

[Shattered union arc] [6] [Fraser's Regime] [9614]

Rev 1.1

Fraser's regime begins.

Prerequisite stories

Obviously all previous stories in this arc, but the third story [Shattered union arc] [3] [Blackbox] [9601] has slightly more weight.

Related stories

[Milky way arc] [4] [An end to many] [9613]

[Kain and Suu arc] [4] [Rise] [9614]

[Juron arc] [3] [The Grand Agenda] [9614]

Fraser Bau, he became the new President of United Sol after former President Gvew was assassinated. Gvew's regime was the shortest in United Solar Federation's history. His regime lasted only 13 years.

Fraser was a Bau insider who was born from a prominent family. He was raised with good expectations and he responded well with high expectations that his parents set. He became an Ark house member when he turned 50 and remained as a house member until he turned 322 at which point he became the next President of United Sol.

Fraser was in the office Gvew once used and died in. It had been insanely chaotic for him. The Ark fell into chaos upon Gvew's assassination and the Milky way to our home tragedy brought a hard beating to the system. To make the matters worse, Andromeda union invaded but they were somehow repelled.

And, until this day, he had never actually set afoot in this office. He actually wasn't able to get through the debris field until few days ago. The Ark was evacuated when the refugee fleet entered vicinity of Earth and he never had a chance to actually visit the presidential office since he had been busy away dealing with reassignments of administrators. The Ark house and senate chambers had temporarily been relocated to Moon until recently as well.

Taking a deep breath, he casually walked around the office, eventually stopping at a transparent wall behind a presidential desk.

"At last, I've climbed to the top..." He said to himself vacantly.

Fraser's regime meant that the Bau regained the Ark and subsequently United Sol. It also meant that the O'ren's domination was over with Mirren's death and their subsequent defeat at Venus by Cecil.

Turning back, facing the presidential desk, he tapped the desk surface once with his index finger and said to the direction of the desk.

"Len, are you there?"

A male voice immediately responded. "Yes, sir, do you wish to speak to me?" Len was Fraser's secretary who was also acting as a middle man for Fraser and the Bau council.

"Bring me the reports I asked before. Or is it not done yet?"

"Oh, right, my apologies. Things have been pretty busy lately. I do have the reports, sir."

"See you soon."

Fraser had asked Len to write up reports on United Sol's condition. He also asked him to add his own opinions on the reports.

Len entered with three datapads but Fraser didn't bother reading them up for the time being and asked him for a short version.

"Not looking good, sir," Len responded after he placed the three datapads gently onto Fraser's desk. "Gvew's decision to attack Venus appears to be a correct one, sir. I firmly believe that Venus..., or the Crimson wizard, is the root cause of our economical downfall."

He added further that the damage United Sol received from Andromeda invasion fleet was minor. "I am not sure why the invasion fleet left like that, sir, but the damages we've received is fairly minimal. Pluto has been hit hard... but we don't care about that planet, sir."

Crossing his fingers and sighing, Fraser asked Len, "Any words to report from the council?"

Len showed a moment of hesitation before answering him. "They are not pleased that Gaer has not been replaced but understand your reasoning behind not dismissing him."

Fraser sighed deeply. "I thought I explained myself clear...", He whispered to himself before raising his voice. "I can't dismiss him now even if I want to. Gaer and Kain are now allied. Letting Gaer go could make the whole situation uglier."

And dismissing Kain was even more dangerous than dismissing Gaer at the moment. Public trust in the Ark was dangerously low but Kain's promotion gave them some smiles. Fraser wasn't about to risk solar system wide protests.

And there was Emuel who refused to step down.

The nation is too unstable..., Fraser thought. At the same time, he felt Gvew did an amazing job hanging on. He held onto his seat for over a decade in a completely hostile environment. He was certain he wouldn't have made it if he were in Gvew's shoes.

Sighing once more as well as shaking his head slightly, he changed subject. "Have you looked into Devon's disappearance?"

“I’ve, sir, but without any success. I believe I know where she was taken to... but I do not have any proof to back my assumption up, sir.”

“Let’s hear it.” Fraser faced the transparent wall once more, turning away from Len who stood in front of the desk.

“Venus, sir.”

