

Ehka had been a minor character that showed up in more than one story. Her first appearance is [Juron arc] [1] [The mad and the crazy] [9604]. Her career goes downhill afterwards. She also makes an appearance in [Ashuta arc] [5] [A date with the crazy] [9605]. You may notice a pattern here. And then her final appearance as a minor character is in [Milky way arc] [3] [Flawed system] [9613].

Now, she gets her own story as a main character. This is her reward, I suppose.

In order to fully understand what is going on, you need to read through a bunch of stories, especially the ones mentioned above.

## [Rocksea arc] [1] [Duchess' boobs] [9613]

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Prerequisite stories

- [Juron arc] [1] [The mad and the crazy] [9604]
- [Ashuta arc] [5] [A date with the crazy]
- [Milky way arc] [3] [Flawed system] [9613]

As soon as she was released by Sevn and Wemer, she cried her eyes out for a moment in the shuttle. How her career went downhill to this point was just unbelievable for her. The amount of efforts she had to put in to become an agent... and then all crashing down because of Juron's recklessness...

She had to cry; she had been holding back her tears for years. She hoped for a breakthrough that never came. It was about time to cry indeed.

Once she regained her composure, she had to accept the reality.

"Could have been worse, a lot worse," She said to herself as she washed her face

and sat down at the cockpit of the shuttle.

It was indeed true that it could have been worse. If she was transferred to the navy...  
"I don't even want to think about it," She said to herself again.

Thankfully, she had good knowledge of the asteroid region, AKA Rocksea. As an agent, she had infiltrated several known outposts and knew a place to go for drinks.  
"Drinks, I could really use some," She muttered.

There was a small outpost built on an asteroid in the region. Its name was Duchess' boobs. The whole outpost was a bar, plus a brothel. She knew the owner as well whose alias went by "Duke".

"Is that you, Ehka? Long time no see!"

A bald and big-boned man dressed in a fine waiter outfit casually greeted her entering the bar. His facial features were refined and she could call him handsome. His clothes were also very tight fit on his big body, exposing his manly shape as well as charm.

"Hey, Duke, how has it been going for you?"

He shrugged. "Could be better, but then could be worse."

Duchess' boobs was a rather desolate place to be, mainly due to a fact that it was in middle of nowhere.

Ehka looked around and saw a single guy sitting in a corner, drinking, and the place could hold hundreds. Regardless, status of his business wasn't her concern. She needed a place to stay for the time being.

"I'd like to rent a room, Duke."

"An agent business?"

Obviously, he didn't know that she was no longer an agent.

"Something like that."

"Sure thing, lass. I've got a luxury room for 17,000c a season."

If she was an agent, the money would be paid by the budget. Obviously, that wasn't the case anymore.

"I'd like the cheapest room please."

Duke raised his eyebrows for a moment and gave her a stare. He didn't say anything though and offered her the most inexpensive room which ran at 5,000c a season.

After paying him the credit, she immediately went to her room.

"My word..."

The room was a mess. Walls had scratches all over and the bed was in a questionable state.

"Does it have a shower? Please tell me it has a shower."

Thankfully, the room did have a basic shower system. After taking a shower, she had some time to sulk over her life once again. Her reality was that she needed to make a living somehow. She had some savings but that wasn't going to last more than a year. She even thought about selling her body at the Duke's place but that seemed just wrong, so she ditched that option.

The only other options she could think of was becoming a debt collector or a bounty hunter, both of which would require combat skills which she in fact had.

Few days of sulking and calming down, she confronted Duke and confessed her situation. Needless to say, he wasn't too surprised.

"I sort of guessed that you got fired. I mean you always picked luxury rooms," He explained with a tint of grin. He wasn't mocking her or anything. He was indirectly pointing out that Ehka loved luxuries.

Sagging her shoulders, she sighed. "So, I am looking for a job now. I was thinking

either a debt collector or a bounty hunter. You got any leads, Duke?"

"Those are physical jobs. You have any experience? And what are you? ESP or hyper?"

"Hyper human, class B. I do have some experience in enforcing writs. I was an agent after all."

"I see." Then Duke fell silent for a moment, looking around his nearly empty, but large, bar. There were three people at the moment. His brothel wasn't working too well, either.

He said with a sigh, "Listen, I can't really help you here. I am barely hanging on here myself. But if you want to move on, I can certainly refund you the money for the room."

"No, no, that's fine. I do plan to use the room. Here will be the base of my operations for the time being. I was just wondering if you had any jobs."

"Well, I could certainly use a stripper." He beamed a crooked grin. "But you ain't fit. No offense intended."

