

Sean's communicator beeped and he moved quickly to silence it. Penelope crouched beside him in the bushes as they stared across the dark street at Jerry Rapada's house. The door was kicked in and they could see movement inside. Sean pulled his pistol and then stood up.

"Stay here while I check this out," he said quietly.

"I really think we should wait for Professor Bryant," Penelope said.

Sean tried to keep the defensiveness out of his voice as he responded.

"I know what I'm doing here, Penelope."
She stood up.

"I'm not saying that you don't, Sean, but maybe it would be smart to wait and let the Professor go in first."

Sean couldn't hide the hurt from his face over her words. She reached out to touch his shoulder in an attempt to make him feel better but he jerked away.

“Stay hidden,” Sean said.

Before she could say anything else he took off for the house. Penelope crouched back down and watched, wishing he would've listened to her. He moved swiftly across the yard and approached the open front door. Movement caught Penelope's eye and she looked at the upstairs window. Two figures moved past quickly.

“Sean,” she said as loud as she dared, hoping to warn him of the additional people in the house.

He either didn't hear her or didn't care to respond as he moved into the house and disappeared from view. Penelope waited for a

moment to see if the figures upstairs moved past another window. If they came downstairs they'd have the drop on Sean. When she saw no more movement up there she emerged from the trees and ran towards the house.

Gunfire rang out from right inside the door. Penelope picked up her pace, hoping that Sean was okay. She could hear sounds of a scuffle as she neared the door and as she rushed into the house she saw Sean engaged in hand to hand combat with three men. They looked like common bandits and it appeared that none were exceptionally trained but against three the best Sean could do was defend himself.

Penelope looked around the room for any sign of Sean's gun. She saw it on the floor nearby and took a step. Sean noticed the movement and glanced at her. With his attention elsewhere one of the men was able to

land a punch to his face, knocking him back. He was still looking at her, trying to signal with his head for her to leave. One of the bandits noticed this and slowly turned around, noticing Penelope for the first time.

“Well ain’t this precious?” the bandit sneered.

She cut her eyes at the nearby pistol, then back to the bandit. The man rushed her and she rushed for the gun.

“No!” Sean yelled, trying to grab the bandit.

This left him open and the other two bandits each landed hard hits on him. Penelope dove for the gun but the bandit reached it first and kicked it hard, sending it sliding across the room. He then kicked her in the face, momentarily dazing her. The man reached down and grabbed two handfuls of her hair and

used it to yank her up. He leaned in close and leered at her.

“The Conqueror is going to be pleased with me for killing you,” the bandit said.

“Let her go!” Sean shouted.

He again tried to pull away from his two assailants but this again opened a hole in his defenses. He had to recoil and protect his head as they landed several brutal punches to him.

Penelope balled up her fist and took a deep breath. The man holding her wasn't at all considering the idea that he was in any danger. That was just going to make the next moment all the more rewarding for Penelope.

She pulled her fist back and then punched the man as hard as she could in the nose. She could feel cartilage breaking and warm blood poured out immediately. The bandit released her hair and stumbled backwards. Penelope

pressed her advantage, hitting him next with a textbook front kick to the stomach.

He was reeling now and Penelope rushed him, landing a straight jab directly on his already damaged nose. The man cried out and held up his arms to protect his face from another punch. With his midsection open Penelope stepped closer and kneed him hard in the abdomen, knocking the wind from him.

The bandit shoved her, trying desperately to gain some separation. She stumbled backwards a few steps but quickly recovered. As she again moved towards him he looked up, his face covered in blood. The bandit loosed a primal scream and sprinted towards her. The two of them crashed into each other but his weight advantage was too great and he was able to pick her up off of her feet as he drove her backwards. He slammed her as hard as he

could into the wall. Penelope let out a cry and then collapsed to the ground.

“Penelope!” Sean yelled.

He turned away from his attackers and ran towards her. One of the men he was fighting punched him in the back of the head, causing him to fall on his face. The three bandits dove on him, raining down blows until he finally stopped fighting back.

One of the men got back to his feet and moved across the room to where he had dropped his gun. He was walking with a pronounced limp and after bending down and picking up the weapon he turned and pointed it at Sean.

“You broke my foot you little brat,” the bandit said.

Sean spit out blood as he sat up.

“Good,” he said.

One of the other bandits grabbed Penelope and dragged her to the middle of the room by Sean. She was conscious but was clutching her neck.

“Are you okay?” Sean asked.

