he continued.

"The weapon that was used on the victims appears to be some kind of biological weapon. And I'd assume it is a very good one, too. The weapon appears to be a blade type weapon as it cuts and chops the bodies. Also, it appears that all of the victims were somewhat..."

The scientist stopped. He was murmuring a bit but no word was spoken. The other scientists look rather uncomfortable at this point.

"What is it?"

"I am not sure what word is suitable for this. Somewhat... polluted?"

Another scientist stood up and took over the conversation.

"We are not sure what has happened to the bodies of victims but the cells from their bodies were all broken."

One of policemen exclaimed with frustration, "What the hell does that mean? Explain to us in words we can understand!"

"I think we are dealing with an ESP," The scientist concluded.

Cecilia was still in her apartment. She no longer had to sleep or even eat. Twenty four hours became hers fully. And, with all her free time, she had been paying close attention on TV. She was waiting for their reactions.

Several polices and detectives were around the murder scene at the park.

“God damn fucking hell,” One of the detectives cursed. “This has got to end.”

Decapitated bodies of a grown man, and there were bodies of presumably two people.

Presumably because they were chopped to pieces.

“This is the third case in a week and we don’t have a god damn fucking clue. No evidence, no witness. No nothing.”

One day, Cecilia felt like she wanted to visit Jim’s café. It had been a while indeed and, when she visited the cafe, the cafe was closed.

“Did I come too early?” She looked at her handcom for time.

It was nine twenty AM. The café opened at nine in morning usually.

“Strange...”

Just as she was wondering where he might have gone to, she was alerted by someone behind her.

It happened so fast that she didn’t know what happened. She turned around swiftly and unintentionally let out her strings, and there Jim was.

Or his body pieces.

Shocked by the sudden turn of event, she was vacantly looking down at dead Jim. After a short moment, she simply ran away.

His body was found by one of his customers. Polices had secured the area and inspected the murderer spot.

"It's the murderer. He has done another."

A police was taking pictures of the murder scene.

There were two policemen talking each other from a distance.

"I can't believe this. Is the guy just murdering randomly? Or is there some kind of pattern?"

"Who knows, some of buddies up there say they have gotten a small clue. Let's give them a try."

The policemen sighed.

"The media is gonna bitch at us harder."

"A possible suspect?"

A detective who had been investigating the mass murder case had called for a meeting. Several captains and higher rank polices gathered in a secured conference room.

"You said that you may have a hypothesis about the mass murderer?"

"Yes," The detective replied firmly. He sounded confident in his voice.

"Explain."

The detective ordered a policeman to bring several files. As he delivered the files, the detective began his speech.

"There have been four murder cases which are all identical and is believed to be done by the same murderer."

He picked up a file and opened it.

"They were all done on Venus. None of the victims seems to have any kind of connections each other and it seems certain that they were murdered randomly."

And then he picked up another to read it.

"We've managed to narrow down the area of a possible suspect. Based on the first murder, we believe it was an employee working for the software company. Based on the hypnosis, we were able to narrow down the radius of a possible suspect."

He picked up the third file to read it.

"There is a female employee named Cecilia Kiel who works at the company. And she is the only employee living in the area of the murders."

There was a long silence after the detective was done.

"I see where you are going," An elderly policeman said. "But it really is a loose hypnosis."

"Yes, it is loose, but it is our only lead."

The room was silent. They were clearly reluctant.

The detective continued. "We will take her in for some questioning. We all agree that we have to arrest someone to make the media shut up. We take her in and, if the murders don't happen, we will somehow find a way to make a formal arrest."

"Very well, we have no other choices."

The murders she committed so far involved random people. She didn't know them and they didn't know her. Therefore, it was easier for her to simply kill them.

However, Jim was different. He was one of few people she had gotten to know ever since she relocated to Venus. And, for the first time, she was feeling guilt. At the same time, the murders she had been committing had a psychological impact on her; She was getting tougher mentally and she quickly came to terms that nothing could be done and that she must keep a low profile.

As the first step of taking a low profile, she decided to leave her apartment. She packed underwear, clothes, some essential stuff, and money into a luggage. After the packing was done, she looked around her apartment for the last time. It may have been only 2 years but she spent her entire life here, literally.

