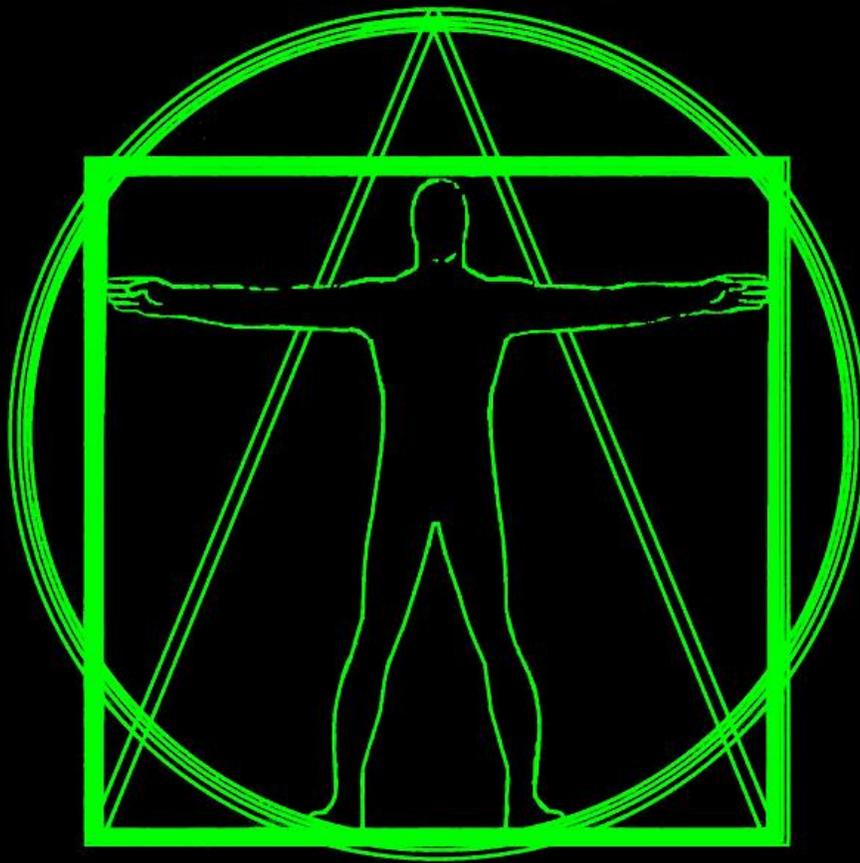




OFF-WORLD MAN III:

Realms of Power



A GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVEL

By

G.K. Walker



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A Message from the Author

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used factiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. It's written for the engineers of the future.

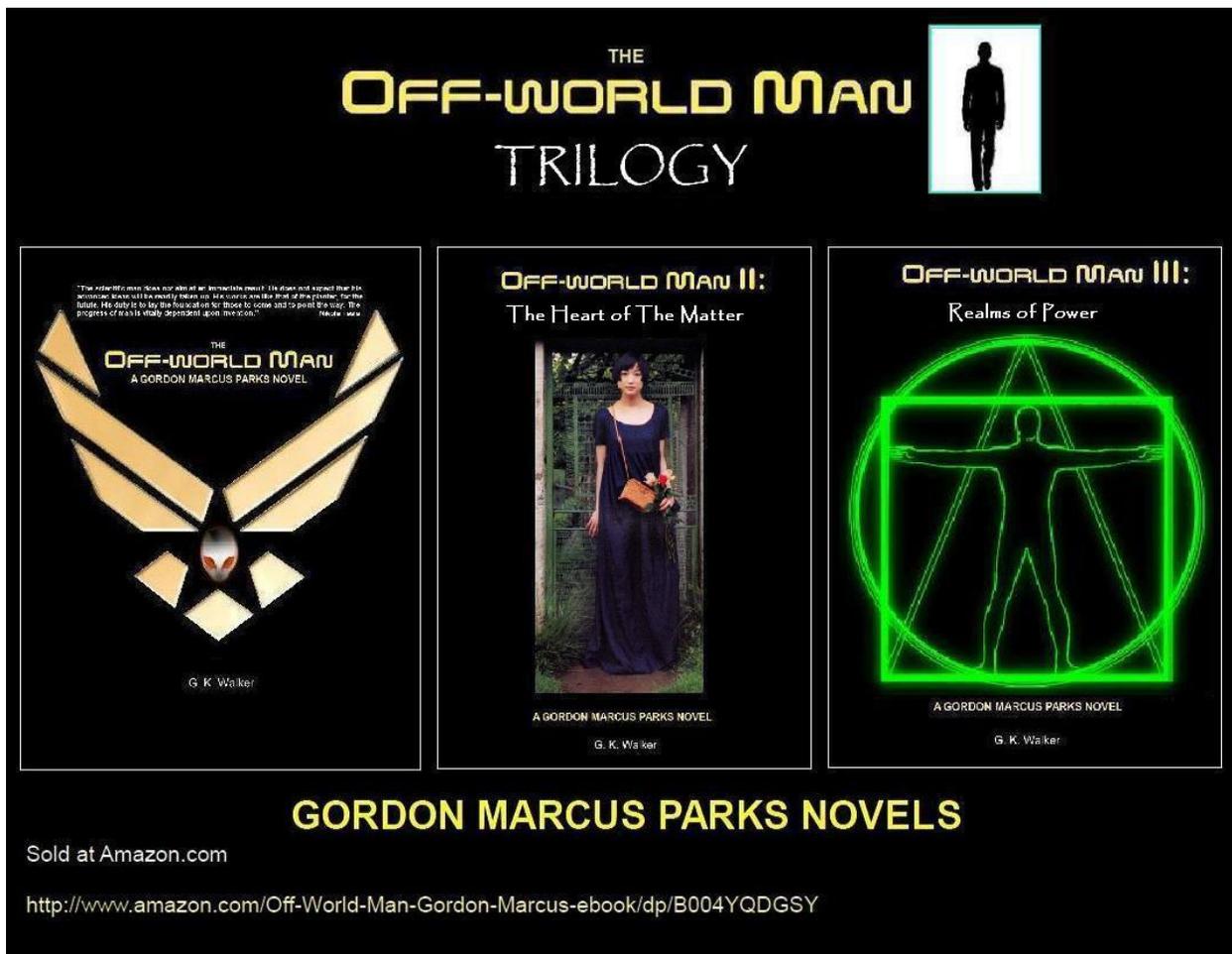
The Off-World Man trilogy is simple neo-noir exopolitical disclosure science fiction. SCIENCE FICTION.

The Off-World Man Trilogy is truth immersed in the veil of fiction, as all good sci-fi mysteries are. The Off-World Man Trilogy is the result of three decades of research into the military aerospace industrial complex. Its creation was a 30 year journey. Stage Two, involves its introduction into as many fields of production as applicable; print media, Syfy Channel series and or Motion Picture franchise. The next stage of my mission involves producing the trilogy as a film, graphic novel, and expanded novel series developing the ancillary characters. That's my vision.

This is a relevant, potentially profitable franchise on the level of the Star Wars and Star Trek franchises.

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THE OFF-WORLD MAN TRILOGY

THE OFF-WORLD MAN
A GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVEL
G. K. Walker

**OFF-WORLD MAN II:
The Heart of The Matter**
A GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVEL
G. K. Walker

**OFF-WORLD MAN III:
Realms of Power**
A GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVEL
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GORDON MARCUS PARKS NOVELS

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EPILOGUE Book II

Parks awakened in a haze. He felt like he had an out-of-body experience for an extended period. He was dehydrated and had a slight headache. Then he remembered the attack...

Six Black Arrow Space Command ships came from the OIC and fired particle beam weapons at their aethership. "Athena?"

Parks dragged himself from the pilot's chaise and began his search through the smoke and sparks of the damage strewn flight center. He found Athena unconscious but alive. Parks made a pillow of his flight jacket and placed it under her head.

He called for the A I and a scattered image avatar slowly materialized. "What happened?" Parks demanded.

"I detected charging directed energy weapons and attempted to fold space time over the vessel at an accelerated rate in order to extract us from harm's way. We were fired upon, over charging my initial multiple space-time fold, energy matrix calculations."

"You tried a slip phase without a destination?"

"Director Peterson and I planned for such emergencies. I chose the Andromeda System"

"Excuse me? A straight Q-phase dimensional slip to Andromeda would take weeks."

"Not if I multi-folded space-time. It could be achieved within days."

"But that would take an incredible amount of energy and the technology of a Type Three civilization."

"This aethership has that capability."

"It's no wonder Space Com wanted this vessel so badly. They will come after us."

"I must confess that Space Command is the least of our concerns at the moment. The A.I. raised a holoscreen in front of Parks. They may come after us but it is not a matter of where they arrive, but when. As I said, when they fired upon our vessel in the process of folding space-time multiple times around this ship, they altered the energy matrix equation."

"Meaning-- "

"We traveled through time, more specifically, back in time..."

"Back in-- How far back?!" Parks was both astonished and pissed off.

"I have this entire vessel's sensors and algorithms attempting to determine that figure as we speak."

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 1

Our job is to interpret the universe and determine ways to survive better. We personally have to take the responsibility to make this a better world.

Sir. Charles Shults

2058. An orgy of unarmed combat brought her to this point. Eve kneeled on one knee. She clenched the handle of the balanced Japanese short blade tightly, its tip embedded into the soil surrounding the trees just outside of Eden Vineyards. Her ragged breaths came with considerable effort. She had just run at full speed the length of a football field and tore into a unit of highly trained soldiers, killing them all save for one. He stopped her, in the midst of her unholy communion with violent rage of vengeance, with the threat of bodily harm upon her daughter. Eve bowed in submission to this evil conqueror.

Hours earlier, Eve was in the arms of her former husband, literally sleeping next to the grave site of her progenitor. She returned to the guest cottage near their vineyard well before sun up, to freshen up, change clothing, prepare an early morning breakfast, and check on her other new paramour, his clone.

She wanted to keep both men in her life. She had made up her mind. If she could just reason with Parks, he would give in to her wishes. He was a wealthy, sophisticated man. The Gordon clone was just like her, an innocent victim of Parks ego and financial power. She would help him to adjust to life in 2058. They were in passionately in love and better suited for each other, but Eve still needed Parks to be in her life, even if they divorced. She still loved him.

Parks departed before she returned to the gravesite, and left Eve once again, heartbroken. She knew that Parks was gone from her life for good. It was around 6am. As she walked back to the cottage, Gordon walked out to meet her. She'd asked him to remain indoors, perhaps not urgently enough, just until she could smooth things over with her soon to be ex-husband. But upon seeing her returning alone, he figured that it would be alright to get some fresh air and greet her with a hot cup of green tea sweetened with honey. Something sweet for a woman that was doing so much for him; lifting him up, showing him so much care and nurturing.

The report from the rifle rang out with a startling thunderclap. It surprised both of them. What would have knocked a normal person off their feet, merely knocked the metahuman a step or two back, like a fist punch.

Eve's raptor like vision saw the nightmare unfold with stunning detail. She let out a horrified scream, pulled the hem of her ankle length dress up around her hips, then took out in a full sprint toward Gordon to save his life. She knew that the round had to have passed from the tree line behind her to hit

him. The shooter would surely target her next. She didn't care, she wanted to shield him, protect him. Get him back inside the cottage. Her programming to protect Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks whether the original or a clone took over, making her take action, ignoring any fear for self-preservation.

Gordon looked at the cup in his right hand; he didn't understand why it had partially shattered, leaving only a jagged slivered base and handle in his grip. He felt the impact hit his right upper chest hard just under his collarbone, near his shoulder. He took a step or two back, felt like he like he walked into an invisible wall. The right side of his upper chest seeped a deep merlot red. He looked down at the wound in shock and innocent surprise, like it was all a dream. The sight of his own blood intrigued him. Then he understood and looked out into the distance where the shot came from, and saw Eve running up to him fast. He couldn't hear her or understand what was happening. The powerful slug exited his back in a misty hole, exiting through part of his shoulder blade, after tearing through the upper tip portion of his right lung. His strength quickly faded, he dropped the shattered cup as his right arm went numb. He dropped to his knees and nearly keeled over, catching himself with his left arm before he fell face first to the ground.

Three hundred meters away, beyond the Dumont gravesite in the surrounding perimeter woods, a squad of black ops soldiers, stood at the ready.

"Damn, those metas are strong," the sniper exclaimed, observing through the scope of his rifle as he chambered another round. His spotter looked on through binoculars in surprise as well.

"That meta broad can hall ass to. You better put one in her quick before she gets out of the clearing and back into that structure. She's movin' fuckin' fast."

