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5 MINUTES RELOADED



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5 Minutes RELOADED

A Novel by Oldwrench

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5 Minutes RELOADED

Chapter 1

It had been three months since the battle at Mar Sara. Arisa had spent a week aiding the bomb disposal squad on Mar Sara, finding and disarming the nuclear bombs planted in the colonies cities. General Parker had conscripted her after he heard that she disarmed the bomb on board the Krikav. By the time she got off the planet and to the general's flagship, the Lincoln, the rest of the Krikav's pilots had been sent back to earth. When she returned to the EDF main base on earth, she found she and the other pilots had been put on indefinite leave pending investigation of the incident at Mar Sara. When the 427 group first returned, they were hailed as hero's for saving the colony of Mar Sara and finding the real instigators of the incident at Tarsonis. But it didn't take long for the conspiracy theorists to cast doubt on the group. Now there were questions of the EDF orchestrating the incident to cover their guilt for the massacre at Tarsonis. Arisa tried to contact Chad, but had been turned away at every attempt. It was as if he had vanished. At one point she was told he had been reassigned and they didn't have any information where. After that, she got nothing more. Arisa returned home, but things had not gone well. There was something she wanted, and she was used to getting what she wanted.

Arisa stood in front of the big oak desk, directly across from her father. She had been in this same place in his large ornate office many times in the last few weeks. Her purpose had been the same each time. Arisa was sure her father had used his connections to have Chad sent away. She frowned and clenched her fists. "I don't care what you think of him, I want you to tell me where he is."

"No," Ian answered, not even bothering to look up from the display on his desk. "I won't have you associating with that sewer rat."

Arisa turned red with anger, "don't you dare call him that! Chad's a lieutenant, a pilot."

"He's a criminal!" her father broke in, looking up and raising his voice. "I've seen his record, he's a thief, probably a murderer."

Arisa scowled at her father, "maybe he is, but then, the only difference between you and Chad is, he did what he had to do to survive."

Ian jumped up so fast his chair crashed over backward. "How dare you compare me to that scum!" He shouted. "I'll have you....."

"What? Grounded?" Arisa shouted.

The door to the office burst open and a man in an EDF military police uniform entered, followed by the Higgins butler. "I'm sorry sir," the butler told Ian, "the officer would not wait."

Ian looked at the soldier, still flushed with anger. "What the hell do you think you're doing, breaking in, unannounced, like that?"

The MP glanced at Ian, then turned to Arisa, ignoring his outburst. "Lieutenant Higgins, I've brought your orders," he informed Arisa. "You are to report to Tycho base beta."

“Give me those papers,” Ian ordered him. “I’ll take care of them, it’s about time to end this foolishness.”

Arisa snatched the envelope with the papers from the MP. “No you won’t!” She barked. “You don’t run my life.” She turned and started for the door, then turned back, “Not now, not ever!” She assured him. The MP looked back at her fuming father, then followed Arisa out the door.

Arisa sighed as she left the room. “Could you wait a few minutes?” Arisa asked the MP. “I’ll get my things and go with you. I want to get out of here before father can do something to keep me here.”

The MP looked down at the small pilot and smiled. “I don’t think he can do that lieutenant. My orders are to make sure you get on a shuttle for the Tycho base.”

Arisa looked up at the officer. He was an older man, one with years of experience. She felt a bit better, even her father wouldn’t try defying a man like this one. She headed for her room, wondering why they would send an MP just to make sure a pilot followed orders. Maybe they found another one of those old nukes. At least she was getting away from home.

Ian was fuming, he started to reach for his phone when the door behind his desk opened, he turned to face his wife. She was still a beautiful woman, and you could see where Arisa got her good looks. She was a taller and more mature version of her daughter. She wore her blond hair longer, it’s golden curls cascading over her shoulders. She had the same cherry red lips and crystal blue eyes as Arisa.

“You’re driving her away, Ian” she told her husband. “Refusing to allow her to contact her friend will only fuel her defiance.”

Ian scowled, “I will not have her wasting her life chasing after lower class scum like that boy. I have plans for her, and she’s just going to have to get used to that.”

“Plans?” She asked. “Plans to marry her off to someone you choose, in order to add to your wealth?”

“That’s a woman’s place, to further her family’s business.” Ian barked. “She just won’t accept that. Arisa is just going to have to learn to do as she’s told”

Arisa’s mother shook her head, “you’ll never control her, Ian, she’s too much like you, too independent. You’ve ruined any chance you did have of getting her to agree to any of your plans. You might as well resign yourself to the fact that she is going to decide which man is the best for her. If she chooses Chad, there isn’t much you can do about it.”

“She will do what I tell her. Arisa is going to learn her place.” Ian picked up his phone, “I’m going to put an end to this. I’ll make sure she never sees that sewer rat bastard again.”

Chapter 2

Ben sat next to Megumi as they waited for the shuttle. He thought back over the last few months. Megumi invited him to come with her to her family’s orbital colony, since he couldn’t return to his home planet due to its distance away. Ben was more than happy to visit Megumi’s home, and not just because he wanted her to teach him more of her fighting techniques. Her family hadn’t been overly receptive of the foreigner at first. Her father had been cold and formal, her brothers were openly hostile, refusing to greet Ben. Their attitudes began to change the first time Megumi brought Ben to their

dojo. When Megumi introduced Ben to her older brother, Seiji decided he was going to teach this big blond foreigner not to mess with one of their women. He snapped a hard kick to Ben's side.

Ben frowned at the smaller man, "Ow..... Hey, that wasn't very nice."

Seiji backed up, damn, that had been like kicking a tree trunk. He wasn't about to be made to look bad by some untrained ape, even if he was the size of a gorilla. He jumped with a spin and lashed a kick to Ben's head.

Now Ben might have been slow at book learning, mathematics, navigation, tactics and such, but when it came to physical training, he was anything but slow. The bit of training Megumi had given Ben on board the Krikav prepared Ben for the attack. He snapped up his arm to block the kick and caught Seiji by the ankle. Ben held the surprised young man off the floor by his ankle. "I told you, that isn't nice. Now, I don't want to hurt anyone, but, if you insist I'm sure I can oblige you."

Seiji's two brothers stepped up to help and Megumi stepped between them and Ben, she wasn't going to let them gang up on Ben just because he wasn't of Asian descent. She didn't have to intervene. As Ben set the young man down, Seiji motioned his brothers to step back. He'd been defeated, now he had to reevaluate his opinion of his sister's friend. He turned to Ben and made a formal bow. "My apologies, Ben Wolfman," Seiji told him. "I allowed my prejudices to overrule my reason. "

Ben frowned, "Huh? Prejudice..... against me? Howcome?"

Megumi's youngest brother laughed at Ben's confused expression, "don't worry, Seiji isn't a bigot, he hates everyone the same."

Ben looked blank of a few seconds, then he got a big smile on his face, "well, that's ok then, as long as it's fair and all. I just wish you'd warned me about that prejudice thing though." It didn't take long for the brothers to gain a respect for the big man, and even Megumi's father was soon won over by Ben's infectious good nature.

The time had been the best in Ben's life, the practice in the dojo and the time spent with Megumi exploring the orbital colony. They had been happy till they both received the orders to return to the EDF base for reassignment. He felt Megumi's small hand slide on top of his. "Maybe we'll be transferred to the same outfit," he told her, hopefully.

Megumi sighed, "not likely, Ben. With all the bad press, because of Mar Sara, they're going to separate us and send us to the remotest outposts. They don't want any of us to talk with the media. They can't have any of us together."

Ben could hear the catch in her voice. He really didn't want to be separated either, not for the two years left till he could get out of the military. He cleared his throat, there was something he wanted to ask her..... Something important..... He just didn't know the words to use. "Um..... Megumi, I ah..... would you, um..... I'd like, um....." Suddenly the public address speaker broke in with a loud announcement that their shuttle was now boarding. People all around them began getting up and gathering their things.

Megumi squeezed Ben's big hand as they got up to join the lines moving toward the shuttle. She had a suspicion of what it was Ben wanted to ask..... He would get the chance again, when the time was right.

Chapter 3

Kaze sat, cross legged, on a rock as the cold waterfall poured down over his naked body. He held himself motionless as he tried to find his mental center of balance. He fought to keep his mind empty, but it was useless. He stood up and cursed. Coming back to the militia colony had been a mistake. The elders still didn't understand his reasons for joining the EDF. They still looked on him as a deserter. They couldn't see that their very existence depended on the protection of the empire. Without the freedom allowed by the central government, the paramilitary militia communities would be destroyed. The elders still preached their hatred for and withdrawal from the "oppressors".

Kaze pulled on his white robe and fastened the blue sash. When his orders had come to return to the EDF base, he'd told the elders that he must return. They insisted that he stay in the community, that if he returned to the EDF he could never come back. He tried to explain to the elders why he had to return, that if he failed to return he would be a deserter and the EDF would come to arrest him. The elders told him the militia would not allow the EDF to take him. They were fools, and Kaze let them know it. In the end, they took away his last reason for staying. They took away Nyanne. She had been promised to him when they were only children. They'd grown closer with each year, but now, the elders judged him unfit to father children for the clan. Kaze expected Nyanne to oppose their decision, to fight for what they had, but she had meekly agreed to abide by the wisdom of the elders. Wisdom? Was it wisdom to destroy the whole militia for one man? They were senile, they had the wisdom of a stone. They had sealed his fate by bonding Nyanne as the second wife of one of the older men of the clan. Kaze had nothing left to live for.

Rose finished packing her bags. She was reluctant to leave, she felt more at home here than she ever had before. After the excitement of their return from Mar Sara had passed, Rose had tried to make contact with Dominic, but no matter what she tried, she couldn't find him. In the end, she had decided to try to find Johanna's family..... her own ancestral family, in the Russian territories on Earth. She had felt a bit of fear deep inside when she stepped out of the train into that quaint old city. She didn't know what she could say to Johanna's parents.

Rose's fear was unwarranted, Johanna's smiling parents met her at the train station. Johanna's mother embraced Rose as if she had been her long lost daughter. And more than that, there were more than a dozen members of the Kerlov family waiting to greet her. Rose was the first of the family members from the Americas that had returned to the place of their origins. The family was hoping that this may be the start of a reunion that most members felt was far too long overdue. Rose soon felt like she was part of the family. When her orders came to return to the EDF, Rose felt reluctant to leave. The whole family turned out to see her off, and she was given more gifts than she could fit in her duffle bag. But there was a reason she was drawn back to the EDF, she had to find Dominic.

Chapter 4

Chad took one last look around his barracks room. The room was small and Spartan, like all military barracks, but this one had much more comfortable furnishings than

any other he had lived in. Once he was sure he hadn't left any of his few possessions, he left the room and headed down the corridor toward "freedom". Oh, he hadn't been in prison, it just had seemed like it. After the battle at Mar Sara, Chad had been taken aboard a light cruiser and transported directly back to earth. He'd spent the first couple weeks in the hospital at the Victorville EDF base, and then was transferred to The Dragonfly research program under Dr. Tod Moeller. The program had been classified as top secret and was under the tightest of security. Chad was not allowed any outside contact. That, Chad had found unacceptable, there was someone he needed to talk to. It took him a lot of pleading, arguing and finally refusing to co-operate, but in the end, General Parker's aide, Tom, had gotten permission for Chad to contact Arisa. The catch was, all the messages had to be censored by Tom. Chad had sent the messages, a lot of them over the past two months, but Arisa had never sent a reply. Chad had even asked Tom to use the General's influence to find out if Arisa was receiving his messages. Tom was reluctant but did get the system information for Chad. Yes, the messages had been received.

Chad met Dr. Moeller and his assistant Janis in the corridor on the way out. Tod was still fuming about Chad's departure. When the orders had come, that Chad was to report to base for a new assignment, Tod had almost exploded. He'd protested to General Parker, and to anyone else who would listen. The general had tried to get the orders rescinded, but had failed. He had finally explained to the scientist that someone with very high connections had pushed through Chad's transfer, there was nothing he could do about it.

Tod was in a black mood. "They can't do this," he complained. "We still haven't cracked the problem. There has to be something you haven't told us. Some reason you can operate the Dragonfly without losing your mind. They have to let us continue testing you."

Chad sighed, "I told you, there's nothing special about me. I just got lucky."

"No," Tod almost shouted, "there has to be something. We recreated the parameters of your initial situation, even down to the pilot not knowing what will happen, and we lost the pilot. Having the pilots spend hours in the simulator hasn't helped either. It has to be something in your psyche. There is something abnormal in your head!"

Chad stood still, frowning at the doctor. "There's nothing wrong with my head. You just go at this all wrong. You can't just dump people out into empty space, they have to get used to it first, and those simulators are useless. They look nice, but there's something missing. They just feel flat or something, I can't explain it, but you just know it isn't real."

"What can we do about it?" Tod fired back. "We can't just keep scaring pilots crazy till we find one that can take it. How could we make the simulators any more real?"

"Well," Chad mused, "You could try slaving a helmet to an unmanned Dragonfly out in space. That would be the real thing, but the pilot would be aboard ship with you."

Tod looked surprised, "I hadn't thought of that. Maybe that would work, if they knew they were actually in the ship."

"Hmmm, and why don't you start them out at a less transparent setting, maybe like halfway? That way they could see the outline of the mech around them, kind of like sitting in a dirty glass mech or something. That wouldn't be so frightening. Then they could make the thing as clear as they could stand as they got used to it." Chad added.

“That’s not possible,” Tod informed him, “the system isn’t designed with that capability.”

“Huh?” Chad looked surprised this time. “It is too, Ghost did just that, when I had to see what I was doing with my mech’s hands, that time Captain McFarlaine’s mech had a runaway power unit. Ghost could change the transparency to anything I wanted.”

Tod looked down at his assistant, Janice, “is that possible? Could the system be modified to have adjustable transparency? How could Chad’s unit have done that if it isn’t in the system program?”

Chad looked at the young woman. You could almost see the wheels spinning in her mind as her brow wrinkled in concentration. She pushed her oversize glasses up on her small nose, a habit she had when she was thinking. Chad knew Janis would come up with an answer, the mousy girl knew more about the Dragonfly than even Dr. Moeller did.

“It might be possible,” She finally replied. “If we duty cycled the sensor view with the real view. I would have to rewrite the display driver code, and there would be complications with syncing the displays so system is smooth enough for.....”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before?” Tod almost shouted as he turned and quickly headed back into the lab. “Come along! We have to rewrite the system! I knew Ross was holding out on us.”

Janice turned and started after Dr. Moeller then hesitated and turned back. She looked up at Chad. “Thank you, Chad,” she pushed her glasses up on her nose, “and goodbye.”

“JANICE!” Tod yelled from down the hall. “No time to waste, we have work to do.”

She quickly turned and almost ran down the hall, “I’m coming Doctor.”

Chad shook his head. That was just like the doctor, his research was everything, and Janice would do anything for him. Chad sighed and left the building, he got into the air car that was waiting for him.

As they drove off, the MP driving glanced over at Chad. “It must be real downer having to leave the easy life in a setup like this,” he said.

