

[Shattered union arc] [5] [1st Earthian-Venusian War] [9607]

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Year 9607

Gvew had been trying to gain enough support to make a tie in the Ark house to pass a proposal to attack Venus. A tie was all he needed and then he'd throw his tie breaker vote in the senate.

He did not have any support from any of political parties. However, he had a strange love-hate support from the Bau where they refused to depose Gvew as the president and kept on refusing to depose him.

Yakov was fully supportive of Gvew's intention to declare war on Venus but he worried whether that might entice the Bau to depose him. However, Gvew was firm on his stance. While he made no promises when he became the president, he did state that he was going to make Venus pay in the first speech he ever had in the Ark house which little Ark politicians paid attention to after all they loathed him for what he did.

While he expected a tough fight in the house, it didn't. His proposal passed with 58% of YES and Yakov informed him that Avicenna had a major role in getting the proposal passed. It was Avicenna's last session at the house before her retirement and she told others to pass the proposal. Before she left the Ark, she even left a message for Gvew.

Yakov cited Avicenna's message. "She says it will be a short war, sir, and it will end in our defeat."

Gvew laughed the message off on surface, but he was fully aware of what Avicenna was trying to say. United Sol was slowly, but surely, falling apart both economically and politically. He wasn't raised as a bureaucrat but even he saw

that fall of United Sol wasn't far away as long as Venus and Mars were independent.

It was absolutely imperative for United Sol to regain Venus rather than Mars because, if Venus fell, Mars was going to fall as well. If Venus and Mars rejoined United Sol, the balance in the Ark house would be restored and United Sol would be politically stable once again. In addition, regaining Venus and Mars would also solve United Sol's current economic crisis.

All in all, he had to tackle Venus. He couldn't care less about Mars. If he could defeat the Crimson wizard, he could handle everything else, he firmly believed.

It was Avicenna's last session in the Ark house. She had already declared that it would be her last day beforehand and the Ark house members were willing to listen to anything she was going to say or even ask. Avicenna wasn't a great politician per se because there weren't much accomplishments under her name but she had spent her entire life as an Ark house member and worked with Mirren from the very beginning and saw fall of his regime upon his assassination.

She survived past a whole regime that spanned almost 800 years and that was an enormous accomplishment to many politicians. Rightfully so, she commanded absolute respect which was enhanced by her nature of staying low profile most of times. Because she kept a low profile most of times, whenever she spoke up which wasn't frequent, it meant a big deal.

Everyone expected her to have a speech and she did. Standing in front of the full Ark house members, she started her speech. In front of her, there was Gvew's proposal on a hologram.

“Hello, everyone.” She began her speech by greeting the Ark politicians. “I am sure that you know this is my last day as a house member. After this session, I am going to be packing my stuff up and leave to Saturn which is my home planet.”

The house chamber was completely silent; she commanded respect.

“I see that the President has made a proposal. And I know this is the first proposal he has made since taking over the presidency.”

After having said so, she silently read over the proposal.

“I am sure all of you’ve read or skimmed through the proposal. It is a proposal for a war,” She said. “I am sure pretty much everyone are going to say Nay to this.”

She looked around the chamber.

“President Gvew has taken the president in late 9599 and has never made a proposal to the house until now. I believe he knows where he stands. Thus, he had never made any kind of proposals that might upset others.” She quickly added after a short pause. “For his own sake.”

House members in general seemed to agree with Avicenna speech. They all knew Gvew’s regime was hanging by a thread but it was a steel thread.

“You are not going to like what I am about to say here.” She made a pause before continuing. “I say we pass his proposal.”

Avicenna had a feeling that it was going to be his first and last proposal. She reckoned that Gvew’s regime wasn’t going to last long and she felt that he was pushing for what he believed to be right in the current situation.

The Ark house members started to murmur in response. However, soon, the chamber became quiet again.

“Let the man have his wish.” She raised her voice in her speech. “We all know he won’t last long. Besides, he isn’t exactly wrong in his assessment that Venus is the root cause of the current situation of United Sol.”

The Ark house members resumed their whispers again which again soon were silenced.

“And I can tell you already the outcome of the war. Cecil shall win; I have absolutely no doubt about it. Gvew’s fleet will outnumber his but Cecil will be victorious regardless. Because...”

The Ark house members started to whisper but, this time, Avicenna did not wait for them to become silent.