"No offense taken."

Ehka wasn't a pretty woman. She neither had the body nor the face. She was average looking at her best days and she was somewhat chobby. Besides, earning money that way had never been her intention. She was fully aware of how unattractive she appeared to many men. Therefore, she really took no offense on Duke's comment.

She remained jobless for weeks and eventually took up a position as a waitress for Duke. It was this moment that she realized the reality of Duke's business. The bar really had too little customers to stay afloat. The brothel had some regulars but those customers didn't translate into the bar. The brothel was what kept his

business afloat, barely.

And her first job finally came from one of customers from the brothel. Apparently, Duke recommended her for the job upon hearing the customer's complaints.

"I have this guy who loaned a fair bit of money from me. The sum is like 10 million credit," He casually spoke while caressing a naked woman's hip on a bed. The woman was drugged and was drooling. She was basically unconscious. "Now, I've been pursuing this guy for long enough to believe that getting the money back is no longer an option. If you beat the crap out of him, I'd be happy."

Ehka listened to him professionally, standing firmly with both of her hands held on back. It was how she used to receive orders as an agent.

"Am I allowed to kill him?"

The man laughed out loudly. "I don't mind him dead. If you don't mind a murder charge on you, why not. Kill him. I will need a proof though, so some photo and his flash sample will be required. I will give you a bonus for killing him."

"And if I can get any money out of him?"

The man appeared quite surprised to hear her. He raised his eyebrows for a moment before smirking at her.

"You know what? I've sent numerous men after him. Couldn't get out a dime. If you get any amount of money from him, I will give you 50%. Deal?"

Smiling brightly, Ehka gave him a firm nod, "Deal."

Ehka was quite experienced in chasing down criminals and, as she stated before, she was very experienced in enforcing writs. This job was pretty much her backyard play.

Once it was verbally agreed upon, she was quick to begin her work. Locating the guy wasn't as hard as she thought it'd be. She was without the agents' network but it

was still relatively easy to locate the guy.

It turned out that the guy had a history with not paying loans and his traces were everywhere. In fact, it was so easy to locate him that she felt like it was a trap. It wasn't even that far from Duke's outpost. However, she knew it wouldn't be easy. If it were easy, it wouldn't have fallen to her hands to finish it after all.

Armed with two laser pistols, she paid a visit to the outpost he was staying at and covertly made her way to his quarter. Gaining an entry to the outpost was breeze due to it being a free-for-all entity for temporary stays. Such a place was common in the area. Many mining outposts were constructed in the early Andromeda colonization. After generations, many were abandoned and were sold cheaply. Some renovated such abandoned outposts and transformed them into a form of motels where one could stay as long as they liked once a payment was made. Duke's Duchess' boobs was similar to such motels except there was a lot more efforts being put into running and maintaining the place.

Once she made onto a floor that the guy was supposed to be on, she understood why nobody had yet to get the guy. He had apparently rented the whole floor and armed it with security drones. The safety circle was just two steps away from the elevator she had just took off. The drones had already detected her and they were on alert, tracking her movements. Their servo motors made distinct whirring noises as they tracked her movements.

"The whole floor is full of drones," She remarked while inspecting the scenery. If she were a hyper human, which she in fact was, she could have attempted a brute force entry. Alas, her class was only B and she was well aware of her limitations. She knew she wouldn't be able to break through. But she had another trick up in her sleeve.

When she docked at the outpost, she immediately recognized the model of the structure. The thing about these old structures was that people wouldn't update its mainframe since it cost credit and due to a possibility of breaking stuff. What was more important was that its engineering password would remain the same. An engineering password was to be used by companies to override a master password. It had some restrictions compared to a master password but did have accesses to what she would need in this situation.

Being a former agent of Andromeda union, she knew such passwords.

Accessing a console right next to the elevator, she entered the password and hoped that it would be accepted. In her experience, 99% of times such passwords worked. A positive beep sounded and a grin surfaced on her face.

"Bingo," She said gleefully. Raising her voice this time, she spoke to vacant air in front of her. "Computer, cut the power to this deck."

"Access denied," A computerized voice replied right back.

"Crap," She blurted. After a short moment, she spoke again, "Computer, restrict power to this area based on my position."

Lights in the area dimmed and the drones began to act weird. That was because they were being wirelessly powered. Their power wasn't completely cut off but there wasn't enough juice for full functionality, either.

Grabbing some random junk out of her pocket, she threw it forward where drones were jittering. It bounced off a drone and landed on the floor. There was no violent reaction from jittering drones. Having determined that it was safe enough to traverse, she carefully made her way through the area.