When Cecilia reached the lobby of her apartment building, she noticed two people in black standing left and right side of the main entrance. They also noticed her. They whispered for a second and approached her. She panicked, she didn't really expect to be confronted at this point.

"Excuse me, miss. Are you, by any chance, Cecilia Kiel?" One of the man asked politely and quietly.

"Yes, I am." Her voice was firm as if she had nothing to fear.

"We would like you to company with us," The men stood next to Cecilia, left and right, detaining her arms.

"I don't know what is the reasoning behind this, but so be it."

There was no one around to notice the commotion.

Cecilia was taken to one of police stations. She wasn't thrown to a jail because they had no warrant. Instead, they, the police, put her in an interrogation room.

“You had a luggage with you. Where were you going?”

A man in a fine gray suit asked her.

“I was going to visit Earth.”

“For what purpose?”

“To visit my family? Why are you even asking me this?”

The man would not answer.

“And what am I locked up? Am I under arrest?”

The man still would not answer.

Cecilia scoffed. “Let me guess. I am not under arrest and you have no reason to hold me up, so I will take my leave.”

The man did not stop her because the door was locked from outside. She felt like breaking the door which she could but chose not to, considering the situation. However, she chose to play a trick. An earthworm like thing emerged from her hand that was holding the door knob.

Unlock the door.

And the door was unlocked. The man in a gray suit panicked when he heard the door knob clicked. It was supposed to be locked after all.

“What the?!” He bellowed and grabbed Cecilia’s arm. “You can’t leave!”

“Tell me why I can’t leave!”

The man could not answer her. Instead, he called guards.

Days after days, Cecilia was inquired again and again with various questions. Strangely enough for the police, she wasn't getting tired.

The police didn't give her enough time to rest. They took turns and inquired her for days, asking the same questions over and over. It was their plan was to make her tired enough, so that she would tell them the truth. But that didn't work out.

She was then locked in a jail and was not given any food or drink for days.

I could kill them all if I want to...

After committing the mass murder and accidentally killing Jim along the process, Cecilia learned a few things. It was that, while she could kill anyone, it wasn't a good idea just to kill anybody for any reason. Perhaps, it was obvious to ordinary people. But she was only 2 years old although she was the world quickly.

She also felt that, in order to get out of this situation, she needed to remain calm.

Therefore, even when she could just get out of the police station, she chose not to and decided to see where this would take her. If she was convicted for some reasons which she doubted since they did not seem to have any evidence, she was willing to spend the time.

It was an unusual day for her. Normally, some man in a suit would visit her and spam her with useless questions, but this time, it was a man who recognized.

T.T.?!

Cecilia unwillingly stood up. It was Tudor Tinyman, the author of *Mind-Cotroller*.

The police believed Cecilia was an ESP and homicides committed by ESPs did not follow the same process as a normal homicide. Due to the nature of ESP crimes, the police would not need any physical evidence. But first of all, they had to confirm that Cecilia was in fact an ESP.

“Hello.”

Tudor Tinyman was dressed in brown shirt with gray pants. He had blue eyes, gelled short black hair, and full stubble on his lower face and cheek.

“My name is Tudor Tinyman. The police... has asked me to interview you.”

For a moment, she didn't know how to react to this situation.

Tudor sat down in a chair and she was where she was usually, sitting down on her jail bed.

“Do you know me, ma'am?” He asked.

“Yes, I know you, the author of Mind-Controller.”

He beamed a smile. “Yes, that is my book.” Clearing his throat, he was about to begin but saw Cecilia pointing her left ear. Although confused at first, he soon realized what she was trying to say. He had a concealed earphone in his ear.

Clearing his throat for the second time, he calmly asked.

“Are you an ESP?”

“What's an ESP?” Cecilia replied casually because she really didn't know.

“An ESP is someone who can use supernatural powers.”

She doubted that she was an ESP.

“Why do I need to answer you?”

She actually had a point which Tudor couldn't argue. He pulled out his concealed earphone at once and stomped it with his shoe.

“Allow me to help you. I am a lawyer. Admit that you are an ESP and I will be able to help you.”

Just as he finished his statement, policemen rushed in and took Tudor out at once.

