

Revenge that took 800 years... This story should actually belong to the Hammers arc but Cecil deserves this closure.

This is a long story, 92 pages. Again, Cecil deserves this closure.

[Cecil arc][7][Fall of the O'ren][9665]

Rev 2.2 (Created: Feb 2 2010 | Last modified: Oct 9 2021)

Prerequisite stories

Obviously, all previous stories in Cecil arc.

Additionally, all stories in Hammers arc.

Related stories

[Legends arc] [Venus] [2799]

Year 9665...

The O'ren had been acting storage.

Although the O'ren supported Cecil's initial takeover, it didn't take a genius to figure out that he aimed to repel the O'ren. Ever since year 9600, Venus government under Cecil progressively weeded out O'ren employees, and by year 9665, there was no O'ren personnel within Fallen Crater.

Kisia had been keeping eyes on the O'ren as per Cecil's instruction before he left Venus. She knew the history although not first hand and she was well aware that the O'ren wasn't going to just go down without a fight.

The O'ren's silence had been going on for decades and it wasn't a good sign, she felt.

Cecil's departure had been kept a secret among the Hammers. When Cecil left Venus, he said he'd come back at one point. He claimed that his lack of presence would spark the last bit of rebellious force on Venus into life.

While Cecil chose not to spell it loud, everyone within the Hammers knew what he was talking about. It was the O'ren.

Four years passed since, and everyone knew it was a matter of time before the O'ren would find out that Cecil was gone.

There was a genuine brief for the O'ren feel that Cecil could be gone for good. First of all, Cecil was over 1,300 years old. Nobody had lived that long. Additionally, Cecil had been progressively delegating more tasks to Gair, and by this year, almost all decisions were made by Gair.

All signs pointed to Cecil's possible death on surface.

Eventually Karl delivered devastating information. He had been working undercover for various operations relating the O'ren. He had come across a piece of information that the O'ren family had been importing weapons, including heavy weapons.

An emergency meeting was called in order to discuss the issue.

Vice president, Gair, and Admiral Nikki sweetheart were already in the conference room. Gair was effectively the President. However, in order to keep Cecil's departure a secret, he was still a vice president on surface.

Kisia arrived shortly later, followed by Vakha.

"Yo, guys!" Vakha's cheerful voice resounded in the room.

Tuhina arrived soon after.

Karl, Devon, and Kasper hadn't arrived yet, but the conference began anyway.

"I am sure everyone has already heard from Karl. The O'ren has been importing weapons illegally. While their intention is yet to be discovered, this cannot be good." Gair gave out the initial speech to begin with.

"The O'ren is too large. If they are to battle them on a fair ground, we cannot win. We are way too outnumbered," Tuhina voiced her concern.

"Of course, we don't have much of a chance on a fair ground. But fighting on fair ground is stupid," Kisia said, "We will use every stick in our sleeves. I say we stand good chance."

"We can try to locate their bases and bombard from orbit." As expected from a military personal, Nikki Sweetheart proposed bombing.

"Yeah!" Vakha agreed with Nikki Sweetheart in his way.

"Bombing is not an option. We must take care of this issue internally," said Kisia which Gair agreed and added, "Kisia is correct. We must be as discrete as possible."

Tuhina said, "Gair, we won't be able to hide it for too long. This is not going to end as small scale skirmish warfare."

"True. For now, we just keep it a secret. Meanwhile, I've called Marglus Vlues," Gair replied.

Marglus Vlues was the son of Hal Vlues.

In a short while, Devon, Kasper, as well as Marglus arrived

"I am sorry for being late," Devon came in with haste whose outfit was as provocative as ever.

"It's all right," Kisia answered to Devon. "How are the girls?"

Beaming a smile, Devon replied, "As active as ever."

Looking at Gair, Marglus spoke out, "Was I called in by a mistake? This is the Hammers meeting, no?"

Nodding along, Gair explained, "True but different. Let me explain."

Gair took his time to explain the situation to Marglus and those who arrived late.

With a clearly concerned face, Marglus crossed his arms and downcast his eyes.

"My father told me numerous times about 'final revenge' against the O'ren. So, this is it, huh..."

"Yes, this is it. Cecil planned it and the execution is our job," Kisia said.

Gair added, "The O'ren has terminated communications with outside for years now. I wouldn't be surprised even if they go on full offense against us or the Vlues."

Kisia's comm. Bracelet vibrated and she took a call.

"Wait, guys, Dante has an interesting piece of info. Let me put her on screen."

Dante's holographic image popped up above the round desk in the conference room.

"Hey, guys. It's been a while. I've come across floating gossips that O'ren members are coming in and out of Fallen Crater through secret passageways. It is believed that they've been purchasing weapons this way."

"Do you have any solid proof? And have you investigated this?" Gair asked.

"I do not have any solid proof and I have investigated without success."

"Disturbing....," Gair mumbled.

Dante added, "It is entirely possible that the O'ren does have secret passageways. After all, they built the foundation of the city."

"We need to talk to the O'ren," Gair said. "Anybody has an idea?"

"How about using the ads? Like how we use classified ads to communicate with out agents. Might as well give it a shot. Nothing to lose really." Kisia suggested, adding, "Even if they terminated communications, they would still have access to news and media. If they didn't, they'd be blinded."

"That might work to communicate with them," Tuhina agreed.

Others agreed.

"All right, we will attempt to contact the O'ren with the suggestion." Gair declared.

"Should we stay on orbit just in case?" Tuhina inquired. By we, she meant Vakha and herself. After all, they were the commanders of the Venus imperial fleet.

Gair shook his head once. "No, I don't want them to notice that we've found out."

Kisia disagreed. "I believe they already know, so their fleet should stay on orbit."

"Hmmm...", Gair groaned. "You may be right."

"We will return to the fleet and check our crew list in the fleet. There might be some O'ren left that may be spying," Tuhina spoke as he and Vakha stood up from their chairs.

Gair nodded at Tuhina. "Please do,"

The meeting was dismissed soon after.

Kisia recalled an event where she went to a mission with Cecil. It was when Cecil had just taken over Venus from Illy O'ren.

Cecil was determined to annihilate a man that had been manipulating people to go on protests against his dictatorship. His primary argument against Cecil's dictatorship was that his take unconstitutional which was in fact true. Instead of "wasting" time to argue with him, he had decided to kill him simply. Gair was against Cecil's decision and wanted to settle but Cecil's argument was that someone like him could not be tamed and it was simply better off removing him completely.

And instead of seeking him out which wasn't going to be easy since he was constantly moving, he directly went to his house.

In front of Kisia, Cecil Klisis was killing his family without any sign of mercy.

"Sir., why would you need to kill them? They are...", Kisia didn't get to finish her sentence.

"Innocent?" Cecil finished her sentence for her.

Kisia nodded careful, trying to not get under his skin.

"If you are to annihilate an issue, you get rid of its root first. Always kill the children and women first."

There was no emotion in his voice.

"But wouldn't that add rage to the man we are after?"

Cecil sneered. "A raged man is easier to deal with. He will be more predictable."

He made sense in a way, but she could not accept the idea of murdering children and women only because they were his family.

Kisia watched Cecil to kill three children and a woman. Soon after, the man they were after appeared in front of them filled with rage. His eyes were burning. He was on rampage. He demanded explanation why his family was killed. Cecil answered him bluntly.

"You stood on my path."

In the end, Cecil killed the man in one slash. Everything was ended in a matter of hours whereas it would normally take months, perhaps years, to track down the man and then another long period just to go through trials.

Although the method Cecil Klisis took was unacceptable, the result was outstanding in terms of efficiency. By killing less than ten people, he saved a lot of time and efforts that would have been spent to track down the man and hopefully arrest him. Still, Kisia was unable to accept his method. No, she simply could not accept the concept.

Always kill children and women first.

Kisia was having tea in an open cafe. It was her daily routine. Dipping her tea, she let out a deep sign.

'We are outnumbered by at least ten times. We do not stand a chance if we fight conventional way. The only reason that they have not initiated war is because of the master. They are afraid of him. But he is not here. They also know that. It's just that they are afraid of him so much that even his shadow scares them.'

Kisia raised her head stared at cloud-filled sky of Venus.

'But they are on edge. They have no other choice but to fight. I thought they'd be predictable..., but they are not. This is troubling...'

She leaned her chin against her fist on table.

'I wonder... if I use the method he used..., Would that make the O'ren more predictable?' Kisia wondered.

"Ma'am!" Somebody called Kisia. When she turned around, there was Marglus Vlues. He knew her routine. Therefore, he knew she'd be at the cafe.

"What is it?"

"My father would like to meet you in person,"

Kisia was confused a little bit. "Hal Vlues wants to see me?"

Marglus nodded.

A division of the Vlues was located on underground 139th floor below the crater. Kisia headed there as she had no location of the Vlues' primary house. The whole floor was used for the Vlues. As soon as she entered the floor, five guards of the Vlues greeted her formally, bowing deeply.

"Ma'am, the headman is waiting for you."

"The headman is here? I thought this was only a division."

"He has been expecting you."

"I see," She had a feeling that the division was more than just what it was.

Fallen crater underground floors were a compact version of dome. Each floor was a large empty zone. It was up to renters or, in this case, a clan, would be responsible to populate the floor.

The Vlues had rented an entire floor. Therefore, the entire zone was built to their traditions. They had laid down a soil foundation and planted trees and then they used its roots in conjunction of other materials to form various structures such as walls.

Kisia was guided to what seemed to be a park where he spotted a very tall and imposing man with numerous guards. It was easy to guess that it would be Hal.

"Greetings, I would like to get back to the topic as soon as possible," She said as soon as they exchanged greetings.

Hal nodded repeatedly in agreement. "Of course, we will take about it, right here!"

Hal sent a gesture to the guards. They formed a defensive formation. Hal and Kisia were in heart of the formation. The guards also put a square of cloth on the ground to sit on.

As soon as they sat down, Hal spoke with urgency, "The O'ren has sent us a message of declaration."

"Declaration?"

"They kidnapped two of our elite guards, and they are going to declare a war against the Vlues if we do not withdraw from Venus." Then he shrugged, "Which is bullcrap and nonsense. We have right to be here just as much as they do."

Kisia sighed, and Hal continued.

"Regardless, this is very disturbing because the guards that were kidnapped were our best of the best."

"So.., the Vlues basically lost the first round completely," Kisia replied to Hal in a graved voice.

Hal shrugged again with a long sigh this time.

"We have three elite guards, and two were kidnapped, so I suppose we've lost the first round, correct."

"Where is the last elite guard?"

"The last remaining elite guard is here."

Hal's hand was afloat and a man appeared out of thin air right next to them.

"My name is Luine Vlues, nice to meet you."

He was wearing a skin tight black suit for ease of movement as well as silence. His swift movements indicated that he was an assassin and a hyper human. On the first glance, he seemed capable.

"I do wonder why you've called me out, sir."

"I am afraid Luine alone will not be able to prevent any more attacks from the O'ren."

"Please, just to the point, sir. I still do not see my part in this."

"I've heard that you are one with the heaviest mouth," Hal said, "Marglus should be fine as long as he is with the Hammers. Unlike us, the Hammers were trained by the crimson wizard.

It took a short moment for Kisia to make a reply, "My class is only A."

"I've looked on that. Your ID has not been updated for hundreds of years."

Kisia narrowed her eyes. "Do you want me to rescue the kidnapped ones?"

"You are half right."

"Half?"

"The O'ren will want to fight the Vules. It will be a honorable battle. No outsiders will be allowed to interfere. However, it's easy to see that the Vlues is no match for the O'ren."

"And...?"

"If you can rescue the elite guards, the Vlues would owe you big, big enough to grant you our last name." Hal paused for a moment and continued. "I would like you to be Kisia Vlues and aid us in our battle."

Kisia wasn't someone who was keen to have a last name. She never really cared for it. Still, it was a big decision.

"What makes you think I am worthy enough? You are right that my ID has not been updated for hundreds years. But it does not mean my class has been upgraded."

Hal had a faint grin on his face as if he was confident. "Marglus told me that you were the only one who was behind a veil."

There was a reason for her to be behind a veil. It was a secret that only few Hammers was aware of. In fact, only Maeve knew and she had left the Hammers a long time ago.