Chad almost laughed..... easy life? For two months he’d been subject to every question and every test Dr. Moeller, and every military psych specialist that the doctor could co-opt, could think up. He’d spent hour in the simulators. He’d spent hours wired up to..... who knows what kind of machines, while they tried their best to scare him or drive him crazy. They’d wrung everything they could out of him. The military probably knew more about Lieutenant Chad Ross than they did about any other human. All that time, Chad just wanted to get away, to go back to the 427th, to the few people who had been his friends..... to Arisa. But now, he just didn’t care anymore. Arisa hadn’t answered any of his messages. John was right, as soon as Chad was gone, she’d forgotten him. She probably found some other guy, someone from her own social rank. “Not really,” he told the MP, “it wasn’t that great.”

“Do you know where they’re sending you?” The MP asked.

“No, I don’t really care. I’ll get my orders when I get to the EDF base on the moon.” Chad told the MP. He was a bit curious though, it must have been someone with pretty high connections if even General Parker couldn’t get the orders changed.

Chapter 5

Layla leaned close and whispered to her friend, "He's one of them, I know it."

Dana shook her head, "no, I saw them when they came back to base, he wasn't with them."

"But, he is," Layla assured her, "He was injured, that's why he has that cane. He was in the hospital at that time. I saw his picture on the news."

"I don't know," Dana hesitated. She looked the man over. His EDF uniform looked like he had slept in it, he hadn't shaved in a few days and his hair was uncombed. "I don't remember that."

"I'll just go and ask him," Layla said as she got up and headed toward the bar.

"No, wait... Layla!" Dana called after her friend, as she got up quickly to try to stop her.

John Crichton sat at the bar, morosely nursing his second drink. It would be his last, till his next disability check came through. He sighed, there wasn't much left for him, now that he was a cripple. Damn doctors, they didn't know anything, they said everything had healed up just fine, but it hadn't. They just couldn't get it right. Now he was out of the EDF, medical discharge, and the space administration wouldn't have him back. If only Chad hadn't disappeared. If that stash of old movies he talked about was real, they could make a fortune..... If..... he sighed. If the little froggy had wings, he wouldn't bump his ass every time he jumped. John looked down at his almost empty glass as someone walked up next to him.

"Excuse me, sir, were you at the battle of Mar Sara?" Layla asked him.

John looked down at the girl. She was an EDF academy cadet. A medium height , mocha skinned girl. Her curly black hair was just past shoulder length, she had a cute round face with dark brown eyes. The girl tended to be a bit overweight, but in all the right places. John smiled, "why, yes I was, right in the middle of it."

Dana came up behind Layla. "Oh, wow! You really were one of them? Could you tell us what happened? What was it like to be in the battle?" The girl excitedly asked. This was unexpected, to meet one of the pilots that she, and many other of the cadets considered heroes, no matter what the media tried to make of them. Dana looked into his light blue eyes. She could see there was a handsome and intelligent man under that scruffy exterior.

John looked the new girl over, a tall slender blond. She had very long silky hair, bright blue eyes a small nose and very red lips. She looked about as good as money could make a girl look now days. It had been a long time since any woman had shown interest in him, a long time since he'd been with a woman..... a long time since he'd even tried. John turned on the charm, "I'd be glad to, it wasn't at all like the media boys tell it, I know, we were set up, someone thought we were expendable, but we fooled them. "

"Ooooo! Dana squealed. "Please tell me all about it. I'll buy you another drink."

"Hey!" Layla interjected. "I saw him first. Don't go hogging him all to yourself."

John put his arm around the smaller girl's shoulders. "No need to be fighting now girls, there's plenty of old Johnny-boy to go around." He assured her. "Let's find a nice booth and I'll tell you all about it."

Before John could make his way across to the booths, the door opened and three military police entered the bar. The lead MP took a quick look around the room then stepped up to John. “Big surprise, finding you in a bar hitting on the women, Crichton.” He sneered at John. “It’s been a long time.”

“Not long enough, Korth” John told him. “So, they let you out of your cage. What’s the occasion, a social call, or are you here to harass someone?” John was confused, if they came for one of the cadets, why would they bring three MP’s? What could the girls have done?

“I’ve got orders to haul your ass into base, Crichton, and I’m not letting you get away this time.” Korth told him, with a vicious growl.

John laughed, “go crawl back under your rock, I’m retired, medical discharge. You don’t have jurisdiction anymore. Too bad, I’m sure you thought you could get revenge for last time we met.”

Korth shoved an envelope of papers at John. “The laugh’s on you, bastard, your discharge is rescinded, I’m taking you in, one way or the other. You can come in peacefully, like a whipped mutt, or we can drag what’s left of your carcass in when we get done with you. Take your pick.”

John stared at the envelope. Rescinded, could they even do that? Why would they? He would never be able to pilot a mech again. Unless..... court-martial, that had to be it. The military needed to blame someone to get the media off their backs, and it looked like the 427th were the sacrificial goats. John leaned on his cane and sighed, a few months ago he would have..... No, now he was useless, no sense in fighting it. “Alright, I’ll come along,” he answered in a weary voice.

Georgianna sat on the edge of her bunk, head in her hands. It was over, there was nothing she could do now. They must have found out about the black outs, her waking nightmares, battles, fire and destruction, innocent people dying and nothing she could do about it.....post-traumatic stress disorder. She’d tried not to let anyone know, but, how could they miss it. The blackouts had started shortly after they returned from Mar Sara. She had tried to get away, take some R&R time at one of the Mars colonies. She remembers leaving for the colony, but can’t remember anything till she found herself back at the moon base. She’d persuaded the EDF to let her function as a firearms instructor. She’d done alright, but there were times she was out of it, like she was in a trance. Someone must have reported it. Enough of them knew about it. After today’s incident, they all must know..... The firing range had become a large room, the targets transformed to people, government leaders, military brass, leaders of the empire, and they were plotting to destroy another planet, to kill all the people. They were giving orders for the EDF to attack, to wipe out everyone. She couldn’t stand it, couldn’t obey their orders. They were murderers and they were laughing about it.

She had to stop them. Georgianna had picked up the rifle and shot them, all of them. She’d emptied the rifle then pulled out her sidearm and emptied it at those laughing killers, but they didn’t fall. They became hideous figures, alien. Why weren’t the others firing at them? She pulled the gun from the holster of the man next to her and fired till it was empty..... The room slowly dissolved into the firing range, the targets, all of them registering multiple hits. She stood staring blankly.

“Um, sir, could I..... um..... have my weapon back?” The frightened young MP standing next to her asked.

Georgianna looked down at the gun, then at the young man. Damn, she'd have to cover this somehow. "The trigger pull is too heavy and the sight is off to the left. Have it repaired," she told him as she handed the gun back. But it was too late to cover up. They already knew. He was there with her orders to report to headquarters.

PTSD.....they would send her to the hospital..... the "loony bin". "Captain Georgianna McFairlane," She whispered, it was who she was, it was all she had left, and now it would be taken away from her.

Chapter 6

Colonel Daniel Hellwind took a sip of his brandy. It was a good brandy, smooth. "But Uncle George, the eleventh, why did they have to assign me to the eleventh? That's worse than giving me command of an outpost in nowhere." Dan complained to the General who was sitting across from him.

After the loss of Daniel's father, General George Parker had raised Daniel as his own. He looked across at Daniel, he knew the young man was getting a bad deal, and yet..... "You should just feel lucky you got a command, Daniel," the General told him. "It was all I could do to keep you out of a court-martial. Your father had enemy's Dan, and you've made a few of your own. Someone higher up than me pulled the strings to get you a command."

"But the eleventh?" Dan complained. "It's just a taxi service. They never see any combat, any action. It's the cadets that can't pass combat training. They've never been in a fight, not even during the colony wars. All they do is look pretty for the diplomats they haul around the empire. I need more than that."

"You'll just have to hang in there till this mess blows over." The General counseled. "In a few years you might put in for a transfer to a combat unit. Your first assignment is important enough, it's one of the imperial family, Princess Melpomene. She's on a diplomatic mission."

Dan sipped his brandy, "I guess that's better than babysitting some big wheel's kids on vacation to an amusement dome." Daniel sighed. "What kind of mission? I haven't read the orders yet. Some kind of ladies dinner, or a pony show, or some other boring gathering?"

"A bit more important than that, Dan." The General told him. "It's a council of the leaders of the colony worlds. They are discussing breaking away from the empire. The outcome of this council could mean the difference between peace and another bloody war."

Dan mulled this over as he took another sip of the brandy. "If it's that important, why would they send Princess Melpomene? She's the youngest of the emperor's children, I wouldn't think she would be their first choice. And, don't they have diplomats specially trained for things like this?"

"Don't underestimate the princess," the General cautioned. "Mel is one of the most gifted people I know. She is one of the best educated psychologists in the empire and has a unique ability to understand people and societies. I've known Mel since she was a baby, that little girl could charm her way into the heart of a bronze statue." General Parker looked out the window as he sipped his brandy. "Melpomene," he breathed out the name, "Did you know that was the name of one of the muses in ancient Greek mythology? I just hope it isn't a bad omen."

“Oh?” Daniel replied, “I didn’t know that. Well, that’s a good thing, isn’t it? We have our own muse.”

The General continued to gaze out the window, “Melpomene was the muse of the tragedy.”

Daniel returned to his room, he had a lot to think about. Who had stuck him with the eleventh, and why? The military knew the truth about Mar Sara, he might have stretched his authority, but they still had prevented the situation from becoming a bloody mess. There was someone still out there who was behind the sabotage of his mission, and the massacre at Tarsonis. He just wished he had a chance to take on the real people behind the Red Faction.

Daniel sat at his desk, facing his computer screen. He sighed, he was putting off sliding the memory chip into the machine. He was afraid to see what he would have as personnel for his new command. He already knew his command would be short four mechs, and all the pilots were new transfers to the eleventh. He hadn’t been told why, perhaps he would find out when he checked the mission orders on the memory chip. It seemed strange that they would short his command, especially since they were transporting an imperial Princess..... Why the eleventh, why short four mechs, why the Princess? Too many questions. Someone had manipulated his first command, had planned sabotage, had set him up for failure. But he’d fooled them, with a bit of luck and the help of an amazing group of pilots. Was some attack planned against him this time? They had ruined the Red Factions plans at Mar Sara, that had to have made him a few more enemies. He not only had to make his new command into the best parade unit in the EDF, he was going to have to forge them into some kind of fighting unit, even if they were misfits and rich kids. Melpomene..... Daniel wasn’t a superstitious person, but..... Daniel opened the folder containing the eleventh’s personnel and scrolled to the first pilot, he scanned the page and frowned. Daniel scanned the next pilot’s page and the next..... Finished checking the pilot’s bio’s, he leaned forward and put his head in his hands. They were definitely out to ruin him. How could he ever turn that mess into a polished parade unit?

Chapter 7

Chad was in a despondent mood as he exited the tram car. Not only had there been technical troubles at the orbital transfer station delaying the moon shuttle for hours, construction on the tram system had delayed his arrival at the EDF base. He was a couple hours late and missed the shuttle to his ship. He frowned, there was no way he was going to make any crazy effort to get to his ship like he had last time. He just didn’t care if they kicked him for it or not.

“Would you be Captain Ross, sir?” Chad looked down at the Ensign that approached him, a girl of medium height and build, a softness to her figure, the boys at home would have called her “squeezable”. She had a round face with large, doe like, hazel eyes, and straight brown hair that fell half way down her back. She looked very young and eager.

Chad looked around the room then back at the girl. “I’m Ross, but I’m a Lieutenant,” he told her.

“Oh,” the girl looked down, “my Colonel sent me to pick up a Captain Chad Ross. He said transportation problems made him late for the shuttle. You fit the description he gave me.”

Chad laughed, "It figures, the EDF would screw that up too. I'm Chad Ross, but I'm just a lieutenant."

The girl brightened, "Oh good, I got it right, the Colonel will be happy. Oh, my name is Tammy Wise." She had a nice smile. "The Colonel's shuttle is waiting. I'll take you to the ship."

As Tammy guided the shuttle through the waiting EDF ships she looked over at Chad. "Wait till Layla and Dana hear about this..... they're friends of mine. They were bragging that they met one of the pilots from the battle of Mar Sara, but now, I've actually met the Ghost."

Chad looked at her, "you know about that?"

"Oh yes," Tammy assured him, "everyone knows about the battle, that you shut down all the enemy mechs. That was amazing."

Chad looked away, "it's no big deal..... Do you know who your friends met?" Chad tried to change the subject.

"It was John Crichton," she told him. "They said he was going to tell them all about the battle, but some MP's came and took him away."

Chad chuckled, two girls, and dragged off by MP's, he should have known it was John. "Where did they meet him."

"It was here on the moon, at a bar in Tycho three dome," Tammy told him.

"Oh," Chad sighed, "It would have been nice to see him again." Chad was a bit disappointed, he had a package to give to John. Well, at least he knew where to start looking for him, when he got the chance. "Do you know where we're going?"

"I heard we're going to a planet named Shakuras, somewhere out on the rim." She answered. "Oh, there's our ship," Tammy beamed, "the newest of the White Magic class carriers. It has all the latest armament and sensor systems, a lot of it added after your battle at Mar Sara. Isn't it beautiful?"

Chad looked the ship over. It did look good, clean and new. As they circled toward the hangar deck, Chad looked for the name, he blinked and looked again..... Krikav - b.

Chad admired how expertly Tammy guided the small craft into the hangar. She smiled when he complimented her ability. "I think I'll check out my mech before I head to my cabin." Chad told her.

"I'll make sure your bag gets to your room, Captain..... err, Lieutenant." She told him. "I haven't met the other pilots yet, they probably are in the lounge right now."

Chad looked over the room, the doors to the Mech bays were closed, that was something different. He wondered which door his mech was behind.

"Hey Chad, you finally made it, welcome aboard."

Chad spun around then got a smile on his face. "Bob! What are you doing here?"

"I guess they couldn't turn you loose with a new mech without sending me to make sure you take care of it, seeing how you wrecked the last couple you had." Bob stepped up and shook Chad's hand, "great to see you again."

"A new mech? Chad laughed, "so they actually trust me with a new mech?" He looked around, "is Greg here?"

"Greg retired from active duty," Bob informed him as they walked over to one of the hangar bays, "something about being too old to go crashing into planets. He's teaching

at the academy now. Ya, they sent you a new mech, fresh out of the factory. Seems they think you're the only pilot that can handle it." Bob activated the control to the blast door.

"Why are all the blast doors down?" Chad asked. "Is there some kind of trouble?"

"Na," Bob assured him, "just the latest safety directive from the top brass. After our last mission, they're seeing sabotage in their dreams. Well, I guess we didn't get all those Red Faction guys, that Geraldine character did get away, so they may be plotting something else..... There she is, the pre-production model Dragonfly. There won't be any production units till they figure out why you can use it and nobody else can."

Chad looked up at the new machine. The same dull dark grey, the familiar shape and size..... but, it wasn't the Ghost. He sighed. "Maybe the difference is that I didn't have a choice, once I found it, I had to learn to use it."