She gave what Tudor said a thought. She believed that she would eventually be released if she remained the way she was and she believed that it was the most ideal way to get out of this situation. However ...

How boring.

And few days later, Cecilia admitted that she was an ESP. On that day, the police declared that they had a prime suspect in custody.

All the police needed was a confession of the crime from Cecilia and the police came up with a deal to make it happen. The police offered her a guilty-deal. She'd plead guilty and she would avoid capital punishment and receive life sentence instead.

However, this was also when Tudor Tinyman appeared as Cecilia's lawyer.

“Do not take that guilty-deal.”

Tudor Tinyman was visiting Cecilia.

“Refuse it and let me do my job. You will be able to get out in 10 years or so.”

She had nothing to lose, either way, but a life sentence would be she'd be stuck in one place for too long. Therefore, she agreed to do what Tudor Tinyman asked.

“Why are you doing this for me?” She asked. It was a genuine question. A stranger was going out of his way to help a serial murderer.

His initial response was a laugh. He replied, "I may be an author of a book explaining about extra sensory perception but I've never actually met a real one."

"That doesn't explain why you are helping me."

"True. Here is my deal to you. Let me help you and when you get out, you will stay with me."

"Stay with you?"

It sounded like a proposal and it was.

Nevertheless, the fight proved to be an uphill battle. The public wanted to see Cecilia executed. And the police heeded the public's demand and pushed for her capital punishment.

Meanwhile, Tudor Tinyman insisted that she should receive a second chance because she was confused when she realized she was an ESP.

In a court session, Tudor Tinyman was making his last statement.

"ESP is not going to go away. In fact, we will see a gradual increase in number of ESPs in our society because we are in the space age. We should not reject ESPs. We should nurture ESPs. They are able to do what we can't dream of. Think of the endless possibilities."

There were hundreds of observers in back seats. And the attention from the media was high.

"Yes, Miss. Kiel here has committed dire crimes. Yes, she murdered even a child. However, we must know that she simply did not know what to do with her newfound powers. She deeply regrets what she has done. Ending her life now won't bring back those who've been murdered. We will see more of Miss. Kiel's case in the future, I assure you.

Are we going to simply execute them? It could be your next child who turns out to be an ESP.

We need to look after them. What we need is special purpose ESP schools to properly educate them in how they deal with their new found and deadly powers.”

Tudor looked around slowly the quiet court room and continued.

“Everyone deserves a second chance. Are we going to deny her a second chance?”

In the end, Cecilia received no prison sentence and instead received a house arrest for life. The public was split on her punishment. Half claimed that her crimes were too great for any sort punishment. The other half voiced that it was a beginning of a new era and Cecilia should receive a second chance.

ESP crimes were rare. Until Cecilia’s case, there had been only three cases. The previous three cases didn’t go too far because the ESPs were killed at the spot. Her case was to be the first case that was going to be “solved”.

Tudor and Cecilia were conversing in a jail. It would take some time before her sentence would come under effect. Until then, she was to stay in a jail.

"You should be released within a few months, I think."

"Thank you. Well, I don't know what to say."

“It was a long battle. It took 2 years to reach this conclusion. It is a job well done.”

Cecilia grinned and replied, “Indeed. I owe you my life.”

Although she wouldn’t have died either way.

“I am going to arrange a house for you. Although it’s a house arrest for life, I am sure we can make further arrangements in the future.”

“Thank you.”

Few weeks later, Cecilia was finally released. Before she’d taken to a house which Tudor arranged for her, she was allowed to visit her apartment for the last time. Two policemen and Tudor accompanied her.

The apartment was full of dust as expected. She chose not to take anything and decided to just leave everything behind.

Cecilia married Tudor Tinyman a few years later. And it was the moment when she found out that she was not a woman. They tried to have children but Cecilia appeared to be barren. She suggested visiting a fertility clinic but Tudor refused, telling her that it was meant to be.

Time passed, ten years, maybe twenty years. Perhaps, much more.

Cecilia was standing in front of a grave. The grave stone said "Tudor Tinyman, 2992 - 3077"

It had been fifty three years. But Cecilia was the Cecilia fifty three years ago. She did not get old at all. Tudor said it was perhaps because she was an ESP and that she might live longer than the others but she knew that wasn’t the case.