"We have pretty much accurate data on the rest of the Hammers. However, barely anything is known about you. I have a feeling that you are much stronger than what anyone would imagine you to be."

Unlike others, Kisia was “saved” by Cecil’s lone drop of blood. The drop of Cecil’s blood enhanced her abilities as well as her lifespan. Her ESP powers were boosted beyond what she was originally capable of. However, her passive personality coupled with her reluctance to use her powers had made her appear as if she was a weak ESP. She didn’t mean to hide her true capabilities. It was that she always used her brain rather than physical powers.

She slowly stood up. Hal and the others had their eyes fixed at her.

"Attack me," She declared.

Luine looked at Hal, and Hal gave him his permission in a nod.

Luine's arms jerked as he made his move. He quickly pulled two short energy blades and aimed Kisia's heart and neck. Disconnecting an ESP's brain and heart was the most effective way to seize and kill an ESP.

In response, Kisia jerked her left arm and created a shockwave. Luine was pushed back several meters. But he managed to break through Kisia's shockwave and ran toward Kisia in a blink.

And then they heard loud whooshing.

Kisia was wielding two unknown objects in her each hand. It was similar to Cecil’s blade in shape and form but they were semi-transparent. She showed an amazing deft swordplay and seized Luine in few blinking seconds. He was taken by complete surprise.

While groaning with pain, Luine mumbled. "An augmentor...!"

ESP was capable of diverting their powers to muscles, making them act like a hyper-human. However, without proper training, power conversation rate wasn't ideal. This skill was called augmentation. A master of augmentation was capable

of converting their mental powers to muscle powers without wasting powers during the progress. In other words, the conversion ratio of a master augmentor. would be 1:1.

Hal was amused and uttered, "You are ... a S class !"

Luine was a highly skilled veteran class A hyper human. His swift and easy loss did mean Kisia was a level or more higher than him.

"I've never meant to hide my powers. It's just that I haven't really had a chance to use my powers," She said in her defense.

In the end, she refused to give her answer to Hal right away. She asked for time to think and Hal agreed.

Few days later, Tuhina's effort paid off. She had revealed sixteen O'ren within her fleet. They had their true identities completely deleted from national database and had been living with complete new identities. How Tuhina found them out was ingenious. She reportedly showed clear discontent toward Gair's government and she was approached by few supposedly O'ren members. She caught them in act and traced their identities. In the end, she revealed total of sixteen people. With their families on surface, the total number was thirty two. All of them were jailed swiftly.

Kisia was looking at them who were jailed in the same large cell together.

Many thoughts were crossing in her head. After tens of minutes standing in front of a magic glass behind their cell, her palm that was covered with sweats. She had just made a dire decision. She decided to do the unthinkable.

She destroyed the cell glass at once and began to slash her blades at them without mercy. The imprisoned people were yelling and begging for mercy. When Kisia killed the children first before the adults, the begging stopped, and then they jumped on her.

After few minute, the cell became quiet and reeked of blood and death.

A guard outside entered the cell with haste to see what was going on. He was stuck by the scene. He soon called his superior officer, and the superior officer eventually called Kasper, the head of security.

When Kasper arrived at the Venus imperial imprisonment cell, Kisia was quietly standing in middle of the blood drenched cell. On her feet, there were remains of what were once thirty two people. He could not recognize it as human beings. The remains could only be called pieces of meats at best.

"Kisia..., what have you done...?!" Although Kasper's voice was raised by anger, he soon seemed to have calmed down. Then he approached Kisia and asked quietly. "I am not going to ask you why you did this. And I am not also going to blame you for what you've done here, so would you mind telling me what to do next?"

The members of the Hammers had known each other for a long time and their relationships were based on complete trust. Furthermore, all of them were taught by Cecil himself. Therefore, while Kasper was shell-shocked initially, he soon concluded that Kisia must have had a reason.

Kisia answered him while still looking downcast, "I want you to manipulate the media. Make this incident sound like they were murdered by officers while they were being transferred."

"I see."

"You will get blamed for this. Are you prepared?"

Kasper laughed weakly. "Without Cecil, I would have been dead already. I now have a fine life with a good wife. What more could I ask for?"

Kisia left the bloody scene at once.

On the next day, the citizens of Venus were shocked with their headline news.

And the chief security officer, Kasper, was about to be blamed for the whole incident.

"Do something !" Syre, Kasper's wife, was raising her voice at the vice president, Gair.

"Calm down. Everything is under control."

"Everything is not under control!" Syre's high-pitched voice pierced Gair's ears.

"My husband is going to take all the blames!"

"It's all right, Ma'am, We've been doing this for a long time." Tuhina entered the vice president's office.

"Truth is too harsh to take. Almost all information people face is made-up," Tuhina looked through a window. There were few tens of people outside but they weren't protesting. They knew they'd killed if they did protest. People had yet to realize that Cecil was gone at this point.

Syre glanced at Tuhina who walked up to Gair's desk, next to her.

"Whenever something like this comes up, there are just more people to assassinate. That's all," Tuhina claimed, "Right, guys?"

As soon as Tuhina finished her sentence, Karl and Devon appeared from shadows of a corner.

"They haven't protested but we've tracked down several people who were organizing meetings," Devon reported, "Shall we take care of them?"

"Up to you," Gair said casually.

"We will get rid of them," Karl declared and they vanished.

"Wait," Tuhina spoke, "Arrest them and fabricate false crimes on them. It will help redirect people's attention. Average Joe has an attention span of five minutes at best."

"See?" Gair shrugged with a smile, "There is nothing to worry about. As soon as their fabricated records are released in public, the people's attention will turn on him, and they will forget about Kasper's case."

"What if they do not turn their attention?"

"We will manipulate the media again then. It's easy. People have a great tendency to believe whatever they see on the media."

Syre had nothing more to argue.

'If death of thirty two is going to save life of tens of thousands...'

Kasper stuck back into his chair deeply and sighed.

"She has made a hell of choice," he mumbled to himself.

He noticed a presence and came to senses. "Hello, wife,"

Syre beamed a grin at Kasper. "Hello, darling."

"What brought you here?"

"I just came back from the vice president."

Kasper sighed but with a grin. "I told you not to worry about it."

"I am not, not anymore, I guess. But I have some questions."

Kasper shrugged slightly and hit a button on lower left corner of his desk.

"Elemist, I am taking off early."

"Roger that, sir. Have fun."

He grabbed his coat as he stood up from his chair. "Let's talk about that while we eat something."

Kisia was sulking in a corner of her apartment. She appeared to be loose. She looked as if her soul was taken out. In her head, she was recalling the voices, faces, and screaming when she was murdering the thirty two people with her own hands.

'I had to make a choice. If their death can make them predictable...'

Her hands began to shake weakly.

'But...'

Their eyes that were glaring at her and their voice that was aimed at her, they were a little too much to handle. Kisia grabbed her own hair and rolled on the floor.

"Arrrgggh!" she creamed out loud.

Struggling and rolling on floor for few tens of minutes, she eventually let herself loose and stared vacantly on ceiling. This was when she noticed someone was on

ceiling who landed on her with an energy knife on his hand. Before she could react, the blade was already in her throat.

"Yes, this is Venus security department," Elemist picked up a direct call instead of Kasper as he left early with his wife. Since he was Kasper's first officer, he also had a small but nice office. Whenever Kasper was not present, calls to Kasper were redirected to him.

Elemist stood up from his desk urgently. "Yes, right away!"

He just had received a call from Kisia. She told him that she was attacked, and she was at her apartment.

When Elemist assembled a small security force and arrived at Kisia's apartment, he found a man laying dead in a pool of blood. The way his limbs were twisted, he was killed by an ESP which would make sense since Kisia was an ESP. There were two more men who were knocked out.

"Are you all right, ma'am?" Elemist looked at Kisia who was standing by a window with her arms crossed in her dusty apartment. Her hair was unusually much more disheveled. There was also a large wound on her neck which was clearly healing on its own.

"It's all right. I will heal soon enough."

"Who is this?" Elemist asked.

"I believe he is from the O'ren. They apparently attempted to assassinate me."

No one was supposed to know that it was her who killed the thirty two people. It was supposed to be Kasper on surface. Yet, they knew it was her. That meant only one possibility, a spy within.

"I see. We will take them to the imprisonment cell."

As Elemist gave the guards who were waiting outside a sign to go ahead, they came in at once and took the people and a body away. Three paramedics came in to clean the blood.

"I have elsewhere to visit. I want you call Devon and tell her to guard the cell by herself."

Elemist nodded at Kisia. "Yes, ma'am."

"Is that what she said?" Gair was asking Elemist for a detailed report in person.

"Yes," Elemist answered him firmly.

"All right, get Devon to guard the cell. You are dismissed."

Elemist gave Gair a weak nod and left the quarter.

As Gair saw Elemist gone, he stuck himself deep into his comfortable chair and looked left where Tuhina was standing quietly.

"What do you think?" Gair asked.

"I think we should ask Marglus."

However, Marglus was not detected within the building.

"He is not present here." Tuhina looked at Gair. "Are you thinking what I am thinking?"

"Kisia and Marglus are both off somewhere...," Gair mumbled. "Something is up."

He didn't like it. If he was informed of Kisia's plan beforehand, he wouldn't have minded.

"Scheer O'ren?"

Hal and Kisia were having a meeting.

Hal sighed and nodded.

"The Scheer?" Kisia repeated again with a sense of amusement.

Hal nodded again. "He owns a division of O'ren somewhere on Venus. He has sent us a message that he has captured the two elite guards from us, and he wants us to rescue him."

"It's obviously a trap," Kisia said firmly.

"Well," Hal scratched his head with amusement. "I bet it is. But the thing is ..."

Luine came in a hurry. "Sir ! Two intruders!"

"What?!" Hal stood up urgently.

"And...," Luine's breath was at his neck. "They are the Hammers."

Kisia's eyebrow quivered weakly. She left the scene quietly while Hal was talking to Luine.

When Gair and Tuhina was forcing their way to where Hal and Kisia were. The guards did not resist them strongly because they knew who they were and they meant no harm. They just had to pretend to fight them. It did not take long for Gair and Tuhina to reach where Hal was.

Luine whispered few words to Hal before he spoke to them.

"What brought you here? You were not invited," Hal's voice was cold.

Gair stepped forward. "I demand to know where Kisia is and what is going on around here."

Hal crossed arms and was in thoughts for a second or two. He eventually said, "I suppose you have every right to know."

He explained the kidnap incident and mentioned Scheer O'ren's case also.

"Where is Kisia though?" Tuhina asked.

"That is something I cannot tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because she is on a quest given by the Vlues."

Tuhina narrowed her eyes. "But she is not Vlues."

"That's why she is on a quest to become Vlues."

Gair and Tuhina momentarily looked at each other and spoke out loud. "What?!"

In the meantime, Dante was in charge of developing outskirts of Fallen crater. It was a huge project, not to mention expensive, costing hundreds of billion credit.

The surface of Venus was consisted of steep cliffs and small steams between them. Such a surface was a huge issue when trying to develop the land because no piece of land was big enough to build anything decent. Dante had been transforming the surface around certain radius from the Crater for nearly ten years and it was nearing completion.

She was examining new plans in her camp. The camp site was rather huge. It was supporting thousands of workers after all.

Kisia appeared inside of Dante's camp and she wasn't startled by her sudden appearance.

"What brings you here?" Dante said while still working on her task.

Kisia asked if she knew the location of Scheer's base. Unexpectedly, she said yes.

"Scheer O'ren is a well-known man. Even the location of his base has been revealed."

That was Dante's explanation.

Kisia needed to know if she could sneak into his base. Even though Dante had no official degree in architecture, Cecil had left her in charge of pretty much everything that involved construction and urban development under Illy O'ren. Hundreds years of experience shaped her into one of the best architects available in clusters.

Dante searched one of her bag under her desk and took a holographic display out on the desk. She also took some time to find a disk and inserted it. The display showed three dimension graphic of Scheer's base.

"The base probably has sensors hidden everywhere. Basically, you will be detected as soon as you step into their sensor range. I am no engineer. So, I have no idea how to fool their sensors technically. Maybe asking Karin Bau might give you a solution, but..."

