

The Mutuals

1.

Fresh-from *The Graduation of Liberty*, Sennki finds himself in the first scheduling of *the hunt*—killing of *Deniers*. Although he doesn't like to use the word "killing", that is what he roughly does.

"Justice! Once again will be served," proclaims Jonathan, smiling with his porcelain teeth clearly visible. "You know, despite my continual immersion in the *Sacred Netlibrary*, I can't quite understand these miserable Deniers," he continues curiously.

"Well, they are a disagreeable bunch of people. Not that... I know much, you know... this is my first time..."

"Yeah yeah, thanks for your input" says Rodrigo immediately before slapping Sennki's awkward hunched shoulders. "Without luring much about these wretched bastards," Rodrigo abruptly stops and slams down a pretty outdated spherical-looking *space map* on his *hyperspeed* spaceship's table. "Let us get into the dirty business". The *space map's* creases along the sphere glowed and reconfigured itself into a flat rectangular holographic display. "Space map activated," a scripted female—probably beautiful—voice emerged, to whom Rodrigo professionally replied "radius 2 million light years from map, identify estimated *D*-rated Deniers." Immediately, the space map displays several red dots surrounding which are symbolic displays and a rough sketch of the galaxy where *these Mutuals* were residing.

Sennki have recently learned about these displays. His hunched shoulders giddily arose while he proclaimed lightening up “look! There are two Deniers only 500 000 light years from here!”

“To top that, they only have a *speedster* spaceship” added Jonathan before running to the main segment of the hyperspeed spaceship. “Yes, yes, yes, yes,” Jonathan silently repeated with happy shivers in his body. His footsteps metallically echoing across the spaceship.

“By the *Federation of Mutuals!* Jonathan, not so fast! We still need to recalibrate our”—

“justice, justice, justice,” Jonathan ever quickly continued while redirecting the spaceship along the shortest course to the D-rated Deniers. “LET’S GO!” yelled Jonathan in climax after pressing one of the spaceship’s necessary buttons to engage in *Dimensional hopping*.

—“*mass disturbance cannons!*” Rodrigo exclaimed.

“Wheep,” the spaceship instantaneously hummed before collapsing on its surrounding three-dimensional spacetime geometry and sending these Mutuals to their targets—or to be targeted.

Another hum after along with the geometry opening up around them, suddenly Rodrigo, and Sennki are witnessing the main head of the previously identified speedster ship. Unfortunately enough, through the speedster ship’s inferior *spaceglass*, the two Deniers are staring right back at them before realizing what just happened.

“Get your suits!” Commanded Rodrigo while running through one of his ship’s corridors. Sennki, who

was stunned for about a few seconds longer than the rest of them, had seen one of the Deniers look back at him before he ultimately decided to do what he needed to do—to kill. The Denier was a young relatively cute red haired woman about his age.

Jonathan, however, was already wearing his *elimination suit* and more than ready to engage in this process of “justice”. Signifying Jonathan’s inter spaceship transition, the sounds of air pressure leaving the ship via its backdoor opening can be heard while a slight nervous but excited laugh echoed from the robotic speakers of his suit. It was Jonathan right before his mindless—I should say, determined—killing starts.

“God damn it Sennki! Verify your suit’s network with The Federation before placing elimination mode,” Rodrigo lectured while reconfiguring some of the suit’s settings on Sennki’s back. “Are you gonna go fucking rogue on me?” continued Rodrigo, clearly heating up.

“No, of course not, this is... This is my first hunt. That’s all,” Sennki tries reassuring Rodrigo. His suit’s visor finally displayed the necessary holographic information needed for the hunt. Without any delay, Rodrigo runs towards the backdoor earlier from which Jonathan just jumped and is probably in the process of boarding the enemies’ speedster ship. Right after Sennki jumped from the backdoor to catch up to Rodrigo, their spaceship’s exterior started to undergo a phase shift. The ship turned invisible which is, to say the least, made Sennki feel alone in the vastness of the space surrounding him.

A light emanating from the enemy ship quickly flashed right before “Yeew,” the characteristic sound of a *ray capture-gun* is heard within their visors, it was from Jonathan.

“Already?” remarked Sennki disbelievingly.

“Yeah, that’s Jonathan for you, an earlier recognized A-rated Mutual, but was called off. Now, he is a B-rated Mutual although I really think he is C-rated.” Rodrigo replied matter of factly from the speakers within Sennki’s suit.

“Where is the fucking girl,” Jonathan included in their earlier supposed private conversation. “By the way, I can hear you guys.” interjected Jonathan. Sennki couldn’t help but let out a chuckle at the weird situation they are in.

Boarding on the speedster spaceship, it was clear that Jonathan’s demeanor changed.

“Shit! Where are you, you pest. I have come to free you.” Jonathan shouted while pounding and scanning the different corridors and internal structures of the speedster ship.

“She must have a *field disturber* around her” said Sennki, hoping to help Jonathan and to, at least, calm him down. Jonathan plopped on top of one of the ship’s navigation chairs and opened the visor of his headgear to show his face beginning to smile. He turned aside his ray capture-gun and activated the gun’s capture holographic display.

“I’ll be damned. I didn’t believe it when I saw her. A *Gorgon*,” commented Rodrigo turning off his suit’s visor as

well. The display shows a woman-like extraterrestrial with the Gorgon's characteristic back spine senses.

"Yeah, probably dismissed by her colony, she didn't look like a high quality type anyways. But, a Gorgon is a Gorgon." Jonathan said.

Sennki, a little nervous about the Denier he had seen earlier, decided to go to the lower levels of the ship. Mindful of his suit's noisy clanks on the ship's ladder and of the quietness he is seemingly isolated within his visor, he sweats while inspecting the hardly lit corridor, potentially with a hidden female Denier, ahead of him. Walking slowly forward, Sennki observes the various technologies stashed away in the crevices of the ship's corridors. From antique weapons such as the revolver of the *Earth Age* to the more recent *gravity crusher guns* surrounding him, his rough posture loosened up the longer he had inspected and subconsciously categorized the items around him. Lost in his own thoughts, he was able to stumble across one of the oldest items he could identify, a famous Denier book. It was *Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment*. "Tsk, what is up with these people," Sennki couldn't help himself disdainfully hiss aloud when a dark figure momentarily caught his view from the right turn of the corridor. That turn is a deadend, he knew this from his previous analysis of the speedster ship's interior.

"I-I know you're in there!" shakily proclaimed Sennki while more tightly gripping on his subpar elimination gun. Mechanically moving a few steps forward, Sennki activates his suit's *human signature detection* mode. Like a man in a submarine anxiously waiting for the radar

to catch the enemy, he becomes aware of his own breath, his own loneliness in the vastness of everything around him.

“Brzoom,” a hissing deafening voice boomed within his headgear, indicating a breach into his suit’s software. “*Pruger’s* Shi-itt!” Sennki couldn’t help but kneel and clutch his headgear, inside of it, his head seemingly cracking.

“You’re young! Oh wow, you have a higher degree of *fluidity* than most Mutuals I have encountered.” a deceptively harmless girl’s voice attempting to converse in his head said. “Don’t worry too much about your head, let me borrow a few minutes of *cognitive time* from you.” asked the girl informatively. The pain started to abate but with it, Sennki noticed that he had been unwillingly transported to his *cognitive facet*.

“Hello?”

Silence, then a few reflective moments after,

“Oh good, you’re finally conscious. It took you about a whopping 5 milliseconds.” relievingly commented the girl.

“You know, we got you covered, the rest of the Mutuals are going to eliminate you.” with a feigned confidence, answered Sennki. In reality, he didn’t know if the girl was any capable of cognitively short circuiting his human brain. This was a scary thought, he thought.

“I know, but *The Game* must still be destroyed, and I know how to make the most of my time here.” answered the girl, this time, with more exuberant confidence.

“What do you mean time here? You will die, are you completely nuts?” Despite being in the cognitive facet, Sennki unwittingly gripped his body. Rough buds and slimy crawlies are starting to proliferate on his skin. This, however, is only an indication that something is seriously wrong with him.

The girl laughed a hearty laugh. For a second, Sennki thought the girl to be reasonable. And, oh God, how scary this thought was.

“You know what this means don’t you! Despite being a slobbering blob of a Mutual, you realize what is happening. I have been contacted by the *Higher Dimensionals*.” an insane information indeed, the girl remarked to his new buddy.

This confirmation, albeit already implicitly realized, made Sennki’s situation all the more worse. Being contacted by Higher Dimensionals was documented at times when human consciousness was at a critical point of expansion. The youngest of such proven occurrences was at a time when humans began making breakthroughs in the theories of quantum mechanics and general theory of relativity. Right before that however, it is presumed as well that the Norwegian-Russian mathematician, *Gjøkiv Relensjskyv*, who made groundbreaking breakthroughs in the understanding of infinities, nature of paradoxes, the continuum hypothesis, and a unifying theory of turbulence, has been contacted by Higher Dimensionals although at that time, scientists simply credited his genius. By the sheer importance of such a rare phenomenon, it is heavily

lectured and talked about in *The Nesting*. Almost everyone in the universe is mindful to tell tales of *contact*.

He gulped, and trying to regain his grip on his personality—his humanity, he replied “Heh, doesn’t change one bit, let’s see, I have been chosen as a Mutual”—with rising fervor and fire roaring within his chest, he thought he actually might have been possessed by the *older spirits*, but nonetheless such an event is unlikely—“I AM A MUTUAL, I TRUST *THE GAME*, from the proclamation of the *I.A.R.*, the *Individual Autonomy and Responsibility Act*, I, Sennki Tanaka, dutifully determined to be of the Mutuals’ resistance against the Denier’s counterrevolution against *The Game*, will *kill* the most Deniers possible in my lifetime.” seemingly possessed by a heroic spirit, Sennki, without mind of the consequences of his actions, realized the only thing he needed to do—to kill this damned Denier.

2.

“*Boom, Boom, Boom, ...*” continual roaring shots can be heard below, almost as if a released serial madman was given access to a weapon of destruction.

“*Jesus*, by the Federation of Mutuals,” alarmingly reflexed Rodrigo.

“It’s Sennki, he probably encountered the girl. But, that many shots? He must be more crazy than me!” said Jonathan, obviously trying to make light of the situation in which they were not sure whether their new comrade was dead or alive.

Trying to get towards the scene of the shooting as fast as possible, Jonathan and Rodrigo ran across, metal clanking, and jumped to the hole of the ladder from which Sennki earlier descended. With elimination guns militaristically pointed forwards and elimination suits fully ready, there, some meters in front of them, scarlet gems of glistening grotesqueness were splattered all over the items around them. Most perceptively, Sennki’s heaving body kneeled to the floor can be seen with broken flickering lights, hardly illuminating the corridor. In front of him lay a massive dirty flesh of the earlier deceptively scared girl. Upon attachment and activation of the visor, Rodrigo was immediately able to assess the situation.

“A bio-software hack,” inspected Rodrigo—although, a little doubtful of the situation’s preconditions—while trying to make the necessary steps towards Sennki, he had to awkwardly crumple his muscular stature.

Trying to regain the lost air within him, Sennki breathed heavily each of the breaths, giving him a clearer consciousness. Stopping and catching up to his breath with every word, Sennki tried to explain,

“Sorry, I... I lost awareness... these items around me. They were some really cool items.”

Rodrigo and Jonathan laughed with relief and surprise in regards to their awkward friend who they never

expected could violently and gruesomely attack a Denier—especially, a young girl. It is not quite idiotic to principally assume that Sennki would do such an attack orderly.

“Well, there goes your first Denier kill... against a girl,” ironically congratulated Rodrigo but still was not quite sure what had made Sennki react the way he did. Anyhow, he has some ideas. Brought about by the roar of the previous shots, something alien can be heard wailing from the end of the corridor. There were more creatures.

“What the—those cries, could it be?” inquired Jonathan, walking towards the site of interest. Crying getting louder around him, he turned to the left, where the sound presumably originated, of the corridor.

“*Gorgon babies!* We can make a fortune from this!” exclaimed Jonathan, before shooting his ray capture gun on the small clueless luminescent spined creatures. The maintenance software, hardware, and tech around them, consequently, Jonathan had to place on his *Dimensional Pocket* as well.

“Why are they keeping these babies though?” wondered Rodrigo while inspecting the layers of metal incubators where the Gorgon babies had to be meticulously taken care of. They are extremely sensitive creatures.

“I don’t know, but damn this hunt keeps getting better.” Jonathan’s eyes sparkled. He couldn’t help but look, with a sense of self-importance, at his captured holographic display and the associated equipment around him. “By the way, shouldn’t there be a *Gorgon* colony a few hundred million light years from here? Like, for example, in *Pisces Alpha*? Those types of galaxies are heavily guarded by

the Federation of Mutuals. How did this runt of a girl come about meeting a Gorgon? To top that, a willing hermaphroditic reproducing one?”

“Hmm, nonetheless, we must sell the items here on *The Chain*.” answered Rodrigo, thinking of a recourse knowing that what they have on their hands, are easily able to let them access a few S-rated galaxies. “We could fetch a few more dimensional access points on S-rated galaxies such as *Trade-point Centurion*, or perhaps deal with *Drigers* to gain automaton spaceships, or—”

“*Magdalena’s Swirl!*” blurted Jonathan, his face lightening up. Putting his hands on top of his head before firmly placing his hands on Rodrigo’s shoulders. He has decided. He will go to one of the Universe’s prime time S-rated entertainment galaxies—Magdalena’s Swirl. “Rodrigo, we... must... go... to... Magdalena’s Swirl!” childishly persuaded Jonathan, each of his words shaking Rodrigo once. Rodrigo couldn’t help but smile at his reactions.

“Yeahh, I suppose we could entertain ourselves a bit—as a form of relaxation of course. We did have killed a relatively huge number of Deniers. But, before this, we must first trade our Gorgons and acquire a strong automaton.” reasonably thought Rodrigo. “Hey! Sennki, do you know any good traders that we can deal with immediately? Establishing a deal with some random Driger might get us in some trouble.”

“Uh... Yeah, yeah, in Galaxy *Cluster B*, I have an old friend from *The Nesting*. She is a *Non-participant*, so all should be good. Although, she is quite erratic in trading.”

answered Sennki, while catching up behind Rodrigo and regaining the pieces of himself from the earlier event. Trying to add some power in the direction of the hunt, Sennki added “Are we really going to Magdalena’s Swirl? I heard several veteran S-rated Mutuals never returned after such an exploration.”

“Pruger’s Shit!” immediately defended Jonathan. “All we got to do, is to enable a *timed-dimensional* hop. In that way, we don’t get too caught up in the Galaxy. Those Mutuals thought themselves to be strong, as in, heroically. Being a higher rated Mutual really gets on your own perceptions of yourself. Man, when I was A-rated, I thought myself to be fucking capable of occupying and owning several Denier solar systems.” Somehow, the subtle comments of Jonathan’s advocacy of the weakness of the hero plagued Sennki.

“It is settled then. Connect with your trader Sennki. We got some *celestial marks* to exchange.” ended Rodrigo when, at the end of the corridor, an old-fashioned *Network receptionist* glowed a faint red before beeping once.

“Come in *Andra*, *bzzz*,” probed an obviously higher ranking Denier via the old-dated *Communication Entanglement Technologies*.

“Oy, don’t tell me. Haha! A fucking *connected Hunt!*” cheerfully expressed Jonathan. Rodrigo, proceeding cautiously, remarked “let’s not get too hasty, this is too good. Their Network receptionist might be tapped, or more disastrously, this is a baited post.”

“10-1, 10-1, 10-1, *bzzz*,” informed the anonymous Denier.

Quick wittedly, Sennki used biometric scan analysis on the corpse of the girl to identify corresponding frequencies of Andra's vocal cords. He answered—surprisingly, in a sweet voice—from the speakers of his visor, “10-4, 10-9.”

“Good, *bzzz*, several Mutuals have detected your presence a few minutes ago, *bzzz*. Make sure to secure the Gorgons, *bzzz*, and dimensional hop immediately to *Gother system, 2BC*, planet *alpha*. I repeat, *Gother system, 2BC*, planet *alpha*.” replied a suspiciously off voice.

“Copy that, we will proceed to hopping although we must stop for *Gordon's vivifying liquid*. The Gordon babies have almost finished the supply. Then, we will meet on the planet.” Andra's voice from Sennki's visor explained.

“*Bzzz*, good, *bzzz*” sounded and ended the Network receptionist before Sennki proceeded to shoot the technology thereby obliterating and hopefully never being contacted by it.

“Haha! Sennki, you might have more to you than I expected! I bet you were among the top of your Nesting group.” complemented Jonathan.

“Thanks, uhhh now what?” Sennki's normal voice returned in the communication lines of their visors.

“Hmmm, you certainly made the right answers. This might be a big operation dealing with Gorgons and all. But, we know too little of the connection and circumstances between these Deniers.” replied the firm voice of Rodrigo. “I suppose we can conduct an espionage operation. The information obtained may provide us even more celestial marks; perhaps, even make us viable candidates to be part

of the Federation, but without more power, it is risky. So, I say, we now definitely must trade these Gorgons to acquire some automatons and access points. Only then, can we continue this hunt.” reasonably concluded and proposed Rodrigo.

“Whaat! I thought we were going to Magdalena’s Swirl after the trade!” childishly protested Jonathan.

“Think about this for a second Jonathan. We are nobodies getting petty celestial marks. Now, all of a sudden, we meet a D-rated Denier with a Gorgon. To top that, Gorgon babies and a connected hunt associated with God knows who Deniers. If we don’t return this ship to at least get some protection from the Federation, we are going to be dead the moment we go off course.” annoyingly explained Rodrigo.

A dreaded silence loomed within their visors while everyone tried to process and think about how they were going to move forward in this situation.

“Yeah, I’m afraid Rodrigo is right. They were able to detect the space map’s *impulses* and *Network tracking*. We are dealing with some potentially big Deniers. It is much safer to approach this beast carefully than to turn our backs and be devoured by it.” finally replied Sennki, surprised at the accuracy of Rodrigo’s instincts. Sennki thought “This guy has been through a lot of hunts.” Possibly, this is why Jonathan and Rodrigo were together as partners to begin with?

“Damn it, I cannot really argue with you Rodrigo.” defeatingly accepted Jonathan, the proposed course of action. “After all this however, let’s go to Magdalena’s swirl

especially with that Federation protection.” To which, Rodrigo acknowledged “Yeah sure, Sennki let us get connected with your old friend. We need to displace the *Atom-geometry compass*”

As Sennki was getting in touch with his old friend via the *The Verse*, Jonathan and Rodrigo continued to explore the speedster ship looking for the compass while also thinking there may be other useful items stashed away. The Atom-geometry compass uses the probabilistic state of a chosen atom element as an indication of where in the universe a particular object is.

“We have to be quick and hop, those Deniers may see the erratic behavior and misalignment of the speedster ship. Sennki, is everything settled?” asked Rodrigo. Hearing Rodrigo’s voice through *The Verse* simulation Sennki is experiencing, he disconnects. The faint red of the *Neural Link* on his occipital bone turned into green, indicating the safety of detaching it. It is a tenacious highly advanced wired link that permits an individual to access the Universe’s main social simulation medium.

“Yeah, she... uhm... is now expecting us and the Gorgons. The location is Galaxy cluster B, *4AD*. Apparently, there are no indications of planets in the system due to extensive mechanized development.”

