

Just because a person is very powerful, it doesn't mean he can do everything. This is such a case.

## [Cecil arc] [5] [Fall of the Klisis] [8825]

Rev 3.5

Related story: [The Hammers arc] [3] [Ksa] [9600]

Regrets, everyone has them.

No matter how successful a person is, he always has regrets. No one is exempt from regrets and Cecil was no exception.

He had countless regrets as Cecilia. He had significantly less regrets as Cecil because he tirelessly worked to make his clan thrive. But having seen thousands of centuries unfold before her eyes as Cecilia, he knew a little too much because the history had a strong tendency to repeat itself.

He joined Mirren to help sustaining the Klisis clan which Cecilia had chosen to born in. The Klisis clan was always small in numbers. This was due to their tradition of inbreeding to keep quality of their blood as pure as possible. Even with scientific advancement, it was yet to be known which criteria were there for ESPs and hyper humans to be born. What seemed to work with relatively high success was that ESP couples was more likely to have ESP offspring.

An ESP was an asset to a clan. A class S ESP was a powerful living weapon for a clan. The same applied to hyper humans but ESPs were sought after more due to their inherently high intelligence.

Not only were a class S ESPs powerful, they were also geniuses. Coupled with immense powers and intelligence, a class S ESP was a force to reckon with both on and off fields.

And the mighty Klisis clan usually had a class S ESP per generation. The clan claimed it was their inbreeding technique that enabled them to be successful with what was called “ESP farming”.

Of course, other clans attempted to mimic what the Klisis did but none of them had a good result. It was eventually determined that there was something unknown to the blood of the Klisis.

Gawain Klisis was a class A ESP but his child was a class S ESP. His child had two children in Mikael and Beatrice both of whom were class S ESPs. And between the siblings, Cecil was born who became the most powerful ESP ever known to mankind.

Cecil’s ESP powers were simply off the chart. There was no proper way to measure his powers.

The Klisis clan was always small in numbers but quality of their members were very good. The Bau badly wanted to absorb the Klisis but Cecil managed to get the clan out of their claws. In doing so, the small but elite clan fell to the O’ran grasp. At least, however, the O’ren was less menacing than the Bau.

At least at first.

The rise of the O’ren, unfortunately, Cecil partook in their rise. But the rise of the O’ren was necessary for the Klisis to benefit, Cecil felt. With Mirren being successful in his bid to become the president of United Sol, Cecil also became politically powerful which translated to the Klisis having more political influence.

However, there was one aspect Cecil failed or neglected to foresee; it was that many saw Cecil and the Klisis as separate entities. It was because Cecil was so ungodly powerful that many saw Cecil being a one-man destroyer rather than a headman of a small elite clan working for the greater benefit.

Again, the rise of the O'ren came in the play.

When the O'ren became dominant at the Ark and having finally had a class S ESP within their ranks, they feared nothing. They felt they could take on the Bau and they had the resources and political influence to carry it out.

However, the O'ren, as powerful and big as they were, wanted a secure home because it was basic of basics to have a secure foundation to launch a large scale assault.

They knew Cecil was powerful. At the same time, they also knew that Cecil was highly unpredictable. They felt that there was a chance of the Klisis siding with the Bau when they would launch their campaign to tackle the Bau.

They did have Marat and an arrange marriage talk was going on in shadow but the matter was yet to see light because Mirren blocked the notion.

In the end, the O'ren decided to tackle the Klisis while Cecil was away on Earth.

The Klisis clan house had been in a festive mood after it was announced that Mirren became the next president of United Sol. It meant that Cecil was successful. Sometime after Mirren's successful bid for the presidency, Konrad who had just received a secret message from the O'ren.

The message was clear and short; they wanted to vassalize the Klisis. In exchange, the O'ren promised insider status for Konrad's direct family and relatives. The

letter specifically mentioned that Konrad should not contact Cecil about the issue because a separate deal was being worked on for him.

Konrad was in the family hall alone. Ever since Cecil left, he had been here alone most of time. Despite establishing their own house in Great rivers region, all Klisis members worked in Fallen Crater. When Cecil was present, his leadership forced members to check in few times a week. However, when Cecil went to Earth, less and less members started to check in.