Bob laughed, "maybe you're right. You were desperate enough to make the system work for you. Why don't you climb aboard and check it out. This new one is a lot better than that old cobbled together mech you had. I think you're going to like it. It's got a better power unit, lots more output, so you have a standard Firefly weapon set. It's got an even better computer and improvements to the control systems."

"I suppose it will be better," Chad admitted as he climbed the steps up to the cockpit platform. He checked over the clean lines, he'd never been assigned a new mech before, no dents or damage. Chad climbed into the cockpit and sat in the pilots chair. It was certainly nicer than the old Ghost had been. The seating was comfortable and the control consoles nicely finished. Not the cobbled together mess that he had become familiar with in the Ghost. He sighed, it just wasn't going to be the same. He supposed the new unit would serve him well once it had been conditioned..... But it wouldn't be the Ghost, that had almost felt alive to him. Chad booted up the controls, might as well start checking out the new systems.

"Hello Chad, it's so good to see you again."

Chad's head snapped up, instinctively he looked around, "Ghost?"

"Yes Chad."

"But..... How?" Chad asked, almost afraid he was dreaming. "I thought you were wrecked on Mar Sara."

"The old mobile suit hardware was damaged beyond feasibility of repair, but my core memory was undamaged, Chad." Ghost told him. "Since I was integrated to Pilot Chad Ross it was only logical that they would install my core memory in your new mobile suit. I have waited a long time for your return."

Chad got a rueful smile, at least one female hadn't deserted him, even if she wasn't quite human.

Chapter 8

Arisa left the pilot's lounge and turned down the corridor toward the hangar. She was in a bad mood and just couldn't sit there with the other pilots. Maybe she'd just go sit in Keon and sulk. Arisa had hoped her new mission would give her a chance to search for Chad. So far, the few inquiries she'd made had gotten her exactly zero. Now, she was assigned to some useless unit and they were being sent to the far end of nowhere. She wouldn't have any chance of digging up information on where her father had

coerced the military to send Chad. Or perhaps her father had threatened Chad, or paid him off to stay away from her..... or worse, had him eliminated. She had to find out, one way or another.

As Arisa walked across the hangar floor, she passed in front of one of her new unit's Fireflys. She stopped and looked up at the big machine, then, she climbed the steps to the cockpit level platform. She turned and leaned on the railing, looking out over the hangar floor. It just wouldn't seem right..... not having Chad there. He should be the one piloting the recon mech. She didn't understand why, but ever since she'd first run into the tall young pilot, she'd wanted to be around him. "It's not fair," Arisa complained to the empty room. "Just when I find a boy I really like, dad has him sent away." Arisa was sure it had to have been her father's doing. No one else she knew had the money and connections to make people disappear. "It's just not fair..... I don't care where dad made them send you, I'm going to find you Chad Ross. I don't care if he paid you to go, I won't let you get away....." Arisa wiped at her eyes and sobbed. "If only you'd call me, or e-mail. Why don't you send me a message, even if it's just to tell me you don't want me around....."

Chad checked over the control systems of the new mech, There had been some upgrades to the standard Firefly and, of course, the command set for the stealth system. He booted up the main screens and was about to pick up the helmet to check out the full sensor systems when he froze. He watched her climb the steps to the platform, her lithe petite form, her bright blue eyes, deep red lips and her crown of golden curls. He reached for the canopy release, she was everything he wanted, he stopped and pulled his hand back, and everything he couldn't have. She hadn't answered his messages, it was obvious, she'd forgotten him. "I have to get out of here, transfer to another outfit..... Even if I have to go AWOL, I can't stay here." He mumbled.

"To go AWOL would be against EDF regulations, you should not do that, Chad." Ghost told him. "Why would you need to leave?"

"She doesn't want me anymore, Ghost. She's forgotten all about me, probably found some other guy. John was right, I was just a toy to her. I can't stay here if she's here."

Suddenly the outside microphone pickups turned on and Chad heard, " I don't care where dad made them send you, I'm going to find you Chad Ross. I don't care if he paid you to go, I won't let you get away..... If only you'd call me, or e-mail. Why don't you send me a message, even if it's just to tell me you don't want me around....."

Over the noise of the hangar, Arisa didn't hear the cockpit opening behind her. "I did send you e-mails, a bunch of them," Chad said as he stood up in the cockpit. Arisa spun around, her eye wide with surprise. "but, you never answered them, not a single one." Chad accused her.

"I.. I never got any." Arisa quietly answered. Tears blurred her vision as she raced the few steps across the platform. "Chad!" Arisa screamed out as she dived straight over the main console and wrapped her arms around the boy, driving him back down into the pilot's seat. As she scrambled across the console to slide down onto Chad's lap, her foot, fortuitously, tapped the canopy control, shutting the two in. Three months earlier, when they first kissed, Arisa had decided she was going to teach Chad how to

be a great lover..... She had three months of lost time to make up for, and she was trying her best to catch up.

It's a good thing Chad wasn't claustrophobic as the canopy closed over them. He found himself squeezed behind the main console, where there is hardly room for the pilot, with Arisa sitting on his lap. It's a good thing he was slim and Arisa so petite, they barely fit, but, with the girl pressing against him and his arms around her, he didn't mind at all.

Chapter 9

Georgianna was in a black mood as she headed for the hangar. She had been elated to find that she wasn't being called to a court martial but to be assigned to a new outfit. The elation hadn't lasted long. She'd been assigned to a worthless unit and now they were being sent to the middle of nowhere. All she could imagine was, they were trying to get rid of her, of everyone connected with the Mar Sara operation. Now they'd been ordered to assemble on the hangar deck..... In dress uniform, what the hell was going on?

Bob chuckled as he stopped the video playback on his camera. He was really glad he thought to grab it when he saw Arisa climbing up to Chad's mech. He figured things might get interesting, seeing how low a mood the girl had been in. He guessed there would be fireworks, one way or the other. It turned out to be the good kind..... Wait till he put this up on the screen in the lounge.

Bob looked up when Captain McFairlane came up to him. He started to smile but thought better of it. For a beautiful woman, the captain could be very scary. "Is there something I can do for you Captain?"

"Have you seen Arisa?" Georgianna snapped. "She disappeared just before we got orders to assemble here in dress uniform."

"Oh, she showed up a few minutes ago... here." Bob restarted the video on the camera and handed it to Georgianna. He thought a bit of humor would lighten up the Captain's mood. He was wrong.

Georgianna scowled at the camera, "Ross," she growled. Georgianna slammed the camera back into Bob's hands and turned toward Chad's mech. "I told her to stay away from him. She just doesn't get it."

Georgianna slapped her hand on the communicator next to Chad's mech. "Arisa, Ross, get down here, NOW!" She ordered. Georgianna closed her eyes for a moment, wishing she could get rid of the headache that had been plaguing her.

Arisa sighed as Chad reached for the control to open the cockpit, they never had enough time. She gave Chad one last quick kiss before she turned and climbed out of the mech.

Chad started to stand up as Arisa climbed out, then sat back down. Maybe he should wait a bit..... If having the little beauty sitting on his lap, kissing him, wasn't enough, seeing her climbing out over the main console was almost too much. Arisa was wearing the same skirt like shorts she had been on the Mar Sara mission when she had climbed into her mech in front of him. But this time, she was so close he could have..... She just didn't know what she was doing to him.

Arisa glanced back before she climbed down from the service platform. She smiled when she saw the expression on Chad's face. She knew exactly what she was doing to

him, that's why she'd climbed out over the console instead of off to the side like a pilot normally would. She knew the tricks to catching a boy's eye, and she intended to use every one of them on Chad.

Georgianna frowned as Arisa came up to her. Arisa's happy smile just made her mood worse, she didn't know why. "What the hell were you doing in that mech? Couldn't you even wait till you got to your room?"

Arisa's smile never wavered, "why would we go to my room?" She asked in her most innocent voice. "Well, anyway..... I haven't seen Chad in three months. We have some catching up to do."

"I warned you to stay away from him, he's going to get you into trouble," Georgianna growled. "He's not your kind."

Arisa's smile faded, her look became icy. "And just what "kind" is he, Captain?"

Georgianna closed her eyes for a moment, why was she getting so upset about this? Hadn't she decided, long ago, that it wasn't her business, but she just couldn't let it go. She looked up, trying to think of an answer, something that would cool the situation, but just then Chad walked up. "What took you so long, Ross?" She barked. "I gave you an order, I expect you to move."

Chad looked down at the Captain. "I, ah, had to shut down some things," he told her, his face starting to redden a bit.

"When I give you an order," Georgianna growled, "you will obey it immediately."

"Not necessarily," Colonel Hellwind's voice came from behind her.

Georgianna spun around to look glare at the Colonel as he walked up to them. "What do you mean by that?" She demanded.

The Colonel didn't answer her, he looked at Chad, "glad to see you made it, Captain Ross," he said, making sure to emphasize the Captain. "I suppose you haven't been to your room yet, your insignia and promotion orders are waiting there."

"Captain?!" Georgianna raised the question in an indignant tone. How could he have been promoted? She was about to say more when she was cut off.

Whap!! Chad almost fell over from the blow to his back. "Hey, Chad! I wondered if you'd show up. Great to see you buddy." Ben's voice echoed through the room.

Chad spun around and scowled at the huge man, "I should have you arrested for assaulting an officer," he threatened.

Ben blinked, "Huh? What do ya mean?"

"Oh, Chad was promoted to Captain, Ben," Arisa giggled.

Ben took a step back, putting his hands in the air, "Oh man, sorry sir. I didn't mean anything by it."

Chad laughed as he stepped forward and shook Ben's hand, "I glad to see you too, Bullseye."

John Crichton limped up to the group, leaning heavily on his cane, "this is interesting, most of our unit brought together again. But, what's with the dress uniforms?"

"In a few minutes, Princess Melpomene will be coming aboard." Colonel Hellwind informed them. "She is going to be traveling on board the Krikav."

“What?” John said incredulously. “Why? Don’t the imperials travel on their own luxury transports? In fact, doesn’t the eleventh just escort the transport liners for the diplomats and imperials? None of them ever come aboard, it’s too much of a step down from their luxury ships. Why would she travel on the Krikav?”

“I don’t know,” the Colonel answered, “Who knows what those imperials are thinking. We are escorting a transport carrying her staff, but no imperial ship. Maybe they think someone will make an attack on the empire’s delegates and an imperial ship would be too good a target..... It’s never happened, the eleventh has never been in a battle, but.....” A sudden thought occurred to the Colonel, what if this was a setup? Someone had tried to set his command up for destruction at Mar Sara. What if that someone was making another try?

“So that’s why we were assigned to replace the eleventh’s personnel,” Megumi added as she came up to stand next to Ben. “They wanted a combat team, without causing suspicion. Who better for the job than the people they appear to be trying to get rid of.” She saw that a few of the others were nodding in agreement.

An alarm sounded in the hangar and the inner lock doors opened to admit the shuttle. “We can think about that later,” The Colonel ordered, “she’s here, everyone line up for inspection.”

“Georgianna... Captain, hey, Georgi, wake up,” John tried to get through to the Captain. He saw recognition slowly light her dull eyes. “Colonel ordered us to get in line for inspection. Are you alright?”

Georgianna blinked and looked around. Damn, she’d blanked out again, but this time it wasn’t like the illusions he’d had before, this time, it felt like someone else was inside her, watching her. “I’m fine,” she snapped at John, “it’s just this darn headache. Right, get in line.”

Chad had been watching Georgianna, he thought he noticed something wrong, she just wasn’t acting like she had last time he’d seen her. She’d been spaced out, like the druggies he’d known in the lower city. But, she’d snapped out of it in seconds when John called her name..... strange. Maybe she was just overtired.

The Colonel looked over their rather uneven line and almost groaned. He would never make a parade group from this bunch, everything from the oversize Ben to tiny Arisa, who was still wearing her casual uniform. And worst of all, Chad had been traveling two days, and he looked like it. He just hoped the princess wouldn’t bother with inspecting the troops. “Attention everyone,” he called out and turned toward the shuttle as the door opened.

Chapter 10

Colonel Hellwind wished he’d had time to straighten out the mess of a lineup that the pilots had made. They could at least have lined up by height or something. The shuttle door opened and a very officious looking older man exited, followed by a young woman who was apparently the princess’s aide. Dan held his breath as Princess Melpomene started down the ramp, it had been years since he had last seen her. They had been children when he had accompanied General Parker on visits to the imperial palace. He had played with the emperor’s two sons and their little sister was always hanging around. She’d changed..... Uh, well, of course she had..... Daniel thought she was stunning. Tall and slender, but blessed with abundant curves, her silk

dress flowed like a watercolor in a rain shower. She had a beautifully regal face with bright hazel eyes and deep red lips, her dark auburn hair was wrapped in a long loose braid on top of her head held in place by her jeweled tiara.

Dan was so captured by her he almost forgot to welcome her aboard. “Welcome aboard the Krikav, Princess,” He told her as he bowed to her. “I trust you will find the eleventh ready to serve you.”

“We shall see,” she told him in a haughty voice and stepped forward toward the line of pilots, dashing the Colonel’s hope that she might not wish to review the troops. The princess wanted a firsthand look at the pilots. She had taken great pains to find out all she could about each of them. She knew more about them than even Colonel Hellwind.

Melpomene stepped up to the first pilot, she looked down on the smaller man. Kaze, she thought to herself, the pilot from one of the para-military communes, an excellent mixed martial arts fighter. What was he doing in the EDF? The communes wanted nothing to do with the empire, they feared the EDF, what was their purpose of sending him to join?

Arrogant imperial, Kaze thought to himself. They look down on us like we’re inferior scum.

She stepped to the next in line Rose Kerlav, a medium height woman, but she was the textbook definition of voluptuous. She was related to Colonel Kerlov who had been killed at the battle of Mar Sara, that might cause some revenge issues, plus, the captain, Torres, that had disappeared seemed to be someone of importance to her. This could cause problems.

Rose looked up at the taller woman, feeling a bit awed, she had never been in the presence of imperial royalty.

Next in line, John Crichton, he was a handsome man, slightly taller than she was. His story with the space agency was an enigma. His injury was another enigma, the doctors insist the nerve regeneration was complete and there is nothing that can be wrong with him, yet Lieutenant Crichton has been in pain and unable to walk without a cane. He’d been in deep depression and had been trying to drink himself into oblivion since he’d gotten out of the hospital. This was a fascinating case, she would have to look deeper into his mental state.

John stood as straight as he could, if only he didn’t need this cane. What would a woman like the princess think of a cripple like him? He felt useless.

Next was Captain Georgianna McFairlane, a woman as tall as the princess but much more athletic. Melpomene thought the fiery haired woman could easily be one of the warrior women in the ancient books her brother use to collect. It would be fitting because the Captain had a reputation as a ferocious fighter. There was a problem though, she had gotten reports of Georgianna’s blackouts, and worse, her hallucinations. These appeared to have started after she returned from leave she took on her return from Mar Sara. She would have to watch this one.

Georgianna could feel something trying to control her mind, trying to see out of her eyes. She felt hatred for the woman standing in front of her, but she couldn’t understand why.