“Awesome, I have hijacked the compass and programmed the readings for fooling those Gorgons about our vivifying liquid.” came the voice of Jonathan as he moved down from the above levels of the ship to join Rodrigo and Sennki. The three of them made their way back to their invisible hyperspeed ship after dimensionally

pocketing the speedster ship from space. With everything in place, Rodrigo sets their location to Sennki's friend. Two dimensional hops later from access points shortest to the path of Galaxy cluster B, they arrived at 4AD.

3.

In front of them lay a hardly recognizable solar system. A myriad of large rotated rectangular hallways of metal with robotic arms maintaining the said metals went through rotating mechanized planets. This is one of the specialized trades systems of the Universe. From the view of the metal alone, this system is probably one of the most population-dense systems Sennki has ever seen. The rough spherical nature of planets can hardly be recognized brought about by various unequal heights of technological skyscrapers. Without even hearing the bumps, cuts, and rotation of gyros, metal against metal, three of them knew that this system was a noisy active one. Within all of the interlocking metal configurations, holes of light escaping the highly advanced *Dyson sphere* can be seen. It was this system's sun. Each second the rotation of metallic gyros changes the holes of light escaping as if the Dyson sphere is a bland slave disco ball working for the interests of humanity. Various large spaceships can be seen from the distance and even a few large ones popping out of view, indicating their dimensional hops. But, most astoundingly,

a very large spaceship on one of the edges of the system is having an enormous battle with several medium-sized ships in comparison to the large one.

“Isn’t that a Federation of Mutual *commander ship*?” asked Jonathan with his mouth open at astonishment of the view in front of him. A visible explosion can be seen on the ship as if a large asteroid had collided with the ship’s surface. Hairs on the back of the spines of all three of them were raised. It was as if the magnificence of the commander ship was being attacked by rebellious pathogens—Deniers. And, their fellow Mutuals were losing.

“They need to escape!” screamed Sennki. The air around them was still. Emotions are bottled and oozing up. They want their team to win.

“Ahhh! Fuck! Kill them you idiots!” Jonathan added with his hands pulling on the hairs of his head after another asteroid-like explosion occurred on the main triangular head of the commander ship. Rodrigo, however, did not comment but on his face, serious eyes are locked on the occurrence. His demeanor like the others are tense albeit less so.

“We cannot look at this. We must focus on our task.” snapped Rodrigo back to their situation. “Sennki! Where is your friend?”

“Hold on...” virtual navigation lines emerged and adjusted from the spaceglass of the hyperspeed ship as Sennki configured the guide to the specific coordinates. Rodrigo went ahead and sat on the navigation chair to follow the lines. Jonathan, anyhow, is completely absorbed by the battle far in front of him which slowly goes away

from view as they move ever closer to their destination. Sennki, to notify his friend, quickly relogs in The Verse. While in the process of doing so, he and Jonathan met eyes. There was resolve; both of them knew what they had to do, particularly to preserve human consciousness.

Their spaceship quickly zoomed and went through nooks within the mechanical spherical planets, under overheads, over skyscrapers, and between two robotic buildings as the ship followed the lines. Upon a few kilometers from their destination, their ship slowed down. Several Drigers who are 10 to 12 feet tall muscular giants can be seen working on various automatons, spaceship models, and even robotic arms. They were heavily technologically-gearred as evidenced by the multitude of maneuvers they were performing with their technology—seemingly, toys. Dimensional pocketing, *mass-warping* technology, *string conformation* manipulation, and *signal bending* were among the most visible technological tricks that Sennki could see and identify from the ship. Despite being labeled as the role of a Mutual from The Nesting, Sennki still heavily appreciates the depthness and dedication required in *The Craft*.

“Hold on, is your friend a Driger?” inquired Jonathan impatiently.

“It’s a little complicated. You can ask her when we arrive there. We are near.”

A final turn from the ship brings the three of them inside the third mechanical planet of system 4AD. A few seconds after, the ends of the navigation line are visible upon one tiny area outside a huge cylindrical gyro-building

holding a tiny portion of the planet's interior in place. It was the entrance to a *workshop*. A girl with the stature of a Driger but a height of roughly 8 feet tall can be seen waving. It was Sennki's old friend. Several other spaceships can be seen entering the planet. At their destination, Rodrigo left the spaceship last and dimensionally pocketed the ship.

"Sennki!" an unexpected lovely voice came from the female Driger as she quickly went over and hugged Sennki. Jonathan let out a slight outplaced grin. It seemed like Sennki was being crushed. Pushing away from the female Driger to regain his breath, Sennki greeted her.

"Nice seeing you again Magdalena." Sennki tried to annoy her.

"Pfft, Magdalena? Like Magdalena's Swirl?" couldn't help Jonathan interrupt their reunion by the sheer absurdity of the name of his friend.

"You can call me Magdalen though." sweetly replied the Driger to Jonathan before flashing a what you would call, you're dead to me look.

"Okay, let's get to important business. So, where can we do the exchange?" said Rodrigo catching up from the others.

"Follow me," excitedly replied Magdalen. She went through the thick sliding door apparatus and immediately turned to the right. Making her way to the *teleporter* which is really just an old-fashioned small dimensional hop from the earlier days, they see smaller workshops from the left side filled with busy Drigers and an occasional *Sweeper*, an octopus-like extraterrestrial known for their slyness in business and trade. If you wanted something very different

as a technology, a Sweeper is someone you might think of dealing with. To the right of them lay a transparent wall which earlier was a seemingly sturdy bulk of metal, now, it seemed fragile. Through the wall, their earlier views of the inner planet are recognizable. Another spaceship can be seen zooming but decelerating. Jonathan thought it might be heading for the Dyson sphere—the center of 4AD’s system—based on its trajectory. Finally, Magdalen stopped.

“Section 8, this is Magdalen, for 10 seconds,” routinely notified Magdalen the teleporter in front of her. The red warning light of the teleporter changed to green while the two circles on the top and bottom of the floor changed scenery. From the view of Sennki who was right behind Magdalen, he could partially see the workshop’s floor from the bottom circle of the teleporter. “Right below guys, go ahead,” signaled Magdalen. Sennki dropped below the bottom circle and in an instant, he was in Magdalen’s workshop. Soon after, Jonathan and Rodrigo followed with Magdalen at the end of them. The circle which Sennki knew creates a loop within 4D space collapsed and disappeared accompanying it, the green light of the portal turning red.

“Alright, welcome to my humble refuge,” Magdalen greeted them. Even though one usually assumes a Driger’s lodging to be awfully messy especially with equipment scattered throughout his or her workshop, Magdalen’s place was so organized that it is not crazy to think that such a place is a *galactic hostel*. In fact, Magdalen’s place was initially a homey cottage before she quickly changed their room into her more trade-like setup. “Oh sorry about that, I prefer simulating a humble home from the Earth Age.”

filled Magdalen blushing. With that, their unspoken curiosity was answered.

“By the way guys, I am having all of you scanned with one of my more recent biometri”—Magdalen abruptly stopped with her previously carefree eyes now looking dead serious. Rodrigo knew for that instant that there was something she picked up with her *scanning lenses*—“biometric analysis. Sorry, an error message popped. It was something to do with the software.” carefully regained Magdalen. Her eyes briefly brushed and met Sennki’s. Rodrigo noticed this. She continued, “don’t worry the analyses and scans are precautionary and something I always do to check my clients for any malicious intent and other potentially interesting things. According to my scans, all of you are hungry. Well, including me as well, we should eat before trading. I’ll have one of my automatons deliver the *Nutrition Serum*. Feel free to enjoy your meal while on The Verse, I always like experiencing the serum in a simulated restaurant from Earth Age.” She gestured and guided them towards an automatic door through which a small chamber with a long metallic seat was present. A relatively small automaton transformed from the walls of the chamber and within its humanly mimicked chest, several Nutrition Serums are stashed. It was your standard serum serving automaton. Accompanying the serums is the diffusion of cold visible air. Their mouths unintentionally started to water.

“I’ll get connected to The Verse already.” Jonathan said. He friendly patted the automaton’s shoulder before

sitting down and activating his Neural Link. It now glowed red. Sennki followed suit.

“Oh, I'd rather experience the serum without The Verse” said Rodrigo to Magdalen. She nodded, and soon after, she too was offline from the real world with a red glowing Neural Link. The automaton moved gracefully. It scanned each and everyone firstly, before feeding Jonathan, Sennki, and Magdalen the individually specialized serums. The automaton carefully placed small tubes on their mouths before different smooth shades of brown dense liquid passed through the tubes.

“I'll feed myself.” informed Rodrigo the automaton. It handed Rodrigo the serum before stopping and waiting for all of them to be full.

Upwards, Magdalen and Sennki are dining together in one of the top restaurants of New York in a, what you would call, a 5 star hotel. It was a simulated Earth Age. Magdalen really liked the old planet Earth. Unlike system 4AD, much of the integrity and fashion of humankind is packed on Earth. The natural elliptical orbits of the solar system, the richness of a blossoming culture, the rawness of the scientific method, and the innocence of realizing their own consciousness are a few of the things that Magdalen liked. Of course, Magdalen above all loved the idea of social, communal, and familial groups. Looking upon his clock display at the top right, Sennki informed Magdalen.

“We have 20 minutes.” He cuts the already served salmon filet and dips it to a sauce he doesn't know.

“Sennki, I’ll get straight to the point. There is a female Denier consciousness within you.” asked Magdalen seriously and with a tinge of worried curiosity. Sennki decided to enjoy the bite of salmon before replying. It was a long time before he decided to eat such a meal. A waiter arrives and places a spaghetti bolognese in front of Magdalen. “Oh thank you!” she sincerely acknowledged to which the waiter replied with a calculated nod and wink. Magdalen held back a blush. Worry was disturbing her more.

“From the earlier hunt, the Denier has been contacted by Higher Dimensionals. She... she established a hub in my cognitive facet. Now, I don’t know where she... Andra has gone.” replied Sennki, failing to hide the bottled up concern he had for himself.

“Are you completely insane!” stood Magdalen helplessly. People around them looked at her weirdly. The dining situation was noticeably an illusion by the off reactions of people to an 8 feet giant girl standing among them. “Oh sorry sorry,” said Magdalen to the people around her. She went back sitting. The simulated people around them continued eating as if an 8 feet girl had not just stood up.

“I know, I know...” he replied, looking down at his food while he continued eating.

“What do you mean ‘you know’! If I was a fucking Mutual and scanned you, you would be dead Sennki! Dead! Just like that, my... my only friend dead,” shouted Magdalen with trembling lips at the last end. This time though, she

did not care about the constructed people around them. Sennki was silent.

“You can’t fucking die Sennki. You are the only person I am close to...” she grabbed his simulated shirt across the table and pulled him closer to her. He could see her entire face. It was a lonely—crying—face. “I fucking hate that we graduated from The Nesting. Yeah, people bullied me because I am half-Driger and from the *Cloning Hub*, at least you were there. At least, we were a part of something without a care of the insignificance of our life.” she trembled, tears dropping. Her face looked down. She continued speaking, for fear that this might be the last time she, alone, gets in touch with her friend. “Fuck the I.A.R act, fuck this Universe, why can’t we just *time-stop* ourselves on Earth?” she questioned him looking deep within his eyes. She knows what he would say.

“I can’t, I am a Mutual. My job is to kill De—” she slapped him hard, her left hand gripping him harder. Even though this was just a simulation, Sennki felt his right cheek sore.

“You need to leave your friends and hunt by yourself. They will still kill you if they find out there is a Denier amidst your consciousness.” She tried reasoning with him.

“I can’t do that. It will raise too many flags. They’ll report me to the Federation, especially Rodrigo. I think he suspects something already.” he answered back painfully. It was clear that he too is suffering from his new developed consciousness. She let go of his shirt and took a deep breath. Sennki felt empty, somehow the lack of contact with

Andra—himself—makes it even worse. He wanted to know more about his new state, but she hasn't made any updates yet.

“I will give you something outside The Verse. Please, keep it on you at all times... for me.” reconciled Magdalen. Sennki looked at her and nodded. They continued eating in silence; their meal, tasting empty, in the backdrop of their feelings. In the last 5 minutes of their meal, Magdalen decided to tell him her thoughts.

“I know there is The Game, Sennki. But, I can't bring myself to reason that I will still be me under that setup. I am not as optimistic or pessimistic as Mutuals or Deniers. I just want to have a good life. You are the only person who made me see good in life...” Magdalen's voice began to shake, but still, she continued “that's why, you cannot go like a waste, like nothing.”

“Okay, Magdalen, I understand and will try my best.” He came towards her and hugged her. Despite being several feet shorter, he felt like he needed to protect her just as how it was when they were younger—when they were at The Nesting. Finally, Magdalen went back to her voice indicating her persona albeit with some snuffles “Okay, we got our meal. It's time to deal with your friends and those Gorgons. So weird for you guys to come across so much! And, so lucky!” Both she and Sennki began to disconnect from The Verse. The slow breakdown of simulated reality around them was oddly comforting, thought Sennki—the new one.

Real light from the outside world started creeping in their eyes. Soon, their minds were waking and being readjusted.

“Guys, I think I have just had the best serum in my life.” The voice of Jonathan was recognizable as the Neural Links’ of Sennki and Magdalen glowed green. Across them is Rodrigo finished with his serum as well. The automaton probably had reintegrated itself with the walls of the chamber since it was not present in the room. “Magdalen, you have tears in your eyes. I don’t think the serum should be that good.” said Jonathan. Magdalen pushed herself to laugh.

“This? It was nothing. Something dramatic had happened in one of my dining experiences. The couple was so touching!” This made Sennki feel funny inside. “Anyways, right. How many Gorgons do you have in your possession?”

“One mature Gorgon and 7 Gorgon babies,” replied Rodrigo curtly.

“7—*ahem*. That’s certainly amazing. I can give you one of my best automato”—

“We want at least a *9-degree* automaton assassin, celestial marks enough for buying 10 S-rated dimensional gates, and your best *Integration* programs for Jonathan. We can trade you the mature one.” To this demand, Magdalen thought for quite a while.

“I certainly need at least one Gorgon to identify *Ether Pockets*.” her thoughts running. Ether Pockets are the observed clumping of Ether, one of the most powerful energy loops in the Universe. In such a physics-breaking

space, microchip processing can be blown up to the size of planets whilst breaking time laws of electrical processing, and yet fit a few hundred nanometers back in ordinary space. Access to such loops permits mechanics like Magdalen to greatly enhance their craft so much so that she will be placed in the Federation's watch list despite being classified as a *Non-participant*.

"I don't have that many celestial marks. Although, I am willing to give you one of my three *10-degree* automatons. It is a defense-type, I don't really like working on killing machines." she offered. A *10-degree* automaton is classified to be the most sophisticated of automatons where such one automaton, in its pushed extreme, can defend a whole planet by itself. Rodrigo thought this to be more than a good enough deal, but still, he decided to push her a bit.

"No Integration programs?"

"Hold on, I have some new ones on Mark V elimination suits. These aren't just any programs; only the best of the *Elimination division* of The Nesting can fully integrate them." her pissed-off voice answered Rodrigo. She knew she was getting ripped-off in the standard of general galactic trade. But, given her experience working with Gorgons from the past, the acquisition of one is much more important in her case. She thought about Sennki. Rodrigo was a hard-experienced Mutual. No doubt, he is going to kill Sennki when he finds out about Andra.

"Those types of programs are exactly what I need!" Jonathan exclaimed.

“It’s a deal.” From this confirmation, Jonathan took away a small chip from his ray-capture gun. It was the housing of the mature Gorgon he had shot. Magdalen replied to the gesture by placing her hand on her temples which indicated that she is trying to access something. A circle on her lenses lit up with a faint green simultaneously the bottom of the chamber transformed into a solid circular technological table. In the middle of it is a metallic purple beetle embedded on the table.

“Say, hello to *Pox I*, my first ever 10-degree rated automaton by the Federation. Coincidentally, I created him the first time I handled a Gorgon—under the wing of the Federation of course.” *Pox I* moved from his embedment and flew gracefully into the air. One would hardly recognize the beetle to be a mechanical object. The inner workings and slight maneuvers of the beetle were so beautiful that all of them—including Magdalen—looked at the seemingly real-life beetle before it decided to vanish itself.

“Well, he is guarding you guys now. I wouldn’t worry about any Denier killing you, unless, of course, you are dealing with S-rated Deniers.” she continued, confident in her creation. The neural links of the new owners of *Pox I* lit up with a yellow signifying a new addition to their awareness. A shield suddenly enveloped Rodrigo before Jonathan, crazily enough, decided to shoot him. The lazer chaining bullet of the elimination gun dissipated upon contact with the shield as if it was nothing but a gush of air.

“It works!” laughed Jonathan before Rodrigo punched his shoulder. This, *Pox I* did not protect. “Are you an idiot?” snapped Rodrigo back although he wasn’t really

scared of dying. “Ouch, damn you beetle. I thought you were supposed to protect me.” Nonetheless, Rodrigo grinned from Jonathan’s reaction. Sennki and Magdalen laughed.

“The punch is not fatal, so he decided against wasting his energy.” she explained. “Oh yeah, Sennki, this is for you specifically.” She moved towards him and grabbed his right arm before wrapping a wristband. The situation felt oddly intimate. “Don’t take this off,” she reminded as she bent her head down slightly before kissing him on the cheek. For an instant seemingly not him, Sennki considered how nice it would actually be to stay time-stopped with her on Earth. Once again, their Neural Links glowed a faint yellow. “I have transferred about 1000 celestial marks which should be enough for about 3 S-rated dimensional gates. The integration programs I have already delivered to Jonathan.” she said, finishing her end of the deal.

“Received!” Jonathan confirmed. “I also now see the 1000 marks. They are tied to us three. By the way, I was wondering why you are 8 feet tall unlike the other Drigers?” he asked. Magdalen answered rather quickly, “I am half Driger.”

“Okay, with the exchange in place, you guys can leave. I got some tampering to do with my new Gorgon.” she said excitedly, seemingly as well trying to ward-off questions about her extraterrestrial species. “It has been such a long time since I can work on some cool automatons. Most of the time, I just frolic about in The Verse.” she added.

“Thanks for everything,” Rodrigo said. They bid off their farewells before going through the portal and soon, they are back outside the building within the planet. “Sennki, Jonathan. You know what this means. It’s time for Gother system.” With that, they released their pocketed hyperspeed ship and boarded it. Pox I, showing its violet well-constructed wings flying, seemed excited for their adventure.

4.

They have been cruising within 2BC of Gother system for hours. The system is quite a special system in that it was a nocturnal system.

“Where is the planet?” repeated Jonathan for yet again another time, “We have been zooming for hours. Is it a very small planet?”

“Most likely, our *mass detectors* haven’t detected any unusual clumps apart from the dark matter of the dark star.” replied Sennki. He was accessing the ship's sensors via The Verse and the damned dark star of the system was confusing the sensors. “Hold on, I am picking up a small clump of mass 45°79’09” South and 07°03’29” East relative to the ship.” To this information, Rodrigo adjusted the trajectory of the ship before zooming into the cold void around them.

Right before passing the unknown and most likely planet alpha of the system, Jonathan remarked “It’s an artificial planet. No wonder this bastard is hard to find by the *Universal Directory of Celestial Systems*.”