And Fraser thought the same. Logically, there were only two possible destinations she had. One was Freedom colony. The other was Venus. Freedom colony was too far, thus too risky. Venus was the only sensible choice.

“Too bad,” Fraser said indifferently. “The council wanted her.”

Devon was wanted by the Bau council for political reasons although her fate, if caught and brought to the council, was to be someone’s mistress in the end. Fraser knew this and so did Len which was why he was rather relieved that she made out safely to Venus. Both of them were against the idea for the sake of paying respect to the former President.

“So be it,” Fraser concluded the matter. “And Yakov?”

Yakov was Gvew’s top adviser. He was never seen by anyone after the assassination took the place. Due to lack of any security alarms, it was suspected to be an insider job and Yakov was naturally suspected. His sudden disappearance subsequently made the suspicion stronger.

“We don’t have any idea where he has gone to, sir. No one has seen him. Considering the evidence,” Len cleared his throat. “Or lack of. We believe an ESP has assisted him teleport out of Sol system.”

Bluntly, no one really cared about Yakov. The Bau council certainly did not care. For some, Yakov had done what they needed to do; taking care of Gvew.

“So be it,” Fraser concluded stoically. “How is the cleanup?” He was talking about the debris mess that had Earth covered completely.

Len had to pull out his own datapad to report this time. “I’ve had reports but none is firm. ETA for total cleanup is 12 years which will cost us 600 billion, sir.”

“Oh, my word,” Fraser uttered in silence. “Can we even afford that?”

“We have to, sir. If the space isn’t cleared, we will be in for far more costs due to accidents.”

The economy of United Sol wasn’t in a good condition. Gvew was painfully aware of this when his war against Venus horribly failed and could not completely replace Earth defense fleet. Fraser was also mildly aware of the situation but it was far worse than he expected.

As for the cost of the cleanup, it wasn’t as bad as it sounded. It was estimated to cost 600 billion in a span of 12 years.

Len seemed to have received some kind of communication as he tilted his head slightly to left while covering his left ear.

“Sir, Magenta is here. She wishes to speak to you.”

Nodding, Fraser let her in.

A young woman with long, wavy, magenta hair entered. Her name was Magenta because of her unique natural hair color which was the same as her name. It was a rare case of genetic mutation which caused her hair color to be magenta.

She saluted at Fraser as soon as she entered the office and Len stepped aside for her.

“Magenta!” Fraser welcomed her warmly. “My niece! Long time no see.”

“I’ve answered your call, Mr. President.”

“Oh, come on. You may call me uncle.”

But Magenta’s stoic expression seemed to indicate that she refused Fraser’s request.

She was a class A hyper human. As Fraser’s niece, she was called upon by him for a task. Previously, she held no positions but had done a few assassination tasks for the Bau.

Clearing throat, Fraser told her, “Magenta. I am giving you a mission. You are to travel to Uranus outpost.”

“Who do I kill this time?” She asked indifferently.

“No, nope,” Fraser responded instantly. “You are to keep your eyes on Commodore Kain.”

Taking a deep breath, Magenta placed her right hand on waist. “Mr. President, I am an assassin, not a diplomat.”

“You can’t keep being an assassin.” Fraser empathized, “For your own sake and future.” He continued with a softer voice. “It is time for you learn other trades.”

A moment of silence later, Magenta reluctantly answered, “I understand, Mr. President. What is my job exactly?”

Her task on surface was to act as an ambassador who’d relay Fraser’s messages to Kain privately. Her secondary task was to spy on him.

“I know I personally promoted him but I cannot fully trust him,” Fraser added. “Yet anyway. I want you to spy on him and, if he shows any signs of working together with Emuel, I want you to assassinate him.”

Magenta nodded firmly. “Understood, Mr. President.”

Fraser rolled his eyes out of frustration. Magenta had never called him uncle. Before he became the president, she referred him “Mr. Fraser”.

Grinning, because he noticed Fraser’s frustration, Len added, “Magenta, call him uncle, just for once.”

Magenta fired a defiant glance at Len who walked away.

After she left the office, Len slipped in back into the office. He still had a business.

“Was there something you needed to report me, Len?”

Nodding, he brought up his datapad and skimmed through something. “Yes, sir,” He eventually said after a moment. “This is regarding Moon, or rather their situation.”