“Because Cecil is a grand master at fighting outnumbered. Remember that he is from the Klisis clan. The clan was master at the art of disadvantaged battles.”

She felt that it wasn’t exactly the correct reason but also felt that it was the most convincing reason for those who knew little about Cecil personally.

Even Mirren himself feared Cecil. She knew that painfully clear; she had no doubt about the outcome she loosely predicted.

Regardless, Gvew wasted no time after his proposal passed. He quickly sent out an order to gather Earth defense fleet which was under the president’s direct command. The fleet had four thousand cruisers and, in a day, the fleet arrived at Earth’s orbit.

Taking the command of the fleet by himself, he left Yakov in charge at the Ark. Having a rear admiral as his parent and having graduated from a special military institution, he was well-versed in commanding.

His next step was to gather Admirals’ support which was another battle by itself. First of all, he sent a direct order to Quirino and Tiber who were in charge of Moon defense military station and were also in charge of Moon defense fleet of a thousand cruisers. They agreed to aid him. The truth was that they had no choice.

They were simply too close to Earth to stand against their president and expect to keep their positions.

However, Emuel's position was different. When Gvew sent a direct order to Emuel, the Jupiter administrator, he refused to send any ship to his cause. His excuse was that Outer Sol was too unstable for him to send any ships.

While everyone figured that Emuel was lying, his reason was valid enough since Jupiter assault outpost was in charge of security of Outer Sol. And there wasn't much Gvew could do to force him to send support because there was a chance that Emuel might revolt if he was pushed. Gvew appointed him to be Jupiter administrator because it was easier to keep an eye on him that way, but his hindsight was that Emuel settled down too fast too easily and even expanded his influence.

Despite of lack of Emuel's support, Gvew was still able to assemble slightly over eight thousand cruisers in the end from Saturn and other Navy factions.

"Pitiful, only eight thousand," Gvew muttered on his bridge aboard his commandship. A commandship was basically a reinforced cruiser. Its internal layout was identical to a cruiser. It simply had more armor and weapons for better survivability. "Better than nothing, I suppose..."

On Venus, Cecil, and the hammers, including Nikki Sweetheart, were having an emergency meeting.

"A series of recons have detected fleets around Earth and Moon. The recons could not approach closer to scan size of the fleets directly, but they took pictures. According to the analysis of the pictures, we believe there are at least, I say again, at least eight thousand cruisers orbiting Earth," Cecil declared.

Despite of the grim situation, none of the Hammers were looking overly concerned. In fact, they had been expecting this conflict and had spent their time preparing for this war.

Cecil continued, "Our current fleets are approximately five thousand cruisers. Admiral Nikki Sweetheart has a fleet of three thousands. Captain Vakha has a thousand and I have control over the last thousand."

Vakha nodded firmly. "At last, the time has come, sir."

"We are outnumbered," Kisia voiced her concern. "Not that we didn't expect being outnumbered though."

Cecil ordered Dante. "I want you to keep this news away from the civilians."

"Sir, they will still find out if a war breaks out. I mean it will be hard not to notice. Furthermore, it will be hard to keep sailors from speaking out even with severe punishments," Dante stated.

"True, they will find out sooner or later, but we don't need to inform them. Let them find out," Cecil replied.

"Delay the inevitable, you mean, sir?" Dante said to which Cecil nodded.

"Shouldn't we ask for assistance from Mars?" Tuhina suggested.

"No, this is a war we can win," Cecil claimed. "No need to waste Mars' resources."

A holographic space chart was displayed on a wall and Cecil pointed at a spot between Venus and Earth.

"We fight them here," He declared.

It was virtually middle of nowhere. If Venusian fleet held their ground near Venus outpost, they would have an advantage. However, he picked a place where there

would be nothing to take advantage of. If anything, it was a fair ground for both sides.

“Sir,” Gair responded to Cecil’s proposition. “That is middle of nowhere. We should battle them by Venus outpost. The outpost can provide backup.”

“Gair,” Cecil said gravely. “This is not a proposal. This is an order. There are times for trickery but now isn’t the time. We fight them on a fair ground and defeat them.”

“They outnumber us,” Gair insisted. “I don’t see how you can be so confident that this battle is won already.”