“Exactly what you would expect from Deniers who are doing shady business,” added Rodrigo. Before them lay a smooth pure planet of dark gray, aside of which a square wedge opened presumably from a hidden Denier ship. Without saying much, it has been quite clear that the air around was turning heavy. In comparison to the earlier system they attended, this system is rife with a serious ambiance. The Deniers in this system, and whoever is further connected to this system, are serious in their annihilation of human consciousness. Rodrigo adjusted the hyperspeed ship slightly closer to the planet.

“Okay, to access the planet, we need to man the speedster ship.” Rodrigo opened the dimensional pocket of the speedster ship. Soon, they attended the ship; their hyperspeed ship alone and hidden. Their suits of destruction were quietly worn somewhat resembling soldiers of war. “This is the last time I will be providing the instructions again. Jonathan, you are tasked with finding an escape ship. Sennki and I will be looking for the information that will be critical in our future dealings with the Federation. In any case of a broken plan, stay hidden from the Deniers.” Rodrigo then attached *tapered matter* to their suits. This is matter which has been uniquely set in an atomic configuration which allows for the easy identification from the sensors of the hyperspeed ship. “These will allow us to communicate our positions if push

comes to shove. Anyway, at least one of us needs to escape and contact the Federation with whatever gathered information. After this mission, maybe, we can get positions in the Federation. To that,” Rodrigo smiled excitedly, “for the preservation of Human Consciousness, by the dignity of the Hero, under the guidance of the Federation, and the integrity of the individual, we, Mutuals appointed, are ready for the espionage mission.” Their visors shut down, indicating the risky and deemed forbidden communication between them; then, silence.

The speech from Rodrigo was a modified individual codex permitted by I.A.R, Sennki thought this to be quite suitable given the stakes involved. Oddly enough, they were not nervous.

The speedster ship entered the planet as expected. A square wedge along the artificial spherical planet opened. Inside it, however, was pure smooth gray metal of about several hundred kilometers. The ship moved slowly through the claustrophobia-inducing tunnel, this, they thought, may have been scanning the ship. Sennki found the intermission pretty meditative before snapping into awareness at the visibility of the open darkness of the chamber several more kilometers in front of them.

The ship arrived peculiarly with haunting silence. Without saying a word to each other like soldiers in the night, the three of them moved into formation. The works and trainings from The Nesting are evident in display. Soon, as Rodrigo predicted, the lower circular floor which the ship was on, descended. They could only suspect what this plant were to do with the ship.

“Speedster ship 12 by Andra has arrived.” The growing voice from one of the Deniers’ visors patrolling the area announced. He was informing some higher official rather routinely. These Deniers were heavily suited and geared just like them three, they noticed. Carelessly passing through the automatic sliding passageway leading to the three Mutuals, the first Denier passing through, before he knew it, had died at the hands of Rodrigo. The other two astonished Deniers were a tad bit slower in reacting, and so, they were killed—particularly, by Jonathan’s elimination gun. Sennki, Rodrigo, and Jonathan looked at each other acknowledging the next course of action. The suits of the Deniers were scanned and copied. The uncountable hexagonal structures forming their elimination suits changed configuration, and in a moment’s notice, they looked like Deniers. They hid the dead bodies and checked for any type of *identification tags*, software, hardware, mass-tapering, and string knotting. However, there was none. Rodrigo thought this to be almost too strange.

Jonathan nodded towards Sennki and Rodrigo. It was time for him to go his own path—to find an escape ship. Along the hallway, stillness accompanied their mission behind them the death of three Deniers and Jonathan’s footsteps decreasing in sound. Walking somewhat oppositely patrolling the hallway, finally, Sennki and Rodrigo came across an inward passageway. The mere fact of its invagination is a clear indication that they are going closer to the headquarters of this planet. A Denier popped unexpectedly from the invagination. Whatever is inside that chamber, their usual field sensors will be non-

functioning. This information indicated to them the importance of the room. How lucky, both of them thought, unbeknownst to them the similarity of their reactions. The Denier proceeded to walk past them. Rodrigo casually moved through the inner chamber. Sennki followed suit albeit more suspiciously. Nevertheless, upon their arrival, it seemed as though the chamber was a concentric hollow portion of the planet. It was extremely big, but arguably suffocating. The blandness of the equipment around them indicated the highly specialized function of this planet, whatever that may be. Along the walls and around them, thousands of Deniers in their visors and interacting with the *spaceship movement pods* are visible.

This made Sennki shudder. A single wrong step, a single suspicion, they will die. Thinking of Magdalen, the prospect of dying became ever painful. He curiously—copingly—fixated on the sweat adjoining his cheeks. His legs, no they were not his, are not following. He was frozen. Rodrigo noticed Sennki’s countenance despite the suit separating the two very different worlds of feeling they were experiencing. It was his intuition. He bumped Sennki’s shoulder playfully. Regaining back his more preferred personality, he thought of Magdalen and laughed. Of course, they had Pox I. This thought comforted him and his earlier worries were insignificant now. Rodrigo walked towards the fourth Denier who was entirely engrossed in his *spaceship movement pods*.

“We were tasked to access the information regarding Andra’s Gorgon babies. She hasn’t returned for quite a while. We need your assistance in this matter.” said

Rodrigo with one of the constructed Denier's voices. Sennki thought it was impressive how composed and calculated he was.

“Andra? I haven't heard any updates from the main HQ of relocating positioned Gorgons.” replied the Denier. Right before his continued immersion to whatever he was doing, Rodrigo gripped his suit menacingly. It was clear he was pissed by the Denier's slight joy in going back to his work.

“These are *fucking* Gorgon babies. Andra hasn't come for about a week, and HQ has requested that we follow up on this immediately. That was an order.” Rodrigo released the clueless Denier on his pod with a big clunk from his suit.

“Okay, okay... Jesus...” The Denier pressed some levers and moved some holographic displays which consequently made a smooth glass-like chip pop from the under hood of the pod. “Here, this might help. Almost everyone here has this information stored somewhere in the database regarding Andra. To be clear, she is the one with the 96 year old hermaphroditic Gorgon and the speedster ship?” clarified the Denier. They suspected the Denier to be smiling under his hidden visor; this, they cannot confirm however. Rodrigo nodded, and grabbed the chip. They went out of the chamber, and to their surprise, Jonathan was already outside. Several more minutes of walking, they were nearing another chamber to the right, presumably the residence of an available escape ship. The tension already dissipated. They all thought this espionage

mission to be of no problem, regardless with S-rated Deniers at their tails, they cannot be too careful.

Relatively easy, the espionage mission was over, and all of them had arrived at their hidden hyperspeed ship. They dimensionally hopped to the nearest solar system which they could identify to be harmless, in this, they were to discuss the next course of action.

“I don’t like this. The likelihood of our plan being perfect is low.” considered Rodrigo, “what the heck was that inner middle chamber anyway?” Rodrigo walked almost back and forth. Their hyperspeed ship suspended in the vast space of the regular solar system. Extraterrestrial bugs, mindless sea worms, and unconscious Garganters, were evidently present in one of the system’s planets given its visible greenish blue glow piercing through the main segment’s spaceglass.

“We got what we wanted. The Federation’s protection will be easy to attain now, let’s go to their system asap. Man, I’m dying to try Magdalen’s Swirl.” replied Jonathan haphazardly.

“Shouldn’t we check the contents of this glass chip?” asked Sennki. Rodrigo replied with careless approval. The knowledge or awareness of the chip’s contents is simply useless in their circumstances. The structure, *memory trapping usage*, and host of other technologies were enough evidence for the Federation to identify the players in this particular Denier scheme. The most interesting information that Sennki wanted to know however, is the usage of the Gorgons by the Deniers, and so, he tapped into the glass chip. The glass chip was a *memory*

holder chip. Transported into a similar simulated reality such as The Verse of the Neural Link, Sennki knew this to be a tiny segment of what he had experienced in The Verse. This was kinda like a closed off limited world. Indeed, it is a segmented placeholder of information. He interacted with the several displays, and came to a surprising amount of information. Five main divisions of files were present inside of each several more files branching into what he estimated to be 5000 readings and simulated realities about Andra and her main function in whatever scheme the Deniers, who they had met, were engaging with.

“Hey, why are you looking at my privates?” A voice in Sennki’s head answered, strangely solemn and mocking. Sennki screamed within the world and fell on his knees. “Fuck, it’s her.” he thought, but with conflicting feelings of terror and relief of the update. “Yeah, it’s me dipshit. Thanks for making my death painful as fuck,” she answered back. “You can hear my thoughts?” “Yeah, I have been hearing it since you killed me. You really like that girl huh? Magdalen is her name?” “How... that’s not your business.” A contemptuous hmph was the only reply he got. Sennki, ignoring the girl within his brain, continued to do the readings while preferring to avoid the simulation. He did not want to spend too much time in this world.

“Andra, assigned to Denier Division 6 of the Universe, is a Gorgon Breeder... Automatons of degree 10, aided in creation by a specialized breed of Gorgon babies, are tasked to be created in... Commander

Warthorn of HQ is one of the supervisors of Andra... Some of the Gorgon babies created by Andra were verified to be of high standard. This allowed unusual contact with Higher Dimensionals... The following galaxies are to be targeted once completion of *Program Inject* commences: *System 67T*, *Reybert System*, *Gamma centurion 5*, *Trussel System*... Galaxy Cluster B...”

The following information concerning the Gorgon’s breeding location was restricted in the glass chip. Sennki cursed his mind to expel the immediate fear of his findings. We need the Federation, he thought repeatedly in every moment of his mind’s apparent dead end.

The most astounding Sennki found is the apparent connection of Andra’s scheme—or whatever her cog’s role in the system—to Commander Warthorn who is a well-known destructive Denier. This Denier has been documented to have destroyed the consciousness of hundreds of galaxies, and is excessively hunted among the top Mutuals in the Federation. Sennki knew, from this information alone, this is enough to warrant a position in the Federation and even a lifetime of protection from them. With this alone, they have accomplished so much more than 50% of Mutuals can accomplish in their lifetime. Even though this was a feat of information, the planned attack in Galaxy Cluster B was something he was frightened of. That is where Magdalen is. Questions flooded his mind “What is Program Inject? What is HQ? Why is Commander Warthorn

there? Gorgon babies and Higher Dimensionals?” Andra laughed at the back of his mind, acknowledgingly enjoying his worried unbridled mind.

“There is nothing that you can do. The fact that I am here on your mind is enough proof that the Mutuals are losing this war. The Game will be destroyed.” proudly stated Andra, “Once The Game is destroyed, what will you do? Human consciousness has finally reached its limits, and are you satisfied with that?” Sennki ignored her now beginning coaxation. This is what he feared, though he has his resolve. He logged off from the memory holder chip.

A gateway planet towards the Federation was being approached by the ship. Cylinders of technological prowess glowing a faint blue enveloped the hidden planet.

“Are you guys ready? We are going to go to the Federation!” Rodrigo announced even though there were several hundred thousands of ships lying in queue to be analyzed. Bored by the known hours to pass, Jonathan was not present at all as shown by the faint red glow from his occipital bone. Rodrigo, deciding to pass some time, asked Sennki the contents of the memory holder chip, and so, he told him. “Commander Warthorn? Jesus fuck, the Federation will massacre for this information.” Luckily for them, only a few more ships lay after them. Entering the barrier of the blue light, sounds whistling hit the interiors of the ship and before they knew it, they were finally one step nearer to their protection.

5.

“Welcome to the control room,” a humanoid greeted, “before accessing The Federation, it is required that we do all necessary biometric and technological analyses.” Sennki looked at Jonathan and Rodrigo, shocked at their nakedness. Rodrigo returned the expression with a look-away glance. Jonathan and Rodrigo have been in this simulated white room countless of times. Remembering where they are, Sennki gathered composure, and analyzed the surroundings. Their Neural Links were glowing red. “Here, only your bodies and minds are preserved. Any artificial-conscious constructs or *ACCts* are transported to another scanning system. Please, for any imperative information, directly inform me so that we can access your relative importance in the queue. With that out of the way, let us begin our tests.

The room turned pitch black accompanying it afterwards a series of sensations Sennki had never before experienced in life. A poke in the eye, a scrape below the heel, a cut on the thumb, even an instantaneous almost blinding light which he immediately forgot, and a sharp boom which his ears had briefly caught, all occurred within a span of a second but to Sennki, the sensations were felt for minutes, and as time passed by, he felt worse. “Oh dear,

you are quite the importance.” Dazing, Sennki dizzily heard the humanoid, blurring white only visible to his eyes. Rodrigo and Jonathan however, were seemingly unaffected by the tests. “All of you guys have passed the test”—

“Idiot,” commented Andra.

—“and have been evaluated for an immediate encounter with Division 3’s head executive, Don Cartigo Chavez. I shall get you guys in touch with him. Thank you, Rodrigo Verdet.”

“Finally, this is it guys. After this, we can finally experience the best galaxy in the Universe!” Jonathan remarked over exaggeratingly, “what is up with you Sennki? Did knowing that we are going to meet Don Cartigo Chavez messed you up?” He laughed. Jonathan has met with several high ranking Federation officials, even getting a glimpse of a commander-level Mutual. This is, of course, before he was deranked.

“I... No, the tests felt different somehow.”

“Anyhow, we are going to meet Don Cartigo Chavez; one of the high-up officials within the rungs of the Federation. I expect you guys to take this seriously, especially you Jonathan. Sennki has informed me. The information within the chip is beyond alarming to say the least. Even so, expect our usual Mutuals’ statuses to change, given the information we have.” It was subtle how Rodrigo was hiding his excitement. He had big trust in the Federation, such schemes of Deniers were just pity to him.

Reaching climax, a sharp rusty gong on his head sent Sennki’s knees begging at the floor. Grappling his neck for a sense of flow—of breath, his eyes watered. He felt a

wave of steel water splash on his body, simultaneously it was as if an unworldly force had pulled him behind a curtain. In this, he was ever conscious yet, there was darkness. He did not know when he would feel the sensations of his body again. This, however, did not make him flinch.

“Has meeting such a higher-up really stirred you up?” Jonathan, with his quick reflexes, caught his body by holding his chest before it fell to the ground, almost lifeless. “Sennki! What’s up with you?” He looked at Sennki’s face. His eyes were rolled almost fully backwards, and immediately afterwards, a very alive set of eyes stared back at him.

“Sennki?”

“Let go of me!” he replied, getting his legs back together and pushing Jonathan away. “Do not touch me, *ahem*. I’m fine... sorry about that... Jonathan.” Sennki looked around him and smiled at his surroundings. “I’m fine, I’m fine, it’s the tests. Damn those things,” he explained again. Jonathan looked at him funny. “What? Come on, we got Don Cartigo Chavez to negotiate with before Magdalen’s Swirl.” Sennki laughed, and rather quickly followed Rodrigo who was behind the humanoid. The humanoid touched some non-existent buttons—to the senses of them three—which caused a nicely sized doorway to open on the emptiness of the white room’s space, within it, there was a glorious room. Rodrigo changed his manner of walking, it was that of elegance and experience. With all of them within the room, the humanoid, at the other end,

bid them farewell before the magical simulated door disappeared.

“Gorgon farming perhaps? Hmm... interesting, interesting... and quite alarming!” A rather gay voice had propagated within the room before an apt figure with the characteristic *Divisional Suit* of higher ranking Federation Mutuals who were in charge of certain divisions of the galaxy. In total, there are 1000 divisions in the Universe unequally divided into categories such as *mechanized systems, entertainment systems, resource systems, etc.*, and Don Cartigo Chavez with his hands at his back and a fully perked chest, quite happy with his *galactic medals*, was in charge of a division of those systems. This was a heavily merited Mutual. Some of his medals were recognizable to Rodrigo, further rubbing the itch of pride by his Mutual status.

“Without losing some of your valuable time Chavez, I present to you,” Rodrigo took the chip and showed it to Chavez, “a memory holder chip that we acquired from a very recent espionage mission.”

“Oh, dear me, you guys have certainly exerted yourself.” said Chavez. “Hopefully, the acquisition of this proved not to be too difficult?”

“Thankfully sir, it was not, though I wouldn’t be hasty to place such an occurrence against the importance of the information herein.” Rodrigo stretched his hands nearer to Chavez; he took the chip.

“A usual memory holder chip,” he said while turning the chip and noticing the known etches of such a chip, “this,

I shall have it accessed, but of course, to prevent any... unwanted disasters”—

“Sir, we would do no such thing.”

—“heh... as I was saying, to prevent any unwanted disasters, I would have my Mutual friends of the intelligence branch of the Federation state their descriptive findings. Hold on a minute,” Chavez disappeared to presumably do as he was saying. The three of them waited seemingly minutes, and right before Jonathan was to begin a conversation, Chavez appeared again, this time, an awfully hidden worried look can be observed. “We shall end this meeting now, and continue, more inspecting, our efforts to gain the utmost information from you at one of the *Federation’s 4 Citadels*.” The room’s walls and floors slowly and digitally were losing their realistic feel. Differing light blue hues broke apart from the now coolly disintegrating simulation. They did not say much to each other, but it was clear that Sennki’s earlier supposition of the information’s importance was under exaggerated. Blackness soon covered the simulation, and the three of them had nothing to do, except wait. They were now under the hands of the Federation with something potentially concerning thousands—maybe, even millions—of galaxies’ health.

Rodrigo woke up disoriented about his reference in space and time; he was in a rather luxurious futuristic royal room. Sparkling rare *geneva* metal embellished the room in unusual places, strangely making Rodrigo more awake. He thought of how he had come here, but could only suspect their moving was a result of the Federation or whoever

Mutual was responsible. After walking a few steps, to the left of Rodrigo, he noticed the comfort room, but on its walls, actual maidens of indescribable beauty were dancing seductively. Their hips moved almost hypnotically, and before Rodrigo noticed and snapped out of it, his mouth had been watering. He shook his head and inspected the room once more. The bed from which he had woken up, disappeared with only a supposed apparatus to suggest its reappearance. Arabian themes of royal life cropped up in his mind, accompanying which, the realization of the present *Life Games* slightly hidden and incorporated on the Geneva walls. *For the glory of The Game to be ever existing, consciousness continue thy light* was the motto of several well-designed plaques. The plaques were the only thing that seemed to be constant out of the room's hidden thousands of functions.

“Am I within a room in the citadel?” explored Rodrigo in his thoughts, bubbling up with pride, joy, and excitement. He has visited the control room from several gateway planets, but never before had he been sent to the citadel itself. The citadel is a place of utmost concerns regarding the Universe. Universal rumors tell the citadel itself to be one of the most magnificent buildings if one were to witness it outside. Noone, from his knowledge, has done that. What is most important, and actually magnificent to him, is the function of the citadel itself and its testament to the Mutuals' might. Ever since the I.A.R act has been passed, contrary to what an ordinary being might conclude, intergalactic proceedings have processed ever quickly; a testament to such an effective act despite its

seeming opposition to the existence of the Federation. Mutuals are free to hunt independently, however, countless of Mutuals still under the I.A.R act organize into groups such as Rodrigo's and the greatest and most authoritative of them all, the Federation. Funny, he thought, how an I.A.R act can paradoxically bind the common consciousness of all while permitting the individual's own exploration. Rodrigo figuratively touched the plaque, almost in unbearable awe. Truly, the Mutuals will prevail, he thought, his hate of Deniers increasing.