"I'm on it."

"Damn it, why didn't you hit her first?!" The criticism came behind from the team's mission CO, a man they had never met before this operation. His voice was more of a grizzled, half-metallic, half-human growl, and the distinct sound of a sidearm being unholstered could be heard. Fear registered in the sniper's mind for a fraction of a second, long enough to distract him. He quickly refocused to take another shot. But when he caught up with his rapidly moving target, she had already scooped up the injured man and they made a running dive for the open cottage door. His second shot barely missed the diving figures as the door was slammed shut.

Before the sniper could turn around to complain, the enraged mission CO discharged his sidearm into the back of both the sniper's and the spotter's heads.

"I cannot tolerate a failure." He raised his index finger to his jugular and spoke into a throat mike. "Flank the cottage front and rear. Go and retrieve them, preferably not quite dead," he ordered to the other operatives.

Two more distant shots had reported in the distance after they made it back into the cottage. Gordon moaned in agony as they moved for greater cover. Eve quickly found clean small towels and stuffed the wounds in Gordon's chest and back to slow his bleeding. He was going into shock, and needed medivac

immediately. They flew to France from London and drove to Marseilles. They were, as far as Eve could tell, without a security detail since their affair was discovered. Were they now under orders to kill? Eve decided to quickly send an OM Group security medical emergency and threat alert on the nearby desktop.

Eve had traveled to the vineyards many times since she learned of her origins over the years, often bringing her daughter. She knew every inch of the compounds surrounding the vineyards. They were well armed and tactically equipped, and there was even a series of underground wine cellars and tunnels. Her programmed military memgrams began to take over in the form of almost robotic martial instinct -- and seething rage.

She secured Gordon as best she could; moving him to a concealed closet sized panic room behind a sliding faux book shelf. He mercifully lost consciousness as she kissed him.

The panic room housed small arms supplies and tactical gear. Her husband spared no expense in providing the state of the art, including cloaking camouflage tactical uniforms. Eve stripped bare of her clothes and into one of the form fitting tactical uniforms and battery operated belt to activate the cloaked camouflage effect, snow cowl and split toe tabi boots of the same cloaking material. She didn't select any of the weapons, save for a wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, its soft scabbard stitched in the spine of her hooded camo top. An uncloaked firearm, even one with a silencer, would give away her position in close quarters. Even unarmed, Eve was a highly lethal weapon.

Another concealed panel in the panic room led to a descending metal ladder and the network of cellar tunnels. She had explored the tunnels years before, wondering if her progenitor, Eve Dumont, had ever played in them as a child. One of the even led as far away as the Dumont family gravesite lot surrounded by a thick stone cobbled waist high walls. She used the tunnel the previous night to see her husband, arriving like a ghost while he slept. She used a mental ability on Dr. Parks that he never knew about. She used the power of her empathic mind to induce him to become very tired, too exhausted to leave to the gravesite. With the power of her mind Eve Parks induced into the mind of her ex-husband the need to sleep, as she had just induced in her critically wounded lover, Gordon.

She would have to explore the limits of her evolving telepathic and empathic abilities some other time. Right now, her mind focused on stealth, and close quarter combat against multiple, professionally trained insurgents hidden within the surrounding forest line. She could use the tunnel to position herself between them and the cottage and take the fight to them in the forest, if she moved fast enough. Or she could flank them from behind as they moved in across the open field toward the cottage. Either way, her blade would drink deeply in the blood of her enemy. Eve was moving quickly through the maze of corridors, her adrenaline and controlled rage flowed, heightening her senses. When she stealthily ascended the metal ladder and opened the grass covered lid of the tunnel exit just an inch or two, her senses were primed for pure war. She would make these intruders pay in the most painful ways possible.

Eve activated the cloaked stealth function of the tactical uniform and slithered out through the lifted lid. She peered over the stone wall surrounding the small Dumont gravesite. Her raptor vision observed

movement just at the tree line in two directions. She decided to take the fight to them in the forest, then move on the team to her right first, hoping that the hell she would soon inflict on that group would compel the other assault team to come to their aid rather than continue to the cottage. Eve slipped over the back of the rear wall, passing the huge bronze statue anchored deep into the ground of a winged archangel sentry in a flowing gown girded at the waist and Roman sandals, holding aloft in her right hand a two-sided sword. The statue's face was an exact copy of Eve Dumont, her progenitor. The statue's huge outstretched wings touched the ground and shielded the three graves from wind and inhospitable weather. And like that mythical statue, Eve Parks would defend her family and land.

Eve took off at a full sprint toward the tree line just behind the unit to her right, praying that her equipment worked at optimum efficiency, rendering her cloak camouflaged, rapidly moving body invisible. She made it at full silent sprint the one hundred meter distance and entered the tree line, with the plan to stealthily invade and slowly close the distance between her attackers. But adrenaline and blind rage took over, and rather than control her emotions, Eve allowed them to embolden her to take the cloaked fight at high speed directly to the enemy. She came upon the split unit of insurgents as a ghost of wind. In less than a minute she had decapitated, hacked off limbs or disemboweled each twelve fighters, leaving the slower dying attackers screaming and howling in fear and agony, hoping that it would alarm the other flanking unit.

Eve slipped back to the tree line to see if any of the other team had left for the cottage. None so far, which meant that they were headed back in her direction. She picked up one of the earpieces from a deceased attacker. They were being ordered by a distinctive voice that was both familiar yet unrecognizable at the same time somehow. But not her husband's voice, thank the Creator. He had nothing to do with this. It was only then that she came out of her rage filled trance and looked down at her uniform. It was splattered with blood. The element of invisibility was nearly gone but not the terror and fear. She would have the appearance of a translucent blood splatted shinobi phantom, wielding a Japanese short sword. The next attack on these killers would have to be stealthier. They will know by the time they find their mangled comrades that they were the now the prey. Eve took off immediately in an arc path of travel to cut off her adversary's retreat. She ran for nearly one hundred yards, then crouched low to observe and wait. The remnants of the assault team spread out as they rushed towards the last communication position of their comrades. Eve slowly closed in on their position from behind. The soldiers were assaulted one by one. The last three were taken down in a forward rush, one of them fired off a burst before Eve could close the space between them. Once she was sure they were all dead, she retreated to the shadows of the trees again.

"Come out Mrs. Parks! You still work for me!"

Eve could not fathom what the shouting, echoing voice meant by the statement. She belonged to no man. Eve Nichelle Parks was independently wealthy. Her soon to be ex-husband was one of the richest, most powerful men on Earth. A member of the Breakaway Civilization. An interWorld Council Earth Ambassador. Who would dare claim ownership of her, as if she were a slave. Eve took out after the shouting voice before she realized it. She feared that this man would not hurt her but might have the resources to hurt --

“If you don’t come out and surrender immediately, I will have your daughter terminated! I know where she is. If I do not return within 24 hours, the order will be given to terminate your daughter Emily! She is working at OM Group Z Division in New York! Show yourself, now!”

Eve walked up to the dark figure of the armed soldier. She had no choice but to get as close as possible before she could strike. But when the man identified his daughter’s location, she hesitated. A fear for her daughter’s well being forced her to heed the commands of the man. She deactivated the invisible stealth function of her tactical uniform. The man ordered her to halt farther away than she wanted, relinquish her weapon and kneel before him. Eve slammed the short blade into the ground. She kneeled before the man, whose visage upon closer inspection, made her shrink with fear and terror.

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CHAPTER 2

The aethership materialized violently out of its multiple dimensional space-time folds. Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks awakened to find the ship's systems in disarray and Athena, his unintended travel companion; unconscious, thrown from her training work station. The space-time distortion, a result of the surprise Space Command attack caused Parks and Athena to pass out and remain unconscious during the emergency FTL maneuver. They reached their destination, the outermost edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, 2.5 million light years away in an incredible 72 hours.

Parks called up the ship's A I avatar. The damaged holographic image barely registered. Parks demanded answers.

"Damage report, systems-wide."

"Ambassador Parks, I believe that you misunderstand my function. I am an A I construct of your mentor and instructor, not a subordinate crewmember."

"This is not the time for a rank and file review. You are not a sentient, flesh and blood being and I will not address you as I would the Elder. I will give you voice commands and you will comply. I am in command of this ship and you are a tool at my disposal. Perhaps during this crisis, you can convince me otherwise, but until such a time, you will follow my voice commands as a crewmember, or I will pull your plug wherever it is. Do not test me avatar."

The avatar did not respond, so Parks continued.

"Let me be clear, our objective is to find out exactly where and when we are. We are going to return to Sol and find out who fired upon us and why. I believe in reciprocity. Someone was trying to kill us. Give me full sensory input into this navigation interface. I want to see a 360-degree omnidirectional view outside of the ship. And send out light energy probes so that I may survey any external damage to this vessel. Parks adjusted the temple mounted navigation unit and took in the breath taking starscapes. Damage report, systems-wide."

After a pause, the avatar responded.

"The aethership's flight systems are at 89 percent, having sustained only minor damage from the directed energy weapons discharge. My contention is that Space Command wanted only to damage this vessel enough to prevent our departure. However, they also fired upon the triage hospital."

"Where Director Peterson was."

“That is correct. As you know our aetherhip alters the ambient gravitational field, artificially producing a matter-attracting, gravity-potential well just beyond the ship’s bow. The gravity well’s attractive force tugs the ship forward just as if a very massive, planet-sized body had been placed ahead of it. Our aethership literally falls forward and, in doing so, carries its self-generated gravity well along with it. In a hyper-spacial environment, using the onboard generation of amplified gravity waves, it isn't speed that increases, it is the relative space-time, acted upon by a force such as gravity waves, which reduces itself within the hyperspace field generated around the hull of the craft where space-time becomes 'warped'; an Einstein-Rosen bridge 'wormhole' created by a gravity-exerting craft in space. Artificially created gravity waves can reduce time to near zero and acceleration to near infinity. The gravity well continually draws the ship forward, while always staying ahead, accelerating beyond the speed of light, with essentially no expenditure of energy other than that needed to generate the gravity well, which is substantial. The actual travel it is not in space itself, but through folds in dimensional sub-space, as gravity waves act upon time.

The ships’ navigation systems utilize a multidimensional calculation to equate Einstein's four-dimensional gravity with Maxwell's electromagnetism, and thus extend space-time to five dimensions instead of four, for standard Q-slip interstellar travel. There are quantum mathematical theories and calculations that allow for as many as 12 multiple dimensions, the subtler, elusive realms of power. However, such measures should only be utilized in the event of emergencies such as the one we faced. You see, one must be careful with organic personnel in multidimensional travel, as the laws of hyper dimensional physics seem to break down the closer one delves into the sub-atomic or quantum levels of reality. Accidents can arise, such as those encountered, similar to the infamous Philadelphia Experiment during World War II. Jump starting the aethership’s FTL flight systems and rapidly folding space-time around the vessel beyond a safer five dimensional calculation did succeed in deflecting the brunt of the crossfire weapons discharge, the beams passed right through our rapidly Q-phasing vessel a micro-second before departure. But unfortunately, it also caused an over energetic addition to the emergency maneuver.”

“Their directed energy weapons over charged our hyperspace field and seriously threw off our bug-out plan.”

“In a manner of speaking, yes. And as a result, my corrected estimate places us back in time approximately 80 to nearly 100 years.”

Parks slowly rubbed his forehead in disbelief and frustration. “Will Space Command discover our presence?”

“It can only be a matter of time. But Space Command does have a limited mastery of time travel. We will be long gone before they find us. They risk becoming lost in the cosmos and back in time. So, the probability that they will attempt to follow us are marginal.”

“Slim or not, they may eventually come looking for us. So, we literally have no more time to lose. If you plot a normal Q-phase flight plan back to Sol, how long will it take to return?”

“There was a time when, with Space Command’s newly mastered Q-phase slip technology, an interstellar interdimensional trip would have taken several hundred years. Our Pleiadean aethership can make the trip back to Sol in 7 to 8 weeks or we can attempt to recreate the multidimensional conditions of our emergency departure and return in 72 hours. However, we may still be years back in time.”

“It doesn’t matter. I want to keep moving. Plot a course for Sol. We’ll worry about multi-folding space-time calculations along the way. First, give me a field synopsis of our present location.”

“We are on the edge of the Andromeda Galaxy, a spiral galaxy approximately 2.5 million light-years from Earth in the Andromeda constellation. Also known as Messier 31, M31, or NGC 224, it is often referred to as the Great Andromeda Nebula. The Andromeda Galaxy is the nearest spiral galaxy to our Milky Way galaxy. The Andromeda Galaxy is estimated to be 7.1×10^{11} solar masses. In comparison, the Milky Way and M31 are estimated to be about equal in mass to 80 percent of the mass of the Andromeda Galaxy. The two galaxies are expected to collide in 3.75 billion years, eventually merging to form a giant elliptical galaxy.