Ignoring Gair blatantly, Cecil gave his order out to Nikki Sweetheart. “Admiral, get your fleet ready pronto.” And then his attention moved to Vakha. “You are to support the Admiral. Both of your fleets will be on front line.”

It meant that the fleet formation was awkward. It had only frontline and there wasn’t much else other than Cecil’s own fleet behind the frontline.

Both Nikki and Vakha were aware but chose not to speak their opinions. Kisia, however, spoke on their behalf.

“Sir, the fleet formation is weak. You are focusing on only front. Your own fleet will be exposed,” Kisia pointed out.

“True, but we are going to use the bomber tactics, meaning the more we have on the front, the better.”

Nikki and Vakha both smiled. They had been training for bomber tactics for few years now. Fighters were hardly used by United Sol navy and Venusian fleet followed the same policy. However, Cecil changed that and reinvented the old bomber tactics. Pilots had been trained and new fighter-class bombers had been designed as well as reinvention of new small bombs that were highly effective against shields.

“I see, sir,” Nikki said firmly. “We are all ready for the showdown.”

“This war will be short and quick. We are departing as soon as the fleet checks are done,” Cecil declared.

Gvew received a word from scouts that Venusian fleet had departed their home planet which was a surprise to him.

“They are not standing their ground near Venus? I figured they’d fight by Venus outpost for advantage?” Gvew told a scout on screen in his captain’s quarter.

“No, sir, it was clearly confirmed that they had departed Venus. We do not know their destination.”

Narrowing eyes, Gvew considered possible options. Venusian fleet was going to be outnumbered and he believed Cecil would use home advantage.

“We need to find out their destination. They could be coming here for all we know,” Gvew said. “Keep radars on them. Report right away if there is anything to report.”

The scout nodded and the screen vanished.

Groaning, he bemoaned that he had only 8,000 ships. If only Emuel had joined, he would have well over 15,000 ships which would vastly outnumber Venusian fleet. While his fleet did outnumber current Venusian fleet, it wasn’t by overwhelming odds.

Exiting his captain’s quarter, he quickly walked toward the captain’s chair and took a seat. Just as he took his seat, a bridge crew approached him and spoke while saluting.

“Mr. President, the fleet checks are complete. All ships are green and we are ready to move out.”

Gvew gave him a firm nod and dismissed him. Clicking a button on right chair arm, a communication was established and Yakov showed on a holographic screen in front of him soon after.

“Anything to report? How is down there at the Ark?” Gvew asked.

“The situation is stable, sir. Nothing abnormal to report, sir.”

“Alright, the fleet is going to be moving out soon. We need to win this.”

Yakov answered with a nod and that was the end of the communication.

Meanwhile, Venusian fleet arrived at the spot Cecil picked back in the conference room. It was also when Dante, the mayor of Fallen Crater, contacted.

“Sir, I believe VNN had found out about the fleet movement a while ago. I think they are attempting to cover the war. What shall I do?”

Cecil’s ship was just an ordinary cruiser but its CPU had been modified to handle far more workloads. Other than CPU modification, his ship was identical to ordinary cruisers, even the bridge setup was identical. Cecil was in his captain’s chair and there were four bridge crews as well as Gair and Kisia.

“Let them be. They are doing their job after all,” Cecil answered Danta indifferently. “Have they released any statements regarding the war?”

“No, sir, they are acting normal on surface at least but we did detect two of VNN shuttles departing from Venus outpost. We did ask propose of their journey and they answered that they were going to do a documentary on solar surfing.”

“Yeah, right,” Kisia whispered.

“Let them be. They will be risking their lives. This fleet will do nothing to protect them,” Cecil said. “As long as they are not acting reckless and expose the news to the public too early, they are free to do whatever they want.”

Nodding, Dante closed the channel.

“Alright, now we wait,” Cecil said to those on the bridge.

Gvew received words from scouts that Venusian fleet had stopped in middle of nowhere. Upon checking the spot out from space chart, it was indeed middle of nowhere. After trying to think why Cecil had picked such a place, there was nothing.

Thinking that perhaps Yakov had an opinion, he contacted him and he also had no explanation.

“It is indeed middle of nowhere. I feel like the Crimson wizard picked a fair ground for once,” Yakov said after examining his own space chart in his office. “I guess he is feeling confident that he can defeat us.”