The next pilot, Ben Wolfman, was the largest man she had ever seen, and she’d seen plenty, her father’s imperial guards were all selected from the largest of soldiers. It wasn’t just that he was so tall, he seemed as wide as he was tall. Good lord, his arms

must be as big around as her waist. She wondered how he could fit in a mech, even one as big as a Lancer H. They must have to squeeze him into the cockpit. Melpomene had to fight to keep the smile from her face as an image of a tech jumping on Ben's wide shoulders to force him down into the mech crossed her mind. What an intimidating personal guard a man like Ben would make.

Wow, Ben thought, she's a pretty lady, doesn't seem very friendly though.

Lieutenant Megumi Yamato was next in line, a smaller woman of oriental ancestry. Melpomene almost sighed seeing her beautiful long black hair, straight and shining. This was the girl that had been spending all her time with the giant Ben, definitely an odd couple. He had to be four times her mass. The princess wondered how that went over with her family, the Asian group was very proud of their heritage. They rarely married outside of their ethnic group.

Megumi almost sighed, why couldn't she be tall and have beautiful wavy auburn hair?

The next pilot fascinated her, Captain Chad Ross. He was the pilot that had come up from the lower levels of Detroit, a boy from the poorest of classes, a gang member and felon. Tall and lean, he had boyish good looks, and that scar across his face gave him a roguish slant. The princess smiled for the first time, the pilot who conquered the mind killing Dragonfly. What was it that made him different? This pilot she was determined to get to know better.

Chad thought the princess looked too arrogant, and he'd faced arrogant people before, then she smiled, and Chad saw a completely different person behind the mask.

Last in line was Arisa. Ian Higgins little girl had grown up. Melpomene had to fight to keep from laughing. She strained to keep a straight face, Arisa may have gotten older, but she certainly hadn't grown much. She hadn't changed at all since the Princess had last seen her five years ago at Arisa's highschool graduation. Arisa had always been the smallest in her class, and she still was. So, she was interested in Chad, Melpomene knew Arisa had been badgering the military for information on Chad's whereabouts. She wondered what Ian Higgins thought about that. It wasn't hard to notice the darkening of Arisa's look when the Princess had smiled at Chad. So, Arisa had a jealous streak. Things might just get interesting. Melpomene just hoped they kept the girl away from the ammunition and warheads, she'd seen what Arisa could do with a few chemicals.

Arisa wasn't happy to see the Princess again. Last time she'd seen Mel was at her graduation party, and all the boys had flocked around the older girl. She frowned when Mel smiled at Chad, she didn't care if Mel was a Princess, she couldn't have Chad. She was too old for him anyway, she was over thirty years old.

Melpomene looked around and saw a couple ship's crew wheeling her belongings toward the corridor. "Ensign," she called out to Tammy who was overseeing the move, "you will escort me to my room now." She turned toward the older man who had accompanied her, "Walter, you will return to the Loire with the shuttle."

"But Princess," Walter protested, "I should....."

"You will return to the Loire," Melpomene ordered him, then turned away and left with Tammy.

Colonel Hellwind watched the Princess as she strode from the room. He felt disappointment set in. He'd hoped she would remember him, but that was only wishful

thinking, Melpomene wasn't the little girl he remembered. She was so cold. This could be a long assignment. He let the pilots go and headed for the bridge, it was time to start for Shakuras.

Chapter 11

In a heavily cloaked ship drifting among the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter, the First Esper fearfully approached the Supreme Leader. He remembered well what had happened when the Leader became angry with the previous First Esper. He waited respectfully until the Leader displayed the eye movements that acknowledged his presence.

"Leader, we have been granted some good fortune," he informed his superior. "The subject we chose to control is in the presence of a member of the ruler's family. The person is traveling on a diplomatic mission to one of the distant colonies. It appears to be a mission of some importance. They have departed for the colony they call Shakuras.

At the mention of the ruling family's involvement the Leader turned toward the Esper. Shakuras! Why was one of the rulers involving themselves with that colony? Why now? "This is interesting news, but will you be able to control your subject or will you fail as your predecessor did?" The Leader asked as he kept his emotions in check.

"We are confident that we can keep control of this subject, my Leader." The First Esper assured him. "We have tried a different approach to the problem. We have used a female as a subject."

The Leader frowned at his subordinate, "What foolishness is this? What do you think you will accomplish by controlling a female?" He growled at the Esper. "Females are nothing but breeding stock, they have no influence."

"There is something unusual among this civilization," the Esper quickly explained. "They apparently train some females to operate military weapons. We believe these must be females that are unacceptable as breeding stock. The subject we chose is in a lower command position in the military. She was involved with the group that caused the failure of General Geraldine at Mar Sara. It was relatively easy to use conventional technique to bring out her fears and angers. The implant has grown into place and we have been able to take control when we desire." He decided it would not be a good time to mention that the ruling family member going on this mission was also female.

"You had better be correct, Esper," the Leader threatened. "Call in the other ships, we will proceed to this colony." The Leader ordered his pilot. "We may yet find a way to use the Esper's subject to ignite a war."

Chapter 12

Chad hurried to his room, suddenly not so tired anymore. He wanted to get a shower and shave and then back to Arisa. The one thing he hadn't even been able to hope for had happened. It still seemed like he was dreaming. Tammy had delivered his bag to his room, that was good, and he also found his orders waiting for him. Chad rubbed his finger over the Captain's insignia and smiled. He didn't know why he rated being promoted back to captain, but it felt good. Maybe he would find some respect, at least among his friends in this group. There was another case there that puzzled him. He

looked at the tag. It read, "Captain Chad Ross, intel service equipment. Curious, Chad opened the case, he whistled in surprise. He recognized most of the tools, many of them for breaking and entering. He'd used tools like these in Detroit, in his former life, but there were some pieces of very high tech equipment too. With this stuff he could break into a secure bank. There was also the latest in high tech surveillance equipment. What the heck was going on? Just what did they expect him to do with this stuff on a mission to escort the princess? He closed the case and hurried to get cleaned up, those questions would have to wait, he had something more important to think about.

Georgianna sat back in the lounge chair, glad her headache had faded. It had gone away after they had been dismissed from the hangar. It must have been the stress, she decided. These dreams and blackouts, they had to be from stress. She just had to relax and let go. She thought of the feeling of hatred and loathing she had when the princess stood in front of her and just couldn't find a reason for it. Sure, the woman was arrogant and unfriendly but she'd expected that. What had triggered such negative emotions? And, what about Chad? She just couldn't get past the fact that he'd been a gang member, or of her hatred for gangs after what they had done to her family. But Chad wasn't one of them anymore, she knew that, but still, she couldn't accept him.

Megumi came in and sat next to Ben. He smiled and put his arm around her. "Where's Kitten and Chad?" He asked. "Off to her room like the captain suggested?" He laughed.

Megumi turned a little pink. "No," she answered, "nothing like that. Chad went to get cleaned up and Arisa is in our room fussing over her looks." Megumi giggled.

Ben laughed again, "she sure doesn't have to do that, she's too cute just the way she is."

Megumi punched the big guy's arm, then wrapped her arms around it and leaned against him. "You may be right about that, but she needs to look her best for inspection, Chad is a captain, after all." She giggled.

Georgianna frowned, it irritated her to see Megumi and Ben so close. And, that ensign, Tammy, was sitting with Kaze, looking at him like he was some video star or something. Megumi's mention of Chad caused her to boil over. "How the hell does he get promoted to captain?" She snarled. "He must have brown nosed it because of that mech he had. He hardly did anything at Mar Sara except wreck the thing. We were the ones who did all the fighting. He doesn't deserve a promotion..... he isn't even one of us." Georgianna looked down and wrung her hands. Why had she said all that? It wasn't really the true story. It would do nothing but turn people against her.

John looked up from the side table where he was sitting, alone. "You're wrong, Georgianna," he told her. "You and I disobeyed orders at Mar Sara, we were lucky to get away without being demoted, or even facing court martial. Chad was the only one who had an excuse for being on the planet. He even followed orders while on the planet. His recon was valuable and in the end, it was his idea that shut down the Red Faction mechs. You might not like it, but he earned what he got."

Georgianna stood up, her fists clenched at her sides. "You would side with him, you damn lecher." She almost screamed. "He's a gang member, a gutter rat. He doesn't deserve to be a pilot, he should be in prison with the rest of those animals. He shouldn't be here, and neither should you, you're a cripple, useless. You should be playing war hero for the bar flies. That's all you're good for." Georgianna's fists were clenched so hard her nails cut into her palms. She turned and stalked from the room.

Chapter 13

Colonel Dan Hellwind stood in front of his mirror, he straightened his tie and combed his hair, making sure he was at his best. He'd been relaxing in his seat on the bridge, admiring how the new Krikav smoothly slipped into warp drive. He had hardly noticed the transition, unlike the old ship that gave a lurch that almost upset your stomach. There were major improvements to almost every system on the new Krikav. He'd barely had time to take stock of his new ship when the young aide to the princess approached him. She informed him that, at such a time as his duties allowed, the Princess would like him to meet with her in her quarters. He wasn't sure what to expect, she wasn't the little girl he remembered from all those years ago. She probably was upset with her accommodations. The room was the largest and best they had aboard the Krikav, but a warship wasn't designed to carry imperial dignitaries. He sighed, this could be a rough trip.

Dan decided to take the corridor around the outside of the ship on his way to the Princess's quarters. He enjoyed seeing the strangeness of warp space outside as he passed through the observation lounge. In the lounge he found the young pilot, Chad, lying across one of the benches, sleeping. It would have been an uncomfortable place to sleep, except his head was resting on Arisa's lap. Arisa looked up at the colonel as he walked past, a happy smile on her face. At least a few of his pilots would be in a good mood, the colonel thought. He remembered his days at the academy and times with Johanna..... Perhaps, if things had been a little different..... but Johanna was ambitious, nothing could stand in the way of her desire to reach the rank of general.

At the door to the Princesses quarters, the Colonel hesitated, once again his memories of Melpomene as a tall, skinny little girl flooded his mind. To her brothers, she'd been a pest, but Dan hadn't minded her being around. She had always been bright and happy, but now..... well, that had been many years ago. He pressed the call button and waited. When the door opened, the Colonel stood staring, his formal greeting caught in his throat. He blinked, and looked around, this wasn't what he expected at all.

Melpomene stood inside the door, she giggled at the rather dumbfounded officer. "I guess I should have had Lynnette tell you it wasn't a formal meeting." She laughed, "well, are you going to come in Dan? We have a lot to talk about."

Dan recovered from his surprise. He'd expected a princess, in all her regalia, but instead, he found the "girl next door". Her auburn hair in a long loose braid hanging to her waist, two tight braids pulled back from her temples to the back of her head. She wore a loose dark blue sweater and tight denim jeans. Dan thought she could easily have been a college girl. He tried to recall the greeting he'd rehearsed, "ah..... welcome aboard the Krikav, Princess, I hope the rooms are satisfactory....."

Melpomene stepped up and put a finger on Dan's lips, "Dan, this is Mel, remember, you don't need to be so formal." She remembered the boy who had been her friend, who had insisted her brothers include her in their games. She hoped he hadn't changed too much.

"But, in the hangar... with the pilots, I thought..." He stammered.

Mel laughed, "if I didn't put on a show for Walter, the old goat would have a coronary. That's why I made sure the Loire accompanied us, so I could get rid of him,

or he'd have been on about what I wear and how I act the whole trip. Now I just have to find a way to keep him occupied when we get to Shakuras.

Dan looked down at the princess and laughed, "well you had me convinced Prin.....ah..... Mel. I guess we do have a lot to talk about. It's been a long time."

The Colonel and Princess spent a long enjoyable time getting to know one another, after all that time. Finally, Melpomene decided to get to business of their mission. "There is a reason I brought your group of pilots together, Dan."

"You were the one who transferred us to the eleventh?" Dan was a bit surprised.

"Yes, and there is a reason we insisted this diplomatic meeting be conducted on Shakuras." She told him. "It wasn't just because of its central location. We intercepted a communication sent to an officer in the OMI who has been under suspicion. On that information, we did some checking of surveillance on Shakuras, take a look at this." She clicked a picture up on the view screen.

Chapter 14

John looked up at the tall burgundy colored mech. They had done a good job putting Epyon back together. He didn't think he would ever see his mech again. John sighed, a lot of good it would do, he would never pilot it again. Georgianna was right, he was useless, crippled. He had no clue as to why someone put him on this assignment. He shouldn't be here.

"Good as new," Bob said as he came up behind John. "I checked it out myself, they did a good job of repairing the damage. They were going to scrap it, but someone sent down orders to rebuild it."

"Who gave those orders?" John asked. "And why? I can't pilot it, I'd be useless, or worse, if we got in a battle."

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that," Bob answered. "In a space battle, you'd do just fine, and even in a ground battle, I'd rather have you on my team hopping on one leg than a lot of the pilots I've seen on two legs."

"It still seems strange they would call me off of medical retirement just to escort the high and mighty around." John answered ruefully.

"That isn't the only strange thing about this mission." Bob told him.

"Oh?" John queried. "What else do you mean?" John had plenty of suspicions of his own, but he would like to know what the tech might be thinking.

"Well, why were the eleventh personnel replaced, and why by this group? Why place combat experienced pilots in the transport service? If you were trying to bury the people that were at Mar Sara somewhere where they wouldn't be seen, you wouldn't have them show up as executive escorts, especially for one of the imperial family. And as for that, why is an imperial being escorted by the eleventh, and not by the imperial guard? Why did the eleventh get a new ship, the latest model? Were there a few surprises added, like the mechs on the Mar Sara mission? The orders for this came from somewhere high up, really high up. I've heard there are some people among the imperial court who don't like the princess, they think she's too smart, that she has too much influence. I was just thinking, someone was trying to start a war, they tried to get rid of this group on the way to Mar Sara, maybe they figure they can get rid of the princess and all of you in one shot."

John leaned on his cane and pondered Bob's words. "That's a lot of questions, Bob, and I'm afraid they make too much sense." He mused. "If someone wants a war, all they'd need to do is take out the Krikav, and the princess, and claim it was the colonies retaliating for Tarsonis and Mar Sara. I know we took out the Red Faction at Mar Sara, but we didn't find who-ever is the leader, and the media is trying to make it sound like the whole thing is the EDF's fault."

"That's kind of what I was thinking," Bob answered. "I checked over the mechs myself, I didn't find any traps. I just hope there wasn't anything done to the ship, that would be hard to spot. It could even be one of the personnel, remember, there was a saboteur on the Mar Sara mission. We just have to keep our eyes open."

John sighed, if there were sabotage to the ship, they would be dead before they knew what happened, unless Yuki caught it in time..... no use thinking about that. "I'll see what I can find out about the ship's crew. Other than that, all we can do is wait."

Arisa looked out of the observation port at the strangeness of warp space. It hadn't been her father who had hidden Chad away from her. It was military secrecy, but who had brought them together again? Certainly not her father. She looked down at Chad's face lying on her lap as he slept. Many of the things her father had said about the boy were true, he has a criminal record, he is a bastard son with no knowledge of who his father is. He was a gang member from the wrong side of society. But he had left all that behind, he was a talented tech and a good pilot, the pilot of the Ghost, a captain in the EDF. Her father was wrong, Chad was successful, he was going to make something of himself.