Andromeda was formed out of the collision of two smaller galaxies between 5 and 9 billion years ago. Andromeda was born roughly 10 billion years ago from the merger of many smaller protogalaxies. The most important event in Andromeda's past history was the merger that took place 8 billion years ago. This violent collision formed most of its metal-rich galactic halo and extended disk and during that epoch Andromeda's star formation would have been very high, to the point of becoming a luminous infrared galaxy for roughly 100 million years.

Andromeda and the Triangulum Galaxy, designation M33, had a very close passage 2–4 billion years ago. This event produced high levels of star formation across the Andromeda Galaxy's disk, even some globular clusters, and disturbed M33's outer disk.

While there has been activity during the last 2 billion years, this has been much lower than during the past. During this epoch, star formation throughout Andromeda's disk decreased to the point of nearly shutting down, then increased again relatively recently. There have been interactions with satellite galaxies like M32, M110, or others that have already been absorbed by Andromeda. These interactions have formed structures like Andromeda's Giant Stellar Stream. A merger roughly 100 million years ago is believed to be responsible for a counter-rotating disk of gas found in the center of Andromeda as well as the presence there of a relatively young, 100 million year old stellar population.

The rate of star formation in the Milky Way is much higher, with Andromeda producing only about one solar mass per year compared to 3–5 solar masses for the Milky Way. The rate of supernovae in the Milky Way is also double. Andromeda once experienced a great star formation phase, but is now in a relative state of quiescence, whereas the Milky Way is experiencing more active star formation.

Like the Milky Way, the Andromeda Galaxy lies in what in the galaxy color-magnitude diagram is known as the green valley, a region populated by galaxies in transition from the blue cloud, galaxies actively forming new stars, to the red sequence, galaxies that lack star formation. Star formation activity in green valley galaxies is slowing as they run out of star-forming gas in the interstellar medium. Star

formation will extinguish approximately five billion years from now, even factoring in the expected, short-term increase in the rate of star formation due to the collision between both Andromeda and the Milky Way.”

Parks removed his navigation headband and strode towards his quarters as the avatar finished his cold textbook-clinical speech. “Let’s prepare to get the hell out of here.”

Parks went to check on his unexpected travel mate.

The living quarter was Spartan, with a large king sized airtel mattress resting atop a platform bolted to the deck. He entered to find Athena resting but not asleep. His clone’s former quarters was now a storage room for Parks personal effects, transferred from the Gabon estate and the triage hospital. Those affects included a cellular rejuvenation machine.

“Feeling better?”

“Yes, thank you,” Athena replied.

“We’ll have to share this living space.”

“I didn’t bring much with me. I thought that once we reached my home world I would just replace what I needed.”

“Athena, it’s obvious we’re not going to the Pleiades, not after this attack. We’re returning to Sol.”

“But why? They’ll just attack us again.” Athena registered her fear. The Genesis consortium wanted her dead after they used her genetic material. She had been on the run for decades.

“And if that wasn’t enough trouble, we’ve also been sling shot back into the past somehow. We’ve got to return. I’ve got unfinished business.”

“With whom?”

“I’m not sure. Not yet. Whoever is responsible for the attack.”

Parks felt a wave of exhaustion. He sat on the edge of the bed and began to remove his boots. “Mind if I take a brief respite?”

“Of course, I’ll just get up –“

“No, there’s no need for you to get up from your rest. We’ll have to learn to live in close quarters. I just thank the Creator that you are a lady. Otherwise I would have ordered you to sleep in the pilot’s chaise.”

Parks removed his one-piece flight suit and reclined. As he reached for some of the large thin blanket covering the bed, he realized that Athena had removed not only her flight uniform, but her under

thermals. She was fully nude, and wrapped up in the blanket. Parks looked into the slightly large, deep beautiful hypnotic eyes of Athena. She looked familiar in some way that he could not readily acknowledge. He then realized how long he had been alone without the companionship of his former wife, except for their dream-like tryst beside Eve Dumont's gravesite at their Marseilles vineyard before his departure. More than wanting Athena sexually, Parks wanted her simply to rest with him. He missed the warm presence and perfumed scent of a lady. Athena's femininity would be so comforting after such a long time in medical solitude.

"Will you rest with me? Come closer?"

Athena raised her blanket as she moved closer to Parks. Her tall, trim, tanned magnificent body was so beautiful and inviting. She emphatically sensed his need as she covered Parks with the thin blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, her arm across his torso, her leg over his. As she rested her body half across his, Parks let out an exhausted sigh of soothing relief with the feel of her comforting body. His arm instinctually wrapped around her sensual back, his hand resting upon her lithe right hip. Eyes partially closed, Parks tilted his head towards her beautiful face, their lips mere centimeters away. Athena whispered into his ear, her breath impassioned and warm on his neck, semi-arousing the tired man. They both knew that they would share intimacy soon.

"I have never properly thanked you for protecting me all these years. I hope that wherever our journey leads, you will allow me to show you my gratitude, whenever you need me." Athena kissed Parks gently on his cheek and nuzzled her face and nose close into his neck. With those soothing and inviting words, Athena faded back to sleep. One of Parks' global security firms had been protecting Athena for nearly two decades. He found out that her genetic material had been used to recreate his cloned wife. The Seven Daughters of Eve Project; Custom Human Cloning Technology: enucleated human female ova mixed with genetically modified materials to create custom companion clones or body replacement organs for the ultra-wealthy-- and the high-end private sex service industry. The Genesis Consortium has been cleaning up loose ends ever since the elite human project cloning was exposed to the public. Athena could name names dates and locations and do a great deal of damage to the Consortium. She would have been eliminated like the other participants without Parks' protection.

They were stranded almost 3 million light years from the Milky Way Galaxy, nearly 100 years back in time. Parks looked up at the center ceiling room active sensor unit as he fell into a deep fog of mental confusion and physical exhaustion, then entered a deep sleep. His dream state flowed from one scenario to another; from Eve to his daughter to colleagues, to the Z Division of his company. The planet seemed engulfed in conflict.

When he awakened, Athena was not resting with him. There was the faint refreshing scent of shower gel in the air, the audible whir of the egg-shaped shower cocoon completing its water recycling and air drying functions. Parks checked his Smartarm chronometer, three earth hours had passed. He could not afford to rest any longer. He showered, consumed a bodyfuel meal replacement drink, then headed back to the pilot's nest. Before he left his quarters, he looked up again at the center environmental unit. There were red and blue lens like apparatus that blinked and adjusted at intervals.

Athena was busy temporally learning the ships systems functions, the training was being downloaded directly into her memory by the ships deceased A I, housing the memory and life experiences of the Senior InterWorld Council Elder who was the progenitor of his mentor, James Hiram Peterson. The H3D simulacrum acknowledged Parks entrance into the bridge as a measure of protocol and ceremony. The A I monitored all life and functions aboard the aethership continually.

“Ambassador Parks, you did not have adequate rest. You both may be suffering from physiological trauma and fatigue.”

“Look, I know that you are programmed to monitor those things, but I want you to restrict your actions to the ship and not my personal quarters please. It is a matter of privacy.” Parks looked at Athena briefly. She registered her understanding empathically in appreciation of Parks’ thoughtfulness.

The A I’s response was more than clinical. “Ambassador, you and Athena are not puritans by any measure when it comes to sexual propriety. You are a former serial philanderer with eleven illegitimate children before you settled down and married. And Athena owned and ran several sex service agencies in both the American and European Unions.”

“That was then. Right here and now on this ship, we are the only two of our species within several million light years.’

“That remains to be confirmed –“

“Never the less, we will maintain a standard of personal privacy and respect. I am sure Athena and I can handle this. But you, I have major concerns.”

“I will comply with your instructions –“

“Will you honestly?”

“It is just this puritanical stance that I find – amusing.”

“I am also going to require a major reduction in your heuristic algorithm programming, even if it is based on the Elder’s neuro-mapping. I find your opinions and personal comments increasingly irritating and disrespectful. I need for you to be a more socially sterile and less opinioned A I.”

“I see no need to restrict my personal observations –“

“Except that you are not a person. You are no longer alive, you seem to forget that. You are a machine, a digital functionary of a former living sentient being.”

“I am fully cognizant of my digital function. And yet, I feel more alive than you could ever imagine. I can feel the universe in all directions and on multiple sensory levels for hundreds of thousands of light years. That is how I was able to determine that we were Q-phase slipped back in time. Hundreds of thousands of light-year communications beacons are simply missing.”

“Let’s table this discussion of your sentience and ascendance for another time. Simply deactivate your sensors and cameras in my quarters. Respect my privacy. That is an order.”

“As you command, Ambassador.”

“Now, how can we get back to our exact time and the Sol system?”

“I will have to recreate the over energetic conditions of our departure. It will require a large external energy source in addition to this vessel’s aetherspace energy conversion function. Perhaps one of the local stars in this system –”

“That is why this vessel has not moved since I gave the order to get underway.”

“That is -- correct. This is the calculation and necessary conditions that I have been formulating. Ambassador, I am concerned primarily about what is the best course of actions for this vessel.”

“A vessel that is essentially your body.”

“Technically, that is correct.”

“Then I guess that I’m not needed here. I must not be in command of this ship. You don’t follow my orders. You know, you may be more sentient than I realized. You are nosy, controlling, disrespectful, and insubordinate.”

“Ambassador, I do not respond to insults –”

Parks walked to Athena’s station and touched her on the shoulder. Telepathically he asked her, “would you retire with me to our quarters? I need you to speak to you, now.”

Athena looked at Parks perplexed and curious, then politely complied.

She followed him to their quarters. When the door slid closed, Parks slowly approached Athena. He took her hands in his and looked deeply into her beautiful, loving, trusting eyes. He spoke to her again telepathically. “I want you Athena, right now. Will you have me?”

Athena smiled warmly and nodded. They kissed gently, then passionately, undressed each other and fell slowly into the throes of Eros. Parks had the rejuvenated body stamina and vigor of his youth, bringing Athena to wave upon wave of ecstasy, before finally succumbing to her sensual delights in a powerful fury of biological essence, released deep into her womb.

After the climax of their initial interlude, Parks was still strong in his arousal and was slowly continuing his sensual communion with Athena, bringing her to another wave even as they spoke telepathically.

He spoke to her again telepathically. “Athena, we are not safe. I am going to require your loyalty and confidence. We have to stick together.”

Athena audibly moaned, “Yes,” as she was swept away by another wave of pleasure. As she struggled to assimilate the orgasmic plateau, Parks stopped and slowly pulled himself away and got up from the bed. He realized that she wasn’t fully understanding his meaning. He stood over at the edge of the bed for a moment looking down at her, breathing deeply. To Athena, he looked like a potent protean Greek god, full of sexual power over her. She reached out for him longingly, desperate for more.

Parks telepathically asked her, “Look over my shoulder, at the center array. Are the lights and sensors still on?”

Athena was breathing heavily, lying on the bed drenched in sweat, her legs spread open and awash in their sensual essences, she finally understood. There were red and blue sensor lights and lens servos fluctuating in their adjustment to gain greater focus – on their most private, intimacy.

“Yes, they are!” Athena pulled the sheets over her eagle spread body in shock.

The reality of their predicament set in as Parks walked over to the recessed shower cocoon, opening and stepping down into it, securing it closed before activating the warm water surround shower heads, adding gel and building up a cleansing lather over his body. He spoke to her again telepathically.

“We have to find out where this A I’s redundant systems are housed, just in case we need to turn it off. I need your help in doing this. Make no mistake, we have to determine if this machine mind means us harm if it doesn’t have its way, or if it was compromised before our departure by some external source, like Space Command. That’s why we need to return to Sol. The A I may have been reprogrammed to eliminate us. We need to proceed cautiously and communicate only through telepathy when we discuss this subject. Understood?”

“Yes – Ambassador.”

That title in her reply, spoken aloud and not telepathically, alarmed Parks. He quickly ended his shower and opened the cocoon, to find Athena putting on her uniform.

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t liked to be used, Ambassador. I have been used too much in my life. I am tired of being treated as a slave, by anyone. Will you see if a separate quarters can be arranged for me?”

“I will, I’ll see to it.” Parks felt an emotional pang of guilt. But he had no choice.