And after a decade, hardly any Klisis members checked in, leaving only Konrad and his direct family in a place meant for hundreds. His wife, Clare, tried to cheer him up, telling him that the other house members were being successful in their careers in Fallen Crater, but that did very little to lift his spirit.

Looking around the empty hall and listening to the utter silence, he sighed deeply. Under Cecil's leadership, the clan worked how it should have. Members were glued and they showed unity. But, as soon as he left, things started to crack. He attempted to glue the cracks but realized he was nowhere close to Cecil's capabilities.

*Do you push or do you pull? Or you can do nothing.*

Konrad closed his eyes progressively, saying to himself in progress.

"Brother, I cannot neither push nor pull. I cannot simply do nothing as well."

He sighed again. He couldn't ignore the letter like Cecil might have.

A letter arrived at Cecil's office. It was an old-fashioned paper letter. Hardly anyone used the old-fashioned letter to communicate, but it was nevertheless

used some times. In general, a paper letter took several weeks to arrive if it involved interplanetary flight within Inner Sol.

When Cecil entered his office, he saw the letter on his desk. He was given his own office as Mirren's advisor. Even before looking at the letter, he contacted security.

"This is Cecil. I see a letter on my desk. When has it arrived?"

"Hang on a second please... I believe it has just arrived this morning."

Cecil had been absent for few weeks due to Mirren having to travel to Jupiter to appoint a new administrator.

The letter was facing downwards. Therefore, he was able to read who it was from. However, he had a bad feeling about the letter. As he carefully flipped the letter, it realized it was from Konrad.

"No...!" Cecil uttered and, without even opening the letter, he teleported on spot.

What laid before Cecil's eyes were burnt down remains of the Klisis clan house. There was no survivors. Of course, there would be no survivors. After swiftly scanning the area, Cecil could foresee a one-sided battle unfolded in the area.

While still looking emotionless, he slowly opened the letter and read it.

*Dear brother,*

*I am writing this letter to bid you fare well. When you read this letter, the clan have fallen already. Allow me to explain how it came to this.*

*The clan relied on you too much. The clan relied on class S ESPs for far too long. Not long after you left to build solid foundation for the future of the clan, I came to a realization that the future of the clan was dark which I am sure you foresaw also and which was most likely why you've worked so hard to fill the cracks.*

*The longer you were away from the clan, the more the cracks became larger and deeper. I did all I could do cover the cracks but I wasn't good enough. My leadership was nothing like yours.*

*The O'ren have known this for a while and have sent me few messages trying to get to know where I stand. I've never replied them because I felt that was what I should do.*

*Recently, the O'ren sent me an offer to join them as insiders. How utterly insulted I was and I chose to execute the unthinkable you mentioned. I accepted the offer and called for a formal meeting between prominent elders of the O'ren at the family hall.*

*And when they got here, I killed the elders and I suppose you can guess what happened afterwards. I made sure that all of the family members, including my own children, were inside of the house. I wanted all of them to perish but my wife, Clare Vues, was away. I truly love her and want her to live on, so I made an excuse and sent her away to the Vues for an errand.*

*Brother,*

*You must know that none of this is your fault, for you've done so much for the clan. And you were correct. The clan relied on a single person for far too long. We became too weak to stand on our own when you left.*

*Brother,*

*I do have a favor to ask and I know it is going to be very hard for you. Do not destroy the O'ren. We would have done the same if we were in their position. Join them if you want. A talent like yourself shouldn't waste your whole life for a sinking clan like the Klisis. Imagine you as the headman of either the O'ren or the Bau. You would have conquered the clusters.*

*Farewell, brother. May your future shine as bright as the Sun.*

Cecil's hands were shaking. And, for the first time in thousands of years, there were tears in his eyes. At the same time, he felt his blood surging upwards. The anger, the hatred, everything that was dark started to dominate his mind and blood.

"You... live on....!" Cecil's tear-soaked voice rang through the vicinity. "No matter what ... you had to ... live on!!!"

*Because you accomplish nothing if you are dead...!*

"No matter how shameful..., you live to see another day....!"

His shaking fingers started to crumble the letter and, at the same time, the crumbled letter was enveloped in black flame and vanished away, and his irises started to glow in, unpleasant, dark red glare.

*I command you - !*

A staff rushed into Mirren's office.

He yelled urgently, "Sir! Mr. President!"