The announcement over the intercom woke Chad from a pleasant dream. He looked up at Arisa's pretty face with its halo of golden curls. It took a few moments to realize he was no longer dreaming. He smiled, "hello angel," he said, quietly.

Arisa looked down at Chad and giggled, "I am not an angel," she informed him.

"Oh?" Chad's eyebrows raised in question.

"I'm a kitten," Arisa corrected him, "Ben says so."

"Well then, if Ben says so.....," Chad laughed as he sat up, "and he hit the bull's-eye, as always. Kitten fits you perfectly. You're soft and cuddly..... Would you like your ears rubbed?" He whispered in her ear."

"Not in public," John's voice startled the two as he came into the room. "Didn't you hear, we were called to the ready room?"

Chad's face turned a bit red, "I must have missed that."

Arisa frowned, "it's always something, just at the wrong time."

John sighed, "You have lots of time, don't rush things, it only causes trouble."

Arisa jumped up, "well, I'm not use to waiting. I guess we better get to the ready room." She giggled, "wouldn't want people to start talking about us."

Chapter 15

Georgianna looked around the ready room as she entered. Most of the others were there. She noted that John was sitting on one side of the room, next to Arisa and Chad. She moved to sit on the other side of the room. Why did she let herself get so upset over Crichton? If he wanted to chase every woman who walked by, it didn't bother

her, she didn't care..... She told herself. Why had she felt so angry toward other people, like the princess? She hardly knew anything about the woman. It just wasn't like her to be this way. She just had to get control before.....

Colonel Hellwind held the door for Melpomene and followed her into the room. He looked around at his group of pilots. How was he going to make a cohesive group from this mixed bag of oddballs. They would never be a polished parade unit, that was for sure. He glanced at Georgianna, he just hoped he could get them to work together.

"Alright people, I've heard the grumbling. We've been reassigned to the eleventh, we're in the transport division along with the rest of the losers. But, we're back together, we have a mission, and I'm your commanding officer. We have a job to do and we are going to be the best damn transport unit in the EDF. Got that?"

"Yes sir," was the unenthusiastic reply from the pilots.

"I don't think I heard that," the colonel growled at them. "At Mar Sara, I thought I had the best pilots in the EDF, pilots who would get the job done, no matter what the mission, no matter what the odds. Was I wrong? Are you going to give up, or are you going to show them we are the best unit in the EDF? Now, again, we are going to be the best unit in the EDF. Got that?"

"Yes sir!" The reply was considerably more enthusiastic.

Daniel looked over the faces, trying to judge the support he could count on. There were some he knew he could count on. Ben grinned and gave a thumbs up, Chad had that hard look in his eyes and nodded when the colonel looked his way, some others looked a bit embarrassed, but ready to go along. The thing that worried him were two people who were important to his plans, Georgianna still had an angry look in her green eyes and John had an air of defeat hovering around him.

"Good, one reason we were transferred to this unit is that, due to the political situation, there is a real chance of combat. That is why we have a new ship, one that wasn't scheduled to be sent to the transport unit." He looked at John, "yes Crichton, Yuki told me to inform you that the ship was double checked by the imperial guard. You don't have to worry about that."

John turned a bit red faced, Yuki must have been listening in on them.

"There are changes in combat teams, Blue Dragon team, Captain Chad Ross, Lieutenants Higgins, Yamato and Kaze , you will be taking lead in any recon situations. Lead in combat situations is Red Phoenix, Captain Georgianna McFarlaine, lieutenants Wolfman, Kerlav and Crichton."

Georgianna's look darkened, "Colonel, I request that you place Crichton on recon and Kaze on my team."

"Denied, captain. Those are my assignments." The colonel informed her.

"But Crichton can't fight, he can hardly even walk. Look at him," Georgianna burst out. "He's worthless."

"That's enough captain!" Daniel barked. "If you can't accept my orders you will be relieved of duty and confined to quarters. Am I clear on that?"

Georgianna looked down, why had she done that? She should have known it would only lead to a reprimand, or worse. Maybe John couldn't fight, but it didn't matter if he'd just stay out of her way. "Yes sir, I'm sorry, it won't happen again," she told him.

“See that it doesn’t.” Daniel growled. He didn’t know what to make of Georgianna’s attitude. Maybe it was just a bad time for her. He certainly hoped so, he needed her to be able to work with John.

“There will be changes when we reach Shakuras,” Dan continued. “There will be four mechs on the ground when the shuttle lands, and they will be rotated on guard duty while we are there. Wolfman, Kerlav, Yamato and Kaze, you will be the pilots on duty, under my direct command.”

Georgianna looked like she was ready to speak out, but held herself back. Chad looked around then spoke up. “Ah, sir, wouldn’t it be better to have Ghost on the planet? I mean, I could watch things without them knowing I’m around.”

“That isn’t what I’m trying to achieve, Ross.” The colonel explained. I want them to see a show of force, besides, I have other plans for the rest of you.” He looked at Georgianna, then at John, “Crichton and McFarlane will be personal guards for the princess.” He noticed Georgianna’s frown. “Captain, you are an expert with handguns,” he told her, “and we agreed that with your elegant looks, you could easily fit in at the parties for the dignitaries.” He sighed, “those old guys will be all over you.” He looked at John, “You’re sharp and observant, I would trust you to spot trouble before others would notice it. You look like you fit in with that crowd, and you’ll have all the ladies after you, especially with that cane.” Dan was happy to note John sit up a bit straighter and a small smile return to his face. “We’re sure there is going to be trouble somewhere, we need to be ready for it.”

“That’s all for our official assignment,” Daniel told them, then noticed Arisa sit up in her chair and frown. He knew what the young pilot was thinking, she’d been passed over, not assigned to the mission. He suppressed a chuckle. “Don’t worry lieutenant, we have a special task for you two, some special recon. I’ll let the princess explain.”

Chapter 16

At the mention of recon, Chad’s mind snapped to attention. So that was what that case of surveillance equipment was for. Did the princess want him to spy on the other dignitaries at the conference? He didn’t exactly like the idea of becoming a spy.

Arisa frowned, “special assignments”. She was sure that Mel was going to send her off on some wild goose chase so the princess could have Chad all to herself. Arisa had seen how Mel had looked at Chad when they met.

Melpomene looked over the faces of the pilots as she stood in front of them. Just as she’d planned, being dressed in plain street cloths put them more at ease. She wanted them to accept her as one of them, not as some high and mighty imperial.

“There is a reason I had your unit transferred to the eleventh,” the princess told them. She noted they sat up and quickly looked around at each other. She smiled, so they had been questioning their assignment, that was good, they were a sharp bunch. “We intercepted a message to one of the officers in the OMI, an officer who has been under suspicion for some time. It indicated that the weapon you encountered is on the planet Shakuras. We are unsure whether the message was directed to the officer to reach the EDF or if it was due to his connection with the Red Faction. Our people examined surveillance video from the transportation and law enforcement departments of the planet and found these images.” She put several pictures on the viewing screen.

There was a rustling in the room as pilots shifted in their chairs for a better look. There were several gasps. One man in the picture, in civilian clothes and with a thick beard, was unmistakably Dominic Torres. “That’s captain Dom!” Ben blurt out. “What’s he doing there?”

“That’s something we would like to find out.” Mel answered him. “We know he left Mar Sara in pursuit of the Red Faction weapon. We aren’t certain of his motives. His message was rather non-committal, only that he was taking care of things and wasn’t ready to move yet. We don’t know if he was sending a message for the EDF or the Red Faction.”

“Captain Dom wouldn’t be helping the Red Faction,” Ben stated.

“We can’t be sure of that,” Mel told him. “We don’t think he joined them, he did give you that memory chip with information on the Red Faction and other important facts, but we can’t be sure of his motives. For right now, we want this to be a clandestine operation.” She looked at Chad and Arisa. “We want to find Dominic and keep surveillance on him.” She expanded one picture on the screen. “In many of the images, he is accompanied by this woman. She is often wearing the uniform of Shakuras’ high schools. We hope that may be a key we can use to locate Dominic. Captain Ross and Lieutenant Higgins are going to start by asking around at the schools. I picked you because you two are the only ones who could do this undercover. You can pass off as students without raising too much suspicion.”

John looked around then spoke up, “wouldn’t Kaze make a better choice? It seems more likely that Chad would stick out, being that tall.”

“That wouldn’t work,” Melpomene answered. “Shakuras has no Asian population. Kaze would stick out like a sore thumb. Chad may be a bit tall, but not unusually so on Shakuras. The population is mostly descended from central Europeans. If they use a cover story they should be able to show a picture and ask about the girl without trouble. We want to locate Torres and keep him under surveillance. We would like to find who he is associated with without warning them off.”

Mel looked around the room at the pilots, there was one more thing they might as well know. “Don’t expect a warm welcome on Shakuras. They haven’t been too happy with us since the last colony war. They wanted to stay neutral in the conflict, but the EDF moved in and built a maintenance and supply base here. There were a few battles fought on the planet because of that fact. Frankly, they are more likely to spit on you than welcome you. I just thought to warn you so you can avoid trouble. We really don’t need an incident to draw attention to us. That could jeopardize the mission.”

The colonel dismissed the pilots, till they reached Shakuras. As the pilots started to leave, Princess Melpomene approached Chad. She smiled up at the tall young man and reached out to trace her finger along the scar across his face. “Such an interesting scar,” she told him. “You’ll have to tell me all about it. Come to my rooms and join me for dinner, at eighteen-hundred. I’m so very interested.” She turned to leave. Melpomene had to suppress a laugh. She’d seen the daggers in Arisa’s eyes. This could get interesting.

Chapter 17

Rose was looking for Georgianna. She had been slowly getting angrier at the captain each time Georgianna had been uncivil to John. John was her friend and she knew he didn't deserve it. The pictures the princess had shown them, of Dominic with that school girl, had only added to Rose's dark mood. She found Georgianna in the training room, kicking a heavy bag.

"Figures I'd find you here," she sneered, "kicking something that can't kick back."

Georgianna spun around, a dark look in her eyes. "If there's something you wanted to say, just come out with it," she growled.

"You need an attitude adjustment.... Georgi, and I'm going to make sure you get it." Rose told her.

"Is that a threat, lieutenant," Georgianna barked. "And, don't ever call me that."

Rose laughed, "I was going to call you Queen Bitch, but I like dogs and I don't want to insult them. Call it whatever you like, GEORGI, you've been ragging on everyone since you got here, especially John."

"Crichton shouldn't be here, he's useless, he can't even walk without a cane. How do you expect him to fight?" Georgianna answered.

"Even on one leg, he's a better fighter than you'll ever be," Rose told her. "You're a danger to your unit. You're careless and reckless. You sent your whole command in to get shot up in the pirate war."

Georgianna's look became darker, "I was cleared of that charge, I didn't do anything wrong."

"No?" Rose voice dripped sarcasm, "what about at Mar Sara? You disobeyed orders and just about got us all killed. You should have been court marshalled."

Georgianna's reply was almost desperate. "No, I had to stop them. I couldn't let it turn into another Tarsonis. If I hadn't been on the planet to take out their Lancers, the colonel could never have attacked them. I had to....."

"Right, you left the ship with a weakened defense that could have cost not only the loss of the ship but the start of a colony war. You can't do anything right by yourself. If it weren't for Ross you'd just be a big hole in the ground along with Crichton and a lot of other people. If John hadn't been there covering your butt, you wouldn't be here right now. He's always there to cover your stupid actions. You're the one who's useless, or worse, dangerous."

"LIAR!" Georgianna screamed as she rushed at Rose.

Georgianna expected to overwhelm Rose because of her size and strength, but she had miscalculated. Georgianna was an expert in the use of firearms, but Rose had excelled at hand to hand combat, and her sensuous curves hid a well-trained and toned body. Rose quickly sidestepped the larger woman, she used her leg to trip Georgianna as she slammed an elbow hard into her back. Georgianna hit the floor mat hard and rolled quickly to jump back up. She winced from the pain, she was going to have to be more careful, Rose wasn't going to be a pushover. The two women circled, the fight became a rapid series of kicks and punches. They landed on the floor in a tangle, both straining to gain an advantage on their opponent. Georgianna finally rolled onto the top, exhausted, and ready to finish the fight, but Rose got her feet between the two and pushed Georgianna off.

The two women turned to face each other, trying to catch their breath. Georgianna found much of her anger had burned itself out. “Why do you defend him?” She pleaded. “Crichton’s nothing but a lecher, he doesn’t care about anyone, all he can think about is the next girl he can grab.”

Rose stared at Georgianna for a moment, then laughed. “Is that what your problem is? Your eyes really are green, aren’t they.” She laughed again, “you’re either naïve or dumb. Don’t you realize that’s the way guys like John are. They have to show off, they have to attract all the girls, just to prove they’re the top dog, to prove to themselves that they’re a man. It’s just the game they play. How many of those girls do you think he gets into his bed?”

“You should know,” Georgianna angrily bit out, “you’re one of them.”

“Huh?” Rose looked startled, “what are you talking about?”

“I saw the two of you, in the corridor, outside his room, on the way to Mar Sara,” Georgianna accused her. “You were all over him.”

“What.....?” Rose had to stop and think for several long seconds, then, she started to laugh. “You mean the time he came charging out of his room and almost ran over me? I’d have been sitting on the floor if he hadn’t grabbed me. Sure I flirted with him a bit, but it was all in fun, he and I have known each other since the academy.”

Now Georgianna looked surprised, “you weren’t.....”

Rose laughed hard, “John and I?” She laughed again. “You’re an idiot.....We never have done anything, not even go on a date. But right now, I’d steal him away in a minute, if I could. But there is only one person that John wants, only one pilot in this group that he would die his mech in front of a rail gun bolt to protect..... only one woman he would die for, and you don’t deserve him. “

“No,” Georgianna said softly, “he wouldn’t..... he didn’t..... it was a battle and.....”

Colonel Hellwind burst into the room, Yuki had informed him of the women fighting. “What the hell is going on here?” He demanded.

Both women looked at the Colonel, “nothing, sir, just training,” Georgianna told him.

Daniel strode up to the combatants, “Damn it, if you want to hammer out your differences, wait till after the mission is over.” He looked over Rose, then lifted Georgianna’s head by her chin and turned her face back and forth. “I can’t have you looking like you’ve been in a brawl.” He satisfied himself that the two didn’t have any serious damage, nothing a woman couldn’t repair with a little makeup.

Rose got to her feet and started toward the door, “I thought I could teach the captain something, but, I guess I was wrong.”

Colonel Hellwind waited till Rose was gone, then he started to leave. “You can find the battle cam video from Rose’s mech in my archives. I’m sure you already know how to access my files.” He turned and left the room.

Georgianna sat where she was for a long time, tears running down her cheeks. She couldn’t have been so wrong, she didn’t want to see the video from the battle. She didn’t want to know..... but she had to.