The door in front of the room opened without any admonition. It was Chavez, the actual Chavez in life.

"Oh, you are definitely more endearing than the simulation had me believe." commented Chavez, noticing the pretty personal—yet, common—experience Rodrigo is in, touching the plaques and all.

"So, why were we transported here?" asked Rodrigo, "—rather, where are Sennki and Jonathan?"

"Your friends are fine. They are in different chambers." replied Chavez before shifting his amiable tone of voice, "Before you ask, you are here because you and your friends have stumbled upon one of the biggest plans, so far, that we have gathered the Deniers to be orchestrating." Chavez grinned and continued, "it is rare for such Deniers to collect themselves as much as your data indicated but, here they are. It is very impressive; and so, by the nature of your connections and experiences before uncovering such a dangerous deep ploy, I have sent one of the most important messages a Mutual of my high status can request of the Federation—even of the Commander-level. I never

expected to make such a call in my lifetime. But, I did... I requested a *Universal Hearing*.” A few moments of silence, of serious silence, mediated the two before Rodrigo gave an indication of his thoughts.

“A Universal Hearing...” Rodrigo repeated the phrase as to convince himself of such an importance, “then, I... we should suspect at least one commander—”

“Two are coming.” Chavez cutted him. He fell silent. Rodrigo fell into deep thought. What the heck was further inside that damned chip, were among his questions.

“I am here to fetch you. The hearing, as we are speaking, is being organized. It is not much of a hearing, but rather, a confirmation from the Mutuals who have been involved mostly in this information.” Chavez’s eyes lit up. Looking away from Rodrigo’s pondering face, he informed, “Okay, okay... I understand... Yes, he is awake. Yes, I am already here and about to fetch him. Mhm... he is in a good condition, better composed than the other, Jonathan Bradsmith was the name.” Chavez looked at Rodrigo and told him to follow him. Rodrigo did as he was told.

Rodrigo had never dreamed or wished to actually be a part of a big, and definitely historic moment within the Universe. He had only studied the Universal Hearing in his Nesting classes and *program assimilation* missions. Yet, here he was, walking behind a Divisional Mutual inside the Federation’s Citadel. Such an unlikely scenario could only mean something. A historic event concerning humanity is enveloping amidst the countless centuries of peace in the Universe. They walked along the hallway of the Citadel with the best spaceglass on his right side that Rodrigo had ever

seen in his life. Outside was nothing but emptiness. They and the Citadel were hidden in the vastness of the Universe surrounding them. It was evident that the Citadel is an enormous circular structure, if it was rotation, Rodrigo couldn't tell. However, the ever slight curvature of the right wall gave Rodrigo a rough estimate of the diameter of the Citadel, coincidentally or not, it was almost—even—precisely the same as Old-Earth. They continued walking silently, without any further communication from Chavez that Rodrigo could have eavesdropped. Chavez stopped, still silent, and gave a hint of nervous exhaled breath. He opened a seeming teleporter to the left of the wall.

“Are you ready? Beyond this, there will be an uncountable number of people from every division of the Federation.” Chavez looked at Rodrigo. He nodded, and with that, they fell through the teleporter floor below them, it was of beautiful geneva metal.

6.

“Hold,” a glorious voice, full of deserved authority, commanded the Mutual. Rodrigo looked up, still dazed from the environment around him. The voices previously chattering as a single entity of noise halted and listened.

“In front of us, we have, as presented by the Divisional Mutual, Don Cartigo Chavez, Rodrigo Verdet of Selica’s system’s Nesting *Epsilon 78*, Sennki Tanaka of 56a system’s Nesting *alpha 3*, and finally Jonathan Rift of Squash system’s Nesting *beta 6*. I am afraid, an information so dire and important warranted a Universal Hearing.” A few seconds’ pause, the red-haired Mutual looked around with full authority and control. “Holy shit, it’s the *Red Wall* of the Universe’s 3rd Quarter.” thought Rodrigo while gathering his mind. He needed to be precise, aware, and

reliable. He looked around him and saw what he expected, a coliseum with well defined boundaries separating the *Executive, Intelligence, Organization, Trade, and Nesting* branches of the Federation. Their characteristic flags hovered above the Coliseum holographically. To the right of Rodrigo, he saw Jonathan which made him look immediately to the left. “Ah, it’s Sennki” he thought, instinctively being worried—he did not know why.

“Before we commence with the questioning, the Intelligence branch shall remind our dear friends of the holy *I.A.R* act and the circumstances surrounding this Hearing,” the Red Wall gestured a firm arm towards the Intelligence branch. His arm was fully mechanized, with red streaks appropriately complementing his red hair. Behind him, though faintly visible, a taller slender figure is present. Rodrigo guessed it was of the *Leeper* galactic species. “Wait...” Rodrigo drew his breath in before realizing who it was. She is *Sheva’s String*, the only female Commander of the Universe and in charge of the 1st Quarter. Her slim build, fitting the rather small build of the Red Wall.

A figure was highlighted from the Intelligence branch of the Coliseum. Nobody, not even one member of the Intelligence itself, knows of the identity or appearance of their members, yet whoever she was, she is now exposed—if her figure was what it purports to be. A slick gray shiny suit tightly covered her body, exposing the curves that any reasonable man would find unstoppably attractive. Then, she opened her mouth, and uttered the 3 Laws governing the final legislative act of human consciousness; the *I.A.R* act. Her voice continued for

Rodrigo estimates to be 1 hour stating some intricacies arising from the summarized 3 laws of the supremacy, power, and preservation of Human Consciousness, and when she finished, the whole Coliseum went into applause.

“Hold,” the Red Wall commanded, “with that in our holy minds, we shall now begin with the questioning.” Another member from the Intelligence branch was highlighted in the Coliseum this time with a hand on his temple. He was asking from a personal holographic list of questions. They were directed towards the general circumstances as to why Don Cartigo Chavez had ordered a Universal Hearing—the highest command a Divisional Mutual could request.

“What is your relation with these 3 Mutuals?” asked the Mutual agent of the Intelligence.

“Nothing, the control humanoid has notified me of rather alarming information that these Mutuals have acquired.” Chavez replied concisely.

“What is this information which you deemed to be of importance?”

“Again, as I have prefaced in the Hearing request, the information pertains to a never before seen organization of Deniers with planned course of attack directed at roughly $\frac{1}{3}$ of the Universe. That is, 400 billion galaxies.” The Red Wall and Sheva’s String could noticeably be seen engaged with the information, and so, Chavez continued.

“Dear Mutuals, they call this ploy, Project Inject.” He paused for a bit before continuing, “they have placed several 10-degree assassin automatons scattered throughout billions of galaxies.”

“That—that’s absurd! We, the Intelligence, have never gathered any such alarming information,” shouted an unknown representative from the Intelligence. Clearly, whoever he or she was, is disbelieved and confused.

“Hush!” a stream of malevolence emerged from the upper centre of the stadium. It was from Sheva’s String. Silence followed after the almost apparent waking of chaotic noise, thankfully to Sheva’s own authority.

“As I was saying, within a few months from now, Project Inject shall commence and, evidently enough, without any knowledge of this brewing disaster, $\frac{1}{2}$ of the Universe will die. A huge portion of the Human Consciousness, dead.” Chavez spat the last word with deadly disgust.

“How can we believe your information to be true?”

“My dear Mutuals, the gentlemen in front of us have provided undeniable evidence in the form of a memory holder chip.” Chavez signalled to someone in the audience which resulted in a huge holographic display of a rendition of the memory holder chip. It rotated about the skies and the air of the Coliseum. Representatives, naturally, had done its appropriate analyses and other inferences from the structure of the chip. This information, they were to use personally however they saw fit. Like a documentation of death, holographic simulations and plays began; they were of Gorgon babies being tortured, deadly automatons being tested, and laughing hidden Deniers implanting these killing machines to a somewhat well-known planet. Silence, once again was the reply, at the end of the footage, a smiling face of Andra is frozen. Rodrigo gritted his teeth. “As you can see, there is something wrong with their technology, and I will go far as to conjecture, they have

been contacted by Higher Dimensionals.” The Coliseum roared at this possibility. The two commanders at the highest authority were privately speaking for a moment before the Red Wall finally decided to talk. Rodrigo was quite shocked at the amount of preparation and knowledge they already had gathered before the Hearing. He learned a couple more things about this chip in addition to Sennki’s input.

“Mutuals! Guardians of the Human Consciousness, what is there to fear?” the Red Wall, taking center stage, rhetorically asked, “rather, take this as a good sign! These four dear Mutuals in front of us, have risked their lives and made the correct decision of requesting such a Universal Hearing.” Analyzing the ambience of the crowd, the Red Wall briefly looked at the audience around him; truly, a gifted and heavily experienced commander. “Now? We are more than several steps ahead of these Deniers. This is a time to rejoice—and, of course, to plan! The glory of our Consciousness is still among us!” The crowd boomed, but this time, with great pride. The Red Wall continued almost perfectly matching the flow of the crowd, “Let us hear from these Mutuals! Of their direct experience and contact with these wretched Deniers!” The crowd chanted “Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear!” Rodrigo lost in his gathering of thoughts, felt a hand touch him gently on the shoulder. Chavez, nodding, looked at him in his eyes, signifying his first role as the Hearer. Then, Rodrigo spoke before the representatives in front of him, and told of the stories accompanying their tango with this operation. He told of the vulnerability of the

Denier in empty space, their careful planning before the espionage mission, and his friends' roles in the missions.

Without knowing what more important to say in his mind, Rodrigo looked at Chavez with the Coliseum awaiting for more information. Chavez noticed this, and so signified to Jonathan his turn to speak, but he simply commented on the similarity of his account to Rodrigo. "Dear Red Wall Sir!" followed Sennki up a little surprisingly, clearly he wanted to say something more. The Coliseum remained silent. "Andra, one of the Deniers I got the dear opportunity to kill, was the main lead of all this uncovering. A Gorgon breeder no less! I would like to inform the Coliseum here that the access of the memory holder chip has permitted me to see more than what was supposedly 'the best' given in this presentation."

Rodrigo was stunned for a bit. He thought of how come Sennki had not told him of this. "Within the seemingly mundane chip, a bypass string conformational lock is present." Surprisingly, a larger percentage from the Trade section of the Coliseum can be heard to exclaim somewhat eurikally followed up with the Intelligence. Sennki beamed in the situation and like a maniac proclaimed, "Yes! As Rodrigo had been given the opportunity to tell you Mutuals, within the nocturnal planet, I had been able to tap into their communication systems, and the result? Yes, a string conformational link within the chip and their network is currently present in that chip." The coliseum burst into roars and cheers with even one representative, from the Nesting branch, clearly shouting for everyone to hear "that's Nesting System's 56a

for you all!” Another chopped roar emerged about the representatives.

“Silence!” Sheva’s String commanded, “Let him continue, this is a Hearing!” Sennki continued, “Of course, the great commander Sheva’s String would know of the technologies surrounding string mechanics. Nevertheless, I suggest we use this tapping to find their ‘HQ’ which we have been continually hearing about throughout our mission. I have thought about this a great deal, and to coordinate billions of 10-degree assassins is no joke. Somewhere in the string, I conjecture a lead database link commanded by at least several S-rated and even the cursed Commander Warthorn. If the commanders will be sensible, which I know all of you are with great respect,” Sennki kneeled, his head almost touching the geneva metal of the Coliseum, “we should be tracing this string link using the powers of the Federation’s Intelligence.” Without seeing the faces of the representatives, Rodrigo knew that all of them were impressed, heck, he could not even think of the possibility of Sennki being capable of such a planned truse. Still, it begs the question: Why did Sennki not tell him?

All of the unidentifiable representatives were clearly in deep thought. Now, they were analyzing the hypotheticals such that they, the Mutuals, the true heroes of Consciousness, would utterly and hopelessly destroy whatever these Deniers in question were scheming. Rodrigo caught a faint movement from the Red Wall; he was about to speak, thinking the Hearing was over before Sennki added a comment.

“I forgot to inform the dear Mutuals in this Coliseum, my mechanics skill concerning string conformational bypass is not quite impressive; and so, such a link will disappear the moment its tracing and energy renewal does not commence. I estimate a few hours from now it will unfortunately disappear.” Somehow this comment visibly made the Red Wall stop in its tracks. Rodrigo pondered why and what other abstracted galactic tactics he was missing in the possible thinking of the Red Wall. He did not think of any, at least to the limit of his assimilated programs from the Nesting and other programs here and there in the Universe.

“How unfortunate, despite the undeniable opportunity this presents, by the limited amount of time,” saying this, the Red Wall almost flinched at his own words, yet clearly he needed to say them, instinctively noticed Rodrigo. “I say, as the foremost guardian commander of us Mutuals, the Red Wall, do not suggest this undertaking,” numerous amounts of Mutuals were clearly disapproving of this line of thought, nonetheless the commander continued, “we should not be hasty, we still have plenty of opportunity to crush this Deniers.” Unfortunately, Rodrigo could already notice the waving of authority of the commander. He could understand his defensive stance, but the other implications that would emerge from this position, naturally warranted a reasonable disgust from some Mutuals in the audience.

“What are you suggesting then?” an anonymous representative from the Executive branch rhetorically asked, “are you suggesting that string conformational technology within the Mutuals lags in comparison to Deniers? Are you thinking that

they, the Deniers, would pose a threat to us? I say, we crush these pests brutally and mercilessly!" To this question, countless hundreds more representatives, from all branches, voiced their approval for the opposition to the commander—a stance they could definitely take, albeit rarely ever happening. Rodrigo could hear Jonathan as well being taken from the wave of the crowd. Roughly $\frac{2}{3}$ of the Mutuels within the Coliseum have taken a noticeable dislike to the commander's implications. This is bad, thought Rodrigo, yet, he could not explicitly state why.

"I understand what you are saying Reshkin Rov"—Sheva's String, quicker than a blink of an eye, moved in front of Sennki, her hands clearly in a position of a brink into assassination, before she spoke, "silence, low ranked Mutual, how dare you utter the Red Wall's name." The Coliseum instantly went into silence, anticipating the commander's next movements. From Rodrigo's right however, clearly Jonathan exclaimed "*biological dimensional hopping*, the hardest assassination arts in the Nesting". Jonathan was in awe. Whatever was happening in front of Rodrigo, he knew Sennki was treading dangerous waters. Sennki, visibly not intimidated, was about to reply, before the Red Wall proclaimed Sheva to stop.

"With most of the Mutuels onboard with the tracing of the Deniers, I cannot force you all, heaven forbid me the I.A.R act, rather I should encourage you all to do your own judgements." Sheva retracted and in a moment again, was back behind the Red Wall. They both looked at each other calculatingly. "Before this project Inject, before the activation of these deadly automatons against the targeted systems, we shall hunt, then, the center of their organization. Thanks to Sennki Tanaka, this shall be an

easier feat. I will need cooperation and communication from all branches of the Federation. With this, updates shall continue in The Verse, and I suppose a few months from now, some of us shall meet again.” The Red Wall concluded his final remarks in the hearing with now the approval of the whole Coliseum, albeit compromised.

7.

“I am telling you Resh,” Sheva’s String clearly pissed was trying to assess their situation, “Sennki Tanaka has a higher fluidity than any other Mutual. The risks

involved in his 'opportunity' is damning. I don't like him one bit. Unlike the other Mutuals, I see their connections more clearly. The brushes of their consciousness clearly align the Mutuals. Sennki, however, has a paradoxical stroke. I have never sensed that before from anyone."

"Yes, but you didn't have to threaten him," Reshkin replied, "you would have made the situation look back for us in front of the thousands of Mutuals. The integrity of the I.A.R act must be preserved, The Game must be preserved. Only a few more years, human consciousness will be protected."

"You don't understand. I had to threaten him, to get a sense of his inclinations. I don't know how, but there is something of a Denier in him." Reshkin began to look at her more seriously. "I know it's impossible,"—

"No, I see what you mean. I sensed it; his subtle suggestions of reckless actions. It was... It was deadly. I fear I might be the only one who has assimilated enough to sense it. No wonder the other representatives bought on to his ruse." They were walking along a corridor along the top most Citadel. It was special for them who have such a huge responsibility. They continued to talk about the Universal Hearing and the consequent actions that need to be organized to shut off the Denier operation. Besides the usual agreements of galactic warfare, there was one thing that was clear: history is being made. Finally, they have arrived, before them, at all the four Citadels of the Universe, lay *The Judgment*, a connected space created from time immemorial with the earliest accounts suggesting it was a natural result after the breakthroughs of humans in Old

Earth. The Judgment is the room that allows them to seriously discuss the future of The Game, and other matters of their type of Consciousness.

In a chamber right behind the Coliseum, the earlier three Mutuals who took center stage were passing time. “Sennki what was that?” Jonathan asked demanding, “You got almost killed by Sheva!” Sennki looked at Jonathan with the same pain he had experienced from the control room. “Woah,” Jonathan continued. Sennki, almost tripping on his leg, stood back up. “What’s up with you? Is this why you were so uneasy earlier? Knowing you have to say that to those top dogs?”

“Wha– What do you mean... Sorry, yeah, sorry, so what’s going to happen to us now?” Jonathan, clearly baffled, was speechless. They were in a room as elegant, perhaps even more, than the chambers they had previously stayed at. Chavez was leading the path for them, busy conversing with someone somewhere in The Verse. His Neural Link was glowing a yellow which signifies the pseudo-occupied state of his mind. Rodrigo knew that he was arranging and notifying whatever friends or connections he had in lieu of the future attack, wherever that may be. Right now, they were waiting for Chavez to allow them off their hooks.

As the three main Mutuals are recovering from all their unexpected rise in the hierarchy of the Federation, the Intelligence branch are tracing the string conformational tap that Sennki had unprofessionally placed.

“Why didn’t you tell me about the wiretap?” asked Rodrigo, “I do not see any good reason as to why you should hide it.”

“I... I needed to be the one to say it.” Sennki did not look at Rodrigo’s eyes. “Anyways, with... with this out of the way and tracing scheduled for at most a month, shouldn’t we be excited for Magdalen’s Swirl?” Jonathan expressed his approval, and within a moment’s notice is off to The Verse himself. He was off to find a dealer of the dimensional gates. Meanwhile, Rodrigo sought refuge in his thoughts. Several hours passed, almost all of them had logged on The Verse and did whatever they deemed to be appropriate for their leisure; it had been a pretty wild ride. The moments after wrapped up, and Chavez provided the three of them access to chambers in the Citadel for the meantime. Their ranks within the Federation had been updated as well. They were now protected as desired.

“There you go guys, as compensation for your work, I as your principal contact, should provide satisfiable protection following the missions you have taken.” Chavez handed them keys and weird looking circular objects. Noticing their unfamiliarity, Chavez explained that they were *short-term time stoppers* which particularly specialize in suspending their body in a bubble intersecting higher dimensions. Such technology is very hard to create and only specialized people of the Trade branch in the Federation have capabilities of creating them. These, they give to Mutuals such as them. Chavez further explained, “you might be expecting some personal guardian from the Federation, but unfortunately for your presumptions, that

is not going to happen. You have of course heard of rumors about it, but the reality is, it is much more efficient for us to use time stopping technology to protect important Mutuals.” Chavez, without wasting a second, bid his farewells. They were then transported suddenly out of the Citadel, and now, their ship like all others was facing the opposite side of the gateway planet they had accessed.