“I’ll be fine,” she answered through clenched teeth.

All three of the bandits had recovered their weapons and had them pointed at Sean and Penelope. A crash of broken glass sounded out from the second floor, followed by a muffled yell. The three bandits turned to look as a portly figure came tumbling down the stairs. Sean recognized him as Jerry Rapada.

Jerry bounced awkwardly on his shoulder before flipping up into the air and landing on his back on the hardwood floor at the base of the stairs. He was badly beaten and looked to

only barely be conscious, moans of pain escaping from his lips.

Sean was about to call out to him when another sound caught his attention. Footsteps. It sounded like a mini-earthquake with each step and soon two massive feet appeared on the top step. The stairs groaned in protest as the man came further down until soon he was fully revealed. He was built like a tree trunk, a rock solid mass of humanity. He was at least seven feet tall and was easily the largest person Sean had ever seen. His head was shaved completely bald and as he turned to look at Sean and Penelope there was nothing in his eyes but murder.

“I’m sorry kid,” Jerry said, looking at Sean. “I couldn’t stop them.”

The gargantuan man on the stairs let out a laugh. It sounded like a volcano erupting, low and sinister.

“No one can stop the four horsemen,” he said.

The man walked down the final few steps and then stopped above Jerry. With one hand he reached down and gripped Jerry’s shirt, picking him up with ease. He approached the center of the room, carrying Jerry as one might carry a doll. He flicked his arm, tossing Jerry onto his back right beside Sean.

The man stood, towering over them, staring down at them blankly. Penelope was shaking, knowing that she was looking up at death itself. Sean was attempting to remain brave but saw no way to defeat a manbeast such as this.

“The Conqueror has ordered your deaths,” the man said.

Hearing her husband mentioned sparked Penelope's anger, momentarily pushing aside her fear.

“My husband can go to hell,” she spat.

“Your husband is my master,” the giant man responded. “It's my duty to carry out his orders.”

“What're you?” Sean asked. “His dog?”

The man backhanded him, knocking Sean flat to the floor.

“I am his harbinger!” the man roared.

Even though the harbinger had put little power behind the blow it had dazed Sean. He blinked his eyes, trying to regain his wits. He scanned the room, trying to do what he knew Charles would do in this situation, look for any possible escape.

“There's no way out,” Harbinger said, sensing what Sean was doing.

Sean slowly sat back up and looked up at the fearsome man, determined not to show any fear. Harbinger smiled, a psychotic grin spreading across his face.

“Are you ready to die, little boy?” he asked.



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EPISODE SIX – “A GIFT FROM THE
CONQUEROR”

“You’re where?!” Fay asked loudly into his communicator.

“Following Bryant!” Kent repeated. “He’s driving really fast!”

Fay ran towards the street, almost running over two students on the way.

“He’s getting too far away,” Kent said.

“Speed up then!”

Fay jumped over a bench and then followed the sidewalk around the side of the building. He could see the busy street in the distance now.

“But Professor Fay, my car’s already reporting my speeding to the police. The ticket’s probably already been deducted from my account!” Kent whined.

“I’ll pay any tickets they give you, just don’t lose sight of Charles Bryant!”

Fay reached the taxi stop and slammed down on the button. In the distance he saw a small yellow taxi pull out of its waiting space and come towards him.

“But they might take my license away.”

“You listen to me, Kent. Charles Bryant just killed a man and then fled the scene of the crime. They’re not going to take away your license, they’re going to give you a medal for helping apprehend a criminal.”

The automated taxi pulled up and Fay jumped in the back of it. He touched his credstick to the screen but paused as it asked for the desired destination.

“What part of the city are you in?” Fay asked.

“We’re in the housing now... whoa!”

The screeching of tires and a blaring horn could be heard.

“Sorry Professor, close call there. Um, we’re in the Estates, eastern neighborhood.”

“He’s going to Jerry Rapada’s house,” Fay said, quickly punching in the address.

“Who’s Jerry Rapada?”

As the taxi began heading towards its destination Fay scoffed.

“A bondsman who’s fool enough to call himself a friend of Charles Bryant. The two of them used to do bounty hunting work together. If he’s going to try to leave the planet Jerry’s the person he’d go to.”

“He’s slowing down, oh wait, he’s stopping. He’s stopping!” Kent said, panicking.

“What’s he doing?” Fay asked.

“He’s jumped off the bike and pulled his gun,” Kent whispered.

“Why are you whispering?”

After a pause, Kent replied.