Megumi entered her assigned quarters. It had been a long day. She smiled as she thought of Ben’s fumbling words as they parted. She knew what he was trying to ask,

but she thought it best to let him find the words on his own. Megumi was surprised to find her roommate, Arisa was already there. She almost laughed, Arisa was sitting on her bed, wearing fuzzy pink pajamas that had a hoodie, complete with cat ears. Megumi thought the small girl was almost too cute, except for the unhappy frown on her face.

“Hi, Arisa,” Megumi said trying to sound cheerful. “Is something wrong? I thought you’d be with Chad.”

“I wish,” Arisa groused, “He’s having dinner with the princess.” Arisa let out an unladylike humph. “Mel is trying to steal him away from me. The boys are always flocking around her. It isn’t fair.”

Megumi tried to think back over the last hours, the princess had spent time with all the pilots, she hadn’t seemed to spend more time with one than the other. “It doesn’t seem to me like she is, Arisa.” Megumi told her. “I don’t think you need to worry.”

“You saw how she smiled at Chad when she met us in the hangar.” Arisa reminded her. “It’s just like when she came to my high school graduation party, all the boys followed her around, they didn’t even know I was there.”

Megumi noticed the tears in the corners of her friend’s eyes. “I’ve seen how Chad looks at you, Arisa, I don’t think you need to doubt him.” She assured Arisa.

“You don’t know Mel, she always gets what she wants.” Arisa wiped her eyes and put on a defiant look, “but so do I. She isn’t going to win this time, I won’t let her.”

Chapter 18

Daniel watched Melpomene enter the bridge. He knew it shouldn’t bother him that she had spent most of her time with the pilots, but it did. She walked up to the main screen and touched the point of light that was Shakuras.

“We must be getting close, how much longer?” She asked.

“Two hours and fourteen minutes,” Yuki answered from her station at the ships controls.

Melpomene jumped, she hadn’t thought about the controller being on the bridge. “Oh, thank you.” She looked back at Daniel, “So soon, I wish we had more time.” She sat down in the first officer’s chair next to Daniel.

Daniel sighed, yes, he wished they had had more time too, but, she had spent her time with..... No, it wasn’t his business who she spent her time with. They were just childhood friends after all.

“I had the EDF insignia removed from the mechs and shuttle as you wished.” Daniel informed her. “Though, I don’t understand why. Wouldn’t it be better to make a bit of a show?”

“No Dan,” she answered, “you know the people of Shakuras don’t like the EDF since we forced them to let us put a base there during the last colony war. It will be better if the people of the colony just think we are representatives of one of the other colony planets.”

“I doubt they’ll miss the fact that we have mechs with us.” Dan told her. “They’ll know we’re from the EDF.”

Mel smiled, “some of the richer colonies have mechs to guard their rulers. Hopefully, the locals won’t notice ours are more advanced models.” She drew her legs up into the

chair and leaned over closer to Dan. “We don’t want to cause more friction with the colonies. I’m here to try to keep the colonies from starting a war. The Empire is dying, Dan, we know that, but if we let it break up now, it would lead to anarchy among the colonies. If we can keep the peace, we can guide them to transition to some form of federation without the violence.”

“They would have to be fools to start a war with the empire. They don’t have any warships, the empire outlawed anyone but the EDF having warships.” Dan assured her. “Sure, they have plenty of cargo vessels, but you can’t fight with them. The EDF would destroy them in short order.”

“I can’t let it come to that, Dan” She told him. “It would be worse than you know. They have been building war ships in secret for years. We’ve known that, but it would have caused more problems trying to stop them than just to let it go. Can you imagine if they could arm their ships with that cannon you encountered at Mar Sara? It could be a bloodbath. The colonies want their freedom, and some day they will have it. Maybe not in our lifetimes, but soon. The only thing that could keep the empire together would be the threat of some outside force..... aliens, but in all these years and all our exploration, we have never found a sign of another sentient race. That was the purpose of the EDF, our shield when we met an alien race, but it never happened, and we turned it against ourselves. We have to change that.”

“I’m sure you’ll win over those colony diplomats, Mel.” Dan answered. “And don’t worry, we’ll find Torres and that big mech.”

The princess smiled as she closed her eyes. She was sure he, and his pilots, would. Dan, and his group of pilots, reminded her of those really old books and comics her brother collected when they were young. Tales of ancient times, written before the great war, stories of swords and sorcery. She hadn’t thought about those old tales in years. She let her imagination play over those old memories and Daniels unit..... Georgianna, the tall red haired warrior woman with her fierce green eyes; John, the handsome ladies man, a con man and gambler with a cane and elegant style; Megumi, the dark haired ninja girl, and Ben, the powerful giant of a man who followed her; Chad, the tall lean thief, a steely eyed rouge that no lock could keep out, and his companion, Arisa, a little pixie girl with curly blond hair and explosive magic; Rose, the voluptuous seductress, her dark hair and sexy dark eyes belie a more than competent fighter; lastly Kaze, the mercenary, a small quiet man, far more dangerous than his looks lead his opponents to believe. With this eclectic band, the Princess and Daniel, her loyal knight, must strive to save the kingdom from the invaders and their giant dragon.

Daniel looked down at the princess. He hated to wake her, she looked so peaceful..... and beautiful, but the two hours had passed and very soon they would be dropping into normal space, with the danger that might bring. Dan reached over and gently woke the princess.

“It’s almost time, things could be a bit tense, you might want to go to your room,” he advised her.

Mel rubbed her eyes and straightened herself in the seat. “I would like to stay here with you, if that’s allowed.” She told him. “I’d feel safer here with you.”

Dan smiled, “sure, it’s ok, if that’s what you would like.” He couldn’t help feeling a bit of hope..... No, that was just wishful thinking.

Tom, general Parker's top aid, drove up to the isolated research building at the Victorville EDF base. It had been several months since he had last been in the facility, during the incident at Mar Sara and the search for the lost mech, the Dragonfly. He knew that the young pilot, Chad, had been recalled to duty from the research team and wondered if that would hurt their attempts to find the answer to finding pilots able to operate the Dragonfly's advanced systems.

Ah well, that wasn't the reason general Parker had sent him to see the doctor. Tod, and his assistant had done work with advanced gravitics with the Ghost stealth systems and now the general hoped they might be able to help unlock the secrets involved with the operation of the giant mech the Red Faction had used on Mar Sara. After clearing security, Tom proceeded to the large lab area where he was told he would find Tod and his assistant, Janice.

As before Tom was impressed by the clutter of the room as he entered. There were benches covered with a birds nest of wires connecting incomprehensible assemblies of electronic components and sensors. He called out, wondering where the doctor was in the large room.

There was a thump and several expletives from behind a low cabinet and Tod's face appeared above it. "Tom!" He exclaimed, shoving a handful of components and wires onto the mess on top of the cabinet. "Welcome, nice to see you again..... Janice, Tom's here, bring some tea, we can take a break."

"Yes, sir, be right there," Janice's voice came from behind a large bank of readout screens.

Tom smiled at the lean scientist. Tod was always hyper like he drank way to much coffee. "You seem in a good mood," Tom said as they took seats at the chairs and table set for the researchers to take breaks. "Have you made progress with the Dragonfly program?"

"Oh, that's been solved, simple thing really. Chad put us on to it just as he left. Control, it was all a matter of controlling the system so it wasn't quite so transparent. I didn't even know it could be done but Ghost itself had written into it's system to comply with a request from it's pilot. They can start out with the mech opaque and slowly turn it more transparent. That way they can find their tolerance point, not optically optimum but a lot better than a panic attack."

"So, what's all this?" Tom asked.

"Nanobots!" Tod replied. "The next big thing. They aren't a new idea, but manufacture and control have been problems. We're going to design nanofactories to produce the bots and an external AI system to control them. Imagine nanobot doctors able to perform surgery without an incision..... or nanobot construction building anything you want one atom at a time." Tod was getting excited, "It's going to revolutionize everything..... Just think we could...."

"Excuse me, Tod," Janice broke in, "the tea is ready."

Tom smiled and thanked her as she handed him a cup. He wondered if she ever changed her looks. She had been the same every time he saw her, a mousey young woman in a white lab coat, her dusty brown hair wrapped in a messy bun on top of her head, her large round glasses perpetually slipping down her small nose. She was the stereotype lab assistant.

“The reason I’m here, Tod, has to do with something a bit larger.” Tom told him. “We were supplied with the technical drawings and data on the giant mech weapon that the Red Faction used against the Krikav at Mar Sara. It’s a complicated and technically advanced system. It uses advanced inertia damping gravitic systems in order to give agility to so massive a machine. The problem is the research notations were encrypted in some form of binary code and our best analysts have been unable to decode it. We are hoping some of our scientists will be able to recreate the gravitic control systems without decoding the notations.”

“Do you have the drawings with you?” Tod asked. “Can we see them? Janice should look at this too, she did much of the gravitic work on our stealth system.”

“Yes, I have them along,” Tom answered as he set his projector on the table and projected the schematics onto the wall next to them.

Tod asked for the controller and scanned through the pages. “Fascinating..... If this is as big as the numbers indicate, I can see the problem. Even with the researchers notes it would be a challenge to program the correct control system for this. It’s going to take a long time to reverse engineer this without those notes.”

We may not have that much time if someone is already building an army of these things.” Tom told them.

Janice was intently watching as the doctor scanned the pages. As he finished and left the projection on the first page, Janice pulled a pencil from above her ear and her ever present note pad from her pocket. She began to write then stopped and nibbled on the tip of the pencil as she looked at the projection. Again she began to write on the pad.

Tod noticed his assistant’s actions. She only chewed the point of her pencil when she was on to something. “What is it, Janice?” He asked. “What do you see there?”

“It’s not binary..... the notation..... it’s a language. An ancient written language, dead before the great war.” She answered.

“Huh?” Tom registered his disbelief. “It’s just two symbols, a line and a point, how do you figure that’s a written language?”

“It’s something my father discovered when he was on Earth, he was an archeologist,” Janice informed him. “He had found a few notebook pages of this language and a printed sheet with the letters translated to old English alphabet. There were only a few others who knew about it. Father didn’t know what people the language originated with, or where on earth it was used. He always hoped to learn more about it, all he knew was it was called Morse.”

“Would your father be able to translate this for us?” Tom inquired hopefully.

“He died with the rest of my family in the pirate attack on Seris Four during the pirate war.” Janice informed him. “I was one of the few survivors.” She wrote down a few more letters on her pad.

“I’m sorry, I’ve read the reports of that colony.” Tom replied. “The EDF was told that the Serins were manufacturing arms for the pirates. A force was sent to clean out the pirates and take over the colony, but when they arrived, the capital city was in ruins, there were few survivors.” Tom sighed, and looked at what she was writing.

“The colony refused to help the pirates, that’s why they bombed the city. They planned it so they could blame it on the EDF..... I think I can decipher this. It may take a bit to remember the letters, I use to write secret messages in this script when I

was a child.” Janice told them as she concentrated on the writing. “I’d like to meet the person who wrote this. It must be one of the men my father had contact with.”

“If we find the that person, I’ll make sure you get to talk with him.” Tom assured her.

Chapter 19

The princess stepped down from her carriage, accompanied by her faithful knight. On each side of the path below them were two of her small band of warriors, the remaining four rode on huge war horses.

As she passed the young thief, she reached up and touched the scar on his cheek. She smiled and held back a laugh as she noticed the Pixie girl move closer to the thief, her normally light blue aura turning decidedly green. This could be interesting.

A rather expensive looking sports car pulled up in front of them, followed by an old and rugged looking truck. Melpomene sighed, back to reality..... it was far less enjoyable than her daydreams. The man who got out of the car and hurried toward the princess was slim and of average height. His black hair was oiled slick and carefully combed. His face was narrow with thin lips, close set brown eyes and a hawk's beak of a nose. His pencil thin mustache was waxed to sharp points. Mel had read about the local preference for colorful cloths, but she had to stifle a laugh, the man was dressed in dark orange slacks, a light blue blazer and a bright yellow ascot. She wondered if the pilots would fall down laughing.

The swarthy figure approached the princess and as she reached out to greet him with the usual handshake, he lifted her hand and kissed the back of it as he bowed. “Regent of the Empire on Shakuras, Rimbaud Devreaux, honored to be at your service, Milady.” He stated.

Melpomene felt like gagging, “oh lord spare me,” she muttered under her breath. Aloud, with a haughty, authoritative voice she said, “I expect you have accommodations ready for us.”

“Of course, princess. The only rooms I could find for the military that could accommodate their equipment is an abandoned hotel. The area is scheduled for redevelopment but I was able to secure it for the duration of your stay. You, my princess, will be staying at my official villa, of course.” He informed her.

Melpomene favored him with an icy glare. She knew of the man’s reputation as a womanizer. He was a member of a prominent family of one of the inner colonies and had been “granted” the appointment to this remote rock when he had been caught in an affair with the wife of the ambassador of one of the other colonies. “No, I will be staying with my guard.” She informed him.

“But, but” Rimbaud stammered, “that place is hardly good enough for the likes of the military personnel. It is definitely not good enough for someone of our class.”

The princess gave him a stony look. “Give the directions to the hotel to the colonel, we will be leaving.” As Daniel got the information from Rimbaud, the princess turned to walk to the vehicles but jerked to a stop. “No..... not him too.” Mel complained as she watched the little man pulling his large suitcase toward them.

Colonel Hellwind came up by her side. “What’s the trouble?” He asked. “Who is it..... Oh, isn’t that....”

“Walter,” Mel answered with a sigh, “He should be gone. I ordered the Loire to return to Earth, and he was supposed to be on it. Now I’ll have to put up with his constant griping about not following imperial protocol. We really don’t need that. Pomp and show might be fine for the old inner colonies, but these frontier colonies see it as a symbol of oppression.”

Walter came puffing up to the princess, dragging his case behind him. “What’s the meaning of this, princess? Why did you order the Loire To return? Why..... the captain refused to let me have a shuttle. I had to threaten him before he relented.” He looked around at the truck and car, then addressed Rimbaud. “Where is the reception? She is of the Imperial house after all. Where is the Limousine? This won’t do, it won’t do at all.”

“That’s enough, Walter.” Melpomene ordered.

Walter looked back at Melpomene, she was dressed in a common business executives attire. “And what is that you’re wearing? You look like a common.....”

“SHUT UP!” The princess barked. She turned and started toward the truck. “We are leaving.”

“Princess! You can’t ride in that vehicle.” Walter exclaimed. “You must at least ride in the car. Rimbaud smiled, that was exactly what he wanted.

You could almost see the waves of heat rising from her anger as the princess stopped and turned back to face Walter and Rimbaud. “I will be riding with my guard. There will be no more argument.” She started to turn away, but stopped. She had to do something to keep Walter out of her way, and thwart the womanizer, Rimbaud too, and a plan had just come to her. “Walter, I have a job for you. I want you to audit the books of the imperial regency of Shakuras. For every year since Rimbaud Devreaux has been regent.” She knew Walter had started with the imperial house as a keeper of the accounts and this was within his specialty.

“But princess, that would take.....” Walter began to protest.

“Yes it will,” the princess cut him off. “And I want no stone left unturned.” Rimbaud looked decidedly pale as Melpomene turned back toward the truck. “Let’s go, Daniel.”