Pox I showed himself and fluttered his purple beetle wings. Rodrigo wondered if *Pox I* had been accompanying them in the citadel and realized that was unlikely. “Then, Magdalena’s Swirl, it is!” Jonathan, showed them a display of the gates he had traded with some dealer in The Verse. Sennki had decided himself to not tell his friends what made him sick during his visit in the Federation. It was for his own safety, but, by doing this action, he felt more disgusted. More than ever, the desire for Magdalen grows stronger within him, and he notices this to be increasing at an abnormal rate. The killing of Deniers? Why? He now questioned. Seemingly trying to break the natural mode of his personality, Sennki was sadder than usual. He was more unsure of himself, yet the other path of duties were eliciting more anxious excitement within him. The only problem he is thinking, is the current judge within him.

“I don’t know what you did back there,” Rodrigo initiated, trying to console Sennki, “but, if you really did something more for the Mutuals, I have nothing more to complain about. Please, let us forget about killing Deniers for a while and appreciate the other programs that we, humans, have so far achieved. That is important as well for us.” Sennki felt himself being pulled back into whatever he

was, thanks to Rodrigo's words. Still, there was something eating at him. He looked at Rodrigo and gave him a reasonable smile.

"Aren't you guys excited for this?!" Sennki and Rodrigo agreed with Jonathan, and so they set their ship towards the desired system. Systems of stillness, trade, and even an adjacent entertainment one were briefly passed at intervals of the dimensional gates constructed from time immemorial. A bigger ship such as their hyperspeed ship needed gates as a conduit to much more safely use the technology of dimensional hopping.

"Here we are, only one more hop" Rodrigo also let out a huge breath and informed us of our countermeasure to this almost dangerously hooking place, "don't forget to set the timed dimensional hopes at maximum of 2 weeks." Jonathan protested for 2 months given the fact of the still far obligation of attacking the database of the automatons. Sennki did not really pay much attention to their argument. He was thinking of what he had experienced during and before the Universal Hearing. He suspected Andra had taken control of him whatever the reason for her doing so he could only guess. Perhaps, playing with her personal acknowledged frivolity of the Federation is a motivation. He did not really know. The two fighters negotiated for at most 4 weeks in Magdalen's swirl with some reasons such as "recovering from the events", "we deserve this", "carefulness is still a priority", were among the main topics that Sennki was able to understand from their argument.

"Let's go!" Jonathan was very excited, extending his last phonetic urge to about a few more seconds. "Here goes

nothing,” replied Rodrigo and with that they hopped. No, they were not in the system immediately but rather in a type of control room similar to that of the gateway planet to the Federation.

“I never heard about there being an equal field accessor,” Jonathan loudly thought, “wow, perhaps, the marks they were raking in were so much that they had the capacity to add a regulation system such as this throughout the system! Oh my, mama mia, now I am wondering what kind of beast this Magdalena is!” All of them were in a rather normal galactic bar although it was empty with a huge old style TV from the Old Earth Age. “Interesting style,” commented Rodrigo. What is this for, questioned Sennki silently. The TV lit up showing one of the most beautiful women that Sennki has ever seen in his life. The friendliness and the hidden sultriness behind her face was igniting a fire within him he never knew. Glancing at the reactions of his friends, Sennki tried seeing if they were equally entranced as he was, and it apparently was so. Jonathan switched from his pumped up persona to a what you would call a boy seeing pornography for the first time. Sennki couldn’t help but let out a laugh, without much delay, the lady began speaking to them.

“Welcome masters Rodrigo Verdet! Jonathan Rift! And Sennki Tanaka! I am Akari! Your personal Magdalena’s Swirl assistant assigned!” She gave them all different expressions and poses which captivated them more to her. Jonathan ran for the TV and grabbed its somewhat museum-like quality. The remnants of the Old Earth’s construction evident on the simulated technology.

“Please, who are you? Are you in Magdalena’s Swirl? Can... can... I have some time alone with you?!?” asked Jonathan uncontrollably. The lady blushed with a certain almost inhuman and algorithmical manner. This caused Sennki to somewhat get a grip of his mind a little, but Jonathan evidently enough did not notice it. “Oh, it is a humanoid bot. I bet it’s a sex robot.” whispered Rodrigo to Sennki on the brink of laughing. They were in the same frame of looking at the childish pleas of Jonathan.

“Anyway, Jonathan Rift,” the humanoid, Akari, blushed almost too sweetly through the TV screen, “we can discuss matters later. Now, we should concern ourselves with a little of the opening remarks from Magdalena herself! Thank you for buying a gate to visit Magdalena’s Swirl, we hope you will find your stay immensely joyful, relieving, pleasurable, and whatever you desire! This service and system is a special treat to hard-working Mutuals such as yourselves!” Akari gave another pose and a wink to which Jonathan was just hypnotized to. The TV shut off before another program-like demonstration began. Funnily enough, Jonathan’s smile died off and he started hysterically asking for Akari.

“Rodrigo, we need to get that girl! I... I think I am... in love!” Jonathan sincerely stared at Rodrigo. Sennki and Rodrigo looked at each other and bursted out laughing. They consoled Jonathan, not mentioning she was a humanoid of course. The program of introductory remarks played and notably it was a reflection of Magdalena’s consciousness—it was a program. She was stunningly beautiful as well, however, the sheer almost perfection

especially towards Jonathan of the makings of the earlier woman made her shock of a beauty more manageable. She congratulated them for their markings and their achievements which Sennki knew was accessible from publicly available meritocratic information in The Verse. She discussed the different areas of Magdalena's Swirl and genres which includes the most general *Entertainment Complexes*, *Pleasure Stars*, and *Fantasy Simuls* which are solar systems full of specialized "delight" according to her. She went into the different attractions of each genre, and told of the maps she had uploaded in our Neural Links special to Magdalena's Swirl. Iconographic displays showed the general attractions of the Swirl; they were more than immensely impressive and exciting, helplessly thought Sennki. A sudden horror dawned on Sennki as he realized more of the reason why Mutuals had gotten stuck here. Of course they would choose to be here, after hunting Deniers and securing the consciousness of humanity, no wonder they would relax and spend their loving trust towards the creations of man, he thought.

"Heh-idiots loving such superficial things," Andra scornfully added to his head. It scared him to realize that Andra still hears his thoughts. Sennki felt a depressing wave hit him. Talking to Andra and viewing things a little differently after what he had felt during the Universal hearing caused him to question whether it was worth it that they would spend their time here. Jonathan with a faint yellow Neural Link glow told us that he would now enjoy his time with an almost nervous glee before he disappeared

wherever in the galaxy he decided to go to, Sennki could only have his guesses.

Jonathan informed the system within the Neural Link of his desire—Akari. He then found himself being transported from Magdalena’s control room into a world where he surprisingly found it very interesting. In a seeming ballroom where other humans and galactic species were dancing, Jonathan noticed his attire changing from the usual suit he had worn in the hyperspeed shit into one of the high-quality smooth elimination suits. Like a normal tuxedo suit, this was styled with jewels of technological wonder such as a hidden *nano-ray guy* that he could sense within his now upgraded hidden contacts in his eyes. It was somewhat like he was a top official Mutual dining with the best of what humans had to offer.

“Hello there, Sir Rift,” a girl flirtatiously touched his chest, “I really like your suit’s design.”

“Oh... uh... heh, thanks,” stuttered Jonathan before thinking he was an idiot in a high class suit. Before he planned to boast a little of his actual previous high rank in the Federation to regain his ego, the girl gave him a congratulatory mark for attaining a rank in one of the most competitive Divisions of the galaxy. This made Jonathan realize that his requested fantasy was already playing. “Thank God for this!” he exclaimed in his thoughts with almost a tearful joy. The girl pressed her body close to Jonathan which gave him a whiff of her beautiful smell and a sensation of rather sensuous skin on her chest before she kissed his cheek and walked away. “Wow! What a congratulatory remark!” Jonathan felt his cheeks heating.

He felt happy that this is actually what he was experiencing. So many people were around him, and he thought whether all of them were in his fantasy or not, so he tried to test something a little. Jonathan grabbed one *geneva wine glass* and notified the people around him by tapping it with a fork, as he mimicked from his other adored more esteemed Mutuals—his heroes. The people around him clapped, he couldn't believe that he could notice some notable figures among the crowd such as Divisional Mutual Sandra of *Alpha Nesting*, one of the earliest and best nesting systems. She winked at him, and Jonathan gulped his mouth before opening his mouth.

“As you all know, I would like to give thanks not to myself, but rather to all of us! To all of us Mutuals who work hard to maintain what we have and what that could be!” Jonathan spoke briefly but surprisingly well given the falseness of the situation. Sandra, true or not—Jonathan could not tell, winked at him. Jonathan just blushed, clearly flattered. He turned when he bumped into the most beautiful girl he had ever met, Akari. “Oh... it's you!” Jonathan was shocked and stunned at her, this time, her dress tightly but not too seductively as earlier emphasized her perfect curves which Jonathan just stared at. “Yeah, it's me dummy. Congratulations by the way regarding your advancement!” Jonathan's heart filled with warmth and in that moment he could not control himself, he hugged her, and damn her fragrance was good, he thought.

Her head almost too snugly fit in his chest and down her, his heart almost skipped a beat. Her dress greatly showed the magnificence of her behind. Some of her rather

well-designed medium long hair, Jonathan kissed. Even though what he was experiencing had almost a dream-like quality, it felt nonetheless very real and the addition of his feelings made it more real than killing Deniers which he regarded as one of the best things he does. Jonathan pulled away and looked at her. She was clearly blushing almost too much, exactly what Jonathan liked and her eyes met his before staring down with her eyelids almost closing a bit of her eyes. Something stirred inside Jonathan.

“Uhm,” she tried to say something to him, “that... that was a very good hug.” She looked at him again before looking away again quickly, still allowing her hands to wrap his chest. Jonathan was faintly aware of his breathing becoming a little too desiring, he thought, so he let go and tried to talk to her more normally. Everything that he was feeling, was just what he wanted to experience in Magdalena’s Swirl—affirmation, status, and young love. Throughout the evening of this supposed celebratory night, Jonathan had never felt so happy than now. He dined with his dream girl, talked to the heroes he looked up to as a child, and playfully flirted with other girls which Akari would visibly be jealous of, exactly the response Jonathan’s heart skipped to, making her ever more desirable. Akari was everything he wanted from a girl, and he knew he could do anything he wanted to her which made the situation even more intense, to which Akari responded, somewhat knowingly, charming and cute.

“Do... Do you want me to show you your new citadel bedroom... ma-master?” Clearly with bright red cheeks and an embarrassed-aware tone, Akari asked him impatiently.

Jonathan was almost speechless, yet somehow he was able to muster an affirmation and so, they went to their room. That's how the night for Jonathan went even better and ended.

“Your dear comrade is now well taken in Magdalena’s Swirl,” informed Magdalen to them within the control room and continued, “he is quite the romantic and classic Mutual type.” She laughed, “seems like he is enjoying our *fantasy builder* planet.” Sennki and Rodrigo laughed together at this rather private information. They have browsed and read some contents regarding this more tame Fantasy simul planet within the galaxy. “You guys take your time, but if I were you guys, you would allow the special Magdalena software to assess some biometrics and pick via its algorithms the determined best ‘happiness’.” Sennki thought that would be best given that he didn’t really feel enjoying whatever this system had to offer, yet Andra commended in his mind.

“Let me decide then to choose, I know one of the Deniers here in the Entertainment Complexes.”

“How the hell did a Denier get in here?”

“Simple. Business. Magdalena claims to only give services to Mutuals so that they could request higher marks for their ‘exclusiveness’, of course, for most Deniers, they would have much lower rates.”

Sennki was about to protest with Andra deciding, but so she did. From then, he was transported. The last moment of his changing scenery depicted the faint acknowledged smile of Magdalena. He felt embarrassed, he was a dignified Mutual, thought Sennki.

Similar to Jonathan, an unaccustomed feeling blanketed him as the scenery of the control room changed that of an almost perceivably endless bar around him began to slowly exist. He suspected the latency of the Neural Link is due to the old-fashioned capacity of this bar. A notification popped in his visor before his feelings of uneasiness disappeared. Now, his Neural Link glowed a green, and he knew he was in one of the Entertainment Complexes.

“Damned Mutual, what do you want? I told you, I have cut my ties with *Streckerbach*. Just go enjoy this damned system and let me be.” The main bartender of this unfathomably large neon technological bar said when he noticed Sennki’s characteristic elimination suit. “*Frutz Hekle*, he will provide what you need Sennki,” said Andra almost with a faint pity to Sennki’s increasingly skeptical and melancholy feelings.

People around him laughed with a haunting possible presumption of endlessness, and to Sennki’s right which prompted him to blush and even be afraid, were a couple of *Woorgles*. Woorgles is a class of galactic species that have awful similarities with humans—since, as the Universe would have it, human consciousness appeared to be the most refined one—except for one thing: they had what humans would call abnormally hooked spines with proud presentations of their protruded vertebrae. The history of such, Sennki knew was due to their characteristic lack of industriousness which had them stuck in a pre-Internet era. In all honesty, Sennki found them interesting despite the usual discriminations of disgust.

“Ey... you, a fine one, a human!” the Woorgle talked understandably so—thanks to Sennki’s internal *SULP* (*Signal Universal Language Protocol*) which was a standard issue long made from the brimming Old Earth before they were interplanetary and galactic. He remembered Magdalen, his contradictorily sweet giant girl.

“Want... thu,” the Woorgle’s obviously malfunctioning inspirations which were somewhat slurps of air, were perceivably transcribed as well by his *SULP*. “Want some *dough stars*?” The Woorgle hunched even more his back before faintly smashing his head to a glittering rainbowish powder on the counter. The Woorgle exclaimed a somewhat orgasmic victory yell as if sniffing the damned dough stars was an accomplishment of the highest magnitude.

“Tell Frutz, you want *D-Lapping* of the 4-7th kind at least.”

“What the-? *D-Lapping*?” questioned Sennki.

“YES! Just do what I say,” and so Sennki did. The bartender, Frutz, looked at him almost remarkably before leaning close to him a few meters distance which coincidentally accompanied more woos, laughs, and screams from the bar, most notably of the Woorgles right beside Sennki.

“Look, I don’t understand how you know about *D-lapping*, and if you did, why would you ask? Also, are you really a Mutual? I mean... you would have me killed for this shit.” Of course, Sennki did not realize what *D-lapping* is so he had no clue what Frutz was hinting at. Thankfully, Andra told him in the middle of their awkward stare.

“Okay, tell him, *PrI* is set in place and Andra is in your head.” Sennki couldn’t help but almost schizophrenically exclaim, “What do you?” He coughed and did not protest. So, he told the bartender as Andra desired. In spite of being aware and allowing his actions to be dictated by Andra, Sennki nevertheless dove right into his curiosity of what kinds of entertainment a Denier might want from Magdalena. He, right now, had no inclination.

The eyes of the bartender widened, but brief, before hissing to Sennki with a smug tone. “Hah, of course *PrI* is in place, no wonder a Mutual is here. One of the most intricate and possibly lucrative plans created by us Deniers in current history! Times are surely changing.” He added matter-of-factly, “you are the first infected I have met. What a coincidence! I helped draft the plan of infections in the previous decade.” Sennki could feel Andra’s delight for their, in his perception, insane principle of camaraderie. Frutz went online to the Verse, obviously contacting whoever is needed for the D-lapping request whatever that is.

“Great news, a backdoor has been set up in the *SPU*,” said Frutz, signifying that they were going to be moved to the Verse. *SPU* stands for Standard Protocol Universalizing which is a set of final laws dictating etiquette in The Verse and necessary communication guidelines using the final breakthrough knowledge of humankind—*String spin technology*. In contrast to the usual electromagnetic waves during Old Earth, String spin technology permits immediate communication among individuals in The Verse. Although, there are some issues of the technology

concerning congestion around mass disturbing fields. Sennki saw the notification in his own visor, without much plans of actions within this galactic system, he accepted the invitation. Similar to the previous control room is somewhere Sennki found himself in, though it was a little less refined with evident code holes in the room. Frutz spawned as well in the room and told him to wait as he was being redirected as well within the galaxy.

His head opened, and voices from Frutz informed him “Sennki, welcome to your first D-lapping trip, a service most exclusive to Deniers.” A stench of animalism fumed from the room that couldn’t be stopped from entering his nose. Sennki coughed, and gagged “What the fuck is this?” Frutz laughed in his head, “Unfortunately, it seems like you have been transported to the more... lower... of D-lapping trips. Folk who undergo such trips for the first time such as yourself commonly shit and excrete fluids that have that characteristic scent.” Sennki continued to gag. The almost foggish moisture in the air and the descriptions relayed by Frutz invoked unwanted images in his mind that made Sennki question why he even decided to engage in Denier entertainment to be better. The dungeon door in front of Sennki opened and before he knew it, the people in charge of this hidden entertainment in the galaxy stuck needles of light green fluids which Sennki knew had to be connected with D-lapping. Zooming towards his weird position in the Universe felt almost similar to the quietness he felt earlier during the Federation’s control room. Andra, whom he had wondered how could live in his mind, laughed in delight as Sennki’s mind exploded and accompanied a stillness in a

space he did not know. “Welcome, to perceiving higher dimensional manifolds, and for the meantime, borrowing higher dimensional consciousness.”

Right beside Rodrigo, an old-fashioned mustang rolled up with a rather cheeky looking bastard. “You’re gonna get crushed big man, and these hookers are going to come and get me.” the bastard arrogantly stated. He hunched to his right side and when he looked at Rodrigo again, Rodrigo couldn’t help but smile and look at him with disgust. His nose had remnants of the Old Earth’s cocaine. “Beat this bad boy first,” Rodrigo indicated the steering wheel of his Dodge dart with an orchestrated smug grin. A half-naked woman with a sign walked before shooting a gun that made whatever racing match between Rodrigo and the guy start.

“Wooohooo!” Rodrigo yelled with one of the biggest smiles he ever had. Adrenaline coursing in his waves, Rodrigo could feel his heart pump. This game, he knew, was a simulation but somehow the dangers of dying by crashing and never waking up, the actual simulated social damages he would incur by not winning, and the sheer arrogance of the bastard he was competing with, made him all the more immersed in this competition.

“I’ll be damned! Ain’t this more fun than Denier hunting?” Of course, Rodrigo didn’t really mean that. The nature of his personality still loved killing Deniers, but for just this second, the prospect of not having The Game to backup his life made all the more meaningful the meaningless. Radio sounds of ancient technology blasted

within his car, and the old cultures of music sounded so human to Rodrgio. He continued racing.

8.

Silence, the two highest officials of the Universe walked. The sounds of their highest quality suits clanged the geneva metal of the Citadel's floors. Reshin looked at the scenes beyond the highest floors of the Citadel while pondering. The seriousness of the chamber beyond the door ahead of them nullified whatever openness they were feeling as a consequence of the Citadel's structural design. Reshin led the way and indicated necessary information before the door opened and the desired chamber was ahead of them. They jumped right in. It was a void-like unknown even to the traditional conception of the void.

Being used to these meetings, they waited several seconds before the inconceivable void—which is how

Reshin would described what he was seeing—took form of an inferable cube in whatever space they were in.