Gvew wasn't overwhelmingly confident that he would emerge victorious but he was confident. His grades in space battle simulator was A+ in his youth and he was taught by his own father who was a rear admiral in his days.

“A fair ground, huh. Well, at last I will have a chance,” He whispered to himself.

He had known Cecil fairly well. They weren't friends or anything like that, but he looked up to Cecil for many years. He watched how he handled politics at the Ark and attempted to learn from him from a distance. While at it, there were few things he learned about Cecil. One of it was that Cecil acted as fair as he could as

long as an opponent dealt with him politically and involved no personal feelings and affairs.

In other words, Cecil did not demonstrate his powers at the Ark when he could have and easily have gotten away with whatever he might have done. Instead, he was fluent in rhetorical debates and always handled political affairs the way it should have been.

He came to a conclusion that Cecil used his powers only in personal affairs. What that meant was that, as long as he dealt with Cecil on a political level, he wasn't going to use his other-worldly powers.

And, as if proving his point, Cecil picked a fair ground for the battle. Beaming a smile at himself, he shouted an order to bridge crew.

"We are moving out!" He shouted in a rather confidence voice.

5,000 Venusian cruisers were waiting for them when 8,000 Earthian cruisers arrived at the scene. Gvew had to make sure that there was nothing around and there was indeed nothing.

"The radar is clean, Mr. President," An officer informed him after running a scan. "I do see two shuttles not far from Venusian fleet but they are from VNN."

"Be ready for battle!" Gvew commanded loudly and clearly. "Maintain the current formation and proceed with 10% thrust!"

Both fleets were a fair way apart from each other and needed ten minutes to enter visual range.

"Earthian fleet in visual range," Kisia informed Cecil on the bridge. "Their exact number is 8126, sir."

“Approach them and fire at will. Focus fire on targets given by admirals,” Cecil commanded. “After three minutes, initiate bomber wave one.”

“Initiating live battlefield view hologram, sir,” An officer informed Cecil. A live and detailed view of Venusian fleet appeared in air in front of Cecil. It was new software Venusian navy had been developing. It required a lot of CPU powers and this software was the reason Cecil’s cruiser had its CPU upgraded.

Both fleets approached each other at a snail’s pace and it was Venusian fleet that fired first to Gvew’s surprise.

“We are being fired upon, sir!”

“Well?! Fire back!” Gvew uttered.

“We are not in range yet, sir!”

Gvew was speechless for a moment. It was the difference of 7 years in R&D. While Venus invested heavily into navy R&D, United Sol did not simply have the budget. He was aware of this but he did not think it’d make such a noticeable gap in just 7 years.

“Speed up! Get in the range ASAP!” He shouted.

Earthian fleet finally fired back after some minutes.

“Mr. President, they are releasing fighters!” A crew informed him. “The fighters seem different.”

“Fighters?!” Gvew narrowed his eyes. He did not like where this was going. He didn’t exactly know why at this point however. “Release our fighters!”

“Sir, we don’t have trained pilots,” Another crew answered him.

“So? They can still pilot fighters, can’t they?”

“We don’t even carry fighters, sir.”

“What the...” And then he realized signing a ridiculous bill that passed through the house some years ago. It was a bill proposed by a human rights group asked the Bau to pass it to prevent usage of fighters. Mortality was high among fighter pilots and the human rights group opposed using fighters at all to preserve life.

Or so they claimed.

At the time of the bill, it was seen as a win-win situation at the Ark. Fighters were hardly used by United Sol navy and it would save over a hundred of billions if fighters were to be phased out. Even though the bill passed, not all admirals chose to phase out fighters. Jupiter administrator Emuel was one of those who refused to completely phase fighters out but did reluctantly agree to retire them progressively.

And naturally Earth and Moon fleets were the first ones to have retired fighters.

Still, Gvew did not believe fighters were going to make such a big impact and he was briefly puzzled why Venusian fleet was utilizing them.

“Sir, those are not fighters! Those are a new kind of fighter-class crafts!”

“On screen, let me have a look at them!”

The new fighter was displayed on main screen vividly and Gvew immediately realized the purpose of the new fighter. It looked bulky and armored and it was clear that its propose was not close range dogfight.

“Bomber...?” A random bridge crew blurted. “I think that’s a bomber.”

Bomber...!

Gvew dashed out of his chair and shouted, “President Gvew to all ships! Shoot down the fighters! I repeat, priority on the fighters! They are not fighters! They are bombers!”