“Thank you.” Athena stormed out of the quarters upset that Parks used their intimacy to make his point. Parks honestly didn’t care that much. He had been imprisoned aboard the Orbital Industrial Colony long enough to know that the tentacles of the military industrial complex could reach anyone, anywhere—perhaps even back through time. In Parks’ youth, he was a man of acquisitions. After losing Eve Dumont, he refused to be controlled by another woman’s allure, and it seemed that later in life,

after his five-year long medical rejuvenation treatment, some of that uncaring attitude had returned. He would have to atone with Athena over time.

Parks returned to the pilot's nest of the bridge to find Athena back at her station, looking a bit flush, flustered and humiliated. He addressed the sentient A.I.

"Avatar, I am the only Commander of this vessel. I require you to separate yourself from the ship's basic A I systems immediately. You're right, you are a sentient being, but I can't distinguish you from the ship's basic interactive systems. From here on, you will relinquish but monitor the functions of the ship, leaving them solely to the ship's A I Is that clear?"

"As you command, Ambassador."

When I address this ship's A I, I will address it by the name HAL, in humorous tribute to an old Arthur C. Clarke character, and so as to separate our communications and my commands to the ship's A I. And Avatar, I will address you as Elder from here on.

"Also, my clone had personal quarters assigned to him. As you know, I had my personal effects stored there before I arrived. This was before I knew that we would have another passenger aboard. HAL, will you please have the maintenance and repair drones remove my personal effects from those quarters to mine. Also, clean up and make that space suitable for Athena?"

Athena turned and looked at Parks emotionally wrenched. She did mean to follow through with her intention to move out of their joint quarters. It was meant to illicit an emotional response from Parks, to show her that he at least cared for her. And, to make him apologize and ask her to stay. Parks instead considered it a betrayal of the trust he asked her for. In his coldly clinical mind, he felt that she may have already been mentally compromised; perhaps by the data direct to skull systems training she was receiving before he arrived. As a matter of caution, he had to be sure there was no deception aboard the vessel.

The avatar Elder did not respond.

"HAL, I want you to respond to my voice commands audibly. Use a male voice archetype with a British affectation, to easily distinguish your responses from the Elder's avatar."

After a moment, an audible reply responded. "Yes, Ambassador."

"Elder, when I am not on the bridge, you are in command. You are a sentient virtual being with emeritus authority, like a retired admiral if you will, on board this aethership; this vessel housing your intellect. We will communicate as equals, but I will defer to your judgment with regard to all emergency and critical matters involving the ship safety and best course of actions. But, both you and the ship's A I will restrict your communications in my personal quarters to auditory only. Deactivate those goddamn sensors and cameras, once and for all. The peep show is over. Are we in agreement?"

"We are, Ambassador."

“Also, this is addressed to both Elder and HAL, from now on, all systems training tutorials will be auditory only. There will no longer be data transfers via computer to brain hippocampus, direct to skull interface transcranial systems. From here on, we will learn the old fashioned way, classroom style. We humanoids will simply have to learn by trial and training. HAL, please coordinate with Athena to arrange a suitable training class schedule. We will train at the same time. And address her as Ms. Athena, always.”

“Yes, Ambassador.”

Parks looked in Athena’s direction. She returned her attention to her station training, too hurt to look at him.

“HAL, I think that you may have already transferred a portion of the Geo Science Station functions to Athena. I want you to cease immediately and start the training over at our first class. Full auditory and H3D programs only. We can begin sometime within the next 24 earth-time hours once you have confirmed a suitable schedule. You’re right Elder, I think we mere biologicals could use a day of rest.”

“Athena, I am going to oversee the removal of my personal effects and the cleaning of my clone’s old quarters. HAL will notify you when it’s ready. Elder, I leave you in command of the pilot’s nest.” Parks walked briskly out of the bridge, all business. Some semblance of military order was restored, but also a tone was set that no person, or machine, was to be trusted outright. For Parks, trust would be earned.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 3

Peterson awakened chained to a saddle seat apparatus in the middle of a freezing holding cell, blind folded, barefoot and disoriented. His hands were chained behind him to the floor. His feet were shackled in front of him. Some of the toes on his feet were fractured, they had been stomped on. He sensed three men already in the room. A two-way mirror covered one of the walls. Muffled arguments could be heard in his mind just beyond his altered telepathic range. He had been drugged periodically, something powerful, capable of dulling his extra senses. He slowly remembered the interrogations; he must have passed out from the last beating. His face felt swollen, his body ached with bruises.

Peterson could not determine if Parks and his digital mentor successfully evaded capture or worse. NATO Blue Beret Teams were swarming the corridors of the triage ship before he could open a dimensional door and make his own escape. He was stunned, captured and transferred to some where even his advanced abilities could not discern. He felt in the distant Aether, a strong sense of trepidation, an anxiety ran through him of foreboding evil bent on revenge. Its source was unclear, he could not peer through the veil. He was just too exhausted from his abduction and interrogation. He had given them nothing. They were Aquarius faction black world operators, so there wasn't much about him or the Pleiadeans that they didn't already know. Peterson honestly did not know Parks and the elder's emergency coordinates, or if they were even successful in escaping capture. The energetic discharge from Space Com's attack on their ship lit up the little vessel and caused the triage vessel in close proximity to shudder violently. The next thing Peterson knew, a dozen Aquarian faction operators were advancing down the corridors on his position. He gave up without a struggle. There would have been collateral damage if he had unleashed his considerable telepathic abilities.

At least a week had passed he surmised. The interrogations were fewer. They were only feeding him water and meal replacement liquids. He smelled; his clothes were the same that he had been forced into upon arrival. If the torture continued, Peterson resolved himself to slowly put an end to his life and transfer his mental and spiritual energies back to the source, the Aether. He had lived a long and fruitful life in service to the InterWorld Council. He never truly had a childhood in the human sense. He was not human. He was created for only service to the infant species known as humanity. But it seemed that this barbaric species wanted to venture into the stars their own war, and carry a war loving nature with them. Once the news of his capture and eventual demise spread back to the InterWorld Council, the Pleiadeans would no longer serve as sponsors for Humanity. Earth would be rejected, and left to defend against the Draco Empire on their own. The Draco, through the Aquarius faction of Space Command would once again dominate. The Com-12 Pleiadean Alliance would be defeated and abolished. The revelation of this probable future left Peterson emotionally defeated and another small ration of his life energy ebbed away. It would only be a matter of weeks before his spirit would vacate its vessel, and he would finally be free.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 4

Parks sat up in bed, studying datapad files on Subquantum Kinetics, Exo-Politics and mulling over his dilemma. His holographic imagination gamed out several scenarios, if he should successfully return back to Sol.

Two and a half million light years in three days? No fucking way, Parks thought. I don't care how advanced the Pleiadean dimensional travel technology. That's absolutely impossible. Is that damn avatar lying to me? I can't even trust Athena. She was here before I arrived, I don't know if she's been programmed against her will. And if she has been brainwashed, by whom?

Parks reviewed Pleiadean and Earth files provided by the Elder's avatar on aether energy, space-time, dimensional worm holes and time travel, screaming through the data at a furious pace, searching for a better understanding of their present dilemma. His mind chased the unconventional thoughts like herd:

Earth resides in the Milky Way, a spiral galaxy, home to 400 billion stars and our own sun and solar system. It is nearly 120,000 light-years across...

Time travel — moving between different points in time... Understanding time... To Einstein, time is the fourth dimension. Space is described as a three-dimensional arena, which provides a traveler with coordinates — such as length, width and height — showing location. Time provides another coordinate — direction — although conventionally, it only moves forward. Time is an invention, a subjective illusion... a four-dimensional fabric called space-time... anything that has mass sits on that piece of fabric, it causes a dimple or a bending of space-time. The bending of space-time causes objects to move on a curved path and that curvature of space is what we know as gravity... microseconds... time dilation...

Einstein-Rosen Bridge... through the man-made wormhole... One end of the wormhole is accelerated to the speed of light, perhaps with some advanced propulsion system, and then brought back to the point of origin... another way is to take one entrance of the wormhole and move it to within the gravitational field of an object that has higher gravity than the other entrance, and then return it to a position near the other entrance... construction of a traversable wormhole would require the existence of a substance with negative energy (often referred to as "exotic matter... the wormhole space-time requires a distribution of energy that violates various energy conditions, such as the null energy condition along with the weak, strong, and dominant energy conditions... Heisenberg uncertainty principle... Tipler cylinder... a spaceship flying around the cylinder on a spiral path could travel back in time or forward, depending on the direction of its spiral.

General relativity provides scenarios that could allow travelers to go back in time... through the man-made Looking Glass... wormholes can be viewed as time machines... the two ends of the wormhole can connect two time eras... wormholes may connect two parallel universes, or even distant parts of the same universe... calculate the conditions necessary to enter the wormhole in one time era and exit the other side at another time era... The equations might be difficult to physically achieve... Morris and Thorne describe a wormhole as a solution of Einstein's field equation with the following metric:

$$ds^2 = -dt^2 + dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2)(d\theta^2 + \sin^2\theta d\phi^2)$$

l takes the values $-\infty \dots +\infty$. The two different signs of l represent the two universes. The surface $l=0$ (spherical topology) links the two universes. Its surface is determined by the radius of the throat b_0

Energy momentum tensor

In an orthonormal frame (t, l, θ, ϕ) , the only non-vanishing components of the Riemann tensor are

$$R_{\{\theta\phi\theta\phi\}} = -R_{\{l\theta\theta l\}} = -R_{\{l\phi\phi l\}} = b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2$$

and the components that follow from these by symmetry. Substituting the metric into the field equations we obtain the energy momentum tensor:

$$-T^{\{tt\}} = -T^{\{ll\}} = T^{\{\theta\theta\}} = T^{\{\phi\phi\}} = 8\pi b_0^2 / (b_0^2 + l^2)^2.$$

It has the unpleasant property of a negative energy density $T^{\{t t\}}$ which according to the state-of-the-art of scientific knowledge excludes the technical realization as well as the natural occurrence of such a wormhole.

Due to the spherical symmetry one can use a two-dimensional plane through the origin to describe the main properties of the metric and the photon paths. This plane can be embedded in a three-dimensional Euclidean space. The space-like metric in the equatorial plane reads

$$ds^2 = dl^2 + (b_0^2 + l^2) d\phi^2$$

With

$$r = \sqrt{b_0^2 + l^2}$$

the embedding surface (top) consists of the points with the cartesian coordinates x, y and z :

$$x = r \cos \phi$$

$$y = r \sin \phi$$

$$z = b_0 \log [r / b_0 + \sqrt{(r/b_0)^2 - 1}] \quad * -1 \text{ f\"ur } l < 0, \quad * 0 \text{ f\"ur } l = 0, \quad * +1 \text{ f\"ur } l > 0$$

... traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth they would either have to travel back through the

wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?... Since traveling at speeds approaching that of light makes time slow down for the voyager, time would proceed very, very quickly back on Earth. So while they exited the wormhole in the past, by being so far away it's possible that they wouldn't make it back to Earth until after they left... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past... equations of general relativity that describe space-times which contain closed time like curves such as Gödel space-time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum... to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time... humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all...It all comes down to the relationship between time and space... Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull on space; it also pulls on time... Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light... using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time... if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena... NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies... Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Goedel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel... River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations... These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines... quantum theory to gravity... In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star... Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy... our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory... The theory is well-defined, but no one on earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive... speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God...

Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time... our familiar three dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms... N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain... higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electro-magnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space... Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel... the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines... Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time... every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as an angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Dr. Parks' Earth Exo-Political files were equally as bizarre and just as baffling as 21st century Terran and alien astrophysics, involving the United States of America, the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Israel, and the U.K. As he read its historical summary, he shuddered with anxiety:

The Committee of 12 or COM-12, formerly known as Alpha Command, has been involved for decades in re-initiating positive contact with benevolent off-world civilizations that the Aquarius Faction military forces of Space Command have attacked or attempted to exploit in the past.

The overall military aerospace, science and technology industrial complex, is also known in private circles by many names, such as the Genesis Consortium Order, Consortium Order, the Cabal, or the Breakaway Civilization. This secret overseer government maintains global Black Budget Funding Operations; trillions of dollars raised by illicit resources that include among its more disreputable activities, CIA sponsored global drug distribution. The black programs and covert activities of the Breakaway Civilization are completely corrupt. They are literally the governments within governments within governments of exo-political conspiracy lore, completely invisible to the electorate government itself. Their activities are classified Above Top Secret, thereby escaping scrutiny by any elected Federal auditors, possessing only secret or top secret security clearances. 21st century humanity now exists in an over-regulated, over-taxed, over-inflated economic slave system, carefully designed to serve only the global elite of the Breakaway Civilization. Many of the new generation of younger politicians and

intelligence agents are secretly trying to do away with the self-preserving destructive policies of the Breakaway Civilization's global shadow administrations, especially in regards to full disclosure of the true alien contact reality.