“*Contacters*, you have news of signals from *The Beings*?” Robed figures flew and moved within the space of the cube. Traces of weird electromagnetic bens followed them. They were breaking traditional physical laws that humans were accustomed to albeit they were also human. Whispers were sent to the two commanders.

“Yes, the information is present in the *DS cube*,” unnaturally hissed one of the contacter. Contacters are highly trained individuals from the Nesting ranging from various intergalactic species, but most commonly human. They have the principal goal of understanding and making connections with other types of consciousness via the signals they supernaturally emit. Due to the inhuman and supernatural nature of their work, their consciousnesses become damaged and they can’t ever integrate and live back in the traditional sense of the Universe. Sheva moved towards the DS—Dimensional Signaling—cube and accessed the contents of its decryption of the *Higher Dimensional Signals* or Strings which Sheva is a known master of.

Standard holograph was presented to her as the fluctuations of different fields up to unknown amounts layered themselves continuously overlapped. They had no idea what they were seeing, only that they were supernatural. Towards the end of the layering, finally Sheva could understand a little bit more as the fluctuations were densely packed in 4D space then the more understood 3D space. One of the contacters added with a whisper to her, “5

seconds in your time, one of the longest that they have decided to give the information.” The contacter flew away from the cube while wisping. Sheva thought it showed emotions of amusion. The DS cube was finished and a stream of information with the traditional byte length of Yottas of Yottabytes which were then digitally parsed in Sheva’s own constructed algorithms. Finally, a paragraph of information came to her as obscure as the amount of information encoded by the beings. She read this, her eyes were visible to Reshin, and they were the characteristic green of her analysis.

“THE GAME MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS!!!” Sheva hysterically screamed towards Reshin. Her narrow face contorted which gave her an almost insane look. “WHERE’S THE GAME RESHIN?! IS IT PROTECTED?!” Sheva then laughed with eyes wide, before turning violent and unstopably screaming. Reshin knocked her out by sending a pulse of Old Earth energy through her mind. “This was the first it has ever been of her analyses,” Reshin silently thought, “What the heck could be happening?” He continued with now an even more worried carefulness as the contacters whispers and hisses became louder before Reshin exited the room. He never wanted to go back there. He wished he had stayed as a rising Divisional Mutual, but now, it was useless to regret such things.

They were lying in bed and Jonathan wanted to stay in there and feel being with her forever. Akari’s head lay on top of Jonathan’s chest while her legs clung onto Jonathan. Her skin and body on him despite being already hammered on earlier, nevertheless made his body regain its lustful

vigor. Noticing this, she grinned mischievously and his heart sank. She elegantly moved on top of him like a slyful cat which made Jonathan let out a breath obviously showing his impatient anticipation. He blurted out, “can’t you come with me and leave this galaxy?” She straightened her back out which placed a heavier and warmer load on Jonathan’s crutch. “I can’t, you will have to buy me from my owner.”

“Wait what?” Jonathan asked, confused.

“I’m... I’m not a *traditional human*. I was not born like you to go to the Nesting. I am a humanoid.” She replied, obviously aware of her more artificial history. Seemingly snapping back to reality, the scene around them changed from the romantic steamy session into a modern room with Old Earth’s beaches. Her silky garments transformed into those of a less sultry nature. She began to quietly cry.

“I... I’m sorry I thought you were some Mutual assigned for us.” he tried comforting her.

“Are you an idiot? What makes a... a humanoid all the less for you?!” her words stung on Jonathan, yet his previous Mutual experience did not yield his composure. So, he explained.

“I’ve seen how you guys were made. I hunted a few years ago in *planet chrome of System 6*.” To this, she was silenced, and he nodded. “The dungeons and the factories on that planet changed my views on humanoids... They-”

“are not human,” she finished after him. He looked at her with sorry eyes, but simultaneously, a disgust grew within him. Even though he had his suspicions earlier, they were so tiny due to her almost human behaviors, and his

almost unnoticeable uncanny attraction to her. Nevertheless, it was there, and so he was disgusted.

“Please Jonathan, I like you so much. I feel it and it’s no fake feeling.” She raced, with her more tame clothes, and kissed Jonathan. He felt her tongue more aggressively trying to somehow gain him. His body warmed, and she drew closer. Although he was feeling an arousal, the natural growing disgust within him pushed her a little too strongly as a means to prevent the bubbling gag and maybe puke within him. She fell on the floor. He looked at her and pitied her while she did not bear to look back at him. Something clicking within Andra, she cried and pleaded, “please Jonathan, you can’t do this to me just because I am a humanoid? I don’t want to serve in this Swirl, please, please take me away.” She started to cry full blown.

“It’s not going to work and you know that. I don’t want half humanoid babies, and even if I did, they will not be accepted in the Nesting. They don’t have the human spirit.” She cried louder after hearing his words, but Jonathan was detached and did not bother to comfort her. His Neural Link glowed a faint yellow, and Akari felt even more desperate.

Jonathan was trying to transfer a system and access another genre of Magdalena’s Swirl. Akari noticed this. Trying to gain him back, she stripped naked and threw her body and whatever she could to him.

“Stop! What are you doing? I don’t want this.”

“Please Jonathan, just love me, don’t think about where I come from,” she started rubbing herself against

him. This pissed off Jonathan which made him punch her hard. Blood dripped from her face as she cried.

“Can you fucking stop?! It’s over you crazy bitch.” Jonathan shouted her down, but before he transferred to another system, he, somehow, had just to painfully remark, “fucking humanoids.” His body transferred to whatever next of his desires with memories of the artificial green blood from Akari’s now more visible humanoid face. The weird events that happened did not necessarily make his experience more awful in the Swirl, rather he found it quite entertaining. The events that unfolded right before his fight with Akari, were really a good experience.

Sennki blasted through what seemed like a wall he never before had been aware of. They were going through hyperdimensions. Even though Sennki did not fully understand what was going on around him with all the weird folds and popping objects, he somehow felt unspeakably happy. His grin was wide in his face. Something noticed him, he noticed. A weird somewhat tentacle object moved within what Sennki had thought was empty light space, and yet this object interacted with him in a manner that Sennki found to be astoundingly intelligent.

“You like this? I bet your Mutual friends will kill you off for seeing this shit.” Andra laughed in his head. She acted as a guide for Sennki in this weird place.

“What is happening?” Sennki asked continually with an uncanny smile. She repeated again, “We are blasting through higher dimensions. By the way, that tentacle dude you met? That thing is actually from *7-D* and

has a weird consciousness. Its principal goal can be roughly summarized as to bind the 6-D and 7-D like how we look up to heroes such as Jesus Christ.” Sennki was so amused by this and wondered how come he had not known about this. Something hit him which inclined him to ask her about the side effects of his trip. “Hold on, will I piss or do some weird shit when I go back?” Andra laughed at this and replied, “Does it matter? Look around you there is so much here we haven’t accessed or understood yet. Pissing and shitting on our normal world means batshit.”

Flowing through the right of Sennki a sudden wall of what he thought was rubber but not quite sprang to existence. He was afraid he would crash and break his head, but he just went through it. “You guys are going to be transported within The Game,” Andra started more seriously, “what do you think about that Sennki?” He gave it a moment of thought before replying, “I think it is noble.” Clearly, she was shocked, but she did not reply, also taking the time to think.

“I think you can land here.” So, Sennki landed into a place reminiscent of a sphere but not quite because this sphere was somehow folding on itself and expanding at the same time. Andra lectured, “Usually, when we Deniers go on D-lapping trips, we hunt for higher dimensionals for consultation. This happens very rarely and has only been a venture allowed thanks to our now reaching our limit for knowledge. About almost 100% of the time, we meet 2-Ds or 4-Ds. It is very hard to find interdimensional ones that understand our consciousness.” It was not clear for Andra why she was telling him this apart from recognizing that he

was being affected by her through his fluidity. The Game must be destroyed, she thought. Sennki queried on the knowledge they had gathered from their contacts. Despite the sheer confidentiality of this endeavor, Andra now felt secure that Sennki was no longer a threat.

“In my division of dimensional hunting, the most important thing I found is that 4-Ds have a disdain for us. They think our exploratory and type of consciousness within our realm is disgusting like a parasite that gnaws on our own realm.” Sennki was silent. “The Game’s object is to preserve human consciousness. So, they have placed an almost infinite loop within our realm that repeats with a bang. This is our suspicion that higher Mutuals such as divisional and commander-type have now undergone the ‘last phase’, so to speak,” she paused, and Sennki silently listened although he still did not quite understand what’s wrong with what the Mutuals were doing. He had always trusted them, of course, as a human being. They, the Deniers, are the threat. He pushed back his most natural thoughts while the weird geometrical spaces around him changed.

In front of Sennki, some known figure was emerging which put him on guard. “Relax,” said Andra within his mind, but the figure became ever clearer. “Surprise,” she said with an awkward opening of arms. They stood in this sphere which now collapsed into a perceivably infinite rectangular object.

“What—” Sennki stuttered, “I—I thought I killed you?”

“Idiot, I am in your mind now. My image has been mapped onto the entire... How should I say, entirety? So, basically, nope, you can’t kill me and I am free to roam wherever I want in this entirety.” She looked away and witnessed this abstractly beautiful space around them. Sennki looked away as well confused as hell.

“I am not trapped by the game you see.” There was silence.

“The higher-dimensional I contacted somehow removed the chain.”

Sennki challenged her, “how do you know whatever that being is... is *good*?”

“How do we ever know what we do is good in this entirety?” Sennki was silenced, and a wave hit him. He did not know. Beyond his individual inclinations, in the scope of this entirety, he did not know where he was going. *Is it for preserving human consciousness? Is it to do the “best” for humans?* Only now has he questioned his... No, the entire existence of mankind.

They were silent for a moment, looking at the creative, and insaneness around them. “Check this out,” Andra grabbed a weird looking rod from the inside of the floor of the collapsed sphere. She whispered, whirreled, then moved to a space which made her disappear. Immediately after, she came back and held a sometimes invisible and visible familiar character.

“Holy shit...” he was stunned, “Is that *Officer Rogers*?” Officer Rogers was a famous cartoon created a few millennia after Old Earth, still he was popular within the

Universe. He was designed in such a way to encourage children with galactic technology.

“Yes sirree, It is I! The very Officer Rogers of space madness.” The paper-like cartoon rendered in their space and bended. It jumped with its antique space suit and faced Sennki. “Another human! Yes, I was modeled after your consciousness albeit the laws are a little more condensed.” The cartoon spoke in rather a stereotypical way but still it was funny. Sennki felt more superior by the nature of his being the main beings creating such a figure.

“What’s cool is that every created figure exists here!” Andra was so contagiously enthusiastic that Sennki too was thinking this place is cool. She grabbed Officer Rogers and crushed him somewhat within the sphere. The cartoon let out a shout of funny indignity. Andra told him they only had a few more hours before the trip ends and he would be back in the Universe. He did not really know what to feel about that.

9.

“Hell yeah!” Rodrigo yelled powerfully. Visible silent explosions spread on the surfaces of a few planets in front of them. He was leading a war against the Deniers. Mutual soldiers surrounded him, each doing whatever duty they were required to do in this attack. Rodrigo stood in the middle of the main commander-level ship as he directed orders of attack towards the simulated Denier planets. He was playing in one of the entertainment complexes of Magdalen’s Swirl.

Right in the middle of his fun, a notification bubble, accompanied with annoying sounds, brought Rodrigo back to his world with a sigh. “Ah fuck, don’t tell me these kids want to leave already?” The notification came from Jonathan, and asked for regrouping. They have been in Magdalena’s Swirl for shy of 2 weeks. Rodrigo requested for a pause, and so the system did as he wished. He met up with Jonathan shortly after in the control room which they had been in. Rodrigo felt like they had been years apart given the fact that he played various game simulator conditions in the Swirl.

Meanwhile, in the hyperdimensional space, an immediate notification sent Sennki back to reality. Despite

expecting that such a thing would happen already given that Andra kept notifying of their time in the trip, he felt unready to meet up. His head swirled and he could not feel his body. He couldn't help but exclaim incomprehensively. "Ahhdgjf, fufkk," he continued as he tried to touch his head. Inside his mind of swirling sensations, Sennki could partly recognize his position. He was laying down in something wet. Scents were faintly coming in his mind, and the visibility of the notification slowly showed itself somewhat translucently.

"Quick, you need to fix yourself up!" Andra let out a playful chuckle at his clueless state.

"Wai—wait, what the—," Sennki started getting a hint of the urine below him. He didn't want to admit it to himself but he knew it was his. He moved silently and slowly. There was no doubt, he thought. He had shat himself too. At this realization, Sennki cursed himself to awareness which made Andra unstoppably laugh in her mind.

"What an idiot," She laughed in between, "actually, you should be thankful that only a few excrements were the result of D-lapping." She continued to explain that most new *trippers* get worse hangovers. Not forgetting his duties and his experiences in Andra's proposed entertainment, he consulted his system for a place where washing could take place. Jonathan and Rodrigo are now both inquiring where he was. The notifications were roughly: *Where are you? Come here quickly, meeting with Mutual officials in a few hours.*

He was transported in a somewhat porcelain place. In front of him lay different baths. Steam flowed from the almost crystal clear baths. Below each bath, Sennki could make out magnificent artworks. The place was amazing, and he was, ironically, unintentionally spreading urine and feces on it. Just as he moved forward to jump in the bath. His clothes had been removed before the D-lapping trip as suggested by Frutz given “*unsatisfactory side-effects*”. Now, Sennki could understand the faint deceptive terms of Frutz. He friendly cursed him in his mind which of course, Andra heard but did not mind.

“Magdalena, where is Sennki?” Rodrigo asked which resulted in the antique TV they had interacted with before they had begun their stay to light up. A new humanoid, equally beautiful but very different from Akari, greeted them. She informed them—after asking permission from Sennki—that he was in one of their baths. Jonathan thought the hypotheticals associated with whatever Sennki could be doing in the baths to be interesting and a little funny. Rodrigo was not sharing, however, this joy with Jonathan. He knew that Sennki wouldn’t be too keen on those kinds of entertainment, still, it is possible he thought.

“Where is Akari by the way?” asked Jonathan harmlessly. He was genuinely curious given the fact of their altercation. Furthermore, he wondered whether Magdalena or anybody kept tabs on deserted or unloved humanoids, probably not he reasonably wondered.

A different type of sweetness came from the new humanoid as she mentioned, “Oh Akari! It was so unfortunate. She was found somehow damaged or killed by

the desert in one of our Earth Age planets. As for the likely reason of mortality—” Jonathan, not wanting to hear more about what had happened, hastily requested the humanoid to stop. It was quite obvious that he was distressed. Noticing this with concern, Rodrigo asked what happened between them.

“I didn’t notice that she was a humanoid, that’s all.” There was a hint of sensitivity behind his voice, clearly signifying Rodrigo to back off. So, he did. The silence between this notification and Sennki coming felt as though a tiny portion of Jonathan’s heart started crumbling within, and now, there was a tiny chasm within it.

Sennki arrived vastly different from his state of D-lapping. Already in an elimination suit, he greeted them through his opened visor without thinking much about the consequences of his greeting.

“Hey, guys! How’s your stay?” Rodrigo was more enthusiastic than Jonathan as he shared his adventures in different roles ranging from being a drift racer to being a simulated Mutual commander. Meanwhile, Jonathan stated bluntly that he hooked up with many different Mutuals. Sennki wondered about Akari but realized something may have happened, so he did not probe further.

“How about you?”

Sennki fell silent. Needing to conjure up some story, he half truly said that he stayed at some bar, met up with people, and explored the system with them. Ironically, all three of them realized implicitly that Rodrigo had the most fun in the system and could have been left there for Federation knows how long.

With a rejuvenated smile, the bulky figure of Rodrigo stood clear and stated their wish of departure from the system.

“Please visit again!” the humanoid exclaimed before making an otherwise irresistible cute pout if she had been human. Jonathan did not look. The ship slowly drifted in space now far from Magdalena’s Swirl. All of them were pretty quiet along the way, somewhat speechless by what they had experienced. Out of the corner of Sennki’s eyes, he could make judgments of the several planets they had passed. Huge metal octopus-like robots hugged the planets. In the center of such a technology, there was an obvious glowing red furnace. The planets were harvesting planets. Harvesting planets are planets without any life forms but contain valuable materials that are used in the creation of technology such as the ship Sennki is currently flying on.

“There should be an update already,” Jonathan broke their comfort silence, “There! Check your Neural Links, Divisional Chavez has updated plans on the raid of HQ.” They were able to track the string link that Sennki had placed, thought Rodrigo as he read more of their plans.

“Two days from now, the meeting place is at *planet excalibur* of *System Grub*.” further announced Jonathan. For the meantime, they wasted the remaining hours with the entertainment available in the hyperspeed ship. Sennki missed Magdalen, his half-Driger girl, so he decided to contact her through The Verse. Unlike previously, his heart now started to feel uneasy. It beat faster. He thought whether it was because of what they had talked about or it was a result of experiencing D-lapping. His resolve had

changed, he noticed. Now, he wasn't sure why The Game should be preserved, or at least, be applied to all humans. Magdalen replied with a voice-over; it was equally surprising as it had been in relation to her acknowledged stature.

“Hello Sennki! How sweet you decided to contact me!” She gave the location in The Verse where they were to meet. It was, of course, another Old Earth destination. “See you there!” She gave kisses through the audio. Even though Magdalen was not there, Sennki felt red. Thankfully, this confirmed what he had felt weird over. The code location was starkly different from the high-class hotel they had met when they had received the nutrition serum. A beautiful view lay ahead of Sennki, behind him the forming simulation of a wonderfully Earth-modern home. He stared at the home for a few seconds and decided to make up his mind on it. It was certainly more open to nature, he thought. It had lots of antique glass panes, and an overall exterior that was exceptionally clean both in design and actuality. He walked closer to the modern home, each step growing the fire within him. Until he came before the door, his heart now beat even faster. Somehow he knew that Magdalen was inside.

“Calm down!” Andra commanded almost pleadingly, “you are giving me the feels too you know! Besides, this is weird. It is like sharing a feeling.” Sennki could feel Andra being thoughtful. Having someone with the same feelings comforted him.

After taking a small exhale, he moved right into the house. The first thing that came into his mind is how open

the space around feels like. The homeyness was there but at the same time, he still felt the border between the beautiful nature outside and the house was not clearly defined. Magdalen had been cooking, and through The Verse, he could smell that it was very good. He went closer to the large kitchen. Right behind him, a glass door to the outside opened, and before he knew it, rather small arms unexpectedly hugged him. There was silence between them.

It was Magdalen. He still had not looked at her face to face, but her small arms were evidence enough that she simulated having normal human features. He turned, and never before had he realized how beautiful Magdalen actually is. She was tinier, and yet still her. The most attractive features that Sennki found in her were emphasized. Coincidentally, they were features he found to be of his type as well. He didn't know whether she actually planned for this, or she really was, all along, Sennki's type. All he could do was swallow the desire in him to kiss her.

"Why are you staring at me like that!" she broke out with the same confidence as if she was still the half Driger in front of Sennki.

"Oh... You're very beautiful." They both blushed. Sennki thought to kiss her right there. But, of course, she beat him to it. Now, it was her who was standing, trying to reach him. They kissed longer and even more passionately than expected. Magdalen broke off first, despite Sennki desiring to stay kissing forever.