Bombers were never used in space battles until this moment. It was seen as a huge waste of resources. Bombs by nature required a lot of chemicals as well as other materials and it wasn't ideal for space battles where supply could be an issue.

All laser needed was energy and it did not require any other resources. It was a low maintenance weapon and rightfully so laser turrets were de facto weapons for space battles. Some specialized lasers, like orbital bombardment lasers, did require focusing crystals to empower the beams to pass through atmosphere but such special cases were rare.

Despite of Gvew's desperate attempt to educate captains, his message didn't get to all of captains on field. Some even laughed off, thinking what such tiny bombs could do. They simply did not know what a “bomb” was capable of because they had never seen one in action. Gvew also wasn't aware of what they were capable of. However, seeing Cecil opted to use it, he assumed that it was something to be feared.

A massive wave of 12,000 bombers flew by Earthian cruisers that were busy firing back at Venusian cruisers and dropped off their bombs at once and turned around.

What happened shortly afterwards was spectacular. The bomb's properties were shockwave & thermal. Resulting massive shockwaves ripped Earthian ship's outer plating apart and thermal properties made sure that damages weren't easy to repair.

Some Earthian ships were ripped into pieces at once. Some ships were pushed away violently and collided with other ships. Majority of ships were fine but they lost their balance as well as target focus.

“Bomber wave one complete,” Kisia informed Cecil who was watching the live battlefield view hologram. He was supporting his head with a fist on his cheek.

“Initiate the fighter wave,” Cecil said.

“Yes, sir.”

Another massive wave of fighters, this time, were launched and flew straight toward Earthian fleet’s frontline. The bombers were still returning at this point.

Having been shocked by the bombers once, the Earthian cruisers were on high alert and paid proper attention to the fighters, battling them with point-to-point lasers. However, the fighters showed no intention to get close and simply swarmed the area, causing confusion. During this chaotic period, the bombers returned and re-launched after quickly rearming.

“Bomber wave two in progress,” Kisia reported in a confidence voice.

At this point, Cecil poked a ship with a different color on the live battlefield view program with his index finger. It was apparently Nikki’s ship and a voice comm. was established instantly.

“This is Cecil, Commence shock tactics.”

And then he poked another ship with another color. It was Vakha’s ship.

“This is Cecil. Commence shock tactics.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” Vakla responded lively.

Cecil then looked at Kisia and told her, “Damage report.”

“Twenty ships heavily damaged. We are pulling them out of the front line. No loss of ship yet, sir.”

Meanwhile, Gvew’s bridge was chaotic and Gvew himself was having a nightmare. He simply had no way to communicate properly to captains on the front lines as they were confused and panicked under new kind of attacks. Few captains had been knocked off by the shockwaves even.

Over tens of active voice channels were active on the bridge to make the whole situation worse. Inhaling a deep breath, Gvew eventually bellowed. “Cut the channels off!!!”

And silence finally returned to the bridge. Order, however, did not return with the silence.

“Mr. President, Venusian fleets are approaching and they’ve released another wave of bombers,” A crew reported.

“Mr. President, some tens of ships are reporting that their captains have been knocked out of their seats. They are requesting to be withdrawn from front line,” Another reported.

“Sir, enemy fighters are also jamming their immediate vicinity. We are having a hard time communicating with frontline clearly. Their jammers are weak but it’s enough to distort voices.”

“Sir, our formation has been broken and we are having a hard time to focus-fire.”

“Sir...”

Gvew dropped his head at this point. He realized the battle had already been lost. It hadn’t even lasted an hour and the battle was already lost.

Know where you stand.

Gritting his teeth, he shouted out an order.

“Retreat! I repeat retreat!”

Everyone on the bridge was shocked to hear Gvew’s order. Granted, it wasn’t looking good for them, but their loss was still minimal. They had only lost few hundreds of ships so far. They still outnumbered Venusian fleet.

But in Gvew’s eyes, the situation was different. United Sol did not have the budget to replace a huge loss if incurred. Few hundreds were already big enough loss for him and he feared how to replace those lost ships.

Now, if he was on a winning side, he would have been willing to take up some loss. But he was on a losing side. Retreating properly and reducing further losses became his priority. But he didn’t have time to explain what was going through his head to others.

“This is an order!” He bellowed violently. “Issue retreat now!”