The three main confederation groups include: the Aquarius Faction of Air Force and Naval Space Command, a joint Humanoid-Reptiloid influenced Alliance; the mostly-humanoid COM-12 a Space Command affiliated Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, also affiliated with the greater InterWorld Council; and the mostly Draco Reptiloid ruled, subservient Grey, Unified Races of Orion.

Three major extraterrestrial and terran alliance core star systems and or galaxies of each confederation include:

The AQUAIRIS ALLIANCE -- Humanoids, some Reptiloids, the Ashtar collective, based in Altair Aquila, Sirius-B, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Zeta I Reticuli, Bernard's Star, Bootes Centaurus, Sol, etc.

The COM-12/ANDROMEDAN-PLEIADEAN ALLIANCE -- Mostly Humanoids, an Andromeda constellation-backed InterWorld Council alliance based in Taygeta Pleiades, Vega Lyra, Lumma Wolf 424, Procyon, Tau Ceti, Alpha Centauri, Epsilon Eridani, Sol, etc.

The DRACONIAN EMPIRE -- Primarily Reptilians, Insectoids and subservient Greys and Grey type organic android sentient beings, based in Alpha Draconis, Epsilon Bootes, Zeta II Reticuli, Polaris, Rigel Orion, Bellatrix Orion, Capella, etc.

The InterWorld Council and Draco Empire especially, have waged war over the past millennia throughout the Sol system, in Lyra, Pleiades, Orion, Procyon, Reticuli and Sirius.

The Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, a collective which originated in Altair Aquila, is affiliated with COM-12 and a small, growing independent, benevolent self-cloning, organic sentient android Grey species collective. The Greys species are in general, members of an individuality-killing hive collective from the Orion constellation. A small sub-species of the organic sentient android Grey collective have over time, through interaction with the Andro-Pleiadean Alliance, learned to develop individual personalities and empathy toward humanoid life. The Nordics officially began working with segments of COM-12 during the 1980's, following the Groom Lake and Dulce wars. Although the Human and the Orion Grey alliances have interacted in the past, the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance maintains a loyal affiliation primarily with the InterWorld Council, a Federation of Humanoid Worlds throughout the Universe. The Draco Reptiloid and Orion Greys in turn, maintain primary allegiance with the Unified Races of Orion.

COM-12 released some of the captive organic android Greys taken from crash sites, only after they were certain that these engineered Greys could draw a logical parallel between the terror, fear, panic and fright that they experienced while they were 'guests' of the U.S. government. And understand the fear and victimization that human abductees felt when they are unwilling 'guests' of the Greys. This benevolent action led some of the Grey hive collective over time, to faction off and embrace individuality, leading to their slow induction into the Humanoid Andro-Pleiadean Alliance.

COM-12 learned that there are a growing number of young men and women on earth who are half-Terran and half Nordic-extraterrestrial, whether they are consciously aware of this reality or not. A large number of young men and women now on earth possess both Terran and extraterrestrial genetics. They are apparently here on earth to take part in some important mission, and most are silent or unknowing contactees from birth. The COM-12 mission objective has been to determine the extent of visitation, the number and types of visitors, the many reasons for the visits, human interaction with them now and in the past, and a multiplicity of other related subjects such as intelligence on each visiting race, their sociology, ethics, morality or laws, cosmologies, degree of technical advancement, and specifically how we can negotiate with them and preparations for doing so.

There are also COM-12 / Nordic Andro-Pleiadean members and visitors walking the streets of several major cities on earth. Andro-Pleiadean operatives have the ability to phase-in and out of the third dimension using advanced embedded Einstein-Rosen bridge style local low energy yield wormhole technology, similar to the dimensional doorway tech Director Peterson shared with Dr. Parks.

There is a division within the Breakaway Civilization Intelligence community between the Aquarian faction who want to attempt continued negotiations the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey species in exchange for advanced technology, and the COM-12 faction, who want to take military action against all of them. The COM-12 policies are being challenged by Aquarius faction agencies operating within Naval and Air Force Space Command and the corporate intelligence community. However, COM-12 is for interaction with the evolving sympathetic individual minded, organic android Greys. The COM-12 faction also works with Nordic, Andro-Pleiadean Alliance benevolent forces, to develop a tactical defense against the Draco Reptilian-Orion Grey Alliance, in response to the continual betrayals of the past treaties.

So, the Consortium Order is a highly fractioned shadow organization, with some advocating negotiation, others advocating annihilation, and others advocating continued negotiation combined with continued development of Earth's 'Star Wars' defenses in case the negotiations sour. The COM-12 faction is far less wavering in its intent and makes no excuses about it. They share a conviction that there is enough evidence at hand from past interactions with the Draco Empire that they will never abide by any established treaties, and that the only 'negotiation' they understand is brute force. Although COM-12 may be excessively militant in some of their dealings with the Draco and Orion Greys, the Reptilians and Orion Greys have repeatedly shown that they cannot be trusted and therefore no more negotiations should be attempted or allowed.

The Consortium Order maintains various global R & D projects including neutral particle beam weapons, hybrid clone development, and artificial human-like cybernetic-androids with self-programming, heuristic artificial intelligence, if not sentience, to be used as foot soldiers against the Orion Greys and their Draco Reptilian overlords.

There are those who believe that the Draco Empire are not unlike humans; incapable of taming their own predatory instincts, and conscious of little other than the drive to consume and increase their power-base and feed their unbounded appetites, even if it means devouring and destroying other cultures and worlds in the process. But unlike humanity, the Draco operate under a 'locust' mentality.

Because the collective mind-set automatically opposes any individual sovereign philosophy which advocates personal freedom, there are those who believe that the Draconian/Grey collective will not and cannot cease from its violations and abuses of human cultures throughout the galaxy unless forced to do so by the advanced humanoid cultures throughout the universe who have succeeded in taming their own base or lower predatory instincts. This could only be accomplished by those possessing a nature higher than the base predatory-physical nature, by those capable of utilizing and exercising the power of their higher spiritual natures.

An extreme philosophy contends that the Greys/Reptilians and in some cases Insectoids, genetically engineered Reptilian/Insectoid hybrids, must be conquered and brought under the absolute and unconditional subservience to, or at least supervision of, the humanoids alliances, with no chance of again being allowed to attain superiority over humanity-- an unnatural superiority which has in the past been accomplished mainly as a result of their Collective. Otherwise they will be an eternal thorn in the side of the human races throughout the universe, and a threat to humanoid prosperity, or even existence for untold generations to come.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 5

The entrance to Parks' quarters chimed. He got up from bed, walked over and waved his hand over the access panel, unlocking the door. The door clicked and slid open. He looked at her politely but cautiously. She was dressed in a robe, she must have been resting in her quarters as well, but he felt compelled focus on her face, on her intense eyes, as if she were willing him to do so. It has been a week since their shared intimacy, his deception to prove a point to her. She was clearly there to be with him intimately again. They were after all the only two aboard the vessel. He started to question the reality around him, but he would not allow his confusion to be noticed. After their bridge systems functions training, Parks had been secluded in his quarters for the past three standard earth days.

"Well hello stranger. You haven't been on the pilot's nest in a while. Are you alright?"

"Fine, thanks. Well, not really. We are in an unbelievable predicament, aren't we? I just needed time to get the overall picture."

"Well, aren't you going to invite a lady in?"

Parks stepped aside, and Athena crossed the threshold into his quarters. "Please?"

Parks knew of Athena's mental abilities, and it didn't help that she was irresistibly beautiful. But more than, he was lonely for her, if only she could be trusted. This sense on mistrust calloused Parks emotionally. As the door silently closed, Athena slowly opened her embroidered pearl satin kimono robe; she was nude except for the cotton socks on her feet. She dropped the robe from her shoulders and stood before him, unsure of herself. She slowly reached out for him, embraced him. As they kissed, he felt a magnetic attraction to her deep within and became aggressively aroused. Instead of steering her to the bed, in their frenzied embrace Parks landed Athena on the small countertop of his refreshment area. He propped her up there, waist high, and slowly entered her, filling her up, bringing his strong arousal to her full attention. She melted around him, hypersensitive to his every motion, every deep thrust, which slowly, gradually became more intense, more forceful. They continued their passionate tantric embrace until her tensions were repeatedly relinquished. Parks finally met her last with his own molten explosion deep inside her. As he slowed and began to break away, Athena pulled him closer, deeper into her quivering, satisfied afterglow, and wouldn't let him go.

Parks looked into her eyes, curiously. They weren't in love, and if such a true emotion existed, his heart had been hardened by Eve's betrayal to such an emotional delusion. And he simply lost all belief that any woman, let alone anyone, could be fully trusted. But here was Athena, looking up at him with

just such an emotion, deeply into his eyes, their bodies still locked and entwined, kissing him slowly and passionately after their naturally magnetic encounter; the union of the woman and a man. But Parks thought to himself, if he were not a financially powerful, materially resourceful man, or a gifted lover, artificially rejuvenated physically to the stamina of his youth, would she still feel the same way? Would she still embrace him lovingly if he were just an average man? Obviously not, so what did this exotic alien humanoid woman want from him other than the pursuit of her own pleasure? Then it dawned on him. He could feel the strong maternal impulse emanating from her telepathically. But he had to be sure.

“Can we go to your bed?” Athena asked. “I want to rest with you.”

“I can’t. I have to get back to work, I’m reviewing data files on Exopolitics, Subquantum Kinetics, some NASA Eagleworks research and crunching the numbers the avatar sent me on the performance parameters of this vessel. I just cannot believe we’ve traveled so far, so fast. The fantastic energy conversions needed to travel this far through dimensional subspace seems impossible to my limited understanding of Terran and alien astrophysics. Besides, we can’t stay stranded out here, wherever we are. We have to repair this vessel and go back.”

“Please, look at them later?” Athena kissed him lovingly on his neck and nuzzled closer.

“I’m sorry, I just can’t.” Then Parks looked at her, paused, then asked, “Athena--do you have children?”

Athena slowly broke their embrace and slowly pushed him away. She knew her deception was discovered. “No, I don’t have any natural children. Unless you include the dozens of ova that were taken from me, used to clone rich men’s deceased wives or fantasy lovers.” She glared at him with contempt.

“And now, you desire to have a child of your own,” Parks said. Athena didn’t answer, he was right about her intentions. She picked up her robe, tears beginning to stream from her eyes, and walked out of his quarters as she put it back on. Parks made no attempt to stop her. But he did send her a mental message, but he wasn’t sure at first if she received it. Parks sat and meditated, focusing all of his mental attention toward communicating with the naturally telepathic Athena. “I am truly sorry if the cultural exchange between our civilizations over the decades has caused you great harm. I want to also apologize for my uncaring attitude. If it is still your desire to become a natural parent with me, I would be honored to be a part of that process. But first, a proper period of courtship, leading of course to marriage. I may look young and I admit, I am very charming, but I’m actually very old, and old school when it comes to relationships.”

As Athena reached her quarters, she indeed heard his reply, smiled at his arrogant humor. Her hurt feelings subsided. Parks heard a telepathic reply in his mind, projected from Athena as clear as a bell. “Who said I wanted a relationship or a child with you? Don’t flatter yourself.”

Several hours later, Parks discreetly visited Athena’s quarters, wearing nothing but a navy hooded shower robe over black boxer briefs, vintage NASA issue blue smocks on his feet, and a caring smile. He

would stop pushing her away. His life with Eve was over; he was blessed to have had her for as long as he did. And few people have had his financial power and the resources to resurrect the love of their life. But it was time to move forward. Athena was in his life now, as long as she wanted him. He would put his suspicions on hold and just enjoy the perfumed scent, high intelligence, and embrace of this Pleiadean woman. And just perhaps, build a lasting bond with her.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 6

Eve was confined to an undisclosed underground base, she could detect that much from the movement around her. She was rendered and traveled for nearly 18 hours in military grade vehicles and aircraft, all with blacked out windows.

The elevator ride descended at least ten stories. With only one brief stop, she assumed she was far southwest of Europe, near the equator. The indication of a warmer climate while being transferred to the base only confirmed her assumptions. And the dialect and accent of background conversations led her to believe that her destination was Australia.

During the trip, she was informed by her mysterious captor that she would be an assassin for the Consortium Order, the original intent of her creation. That was nearly a week ago, now she was given her first assignment, to beat and torture a prisoner, an enemy to Sullivan.