Sighing weakly, Fraser sat down. “Let’s hear it,” He said.

“Several house members are voicing that the excessive amount of lotteries on Moon is not helping.”

“Bah, why is that even a surprise? It was always meant to be a temporary.”

Fraser was present when Gvew passed the law through his executive order. Although Gview at that time did not need anyone’s vote since he used his executive order, the house was mostly in agreement with his decision, for it seemed to be the only visible way to reduce huge deficit Moon was going to face.

Fast forward a decade, the lotteries were still helping Moon to reduce its huge deficit but it wasn’t as useful and effective as before and there were formal complaints regarding validity of the lotteries because winning rate seemed extraordinarily low.

“So, what do they want now?”

“They want to stop some of the lotteries.”

The proposal came from a small political faction that virtually had no powers. But the proposal gained the O’reen support and, while even so they would not be able to pass the proposal, it was dangerously close to making it a tie. While a tie wasn’t a concern in the grand scheme of things for Fraser and the Bau since the Bau could easily defeat the proposal with Fraser’s vote at the senate level, the Bau did not want the world to see the first action in the Ark house chamber becoming a tie which would effectively mean the nation was as divided as before.

Len added, “The Bau council has expressed a desire to pass this proposal.”

Frowning, Fraser uttered, “Woah, hey, they can’t be serious?” He complained, “We do know how red we are, don’t we? Yes, we are cheating on the lotteries a little bit but we need that money.”

“Sir, this is the council’s will.”

Meaning Fraser had no say in this. All he could do was sign in the end when a bill comes to his desk.

“Fine, so be it. Whatever they want, it’s not like I can stop them,” He said hopelessly but he had a defiant look on his face. “Len, I need you to bring my own proposal to the council.”

Len, not liking the defiant look on Fraser’s face, told him, “Sir, whatever you are thinking, I am not going to like it.”

“I need you to inform the council that I want them to pass a bill to reinforce Earth defense fleet.”

Len sighed and told him, “Sir, they are not going to approve your proposal.”

Poking his index finger hard on desk, thus creating blunt knock every time tip of his index finger clashed with the desk, Fraser raised his voice.

“For God’s sake, we’ve just been invaded. We need to beef up our fleet as well as defenses. The first step would be reinforce Earth defense fleet which is the core of Sol fleet.”

Fraser had his points certainly. However, the loss incurred by the invasion was so minor that the Bau council did not feel the invasion was serious.

“Just bring my message to them, Len. Do me a favor.”

Len reluctantly brought Fraser’s proposal to the Bau council but the result was just as Len expected. The council denied the proposal firmly, stating that the invasion was merely a prank.

Indeed, majority of the Ark politicians believed that the invasion was a prank. It did not make any sense that the so-called invasion fleet clashed with Emuel’s fleet of equal size and simply withdraw a short moment later. Only few believed that the invasion was a foretelling of further conflicts in near future. Fraser was one of the few.

Despite of his proposal turned down, Fraser still had ways to do what he wanted. As the President, he still had executive orders available to him although he would need to play his cards carefully due to his strong connection to the Bau.

A man in a Sol navy uniform entered Fraser's office. His uniform bore the insignia of Sol navy and there were two silvery stars above the insignia.

"Karveel, reporting, Mr. President," He saluted at once.

Karveel was a commander in United Sol navy. He had been a part of Earth defense fleet ever since his promotion to a rank of commander. He had a tendency to keep relatively low profile among his peers.

"Commander, welcome. I believe you know what you are here for, yes?"

Karveel nodded firmly. He did receive a letter stating that he was to be promoted.

"It's not the promotion you were expecting though," Fraser explained. "You are not being promoted to be a rear admiral. Rather, I am promoting you to be the next administrator of Moon."

Karveel did seem rather shocked because he did expect to be promoted to be a rear admiral. Being an administrator of a planet wasn't a bad promotion, but it was a dead end career. There was nothing after the rank of administrator. Once an administrator, there was only retirement afterwards. By no means was he an ambitious man but his a dream was to be an admiral, not an administrator which was considered to be a desk job.

Gritting his teeth as faintly as possible, Karveel saluted again. "I thank you for the promotion, Mr. President. But I'd like to turn down the offer." Turning around at once, he was about to leave at which point Fraser stopped him.