“I don’t know. He’s going around behind a house.”

“So follow him!” Fay yelled.

Fay could hear a car door and then the sound of footfalls.

“The front door of the house is broken in.”

“Where’s Bryant?”

“He just went around back,” Kent whispered.

After waiting a long moment for another update, Fay spoke.

“What do you see in the back?”

“I... I didn’t go.”

“What do you mean you didn’t go?!”

“I’m not comfortable with this Professor Fay, something’s going on in this house.”

“Which is exactly why you need to get in there!” Fay said. “Listen, I know it’s hard, but

sometimes doing the right thing means putting ourselves in uncomfortable situations.”

Kent was breathing heavily on the other end of the communicator.

“Did he really kill someone?” he asked.

“Right in front of my eyes, Kent. He stuck a knife in a man’s chest and twisted it. And then he ran away before the police arrived.”

“Okay,” Kent said. “I’ll do it.”

The taxi slowed down as it approached a congested intersection. Fay let out an annoyed sigh, realizing it was still going to take him some time before he reached Jerry Rapada’s house.

“I’m going down the side of the house,” Kent whispered. “I think I can hear voices inside. There’s, there’s no one in the back yard. I don’t see any sign of Bryant but the back door is open a little bit.”

“Go inside,” Fay said.

“I’m scared.”

“Go inside, Kent. Do the right thing.”

There was another moment of hesitation before Kent responded.

“Okay, I’m going inside now. It’s dark, I don’t see any... AH!”

Fay pulled the communicator away from his ear as a loud crashing noise sounded out. He waited for Kent to speak and explain what had happened, but there was nothing but silence. Fay pressed the button on his communicator and spoke.

“Kent, what’s happening? What was that noise?”

There was no answer.

“Kent? Are you listening to me?”

Still nothing.

“Answer me, Kent! Answer me right this minute!”

Fay held the communicator in front of his face, waiting for a response that he was starting to doubt was going to come. Several moments later he lowered the communicator, a numbness coming over him. He looked out at the traffic, trying to figure out how long it would take him to arrive at the house and wondering just what he was going to find when he got there.



Charles ran swiftly across the roof of Jerry’s house, staying as quiet as he could. He glanced over his shoulder into the backyard, looking for any sign of Robert Kent. He had noticed the young man following him and just

hoped that Fay's number one student was smart enough to stay out of the house. Charles wished he could've found a moment to warn Kent away, but every second counted and he had to get into the house as fast as possible.

He reached a window and looked through it, seeing Jerry's bedroom. He slowly pulled up, finding the window unlocked. Charles stepped through it and crouched down in the darkened bedroom, his gun drawn. He stayed completely still for a long moment, but once no sign of trouble emerged he stood and crept into the hallway.

Voices could be heard coming from downstairs. Charles slowly moved towards the staircase and then lay down on his stomach. He inched forward, dipping his head just enough so he could see a sliver of the first floor. Jerry, Sean, and Penelope were all tied

together in the middle of the living room and there were three bandits surrounding them. Charles could hear footsteps of another man, someone big from the sounds of it, but couldn't see them.

Charles pulled himself back up and got into a crouching position at the top of the stairs. He took a slow, silent breath, clutching his gun in his hand and steeling himself for the coming fight.

“I know you're there Bryant,” a deep, rumbling voice said. “Why don't you come on down and join the fun?”

Charles couldn't believe it. He had remained completely silent and was certain no one had seen him.

“Come down slowly with your hands raised or I'll chop off the heads of all of your friends,” Harbinger bellowed.

Charles checked his pistol, making sure it was loaded and ready for use.

“I’m not going to say it again. Slowly...”

The harbinger didn’t have a chance to complete his sentence. Charles dove forward as far as he could. As he came sailing head first into view he fired one, two, three, four shots before crashing violently onto his shoulder at the base of the stairs. His gun clattered away from him as he tumbled into the nearby wall. The three bandits fell to the floor, one of them dead, the other two badly wounded.

Charles scanned the room quickly and was shocked to see the harbinger still standing. The mountain of a man was just staring, a smile on his face as he held a large, bloody knife against Sean’s throat. Blood ran down his arm from

where Charles had shot him, but the giant had been unfazed by it.

“That’s a hell of an entrance Charles,” the man said.

Charles sat up, gripping his shoulder that he had landed on. His eyes flicked to his pistol, then back to the man in the middle of the room.

“Who are you?” Charles asked.