As they started toward the truck, Georgianna didn’t move. John turned back, “Come on, captain, we’re leaving.” She still didn’t move and John noticed the look her eyes seemed far away. “Georgianna, it’s time to go,” he said more forcefully, but she still didn’t respond. John took hold of her arm and shook her slightly. “Hey, Georgi, snap out of it.” Georgianna looked at him, her eyes coming back to life, she pulled away. “Don’t touch me,” she barked. “You were spacing out there, captain,” John defended himself. “It’s time to leave.” Georgianna looked around, trying to get her head back into what was going on around her. She knew she had blacked out again and was afraid John had found her out. “Right,” she answered as she followed the other pilots, “let’s go.”

Daniel opened the door to the cab and helped Mel up as the pilots clambered into the back of the truck. He went around the truck and climbed into the drivers seat. Daniel sat a few moments and stared, bewildered by the gauges and switches, the levers and steering wheel. There was no input panel for drive commands. “Umm, I, ah, haven’t ever driven a truck like this. It doesn’t seem to have auto-driving capability. Just wait

here a minute.” Dan got out and went to the back of the truck, he was sure that the locals had set this up to embarrass the EDF pilots. “Ross, come out here.” Chad looked at the others and shrugged, got up and climbed out. “Would you be able to drive this thing? It doesn’t have auto-drive.” The colonel asked.

Chad smiled, “sure, no problem.” As the colonel climbed into the back of the truck, Chad climbed into the cab. He smiled at the princess, “I guess I’m the chauffeur today, princess.”

Mel smiled, “we’re lucky to have you along or we might not have gone anywhere. Being a former tech, you must be the only one who could drive this thing.”

Chad laughed, “I doubt that. Ben was from a mining colony, I’ll bet he’s driven these old trucks, and Kaze, those para-military groups would have trucks like this. I saw those locals, over by the hangars, laughing. I think they picked the wrong group to pull this trick on.”

“But Kaze and Ben are in their mechs,” she reminded him.

“I guess you’re right about that,” Chad admitted as he reached forward to flip a switch and push the starter button. There was a whine of gears and a clatter as the truck shook to life. The princess grabbed the hand bar on the dash in front of her and looked at Chad with frightened eyes. “What’s happening?” Her voice high with fright.

Chad looked at the terrified woman and couldn’t suppress a laugh. He hadn’t thought about it, but, of course, the princess had never been in a vehicle that wasn’t powered by one of the nuclear power units. “It’s just an oil burning engine, they make a lot of noise,” Chad reassured her. “Military trucks use them and a lot of the frontier planets use them.”

“Oil burning?” Mel questioned. “Aren’t those outlawed? Why would they want those dirty things when they could use power units?”

“They aren’t outlawed out on the frontier, and they’re easy to build and a lot cheaper than importing power units from earth.” Chad told her as he engaged the drive motors. “The military still uses them because trucks can’t carry the weight of armor needed to shield them and oil burners don’t take out everything within half a K if they get hit.” Chad pulled away toward the gate at the edge of the field. “By the way, do you know where we’re going?”

1. “Yes, I listened to the directions as Daniel got them.” She held a local type cell phone and showed it to Chad. “I put the address he gave to Daniel into the map so, no problem.”

Colonel Hellwind looked down at the blond haired girl sitting next to him. He noticed the angry look she had as she looked through the back window of the truck cab at the princess. He could almost feel the jealousy emanating from her. This could cause trouble with the mission, he thought to himself. Having jealousy clouding their minds wouldn’t do. He looked through the window at the princess and the lieutenant and sighed, no, it wouldn’t do at all.

Chapter 20

Georgianna looked across the ornate hall where the reception for the planetary delegates was being held. She frowned as she spotted John. She might have guessed he’d be surrounded by women, he chased after anything that was female..... They

were supposed to be security, keeping watch for any threats. He wouldn't notice if a full commando raid was happening right in front of him. She watched as another smiling woman stepped up from behind John and threaded her arm through his. She almost laughed, he didn't need to do much chasing, they seemed to be all over him..... With his rugged good looks and wearing the dark blue uniform of the imperial staff, he was definitely an attraction, besides, his cane and battle injury made him all the more unique. She wondered how exaggerated his war stories were becoming.

Georgianna pulled her gaze away and turned with a sweet smile to the young man who had brought her a glass of champagne. "Thank you, that was so kind of you," she told him warmly.

"Oh, it was my pleasure, miss McFairlane," the young man beamed.

John turned to see who had put her arm through his. He smiled at the young woman, then used the opportunity to make a surreptitious scan of the room. He kept an eye out for anything suspicious, though he sincerely doubted anyone would try to attack any of the dignitaries in the hall. With all of the undercover security people that had come with the guests, an attacker wouldn't stand a chance.

He noticed Georgianna across the room and smiled. She had attracted quite a following, which didn't surprise John at all. She was a stunning sight, she was wearing a dark hunter green dress with a hemline that started about ten centimeters above her knees in the front tapering to ten centimeters below in back, giving a beautiful view of her exquisite legs. A floor length skirt of light green lace wrapped three fourths of the way around her waist, leaving her easy access to the gun John knew she had strapped to her thigh under the dress. she had a shawl of the same lace that set off her fiery copper red hair and bright green eyes. John figured she was the hottest woman in the room, but he knew she was also one of the best people the princess could have chosen for a body guard.

John watched the young man hand Georgianna the drink he had brought her, and he almost licked his lips. He felt a craving for a drink, but he knew he couldn't. He'd already dumped two drinks into planters when no one was looking. He wanted to keep up his image, but couldn't afford to get drunk. He had a job to do.

Daniel wasn't exactly happy to have such a crowd so close around the princess, but he knew there was little chance of treachery from the old diplomats who were jockeying for a preferred spot. they were more likely to try poking each other with a toothpick from their drinks trying to move the other out of the way than to dare assault the beauty in their midst. He wished he could be standing by her side, instead of haunting the fringes of the diplomats surrounding her.

Daniel noticed John starting across the room toward captain McFairlane. He looked around, wondering if something had happened. He hadn't gotten any word on his com from either John or Georgianna. He pushed through the diplomats to get closer to the princess.

John had been trying to keep the women entertained with his account of the battle at Mar Sara, keeping uncharacteristically close to the truth, when he looked in Georgianna's direction. Something wasn't right..... He smiled at the ladies and excused himself, telling them that he had been called by his superiors and would have to leave them for a short time. Georgianna wasn't moving, and he had seen that vacant look in her eyes earlier that day. As he approached he could make out that the young

men were trying to outdo each other by bragging about their prowess in various athletic contests. John almost laughed, Georgianna could probably best any one of them in their favorite sport. They hadn't noticed that she wasn't even hearing what they were talking about.

John pushed his way next to Georgianna and took hold of her arm, gently pulling the champagne from her hand. "Sorry fellows, but our superiors have requested lady McFairlane's presence at the moment." He squeezed her arm and pulled her toward himself. "Come along Georgianna, duty calls," he told her. Slowly she turned uncomprehending eyes on him. John put on a boyish smile. "No, I know you are enjoying the company, but you know we are required to assist our diplomats when they call." John could see comprehension returning to Georgianna's eyes, so he firmly and quickly guided her out one of the side doors.

Georgianna let herself be guided by John until they reached an outdoor balcony where they were alone. She jerked her arm away from him and stepped back. "What do you think you're doing lieutenant?" She snapped at him. "You know our orders are to keep security surveillance."

"Not much need for that," John assured her. "More security guards than guests in that party. Besides, you wouldn't have noticed if pirates invaded the place and abducted the princess."

"What are you talking about?" She angrily shot back. "I was keeping a constant watch."

John sat on the balcony railing, "You can't fool me, I know you too well. You were out of it, 'lost in space', just like at the spaceport earlier today." He sighed, "Georgi, if there's something wrong, I'll help any way I can..... you know that."

Georgianna turned away, he knew..... he'd seen her black out, if he told anyone, her career was over. She couldn't allow that. She would have to stop him. "I'm just tired," she lied, "I haven't slept well. I'll be fine, just leave me alone."

"Right," John replied, "just don't let this endanger our mission. If something is wrong, there are people who can help." John headed back into the hall.

Georgianna gripped the top of the balcony railing so tightly her knuckles turned white. Why was this happening to her? Her annual physical hadn't shown any problems. Why was she blanking out..... but it was a little different today, it wasn't a complete blank. She could remember that it happened..... It was almost like she had been someone else, like someone was looking out of her eyes.

Daniel noticed John return without Georgianna. He keyed his com and called John. "Is there a problem Crichton? Where's captain McFairlane?"

"Nothing important, colonel," John answered. "The captain is just a bit over tired. She's getting a bit of fresh air."

"Ok, I'm going to see if I can get the princess to wrap thing up so we can get out of here." Daniel informed him. "I think we all have a bit of hyper lag."

Chapter 21

Georgianna leaned her head against the limousine window. She fought to keep the tears from her eyes. Her head hurt and she felt wrung out, she always did after her black outs. What was happening to her? It had started after they returned from the battle at Mar Sara, with two days missing from her memory. She had taken out a

pressure suit for a walk outside the dome of the moon base, just to get away from the constant questions, and woke up in her room two days later with no memory of the intervening time. The blackouts had come at odd intervals, and she had learned of her often odd behavior after the fact. But, this time it had been different. This time she remembered everything. It had felt as if someone else were looking out of her eyes, as if someone else controlled her body. Was she losing her mind? Was she splitting in two? Georgianna felt the princess watching her. The woman had been questioning her. Oh, she was subtle, trying to seem concerned for Georgianna's health. But she knew, Georgianna was sure, the princess knew, and she would ruin everything. Georgianna couldn't let that happen, she couldn't let them force her out of the EDF, or worse, commit her to a mental hospital.

Melpomene watched the captain seated across from her. She could tell Georgianna was tired, but that wasn't the whole problem, she was sure of it. She had avoided giving any clear answers to the princesses questions, a sure sign there was something she was hiding. Melpomene had heard rumors of odd behavior and at times a trance like state noted in Georgianna. Melpomene was afraid that it was something she had seen before. Maybe she should pick different security guards. No, they fit the part too well. While the other body guards had been all too obvious, stiff and formal, out of their class, Georgianna and John had blended in perfectly, just two more of the upper class. Able to remain close without being shunned by the snobbish elite. John was the picture of upper crust, with his cane and good looks, he made one think of the big families and old money. Georgianna, Mel stifled a sigh, was a natural. Not only was she a beauty with her copper red hair, bright green eyes and tall athletic body, but she instinctively knew how to use them. She had the attention of all the young men in the room, and many a glance from the old men gathered around Melpomene.

The princess knew she could have captured the attention of all the men in the room, she had studied the human mind, all the instinctive cues of seduction. She had trained herself to use every one to it's maximum effect. She could have used them on any of the men in the room if need arose, but it wasn't time yet.

They returned to the old hotel and entered the lobby, some of the pilots were still lounging in the area. Georgianna didn't stop and speak to any of the others, she went straight through toward her room. John sighed and headed for the bar at the side of the room. He picked up one of the bottles of liquor and a glass, then hesitated, he put the bottle down, opened the cooler and took out a soda.

The princess watched John and Georgianna, she was beginning to worry about them. Her research into the group had shown that they had been a couple, and she had counted on them working well together. She didn't know what their problem was but she was afraid it may affect their performance. She hoped she was wrong.

As she crossed the room, Mel met Chad as he carried drinks from the cooler. She stopped in front of him and reached up to touch the scar on his face. "Maybe I should have had you as my bodyguard," She smiled up at him. "I bet you would look great in John's uniform."

Suddenly, Arisa stepped between them, anger smoldering in her eyes. "Not a chance, Mel," she told the princess, "we have our own orders." Arisa took Chads arm and turned him away from the princess, as they walked away she turned back. "Leave him alone," she said quietly, so only Mel would hear.

Melpomene smiled, so, Arisa was ready to fight over Chad, she hadn't expected that. This could get interesting.

Chapter 22

Arisa looked in the mirror and frowned at the schoolgirl looking back at her. Sure, she'd matured some in the six years since she had graduated from high school, but she still looked like a little girl. If only she could be tall, and well built, like Mel. She sighed, oh well, time to go.

Chad waited in the lounge of the hotel, uncomfortable in his school uniform. Dark blue slacks and white shirt, those weren't a problem, but the jacket and neck tie were a bother. He looked up as Arisa entered the room. He almost stopped breathing. She was everything that was desirable when he was young, but was untouchable. Navy blue mid thigh length skirt, knee high socks, white shirt with blue piping, navy blue vest and red bow tie. She was the picture of the girls from the upper city, the beautiful girls that the lower city boys dare not approach.

Arisa noticed the way Chad stared at her and smiled, maybe this wasn't all bad. Her smile turned to a frown as Melpomene cut her off, stepping in front of Chad. "You look good in a school uniform," the princess purred. "Watch out for all those schoolgirls."

Arisa took hold of Chad's arm, pushing in front of the princess. "That won't be a problem," she assured her, "they're too young anyway."

Melpomene stepped back, "really..... you think so?" She looked up and down at Arisa, "Maybe we should have gotten a middle school uniform for you, Ari."

Arisa turned rather red faced and, in an uncharacteristic gesture, stuck out her tongue at Mel as she pulled Chad toward the door. Melpomene laughed, Perhaps she shouldn't be teasing Arisa, but it had always been too much fun.

Georgianna stopped them. "You should be carrying a sidearm," she informed Chad, "in case you run into Torres, he might cause trouble. I have a shoulder holster you could use under your jacket."

Chad looked down at Georgianna and shook his head. "No thanks," he said, "I really don't like guns. I wouldn't want to use one around a school at all."

"What if Torres shows up?" Georgianna questioned. "He might be armed. Then you'd be in danger."

"I doubt it," Chad mumbled as colonel Hellwind stepped up to the group.

"We can't chance carrying any weapons into a school here," Daniel informed them.

"They have security measures and we can't afford to draw attention. Just be careful. If you spot the girl or Dominic, try not to let them see you, and inform me right away. If you can follow them do it. I just hope we can find them before they spot us or they might run. Good luck you two."

The conference broke off for lunch and Georgianna followed the group of diplomats into the dining room. The morning had dragged interminably and several times she had felt like someone else was looking out of her eyes. She had fought to keep the "other" away, but it was wearing on her. The young ambassador's assistant that had brought her the drink at the party again approached her with a tall glass of a cold fruit drink.

She gratefully accepted the glass from him. That was kind of him, she thought as she looked at him more closely, and, he was rather good looking too.

“I hadn’t been told you are an EDF pilot, Lady McFairlane,” he said, “and a captain’s rank. You are a more interesting woman than I had realized. So beautiful, but so dangerous, I simply must get to know you better.

John saw the young man approach Georgianna and tensed..... Then sighed and slumped. He couldn’t blame her for being interested, the guy was young, healthy, and most likely fairly rich. He couldn’t hope to compete.

Colonel Hellwind splashed water on his face at the men’s room sink. The conference was going to kill him with boredom..... and it had only started. He hoped Arisa and Chad were having a better day. He worried something would go wrong, he had a bad feeling about it, but what was the worst that could happen? Torres might spot them and make a run for it. He dried his face and headed back out to lunch.