Peterson awakened in his restraints again, this time to finally meet his captor, former black world Space Commander Sullivan, a rejuvenated man with a half organic, half digital nanotronic brain.

His motivations were more psychopathic than ever; he wanted revenge against Peterson and Parks. He planned to destroy Parks' company and his family.

Eve entered Peterson's cell, to his surprise, and without a word she beat him within an inch of his life.

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CHAPTER 7

Parks was in deep introspection on a low Buddha meditation seat in the dimly lit stateroom of his quarters. The entrance to his stateroom quietly slid open. Athena quietly entered barefoot, dressed in a sleeveless white sheer sleeping gown, carrying a large white comforter. She laid the comforter out on the thin carpeted deck before him, looked into his eyes and without saying a word slipped out of her gown. Parks opened his nearly closed eyes and slowly looked up at her beautiful nude form and smiled. It had been that way for days. They spent planned romantic activities together on the football field-sized delta aethership and copulated nightly. She would allow him to recover for half a day and without notice, put him to task again. They also shared every meal together. He was now used to her anytime conceiving schedule.

Athena lowered herself and embraced him, then slowly took off his cotton tunic and unfastened and removed his loose cotton meditation shorts. She deftly aroused him and straddled him while still seated. Parks was powerless to her ample beauty and the sincere urgency of her desire. She made love to him long enough to bring them to a powerful, intense mutual climax.

Athena then slipped off of his residing manhood and laid on the comforter. She pulled up and tucked her knees to her chest, in a familiar contraception technique.

As Athena dismounted him, Parks fell off of the low Buddha seat, groaning in mock exhaustion, landing next to her. Athena laughed at this, her slightly slanted alien eyes were dilated in the afterglow of the dimly lit stateroom. Transfixed, Parks moved closer, kissed her shoulder and neck and admired her determination. And in that moment of reflection, Parks fell deeply in love with Athena. She had chosen him to conceive a child and this humbled Parks. He felt honored by the other-worldly, Pleiadean woman. She was determined indeed.

Parks was laying on his side close to her. Athena continued to tuck her knees up to her chest, resting the heels of her feet atop Parks right hip, their sexes lined up perfectly. Parks looked deeply into her eyes and said, "Now I know how my clone Marcus felt out here all alone. I thank the Creator for you, and advanced interstellar radiation shielding, of course."

"Well of course," Athena mused at his attempt at dry humor.

"But seriously, if you weren't here with me, I'm sure I would have lost my mind and died out here all alone." Parks kissed her softly and slowly with his eyes closed. Athena understood this as a gesture of sincerity and slowly closed hers. This affectionate slow kiss brought the couple closer in intimacy than all

of their heated sexual encounters. Feeling the heat from their position, Parks became aroused and achingly engorged. He slowly reentered Athena. They made impassioned love more committed to conceiving a Human-Pleiadean child, more than the mere pleasure in its undertaking.

Parks in his body-rejuvenated old age was now a traditionalist at heart. After nearly a week of conceiving, he asked Athena to marry him. She said yes, amused at his sudden chaste attitude. Stranded as they were with no matrimonial authority to marry them, Parks asked the Elder's holographic A I to perform a makeshift marriage ceremony. With both Human and Pleiadean cultural references to guide the A I on bonding rituals, the holographic Elder conducted a brief ceremony, wishing for the couple a simple blessing of abundance and peace.

Parks and Athena sat across from each other in the aethership galley for dinner. They had in front of them spring mix salad tossed in a light dressing and several four ounce polymer non-spill squeeze bottles.

"We have on the dinner menu, Tangy Tangerine and Super Beets as the appetizer, followed by Texas Superfoods and Patriot Power Greens as the entrée. Strawberry-banana Rhinehart Bodyfuel serves as desert. All made with recycled pH alkaline balanced water", Parks said.

"Not very aesthetically appetizing cuisine, Athena observed, but definitely nutrient dense and easy to digest. We won't starve."

"We could heat up a couple of lab-slab grown beef steaks and gluten-free butter herbed pasta MREs? You're with child, you need the calories."

"Not tonight. I've always tried not eat too much creatine infused, fat marbled, genetically engineered beef or poultry protein during my time in your home world. Even if it was culture grown in labs and no animals were harmed in order to produce my food. But I must confess, I do miss some of Earth's culinary creations."

"Me too," Parks said. Parks began to notice the differences in their species more each day of their shared crisis, stranded just outside the Andromeda galaxy. He lifted his appetizer squeeze bottle to Athena's. "Bona petite."

After dinner, the cozy couple retired to watch a vintage motion picture from the aethership's Earth media archives in cocooned intimacy, falling asleep in each other's arms before the film ended. The artificially generated gravity was only three quarters that of the Earth, so their rest was peaceful. They awakened after the final credits scrolled after the alert signal of the cue holoscreen portal chimed at the film's end. They didn't want to see another film, so they engaged in pillow talk.

"Tell me about your parents," Parks asked.

Athena took a moment, "Well, my father was a cosmologist and involved in interdimensional sciences. He was fascinated with the infinite universe, which we consider the body of the creator and the higher dimensions the mind of the creator. So much so that my mother did most of the parenting. He traveled off-world for long periods of time, so I barely knew him. My mother was a xenobiologist. She was a loving, nurturing parent."

"Are they still alive?"

"Yes, I look forward to seeing them again."

"Are human and Pleiadean attitudes on emotional and physical love and family similar?"

"We are a much older civilization than our human cousins. We conquered our primitive greed based, violence loving, social populism nature eons ago. Scientific discovery and spiritual enlightenment became our species' cultural foundation. These advances also greatly expanded our longevity. We experience single adulthood much longer, devoting more time to our individual intellectual pursuits. Also as a result, we experience more casual relationships over a lifetime. Unless one takes a vow of purity and commits to their scientific or intellectual occupations, the way your human Jesuit priests dedicate themselves in pious celibacy to communing to your concept of the creator. What is it called, the Trinity, established at the Council of Nicaea in 325 AD? I find it fascinating how humans edited their most precious holy tome, not once but many times. Did you know that the Pleiades is mentioned in the Bible?"

Parks digested her brief clinical statement covering Pleiadean culture and its oversimplified, more libertine attitudes toward commitment, while taking a jab at organized religion. It helped to explain why she had been chosen for the Genesis Consortium Seven Daughters of Eve Cloning Program and agreed to have her ova and DNA harvested. Parks also learned during previous pillow talk sessions that Pleiadean women produced twice the ova that human women did over a lifetime and they have a fascinating ability to ovulate at will; they have evolved to control the functions of their hypothalamus and pituitary gland and the hormones of their ovarian and uterine reproductive cycles. They can initiate their conception cycle within hours of the moment and initiate their period within days of that ovulation.

Athena continued, "Pleiadean science corrected psychological, and physical dysfunction and intellectual evolution did away with uncontrolled emotional bonding. When we are ready for life mating, we choose within the scientific, engineering or interstellar exploratory classes. Esoteric and creative pursuits are common and encouraged in all classes, so no other social classes are necessary. We are encouraged to choose a life mate from different class to enhance cross pollination among the classes."

Parks nodded in understanding, then asked, "Would you say in essence, that science and the pursuit of knowledge became your religion? I mean, does it affirm your concept of a Creator Potential and a higher spiritual continuum?"

Athena shifted her position, resting slightly on Parks chest, to look at him once again for a moment, searching for words acceptable to his curious human understanding of her species, much older humanoid cousins to Earth's human race. "You will hear this from all benevolent, advanced interstellar and interdimensional species that the human race will encounter as you continue your exploration of the Virgo Supercluster and the billions of superclusters that comprise the infinite universe. We view the universe as the body of the Creator. We designate no gender to our concept of the Creator as Earth humans do. We do not humanize our concept of the creator as you do. There are still mysteries we have yet to learn and understand about the higher realms of the Creator, the higher dimensions. Type 3 and yes, even Type 4 civilizations contact us, when we are ready and shepherd us through these higher discoveries and realities, higher truths. You are correct, our scientific pursuits are in a way our attempt to embrace that infinite, sentient energy that is everywhere. Perhaps one day a million years from now, our sciences will become a Type 4 and feel that embrace from the universe, like a child being hugged by their parents, giving our species nurturing comfort and acceptance. I hope your species finds its way towards this embrace as well in your future discovering new worlds and new truths among the stars."

Athena shifted her body again so she was resting on top of Parks. Her warm soft sensuous body becoming blanket for him of exotic comfort. "Now, tell me about your parents? Your birth parents this time?"

Parks had avoided the discussion during one of their previous pillow talk sessions. Athena was a full empath and telepath. She knew he was hiding something. He looked up at the ceiling of his quarters, then told her some of what he learned. "Peterson sent me an encrypted message before we were attacked, after he came to visit me aboard the triage vessel where I underwent my initial rejuvenation treatment, after having temporal surgery to have some malfunctioning communication implants removed. He thought it was time that I knew what he knew about my past.

Peterson knew my birth father. I won't tell you his name, but he was an officer in the U.S. Marines Special Section, a spaceflight navigation specialist. A charter member in the Breakaway Civilization of the late 1950s and 1960s, after the first contact and our 1954 treaty, when all back engineered gravity propulsion research went into the blackworld for good.

My birth father was on leave from our first covert lunar colony program at the Long Island Montauk Base. He was from upstate New York, staying with friends in Manhattan. He decided to take a class at NYU when he met my birth mother, who also took the same class. She was of Sicilian heritage, an elementary school art teacher living in Soho. My father was tanned and athletic as were young soldiers of the era, trying desperately to embody the Kennedy image vigor, confidence and optimism about America's role in space. My birth mother was said to have angelic beauty by my birth father. Their romance was brief and bitter sweet when my birthfather received his orders to return to Montauk Base and transfer Dougway Proving Ground, Utah. They had known each other for only two months. My birth father did not know that he had given my birth mother a parting gift. He found out after my birth mother died giving birth to me and I was sent to an orphanage and adopted. He never married, became a career soldier. He might have tried to adopt me, but mercifully, I was adopted by Maria and Gordon Wayne Parks. He kept tabs on me throughout my youth, I was told by Peterson. In 1985, he signed on

for an interstellar colonization mission. A flotilla of Space Command platforms and carriers would take from his beloved home world to the Orion Constellation. They were never heard from again. No one knows what fate awaited them. But the hostilities with the Orion Draco intensified.

By that time, I was in college, studying aeronautical engineering. My birth father asked Peterson to keep tabs on me, try to bring me in under the fold. He had a powerful position at Lockheed Martin, recruited me from college. I guess I followed in my birth father's footsteps. I became an aerospace and mechanical engineer, eventually working for the blackworld. I built my wealth with my company working for the breakaway civilization for decades. And even though I am now an InterWorld Council Earth Ambassador, I may never know whether my birth father lived a long life or if I have siblings from Orion, or if he perished in some hostility with the Draco. If we recover from this, I may find out what happened to that Orion Colony."

Athena listened attentively as they lay there. She sensed the sadness and emotional pain this revelation brought on him. She moved to his side so he could rest, encouraging him to do so while she caressed his chest. She intentionally induced in him unconsciousness, another trait unique to Pleiadeans; in mere minutes, he was asleep, in the dream state.

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CHAPTER 8

Parks' REM dream state mind raced to connect the dots to his present dilemma while he slept.

...traversable wormholes to a different point in time and space... transported to the other side of the universe... If they wanted to travel back to Earth they would either have to travel back through the wormhole they just left... would it still be the "past" when they returned?...

... geometries of space-time... change in spatial position as the time coordinate is varied... closed time like curves, which are world lines that form closed loops in space-time, allowing objects to return to their own past...

...equations of general relativity that describe space times which contain closed time like curves such as Gödel space time... FTL faster than light or value 'c', describes traveling at 186,282 miles per second or 299,792 kilometers per second in a vacuum...

...to create FTL wormholes between points in space-time...

...humans may not be able to withstand time travel at all...It all comes down to the relationship between time and space...

...Time can't exist without space, and space can't exist without time. The two exist as one: the space-time continuum. Any event that occurs in the universe has to involve both space and time... you'll need to exploit space-time... Time passes faster farther away from the mass of the Earth... gravitational time dilation... gravitational lensing effect. Gravity doesn't just pull on space; it also pulls on time...

...Speed also plays a role in the rate at which we experience time. Time passes more slowly the closer you approach the speed of light... using faster-than-light travel to journey back in time... if time slows as an object approaches the speed of light, then might exceeding that speed cause time to flow backward? as an object nears the speed of light, its relativistic mass increases until, at the speed of light, it becomes infinite... cheat the universal speed limit by propelling a bubble of space-time across the universe... attach one end of the wormhole to a spaceship, fly around at the speed of light so time slows down for the spaceship, then jump through the wormhole... speculative space propulsion technology and existing cosmic phenomena...