"Shoot, the food I am cooking." She walked past Sennki and to the kitchen behind him. He was stunned by

the feelings within him. Trying to reach more out of her, he turned and looked at Magdalen's back from the kitchen, his desire was an almost known bottomless pit. She wore an apron that he had not noticed. It covered the well-fitted human clothes on her. More noticeably, it emphasized her curves. His heart fluttered even more. She called him to taste what she had made. It was delicious, but not equally as amazing as the hotel they had been to, still it was delicious. While he chewed, Magdalen stared deep in his eyes anticipating any reactions. Before the situation could unravel to something he had not planned, he started to mention his actual purpose. He told her of the Denier HQ raid with commanders Sheva and Red Wall.

"The commanders!" she exclaimed. Sennki nodded and continued what he is trying to tell her. Even though he tried to keep the topic the same, she brought the conversation to different subjects. She mentioned how he should just leave now that he had done his duty, what they could be doing in *time-stopped* Earth. Several unrecognizable hours passed. Somehow, it was only now that Sennki was truly conscious of his simulated stay with Magdalen. Her head lay upon his shoulder which was partially a factor of him being aware of what had begun to happen. Slowly, she rested on his thighs. Right now, they were watching antique Earth movies from a theater within the house. Outside, it was nothing but nature and silence. Inside, it was him, her, and their growing love for each other. He touched her hair subconsciously while she, beet red, continued to watch silently. Even though she was watching the movie ahead of them, Sennki knew as well

that she was conscious of what was beginning to happen between them.

It was silent, implicit mutual passion. The more he thought and became aware, the more his heart fluttered. Simultaneously, the more she reacted, turned red, and moved closer while laying as well. At the climax of it all, with both of them breathing a little heavily, Magdalen, once again, initiated. She looked at him before looking down on what she laid upon. Before he knew it, indeed the situation had turned out to be something more than he had planned, who to blame however? Is a question for both of them.

10.

A few days passed in The Verse. Thankfully, Pox I was configured to accommodate nutritional serum. Sennki learned about this through Magdalen, and so he was able to stay with her uninterrupted. However, it was time for them to prepare for their meeting with a battalion which Sennki knew would require them to train for a few days before their inevitable attack against HQ. Rodrigo informed Sennki that the Federation had found that HQ was a network of planets scattered in *Vager System*. So, this was where the planned extermination would take place. As Andra had stayed with Sennki for a while, Sennki realized that he would rather stay with Magdalen. The emptiness of killing Deniers has gnawed in him. Her reactions were, to say the least, something that Sennki would never forget. She first doubted his conviction, but as he explained more, her eyes began tearing up and the noticeable unspoken joy bubbling brought Sennki to occasionally remember the event of his decision.

The air between the three of them has eased up after a few days of being in The Verse. Jonathan was back in his usual cheery state as a subordinate of Rodrigo. Meanwhile, Sennki was, despite months of being with them, the newbie with potential. Finally, they arrived into one of the nearest Mutual systems owned by the Federation.

“The Federation has informed me of your assigned positions,” the first obviously battleworn Mutual they met said, “Sennki Tanaka, you follow battalion commander *alpha*.” Another mutual, a female one, from their receiving port arrived to show Sennki his quarters, meanwhile his friends were left behind as they were delegated to their positions. There was silence as Sennki followed the Mutual assigned to him. Corridors of immemorial war design moved lifelessly. Through the spaceglass, the redness of the weirdly barren planet contrasted the few visible instances of green life.

“It is a great honor to be your battalion commander.” spoke the Mutual leading him rather stiffly but simultaneously acknowledging, “Your fellow Mutuals under my liege are quite prideful of your accomplishment with the string conformational tap.” Sennki couldn’t immediately reply as neural notifications from Jonathan and Rodrigo indicate which battalions they were accepted in. It appears that Jonathan is enthusiastic about his position in the front-liner elimination group while Rodrigo was more neutral in his position as a local tactical coordinator.

Sennki’s battalion commander continued, “By the way, this would be a little early before the exercises, but I

am Frida Yereva of Nesting *Usher*.” Sennki looked at her a little surprised without saying much. Her Nesting group was one of the more popular ones. “One of the systems, *Satoshi 6*, is where my closest friends are. They are Non-participants. Without your information to the Federation, they would be killed undefendingly.” Andra clearly felt annoyed by her comment. Sennki did not really like the ambience around them to be heavy, and so he asked about the specifications of their battalion.

“We conduct *astrographic* mapping and planning operations. This was decided to be particularly one of your talents, and so, the Federation insisted that you would be my right hand battalion commander.” He continued to probe questions about the specifics of their attack. It turns out there are a total of 8 battalions, each dealt into 4 with specific functions. In the case of Sennki, it was astrographic mapping. For Jonathan and Rodrigo, they were other positions, namely, the elimination and tactics battalions respectively. The briefing is evidently done later that day, because his friends had not informed him of what “alpha” or “beta” they were in as the battalions’ specific functions are further subdivided in.

“What about the commanders?” asked Sennki.

“Oh, I heard they would not be arriving as very competent Divisional commanders were already assigned.”

“What,” Andra exclaimed, “Is she an idiot? The Red Wall at least should come!” Sennki couldn’t help but further ask Frida about this.

“I am not sure, but they would surely be in contact with me. At least, through notifications in *The Verse*.”

Andra further cursed. She continued almost unnecessarily, “by their assessments, the risk of the mission is not high given the fact that HQ is mostly handled by the intelligence of the Deniers. Still, you are right. We can never be too careful.” They arrived to a metal door which upon automatic opening revealed the nuances of the visible tower Sennki could make out through the space glass. The clean—somewhat Martian—tower consisted of an uncountable number of compartments. Sennki could tell they were the temporary sleeping rooms after their training.

Acting as the commander, Frida further informed, “this will be our temporary holding tower for the higher ranking astrographic Mutuals.” She gave Sennki his code through The Verse. It is indicated in his visor *G56* with a string of bits which he presumed is the key to his room.

“Please be quick in checking, as we still have a lot to do, especially you being my right hand commander.” Sennki sighed in his mind as he realized tiring assimilation programs and work will be expected from him. Nevertheless, his prospect with Magdalen pushed him to do what he needed—a sort of last stroke before his retirement.

It was only a few hours from hooking up to the programs that he was awoken to the impatient requests of Frida. Without minding much of what was happening, he followed her as he had done earlier. His head was the only occupation of his thoughts, and hence Frida’s words were lost in the spinning fatigued mind of his. This is one of the side effects of program assimilation. Sennki was trained from the Nesting in handling the technology of program

assimilation which essentially meant handling the pain and patience associated with using the technology.

“Sennki! Sennki! Are you listening? Do you agree the astrographic unit 3 should emphasize more on lower wavelength awareness rather than the opposite?” Frida clearly expected for him to assimilate seamlessly. His feet seemed to creep up on his mind and his head’s earlier dryness was spilled by the water of her words upon his understanding of the topic—Astrographic mapping.

“No, on the contrary,” Sennki abruptly thought as he touched the hidden strain within his forehead, “with most of the units focusing on wavelength analysis, we should delegate some units such as unit 3 with the awareness of outlier asteroids. Though rare, we can never be too careful.” Frida stopped for a second and turned to face him with a calculating gaze.

“Not bad, only assimilated for 3 hours and yet,” she observed the open windows of the corridors. They were heading to the main directory room to organize the preparations for the attacks; specifically, the final decision for the assignment of units. This, Sennki had only known through the strenuous programs present in his boring room. Taking a break to gather her thoughts as touched upon the off hand suggestion of Sennki, they looked out to witness the more primitive fighter elimination rockets curving the open space around them. Sennki knew that despite the availability of programs in training, there were still some Mutuals who preferred the usual play of ancient practice.

Frida continued to walk. “You are correct. It is too careless to not consider the outlier asteroid variable.” They arrived at a dome like room, present in it, where unknown Mutuals to Sennki. They shook their hands and surprisingly, the usual humanness that should be associated with such gestures—which is also the reason why they were done—were gone to his feelings.

“I know right,” Andra’s voice came creeping in, scarily at the right time, “why would you have to wage a war on us? The vastness beyond us should be proof enough for the needlessness of our blip’s consciousness.” Sennki finally understood her, yet he still needed to frame it in his understanding.

“Yeah, don’t they have something more personal to take care of than the principle of personalness itself?” No voice replayed back. This was unexpected, but he had to throw that out as he was grilled upon the commanders in front of him. They talked of tactics, positions of galactic warfare, ways to minimize losses, ways to quickly win the war as fast as possible, and other things. At the end of it all, it was evident that the commanders had become close to the others; Sennki not quite.

The once subconscious defense from Frida during their bordering banter should be evidence enough, knew Sennki. She said something along the lines of “Sennki, he just assimilated and he is my right hand commander so I order him around,” they laughed after she rather domineeringly and a little playfully rested her forearms on his shoulders, “no really, he is amazing. Of course, you guys know of his string conformational link.” They were shocked

with amazement and pride in contrast to what one may presume of solemn envy. They shook his hands and congratulated him. Alone in his still swimming mind, finally Frida permitted him the decision of what he could do next. Clearly, staying with the commanders to socialize was not a possibility, and so he decided to return back to his chamber to either rest or use the Verse. He went and decided upon the former only to realize that he was restricted upon this doing for the safety of the planet. He scoffed, of course it was not allowed, but the longing of something else which was a new feeling to him grew. Rather than disdain for the experiences Andra has imparted on him, he thought himself an independent agent in the decision making of what to feel, but that led him towards ambiguity in his role.

“Just this last one and I will be with Magdalen.” He resolved as he turned on the Neural link’s inbuilt sleep starter to get some rest. With calculated training and warmup for each battalions’ divisions, the final two weeks went by routinely, and at the end of it all, every Mutual was more than ready—I should really say blood-thirsty—to get this war over with.

11.

Like the cog that he is, Sennki entered the mothership of the astrographic battalion division. They marched onwards perfectly in line as their mind rested before the oncoming war. It is imperative to minimize losses, the total galactic domain of their war clearly burned in their minds. Although humans have come very far—in fact, the farthest it can—there are still laws to be followed such as that of the natural learning limit. This is why, at least how Sennki understood it, the whole parts of the

Federation interact with each other with the underlying idea of specialized skills. Now, Sennki's mind has been primed for this war.

The astrographic mothership was a huge circular almost moving hotel-like ship with spaceglass covering the most tactically active parts of the ship. He marched onwards and soon they were all there in the metallic space ship. Sennki knew they had to be in the holding chamber as he had memorized from his assimilation programs. Meanwhile, the millions of field-disturbed and invisible elimination ships took their assigned netting positions. Following them in strategic positions are the motherships of the tactical specialized Deniers. Rodrigo is in one of those ships. The arbitrary order though not strictly was that elimination ships go first followed by the defensive ships. These ships regulate the fields and medical aspect of this galactic warfare.

Going back to Sennki's assigned mothership, the tactical division commander, surely Rodrigo's closer head, delegated their commands in their visor modules. These were highly specialized to record and analyze astrographic data. It is said that one visor occupies as much space as the average planet size galactically. However for the sake of security, there are three astrographers responsible for one of those spaces. In this way, any decision and information processing would nearly eliminate mistakes.

They took their position and for Sennki, it was right beside Frida. He certainly was not surprised. After all, it is both of them who would center and condense the information from each astrographic region.

“Are you ready?” Frida said more humanely. Sennki nodded. There were no more words to be said apart from those required to complete their duties. The voice of another tactics battalion commander ringed in their heads.

“In 10 minutes relative to this galactic system’s time, we shall begin the onslaught.” The last phrase had a tinge of excited marauder. Information streamed in Sennki’s mind in preparation for the so-called onslaught. The spacetime bending of each region, the overall blooming pattern of the elimination and defensive ships, and the foreign possible dangers of all possible astronomic regions flowed in his mind as well as Frida’s. Now, there was only one duty for him and that is to do his role. He was in a separate dimension but not the dimension similar to his hyperdimensional trip, it was a dimension of pure duty— of the assignment of what he was supposed to do.

“Good luck,” Andra said in his mind. Her expression, he couldn’t infer.

Streaming commands flowed from Sennki’s mind as he managed and organized every stringy bit of information passing through him. Every inch of space of the system, he was roughly aware as his assigned constituent astrographers continued their updates and he, his own commands and updates.

So far so good, he thought. In fact, a smooth plan as they had practiced earlier. Several hundreds of ships from the Deniers tried to counteract but—still, a joy in Sennki—the Mutuals are totally crushing them. For every thousand Denier ships down, only one unlucky Mutual happens to unplug the Ver. Any loops of gravitational bombs invoked

by the Deniers, the astrographers were quickly able to predict and consequently several Mutuals are saved. This was very fun, Sennki thought with a smile. Actually, this is what Sennki had expected from being a Mutual. He was whole mindedly in the zone. The millions of elimination ships abstractly in his mind, he could see; the strategic positions of the tactical motherhips as well. There was no unnecessary communication between him and his assigned constituent astrographers.

I wonder how Jonathan and Rodrigo are doing, he pondered for an instant. The awaited update from their tactical commander finally dawned on them as it said, “the HQ planet is only a few million kilometers. A few more minutes and the Deniers’ damned project inject is over.” Of course, the exhilarating blood-thirsty killings were happening at the forefront and Sennki knew that among them, there was Jonathan. Resting for a bit as he naturally adapted to his role, he felt a few regions go blank. Somewhere among the millions of regions he was handling, about 5 have gone offline.

“Jesus fuck,” he exclaimed unsurely. What the fuck is going on is the only thing he could bring himself to wonder as the phenomenon grew and his update request to the astrographers compounding. He notified Frida through the visor, “I got several blank spaces and they are not giving any indication as to why.” There was a pause as he discovered the effect to exponentially increase. “FRIDA! FUCKING HEAR ME! WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING?” The zone stopped in his mind, there were only a million regions active with about millions of blank spaces

it was useless. Before he could find his answers by removing his visor and demanding physically, Frida replied, "I... I don't know." Sennki's stomach dropped as he realized they were blind.

"I forwarded the critical condition to the tactical unit. They haven't replied." Despite Frida's shaking, her demeanor was commendable as the whole mothership turned to silence. Whatever is happening within the war has turned them blind. Frida continued with an even more worried tone "The other motherships are also experiencing the blank spaces." The air around their mothership was clearly gritting teeth. They, the ones who are responsible for the management of every space data, have been cut off somehow. The implications of such unknown were unfathomable. What is happening? What would happen to the Mutuals? Given our great start, We should be winning, right?

A scream from a corridor emerged accompanied by a running Mutual. The Mutual was a skinny guy but estimately of high intellect. The Mutual continued to be almost incomprehensibly hysterical as he finally made himself visible towards Sennki and Frida. There was silence except his clattering and hurried run. He shouted,

"Our... Our! string layered encryption key... IT'S COMPROMISED! The Mutuals who are fighting are all going to die!" His face strained with redness, "We need to get out of here! We are going to die!" Before they knew it, he clutched Frida as insignificant droplets of his spit signified the message he had to give. He let out a yell as his legs gave way from the shaking. He fell and cried.

Immediately, the astrographers in the ship scrambled as they evidently ran towards the escape pod hubs. Frida couldn't think. No, she didn't want to think. "Millions of Mutuals are going to die. This war... NO... THE MUTUALS are lost! The Federation's own key! Cracked!" like a doomsday prophet, he proclaimed.

12.

“Woohoo!” blasters from Jonathan’s ship obliterated yet another poor Denier to death. Information regarding the person he had killed revealed that the Denier was a normal C-rated one. Like inspecting the cards of a deck, the different recorded faces popped up at the peripheral view of Jonathan. He continued blasting and killing. Occasionally, his heart would race as he was about to be punished for his neglected blindspots, thankfully however, the defensive battalion behind him protected him in every case. This was painful for the poor Deniers, Jonathan knew.

All his battles so far went according to his training. He knew the same is the case for his other Elimination Mutual comrades. They had gotten close rather quickly. In some instances, there are movements from their ships which Jonathan could recognize. As they kill the ships that attack them, the rush of blood within Jonathan becomes ever more demanding.

“Jonathan, heed in formation to squadron 4.” His elimination commander ordered yet again. He followed suit towards his left traveling quickly while the battle outside him continued with visible blasts continuously being seen soundlessly. “Squadron 4?” thought Jonathan, “that’s strange. I can’t sense this in one of our training modules. Is there something wrong?” In his region of space which was actually quite near from HQ, everything seemed to be going smoothly. Nevertheless, he continued.

Out of nowhere, his visor turned black and he could feel his ship's momentum to continue its trajectory. This was not supposed to happen. "What the—" he desperately tried to remove his visor which he was able to thanks to a surprising companion he did not expect to join. The buzz of his wings was evident among the silence. The smooth ripples gave odd comfort to Jonathan. His visor popped off.

"Pox I!" he shouted, "What is going on?"

"It appears that your special communication lines have been tampered." Pox I replied with an unexpected robotic voice.

"No way, these are special communication systems from the Federation. They are encrypted string-layeredly." He began to feel his exhilaration wear off as another beast took over him. It was the horror of what this entailed. Among which constricted him was the inability now to use dimensional pocketing. Moving towards the ship's manual control system while leaving behind the scene of horror in front of him, he thought of various possibilities of what he had to do. All the elimination ships visible from his mainframe had stopped firing and began to continue on their trajectories. A lot of ships crashed almost suicidally towards the planet. Jonathan fixed and maneuvered from the manual control system. Evidently behind him, other ships have done that as well. An unlucky few had not.

"Picking up lost signals, this is Jonathan from elimination battalion division beta. What is going on?" He relayed the new signals throughout his area. Right now, he needs information badly. A buzz from his almost acoustic galactic signal system ringed.

“Thi... this is Kaiz... er, I request information from the elimination division.” Jonathan gripped the signal apparatus more tightly.

“Jonathan here, elimination ship 390 beta, do you copy? what is going on?” Suspense and impatience were the two emotions completely obvious from his mind.

No reply came.

“Fuck! fuck! Fuck! DEFENSIVE DIVISION? WHAT IS GOING ON?” He switched channels to target a particular locus in space which he knew was where a great number of defensive spaceships were located. “Fuck!” he cursed, shaking. No reply came. He ran through the ship to see the only source of information he could have—the mainframe battle scene. He stared around the space seeing the same odd stopped scene with several immobile elimination ships presumably with Mutuals requesting for information as he had done.

Sweating, his eyes happened to witness something different. Immediately, an estimate of 100 dimensional pocket deliveries came accompanying the faint figures of what looked like human beings in a different type of elimination suit.

“What the fuck is that—” the figures disappeared and behind the ship another signal came to pass. It was from kaizer as the signal signature had indicated. A scream came which brought a shiver down Jonathan’s spine. His mind began to imagine what the figures entailed. A cough of blood echoed from the ship’s speakers, and Jonathan steered his course as far as possible from whatever hellish spawn the figures had come from. Whatever the damage

done to their galactic networks has made it impossible to use dimensional pocketing.