Dante paused for a second. She then activated her audio system. It was a classic music, played by a solo violinist.

"This is Scheer's seventh's album."

Kisia listened to the music. It was a quiet classical music. His music made Kisia feel as if she was in a forest by a riverside. She imagined herself to be there and put her bare feet into the river and enjoy its coolness.

Everything was in a harmony.

"It is nice music," said Kisia.

Dante grinned. "Yes, it is. I have all his albums. It'd be a shame to lose a person like that."

Kisia glanced at Dante. "Is it personal?"

"I wish," Dante shrugged. "Meet Karin Bau and inquire about it. I suppose he should be able to assist you."

Kisia was originally going to inquire Karin Bau as Dante suggested. However, she thought that it might be a better idea to do something unexpected instead. It was gambling though.

She showed herself right above Scheer's base. Under rocky ground, there was Scheer's base. It did not take long before someone showed up to identify an intruder. However, this someone wasn't an ordinary scout. Kisia could easily sense a strong aura from this person. He was dressed in a tuxedo.

An idea stuck Kisia that he was Scheer although she had never seen him before.

"Greetings," Scheer glanced at Kisia. "I don't believe we've met before."

"I am Kisia."

"Oh...," Scheer hit his fist on palm. "Right, you are from the Hammers."

Kisia instantly realized that he was not an easy opponent.

"I did not expect you to show up this easily," said Kisia.

"I did not expect you to show up this easily, either." Scheer responded in a joking manner.

She grew an urge to ask. "Do you know why I've come here?"

Scheer put his hand on his waist and stood on an imposing pose. "The war will begin no matter what. You will not be able to talk them out of it." He added, "Besides, the initial attacks have already been begun."

Kisia narrowed her eyes. "What?"

"Chief!" A construction worker rushed into Dante's camp. His face was pale and his breath was at his neck.

"What is it? I am busy," Dante was making plans for a next step of transforming.

The worker pointed outside repeatedly. "We are being attacked!"

Standing up at once, she uttered, "What? By whom?!"

"I have no clue! We are just being attacked!"

"Tell everyone to equip their pistols. I will contact headquarter."

He nodded and rushed out of her camp.

Dante equipped a pistol found from her bag and left her camp after glancing at a Scheer's album.

At a similar time, a small fleet of vessels were approaching a fleet commanded by Admiral Nikki Sweetheart.

"Admiral, a fleet is approaching us. They are from Earth."

"Give them a warning," Nikki crossed her legs in her chair. "And go to yellow alert."

A moment later, an officer replied to Nikki. "I've sent a warning. They are ignoring."

Another officer reported, "The sensor indicated that they have no shield and weapon loaded."

'What is their purpose...?' Nikki wondered.

"Admiral, the fleet stopped, but one vessel is still approaching us. It also has no shield and weapon loaded."

"Let it approach,"

"Aye, Admiral."

"It's hailing us."

"Put it through," Nikki commanded in a distinct voice.

A man in a dark gray hooded robe appeared on main screen in the bridge.

"Wouldn't you like to know the truth?" His voice was low and husky.

"What truth?" Nikki replied firmly.

"About your real parents, and who was responsible for their death. Wouldn't you like to know?"

Nikki grinned back to him. She crossed her arms.

"Wouldn't you like to know the truth?" Nikki repeated what the man in the hooded robe said.

The man in the hooded robe didn't seem to know how to react to such an unexpected response from her.

Nikki continued. "Wouldn't you like to know what really happened during Bau's 3rd war against Venus?"

They became silence for a whole, staring at each other.

"I am aware that I've been lied to a certain extent. Don't you dare to see me as a fool or a puppet. Truth is not everything. Too much truth will destroy you," She then stuck out her hand and pointed at him.

"I am here on my very own will. Should you disturb my peace, I will destroy you at once. You are in my weapons range."

And then she turned her thumbs down. "If the Bau is full of the likes of you, the clan will soon fall."

The man in the hooded robe lost his vigor to argue and closed the channel.

"Admiral, they are retreating,"

"Get Eran Gro on the channel, I need to speak to him."

And at the same time,

"Wouldn't you like to know the truth?"

What happened to Nikki Sweetheart was happening to Vakha.

Vakha did not answer the man at first.

"Wouldn't you like to know who really was behind your sisters' fate? And why he chose you to be a member of the Hammers?"

Vakha suddenly sneered. "What kind of jackass are you?"

The man in the hooded robe shrugged. "If you join us, the truth will be yours."

Vakha laughed out loud. "Oh man, you don't really know anything, do you?"

The man in the hooded robe remained calm.

"Truth is like salt. Take in too much truth and it will destroy your sorry-ass. I am here with my own will and I swore my oath to him because he kicked your fucked up ass."

The man in the hooded robe only stared him in response.

"I suggest you get the hell out of my domain before I fire at you. I am giving you a minute."

The channel was closed, and they retreated.

"Shouldn't you be going back?" Scheer said in a sarcastic tone.

"No," Kisia replied firmly.

"I take that you trust them then?"

"No," Her answer was unexpected to Scheer.

He beamed a grin at Kisia. "Then why are you not going back? Do you simply not care?"

"Yes, I do care. I am doing my part of job right here."

Scheer seemed to have lost his concentration for a moment as if he was listening to something.

"Looks like we underestimated you. We attacked a camp outside of Fallen crater. According to our intelligence, they are construction workers, and they are trained in pistol?"

"You won't be able to get through them easily." Kisia smiled.

"You are right on that, it seems. The commander I sent along with the troops has just been sniped by someone."

"That'd be the head architect and the major of Fallen crater, Dante."

Scheer ground his teeth.

"She has collected every album of yours. She is a big fan of you."

Kisia barely managed to notice a slight quivering on Scheer's face. She thought she might have something. Therefore, she continued.

"She let me listen to one of your albums. It was a classic music. It made me feel as if I was in a forest by a small river."

"My seventh album...," Scheer mumbled.

"Scheer," Kisia spoke his name calmly and slowly and stared at his eyes.

"Don't look at me like that," Scheer escaped Kisia's eyes by turning his head to left.

"The O'ren will fail," Kisia proclaimed.

"Maybe," Scheer sighed. "The O'ren has seventy thousand men who are ready to fight."

Kisia narrowed her eyes.

"We know about your military status. Most of troops are in space. Only approximately three thousand ground troops are in Fallen crater. Even if you add numbers from the Vlues, your total number of troops will not exceed eight thousand."

Scheer was correct. He continued.

"We also know that you manipulate the media heavily. That means you will be afraid to attack the bases from orbit. If you do, everyone is going to notice that."

Kisia cleared her throat. "Who is the current headman of the O'ren?"

Scheer smiled bitterly. "I am not going to tell you."

"Do you know ... Azazzel O'ren?" Kisia gazed aimlessly.

Scheer was, for a second, shocked to hear the name from her. And then he looked and examined her throughout.

"Ah... !" Scheer let his surprised moan out. "You were his ..."

Kisia nodded as a response.

"The world is so small sometimes," Scheer sighed deeply.

"Can you still not tell me anything?" Kisia asked Scheer again.

Scheer made a troubled face as if he was between making decisions.

"The current headman is Maiwa, Maiwa O'ren. After Illy O'ren demise, we had no candidate for our next headman. We were going downhill. Maiwa O'ren was not even close to be a candidate originally. But he came up with a promise."

Kisia guessed. "He promised the O'ren Venus."

Scheer nodded. "Correct. At first, we were skeptical about it. But Maiwa had charisma. He soon convinced the elders and others."

"I see..."

"And this is off-topic but...", Scheer hesitated. "Azazel has been cloned."

Kisia quivered her face in doubts.

"They erased his personality and installed a new one on the clone. He is now working as a dedicated doctor with kindness at the mother base."

Kisia sighed deeply.

"You have...", Scheer paused for a second. "The right to kill the clone. And I want you to. They should have never cloned him. They had no right to." He was clearly against the idea.

In the meantime, Marglus underwent a big surgery. This was what went on while the conflict was advancing further. Hal Vlues, Marglus' father, was not going to let him join any troops. Because Marglus was a regular human, it was foreseen that he'd be killed. Hal did not want that to happen.

However, Marglus had a different opinion on the matter. He had always wanted to prove his ability as a future headman. He needed to accomplish something and the conflict was a good chance. But he was no fool. He knew it was too dangerous. Therefore, he decided to have cyborg implant surgery.

Unlike plain implants which was to replace body parts, cyborg implant survey was to enhance a person by installing a series of implants in and out of one's bones.

The implants would use one's nutrition to produce nanobots which will enhance nerve system and muscles. However, there was a big downside to the surgery.

There was fifty percentage chance of rejection from the body. If that'd occur, the patient could be disabled for his entire life.

Marglus slowly opened his eyes. He felt dizzy and drowsy.

A doctor approached him. "How do you feel?"

He found himself in an open capsule filled with water-like substance. He raised his upper body and took off life support mask.

"I feel like shit."

"What a healthy reply," the doctor laughed weakly. "The implants have been installed. I am going to give you a shot that will make you sleep another seventy two hours."

"What for?"

"I will need to observe your progress during that time. If it is going to work, it has to show some positive sign within that period. If not, we will..., you will have a trouble."

Marglus did not reply to the doctor.

"Oh and...", the doctor picked up a needle gun. "The O'ren began their initial attack this morning. They failed though." He then placed a needle gun on a side of his neck. "We don't have much time. Sleep well."

A decompressing sound of air hit Marglus' neck and he slowly fell into the capsule. He put the life support mask back on him and closed the capsule.

In the meantime, Gair had summoned others to discuss the situation. In a conference room, Tuhina was explaining the overall situation.

"This morning, a group of approximately three hundred men attacked the New Venus project camp. We immediately identified the attackers. They are the O'ren. Fortunately, Dante held the camp well. The attackers withdrew."

Followed by Tuhina, Dante spoke. "There were fifty six casualties on our side and the O'ren had one hundred twenty four casualties. We also captured few."

"Good job," Gair complimented Dante.

"I've gathered some tactical information," Devon spoke. "And it's not looking good."

"Go on," said Gair.

"I believe the number of the O'ren is over seventy thousand."

"I see," Gair responded stoically. "It's a big number for sure and we can't bring those in space to the surface due to a fact that the Bau is likely going to make a move in conjunction with the O'ren."

"Right," Tuhina agreed and added, "The best action we can take now is doing nothing."

The meeting soon ended but Tuhina wished to speak to Gair in private.

"I think we should bring Vakha down to the surface. I will look after the fleet in space in his stead," She said to Gair in the office.

Gair frowned. "Are you sure about that? I believe you are much more needed in this situation."

"Don't underestimate Vakha. He may act like a fool, but he does have what it takes to be a member of the Hammers. Besides, you heard the provocation from the

Bau. I've better be up there. The Bau is going to play with brains, and I am better at it."

Tuhina did make sense. But Gair was still skeptical about Vakha's ability. Nonetheless, Gair let her do what she wished.

"Uh...," Vakha muttered.

In the meantime, Vakha was ordered to scout area. He and his army of two hundred people just spotted the O'ren's force.

Vakha's picked up his transmitter and put it on his ear.

"Do you copy, this is Vakha."

A distinct voice responded to Vakha's call.

"This is the command center. What can I do for you?"

A solider showed him a small device with a small screen. It was displaying their current location.

"This is Vakha. We are at X 25942, Y 78126, Z 72. We've spotted an O'ren's force. They are approximately one thousand, and they are moving toward South."

"Roger that. Have you been detected?"

Vakha snickered lightly. "No."

He was a commander himself, so the command center did not need to give him any orders. In fact, they couldn't. He was on a higher position that they were.

He ended the transmission and asked a solider nearby.

"What's south of here?"

One of soldiers answered, "I believe there is nothing but very rough terrain."

"A base perhaps?" Vakha mumbled.

"You are awake, Marglus," His doctor looked down on him.

He was aimlessly looking at ceiling, "I feel like crap. How long has it been?"

The doctor began to run a series of scanners on him.

"It's been about two days," Placing various devices on Marglus, the doctor gave him a mirror. Looking at the mirror, Marglus found himself long hair.

"What the..." Touching his long hair, he looked up at the doctor for an explanation.