"What now?" Mirren was having a conversation with Illy O'ren and he wasn't pleased to have been disturbed. "Don't you know how to knock at least?"

"Sir! It's your advisor! He..." But he ran completely out of his breath and had to stop.

Narrowing his eyes, Mirren demanded, "What happened?" At the same time, Illy O'ren face became pale as if she knew what happened.

"He's massacring everyone on Venus! He's massacring O'ren members! He's at the HQ of the O'ren!"

Mirren noticed Illy's reaction and asked, "Do you know something that I don't?!" He had known Cecil long enough that he wasn't a kind of person who'd just go out and cut down everyone for no apparent reason.

Illy stammered, "I, I was ... j, just about to tell you..."

"Well?!" He exclaimed. "Tell me now!"

She was reluctant to speak because a staff was present in the office.

"Enough with your secrecy, woman!" He bellowed at once. "Speak!"

Sighing, she told Mirren what happened briefly and added, "I swear it was our self-defense. They attacked first."

She told him the whole story as quickly as possible.

"Oh, Gods..." Muttering, Mirren buried his head in his hands. "I am also an O'ren member, you know?! Why wasn't I told this?!"

"I came here to tell you..."

"That is not that point!" Mirren yelled at her vigorously. "I should have been told the moment you were told!"

He had a point and she wasn't going to argue.

Growling, sighing, and shaking head at the same time, Mirren asked, “So what now? Any great plans from the O’ren council?”

Illy remained silent. She had no clue and neither did the O’ren. They knew Cecil was powerful. They knew he had a history of taking on the Bau alone but they became blinded when they became powerful and felt they could take on Cecil in the worst case.

### *How wrong they were.*

Thousands of bodies were lying around scattered across a field. It was a ruin in fact and it was the HQ of the O’ren. When Cecil teleported in front of the gigantic walled city, the guards knew who it was and started to attack Cecil on sight. Within minutes, hundreds of guards were killed and city walls were crumbling down. O’ren members who attempted to flee the area with shuttles were met with swift death as Cecil’s red strings whipped them to destruction.

Cecil at this point looked completely emotionless. His face wasn’t that of someone who was moaning death of his family and he was surrounded by hundreds of red strings that behaved like worms. Anything that moved was pierced by the strings and died instantly of deadly poison. Nothing stopped the strings. No armors and barriers stood even a chance of stopping the strings. The prospering city quickly became a ghost town.

As he slowly walked around, the red strings attacked those that moved or even twitched. Structures crashed, machineries exploded, people died bleeding from all holes and eventually melted down in few minutes, leaving nothing but pools of disgusting red sticky goo.

No one could stop him.

A cruiser was dispatched to monitor the situation from orbit. It was also tasked to scan for bio signatures to figure out how many survived and died.

On its bridge, its captain was giving out orders.

“Alright, we are almost at the coordinates that the O’ren council told us. Get ready to scan the area and I want the best optical zoom possible on the site,” He said.

“Aye, sir.”

“Have we gotten the authorization to initiate orbital bombardment?” The captain asked.

“Not yet, sir.”

“Contact them again. I want that authorization.”

As soon as it arrived at the coordinates, one of the bridge crew informed the captain.

“Sir, we’ve been issued the authorization for an orbital bombardment.”

“Good, let’s...”

Before he could finish, the ship jolted once.

“What was that?! Report!”

The bridge was quiet as if they had no idea what happened.

“Did you not hear me? Report!” The captain demanded.

A crew reluctantly answered him, “W, we don’t know, sir. I think an object collided with the ship but...”

As soon as he finished, the light went off. In fact, all powers went off.

“What the hell is happening?!” The captain stood up from his captain’s chair only to fall because the bridge jolted again. “What’s happening?!”

“Nothing is responding, sir! The power is completely off!” A crew shouted.

“I think the ship is being pulled!” Another shouted.

“Pulled?! By what?!” The captain demanded an answer that was answered by no one.

Illy was as pale as she could possibly get upon hearing updated news from Venus. Mirren was taking the news well and even felt the O’ren deserved it.

“2,860,000 dead so far...,” An O’ren messenger was on screen and was updating them. “Of course, it’s a rough count, sir... A cruiser attempted to scan for bio signatures from orbit but was ... shot down.”

“Shot down? From orbit? By Cecil?” Amused, Mirren opened his eyes widely.