"Commander, I know your goal was to be an admiral but you must understand my position. I need someone who will work with me."

Fraser wanted Karveel to produce ships on his behalf. On surface, he'd be reinforcing his own fleet but in reality he'd send ships to Earth defense fleet.

And Karveel did not like what he had been just told.

"With all due respect, Mr. President, you are asking me to risk my career as well as my life."

Fraser fired an unpleasant gaze on Karveel which soon he withdraw.

“Very well, Commander. I shall withdraw your promotion. You are dismissed.”

Saluting once more, Karveel left the office.

Even though Fraser was the President, it was no secret that he was a puppet President controlled by the Bau. Therefore, Karveel wasn't obviously afraid of turning down his offer. If an offer came from the Bau council however, it would have been a different story.

A few weeks, another officer entered Fraser's office. This time, it was Graeto, the faction leader of the Black sailors and a commander by rank.

“Mr. President, I apology for the delay!” Graeto saluted at once as soon as he entered the office. It took him a few weeks to reach Earth from Saturn.

“Commander, welcome.” Fraser beamed a smile at him. “I am sure you've received the letter.”

Indeed, Graeto was summoned to Earth to receive his promotion.

“Yes, sir!”

However, when Graeto was told that he was to be the next Moon administrator, Fraser could easily see the smile fading away from his face. Graeto also aimed to become an admiral. Recently, he was shocked and disappointed by Kain's sudden promotion because he felt he deserved a promotion. The last promotion he received was over a hundred years ago. He felt it was long overdue.

Being an admiral was the dream for many passionate captains. Being an admiral meant having his own fleet of few thousands and have the freedom to roam as he saw fit within the nation. Admirals often associated themselves with planet administrators for political benefits.

However, ever since President Mirren was assassinated, United Sol no longer had admirals. Both Gvew and Fraser wanted no admirals because they were too powerful. The last two known admirals were Rommel and Jack, both of who were no longer present. Jack was killed by Cecil, and Rommel vanished.

Sometimes, during emergency, Planet administrators were referred as admirals but it was only for formality.

However, unlike Karveel, Graeto chose to accept whatever promotion he could get. After all, being an administrator was better than being stuck as a commander. He had waited a hundred years for the promotion to rear admiral. He didn't know whether he'd get the promotion.

"Thank you, Administrator," Fraser said, indirectly mentioning that he was no longer commander. "And there is one more thing..."

Len entered Fraser's office to see him who was gazing at twilight sky of Earth from his chair.

"Len?"

"Yes, sir." He quickly added, "I see that you appointed a new Moon administrator today."

"Yes, his promotion was long overdue."

Len was a bridge between Fraser and the Bau council. He was more of a neutral guy between them. However, he was also a negotiator between them. His primary job was to deliver messages for them. His secondary job was to work things out between them. He had known Fraser for many years and he knew what Fraser wanted to accomplish as the President. At the same time, he also knew what the Bau council wanted.

And he knew that the two parties would have conflicts of interest. A neutral would have to wonder why the council chose such a man, Fraser, who'd run into troubles between them.

The reason behind the council's decision to appoint Fraser as the President was actually rather simple; the council did not want a simple puppet. They wanted a defiant puppet. The council had several reasons for doing so, one of which was to

give an impression to Sol citizens that the Bau wasn't just looking out for themselves.

Fraser was a man who genuinely cared about the nation's wellbeing. The Bau council also cared for the nation to a degree, but their primary concern was their own clan.

Ever since Masu had set up the council structure for the Bau which was independent instead of working together with a headman, it remained that way. The council had the absolute control over the clan affairs and its council leader was the de facto headman of the clan.

Such a structure meant that powers within the clan were distributed and it proved to help stability of the clan. Not having a back breaking internal conflict ever since Masu left was the testament of how effective the structure had been. And with the clan stable, they were finally able to surpass the O'ren.

The O'ren's downfall had a lot to do with Cecil however.

"Anything you wish to discuss before I leave the Ark for the day?" Len asked Fraser who continued to enjoy the twilight sky of Earth.

"Nah, let's call it a day. We have countless days ahead of us."

Beaming a faint grin at Fraser's back, Len nodded. "I see. I am leaving, Mr. President."

Fin