Where she eventually ended up was a short corridor with two doors on each side.

The light wasn't restricted in the area, indicating that she was on a different grid zone. Pulling out a small device from her belt, she turned it on; it was a bio-scanner. "Two people," She whispered to herself. "Both on that side, in different rooms." She pulled out her pistol and made sure that it was in a working order as well as making sure that it was set in stun. She pulled a backup pistol and checked it as well. She was nervous and for a good reason. If she was an agent and this was a normal mission, she would have backups standing by who'd rush in to assist her, should things go sour.

This time though, there was no such a thing. If something did go wrong, it could end badly for her. She could be tortured or even raped. Alas, she had to do it. Or the only way for her to making a living would have been selling her body which wouldn't even work out well due to her not being "pretty enough".

Inhaling deeply to prepare herself mentally, she dashed to a console next to the first door and entered the engineer password which worked and the door slid open at once. Without hesitation, she dashed in and pointed her pistol at the only creature in the room which was a completely naked guy a bed who was jerking off with a porn being displayed on ceiling.

Startling from the sudden intrusion, the guy glared at Ehka and barked, "What the fu-" Before he could finish though, she shot him.

Taking a good look at his face, she confirmed that it was indeed the guy she was after. "It's him. Good."

After handcuffing him, she was casually dragging him out of his room. It wasn't a hard task, given the gravity of the station was only 0.3. However, just as she was coming out of the room, the other bio-signature in another room apparently picked its head out to see what was going on and saw Ehka. It was a young woman.

"The hell?!" She uttered and dashed toward Ehka at once with an energy blade,

indicating that she was a hyper human.

Ehka uttered as well in frustration, "Ugh, give me a fucking break!" Letting the body go, she aimed her pistol at her and fired at once. One of the shots hit her shoulder. However, she was wearing a shoulder armor. Thus, the shot, set in stun, had no effect.

"Crap," Muttering, Ehka quickly set her gun to lethal and blocked a slash with her gun. Not wanting to drag on her visit for too long, she attempted to negotiate.

"Can we talk?"

She shouted back as she continued her offense. "We have nothing to talk!"

"This dude has a large bounty on it. How about we share that?"

"I am his sister!"

However, Ehka seemed unfazed. "So? He won't die and I will get the bounty. I will give you 20%."

The sister halted her attack and asked, "How much is his bounty?"

Since the bounty part was a lie, she had to come up with a figure quickly. She was going to torture him to extort money out of him and she had to guess how much she could possibly get out of him.

"His bounty is 2m, so you will get 400k."

The sister whistled. "What has he done?"

"You don't know? He borrowed a large sum of money and hasn't paid back along with interests."

The sister folded her arms, sighing. "I guess that's where his seemingly endless credit has been coming from."

Seeing the sister seemed to be a rather reasonable person, Ehka slowly lowered her pistol.

However, the sister kept her blade aimed at her and demanded, "How do I know you aren't scamming me though?" It was a genuine question.

"I will give you 100k right here right now and you can follow me to my hideout. If I do that though, I want you to sign a contract with me as a bodyguard."

A legally binding contract was something criminals avoided at all cost. Ehka knew this and hoped that she would just take the money. She had full intention to pay back the rest however.

While looking skeptical, the sister told Ehka, "Give me 100k now and just tell me where your hideout is."

While Ehka was loading credit into a blank cash card, she told her, "I am staying at Duchess' boobs." And the sister chuckled.

"The duke's place? I know where that is."

"That's right."

"Can I call him to confirm that you do stay there?"

"Not a problem. Go right ahead."

But the sister didn't call. Ehka's reaction seemed to be good enough to satisfy her.

Once credit finished up loading, she threw the card over which lazily floated toward the sister under 0.3 gravity. "Here is a cash card with 100k in it."

Catching the cash card, the sister didn't even bother verifying it as if she trusted Ehka.

"I will visit you in 30 days to get the rest of the payment. Does that sound fine with you?"

Ehka nodded at her.

"And how long do you think he will serve?"

"He could be out in a year if he somehow settles the debt quickly or comes up with a payment plan or something. He won't die. That is for sure."

"Will he be tortured though?"

Shrugging, Ehka beamed a crooked grin at her. "Obviously, do you even have to ask?"

The sister chuckled. "Just making sure. The kid got away with a lot of stuff. I just

wanted someone to knock some sense into him. I guess he will learn a lesson this time." She, then, turned around, casually waving, and went back to her quarter. Ehka rolled her eyes and exhaled deeply in exhaustion.

