

It is very likely that this is going to be Magenta's last major appearance in the story. She could still show up as a minor character later on.

P.S. This story was written in two hours after I had a dream about this.

## [The Hammers arc] [15] [Magenta] [9673]

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It had been three years since United Sol fell apart. Everything on Venus had gone back to normal. And quite frankly, nothing really changed for the Solar system.

Despite waging a war "to free people", people still suffered. In fact, more people suffered because Earth was now under Emuel the snake's control. At least, under the Bau's control, those on Earth were living in Heaven.

However, none of that mattered to Magenta. She simply wanted to take the Bau down and they were taken down, the end of.

"....."

She was watching rain drops on a window wall in her apartment which was located 224<sup>th</sup> floor of a skyscraper by a table. There was a cup of coffee on it

which was hot enough that it was still letting steam off. She casually sipped it few times while watching the rain.

When she brought Fraser and Len to Venus outpost by a shuttle, the two men were deeply saddened by the event of Earth bombardment and the subsequent fall of United Sol. While she understood their feelings, her burning rage toward the Bau was far stronger.

When she dropped them off the outpost, Fraser asked what she was going to do and asked whether she would continue to work for Venus.

“Cecil made it clear that my role would end when United Sol fell. So, this is it for me,” She told Fraser.

She wasn't going to work for Venus either way. Therefore, she was actually glad that Cecil drew a clear line. The more she worked with Cecil, the more she wanted to break her oath and work for Venus. So, yes, she was glad that a clear line was drawn.

At the same time, as much as her life as well as theirs were saved, being alive meant there was a matter of finance. Magenta, Fraser, and Len would be out of work. While Magenta had been paid while she worked for Cecil, Fraser and Len were flat-out broke with their bank accounts being simply wiped out.

And that was Fraser's immediate concern.

“Fear not, someone will soon meet you up and offer some sort of a job for the both of you. That's how it works on Venus.”

He, then, asked her for a contact number for the future to which her face darkened rapidly.

“Uncle, I will no longer see you. The same goes to Len. This is it for us.”

Both Fraser and Len were shocked to hear what she had just told them. She felt that they at least deserved a proper explanation, thus she told them.

“I didn’t want to tell you this, but uncle...”

She took a deep breath to control her burning anger inside of her and then continued.

“I cannot forgive both of you for a fact that you let my late husband die like a dog. I understand that you were rather powerless to stop what happened but that doesn’t matter to me.”

Then she pointed at Fraser with narrowed eyes fueled with anger and told him with a raised voice.

“YOU were the President. YOU should have done something. I DON’T ... care how powerless you were. SOMETHING had to have been done.”

But nothing was done, absolutely nothing. Kain truly stood on his own from the start to the end. It wasn’t the kind of treatment a national hero should have received.

Closing her eyes and shaking her head repeatedly, she turned away from them, walking toward her shuttle to leave.

“Be glad that I chose to save your asses, good-for-nothing bureaucrats,” She blurted out loudly and quickly added, “That’s what Cecil probably wanted to tell you, uncle.”

“I meant every word I said and I do not regret even now,” She whispered to herself as she took a sip while watching the rain drops.

She had been out of work for three years and her saving was starting to show its bottom. It was time for her to find a job.

Actually, she had something in her mind. It just took few years for her to settle down on the idea. She had not forgotten what Cecil told her which was that she was the only survivor from Kain’s inner circle and that she should set the record straight.

Indeed, she did plan to set the record straight by writing ebooks. She was going to write memoir about Kain. Obviously, she wasn’t going to write them when she was still fuming. It had been three years and she felt she had calmed down enough to actually go on.

For the next 90 days, she kept her expense to bare minimum and focused on writing the first volume of the memoir. After she had the book checked out by other professionals for grammar corrections and such, it had taken her 120 days total.

When the first memoir, titled “Admiral Kain: The humble beginning”, was released to public, it wasn’t a hit. However, the book sold very steadily.

When she released the second memoir, titled “Admiral Kain: A simple man with a simple mind” a year later, it wasn’t a hit, either. However, again, the book sold very steadily. Additionally, the release of the second book increased overall sale of the first book.

The third, and final, memoir was titled “Admiral Kain: A rat takes down a lion”, and it was released 3 years after the second memoir. This book wasn’t a hit, either. However, the release of this book made the first & second memoir being sold progressively more and more to a point that the media started to notice.