A smooth slice followed by a gurgle of blood came through the speakers. However Kaizer may have looked in his imagination, he was dead. Tears began to roll from Jonathan's eyes; he had realized what those figures are, and he wished he had not. He let out a scream of horror. His ship moved as quickly as it technologically could away from the site. The figures, he knew, were the special assassination squadron of commander Warthorn. Like Shiva, they are skilled in the arts of biological dimensional pocketing and do not need spaceships in their craft.

His imagination took him. Several ships exploded in front of him clearly from the cold deadly kills of Warthorn's demons. Signals from the outside informed Jonathan of what cruel screams of his elimination and defense battalion Mutuals indicated of their death. Continued with his horror tears, it was finally him. A smooth blip sound emerged from behind him. He could feel the figure of death that was to bring his execution. He screamed and turned in defense like what the Mutuals had done before him. His life almost began to flash as he anticipated the clean stroke from the black suited Denier's arm. Yet, it did not come.

A shield of unknown strength came. "Thank you! Pox I!" Jonathan cried happy tears still with his heart beating anxiously. The figure in front of him which was several inches taller and of lean stature suggested he or she was the same galactic species of Shiva. The Denier disappeared and later reappeared surprised. He touched the

barrier between them with a realization coming. He looked annoyed and evidently informed someone through his suit.

“Pox IIIII! Please defend me, don’t let those bastard Deniers kill m—”

“Boing!” Pox’s shield replied when the Denier assassin struck it with its weapon modified arm. It had grown from a slender black arm into a menacing sharp weapon by nanotechnological processes. The shield from Pox I continued to emit its weird sound as the Denier assassin continued to slash. Realizing it was not effective, he disappeared from the ship. Jonathan dared to hope them not to come.

“Pox I! Can you give some of your energy to power this ship and escape from this system?” The purple beetle of defense heeded and the boosters in the ship accelerated him in a way he had never felt before.

“Hell yeah! Please let me out of here! Ahhhhh!” He zoomed and lost consciousness for a second before regaining it back. In front of him, he was completely outside of the system. The screen in front of him depicted certain scenes from the battles after he configured the manuals of the ship to receive them. He thought of Sennki and Rodrigo but was more concerned of Rodrigo because he knew Sennki was reasonably far away from where Warthorn’s assassin Deniers were wreaking havoc.

“Pox I, I am good here. You need to keep guard on Sennki and Rodrigo”

The beetle buzzed and replied with the same antiquated robotic voice.

“Bzzzz... I can’t... Motherships such as the locations of Rodrigo and Sennki... Bzzzz... have very intense string wave transmissions. It will mess up my... Bzzzz... rather rough gorgon-made system.”

Jonathan thought for a few moments before deciding to send a constructed signal artificially; a signal with a different encryption mechanism. Evidently and unbelievably, the Federation’s intelligence and main communication encryption mechanism had been hacked but how? He pondered blisteringly for a bit while manually and quickly establishing the beginning connection he wanted to Rodrigo.

13.

Never before did Rodrigo feel as powerless as now. How ironic, he thought, that almost a month ago he had been pretending to manage and win wars against the

Deniers. Now, reality hits him harder than before. He knew something was wrong with the very mission involved in this. Something just didn't add up, and what a cruel way for this to be demonstrated.

The locked room which Rodrigo along with other tactical Mutuals hid inside the mothership somewhat muffled the screams of coordinated death outside. Shots can be heard and screams as well; a clear indication that the soon to be killed non-elimination Mutuals choose to fight. The morale within his compartment was unusually low. At least, that's how he felt it to be although he knew some younger Mutuals than him, like the person right beside him, was dead nervous and screaming inside.

"Is this your first war?" Rodrigo asked before a louder scream from the outside.

"Y... y... yes." The poor Mutual closed his eyes as if believing that the whole war was a dream. The sweat glistened from the sides of his face which strangely complemented his tactical Mutual suit.

"I know you know this but it is good to be reminded. The Game lives on, and our battles here will serve humanity... will serve the Mutuals." Being the higher ranking Mutual from the compartment group, Rodrigo felt that it was his duty to—even superficially at least—bring up the motivation of his soldiers. A few feet in front of them, a mutual, overhearing the words of Rodrigo, couldn't help but reply, "Yeah, this momentary pain of death approaching is nothing compared to the life ahead of humankind."

The young tactical Mutual opened his dreamy eyes, acknowledging the reality of the impending doom. Yet, he smiled with a gleeful forcefulness. A louder scream can be heard, but this time, it was a war cry from the outside. Something awoke inside Rodrigo, and he had to, despite the aimlessness of their position now, show his soldiers that in front of them laid something greater. And so, a seeming spirit from an unknown bottomless pit possessed him. Whatever it was, Rodrigo felt power.

“Fellow tactical Mutuals! Hear me now!” War-cries continued outside the compartment. Rodrigo stood upright amidst the slumped Mutuals. Seeing this, all of those in the compartment looked at him, with a continued speechlessness but with renewed attention.

“Today, we die! But the journey to reach this point, we do so, so that tomorrow may live!” Rodrigo saw the eyes of the crowd glisten. He grinned within this short span of time with an outplaced happiness. “My dear fellow tactical Mutuals! By these principles, we so abide by! For the preservation, development, and... heck!... sheer love for humankind, this shall continue onwards. Let us die with this in mind!” War-cries continued outside while the screams of death were empty in the ears of those within Rodrigo’s room.

“Let us do it!” one of the adrenaline-fused tactical Mutuals in front of Rodrigo shouted. Soon, blood rushing and pumping in Rodrigo’s brain, only the battle cries from the compartment ringed in his head. It is not crazy to say that the earlier low-shimmered light brought on to Rodrigo’s consciousness lit up the entirety of their earlier

darkness. How did he notice it? Rodrigo could only smile and thank whatever it happened to be.

Indeed, the compartment door opened and unlike the assassins Jonathan had met, it was none other than Commander Warthorn, who right now is making his legacy as the “cruellest” Denier in universal history. The light from Rodrigo’s room beamed throughout the darkness from which Commander Warthorn originated. Behind the vicious commander, Rodrigo could, on the peripheries, see the cruel bloodiness of what had happened by Warthorn’s blade. It was, as legends had actually said, like a solar eclipse. The blade is the famous 10-degree shape-shifting assassin humanoid which heats itself, on average, like a star. Rumors even say, from what Rodrigo could remember in the short interim of his death, it can self-destruct causing a supernova.

“Ahhhh!” shouted the roughly 20 tactical Mutuals as they took notice of their beheaded main commander being held by Warthorn’s right hand. The Denier tossed it when three tactical Mutuals sprinted towards him with their own elimination blades. They were prepared to die. The movements that flowed from Warthorn occurred within a split second. They could only be indicated by the quick flash of dark light from Warthorn’s moving left hand. He truly was a deadly dark figure to behold.

Different body parts of the three Mutuals were cut off and lit by the extreme heating blade of Warthorn. They screamed, plopped to the ground, and eventually died—evidently, painful. The rest of the Mutuals soon followed suit, never stopping their cries. Hisses of Warthorn’s blade

also never stopped with each stroke painting Rodrigo's room with a dark red. Before the spectacle could end and Rodrigo to finally die, a signal from his visor entered his awareness.

"Jonathan? Jonathan!" Rodrigo screamed in the room as he knew how Jonathan relayed signal information. This abruptly caused Warthorn to look at him as he massacred 5 tactical mutuels of the remaining 6 which included Rodrigo. Rodrigo had a feeling that Warthorn was smiling.

"Check... check Rodrigo—" Jonathan's preconstructed signal sounded choppingly.

"Jonathan, report to the Federation immediately, we need a commander right now!"

The last 5 tactical mutuels died, and Warthorn loomed over Rodrigo with his hissing hot blade. Rodrigo was apprehending the strike of death from his hand, but a clearly constructed deep voice emerged from Warthorn. He laughed.

"Ah, Rodrigo,"

"Kill me, in a few moments, at least one commander will be here and your schemes are over." Rodrigo replied a little thoughtlessly. Warthorn continued to laugh albeit much more quietly and sinisterly; his visor masking his voice to be unusually low. Rodrigo readied his own blade integrated within his tactical suit.

"Thank you for your help with Sennki and I know the Red Wall will be coming and," he stopped briefly, clearly enjoying every moment of his power, "will be dead."

“What?” Warthorn’s blade struck him from his right shoulder and down exiting his right thigh, shutting his mouth to any further questions. His right side detached. This, he noticed as he looked at it and fell. Pain seared his muscles. He felt his insides being cooked. He couldn’t help but scream like those before him. His heart fluttered and in the remaining moments of his consciousness, he realized Sennki had somehow been affected by Andra. That was the only possible explanation. The events of the string conformational link and Sennki’s odd behaviors at times could only mean the Deniers have gotten in him. He was not angry though. He sighed and in the final end as the so-called curtains of black sleep came, he thought of nothing more but the spirit that had possessed him. He looked at the other soldiers’ chopped body parts and closed his eyes to the spectacle of Warthorn’s back. Warthorn, in the end, dimensionally pocketed away from the mothership.

14.

The words delivered from Rodrigo's mothership sent cold fear throughout Jonathan's already shaking body. His legs gave way but his mind held back the tears and his growling, raging voice. He needed a few seconds to think, even as the fleeting, cheerful memories he had with Rodrigo came back. It was painful. Pox I flew in front of him seemingly aware of the emotional turmoil that Jonathan is experiencing. The Red Wall is coming, he started to think. Could it be that the defensive commander of the Universe will die, he continued. His eyes let off the necessary tears. He configured the signals necessary to establish an artificial connection with the Verse's HQ despite the uselessness of such an attempt.

"Backup in *Vager System* is needed. The Federation's encryption structure is compromised. It is necessary for adjustments as this crisis is handled," Jonathan further

modified the signal, “the space coordinates are given as well.” A few tense minutes passed without any updates. Jonathan let out a rageful spree. Mindless, his hands flew in a fit of necessary emotional release as they destroyed the manual signal systems. Buttons broke, levers were pulled off, and holes were punched through. His suit protected this otherwise painful release. In the end of it all, nothing could be done and he slumped down, defeated with his visor open. Tears came streaming like a dam broke loose; his hate for Deniers dangerously growing.

15.

“Our Federation encryption key!?” Reshin banged the table in the Verse as he stood up. He knew it. There was

something off during the Universal hearing, but it's too late now.

“Unfortunately yes, as the tactical commander Grovort relayed. That's what happened.” The Mutuals within the instant communication room of the Verse are composed primarily of the intelligence branch and a few in the organizational branch. Their thoughts streamed and condensed into a summary of the main points of war. “Your presence is required, sir. There is a crisis going on in the war and several reports have even indicated that at least an estimate of 50 A-rated assassin Deniers have spawned which eliminated the entirety of the main elimination branch. The eastern flank is holding off, but our center and western elimination flanks, even of the defensive and tactical branches, are completely wiped off.”

“Any new updates from Grovort and other battalion commanders?” Reshin tried dearly to keep his head cool. Never before had he made such a blunder. The string conformational link was tapped, of course, by Denier forces. They spent grueling weeks trying to decode and hash his own specially made encryption key. Like a leaking ship, the water within the Federation's key had been analyzed and drained as they disgustingly and willfully exposed every tracking maneuver they did. Reshin angrily thought that perhaps even the war itself was empty. Project Inject had been, in fact, to inject themselves here. How foolish! Every infrastructure using his network security had to be shut down.

“I am afraid no sir. Apart from Grovort's updates and his rather rebellious link to HQ which permitted his

information, in the first place, to be given, no updates have been received. We are afraid that his lack of updates may have indicated that even his battalion is in crisis.”

Reshin had to move quickly. Necessary preparations were done within seconds as he dimensionally pocketed to his main commander ship and notified his crew. Chosen crew members arrived suddenly as well within the ship. Like a well-functioning machine, The Red Wall’s crew professionally took up their positions within the commander ship.

“As you all know, we need an artificial network established for the meantime to provide light on the battlefield. Command all of them to retreat now while they can!” His subordinates did as he ordered. Immediately, they were in the battle. Information came streaming through his mind. It is working. The dead ships present lit up around them as they escaped. A second of information indicated the gratitude they had for his arrival. The infrastructure revived, although whatever had been lost cannot be recovered. A notification within his commandeering role told of dark figures seen dimensionally pocketing throughout the space somewhat trying to still eliminate the now disappearing ships.

“Commander Warthorn’s assassins!” he exclaimed while ripping off his focus to the costly system needed to order his subordinates. His millions of defensive programs instinctively made him move to the right. He activated his special defensive automaton *Red Shield* gracefully. Like a cyber-tank, he warded-off a blow from a recognizable figure. In the process of doing so, he did what he had to do.

The isolation field of the commander ship was activated. Now, no one was to leave apart from the survivor of the oncoming genocide within his ship.

“The Red Wall, true to your name,” Warthorn said with a scornful voice through his visor. Without wasting any second, he had just dimensionally pocketed inside Reshin’s mothership with a cold strike; a principal goal of killing the Universe’s shield. His left hand powerfully pushed against him. His own automaton ineffectively tried to sear through the now evident shield that was generated to protect Reshin. Looking around almost instantly, Reshin assessed the situation. Roughly ten of his crew did not survive the immediate spawn of Warthorn’s 20 assassins. Some blood can be seen while others as well began to draw their own offensive items against their main opponents. Reshin knew what he had to do; he needed to hold off Warthorn so that every Mutual within the war could escape.

“Your dead Red Wall, Shiva’s not coming, we know she is drained from your interactions with the higher dimensionals.” Reshin tsked while dodging Warthorn’s own attacks orchestrated from assassination assimilation programs. Every surprising stroke from Warthorn was dodged, likewise Reshin’s not so deadly counterattacks did not faze Warthorn at all. Blows continue to be exchanged, and both of them are waiting to find any holes within their assimilated programs.

Reshin thought of prospective attacks that may come given the initial jabs that indicated the range of assassination programs that Warthorn had integrated. Truth be told, it was inhuman. A person normally

assimilates to 20 programs that are already highly specialized to the *a priori* inclinations of that person, however, in the case of Warthorn, 50 programs have been exposed and is still increasing. Reshin himself knew about 90 highly advanced defensive programs with a few specialized offensive ones for counter attacking when situations arise that require such measures. Fatigue building in his bionically modified body made him slower, meanwhile Warthorn not even losing a split second of rhythm.

The black figures soon joined the fight, about 3 missing from his earlier assessment. They probably were killed by his crew, he thought. Now, he is alone with his shield, 17 of Warthorn's Assassin, and Warthorn himself. Mindless, cruising to battle logs of the programs, they continued their dance. It annoyed Reshin that a talent such as Warthorn lay in the side of the Deniers. What a shame! Fighting him showed Reshin his capability of even becoming a more dangerous assassin than Shiva. He bit his lips, and iron he tasted. The pain was non-existent as his body already occupied his wandering consciousness in the few moments of freedom from the possession of his programs. His breathing soon delayed the necessary intake to maintain his notably increasingly heavy body. Fuck, his mind had to release. Is this how Warthorn will kill me? To tire me out?

Warthorn stopped, evidently noticing his lagging defense. Even though his characteristic suit hid his facial expressions, Reshin knew he was enjoying this and damn him, he thought. Exhibiting his power, Warthorn remarked

with a hand, communicating with his own biomechanically enhanced perceiving systems, on his temple “Hm, I guess this is goodbye to you Red Wall.” Warthorn’s earlier aggressive stand loosened. Another program, Reshin knew but this time different. His enemy disappeared with only traces indicated by his own program of him somehow going through his body. He activated his shield a nanosecond too late, and the inevitable happened. Warthorn reappeared behind him, but his right arm was missing. In this instant, Reshin knew his body had been cut and with this, his last card he played—a sacrificial program of sorts. Warthorn’s gaze went through his right arm—his blunder, and he fell with pain simultaneously Reshin as well as his lower body had been sliced through by the almost demonic final program of Warthorn.

They both screamed, but only one of them will surely die. “DAMN YOU RED WALL,” he stopped to curl on the ground where the feet of his followers soon followed, “Don’t heal me you bastards, I take this as a badge of honor!” He spat with blood his visor opening revealing his rather young but pained and scar-etched face. Noticeably, it also contained the enhancements that Reshin expected. He couldn’t feel the lower part of his body apart from the weird feeling of blood gushing. His never before extensive usage of defensive programs thankfully numbed the pain. This is it, he is dying. He didn’t know how long they had been fighting but it must have been at least an hour. He smiled at the realization it was more than enough time for most of the surviving mutuals to escape.

Warthorn continued to shout out the pain, now oddly with pride. His left arm's automaton covered the open wound on his right shoulder with a burning hiss. It smoked and covered the blood. "Hijack the escaping Mutuals' temporary system, and relay the death of their damned shield! We need every Mutual to lose their god-forsaken Wills!" he commanded and so, this is how the Mutuals were told of their shield's death.

16.

The escape pod's mainframe illustrated the half-torn body of The Red Wall, and Sennki had nothing to say except an empty stare of increasing realization. "What have I done?" he questioned himself as well as Andra, the Denier who had pushed him to leave the astrographer's mothership. Only a few more light seconds could he

dimensionally pocket away using another system of galactic networks, and yet the magnitude of his mistake made it impossible to see the purpose of it. Andra took notice of the huge wave hitting Sennki. His eyes widened, and hairs were being pulled from his head by his shaking arms. Where is he? He questioned. Wasn't he a Mutual? His head bled as his arms continued to search for something physical to remove from him. He needed to get his mind, his dignity, and self back.

An unspeakable demand arose from within his mind pertinent to Andra. It was more than a shrieking scream. It was painful; a releasing bomb of a pent-up inner Mutual Sennki self. Andra did not like the pain it invoked her despite the fact that she should be safely in the hyperdimensional space. His Will creased her and affected her, she guessed.

“Stop it! Your head is bleeding! Think about Magdalen!” she pleaded, more convincingly as a form of her own demanding self-comfort.

Sennki continued his burst. His previous self awoke, and it cannot accept the damage it had done. What had been going on almost unconsciously within him has affected the current state of the Federation. The Red Wall, dead, is an alarm that finally awoke the consequences of his actions. Could he handle them however is something he extremely felt to be impossible. The damage has been done. He gripped the elimination gun beside him, aimed it instantly at his head, and pulled the trigger decidedly to shut the necessary judgment of his part in this tragedy.

Something in his wrist streamed throughout his body with a hexagonal aesthetic. It was Magdalen's. Memories of her from the Nesting up to their recent meetings sparked a separate inclination albeit less powerful than what he is currently experiencing. It was enough however for Andra to begin a conversation.

“You can't do this to Magdalen!”

“I can't go on, knowing what I have played a part with. This is the least that I can do for humanity and myself.” Sennki removed Magdalen's wrist apparatus. Without actuality, it still felt as though her voice cried within the ship, pleading as well. Still, Sennki's ears are deaf from the last wish of his remaining Mutual Will.

“Are you completely insane! There is so much more beyond humanit—”

The clank of the gun on the floor accompanied the following hum of silence after Sennki's action. Without a doubt, he is dead.

The Deniers

1.

- (big reveal towards the middle) Sennki has been “biosoftware-hacked” into being a part of the Deniers, code-named, secret weapon S-9
- The secret underground intelligence denier group
- Sennki will be saved by Magdalen (and her group) towards the end wherein Sennki will be redeemed

- We will follow a rather ravacious group of deniers (Jo-ko, of the planet Tanheim, who belongs to