"I had to speed up your metabolism. These implants require a lot of time to be one with your flesh. Two days of time couldn't do it."

"Well, I will get a cut right away."

"No," the doctor finished scanning and was taking away the devices. "Your hair is a good tool to check on your health and growth rate. I suggest you leave the hair as it is for a while."

Marglus frowned, but he had no choice.

Vakha's force had been stalking the O'ren's force.

It was getting dark and the soldiers were getting tired and hungry. Each soldiers had eighteen compressed rations on their belts. Each ration provided enough energy for an average person to stay up for a whole day. Vakha's force had been staying in wildness of Venus for six days. Therefore, they had twelve rations left. However, not being able to eat solid food was decreasing their moral gradually, and Vakha noticed the trend.

"Sir, looks like they are camping for the night," A soldier informed Vakha who was staring at the sky.

"Oh," Snapping out of his thoughts, he ordered his men. "We will move away from them and camp." A thought stuck his head. "Find a small stream and let's camp there."

He decided to catch fishes for dinner, which was why he ordered his men to move away from O'ren's force and find a stream.

Vakha's soldiers had no tools to catch fishes. But Vakha himself was a hyper-human. He had enough speed and power to catch fishes. Long story short, he'd spend an hour to catch fishes to feed the soldiers. While he could not catch enough fishes to give all soldiers, the overall mood lightened up for them. They'd chat and enjoy the little vacation they found themselves in.

"Too bad that we don't have liquor," One of the soldiers remarked.

Either way, Vakha's job was done. He satisfied his men and kept their moral from dropping.

It was close to dawn when a scout who was watching O'ren's force woke up Vakha.

"Sir, they are moving."

When Vakha observed them, he found something was not right.

"Their number has decreased?" He talked to himself. He asked the scout if he saw anything unusual while he was on his duty. The scout said no.

Vakha came up with two possible explanations. One was that their base must have been nearby. The other was that his men had been detected.

He told his men to prepare for an ambush and, as he expected, they were ambushed in the evening from behind.

A soldier ran to him. He was in total panic. "Commander! We are being attacked!"

"Calm down!" Vakha shouted.

He rushed to the battle scene. Already few men were down. He activated his energy blade and cut few enemies in half.

"Listen, we will not get any help! We are too far from any friendly stations!" Vakha slashed few more incoming enemies before he resumed shouting.

"They are one thousand! We are two hundred! You will have to fight for yourself. Survive! Survive for whoever is waiting for you at the capital! If you have no one at home, then fight for yourself! If you die here, you will be good for nothing!"

Vakha roared loudly. "Men! Follow me!"

Following Vakha, his men fought bravely. Enemy soldiers fell to the ground like lifeless dolls wherever Vakha headed. The battle began in evening, and it ended after mid night. Even though Vakha told his men there were one thousand, the truth was that only a portion of O'ren force had ambushed them. They did not exactly know how many. But when the battle finally ended, there were hundreds of corpses laying around on the rocky terrain of Venus.

"Casualty report," Vakha spoke gravely. A soldier approached with a device. Each soldier had a small beacon attached on their chest. It was powered by their blood. When their blood circulation stops, the beacon would stop as well.

"We have seventy two dead and nine wounded."

They had lost literally half of their force.

"How many did we fight against?" As soon as Vakha asked, one of his men replied. "I think at least three hundred."

He ordered his men to relocate to the camping spot where they stayed for last night, and he picked five men with good swordsmanship and ordered rest of men to stay quiet.

On a small rocky hill, Vakha and his five men looked down on the camp of O'ren force.

"What are you going to do?" A soldier asked.

"Just follow me on this." Vakha waited quietly until it became dawn. Sun was raising from horizon.

"We are going to ambush their camp now. You will follow me and defend yourself and not attack first."

His men listened to him quiet without any objection.

"If you are left out and surrounded, surrender." And then he just started walking toward the camp until a scout spotted him and asked, "Identify yourself."

Vakha beamed a smile at the scout and said, "Time to die."

Vakha and his men rushed into the camp. They seemed prepared for an ambush. However, the O'ren did not expect only six people to attack. The camp was large and, when they heard alarm, they immediately looked around for enemy, but they couldn't see any. Because Vakha's attack force was so small, they were blended into the camp.

He was killing anyone nearby and his five men were watching his back. In only few minutes, Vakha had killed more than fifty enemies. The O'ren in the camp were beginning to be disorganized. Soldiers were running here and there, looking for Vakha and his men. When they finally realized it was only six men who attacked, Vakha and his men had killed more than two hundred of their men.

'Time to leave this mess,' Vakha thought. He quickly gave a sign to his men behind and began to move out.

"Any news?" Gair asked. Nikki was on screen.

"It's a mess," She grinned despite of situation. "A lot of complaints, I am getting here. Some even tried to force their way out. Let's see...," She looked down and read something. "Ninety six small battles have occurred so far."

Gair sighed. "That bad, huh."

"It's beginning to be under control now. But you are going to have to expect lawsuit actions."

"That's fine. We can counter sue and get money back."

"But I wouldn't recommend that. That will ruin merchants."

Gair didn't reply. He just gave her a weak nod.

He had asked Nikki to completely block any space traffic in and out of Venus in hope of blocking any illegal weapon import by the O'ren. Obviously, this was going to create issues with merchants.

"Attack!"

Vakha ordered a final assault on the O'ren force. After the last successful ambush, their numbers greatly decreased and they became disorganized, not to mention they were tired from running around for a whole night.

Vakha and his less-than-one-hundred men charged forward the O'ren's camp.

While charging forward to the O'ren, Vakha noticed that they were aiming their guns. He inhaled deeply and slashed the rocky ground with everything he had.

"Stay put!" Vakha shouted to his men behind. His slashing created a temporary wall of rocks. It was enough to block gun shots.

"We do have some grenade left, right? Use them!" Vakha was checking his belt. He had two left. As soon as he heard explosions, he ordered his men to resume running. The battle ended unexpectedly fast and easily. It turned out that they weren't military force. They were simply carrying supply materials. Vakha and his men successfully captured their leader and few men who survived.

He and his men faced another issue. They were low on food and no friendly base was near. The closest they could reach was about seven days away.

He decided to go South, which was going further from the closest friendly outpost. His men asked for an explanation, and he answered.

"I believe the Vlues' base is somewhere to south."

It was just too vague to search for some hidden bases, but the men trusted Vakha and followed him.

"Vakha is lost?" Gair received reports from scouts. Apparently, Vakha's army was nowhere to be found. He and his men simply disappeared from their radar.

"Did he... lose?" Gair mumbled.

Maglus Vlues was finally released from the capsule. It was the doctor's order.

He stood naked in the lab. He didn't feel cold. He stared at his own muscles. It seemed there was no change at all in his physical appearance. The doctor came into the lab.

"The result seems to be positive enough," He said. "I would say the operation was a success."

Maglus let out of a relived sign.

"May I ask you something?" The doctor asked while putting away the result paper.

"Sure."

"What made you decide to go with this? You were always insisting that you did not have to do anything as the heir."

"I've never wanted to be the heir."

"So, what made you do this then?"

Maglus found himself chuckle unintentionally. "You may find this childish. But there is this woman that I can't seem to get off my mind."

"Ah," The doctor hit his fist onto his palm. "I see. That explains a lot actually. No need to say more."

"I want you to keep this to yourself."

"Yes, yes, of course."

Vakha and his men were loosely roaming around. They were almost out of their rations. They managed to catch fishes for extra food. But they were unable to keep doing it. They had to move on.

When they lost track of time, they were on a plain with absolutely nothing on horizon.

"Commander...," One of his men loosely called out him. He pointed at somewhere. "I see something."

Vakha narrowed his eyes and looked at the direction that the soldier pointed.

Some men were approaching them.

"Identify yourself," They demanded.

"I am a commander from Fallen crater. I am here on an official business," Vakha told them indifferently.

"We will see about that. I need to see your ID."

Even after showing them his ID, they were still suspicious.

"You could have been sent by the O'ren. We still cannot trust you. Withdraw from this area," They warned Vakha and his men. "Besides, if you are indeed who you claim to be, how could you have gotten here?"

Vakha told them his journey. But they didn't believe his story.

When they were about to force Vakha and his men to leave, an unexpected presence surprised him.

It was Marglus Vlues.

"Vakha?" He was surprised to see him.

"Dude?" Vakha was also surprised to see a familiar face although he couldn't immediately recognize him due to his long hair. "Why are you here?"

"Father is going to lead his army to Scheer's base soon, so I am in charge of our home base."

Vakha pointed behind at a person who was tied up. "We've captured an enemy commander. He is all yours."

"Captain, I am detecting a large amount of life signatures out of nowhere on the surface."

Tuhina's fleet was scanning Venus, and they just detected an army.

"Send the coordinates to the command," Tuhina looked down to see the sensor that the officer was seeing. "ETA on our reinforcements?"

"Eran Gro sent a message a bit ago. They should be here momentarily."

"Good," Tuhina picked up her coat on the captain's chair. "Set our course to the Bau fleet."

"Aye."

"One of them talked," Devon entered Kisia's office. "I need you to come with me."

Devon was talking about the assassins who attempted to kill Kisia at her apartment.

"The O'ren is large, so large that one man cannot possibly control every aspect of the clan. I am here on behalf of our leader, Scheer O'ren. We follow him and him only. We do not consider Maiwa O'ren as our clan leader. But we are too small to stand against. So, that is the reason I've disguised myself so far and came along with the assassins."

His face was a mess. Bruises were all over his face. It was obvious that he had been tortured. He didn't seem to mind however.

"He is willing to be on your side for a price."

"For a price?"

"Guaranteed safety of his people in his base is all he is asking."

Kisia and Devon glanced at each other. "If he assists us, that will not be a problem."

"This is a war. I am confident that most of O'ren will perish during this conflict. Lord Scheer's concern is that you might want to annihilate the O'ren once for all. Originally, he wasn't going to send me. However, upon seeing our spies getting murdered outright by one of you, he changed his mind."

Kisia narrowed her eyes. "He is not completely wrong about that. But that was when I thought the whole O'ren was going to stand against us. We do not have any intention to harm those who aid us."

He showed a weak sign of smile, and he bit something in his mouth. Blood began to flow out of his mouth.

"That is all I needed to hear. He will consider our little deal to be accepted if he does not hear from me. And to keep this classified, I must kill myself."

Devon panicked and put her fingers into his mouth forcefully and tried to save him. However, Kisia put her hand on her shoulder and shook her head. His eyes became loose and then his whole body became loose soon after.

Hal's army of two thousand men was marching toward Scheer's base. As a respond to the army, Scheer's army soon appeared on surface as well.

Hal and Scheer's army soon faced each other.

Hal stepped forward and shouted, "I am Hal of the Vlues. I am the current headman of the clan! I am here to fight you honorably!"

Scheer stepped forward to respond, "I am Scheer O'ren. I do not have anything against the Vlues. However, I have my orders to follow."

Hal forwarded his right arm. "Men, charge!"

Scheer turned around to face his army. "Form defensive formation! Guard the area!"

Hal's army, including Hal himself as well, charged against Scheer's army. Their armies were almost even in term of numbers.

"Arrrrrrr- !" Hal was on front who was howling his lungs out for moral. He tried to be an example for his men, and he had the skills. He cleared ways for his men to advance. He knew no stop until he was confronted by Scheer himself.

Hal's claymore, and Scheer's sword exchanged few slashes. Hal was a pure melee, but Scheer used both melee and ranged weapons. It did not take long for Scheer to realize that he was no match for Hal in melee only. Furthermore, his energy blade wasn't powerful enough to keep fighting against Hal's powerful energy claymore. Retreating few steps back, he drew out his pistol and took shots at Hal. Hal, expecting such from Scheer, deflected incoming shots.

"A true warrior masters only one weapon!" Hal bellowed.

Shrugging, Scheer responded, "I am a musician, not a warrior."

Their battle would be so. Hal was on offensive and Scheer was defensive until a moment which Scheer successfully exploited a moment and was able to shot Hal's thigh.

"Argh...," Hal's fluid movements came to a halt and Scheer didn't miss his chance. It all happened so fast that the soldiers saw only the outcome where Scheer's sword was deep into Hal's left chest where his heart was.