“I am Harbinger, bound by duty to kill all those who pose a threat to the Conqueror.”

Hearing Isaac Falkinburg mentioned caused Charles’ blood to boil. The fresh memory of Isaac rushing up the ramp to the ship, narrowly avoiding the bullet from Charles’ gun, replayed in his mind, angering him. He focused in on this, using the anger to push the pain in his shoulder out of his mind.

Charles got his feet under him, now crouched against the wall, ready to spring into action.

“And yet there you stand, allowing his enemies to live,” Charles said.

Harbinger laughed. It was one of the most frightening sounds Charles had ever heard.

“Very observant,” Harbinger said. “You’re as good as advertised, Charles.”

Charles again glanced at his pistol, trying to gauge the time it would take to reach it.

“But nobody’s that good,” Harbinger said, sensing what he was doing. “Young Sean Varis here would be dead within the first second, then I’d have Mrs. Conqueror dead right as you reached the gun. You’d bring it up and fire just as I plunged the blade hilt deep into Jerry Rapada’s brain.”

Harbinger smiled as he watched Charles play out the scenario in his mind.

“Oh you’d get me all right,” Harbinger said. “But not before I get them.”

The logistics of it made sense to Charles and he relaxed his body a little.

“What do you want?” Charles asked.

“Like I told you, I am bound by my duty to the Conqueror. Stated in simple terms, I wish to be unbound.”

Charles didn’t like the wording, but nodded.

“You want me to free you.”

Harbinger smiled.

“Exactly,” the giant man replied. “Look on the wrists of my three colleagues.”

Charles did as he was told and saw that each of the men wore an identical silver bracelet. He recognized what they were

immediately, having used one before. They created a neural interface with a computer, allowing the wearer to control the computer with their thoughts. But he had never heard of it being applied to humans. Charles looked back at Harbinger and their eyes met.

“You’re very quick Charles,” Harbinger said.

“But how?” Charles asked. “They only work on computers.”

Harbinger tapped his head.

“A series of wires and circuits, grafted right into my brain when I was just a baby. A gift from the Conqueror.”

He spat out the word gift.

“You’ve already killed one of these men, and luckily for you the influence of the other two is fading fast,” Harbinger said. “One is crying out ‘take me to the hospital you

buffoon' and the other, he wants you dead Charles. Even in their weakened states, resisting isn't easy."

Charles stood slowly, getting a better look at the two wounded bandits and the bracelets on their wrists. He took a step towards the closest one, aware of the harbinger's eyes watching his every move.

"He's afraid he's not going to live," Harbinger said. "He wants me to call for help."

The man was shot in the stomach and was losing a lot of blood. Charles knelt down beside him, aware of the man's frightened gaze. He reached over and grabbed the bandit's arm, then slipped off the silver bracelet.

"Ah, yes. One less voice up there," Harbinger said.

Charles stood and slowly approached the other downed bandit. This man was clutching his neck where Charles' shot had grazed him.

“Oh he really wants you dead, Charles,” Harbinger said with a chuckle. “You don't want to know the things he's trying to get me to do to you.”

Charles knelt down beside the man, turning his back to Harbinger.

“Do it Charles,” Harbinger said. “Free me!”

Harbinger could see movement but wasn't sure what Charles was doing.

“What?” Harbinger yelled out. “No!”

The massive man stumbled to the side, almost falling to the floor.

“NO!” he roared.

Harbinger rushed towards Charles with surprising speed. Charles stood and turned

quickly, holding up his arm. On his wrist were both of the silver bracelets. Harbinger stopped, the knife just inches away from Charles' face. The man shook violently, trying desperately to finish the fatal strike, but couldn't overcome the power of Charles' commands in his mind.

“DAMN YOU!” Harbinger screamed.

Harbinger began rampaging through the room. He hit with the force of a wrecking ball, crushing the kitchen counter, slamming through a nearby wall. Charles moved quickly to the third bandit and pulled the silver bracelet off of his dead arm. He slipped this one on with the other two, feeling a slight jolt of electricity as he solidified his grip on the mind of the harbinger.

“Calm down!” Charles yelled.

Harbinger turned towards him, breathing heavily, a look of madness on his face. Charles

pulled out his own knife and approached Sean, Penelope and Jerry. He cut the bindings and the three of them got up and moved behind Charles quickly.

“I want to be free of this control!”

Harbinger raged. “I just want to be left to find my own way in the galaxy!”

The manbeast calmed, appearing fully human for the first time.