She knew she’d never get old. She knew she’d never die.

Gentle wind blew around Cecilia. The surrounding area was a hill filled with bright green grasses. There was a huge tree behind the grave stone. It was the tree they used to come often for. It was their favorite spot for a family picnic. They purchased the lot many years ago, and it became his grave in the end.

She mumbled and grinned. "Funny, fifty three years...It seems like it has been only a few moments. Yet, I am the one that hasn't changed while all others things changed."

She knelt down and stared at the grave stone.

She had remained so for hours.

For her, the fifty three years passed like a moment. Before she could realize the world around her changed. The mankind extended their domain and they were already inhabiting Mars and was building an outpost around Jupiter.

Furthermore, just as Tudor claimed. Number of ESPs was rapidly increasing. The trend also allowed Cecilia's house arrest for life to be lifted eventually after ten years.

"The first school for ESPs opened today, dear," Cecilia said, "You were right. Number of ESPs is increasing fast and public awareness and education for ESPs have become better as well."

There was silence.

"You were right..."

There was silence.

"But you were wrong that I am an ESP. I am not an ESP. I don't know what I am."

Cecilia smiled.

"And I will be stuck like this for many, many more, years."

The sun was falling into the horizon. She stood up and slowly walked away from the grave.

An old man approached Cecilia.

"You must have loved your father," said the old man while passing by.

Cecilia raised her eyebrows.

"He is not..." But she soon stopped and sighed. "Yes, I have."

She raised her head and stared at twilight sky.

The one who is locked in time and space... I had no idea what it meant back then. Now, I see. I can't die. I can't get old. I am forever like what I am now.

She gulped.

Perhaps, this is the cruelest curse that ever exists... How many loved ones do I have to watch die?

She smiled unwillingly and bitterly.

Maybe, this is the punishment for murdering the people. Or maybe, this is my destiny. I will be watching mankind for hundreds or thousands of years.... Or forever.

She sold off everything she had and deposited all the money in her bank account. She had to do something to keep money as she couldn't just keep the bank account forever. For the record, Cecilia was already seventy nine years old. After

another fifty years, she would be approximately one hundred forty years old. No human could live that long at the moment.

A few years later, when Cecilia was eighty two years old, she withdrew all the money from her bank and donated all the money to the charity. She didn't need the money. If she wanted, she could use her powers and hack a bank machine.

It'd be a crime but she didn't care. The money in the era was nothing more than some digital numbers anyway.

Some more years later, Cecilia reported herself dead at age of ninety two. She decided to start a new life. She moved to Moon and found a new job. She married a guy again and spent another eighty years. When Cecilia reached one hundred seventy five years old, her second husband died of age.

Her mind was getting darker and darker.

Perhaps, it was really a curse. Cecilia repeatedly changed her identity. Cecilia was a software engineer. Cecilia was a stripper. Cecilia was a singer. Cecilia was a novel writer. Cecilia was a policewoman. Cecilia was.... Cecilia was....

.....

After one thousand years, around A.D. 4000s perhaps, Cecilia was still alive. Her age was more than one thousand years old. She was sick. She wasn't sick physically. She wasn't sick mentally. She was... just sick of the whole concept of living.

She was sick of everything. She wanted to end.

Her appearance was the same as when she was twenty seven years old. She simply couldn't take it anymore.

At one time, she even attempted to suicide. She did whatever it took her to kill herself. But no matter what she did, even shooting a bullet through her heart and brain, she just wouldn't die.

She paid a visit to a field of graves, apparently, her husbands' graves. There were hundreds of graves. She had watched hundreds, or thousands if friends were included, die.

And eventually, Cecilia's mind had become perpetual darkness. She eventually became cold and emotionless.

Life itself can be poisonous sometimes.

Cecilia was walking on a crowded street. She was currently walking on a street in the fallen crater on Venus.

Being on a street in the fallen crater reminded her of past. It was a long time ago... when she first encountered someone she trusted, Tudor Tinyman. And it also reminded her of the event, the murder case.

She closed her eyes and was hearing the noise from the people.

What am I doing here... Why am I living for...

She felt so hopeless inside.