“It would appear so, sir... We heard nothing from them and the ship appeared to be pulled down by one of his red strings, sir...”

“Good job, Illy. Good job!” He uttered sarcastically. “You’ve pissed off the most powerful ESP in the history of mankind! Good job!”

“How many survived from the council?” Illy asked, ignoring Mirren’s sarcasm.

“Over half survived, ma’am,” He responded. “They used underground tunnels. Of course, not everyone made but...”

“What are they going to do now?” Illy asked.

“The council has approved to send in a fleet of a hundred ships, ma’am. They will swiftly move in and fire.”

The O’ren hoped that a hundred was enough to keep him busy while they commence orbital strikes.

“You do realize that, by doing so, you will kill any remaining survivors, do you not?” Mirren pointed out.

“We are painfully aware of that, sir, but this has to be done.”

“If that’s enough to kill him, that is,” Mirren replied instantly.

The messenger and Illy remained silent.

A small fleet of a hundred cruisers were ordered to swiftly move in and strike immediately without locking down on a target. They did not want to give Cecil time to react even if they might not be accurate.

The O'ren council expected to lose few ships but was confident that Cecil would be killed.

When the fleet arrived at the coordinates, one of the ships was struck by Cecil's red string which was expected and the fleet fired their turrets at once, only to find out that none of their laser beams made it to the ground.

"Report!" Fleet captain exclaimed.

A crew was busy reading sensor output from a console. He explained, "We did fire the beams, sir, but it's almost as if the beams hit something invisible and were absorbed?"

Only A.C.M. shield was ever known to be able to absorb laser beams and that was under a very specific circumstances.

And then he uttered, "Uh..., sir..."

"What is it?"

"You have to look at this, putting on screen."

On a holographic screen, an optically zoomed view of the destroyed city came into the view. The city still looked like a big dot but that wasn't the focus of their attention. The area was covered by what appeared to be semi-transparent gray field in a dome shape.

The fleet captain twitched his head in confusion and asked the crew, "What does sensor reading say?"

"I ... have no idea, sir. I am not reading anyth..."

Another crew had to interrupt. "I am sorry to interrupt but the attacked cruiser is acting strange. It lost all of its powers for a moment but it is powering back up now but its signature has been erased."

The fleet captain became irritated. "Erased? Can any of you please explain to me what the hell is going on?!"

A ship's electronic signature was recorded on a locked ROM (Read-Only-Memory) which meant even complete power loss and destruction of mainframe were unable to rewrite a ship's signature. To change a ship's signature, they had to replace a ship's ROM.

"The ship... is locking on us?! I am hailing the ship but no response, captain!"

"What the... Has it gone rogue? Move away from that ship! Warn others to target the ship and fire on my mar-"

Before he could finish, he saw a flash of light from below.

The messenger's doomed face indicated that the operation did not go well.

Mirren seemed to content in how the event was unfolding and Illy looked like she was having a nightmare.

"Our apologies, sir and madam..." He said weakly. "But the fleet ... is gone."

"Gone?! How?!" Illy exclaimed desperately.

"We are ... not sure, ma'am, but we lost their ship signatures and we confirmed their debris."

She started to argue desperately, “But it was a fleet of a hundred! There is no way he could have...” But soon found herself foolish for trying to argue. It had happened. There was no doubt about it. Cecil had apparently taken down a fleet of a hundred cruisers in few minutes.

“I want to talk to the council,” She demanded, “Get them online right now.”

“I am unable to do that, but Azazzel is here and he has been representing the council.”

“Get him on then, quick.”

The screen blinked once and Azazzel appeared on screen.

“Hello, lass,” Azazzel smiled bitterly. “Sad, isn’t it. We thought we could take Cecil down but here we are. We are on a fine course to our extinction.”

“How is the council doing?”

“They are cowering. I mean they are really cowering. Some of them are unable to think straight right now after somehow managing to get out of the HQ alive.”

“Were you there?”

“Nope, I was in my own outpost when it happened but I can tell you how the fleet was destroyed. I was able to see from a distance.”

He explained that what appeared to be a semi-transparent shield in a shape of dome absorbed the beams and shot it back at them.

“It was a grand sight to see. You should have seen it,” He said.

Illy sighed and told him, “Azazzel, this is no time for a joke...”