“Please Charles, I’m begging you. Set me free.”

“I will free you, Harbinger,” Charles said.

“You will?” Sean asked.

“After you lead us to Isaac Falkinburg,” Charles finished.

“You want me to take you to the Conqueror?”

“Is that a problem? Do you remain loyal to him even without his lackeys controlling your mind?” Charles asked.

Harbinger’s expression darkened as he answered.

“Isaac Falkinburg bred me to be his personal assassin. He stripped me of all humanity, forced upon me nothing but pain and death.”

Harbinger paused for a long moment before continuing.

“I am loyal to nothing.”

“Can you lead us to Isaac Falkinburg?” Charles asked.

“I am his harbinger, of course I can. But what guarantee do I have that you’ll do as you say and release me once the Conqueror is dealt with?”

Charles stepped forward.

“Because you have my word.”

Harbinger chuckled darkly.

“I’ve never taken a man’s word before.”

“Then today will be a day of first’s for you,” Charles countered quickly.

The two of them stared at one another for a long moment. Harbinger was furious over the turn of events, hating the idea of losing one master for another, but knew he didn’t have much choice in the matter right now. Finally he relented and gave a slight nod.

“Fine. I’ll take you to the Conqueror.”

Charles hadn’t yet relaxed, his eyes on the large bloody knife in Harbinger’s hand.

“Put the knife away,” Charles said.

“What, no mind control? You’re not going to force me to do as you say?”

“Do I need to?” Charles asked.

Harbinger grinned at him for a long moment, then put the knife away. Charles relaxed, but turned quickly when the sound of sirens rang out in the distance.

“We need to get moving,” he said.

Penelope stepped towards him and pointed into the kitchen.

“What about him? We can’t just leave him.”

Charles turned and saw that she was pointing at the dead body of Robert Kent. He was lying just inside the back door, a large knife wound in his chest. Charles had hoped this wouldn’t be the fate of the young man. He shook his head and looked at Penelope.

“There’s nothing we can do for him.”

“But he’s just a kid!” Penelope shouted.

Charles grabbed her arm gently.

“We’ve finally got a break here, Penelope. We can find your husband now, we can make him pay for all of the things that he’s done,” Charles said. “But if we don’t leave now, we won’t get the chance.”

She stared at the lifeless body for another moment, then nodded.

“Okay,” Charles said. “We need to get off of this planet.”



Gordon Fay ducked as he saw figures emerging from Jerry Rapada’s house. He had told the taxi to stop two houses down and he hid behind it, peeking out to see if he could identify who the people were. A giant he didn’t know went first, followed by Charles, Sean, Jerry and then someone else. Fay leaned

forward and squinted, trying to identify the female. As she passed below a streetlight he saw her face and smiled.

“I’ve finally got you, Professor Bryant,” he said to himself.

The bond on Penelope Falkinburg had expired the day before, meaning that Charles Bryant was aiding and abetting a fugitive. This was illegal for normal citizens, but strictly forbidden for licensed Bounty Hunters like Charles. As the group disappeared down the street Fay chuckled, giddy that he finally had something on Bryant that couldn’t be ignored.

The sirens were growing closer now but Fay didn’t want to wait on them to find Kent so he jogged towards the house. He knew that Robert was likely hiding somewhere in the backyard, but wanted to get him out of there before the police arrived, knowing it wouldn’t

look good for the student to be found lurking around a crime scene.

Fay moved down the side of the house, retracing the path Kent had taken earlier. He looked at the large bushes lining the fence and called out.

“Kent! Get out here you coward, the police are coming.”

When the young man didn't emerge Fay moved all the way around to the back of the house. He froze as he looked in the backdoor, seeing a familiar form lying just inside.

“Kent?” Fay asked, his voice shaking.
“Are you okay?”

Fay stepped forward, his heart pounding in his chest. He was just a few feet away and could clearly make out Kent's features.

“Stop faking and get up! We need to get out of here!”

When the young man still didn't budge Fay stepped through the backdoor. He saw the pool of blood and the gaping knife wound in Kent's chest.

“Oh God!”

Fay stumbled backwards. He tripped on the doorstep and fell onto his rear just outside the backdoor. He scooted away quickly, his eyes fixed on the lifeless body of Robert Kent. Fay had to cover his mouth with his hand to stop from vomiting.

The sirens were louder now, only a few blocks away. Fay stood and ran as fast as he could back to the waiting taxi. He dove into the back seat and punched the button, sending the vehicle away from the area. He again had to stifle the need to puke, then fumbled with his communicator, trying to pull it from his belt. It

finally came free and he quickly punched in a number.