The three books were never huge hits on their own but they didn’t fail, either. They were being sold steadily over the years that the trilogy had become the most sold series in the chart.

And one day, on year 9677, a woman paid a visit to her apartment.

“Hello, my name is Edith from VNN,” She introduced herself over a comm panel. Magenta had seen Edith often on TV. She was the anchor of the most watched news program on Venus. She was also known for documentaries as well. Overall, she was one of the most popular faces on the planet.

“I apologize for the mess,” Magenta told Edith when she entered her apartment. For the past years, she had been mainly working on the books that she care little about everything else which included her own body as well.

Her hair was knee-length and she looked like a ghost. Basically, she looked like total crap. But Edith didn’t seem to be put off by her crappy appearance and beamed a bright smile at her.

“Hello, Magenta. It’s good to see you in person.”

“Have we met?”

“No, we haven’t. I do think we shared something in common though.”

“Oh?”

After they sat down at a table with some coffee, Edith told Magenta how she ended up on Venus. Magenta seemed quite surprised.

“And it’s not just me. Do you know Admiral Gabrio? His family is also here.”

Magenta wasn’t in direct charge of investigating the event but she was briefed that his family went AWOL, and she understood that as in his family being silently assassinated.

“Very interesting,” Magenta replied and then she grew an urge to tidy herself up.

“Um, can we meet again tomorrow in a cafe or something? I’d like to tidy up and talk to you properly.”

Edith replied with a nod. “Fine by me. Here is my number. Send me the location.”

After getting a long overdue haircut and much, Magenta regained her original appearance. She wore her favorite light gray leather jacket and dark gray mini skirt with the same color boots to see Edith in a cafe.

Needless to say, Edith was pleasantly shocked to see the transformation. She clapped in response.

“Oh, wow, I couldn’t tell it was you until you spoke to me. You look completely different! And look how beautiful you are!”

She meant what she said. Magenta was a strikingly beautiful woman. Many men lusted over her. She was powerful enough to defend herself though and her being Fraser’s niece protected her further.

After the initial shock had waved away, the two girls got to talk. They talked about many topics, ranging from a simple daily life to eventually the matter at hand.

“I believe your uncle and your childhood friend live here on the planet. Your uncle was the last President of United Sol, yeah? And your childhood friend being his advisor back on Earth.”

Magenta nodded.

“Have you been seeing them?”

She shook her head firmly. “No, I’ve cut ties to them. I have not seen them for years now.”

Edith was typing on her tablet and scratched her chin when she heard Magenta’s response. She carefully inquired, “Do you hate them?”

Magenta replied promptly, “Yes.”

“Even after 7 years?”

“Yes.”

Edith paused typing and withdrew her hands from her tablet. She folded her arms. “I’ve read your books. The trilogy was never a huge hit in a short period but it is the most sold series overall.”

Magenta replied, “It was never about being a hit. I am just glad that people are reading it. I want to set the record straight.”

Edith signed deeply and said something unexpected.

“It all comes down to Cecil, isn’t it.”

Magenta was confused. “Pardon?”

“Like I said, I’ve read your books. But the ending, you weren’t there when the Admiral perished. Therefore, you were unable to write the ending. You did scientifically assumed what happened based on evidence though.”

“True.”

“Do you think Cecil had something to do with Juron being killed on the spot? He was a class S ESP. He could have escaped. He doesn’t strike me as a type who would accepted the defeat and perish along with his ship.”

Edith’s statement gave her flash lights in her head.

True, she knew Juron’s character well. He wasn’t a type who’d accept defeat and go down with his ship. The ship wasn’t even his to begin with.

She stammered as she asked Edith, “H, how d, do you figure that?”

Edith casually replied with a shrug, “Well, it’s been always him, ain’t it? Seen or unseen, he had always been involved in something. I have no evidence. It’s just my gut feeling.” She added after a brief laugh, “I mean, look at me. What did he save me for? I was no one, just a mere civilian. And Admiral Gabrio’s family? Why did he save them for? It doesn’t look like he saved his family for political reasons. It seems he simply does things.”

Magenta was frozen.

It needed no evidence. She felt that Edith’s assumption was the piece she was missing for all these years.

The final piece of the puzzle: how did Juron die.

She didn’t feel that she needed confirm it even. The moment she heard Edith, she immediately knew that it was a fact. Then she let out of a pleasant laugh.

*He knew everything after all. The moment I arrived, he already knew everything...*

- **Fin**