"Sir...!" Luine quickly jumped into the scene and drew away Scheer who could have fought back but chose to withdraw, knowing it was already over.

Hal slowly collapsed as Luine supported his fall.

"Men, guard the headman! Call paramedics!" Luine shouted.

Scheer was certain that he damaged Hal's heart, and that Hal would not live to see another day. He felt that his job was done and called his men to withdraw. He didn't need to annihilate the Vlues as he had already sent a secret messenger to the Hammers for a secret alliance. He had not heard anything back since from his messenger, which meant a positive outcome was achieved.

He did not trust Maiwa O'ren. He believed that Maiwa was up for no good. Thankfully, Scheer's base was truly loyal to him and him only. He had been in charge of the base for hundreds of years. Rightfully so, his men trusted him more than his own clan.

Meanwhile, at last Eran Gro's fleet, which was twelve thousand warships, had just arrived at Venus outpost.

Tuhina welcomed his presence.

"Welcome, Admiral Gro. I am glad that you could make it."

Eran Gro was on screen.

"I rushed as soon as I received your message. I will deal with the Bau here."

"Thank you, Admiral," Tuhina bowed to him. "I am afraid I cannot chat for too long. I must go down. Venus needs me."

"Be on your way. Don't worry about here."

Tuhina had requested Eran Gro to guard vicinity of Venus. She feared that the Bau was attempting to divert their forces. Thus, she called in for a favor from Mars.

She opened a secure channel to Nikki.

"Admiral, Mr. Gro will take care of here. We now can go down."

Nikki replied, "Is that Eran Gro trustworthy?"

"He is as trustworthy as the sage," Tuhina replied firmly.

"I see. We shall go down then. We will prepare to fight the O'ren."

"Indeed."

Meanwhile, Vakha and what was left of his army rested fully at the Vblue's home base. Furthermore, from interrogation of the captured O'ren commander, they found out that a war veteran, Amor, was given half of the O'ren forces and was marching down to Fallen crater.

"Communication is useless from this location," Marglus insisted. "I am sure that our messages will be jammed."

"Then I suppose I will take my men and head to the capital," Vakha replied.

"Do you think you can make it? I have no doubt in your ability, but it is ten days afar. Why don't you take a shuttle?"

"Shuttles will be shot down, I am pretty certain," Vakha explained, "The safest way I can think of right now is the slowest way which is the least expected method transportation at a time like this."

Marglus inclined to agree with Vakha.

"Go right now then. We cannot waste even a second."

"Indeed, I will inform my men to prepare."

Amor O'ren, he was an elder of the O'ren. He had impressive record of battles under his belt. At this time, Amor was six hundred eight two years old. He was known to have retired. However, the retired war veteran was leading a massive army to Fallen crater.

Nikki and Tuhina arrived at the Crater and received the news that Vakha was nowhere to be found.

"Vakha, he will be fine." Tuhina seemed certain. "He's hard to kill."

"I bloody hope so," Gair replied doubtfully.

Nikki informed Gair that they had detected a large force on surface.

"So, the O'ren is finally on move," Gair assumed, and he was correct.

"Where is Kisia?" Tuhina asked.

Gair shrugged. "I have no idea. She has been acting on her own lately."

Hal grabbed Luine by collar. Drawing his last bits of strength, he uttered at Luine.

"She is supposed to come... Do not withdraw...!"

"But, sir! You are in a critical condition. We need to take you to a hospital," Luine insisted.

"I am... prepared to die. My death will be honorable. I have heir. Nothing... holds me back."

Hal's breath was irregular. Scheer's rapier went through his heart. He could have died already, but his strong will was holding him a little longer. Although Hal was

facing death, his men weren't; they formed a wall formation against Scheer's men and was forming a strong guard, showing absolutely no sign of disorganization.

"Very well trained men...", Scheer was impressed by a fact that the Vlues remained organized even after their leader went down.

"Maiwa, your ambition won't be easy to accomplish," He added.

Kisia had arrived at the battle ground to see Hal on ground. Lunie was sitting next to him.

"What happened? How is he?" Kisia asked.

Lunie had his eyes closed and his head down.

"The headman has passed away," He declared, "He lived like a man and died like a man."

"What...", Kisia was loss of her words for the moment.

"He told us to wait for you," Lunie added, "He wants you to lead his army to victory."

Kisia frowned. She had come here to deliver the secret alliance with Scheer.

"I can't...", Kisia hesitated to finish her sentence.

"Will you lead us to victory?" Standing up, Luine looked into Kisia's eyes.

"I ..."

"Before his last breath, he had granted our last name to you. Even though you have yet to complete the quest given by us, you are now one of us, Kisia Vlues."

Kisia had to make a decision, but it wasn't an easy one. She knew that she'd require Scheer's information as well as his base. She eventually told Luine of the secret alliance between them and Scheer.

Luine showed no reaction initially. He'd look up at sky briefly before he suddenly aimed his short sword and thrust them into his heart.

"What are you doing?!" Kisia uttered as she made a futile attempt to stop him.

Luine, coughing blood, slowly collapsed.

"I understand your position," Luine explained, "However, I will not be able to live with that. The headman's last wish was to fight to defeat Scheer. If that cannot be accomplished, I must die..."

Luine's body slowly became loose.

"I don't blame you however..." were his last words.

Kisia felt as if her strength was drawn away from her. She felt very much powerless, but she had to go on. She confronted Scheer who was not far away from the Vlue's army.

"I see that Hal is dead." Scheer talked first.

"Is that all you have to say?" Kisia's words were hostile.

Sighing, Scheer would walk around in circles.

"I know what I have done," He said in a grave voice. "Excuse me."

Walking past Kisia, Scheer faced Hal's army who was still forming a wall formation. He looked at them for a while, and so did the men.

He, then, did a ninety-degree bow to them, and he remained so for a minute or so.

Staring back at Kisia, he said, "This is a war. People die."

Kisia felt that her anger was coming under control, and she beamed a faint smile at Scheer. "Indeed.," She told him.

"Did my agent talk to you?"

"Yes, he did," She nodded. "And he killed himself."

"So, the deal is set."

Kisia nodded.

"I see." Scheer walked past Kisia and returned to his men.

"Where are you going?"

"It was an unconditional surrender literally. However, I feel obligated to do a job."

"Which is...?"

"I will be attacking smaller bases of the O'ren. Amor's force is advancing toward Fallen crater. Half of the whole O'ren's forces are under his command. Most of smaller bases are operating under bare minimum crew. It is the perfect time to take over the bases which will effectively blind them."

Kisia did not stop him. She didn't want to. A part of her wanted him to die in a battle.

Vakha and his remaining men, less than fifty, were heading towards the Crater.

"Six more days to go, commander," One of his men informed him.

"Six more days, I feel like I am having enough walk for life time," Vakha muttered positively. Under heavy breath, Vakha scouted area; he was in on a rocky hill, and he spotted something.

"Hey."

"Yes, commander."

"Is it just me or am I seeing an army over there?"

Apparently, Vakha and his men had spotted Amor's marching army.

"The scanner is counting twelve thousand."

"Twelve thousand?" Vakha raised his voice. "That's a lot. Where are they heading?"

"Not certain, commander, but if they have assembled a large-scale army like that, I think it is only logical to assume that they are heading to Fallen crater."

Vakha's information on status of Fallen crater was outdated. However, from what he knew, the Crater wasn't prepared to be under siege by twelve thousand men.

"I am also detecting heavy artillery units as well. Yes, they are definitely up for siege."

Vakha narrowed his eyes. He had just made a decision.

"We are attacking them," Vakha declared.

"But, commander, we won't win."

"It is so obvious, isn't it. This will be a suicidal mission."

His men were quiet.

"Are you with me?"

No one responded.

"Are you with me?" Vakha asked again.

Hal's body was carefully transported to home base of the Vlues. Marglus was shocked to see his father dead. At the same time, quick arrangements were made within the Vlues clan, and Marglus Vlues had become the new headman.

Although Hal had perished in the battle against Scheer, most of men in his army remained unharmed.

"All troops are assembled, sir."

Marglus also knew Amor was heading to Fallen crater, and he planned to attack his army with everything the Vlues had.

Vakha and his men ambushed Amor's army. They were fully aware of the risk and unfortunate outcome they would have to face soon. Just like before, Vakha was on offensive, and his men covered his back. The tactics worked for a short while until Vakha and his men realized their opponents weren't disorganized at all. In fact, as soon as they realized Vakha had brought only handful of men, they had cleared away from their vicinity.

"Crap," Vakha muttered.

A middle-aged man with a formidable aura appeared along with a young woman. Vakha assumed that the man was the leader.

"Identify yourself," The man's deep voice demanded.

Vakha, grinning, replied, "Vakha."

"Vakha..., a member of the Hammers."

"Yep, and your name?"

"Amor, it is. You have no place to run."

"I wasn't planning to."

Vakha aimed his blade at Amor. "I am here to fight." Following Vakha, his men went into offensive stance as well.

Amor drew out his blade as well, but he was stopped by the young woman next to him.

"Grandfather, I'd like to fight him."

Amor quickly withdrew his blade. "Are you sure?"

The young woman nodded, and she drew out an energy swordstaff.

Vakha whistled as he saw a plasma weapon. "That is so hardcore. Are you going to fight me?"

Nodding, she identified herself as Ardilia.

Vakha didn't fear death as he started fighting Ardilia. What he was concerned was safety of his remaining men. If he was alone, it might have been possible to flee.

Ardilia repeatedly thrust her swordstuff at Vakha, and he kept on evading.

"Fight like a man!" Ardilia bellowed.

As she initiated a powerful thrust toward Vakha, he threw a punch at the swordstuff.

"What -"

Before Ardilia could react to Vakha's unexpected movement, he had changed the staff's angle, and ran toward her. While it was a good move by Vakha, he had damaged his hand in doing so.

"Take this!"

Vakha threw a fist on her abdomen and kicked her leg, making her trip. Her swordstuff was too long to be effective at such a close range.

"Abandon your staff!" Amor, watching the situation, gave her an advice.

Abandoning her staff, Vakha and Ardilia began boxing literally. Vakha's plan was to take her as a hostage and get out of this situation. However, Ardilia proved to be a formidable opponent. It didn't take long for Vakha to realize that she would not go down by just throwing fists.

Narrowing his eyes, he jumped back and drew out his sword.

He inhaled deeply and posed to strike. At the same time, Ardilia picked up her swordstaff and aimed at Vakha.

"Ahhhhhhhh -" Howling, he ran forward at high speed. He didn't care for her swordstaff, he didn't even bother to dodge it. He intentionally let her swordstuff struck into his right shoulder.

Amor narrowed his eyes; he realized what Vakha was trying to do.

Even howling louder, Vakha kept on running, and Ardilia's swordstaff completely went through his right shoulder. She tried to withdraw her staff to fight back, but it wasn't any use. Realizing she had no other option, she let go of her swordstaff, she posed to defend Vakha with her bare hands.

However, as he approached her, he suddenly stopped and twisted his upper body. He pulled her swordstaff forcefully from his shoulder, pouring blood out at the

same time from the wound. He gathered all of his strength to swirl the weapon which would chop Ardilia into two pieces. Amor quickly ran towards Vakha and slashed his blade at Vakha's back.

Groaning with pain, Vakha lost his stance, but he smiled, shouting, "Fight like a man, old man!"

"Grandfather, you shouldn't have meddled in!"

"No, Ardilia, you have already lost. I am taking over this battle."

Amor quickly slashed him few more times as he was completely defenseless in his position against him. Before he could regain his position, he was pretty badly wounded to properly fight back.

However, he went on. A one sided duel started between Amor and Vakha. It didn't take long for Vakha to wear out. He had lost much of his blood from his shoulder wound already. He went on still. Amor obviously had an upper hand in the situation.

"You cannot defeat me, surrender," Amor declared.

"Don't make me laugh, old man!" Vakha replied with a big laugh. "No one, NO ONE, will surrender." He, then, looked at his men who had been watching the fight.

"Men! We have no chance of survival! Fight! Fight to death! We will NOT surrender!"

Vakha's soldiers gave him a firm nod and drew out their weapons and started fighting anyone they could find nearby.