Fay couldn't shake the vision of Kent's dead body from his mind and he had to wipe tears from his eyes as he sat and waited for the call to connect. He gritted his teeth and silently vowed that Charles Bryant would pay for this latest atrocity.



Charles checked the rearview mirror for the hundredth time as he drove the van towards the abandoned military base. There was no one following them yet, but his passengers looked to be rather uneasy.

“He won't stop staring at me,” Penelope complained, motioning towards the harbinger.

Sean leaned forward and put his finger in Harbinger's face.

“The lady doesn't like you looking at her, so cut it out.”

Harbinger laughed.

“I can't help it if she senses my animal magnetism.”

“I'm warning you...” Sean began.

The harbinger turned towards him with surprising speed.

“Warning me?” he roared. “I could snap your scrawny neck before your precious teacher even initiated the thought process to stop me.”

Sean leaned back slowly.

“Professor Bryant, tell me again why we're trusting him to help us,” Sean said.

Charles didn't answer.

“What are we doing, Charles?” Jerry asked. “We just left two dead bodies and two wounded bandits in my house, and that includes a very dead student from your university!”

Charles didn't answer immediately as he focused on navigating the van around a sharp corner.

“Everyone just calm down,” he said. “I've got a plan.”

“A plan?” Penelope snapped. “What kind of a plan involves teaming up with a psychotic murderer like the harbinger?”

Harbinger grasped his chest and playfully slumped down in his seat.

“You wound me!” he said.

Penelope glared at him.

“You’re sick. You’ve got no business traveling with us after everything you’ve done,” she said.

He sat back up, the playful expression gone from his face.

“Sick? Your husband is the one who’s sick. I’m just like all of you, someone looking to free myself from his influence.”

Charles braked hard, bringing the van to a stop.

“We’re here,” he announced.

They all exited the van.

“We’ll go inside and gather all of the weapons and supplies we can, then take the freighter and get off of Academia 7.”

With the plan laid out he turned and moved towards the warehouse door. Just as he reached for the handle the harbinger reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder. Charles

whirled around, gun in hand, but Harbinger put his finger to his lip to quiet him.

“There are Four Horsemen soldiers inside,” Harbinger whispered. “At least twenty.”

Charles strained his hearing, trying to pick up any indication that the harbinger was telling the truth. He heard nothing.

“How could you possibly know that?”

Harbinger pointed to his nose.

“Same way I made you in Jerry’s house. I can smell them.”

Charles stared at the mountain of a man for a long moment, trying to decide if he should trust him. Finally he nodded and waved everyone around to the side of the warehouse. Once they were away from the door he spoke quietly.

“Sean, where’s the freighter?”

Sean pointed to a nearby group of machines. They mostly looked like junk, leftover military contraptions and construction vehicles. Parked among them and covered with a heavy camouflage canopy was the freighter, barely visible.

“Let’s go,” Charles said.

He led the way as all of them moved towards the freighter. The ramp whooshed loudly as it lowered and immediately bandits came rushing out of the warehouse.

“Told ya,” Harbinger said.

The bandits opened fire.

“Get on the ship!” Charles yelled, ushering everyone up the ramp.

He returned fire as more and more of the bandits came swarming out, then quickly retreated up the ramp.

“Get us out of here, Sean!” Charles yelled as he punched the button to close the ramp.

Two of the bandits rushed the ship and leapt up on the raising ramp. Charles shot each of them, sending them falling backwards as the ship roared to life. He could hear bullets ricocheting off the hull but nothing that was going to penetrate the heavy armor of the freighter.

The ship started to slowly rise from the ground and Charles made his way towards the bridge. His communicator beeped, telling him he had a new message. He pulled it out and listened.

“Dearest Professor Bryant,” it was Fay. “It’s been a pleasure working as your peer but now it’s time for you to say goodbye. I’ve not only informed the authorities that you’re harboring fugitive Penelope Falkinburg, but

I've also told them that you murdered Robert Kent. Kent's father is a man of means, and I'll be directing him to the best Bounty Hunters I can think of so he can see that his son's death is avenged. So goodbye Charles, enjoy the short time you have remaining as a free man. Soon you'll either be behind bars or dead."

Charles clicked the communicator off as he entered the bridge.

"Who was that?" Jerry asked.

Charles sighed before answering.

"More trouble."

End of Episode 6

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