Arisa looked again at the map on her cell phone. The shopping area she’d seen as they came from the landing field yesterday must be fairly close now. It had been a useless day. They had visited the two schools closest to their hotel base, and had come up empty. They had asked students from various classes and shown the picture of the girl, no one had seen her. They would have to try the schools farther away. Now, if she could find the shopping area it wouldn’t be a totally wasted day.

Chad walked beside Arisa, letting her lead the way. He knew where she wanted to go, he had studied a map of the city and had a pretty good idea of how to get around. He had urged Arisa to take the bus, or at least stick to the main streets, but she had insisted this was a shorter route. Chad scanned the area, eyeing the buildings and alleys. There were too many corners and objects, too many shadows. They were being watched. He didn’t like it.

Rat watched the strangers as they approached. He was tense with excitement, trespassers usually meant money, payment to let them pass through the gang’s territory, or ransom from their family if they didn’t have enough on them. But this time, there was something else Rat wanted..... the girl. She was a beauty, and highschool age, a pretty face and nicely shaped body.... nice legs. But best of all, she was small, shorter than he was. The only girls Rat knew of that were that small were elementary schoolers. But this girl was older, highschool age. He wanted her.

Chad put his hand on Arisa’s shoulder, stopping her. He was right, this was looking bad. “let me do the talking,” he told her as four young men approached from the front. One was short but muscular looking, the others average height.

“Huh? What?” Arisa looked up, then around. There were scruffy looking young people surrounding them..... a gang!

“When I tell you to..... run,” Chad told her quietly, “ahead to the corner and turn left, two blocks and you’ll be in the shopping district.”

Rat motioned to his troop to encircle the two intruders. He smiled as he stepped out in front of them, school kids, must be new in the area, or just stupid to cross gang territory. He was glad they did though.

Chad watched the group approach, the short one took the lead. He must be the head of the group, probably not the gang leader, a lieutenant. He was shorter even than Kaze. Chad noticed the way the guy looked at Arisa, he didn’t like what he saw. If this

gang was at all like the one he had come from, he knew that look bode nothing but trouble for Arisa. He had to get her out of there.

Rat stopped in front of Chad. "You're in our territory, it's going to cost you," he threatened.

Chad took a quick look around then looked down at the shorter man. "It's a public street, I didn't see any no trespassing signs," Chad told him. "We aren't looking for trouble, just let us pass."

Rat laughed, "your bad luck school boy, you pay or you get hurt, your choice."

"Ok, how much do you want?" Chad demanded, but he was afraid he knew what the gang member wanted.

Rat sneered at Chad, "I want the girl."

"No way," Chad barked, "How many credits?"

"You ain't got enough credits, boy." Rat growled.

Chad stepped forward, reaching for his back pocket. "You don't know how much I have," he said. As Chad hoped, the chance of taking money caught the gang members attention, the young man hesitated. Chad quickly used a sweep of his leg and shoved the shorter man, knocking him to the ground. He grabbed the man to his right and spun around throwing him over his hip and on top of the one on the ground. "Run!" He yelled at Arisa.

As soon as Chad had made his move, Arisa had been ready. She took off at a dead run and didn't look back until she reached the corner. At the corner she looked back, expecting to see Chad behind her but was disappointed to see him still fighting with the gang. Several of the gang members were on the ground but there were too many for Chad to get away. One of the young men was racing up the street after her. Arisa turned the corner and ran. For a small girl, Arisa was fast. She out ran the boy following her and made the two blocks. She came out into a busy shopping district. The gang member stopped before he reached the area.

Arisa checked the map on her cell. She located the old hotel, it was a couple kilometers away. She hailed one of the local taxis and headed back to the base.

Chapter 23

Megumi felt invigorated from her workout with Ben. He was getting to be quite a challenge for her. What he lacked in skill and training he made up for in raw size and power. When she entered her room she was surprised to find her roommate. Arisa had told her she would be out all afternoon with Chad. She had never seen such a hard and determined look on Arisa's face.

"Um, I didn't expect you back yet," Megumi said. "Is something wrong?"

"Wrong? What could possibly be wrong?" Arisa snapped as she headed for the door.

Megumi stepped in front of Arisa, stopping her from leaving. "Something's going on. I'm not letting you leave until you tell me." Megumi told her.

Arisa hesitated, then told Megumi the whole story, how the gang had surrounded them. and how Chad had taken on the gang members so Arisa would have a chance to get away. Megumi could see the hurt and anger in Arisa's eyes as Arisa told her defiantly, "I'm going to get him back. No one takes something away from me and gets away with it." Arisa tried to push around Megumi, but Megumi held her back.

“Hold on, you don’t even know where he is. How can you hope to find him?” Megumi questioned her.

“With this,” Arisa told her and held up her cell phone. “The units used out here in the colonies are able to communicate unit to unit over a range of about four k. I have an app running that operates as a locator. It gives me direction and approximate distance. I’m betting that Chad is somewhere near his phone.”

Megumi looked surprised, “I didn’t know there was an app that could do that.”

“There isn’t, officially,” Arisa told her, “the company thought it might be useful. It’s built into the phone, but nobody is supposed to know about it.”

How did you find out about it?” Megumi asked.

Arisa grinned, “My family owns the company that makes these phones.”

Megumi looked at her, wide eyed, for a moment, then went and rummaged in her travel case. “Ok, but I’m not letting you go alone.”

Kyle frowned as he looked around the room at his gang. It had been a lousy day. The only thing anyone had come up with was that tall schoolboy Rat’s patrol brought in, and it didn’t look like they were getting much out of that. The guy wouldn’t give them any information, and his cell phone was password locked. Why the schoolboy refused to give them the password he just couldn’t understand. The little little cash the kid had was nothing, and without information of how to contact his family they couldn’t get more.

The door to the street, on the far end of the room, opened and the guard looked in. “Boss, a couple of girls out here insist on seeing you,” he called out.

Kyle sat up, maybe things were looking up, new girls. “Let them in,” he told the guard and watched as the girls came in. The one in the lead was a highschool girl, a very small girl. He looked over at Rat, ya, he was right, it was the girl that got away from them. He could see why Rat was so bent out of shape over losing the girl, she was nicely built, cute face blue eyed and curly blond hair. Kyle wasn’t interested in little girls, but the one following her, she was worth checking out. Though still on the small side, she was taller and wearing a tight fitting black outfit. He could tell she was well toned and better endowed. But what really caught his eye was her exotic looks, almond shaped dark eyes and long shiny black hair, pulled back in a pony tail. He’d never seen a girl like her and he wanted her.

Megumi checked out the gang as they entered. There were about two dozen around the length of the room. Odds didn’t look very good, and she didn’t like the way the gang’s boss was looking at her. Megumi thought they would be trying to sneak in and get Chad out, not walk in the front door, but she had followed Arisa’s lead.

Arisa walked the length of the room and stopped in front of the gang leader. She stood defiantly, feet slightly spread, arms folded across her chest. “You took something that belongs to me, I came to get him back.” Arisa told him.

Kyle grinned as he sprawled across his chair, “gee, I don’t know what you’re talking about. Did you lose your puppy?”

“Don’t act the fool,” Arisa growled. “You know what I mean. “Now, bring him out.”

Kyle laughed, “Oh, I think I’ll keep him for a while.” He leered at Megumi. “Maybe you should just hang around with us for a while.”

“Are you brain damaged or were you just born a moron?” Arisa barked. “I’m giving you a chance to get out of this without getting hurt.”

“Oooo, now you’ve got me scared,” Kyle mocked her. “What are you going to do, call your daddy?”

“I don’t need my daddy to handle gutter trash like you,” Arisa answered menacingly. “This is your last chance, bring him out.”

Kyle had heard enough of this, he stood up and replied angrily. “I’m usually not interested in little girls, but I’m going to enjoy making your smart mouth scream.” He looked up. “Grab them,” he yelled to his gang.

There was a flurry of activity as several gang members jumped up and rushed the girls. A clunk, a thud, a scream of pain, then the sharp crack of a gunshot brought the activity to a sudden stop.

Chapter 24

Megumi caught the free end of her nunchakus. To her right, one attacker lay unconscious, another was backing away, groaning and holding his broken arm. To her left a third attacker kneeled holding his hands over his broken and bleeding nose.

Arisa stood in the same spot she had been in, a gun in each hand. Her left hand gun pointed toward Rat, who had fallen backward and was trying to crawl away. The gun in her right hand pointed at the face of a young man who had stopped dead still, inches from the barrel.

Kyle stumbled back and fell into his chair, blood leaking from the fingers of his hand covering his left ear. “She shot me,” he screamed, “the crazy bitch shot me!” He looked around the room. “Why are you waiting? They can’t stop you all, get them!”

Before the gang could move, Arisa’s sharp voice barked out. “Maybe not. But how many of you are willing to die for this fool?” Arisa’s eyes, cold and hard as ice, looked around the room. No one moved.

There was a tearing crash as the door to the street burst open and big Ben Wolfman rushed into the room, followed by Kaze, who took a defensive stance, a short katana in each hand. “We heard a gunshot,” Ben said anxiously as he quickly assessed the situation. “Are you alright.”

“We’re fine,” Arisa assured him. “Nothing here we couldn’t handle.”

“Sorry it took so long,” Ben apologized, “this guy didn’t want to let us in.” He held the limp body of the door guard up by his shirt then tossed the unconscious gang member to the side on top of some of his comrades. “Would you like us to clean out this mess for you, Kitten?” Ben asked.

Arisa’s smile was feral. “Not yet Hulk,” she answered. “Let’s see if there’s any intelligent life in this trash.” She turned her head and looked sharply at the frozen boy to her right. “Bring him out..... Now!” She turned and looked back at the gang boss. “He’d better be alright,” she swung the gun around to center on him, “or I’m going to take you apart one piece at a time,” she threatened.

Oren stood frozen, looking down the barrel of the gun, until the girl gave him his orders. He slowly backed away until she swung the gun away from him, then he turned

and hurried out the side door. In the hallway he relaxed and shook his head, he knew that tall kid meant trouble, he'd told the boss that. From the moment Rat brought him in, he'd felt something was wrong. From Rat's story, the guy had been too good a fighter. Then there were the scars, and the tattoos on his arms, he wasn't just some rich schoolboy. Now there was that little girl, those guns were high end pieces. H&K seven millimeter magnum automatics. Light weight composite guns with twelve round magazines. A competent marksman could easily take out most of the gang in minutes with those guns..... She looked all to competent. Oren hoped that when he cut the tall kid loose, they would leave, and that would be the end of it. He unlocked the door and stepped into the room..... and froze. An arm wrapped around him from behind and pinned his arms. He felt the point of a knife blade at is throat.

Chapter 25

"If you yell, you die," Chad quietly told the gang member as he held the small knife to his throat.

Oren, careful not to move, glanced around the room and saw the cut ties, their prisoner had somehow escaped. Quietly he told Chad, "easy, I'm just here to cut you loose. Your boss came to get you."

Chad eased his grip. "Ok," he answered, "but don't try anything stupid." He let go of the boy and backed off. Chad could just imagine the trouble he was in. The colonel was really going to be pissed if he had to leave the conference early just because Chad had messed up.

Oren handed Chad his wallet and cell phone. He looked the taller boy over. "I hope your boss thinks you look alright," he told Chad. She's one scary little chick. I really think she'd trash us all if you aren't good enough.

Chad stopped and looked at Oren. "Ah....ya..... she just might," he stammered, unsure of what was going on. Chad knelt down and slipped the small knife back into it's hidden sheath in the heel of his shoe.

Oren stared at the shoe. "So that's how you got loose. Tricky, I need to get some shoes like that."

Chad grinned, "it never hurts to have some insurance." He followed Oren out the door and into the main room. Chad tried to keep the surprise and amusement from showing on his face at the sight of little Arisa pinning down the gang leader with her guns.

Arisa looked Chad over as he entered, she noted his cut lip and bruised face. "Are you alright?" She asked, trying to keep the concern from her voice.

"Ya," Chad assured her, "I've been beat up worse by my sister."

Ben let out a laugh and Arisa smiled at Chad's veiled insult. "Ok, then let's get out of here," she ordered. She returned her guns to the shoulder holsters under her vest and turned to head out the door, pointedly ignoring the injured gang leader.

Chad kept a wary eye out as he caught up with Arisa. "Maybe you should keep a gun on him till we get out," he warned.

"He's a coward," Arisa said firmly. "He wouldn't dare do anything." Arisa and Chad followed the others out the door.

Kyle sat frozen, watching them leave. He'd been humiliated, by a little girl no less. He couldn't let the rest of the gang think he was a coward. He waited till the girl had cleared the door. Kyle pulled out the big handgun he had under his chair and jumped up. "I'll get you!!" He screamed. "You're dead! You hear me? We'll get you and I'm going to....."

Arisa could clearly hear his tirade as he screamed out what he was going to do to her, in graphically obscene detail. Arisa kept walking as Kyle shouted about what he would do to her friends, but when he got to her mother, Arisa snapped around and darted back into the door before Chad could stop her. There was a loud bang and sharp crack of two gunshots, followed by a terrible scream of pain.

Chad stopped at the door, staring inside. In a few seconds, Arisa emerged, holstering her gun. Everyone's eyes were on Arisa as she walked away, frowning. "He shot first, you heard it," she declared.

Megumi fell into step beside her friend. "You aren't hurt, are you? What happened?"

"He missed," Arisa assured her. "I could see him shaking. He couldn't hit a wall if he were standing in the middle of a room."

"You didn't kill him, did you?" Megumi asked.

"No, probably not." Was Arisa's short answer. "I just nullified his threats."

"Huh?" Megumi was almost afraid to ask. "How?"

Arisa smiled a wicked smile, "let's just say he won't be featured in any paternity suits."

"Oh lordy!" Ben said as he covered himself with his big hands, "she made him into a unique."

"Ah, I think you mean a eunuch," Chad corrected him.

"Well, whatever," Ben answered. "Just be sure to remind me never to get Kitten mad at me."

"I don't think you could, Ben," Chad, laughing, told him.

"Geez, I hope not," Ben relaxed some, then looked down at Arisa. "I would never have guessed you had that in you, Kitten."

Arisa answered without looking up, "you don't know my family, Ben."

As they sat on the bus heading back to their base, Chad thought about Arisa pointing her gun at the gang boss. He remembered all too well looking down the barrel of the gun his sister would point at him as she laughed. He remembered the roar of the gun and the cement chips from the wall pelting him as Eileen tried to shoot as close to him as she could. "I didn't know you were that good with a gun," he told Arisa.

Megumi leaned over from the seat behind them. "Arisa was one of the best marksmen in our class at the academy," she told Chad.

Arisa looked down, "I was trained in marksmanship since I was little. My father was insistent that we could defend ourselves."

Chad sighed, "he was probably right, but I really prefer a knife."

Arisa remembered Chad saying he didn't like guns. "Well, I actually prefer a pound or two of high explosive. It's so much more exciting," she told them with a wicked smile.

TO BE CONTINUED...