However, his sudden declaration of retreat caused further confusion. Because they were slightly jammed, some refused to believe that it was a correct order and insisted on fighting on. And the more ships stayed on the battle field, the less chose to retreat after all they still outnumbered them.

Gvew could not believe what was happening in front of his eyes. He shouted retreat but only ships around his own was retreating.

“Why are they not retreating?!” He demanded. “Tell them to retreat now!”

“It’s the jamming, Mr. President!”

“The jamming is weak!” He talked back fiercely. “They can still hear me!”

“Yes, but I don’t think they are believing that the retreat order is coming from you, sir!”

Gvew tried to say something and his mouth was open but no words came out of his tongue; he was speechless. He thought he figured out a way to prevent Cecil from using his other-worldly powers but he forgot to count in a fact that Cecil was a brilliant strategist on his own, which he was already warned by a certain someone.

In this battle, Cecil did not use his powers but instead used his brain to come up with tactics that weren’t seen for thousands of years: the use of bombers. Gvew never saw it coming. Not in a million years had he thought Cecil would bring up thousands old tactics.

Earthian fleet were split as Gvew retreated. Those that remained on battlefield eventually surrendered after realizing that their main fleet had already retreated. Gvew entered the battle with 8126 ships on his side but, when he reached Earth, he had only 5676 ships with him. Meanwhile Venusian fleet suffered no loss of ships which made Gvew even bitter.

Venus took no prisoners of wars. Those who surrenders were released right away but their ships were confiscated. Apparently, over a thousand cruisers were confiscated by Venus which made the 1st Earthian-Venusian conflict a huge financial as well as moral victory for Venus

And the worse was about to come when Yakov entered his office with damning news.

“Sir, we don’t have the budget to restock the loss,” He told Gvew who buried his head in his hands upon hearing what he had to say.

Yakov continued nevertheless. “We could perhaps replace a thousand. And we will be completely out of the budget for next 4 years.”

2450 ships needed to be replaced. A thousand replacement wasn't nowhere enough.

“No, all 2450 needs to be replaced pronto,” Gvew insisted. “I could propose a bill to source some further fund.”

However, his bill did not survive in the Ark house. It went down with 98% of NO. He proposed a modified bill which requested less fund but it also went down the same way.

It was when Yakov made a cunning suggestion. He proposed a concept of light cruiser which later became known as “The Mice”. The Mice had full firepower of a cruiser but had paper thin armor and ACM reactor was taken out to save cost. Five plasma reactors replaced the ACM reactor. In order to compensate for having virtually no armor, shields were slightly reinforced. And due to having massive five plasma reactors, the mice required more engineers than a regular cruiser, but it did cost a lot less. Three mice could be produced for a price of one ordinary cruiser.

Gvew had to accept it.

Additionally, Having faced Cecil's fleet with better technologies, Gvew wanted to redirect some funding for R&D. However, there was simply no budget and he wasn't going to present yet another bill only to be taken down.

Avicenna was painfully correct in her prediction of the battle and what little respect Ark politicians had for Gvew simply vanished from this point. He became completely a puppet president from this point on.

And the Bau finally made an approach not long after Gvew became completely isolated at the Ark.

“We have a proposal for you,” said an Ark house politician who claimed to act as a messenger for the Bau.

Gvew let out of a laugh, realizing that the time had come for him. It had been a miracle that the Bau hadn’t made an approach for past 7 years.

“What is it?”

His proposal was what Gvew expected all along. The Bau wanted or rather demanded Gvew to become a puppet. The Bau had enough seats in the congress to make any bills a tie without putting in a real effort. They apparently chose what they felt was an easier way by forcing Gvew to become their puppet and throw his tie-break vote in senate level.

Gvew had to smile bitter after hearing what he had to say for the Bau’s proposal. He saw it coming. In fact, he felt they showed remarkable patience. It did take them 7 years to make the approach.

His regime was effectively over. Avicenna gave him a chance for redemption which he blew pretty badly. Perhaps he never had a chance. It was against Cecil after all. Even so, he wasn’t going to resign or be deposed yet. He felt he might have a chance as long as he stayed in the seat of the president. Therefore, he decided to wait for his chance.

“Very well, you leave me no choice,” He told the Bau messenger. “I accept.”

And thus the decline of United Sol began...

Fin