All these people bug me... All these...

Her irises began to glow.

All these... insects!

Her pupil enlarged instantly. In her head, tiny shining dots were all over around her.

Go, kill all these insects!

As Cecilia shouted in her mind, threads expended from her back and spread all over the street. Before anyone could see what was happening, countless people on the street had their hearts pierced in an instant. Everyone fell at the very same moment and the street suddenly became eerily quiet. Broken windows on the buildings was the only indication that something occurred.

The public was shocked to hear the mass murder. Some people said it was an attack from aliens. Approximately five hundreds were killed. The people were killed in a circle. Neither the police nor anyone had any idea what happened.

All they could see was all the people who had been killed all had heart attack at the very same time. Hundreds of people, reporters and scientists were formed around the murder scene. And among them, Cecilia was there.

Of course, no one knew Cecilia did it. She just paid a visit to the scene to see how the people were doing. It seemed many people voiced for an alien attack. She ridiculed at them and left the area.

She did not want to start a new life again. She was just sick of it. And murdering people didn't mean much anymore. Therefore, she decided to be a wanderer. She traveled anywhere where mankind had extended.

At this moment, the whole Sol system was inhabited by humans and they were already building outposts and colonies outside of the Sol system. And a rank chart for ESP was created.

During next one thousand years, what Cecilia did was gathering knowledge. That was actually only thing she could do. She read every single book. She visited every place she could reach by artificial means. She could have used her powers to get to places but she did not. She didn't simply want to use her powers because she needed to waste her time.

Seconds passed, minutes passed, hours passed, days passed, months passed, years passed and generations passed.

The worlds changed several times. Counties fell and rose.

Time passed like wind although it was not for Cecilia herself. Time did pass whether anyone liked or not.

At some point of her life, she began to wear a robe. She found a robe was easy to be taken care of and didn't need to be washed as often as other kind of clothes. She preferred wearing a robe since then.

In A.D. 6800s, Cecilia encountered Gawain Klisis, one of the ancestors of the Klisis blood line.

Gawain and Cecilia happened to meet in a crime scene. The exact time was... A.D. 6829, on a transit to a colony. Gawain was aboard in the transit as well as Cecilia. And an event happened.

The transit was carrying approximately two hundreds people and was sailing to a colony located out of Sol system. When the transit was in middle of space, a group of terrorists rose in the transit. Including Gawain and Cecilia, every passenger was seized.

Some of the terrorists were scaring off the passengers with guns.

"Com'on, jerk! Cry!"

He was yelling for a while and shot the passenger. He moved onto next passenger and began to yell. The passenger cried and begged for mercy.

Gawain who was next to Cecilia was watching it happening.

"Damn!" mumbled Gawain.

The terrorist soon shot the passenger and laughed out loud. He then picked a female passenger.

"Hey, bitch! Do a strip dance."

Gawain was biting his teeth. He soon noticed Cecilia leaning her back against a wall and was just motionlessly sitting on the floor. Cecilia's eyes didn't have a focus at the moment, so she looked like she was deep in thoughts.

Gawain first thought Cecilia was scared to death.

He approached her and whispered, "Hey, snap out. Everything will be fine."

Her eye focus came right back. "I know it's going to be fine," she replied right away.

He was surprised to hear her reply so soon. And she answered as if she didn't care what was going on.

"I thought you were scared?" He whispered.

Cecilia said nothing but sneered instead.

A painful scream filled the area. The terrorist shot one of the leg of the woman and was trying to rape her.

Gawain stood up. "Hey, you dog! Stop right there!" He bellowed.

The terrorists glared at Gawain at once. Gawain had his both arms seized. It wasn't a really wise choice for him to stand up against them.

"You are a hero, eh. You little wimp," said one of the terrorists.

He grinned. "I don't need my hands to fight," Then he focused. With intense wind blowing, two terrorists were blown away, crashing into a wall.

"Shit, he's an ESP. Shoot him!" Rest of terrorists began to shoot at Gawain.

Gawain was frowning. He was using his powers to block the gun ammunition but he was getting progressively tired by seconds. Cecilia noticed that Gawain was bleeding from his ears and nose. He was at his limit.

She then sighed and told him, "Why did you try to be a hero in the first place?"