“I am not joking,” He told her firmly. “It was a sight to behold. See for yourself.”

The screen blinked once and it displayed a video clip of the event. There was the semi-transparent shield in a dome shape and the orbital lasers were being absorbed as it was shot.

Few seconds later it absorbed the beams, it shot back. Heavy vibration in the video indicated that the whole area was shaking and it was very bright due to the beams.

Azazzel came back on the screen. "I swear that the beams were empowered when it shot back. The fleet didn't stand a chance and were vaporized."

Illy dropped her head and Azazzel continued.

"We cannot stop him. It doesn't matter how big of a fleet we send. Even if we send a thousand, the result will be the same. It will probably take few seconds longer for them to be vaporized though."

"Mr. Azazzel," Mirren spoke.

His attention moved to Mirren. "Oh, Mr. President. My apologies. I failed to notice you."

"I wouldn't blame you. That is not important right now however. Do you have any plan to stop him? Or will this be the end of the O'ren?"

As much as Mirren felt the O'ren deserved this outcome, he needed the O'ren. If the O'ren did fall, his life as the president of United Sol was about to get really tough.

"We cannot stop him by force. That much is for sure," Azazzel said, "If might cannot stop him, I suppose words could stop him."

"So, you are suggesting a negotiation. But who'd be able to talk to him? Let alone approach him alive?"

Azazzel remained silent at which point someone entered the presidential office.

"Dad, I will go."

It was Marat.

Mirren seemed unsurprised. Instead, he beamed a smile at her. "I figured you might say that. I don't think Cecil would kill you also although your mother may not know that."

Illy never really spent time with her daughter. Marat grew up with Avicenna, Cecil, and Mirren.

"Come over here so that Mr. Azazzel can see your face."

Marat stood by Mirren and Azazzel took a look at her face and figure.

"Hello, uncle," She greeted.

"You are growing up to be a nice woman," He remarked. "Not surprising since Illy has a hot body."

But Illy was in no mood to respond to a joke.

"Uncle, I will talk to Cecil."

"The president has already approved, so I am not one to stop you. Are you able to teleport to Venus?"

Marat nodded.

"Good, teleport to Fallen Crater. I will be there to pick you up."

She nodded again.

"See you soon, lass."

"I am going, dad."

Mirren gave her a nod and she vanished on spot.

After she vanished, he talked, "Mr. Azazzel, I hope this event has taught the O'ren some valuable lessons."

Azazzel snickered casually. "No, sir. Nothing will be learned from this because fools will always be fools." He quickly added, "The individuals are smartasses but when they get together, a kid might be smarter than them."

Mirren smiled. As a president of a nation, there were things he wouldn't dare saying out loud but he agreed with him with his silence.

Azazzel picked Marat up at Fallen Crater city hall and was driving her to his outpost which wasn't too far from the HQ of the O'ren.

"Nice to meet you in person, by the by," He said while piloting his shuttle. Marat was sitting next to him. It was indeed his first time seeing Illy's daughter in person.

"Yes, nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you."

"So have I. I hope you know what you are doing."

"I don't know what I am doing. That's why I am going."

Marat explained that those who knew what they were doing were likely killed even before they could approach him close enough to be able to talk. She firmly believed that those who did not know what they were doing had a much higher chance not to be killed.

"Whatever you say, lass," Azazzel chuckled. "I've been told class S ESPs are hard to understand and I certainly see two good examples today."

Marat smiled in her defense.

"Just don't get yourself killed. The last thing I want to do is to inform the president that his daughter had just been killed by his advisor."

The O'ren had numerous outposts on surface of Venus. The outposts were ruled by prominent members of O'ren insiders. In other words, the outposts were private manors for them. The outposts were heavily armored and armed.

Azazzel's outpost was the closest to HQ of the O'ren and had population of a thousand. The outpost had a shuttle landing pad, four ground-to-air turrets in each corner, and numerous housing modules. Majority of activities were done underground and on surface it looked like a small high tech lab.

“You go from here alone,” Azazel told her after they exited the shuttle. “How you get there is up to you. Do your magic and good luck.”

Several armed guards saluted at Marat as she left the outpost and walked toward the direction of HQ. She continued to walk and the view of once a beautiful city came into her view progressively.