Amor was rather speechless and looked at Vakha's men who were being killed one by one.

Really, no one even tried to surrender. Even on blink of their death, they tried to kill.

"What drives you and your men to fight like this?" Amor questioned their motive while still attacking Vakha.

"Ha! You will never understand!" He scoffed.

Cecil taught us.

"Time to end this -" Amor struck a strong slash on Vakha's chest. He attempted to parry but his blade started to malfunction from sustained damages, and Amor's blade went right through his parry.

He stood still. Blood was pouring out of his chest and mouth, but a distinct smile remained on his face. He looked at his men slowly who were all dead by the time.

"Haha!" He laughed casually with blood literally dripping out of his mouth. "I am proud of you guys! Let's have fucking beer after I am done!"

Amor narrowed his eyes and posed to strike a final blow on Vakha who stood defenselessly. However, soon Vakha amazingly, despite of many severe wounds, still posed to attack.

"You simply don't know defeat, do you," Amor said, impressed.

"I do know defeat. I've been fucked up many times."

He recalled his young days at Moon where his sisters were taken by the Bau. How he fought to get them back only to have one die and the other ending up becoming a street whore. He grit his teeth as he recalled the memories. Death felt near but he wasn't afraid of it.

“Motherfuckers,” He whispered to himself. “Motherfucking Bau motherfuckers.”

Unaware of what was going through his mind, Amor spoke to him, "Then why do you refuse to accept defeat?"

Vakha looked back at Ardilia briefly who was tending to her own wounds while observing the fight. Amor noticed his glance.

"Would you accept defeat if you were in my position?"

"... !"

Strong urges of passion started to circle through Amor's body. He had forgotten about it for hundreds of years.

Fighting for someone. Fighting for a valid cause.

"No..., I would not. No, of course, not."

"No! You would not! Hahaha - !" Vakha laughed out loudly with blood dripping out of his mouth.

They both became silent as they posed to strike each other from a distance, and they started running toward each other. Amor was going to kill him. Amor disarmed Vakha and rammed him at speed of sound. His ribs were shattered completely and he was thrown a hundred meters.

He lost his consciousness as he finally landed after seven seconds of being thrown away, but he was still alive remarkably.

"A really, really rough one," Amor said to himself as he approached Vakha to have a good look at him. "Now, time to die."

Then, he felt a murderous aura right behind him. Doubting his own sensation, he slowly turned around.

Tip of Ardilia's swordstaff was right at his jugular.

"What are you doing?" He demanded.

"I've made my decision."

He frowned, not knowing what she was talking about. "What decision?"

"The decision that stupid Maiwa kept demanding an answer from me."

Ardilia was fifty two years old. She was at her prime to marry. Maiwa, after being appointed to be the new headman of the O'ren, demanded Ardilia to choose a groom. She was even given a list of so-called candidates by Maiwa.

"So, you chose him."

She nodded.

He released strength from his shoulders and relaxed his body a bit. "So, you really chose him."

"Yes, he seems to be a fine man, much better than those perverted old men that I am being forced to mate with."

"Perverted old men?" He laughed pleasantly. "Good one! Good one!"

Then, his face became sincere. "Yes, you are indeed my granddaughter. You have good eyes. Yes, this man is much, much more, better than those men Maiwa recommended."

He then looked at Vakha who was lying hopelessly on a rocky ground. There was still a smirk on his face.

"He knows defeat. He knows honor and even knows how to keep it. Also seeing how none of his men betrayed him until the end, he has charisma."

Then he looked back at Ardilia.

"Yes, I approve your decision. Take him. Take him to the Crater."

"... The next time we see each other, we will be enemies," She said stoically.

"True, and I truly hope none of my men surrenders."

"Don't make it sound like you will lose."

"After seeing him, I am afraid the O'ren doesn't stand much chance."

"... Why?"

"Ten men who know how to fight and aren't afraid of death are better than one hundred cowards," He said firmly.

Ardilia picked up Vakha carefully and carried him on her back.

"It will be days of walking," He said. "Consider this as your first ordeal."

She beamed a smile at him. Without any more words, she walked away from the army.

Meanwhile, angered and saddened by Hal's death, Marglus summoned all possible combat capable men at the home base of the Vlues, and started marching toward Scheer's base.

Also at the same time, Eran Gro's fleet had detected a small fleet of the Bau in vicinity of Venus.

"Captain, it's the Bau. They are here for whatever the hell reason they can come up with," A crew reported with a smirk on his face and added, "Fucking Bau."

Eran Gro stood still in front of main screen which was displaying the Bau's fleet.

"Hmmp, we keep our word. Prepare for a battle."

"Are you certain? We shouldn't open fire unless they fire first."

"They are here for an obvious reason, and I don't care whether they fire first or not. They've been pissing me off with their cowardly tactics for some time. Let's beat them up." He then added, "Fucking Bau."

Crews on the bridge smiled.

"Aye, aye, captain!" They responded enthusiastically.

Scheer and his army had abandoned their base completely and were advancing toward smaller bases of The O'ren. They had just reached their first base.

He ordered his men to prepare for siege.

The base commander, without knowing his true intention, came out his base to greet him.

"Master Scheer, what brings you here?"

And that was his last words as his head fell off his body.

Scheer pointed at the base with his rapier. "Attack!"

After four days of walking without sleeping or rest, Ardilia reached Fallen crater. Dante was the first one to notice them as she was outside of the crater for her task.

"Oh, my God! Vakha!" She tried to touch Vakha, but Ardilia quickly stepped back.

"Who are you?" Ardilia demanded.

"That should have been my line! Who are you?" Dante also demanded.

"I am his wife," She responded casually.

Dante twisted her head momentarily and then - "EXCUSE ME?"

Other members of the Hammers, Gair, Kisia, Tuhina, and Kasper, were called immediately by Dante.

"Now who are you again?" Gair demanded. Meanwhile, Vakha was being carried away by medics. Tuhina followed the medics.

"I am his wife," Ardilia, again, replied casually.

Scratching his head, Gair asked another question.

"What is your name anyway?"

"Ardilia O'ren," She replied firmly.

Everyone in the area looked at her and narrowed their eyes.

"... Care to inform us what happened to Vakha?"

She explained what happened to him briefly.

"So, Amor is indeed heading here...," Kisia said with her arms crossed, "I wonder how you were able to get here before his army could reach here though."

"I know my grandfather. He probably is giving me a day before he comes here, so -"

"Now, wait -," Gair stopped Ardilia. "Grandfather? Amor is your grandfather?"

"Yes, didn't I tell you?"

"No, you did not," Everyone said.

"Well, I just told you."

There was a short moment of silence. The silence was broken by Kasper.

"Let me get this straight. Vakha fought you and then Amor. He was defeated by Amor, and now Vakha is your husband?"

Ardilia nodded firmly.

"Now, that totally doesn't make sense," Kasper added and smiled, "I love it."

"I told you what happened," Ardilia insisted, "Amor's army should be here by tomorrow morning. Now, excuse me -"

He was again stopped by Gair.

"Where do you think you are going?" Gair demanded.

"I am going to see my husband."

Gair tried to say something, but he gave up and let Ardilia go. After she was gone, Gair asked the others.

"Do you think what she claims is true?"

Kasper shrugged. "I've got no idea, but the woman doesn't seem to be lying at least."

"I agree. She wasn't lying. In fact, she made it sound like it was so natural," Kisia added.

Tuhina had just returned.

"Vakha is going to be fine," She said with a relieved look. "All of his ribs are broken, but there was no internal bleeding. But," She crossed her arms and frowned. "That woman who brought Vakha was glaring at me. Who's she anyway?"

Everyone, but Tuhina, looked at each other.

As Amor's army entered vicinity of Fallen crater, Venus News Network, VNN, released an emergency press to citizens to inform what had happened.

Majority of citizens panicked, and public order was in total havoc.

Gair was looking down at a small protest from a window wall.

"Well, this brings good and bad news all together," He said.

Dante and Tuhina were in the office as well.

"Yes," Tuhina agreed. "We now don't have to worry about the media. We now may use orbital batteries provided that we can locate their bases in time."

"We won't need to bombard their bases. We only need to find their home base," Dante added.

Gair scratched his chin. "Ardilia O'ren would know, right?"

Dante and Tuhina glanced at each other, and Tuhina replied. "There is a good chance that she would."

"Tuhina, go ask her," Gair commanded.

"If she refuses to tell?" Tuhina walked to an exit and paused. "Brutal force allowed?"

"No."

Sighing, Tuhina left the room.

"Dante, I guess your job is to keep public order intact."

"Indeed."

Tuhina was on her way to see Ardilia who was nursing Vakha. She met Kisia on her way.

"Where are you going?" Kisia asked casually.

Tuhina explained her task, then Kisia stopped her.

"I will go instead."

"What?" Tuhina frowned. "Why? This is my task."

"I know your feelings about Vakha. You won't be very fair to her."

She growled briefly. "Just let go of me and let me do my task."

"I cannot let you go. I will go instead," Kisia insisted.

"Fine!" She turned around violently. "Fine! You do it!" And she rushed off somewhere.

Amor and his commanders had set up a small tent for a tactical debate.

"Mobile artillery turret units have been positioned," A commander reported.

"Mines have been placed behind us," Another commander reported.

"Good. We will initiate our siege in two hours. Get the men prepared for battle."

Rest of commanders saluted and left the tent at once.

Vakha was kept in a secured room at Venus city hall instead of a hospital room. He was being looked after by Ardilia.

The secured room had everything for two people to live, including a bathroom and a large storage room for food and such. The secured room served two purposes. One was to keep Vakha safe from possible assassination. The other was to lock Ardilia in.

Upon entering a required password, Kisia entered the room.

Ardilia glanced back to see who entered and minded her own business which was changing Vakha's bandage.

"Hello," Kisia greeted casually. "How are you doing and Vakha?"

"I am fine," Ardilia replied. "I am not sure about him through."

After a moment of silence, Kisia spoke.

"I will get to straight to the reason I've come here."

"Go ahead."

"I need to know the exact location of the O'ren home base."

Ardilia stopped changing Vakha's bandages and reached out her pocket and threw Kisia a disk.

"It's all there."

It was too easy.

"That was easy," Kisia said.

"It's not like I have any other choice."

"And you even had a disk prepared..."

"I have not. My grandfather did."

Meanwhile, Nikki Sweetheart had just brought every possible personal from Venus outpost to Fallen crater. She had brought two thousand men.

"Welcome back, Nikki," Gair and Nikki exchanged a hug.

"The outpost is being operated by bare minimum crew, but they will manage."

"Alright, we can't let them initiate their siege. We will attack them."

"Are you absolutely sure? His army greatly outnumbered ours."

"If Fallen crater goes under siege, its walls cannot hold, and if they enter this city, it will only be harder to defend."

"Only if Ceil was here...", Nikki mumbled.

"I think he's around here actually."

Unexpected by his answer, Nikki looked around nervously. "Here?"

"No, no," He snickered. "I think he's watching us from somewhere. He may have left but this was planned by him hundreds years ago. He would be obviously watching somewhere somehow."

Twenty eight hundred men advanced out of Fallen crater. The army was led by Nikki Sweetheart, Karl, Devon, and Kisia. Karl and Devon were assigned to protect Nikki exclusively. Kisia was assigned to be Nikki's adviser.

"Now, that is one huge army," Nikki muttered as she saw Amor's army from a rather short distance.

"They outnumber us by around four times," Kisia added.

"Look at those artillery batteries...", Nikki mumbled.

"We don't need to worry about them. Those are ineffective at killing humanoids," Kisia said.

Meanwhile, Tuhina went to Venus outpost. Since they managed to obtain precise location of the O'ren's home base, and that there was no more need to hide this conflict from the public, they were finally able to perform orbital bombardment.

As Tuhina entered bridge of the outpost, Eran Gro's face appeared on main screen.

"Hello, there," Eran Gro hailed her casually.

"Hello, thank you for taking care of the Bau fleet."

Eran Gro had attacked and seized some of the Bau ships, and they found packaged weapons.

"The weapons were completely brand new from what I could tell." Eran Gro was explaining his findings. "And more than half of them were standard energy blades."