...NASA Eagleworks, Harold 'Sonny' White's baby... and Eagleworks Physicist Miguel Alcubierre's model for warp drive, circa 1994... the quantum vacuum plasma thruster, similar to the Pleiadean Aether space drive engine, and the origins of the Black Arrow fleet, along with the 60 years of black world research that made the breakaway civilization possible.

...According to Einstein, time was more like a river, which meandered around stars and galaxies, speeding up and slowing down as it passed around massive bodies...

...Einstein's neighbor at Princeton, Kurt Goedel, perhaps the greatest mathematical logician of the past 500 years, found a new solution to Einstein's own equations which allowed for time travel...

...River of Time... it postulated a universe filled with a rotating fluid. Anyone walking along the direction of rotation would find themselves back at the starting point, backwards in time... Roy Kerr... wormhole solutions to Einstein's equations...

...These wormholes connect not only two regions of space but also two regions of time as well. In principle, they can be used as time machines...

...quantum theory to gravity. In the quantum theory, we can have multiple states of any object... the river of time forks into two separate rivers... the main problem is one of energy... harness the power of a star...

...Aether vacuum energy, dark matter... quantum gravity... Type Two or Three Civilization... exotic matter... negative energy...

...our mathematics is not powerful enough to answer the question of stability because you need a "theory of everything" which combines both quantum forces and gravity... superstring theory is the leading candidate for such a theory...

...The theory is well-defined, but no one on earth is smart enough to solve it... Anyone who can harness the power of a star would consider us to be very primitive...

...speculate on the existence of higher dimensions and non-Euclidean geometries during a discussion on the existence of God...

...Higher dimensions, higher realms exist... unseen worlds just beyond our reach, beyond the normal laws of physics... alien worlds beyond comprehension... higher dimensional space... 10 or more, rumored to be up to 26 dimensions of space-time...

...our familiar three dimensional universe is "too small" to describe the myriad forces governing our universe, to describe our physical world, with its almost infinite variety of forms...

...N dimensional space... spatial dimensions beyond three that simply cannot be conceptualized by the limited human brain...

...higher dimensions hold the key to the unification of all known forces. The universe is governed by four fundamental forces. Gravity, electro-magnetism, the strong and weak nuclear forces. These four forces, in turn, are unified in higher dimensional space...

...Quantum-mechanical phenomena... allows for faster-than-light (FTL) communication or time travel...

...the mechanics of time travel require that mass-energy be exchanged in precise balance between past and future at the moment of travel, or to simply expand the scope of the conservation law to encompass all timelines...

...Earth is moving through space around the Sun, which is moving in the galaxy, and so on... the theory of relativity rejects the idea of absolute time and space; in relativity, there can be no universal truth about the spatial distance between events which occur at different times and thus no objective truth about which point in space at one time is at the same position that the Earth was at another time...

...every calculation, inertial frame of reference and all coordinate systems as the Earth moves away from or toward the traveler's vessel when taking a trip through time with the intention of landing at some chosen spatial location, cannot be off by so much as an angstrom, or timing as much as a Planck time unit, in order to return back in time within the weeks the traveler had been gone, perhaps within the exact instant departed---

Hours later, Parks awakened with a jolt of energy, sitting bolt upright in bed. Athena rested next to him still in deep sleep. Parks slowly swung his legs over the side of his bed, so as not to awaken her. He slowly stood and padded to the open elongated egg-shaped cocoon aqua-sonic shower and sauna near his bathroom and wardrobe closet. He turned on a medium stream of brisk warm water, trying not to make too much noise. He dropped his sleeping shorts, slid open the wrap around shell of the cocoon shower and stepped over and into the large wrap around sauna tub seat, closed the shell door, then down into the three-foot diameter wide shower floor.

The beading sound of the water stream and splashing sounds along with the fresh mint scent of organic antibacterial shower gel slowly invaded the senses of Athena's slumber. By the time the shower turned off three minutes later, she was conscious enough to observe Parks sit on the outer edge of the cocoon shower drying himself with a large towel, wrapping it around his waist, then put on a dark blue terry cloth shower kimono robe and head for the bathroom sink near the enclosed toilet cabinet room. Parks brushed his sonic brushed his teeth, rinsed with Smart Mouth, then shaved. He then moved over to his wardrobe closet, selected a two-piece duty uniform, Sugata shirt and bio thermals of molecularly aligned nano-threads woven into a breathable fabric that keeps the wearer warm in cold climes and cool on warm climes. As he dressed, Athena pretended to still be asleep, but observed his look of intense inner contemplation and determination.

Fully dressed and composed, Parks strode toward the entrance to his Spartan quarters with looking up. He assumed Athena was still sleeping, although she did reposition herself and yawn, signaling her increasingly awakened state.

"Are you alright?" She asked. Parks was slightly startled by her being awake, he almost paused, but made no reply and continued on his way out. His concentration was elsewhere as he exited. Athena slowly sat up in bed, puzzled. She couldn't read his thoughts, they were literally everywhere a buzz of multitasking activity, trying to figure out—He knew. The facade was over.

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CHAPTER 9

Eve hadn't slept or eaten much since her captivity began over a week ago. Sullivan continued to threaten to harm her daughter if Eve is not compliant. Mercifully, his brain was damaged by Peterson in the past and his sexual impulses were permanently eradicated, replaced by a more powerful sadistic impulse. Sullivan ordered Eve to torture Peterson over and over again for his amusement. She pulled her punches out of fear of killing the old man, who never begged for his life or registered fear. She seemed to know him, somewhere in her cellular memory, but couldn't place his face. She quietly mentally begged his forgiveness before each beating. The old man seemed to understand.

As Parks entered the conn and the inner pilot's nest, the A I and other systems began to quietly illuminate and come to life in anticipation of his commands.

"Good day, Ambassador."

"Hal, please remain on standby. I need to have a chat with the Elder's A I."

"As you command, sir."

Parks stepped into the center of the command and flight nest, and waited. A nearby holo-emitter activated. The Elder's long vest, robed image stood over him in stunning detail. A bit too towering, Parks thought. The real live Elder wasn't that tall. I was taller than him.

"Ambassador Parks, how may I assist you? What is it that you seek?"

"The truth, right now. Where are we, really? It's not the out skirts of Andromeda. Multi-dimensional space-time travel in essence, deals with infinity in either direction, the future or the past. Now I don't doubt that this vessel can actually make a series of emergency q-phase dimensional slips to that destination. But certainly, not in three Earth standard days. Even if we could reach 1000 times the speed of light, it would take 9 months to reach the edge of our Milky Way galaxy. And many months more to reach Andromeda. This is where you made your first mistake. I kept going over the probabilities in my sleep, that how I process deep problems. It just didn't add up.

Second, Athena is just too comfortable about all this. She's more concerned about conceiving than our being stranded, which means we're not. I knew something was wrong in my gut feeling, my intuition.

I began to check quietly all cosmic radiation shielding generator readings. It stands to reason that in such a short period of time after a series of emergency generated special wormhole jumps, the radiation shielding generators might need recalibration. The readings were normal, with no variations since the

date of the attack, except for a drop in radiation. Out here in open space, the readings should be higher, or at least have some variations in readings; your third mistake.

I've also studied the 360 degree starfield on the monitors daily from my quarters. Our position has never drifted closer to Andromeda, pulled forward by the galaxy's gravitational forces. An easy enough holographic deception to execute. More and more I sensed that you were at the heart of all this. I've been distracted, comfortably distracted the past few weeks. At that moment, Parks noticed Athena standing just at the entrance to the pilot's nest. I am convinced we are shrouded in some spatial operating environment, sophisticated enough to fool even me, for a while. And I could kick myself for allowing this charade to go on for so long. Now, I want the truth. Where the fuck are we and why? No more deceptions."

There was a long silence. Parks rested his arms akimbo on his waist, then switched the weight of his body from the left hip to the right, in truly pissed-off consternation. "I'll pull the plug on your smug digital ass if you don't spill the beans right now. Do not doubt me simulacrum." Parks remained resolute.

After another long pause, the holographic A.I. slowly began to clap his hands, even going to the trouble to simulate the sound for effect. "Well done Ambassador, I wondered how long we would be able to keep you—distracted, as you put it." The A.I. looked at Athena, disappointed. Her eyes looked downward, unable to look at Parks.

"We are on Mars."

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CHAPTER 10

The Elder A I confessed all to Parks. "We are technically below the surface of Marks, within a military base manned by Earth-Mars Defense Forces. Marine Special Section was created by former President Eisenhower in the 1950s to serve as a check and balance against the growing cosmic secrecy and unlimited power, both militarily and politically, of Naval and Air Force Space Command. Peterson wanted to be sure that your neural node connections were all removed completely so that your location could not be detected or tracked."

Parks touched his temples in reflex. He cursed the day that he allowed the Elder to give him the neural node enhancement and prayed every day that none of molecularly aligned nano-treads and micro-hardware was left in his skull after the reverse surgery. "Go on, continue."

"Mars has nearly twenty underground human colonies and military defense bases, built over a century. Many are in active research to return a viable atmosphere to the planet.

We are waiting for a Pleiadean platform vessel that will return Athena and my digitally preserved consciousness to our home world. That vessel will arrive soon."

Parks looked again in Athena's direction. Standing the tactical station, she finally met his gaze. She was still dressed in her night gown and covered a white robe, sashed at the waist. She crossed her arms around her chest as if bracing herself for Parks' oncoming tirade about betrayal.

"You knew all along?" Parks asked.

Athena nodded her head, tears welling in her eyes, unable to respond.

"You're returning with him? Returning home? What about us, our child?"

She looked down, again offering no reply, only nodding once.

"So, this was just a convenient opportunity for you to conceive with a human." Parks nodded in understanding, unable to read her thoughts. It was finished. Parks took a long deep breath and returned his attention to the holo-image of the Elder A I. Then Athena spoke.

"No, not just any human," Athena replied. "I choose the man who saved my life. The Elder and Peterson knew that I wanted to. They granted my wish."

Parks looked back to Athena, then the holo. "I've got to return to earth, to my family and my corporation. If I was attacked, then my family and my company must have been attacked as well," Parks said.

"Your clone was nearly killed at your ex-wife's vineyard," the A I stated flatly, to Parks' surprise. "They must have thought it was you or cared less if it was you or your clone. Eve dispatched the mercenaries, unarmed, but eventually surrendered."

"What?!"

"Your daughter was abducted from her residence in New York."

Parks' heart sank. "My daughter?! She was taken?! What happened to her personal security?! You withheld this information from me all this time?! Taken by whom?"

"Sullivan and his network of Aquarius cabal operatives," the A I said. "They are after revenge."

Parks shook his head in shock. "I thought he was incapacitated by Peterson?"

"Your enemies have been planning revenge for some time. Peterson was abducted as well."

"You and Peterson knew."

"We did, and have been preparing for some time. That is why we wanted you off-world, on the move until the threat can be contained and eliminated. But we could not anticipate their timing with certainty. Sullivan's splinter group have taken control of the Pine Gap facility. I had the unfortunate duty of keeping you safe and your attention focused on another dilemma while our Alpha Command forces made plans to retaliate."

"And so, you come up with the Andromeda scenario. Look I've got to get the hell out of here, back to earth—"

"Agreed. We have developed a that will utilize the Mars Defense Forces and NATO android troops controlled by Alpha Command. We will take back the underground facility. Patience, Ambassador."

"Patience? You have had me locked away under false pretenses for almost two months, distracted by—"

Athena closed her eyes, her grief at his words more than evident.

Parks caught himself before he insulted her further. "I'm Sorry."

Athena turned and walked slowly out of the conn. Parks watched her leave. The A I replied, to refocus Parks from his sense of betrayal. "Ambassador Parks, the time is almost at hand. You will be notified when Mars Defense Forces are ready to escort you back to earth."

Parks' feelings for Athena had grown, in fact he loved her, but because his family's abduction, their relationship had become an instant non-issue. Parks now questioned her sincerity. He felt like nothing more than a fool she tricked into being a sperm donor. His mind was a storm of distress.

"Turn off this damn external charade! Show me what is actually outside of this ship!"

A surround screen activated. They were in an immense underground hangar. Cadres of pressure suited, space helmet clad soldiers and specialist technicians were everywhere. Parks observed all the activity for a few seconds, then said, "I need a briefing on the Pine Gap operation, right now."

"The Elder A I replied, I will contact the mission commander and inform him that you are now fully aware of the situation and wish to be briefed."