After 30 minutes of walk, Debris, fumes, and disgusting odor welcomed her to the capital of the O'ren. All skyscrapers were gone. The walls were gone. The roads were in tatters. What else welcomed her was Cecil's red strings which approached her at once and started to sniff her around like insect antennae. She startled and stood still while the strings continued to sniff her around.

At one point, the strings went alert and withdrew at once, disappearing from her view in a matter of seconds and she saw a figure walking toward her from afar. There was only one person who'd be able to walk around in the mess besides her, it would be Cecil.

Gulping, Marat feared that Cecil might be in bad condition and emotional mood, but to her surprise, Cecil looked normal. By normal, it meant that he had his usual emotionless face, looking neither sad nor depressed.

“You being here means the O'ren has ran out of ideas,” He spoke in his usual, calm, manner.

“Cecil..., are you okay?”

The red strings were nowhere to be found anymore at this point.

“I am fine.” Having said so, he looked around. “I believe I've done enough to make them fear me.” He spoke as if everything he had done so far was mathematical. She found it hard to believe but he did look perfectly fine. He was speaking with logic and acted fine in front of her.

At this point, she wasn't sure what to say or react. Therefore, all she could do was just stand still while Cecil approached her and passed her by.

"Let's go," He said.

"To where?"

"To Azazzel's outpost. It is time for a negotiation."

She had no idea what was there to negotiate with. The Klisis had fallen. It was over for Cecil as far as she was concerned. But she decided to stay silent and try not to agitate him any further.

Azazzel's jaw almost dropped to the ground when Marat showed up with Cecil. He rushed to stop the guards from firing.

"Stop," He shouted to the guards who rushed to aim their rifles at Cecil. "I said STOP!" He even ran toward Cecil and Marat and stood in front of them to stop them. "No one fires! Do you hear me?! NO ONE FIRES!"

The guards still did not lower their weapons. While Azazzel fully understood their sentiments, he knew better that attacking him meant their death or even destruction of the outpost. Perhaps even worse after that.

"This is an order! Do not fire! I will kill you personally if you fire!" He continued to shout while shielding Cecil physically and he continued to be on high alert until he managed to get him inside of his quarter.

"Phew, Gosh, man..." Azazzel let out of a long and loud sigh. "I feel like I lost a hundred years of my lifespan from this." He made sure the door was locked and secured and turned around to face Cecil who had apparently sat down on a chair by a table in the quarter. Marat was silently standing next to him.

"So, why are you here? I am glad that you did not kill Marat but why the hell are you here?"

“I suppose your elders are in no condition to negotiate, so I’ve come to you for a negotiation,” Cecil said indifferently.

“The hell? Negotiation? What’s there to…” He didn’t finish his sentence. “Fine, let’s hear it.”

“Marat will be a witness to this,” Cecil said, “Do you agree?”

She wasn’t sure what she was getting herself into but nodded anyway. Meanwhile, Azazzel continued to stay by the door in case someone tried to barge in.

“The land that the Klisis clan owns, the land ownership shall be transferred to me,” He stated. He was talking about the clan land inside of Great rivers region. The land was owned by Venus government. Cecil was demanding it to be owned by him.

Azazzel didn’t think much into the proposal. After all, the O’reen had long considered that land lost. “Fine, take it. We won’t care.”

“The O’reen will not bother the Vues. You will not even spy on them or even plant an informant. If your clan does it and such an action is revealed, I swear that your clan will be wiped out.”

Azazzel responded fiercely, “Wait a damn second here. What are you planning? And what do we get from agreeing to that?”

“Your clan gets spared today. That is what you get.” He added with a grave voice. “I believe I’ve demonstrated that I am certainly capable of wiping out the clan.”

Azazzel felt like he was having massive headache. “I don’t know what you are planning but I suppose there isn’t a choice for me or us.”

“True, you don’t have a choice unless you consider being wiped out as a choice.”

“The council is in tatters and it will take some time for them to get back on their own feet. For the time being, I and few select members will be running the clan,”

Azazel said, "Consider your demands accepted. I hate to say it but you've won. But just so you know, I was against the idea of sending the offer to Konrad."

Cecil closed his eyes slowly and spoke slowly, "What has happened cannot be reversed. My concern is the present and the future."