There was good ten seconds of silence between them.

"Do you think..." Tuhina's statement was cut off by Eran Gro.

"Yes."

"So..."

"Yes, it would appear that they don't have enough weaponry for this conflict."

Narrowing her eyes, Tuhina quickly gave a command to bridge crew.

"Prepare planetary lasers. We are bombing the O'ren's home base, and get me Gair on a channel."

"I see. Good work," Gair was on a channel with Tuhina back in his office. "This is a great finding."

Tuhina's face was being displayed on a floating hologram screen.

"I've also located what appears to be Marglus' army. His army is currently heading to Scheer's base which has been abandoned by the way."

"That makes sense. He wants revenge, I see."

"I was unable to contact them. Heavy jamming was present. I am thinking I should launch a probe and send it down on his location with a message."

Gair nodded in agreement. "Good idea, send a message to him. Tell him to return to here."

"Or maybe we could tell him to attack the O'ren home base instead," Tuhina suggested.

Amor was in his tent. He had his eyes closed on a wooden stool. He was meditating. His meditation was disturbed by roaring thunder.

He quickly opened his eyes and rushed out of his tent. He was seeing a gigantic laser beam striking down to surface far away.

"General!" A commander ran to him. "I think they are bombarding at our home base!"

Amor narrowed his eyes. "How would they know the location?"

"I don't know, sir! But...."

He startled and began checking his pockets with haste and fear. It wasn't there. A disk he was carrying wasn't in his possession.

"Ardilia...!" Although initially shocked and angered, he soon smiled. "Hah, that's you, I guess. Good job, my grand daughter."

Meanwhile, Venus outpost had fired one shot of planetary laser beam to the coordinate provided by Ardilia as well as sending down a probe to Marglus' army.

"Probe launched and confirmed its landing point, commander."

"Good," Tuhina responded.

"Sensor has detected energy resistance from where we just shot the laser. Something is definitely there!"

"So, something is indeed there. Keep firing until their shield goes down."

"Yes, ma'am, it will take some time to crack their shield if there is any. We can't power up the beam due to environmental issues."

"Understood. I will be going to a private room to talk to Admiral Gro. Inform me if there is anything I must know."

"Roger."

Amor was in his tent alone. He asked to be left alone for a moment. He knew something that most of the O'ren did not know. It was that the O'ren did not possess enough weaponry for their men. Amor's army had taken all of available weapons, meaning their home base was literally unarmed besides essential defense system provided by its system.

He was troubled. What made him more troubled was that the Vlues' army was out there.

He slowly opened his eyes. He decided that there was nothing he could do at the moment and decided to face the battle he was about to confront.

"We attack now," He talked to himself.

Compared to Amor's army, Nikki's army was much smaller even from a quick comparison.

Nikki Sweetheat, Karl, Devon, and Kisia were trying to come up with a plan to be victorious. When they were being deployed, they had no plans however.

Nikki and the others were discussing on their next course of action.

"Marglus' army is out there. If they join us, we might stand a better chance," Nikki stated.

"I have an idea you may not like," Kisia said. "Will you listen to my idea?"

Nikki looked at her briefly.

"Do I have any choice?" She said.

"Very well," Kisia cleared her throat. "I want you to form a defensive formation and hold Amor's army as long as you can."

"What about Marglus' army?"

"I say we order them to strike the O'ren home base."

Nikki was silent for a moment.

"You do realize that we are vastly outnumbered."

Kisia crossed her arms. "It is strange that Amor didn't bring more men."

"What are you trying to say?" Nikki demanded.

"We know they were illegally importing weapons. Perhaps, they don't have enough weapons to equip all of their men. If so, their home base may be disarmed."

"They could have imported enough weapons though," Devon added.

"They could have," Kisia answered. "But, if they did, they would have brought more men here. Why only half?"

"They could have left some men at their home base to defend," Devon continued.

"Defend against whom? No one was supposed to know location of their home base. Furthermore, leaving half of their entire men in their base? A properly equipped base does not need that many men to effectively defend themselves."

Devon let out of a deep breath and remained silent.

"So, your purpose that I defend here while having Marglus attack their home base."

Kisia nodded and said, "Their morale will start to be effected once they know that their base is being attacked. I'd say their morale is already dropping with the planetary laser beam struck down on their base."

"Your idea sounds okay, but I am not certain how long I can hold against that Amor."

"That would depend on how good you are as a commander."

Kisia's words were provocative as if she was trying to challenge Nikki.

Nikki shrugged. "You don't have to provoke me. It is not like I have any other choice."

Honing roared the battlefield as Amor's men started to march forward.

"So, here they come," Nikki spoke with slightly shaky voice. It was a gambling battle.

Nikki stood before everyone else. Before she could command her men to defend, Kisia had spoken to her.

"I need to be excused," She said.

It was so sudden, and Nikki lost her words for a good minute.

"What?"

"I need to be excused."

"Why?"

Kisia explained her situation to her. She told Nikki that she needed to meet up with Marglus for a special quest given by now dead Hal.

"Do you thing," She turned away from Kisia, facing the battlefield and the matching army of Amor. "I will do my thing. I hope to see each other alive again."

Kisia also turned away from Nikki and gave a nod to Karl and Devon, then she teleported away.

Kisia relocated herself to the probe that was shot down from the orbital outpost. Marglus and his men were there as expected.

"Did you not read the message?" Kisia asked while approaching Marglus and others.

Marglus noticed Kisia, and his face brightened up a little.

"Yes, I have," He replied. "But I am waiting here for Scheer."

Kisia knew why he'd do that, but she asked anyway.

"How come?"

"Isn't that obvious!" Marglus ground his teeth. "He killed my father! I want revenge!"

And his men behind him roared in agreement.

It was a war. People were killed here and there. Kisia was well aware of circumstances of wars, and that Hal was killed in a rather fair battle and that Scheer was a decent man. However, she also knew that Marglus would not listen at the moment, still she had to get him move for the sake of others.

"Listen to me, Marglus."

Kisia's sincere tone grabbed his attention.

"We attack their home base now," She pointed at the bright laser beams striking down on the surface. "We go there."

"But..."

"Scheer is on our side now."

Marglus narrowed his eyes. "You are lying," He said.

"I am not."

"But why did he fight my father? Why did he have to kill my father even?"

Kisia closed her eyes and told him bluntly.

"It was a war. War calls blood."

Maiwa O'ren was silent in his throne. His adviser was right next to him standing.

Both of them remained quiet until a guard rushed in.

"The shield generators cannot hold much longer, and the sensor has detected a hostile army not far away!"

Without waiting for Maiwa's reaction, the guard quickly left the throne room.

"So.., they've come," Maiwa quietly spoke to his adviser. "What do you suggest?"

"I've," The adviser cleared his throat. "Sent a messenger to master Scheer's base for a reinforcement. He returned last night and informed me that his base was empty."

"Empty?"

"I believe he has already left to assist us."

They did not know that Scheer betrayed them yet. Scheer had been very effective in taking down their smaller bases so that the news would not reach the home base.

"Good, if he assists us, we do stand a chance to repeal the incoming hostile army," Maiwa said.

"Yes, sir."

It took six hours for Marglus's army and Kisia to reach the base. The base was supposed to be underground. However, orbital lasers had melted the ground and literally peeled off the surface that was covering the base.

A thin layer of blue swirling shield was protecting an enormous base.

Kisia contacted Tuhina, by ESP since jamming was present, and told her to power up the lasers to its full potential. Soon enough beams of lasers became significantly brighter, and also soon enough, the swirling energy field started to fade away gradually.

Maiwa's throne room was quaking, but he remained calm in his throne. Few guards rushed in and notified him that shield generators in the base were not going to hold for even one minute.

"We fight," He declared.

"Their shield is down!" Vlues soldiers shouted with excitement as they saw the swirling shield faded away completely. Then the lasers struck the base directly. Explosions occurred, and more explosions occurred due to more chain reactions.

Marglus started running forward and shouted. "Charge! Attack!"

Kisia tried to stop him, but it was too late. Sighing, she followed them. Her task was to rescue the two guards of the Vlues and kill Azzazel from the base. The later matter, she was not prepared to execute.

Members of the O'ren in the base didn't carry proper weapons. They carried metal pipes and whatever they could find in the base. Meanwhile, Marglus' men were equipped with a battle armor suit, an energy blade, and a plasma pistol as well as a stun baton. As a result, it was rather breeze for Marglus and his men to literally wipe out the base.

Meanwhile, Scheer and his army had also arrived at the base, but Scheer did not order to attack the base and chose to observe instead.

"They are coming here. Block the gate!"

Guards were trying to block the gate to the throne room with debris they could find from explosions.

Maiwa was fully armed with a battle suit and an energy blade. His adviser was holding a pistol.

"Sir, Scheer has arrived here, but ...," The adviser hesitated to finish his sentence.

"But what?" Maiwa demanded.

"But he is not attacking the Vlues. He's just staying put only one hundred meters from the base," The adviser said.

"What?" Maiwa's eyebrows twitched. "Why? What does that mean?"

The adviser was silent.

"No." Maiwa shouted out vacantly. "No! That cannot be true!"

"They are bashing the gate! We need more hands here!" Guards shouted desperately. They were trying to reinforce the gate. The throne room was a large hall, and there were few hundred of guards in the room.

"No, it is not true!" Maiwa kept on shouting. "It is not true!"

"Headman," The adviser made his statement boldly. "You should consider surrendering. Even if Amor does win..."

Those were his last words as Maiwa slashed him with his blade. The adviser slowly collapsed as blood spouted out of his chest.

"No!" Maiwa bellowed.

Meanwhile, Kisia entered a white place. Yes, it was a white place. In other words, it was a sick bay.

A man was there, and Kisia immediately recognized him.

"Azzazel..," She mumbled in awe and sorrow.

The man was reading a book on his chair. As he felt a presence, he turned his attention to Kisia.

"Who are you?"

Cloned Azzazel was seemingly unaware that the base was being attacked.

"Azzazel," She spoke in an audible voice this time.

"Yes?" He replied casually.

It was indeed Azzazel but a clone.

"Do you ... still not remember me?"

Azzazel twisted his head, trying to remember who Kisia was, but there was no way for him to even know Kisia as he was a clone without original memories.

"I do not know you nor have I seen you around here. Are you a new comer?"

A drop of tear shred from one of her eyes. Old memories struck her hard and deep. She felt as if she was about to vomit blood.

"You are pale! Oh, my!" Azzazel quickly approached Kisia. "Let me help you..."

Kisia's air blade pierced Azzazel's chest as he approached Kisia.

"Ah...," He looked down on his chest. Realizing what happened, he slowly walked backwards. "Why -" Before he could finish his sentence, he was beheaded by Kisia.

She immediately dropped her blade which dissolved as soon as she let go and knelt. She started to sob and soon began to cry.

Moral of Amor's army fell rapidly as they saw smokes in sky after orbital lasers stopped. They could tell that their base was under attack and that, even if they were victorious here, it wouldn't mean much without their headman and their base.

"Do not run away!" Amor killed those who started to walk backwards. "DO NOT RUN AWAY!"

Amor's army outnumbered Nikki's army. However, Nikki's army was fierce and desperate. Most importantly, they had nowhere to retreat. Nikki was on front line assisted by Karl and Devon. Nikki was actively fighting alongside her soldiers.

Suddenly, a small wave of new faces appeared on the battlefield. It was the vice president Gair. He had just brought guards from security chief Kasper and came to aid the battle.

"Gair? Why are you here?!" Nikki shouted as she saw Gair on the battle field.

"I've come here because I had to. I couldn't just let you fight alone."

"I am not alone!"

"Indeed, she is not," Karl and Devon replied.

"Tuhina will be joining us soon as well. She is bringing remaining crew from the outpost."

Nikki paused as she spotted an old man with a brown overcoat with an energy blade in his hand. She immediately assumed that it was Amor. There were few corpses around him, and they were corpses of the O'ren. He had been killing runaways.

"Amor!" Nikki roared. "Face us!"

Amor glared at Nikki. "Us? No fair duel?"

"Fairness only exists in an ideal world!" Nikki replied firmly. "And this is a war!"

Amor laughed pleasantly.