Gawain could not be bothered to answer, and she knew that. She closed her eyes. For few minutes, Gawain was holding. But one could clearly notice he was at his limitation.

"The guy is losing, shoot harder guys!"

He was groaning. He began to step back. It was that time Cecilia stood up and grabbed Gawain's back, dragging him away. "Errr, stop bothering me," she muttered.

He was bleeding from ears, nose, mouth and eyes. He coughed hard several times.

The terrorists stopped shooting when Cecilia stood up and dragged Gawain down to the floor. What they found amusing was that her hands were free.

One of the terrorist shouted, "Hey! Why are her hands free?!"

"Save... yourself..," Gawain barely managed to speak.

"This is a dream. You will never see this happening again, ever," Cecilia talked back to him.

"... What?"

A terrorist approached her and grabbed Cecilia's wrist violently. He aimed his rifle at her head and was about to pull the trigger.

Cecilia shook his hand off and slapped the terrorist's cheek. With exploding sound, the head of the terrorist exploded and his headless body fell.

"What the! Shoot! Shoot!"

The terrorists began to shoot. She came to a conclusion that dodging the ammunition would kill Gawain.

Seize the incoming.

The terrorists shoot hundreds of ammunition and every single ammunition was captured by Cecilia's countless unpleasantly glowing red strings.

"You got a very very bad luck. You guys would have been more successful if I wasn't aboard."

"What the fuck are you!" One of them yelled.

"Your worst nightmare most likely."

Inhaling, Cecilia bellowed. "Kill them all!"

When Gawain regained his strength, all he could see was flesh pieces of what were once the terrorists presumably.

Clueless, Gawain looked around and spotted Cecilia next to him who looked like asleep.

"Was it a dream? But..."

He remembered that Cecilia dragged him but he couldn't clearly remember what happened next then.

All other passengers didn't remember clearly also.

When the transit arrived at the destination, guards investigated the incident and asked everyone what happened. Including Gawain, everyone could not clearly remember what happened.

Of course, Cecilia said the same.

When the passengers were released, Gawain got a hold of Cecilia.

"Excuse me, lady."

Cecilia looked back. "Yes."

"What are you?" He asked gravely.

The passengers passed by Gawain and Cecilia. She turned around, joining the group of passengers.

"Hey, wait!" He tried to stop her but he lost her in the crowd.

A.D. 7001, Gawain Klisis had become the president of United Sol. He was one of the best presidents in the history. And he was the one who proceeded the plan of extending mankind to Andromeda cluster which was the closet cluster from Sol although he died of age before he could see fruits of this grand plan.

Gawain died of age at A.D. 7798. He was nine hundred sixty nine years old.

A.D. 8177, this year was the point of all the beginning.

Cecil Klisis was born in the Klisis family. When Cecil was born, his power was so strong that the doctors had to separate Cecil from his mother and had to seal him. His ESP power at age of one was recorded to be S class.

In a sealed room, there was the baby Cecil Klisis laying on a small bed. The room was filled with latest technology to offer the best monitoring possible. They were going to lock Cecil down until he grew up, so that he could control his powers according to his will. Otherwise, innocent people were going to get murdered.

At one moment, Cecilia teleported into the room. The baby Cecil noticed Cecilia's presence and tried to attack her with his ESP power. But Cecil's power was not affecting Cecilia at all.

She approached the baby Cecil and stared at him. A few moments later, she placed her palm upon Cecil's forehead.

"I am sorry but I need your body. I won't kill you. I will just place you in a spiritual world where you can observe me."

Her palm which was touching Cecil's forehead glowed. Her figure was slowly vanishing from foot to head. Eventually, Cecilia's body was completely gone.

And that was it. Cecilia transferred herself into Cecil Klisis to start a new life. But, this time, she decided to affect the world rather than acting as a passive observer, which was exactly why she had been on lookout for a new body to start anew.

Because an ordinary body couldn't contain her due to the poisonous blood within her, the body needed to be special and resistant, and Cecil's body happened to meet all required criteria. To even make it even better, the Klisis family would have an easier time entering politics.

Cecilia wasn't about to let the chance get away which she encountered after approximately five thousands years.

Thus begins Two Clusters