And that was exactly what Azazel was concerned about. Cecil's demonstration of his powers on this day proved that ultimately he held all necessary cards. As long as he remained on Venus, the O'ren would always be in danger. He felt the O'ren council accomplished nothing by destroying the Klisis. If anything, he felt it gave casus belli for Cecil to scheme against them.

He feared Cecil because his vision went too far into the future that he couldn't predict what he was scheming. He even felt that destruction of his own clan may have been a part of his grand scheme.

Cecil and Marat left Azazel's outpost by a shuttle. They were to reach Fallen Crater and take few days off there. At least, that was what Azazel wanted them to do.

Instead, Cecil redirected the shuttle and went to the Vues' HQ.

Most of their infrastructure was underground. On surface, all they had was a shuttle landing pad and few small buildings which acted as gates into their clan underground.

Hercules and his son Hal rushed to the shuttle that had just made its landing.

"Sir!" Hercules cried out, "Sir!" He ran toward Cecil as soon as he exited the shuttle. He got down on his four and cried out. "I heard what happened. God damned O'ren! Damn them all!"

His son Hal knelt down and showed upmost respect toward Cecil. Marat was about to follow but Cecil gestured his hand from back not to follow.

“If you wish to attack the O’ren, we will gladly obey your orders!” Hal also cried out.

“Of course!” Hercules bellowed. “Even if it means our destruction! Of course! That’s my lad!”

“I’ve come to meet Clare Vues. I believe Konrad sent her here before it happened.”

Hercules and Hal remained silent over Cecil’s inquiry. Instead, Hal started to sob.

Cecil knew what that meant and closed his eyes. “I see,” He repeated with a softer voice. “I see...”

Clare Vues apparently committed suicide upon hearing the news that the Klisis clan house was destroyed by the O’ren.

Leaving Marat in the shuttle, Cecil took Hercules and Hal into the Vues’ family conference chamber which resembled the same chamber back on Earth. There were stools shaped from living tree roots and the ground was covered with grass. The walls were living woods as well.

Cecil sat down on a decorated stool that was meant for Hercules Vues. But nobody seemed to mind. For the Vues, the Klisis was more or less a father clan for them. If it wasn’t for them they would have been stuck on Earth under Bau’s influence. They felt so deeply indebted to the Klisis that Hercules’ sentiment about dying for Cecil wasn’t too far-fetched; Clare’s suicide was also a clear testament of their stance.

A woman attempted to rush into the chamber but were stopped by guards who were standing by entrance. Cecil recognized the woman.

“Let her in. She deserves to be here.”

She was Hella Klisis, the wife of Hercules.

“Headman...!” She cried out with a tear soaked face.

Cecil shook his head slowly and peacefully. He told her, “I am the headman no longer.”

She broken down in tears and the guards attempted to take her away but Cecil stopped them at once.

“Let her be, for her cry resonates with mine.”

Hercules was known to shown a deep affection toward his wife just like Konrad did to Clare. Therefore, he gritted to see his wife breaking down.

“Your orders!” Hercules exclaimed. “We will attack the O’ren!”

Hal and elders nodded at once. They already knew what Cecil had done so far to the O’ren, and they were overwhelmingly confident that this day would be their last day as long as Cecil was with them.

Looking around them, Cecil asked, “Does everyone here know what I’ve done today?”

Hercules responded promptly, “Aye!”

Cecil took a deep breath and spoke to the small crowd in the chamber. “The O’ren will fall, but that day will not be today.”

Everyone was surprised to hear Cecil’s statement.

He continued, “Starting today, I shall begin long preparations to attack the O’ren. And when the day comes, Hal will lead the front line.” He slowly raised his arm and pointed at Hal. “You will destroy the O’ren with your own hands. Wait for that day. Dream of that day.”

Although they did not know why Cecil refused to finish off the O’ren this day, they did not question Cecil, for they knew for certain that he must have had his reasons.

For Cecil, he was complying his brother's will; He chose not to destroy the O'ren with his own hands. Instead, he decided to destroy the O'ren with someone else's hands.

This moment was also when Cecil decided to form the Hammers. He desired a group of people who he could entrust tasks to and carry them out successfully on his behalf. It would take many years for him to find the first suitable member of the Hammers however.

Cecil's "long preparations" would bear its fruit on year 9665, the year the O'ren fell in hands of the Vues and the Hammers ...

***- Fin***