Duke clapped when he saw Ehka return with a handcuffed naked man. The guy was still unconscious.

"Grats, you did it," He told her as she approached the counter.

"It's been a long day. Give me a drink please."

"Sure thing. What about the guy though?"

"Do you have a room where I can tie him up and torture him?"

Duke beamed a crooked grin and handed Ehka a key card labelled 666. She grinned back, catching the gist.

The interior of the room 666 was pitch black with a water pipe sticking out of a wall with a valve on it. Ehka assumed it was for water torture. The only light source was on ceiling where a single, dim, light was present. There was also a pole in the middle of the room where she chained the guy onto it and waited for him to wake up.

He woke up four hours later and immediately demanded Ehka to release him.

"I will if you hand over 10m you owe," She told him.

He laughed at her sarcastically. "You think I have the credit on me? I am fucking naked, ugly bitch! At least give me a blow job or something!"

Seeing that he wasn't taking the situation seriously, Ehka went on to torture him.

Taking a meter-length lead metal stick, she got behind him and opened his buttchicks and shoved it right into his anus. The guy tried to jump up and down and

panicked. He was prepared for a torture but this was certainly a different kind of a torture. Alas, this was a standard torture for Ehka.

What was worse for him was that she did not speak at all while she was literally abusing him sexually. After the butt stick, she went onto insert a wire into his penis. "Fuck! FUCK! FUCCCCCK!" He shouted while struggling. "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! SAY SOMETHING GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!"

To which Ehka finally said something in response, "Just let me know when you wish to make a payment. I am not expecting full 10m, but I expect at least half."

For the next few hours, the guy experienced literally hell, followed by lead poisoning. He was almost electrocuted via a wire that was shoved into his penis and he began to feel unwell due to the lead pipe in his rectum. Additionally, Ehka pumped water into his mouth, resulting him vomit more than 10 times.

It wasn't just a physical torture. It was also a mental torture.

Genuinely fearing the worst, he began to beg for mercy to which Ehka did not respond. She wasn't going to respond until he was willing to make a payment or come up with a payment plan.

At fifth hour, the guy's body and spirit were in tatters. His anus was bleeding and the blood was black. His penis had burnt to crisp. He had vomitted so many times that his mouth was swollen. Regardless, Ehka went on to keep torturing him at which point, he cried out.

"No more... F, fine... f-...fine..."

She paused and softly asked, "How much?"

"Three mil...."

"Not enough" And she proceeded for a new torture, grabbing a strange looking

object. He saw it and had no idea what it was.

"It's an eye extracting kit," She told him indifferently. And that was the final trigger.

In the end, he made a payment of 6 million credit and was set free once the payment was verified.

The client was pleasantly surprised when he was informed that Ehka was able to extract 6m and kept his word on giving her half. And, while she did not inform him of the torture, Duke did and the client was very pleased, giving her an extra million.

Duke congratulated her. "Hah, nicely done. 4 mil earned easily." He slid a drink to her which Ehka took it and sipped it once.

"This kind of job is dangerous though. You know the saying that karma is a bitch. You do this sort of stuff long enough, it will bite you in the back."

He laughed pleasantly. "Good to know that you are grounded enough. Trust me, some will keep doing that shit for money until it's too late."

"Oh, I know. Just so you know, I am not doing this again. I can't afford to keep making enemies."

"So, if you aren't going down this route, what do you plan to do? You know you can't live on forever with 4m."

Indeed, and she had been thinking about her future while she was on the job.

"Duke, are you interested in a business partner?"

It was a not-so-subtle statement. Duke wasn't sure how to respond to the sudden question, but Ehka continued on anyway.

"I will invest 3m into this shithole and you make me a shareholder or a co-owner or whatever. I will work my due and you share some of your profit, just so that I won't die starving."

Ehka thought about going on a bounty hunter but taking such a dangerous profession alone was going to get her killed sooner or later. Actually, death was one of better outcomes. She could be captured at one point, drugged out, and be sold as a sex slave to some random outpost in the middle of nowhere.

Even if she found a partner, finding someone she could her life with was certainly easier to be said than done. She had seen too many betrayals in her line of work as an agent.

"Hah." Duke chuckled briefly. "Sounds like a paid marriage to me. You are paying me 3 million to take you in."

She sagged her shoulders while faintly "Well, if you want to see it that way, that's fine as well. I ain't got anywhere to go. Will you take me in, please?"

Duke was silent for a short moment. Soon enough though, he beamed a smile at her.

"You know what, I haven't been doing too well with this biz. Perhaps, I need a second opinion as well. Welcome aboard."

With that done, she finished her drink.

- Fin