"Indeed, you are correct!" He went into an offensive stance. "Face me, young ones!"

Cecil would always tell us not to play fair because being fair is for losers.

Gates to Maiwa's throne room had fallen, and waves of Marglus' men rushed in, killing everyone in their sight. It didn't take long for them to clear out the hall. The only remaining O'ren was Maiwa himself and few of his royal guards.

Marglus slowly approached Maiwa with two of rescued elite guards of the Vlues. Kisia was also with him.

"Surrender," Kisia declared. "And your life will be spared, Maiwa."

Maiwa sneered at her. "If I cared to live, I would have never revolted."

After a brief moment of silence between them, Kisia spoke.

"Any last words?"

"Yes," Maiwa posed to attack. "Go to hell."

Maiwa and his royal guards charged toward Marglus. His elite guards went down pretty much instantly, but Maiwa managed to survive from the initial attack and rampaged through his enemies. He intended to pass through. However, he did not go far, either. He didn't even manage to leave the throne room. Bleeding severely from his legs and from gun wounds, he hopelessly tumbled in the end.

He quickly turned around to face Marglus and shouted.

"Go to hell!"

And then he cut his own throat.

Amor was fierce. As expected from a war veteran as well as a veteran hyper-human, he was handling Devon, Gair, Nikki and Tuhina at once and wasn't being pushed back.

However, he was unable to go offensive. He was forced to stay defensive since Devon, Gair, Nikki, and Tuhina were individually powerful. Going offensive would leave his weak points to be abused.

Vakha was in a wheelchair handled by his new fiancée, Ardilia. His healing progress was in order, and doctors insured Vakha that he'd fully heal but also told him that it'd take some time.

His jaw bone had few cracks, so he was advised not to speak for a week at least. However, he still spoke anyway.

"It doesn't look too good for your grandfather."

Ardilia put her hand on Vakha's shoulder softly. "You shouldn't speak."

Eventually, Amor successfully managed to injure Devon's left leg severely. Groaning with pain, Devon tumbled onto the ground and was completely defenseless for a second. He tried not to miss such an opportunity and proceeded to finish Devon.

"I won't be that easy!" Devon shouted as she loaded a doomslayer ammunition into her pistols. "Take this!" She hadn't used her signature pistol ever since she was forced to leave Earth after her father's assassination. But she did keep her pistols in shape. Still, her pistol exploded as it fired a doomslayer ammunition. It was due to the old age of the gun.

Amor was forced to change his course since he could easily see how powerful the shot was. By the time, he tried to attack Devon, she was already secured by her comrades.

He ground his teeth. It was a missed opportunity.

The home base of the O'ren was in flames. thousands of corpses were burning inside as well, and it released a disgusting smell. Everyone in the base was killed. Some attempted to surrender, but Marglus accepted no surrenders. Kisia counted a total of thirteen hundred death. She knew there was more however, far more.

Not far away from the burning site, leaders of two armies were facing each other, and between them, there was Kisia.

Marglus tried to jump on Scheer, but he was stopped by Kisia.

"You killed my father!" Marglus raged and struggled with her.

"Calm down. He is on our side," Kisia said while struggling with Marglus.

"I don't care! He killed my father!"

Scheer sighed and said, "Your father died like a warrior in the battle. He was a formidable opponent. You should be proud of him."

"You motherfucker! Who cares!" Marglus managed to get past Kisia and threw his fist at Scheer's face. Scheer dodged his fist easily and punched him back in his face. Marglus was pushed back, but he managed to keep his balance. When Marglus was about to throw his punch again, he was pulled back by Kisia. Crushing hard on the ground, he growled.

"Get a hold of yourself!" Kisia held him by his collar. "Men die in war! It is only natural. And you are the headman now. Act like one!"

Marglus hit the ground. "Damn it! Damn it!" Tears were dropping from his eyes. "Damn it...."

Looking at Marglus in despair, Scheer's eyes were merciful. He bowed down and said, "I am sorry."

Since there was no need for silent operations since citizens found out about the conflict, Venus imperial forces became bold. A transport landed at the battle site

and carried Marglus, Scheer, and their armies quickly to the battle field of Fallen crater. Kisia, on the other hand, simply teleported away.

Kisia was watching the battle from a safe distance. Amor's army no longer seemed to be a big threat as they were being disorganized by every minute, but their general, Amor, was fierce. She had already received news that Devon went down. If Amor did defeat her, moral of his men would rise, and that'd effect only negatively for Venus imperial forces.

Watching Amor fight against remaining members, Nikki, Gair, Karl, and Tuhina, she realized they stood little chance to defeat Amor. They needed another way to defeat him. She thought of simply joining them and fight Amor together, but her swordsmanship wasn't exactly top class. Amor was a true hyper human with strong swordsmanship. What was more, he seemed to be used to outnumbered fights.

Kisia was specialized in space, thus she manipulated space, air, to form her blade. However, that was not the true way to utilize her powers. It was teleportation she was truly talented in, and there was more. It was that she was able to open a small portal to unknown space.

Cecil had told her that the unknown space was subspace, and that any organic being that entered subspace would face quick death.

It wasn't that she wanted to die. It was that she didn't have much attachment to her own life. She had no goals in her life. She was living on simply because she was alive, therefore when she actually thought about using her teleportation powers to transport herself and Amor into subspace, it didn't give her much of a rejection because it seemed the most effective way to finally end this conflict easily.

Kisia quickly teleported herself right behind Amor. He instantly noticed Kisia and turned around at lightning speed, but Kisia was faster. She embraced Amor and used all of her available powers to teleport herself and Amor into subspace.

It was lightly red before her eyes went dark, and then pain struck her from everywhere. Knowing that Amor probably had no way to leave this space, Kisia let him go. As soon as she let him go, Amor thrust his blade into her chest. There was no more attacks from Amor or anything afterwards. She couldn't hear, feel, smell, and see anything at all. She needed to return, but she had too little powers to initiate another teleportation. Therefore, she had no choice but to simply wait in subspace while her flesh was being ripped apart slowly. As an ESP, she was able to protect her vital organs from freezing and bursting.

She didn't know how much time had passed, but she did manage to return to the spot where she embraced Amor.

Kisia barely managed to return with most of her skin peeled off. She was missing both of her eyes, and arms as well. She kneeled down hopelessly covered with bare flesh. She didn't know where she was. All she knew for certain was that she managed to return to Venus.

"Oh, my God, Kisia!" Tuhina rushed toward Kisia but hesitated to touch her. "My God...," She had to put her palm on her mouth. She almost puked.

Nikki and Gair were speechless.

Kisia's hearing was still intact but just barely. She heard her friends' expression and could easily see how bad her condition was. She knew that she couldn't feel her arms and that she felt very cold.

"A....," Kisia tried to speak only to realize another fact that her tongue was missing.

'So..., this is my end... I hope it was worth it...'

"Call a paramedic!" Tuhina yelled.

Scheer and Marglus had also just arrived at the scene as well.

"Oh, my God!" Marglus ran to Kisia and grabbed her without hesitation, and Scheer narrowed his eyes as he saw the scene.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" Marglus shouted. "Can you hear me at all?"

Kisia was unable to hear Marglus' full sentence, but she did hear some of his words, so she nodded weakly.

"Call a medic!" Marglus looked around and shouted. The others were simply standing there.

"It is too late, Marglus," Nikki said. "Her condition is way beyond recovery."

Tuhina was sobbing.

"No!" Marglus looked back at Kisia, and hugged her bloody body. Some of her skin fell off her as Marglus hugged her. "No! No!"

"Marglus, you..." Scheer tried to say something.

Marglus violently grabbed Scheer by his collar. "So what?! I love her! So what!"

Scheer avoided an eye contact with Marglus. "I am sorry."

"Don't you sorry me! Save her! Damn it! Save her!"

'He loves me?' She was unable to smile on surface because her facial muscles were totally destroyed. *'I guess that explains few questions I've had...'*

Few medics arrived at the scene only to be frozen. They simply didn't know what to do.

Kisia felt colder by seconds. Her consciousness was gradually more hazed.

'So..., this is it...'

"Her pulse is becoming weaker significantly now," A medic informed.

Scheer suddenly pulled something out of his pocket. It was a tiny capsule that contained what seemed to be red liquid. He opened it at once and poured it over Kisia.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?!" Marglus almost attacked Scheer but was stopped by Gair.

"Azzazel's blood, it is his last bit of blood," Scheer said.

"Who is Azzazel?" Marglus demanded.

"He was probably the best doctor in his time, and he was Kisia's ex-lover. Azzazel committed suicide before anything could happen."

Kisia felt something. It was warm, and the warmth began to spread in her. Although her eyes were missing, she felt like she saw someone...

'Azzazel...'

She was seeing Azzazel's ghostly image. He was emotionless and was staring at her. A moment later, he slowly raised his arm and pointed at somewhere.

Kisia slowly raised her upper body, and everyone was surprised to see that, then she moved her head slightly to right where an image of Azzazel was pointing at.

"What is she doing? She is looking at something?" A medic wondered. "But her pulse has stopped."

"She is an ESP, a powerful one," Scheer responded. "She is not dead yet... I am counting on Azzazel..."

A dark figure was standing where Azzazel was point. The dark figure approached Kisia slowly, and its dark veil was drawn away.

'Master...?'

The figure looked exactly like Cecil Klisis, but something was different.

'Who are you?'

'Welcome,' The figure smiled brightly which Kisia had never seen from Cecil. 'To the 7th sense.'

'The 7th sense...?'

'I have created this invisible channel and named it the 7th sense. I have been storing lost knowledge I have gained in this channel. You can find any lost knowledge from this channel.'

'What...?'

'You will not maintain your access to this channel for long. Therefore, I suggest that you grab what you can handle only. You will most likely not have an access to this channel ever again.'

'What is going on...,' She was confused, and then huge flow of knowledge rushed into her head.

'Ah... !'

She felt as if her brain was going to explode. So much knowledge, memories, and history were flowing through her head. During the progress, she fatefully picked up a piece of lost knowledge.

All of a sudden...

"What...?"

Everyone looked at Kisia.

Her body was regenerating at a rapid speed.

"That cannot be...?" Everyone said except Scheer who turned around and left the scene.

"Azzazel, you've done your job at the right time for the first and the only time, man," He talked to himself, "Good job, dude. Rest in peace now. Your remains are gone for good."

After Amor was gone, his men started to surrender. Generally, surrenders were accepted, but there were few exceptions who tried to attack Scheer that had to be struck down.

In the end, the O'ren had fallen. Scheer and his men were what were left of the clan.

On the next day, Gair summoned Scheer. He entered Gair's office.

Gair was by his antique wooden desk. He smiled at him positively.

"Welcome, I've called you today to decide the fate of your clan."

Scheer nodded weakly. He was hoping that Venus imperial would at least keep their words.

"We've decided that we will build a new city." Gair's statement wasn't very informative.

"Build a city? Could you explain more?"

Gair made a finger click, and Dante entered the office.

"I am Dante, the mayor of Fallen crater."

"Hello, mayor," Scheer greeted her. This was how they met for the first time.

"Where ruin of the O'ren home base lies, I'd like to build a city for you and your people."

In Scheer's head, definition of a city Dante said just now was more of a village; a prison disguised as a small town to keep the O'ren in check. However, as Dante explained her plans, he realized it was no small village. The city Dante planned was huge.

"A musical city of Musik," Dante concluded after a long explanation. "You will be the mayor of the city. It will not be just for the O'ren. It will be open for everyone, especially those who love music."

Scheer was moved a little. All he expected was survival of him and his men. The O'ren had fallen. If he was Gair himself, he would have wanted to get rid of what was left of the clan to clear any possibility of future troubles.

"With your consent," Dante said. "I will begin the construction tomorrow."

The whole event was forbidden to be recorded. However, its existence and result were allowed to be recorded.

More than two third of the O'ren had perished in this conflict. Scheer was appointed by Gair to be the next headman of the O'ren, and with support from Dante, a new city was being built on the ground of their destroyed home base.

Meantime, Marglus had made a decision and announced that they would build their own city on surface as well named Hal. Furthermore, he had publicly proposed to Kisia who had recently become one of the Vlues, and Kisia accepted the proposal. They were soon engaged.

Fin