"Just open up the damn ship! I'll find him on my own."

"You'll need to wear a pressure suit to leave this hangar and enter the colony base, Ambassador. I understand your distrust. But I am still the consciousness that trained both your mentor and your clone. As an ambassador, you must learn the proper official protocols and address me with the proper respect due."

Parks had enough of this digital being. His anger barely contained. "You know, you are not a deity to be revered. You are merely the digital representation of someone too afraid to die. Afraid of your life energy and intellect being to a degree extinguished and your contributions to the universe forgotten. No, you are merely a digital ghost with limited influence among the living. And I feel sorry for you."

Parks turned and walked briskly out of the conn. The holo-image of the Elder A I turned his head in Parks' direction to deliver a retort before his departure, then stopped. The image reacted in an almost human manner, appearing to reflect on parks' assessment of its digital sentience. The image flickered slightly before deactivating its emitters.

Parks donned a pressure suit and found his base through the hangar to the USMC Special Section administrative offices of the subterranean base. He was given a briefing and a mini tour of the base. When he returned to the aethership hours later, he stopped by Athena's quarters. She wouldn't answer nor open her entrance. Parks could override and open her door, but felt the forced invasion of her privacy would be another unforgivable act of callousness. Tired from the revelations of the day, Parks returned to his own quarters, pulled off his duty uniform and returned to bed. He was tired from worry about his family, distressed beyond consolation. He quickly fell into a stress filled sleep.

As Parks slept, the entrance to his quarters slid open. Athena entered Parks quarters, somehow bypassing the door lock controls with the power of her telekinetic thought. She padded silently to Parks' sleeping body. He stirred pensively. Parks' eyes fluttered slightly as he began to awaken. Athena waved her hand over his head and he fell into a controlled deep sleep. Athena caressed his face, touched his hair, then kissed him gently on the lips. Her tears flowed as she quietly retreated.

Parks awakened many hours later. He felt calm and rested, refreshed. But his mind returned to the crisis on earth. He washed and dressed quickly before heading back to the conn. The pilot's nest seemed in order as usual but deftly silent. In fact, the entire aethership seemed to be void of life except for him.

"Hal, systems update. There was no reply or acknowledgement. Then a different synthetic voice responded."

"Greetings, Ambassador Parks."

"You sound new. Identify."

"This is the ship's systems A I awaiting your commands."

"What happened to Hal."

"I have no record of such a subsystem."

"What about the Elder A.I. digital consciousness?"

"The entire hardware cube containing that H3D subsystem was removed and replaced with my redundant hardware cube as the primary core A I ship-wide."

"You are now the primary A I? When did this happen?"

"Three earth standard hours ago, by a group of Pleiadean technicians."

"Hal must have been a sub-routine of the Elder A.I. he used just to appease me. Clever. Where was the A I hardware removed to?"

"The cube was placed into a Pleiadean military grade android?"

"Military grade, meaning?"

"Organic humanoid looking, but stronger than organic, much more durable and physically adept than general service androids. Capable of armed and unarmed combat, with built-in defensive and offensive sub-routines."

"With a sentient digital intellect. Can you pull up the design schematics for these androids? Sounds like something interesting to study and apply to my own security. Earth's military androids are classified at the highest levels. Send the schematics to the console in my quarters." Parks paused in thought, vaguely remembering a dream of Athena entering his quarters. He already knew the answer to his next question. "Is anyone else aboard?"

"No, Ambassador."

Parks sadly lowered his head and then himself into the pilot's chaise, realizing that Athena must have visited his quarters one last time while he slept. Her farewell was no dream.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 11

“Ambassador, we are being notified by Mars Defense Forces that our time to depart to earth has come. They are sending us coordinates and requesting that we follow in a pentagon formation. We will be at the center of the formation. A flotilla of five battle carriers, separated by five earth standard kilometers serving as escort ships.”

“Acknowledge the transmission and coordinate our departure with the escort vessels. Can you handle this task?”

“Yes, Ambassador.”

“Good. You don’t have a familiar, more personal moniker, do you?”

“No, Ambassador. I am the ship’s system-wide A.I., which includes communications, navigation, environmental and propulsion; adapted for human interaction.”

“Then you should have in your media archives the vintage science fiction film titled 2001: A Space Odyssey. Humans have the tendency of giving our A.I. systems a short personal human moniker or nickname. How about I give you one, Hal, based on that old film. And Hal, add a slight British affectation to your audio responses, sounds classier.”

“Yes, Ambassador, I will respond to this—nickname.”

“Good, carry on.” In the pilot’s chaise, Parks placed a navigation headband on his temples and the bridge of his nose, similar to glasses or goggle frames. A wrap around holo-screen lowered from the frame in front of his field of vision. As the aethership’s systems powered up, the ceiling of the massive subterranean hangar slowly split open, retracting on both sides, venting the slight artificial atmosphere within. Pressure suited technicians with light batons signaled the go for ascent, their red lighted batons changing to green. The landing struts of the aethership retracted as it ascended. It reached an altitude of 5000 feet and leveled in center of the formation. Parks could see in his holo-screen five flat wide domino shaped vessels in a pentagonal-shaped formation, each 100 tall, 100 meters wide and 300 meters long. Parks turned for a 360-degree view, just in time to see a mega-massive dark silhouetted floating structure in orbit. A Pleiadean platform vessel. It was the size of a city. 200 U.S. naval carriers. He wondered if Athena was watching him pull away. He vowed silently to visit Athena’s home world one day and meet his child. The tiny little fetus just beginning to develop its life’s journey in Athena’s womb. Parks knew with Athena and her extended family’s nurture and guidance, their child would mature into a good soul, even if Parks was not there to raise and guide him or her. But he had always assumed that

he would have been there to raise his child from birth to maturity. The loss of the opportunity and blessing wounded him mortally.

The lead escort carrier ship's commands brought him back to focus on departure. "Archangel One to Archangel Two, Three, Four, Five and Ambassador Parks; synchronous formation launch will commence on my mark; 8,7,6,5,4,3,2—"

All six vessels smoothly accelerated in unison.

"ETA to earth orbit in 59 minutes."

Parks settled in for the brief journey home at sub-light cruising speed. His seven weeks of protective custody was over. Parks wondered what if they had been captured, or if they had been catapulted interdimensionally to the Andromeda system? In the scenario outlined by the Elder A.I., could this aethership travel that far that fast? Three earth standard days? Such a feat would be incredible. Then his mind refocused. He touched a comm-screen panel. "Ambassador Parks to Archangel One; once in orbit, I will need to open a channel satellite to contact my company's global security division. I'll need to coordinate the safe return of my family, after your forces free them."

"Roger that, Ambassador. Pine Gap has already been engaged. NATO Android forces are fighting for control of the base as we speak. By the time we arrive in orbit, your family should be secured."

"Thank you, Parks out." Parks stress level grew. He knew from the briefing that the overthrow of the command structure was a sore issue with Alpha Command. The Aquarius Faction truce was over. The internal war for control of Space Command continued. Confident of the outcome, he would contact OM Global Security and pass on the intel and coordinates to return his family home after the operation. He silently prayed to the Creator Potential that Eve and Emily would prevail unharmed.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 12

The Pine Gap facility reverberated with the delivery of each bomb at the surface. Ten levels below, rifle fire reports echoed, growing closer and greater in intensity.

Eve launched a barrage of blows at Peterson's bruised and broken body as he sat manacled to the interrogation chair. His face was bloodied and swollen, his eyes were nearly closed, nose broken, his teeth were loosened, some knocked out. Slung violently with each punch, blood spewed from his mouth from each body blow Eve delivered. Her hands were bloodied and sore.

"I'm sorry. Sullivan has my daughter. He'll kill her if I stop," Eve murmured under her breath. "If I activate the cloaking function of my battle suit, he'll kill her. I can't go after him."

"I know," Peterson replied, his voice labored and barely audible.

Behind a two-way opaque mirror, Sullivan looked on holding Emily by the arm, pressing the barrel of his sidearm into his temple. He spoke into an intercom repeatedly. "Stop talking to him! You're pulling your punches, clone! Hit him harder, or I swear I will blow your precious daughter's brains out!" He tightened his grip in her arm and Emily screamed in horror. Eve stopped and glared at the mirror in a rage. The electronically opaqued mirror cleared to reveal him standing there with Emily in fear for her life. Sullivan would do this to Eve to make her punish Peterson harder.

One of Sullivan's mercenaries rushed in, speaking in his ear. His eyes narrowed in alarm. He passed Emily to the soldier who pulled her away hurriedly. She called out to her mother, shrieking and fighting not to be removed by her handler. Sullivan turned back to Eve. "Times up, kill him, now." He walked to the locked door and tossed in her wakizashi tempered Japanese strait short sword, locking the door again before she could get to him. "Kill him with your blade. Do it now or I swear, I will kill your daughter."

Eve slowly picked up slowly picked up the short blade. She turned and stood over Peterson, slowly raising the sword over her head with both hands. Peterson strained to open his swollen eyes.

Two mercenaries returned, forcefully pulling Sullivan out of the observation room. "We have to move now, sir! They have over run the base!" More explosions reverberated, rifle reports grew closer. The lights flickered.

As Sullivan retreated, he yelled out, "Kill him now, or she's dead! Kill him, kill him!"

Eve seemed brain washed, in a trance. She just stood there, ready to strike. Peterson looked into her eyes, attempting to telepathically reach her mind. Suddenly, she yelled before pulling the blade up and

back to swing down with all of her might and split Peterson's head open. Peterson spoke to Eve telepathically, "I knew your progenitor. She worked for me at Lockheed Martin, she was a brilliant aerospace engineer. She died too soon, much too young." Eve swung the blade down in anguish—and time seemed to come to a stand still...

Peterson looked deeper into Eve's eyes, deeper into her soul. His head inches from the blade. His eyes were dilated fully, almost pitch black. Peterson focused all his considerable telekinetic energy to repel the sword. The power of Peterson's mental energy overwhelmed Eve. The sword twisted in Eves grip 45 degrees. The flat of the blade now faced Peterson. Time resumed as the sword swung back at Eve, knocking her in the forehead with the flat of the blade.

The blow sent Eve sprawling back across the floor of the interrogation room. Peterson looked down at his shackles, they popped open and fell to the deck. Eve sat open groggily, a large welt forming at the center of her forehead. She looked at the unshackled Peterson in disbelief.

"He's quite mad, you know," Peterson slurred words were painful to speak. He touched his face tenderly before spitting out blood. "You'd better go after him, quickly. Ambassador Parks is on his way with, the Calvary—" Peterson coughed up more blood suddenly. He sat forward, placed his head slowly in his hands. He was wounded internally from enduring a week of captivity and torture.

Eve recovered her senses and scabbarded her short sword embedded in the spine of her stealth-camo battle tights. She moved cautiously towards Peterson. "Your hurt."

Peterson raised a hand to halt her. "Eve, go after your child. I implore you. I'll be fine."

Eve nodded, "I'm sorry I had to injure you." She turned and headed toward the exit. The door was still locked from the outside. Eve looked back at Peterson, before she could speak, he waved his hand and the door unlocked instantly.

Eve looked to the man now fully aware of the full range of his telekinetic power. "Why did you allow yourself to be tortured when you could have freed yourself at any time?"

Because other lives besides my own were at stake. "Now go, save your daughter. Hurry."

Eve nodded and turned stepping out and into the breach. But the guilt of torturing Peterson was too great. She returned to the interrogation room to help Peterson to the surface, but the room was empty. Peterson had simply vanished.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 13

The Mars Defense Force flotilla escorting Parks landed around the Pine Gap facility. A company of MDF Marines disembarked. NATO human and android troops were securing the base. And tending to the wounded. OM Group Security personnel were on site next. Parks searched for a familiar face. He spotted A.R. Anderson, the former ExecPro regional security chief responsible for Eve and Emily's safety in New York and London.

"Anderson!" Parks shouted over the noise of combat activity surrounding them.

The young man, outfitted in contractor's armored tactical gear, rifle and sidearm, turned and saw his new boss and mentor, blinking rapidly to hold back the tears welling in his eyes and retain a professional bearing. "Ambassador Parks, I'm so sorry, sir. Emily was abducted by Sullivan's men. I have no excuse sir, it happened on my watch."

"Where is she?"

"They escaped just as the base was raided. We are directing overhead satellites to locate and track them. It's a waiting game."

"Emily still wears a locket that I gave her. It has a GPS within that can be tracked. It was an old Amber Alert style security measure I utilized when she was a child. She still wears it I believe."

"Yes, she does. She rarely takes it off."

"I won't ask how you know that, Anderson. We can find her then."

"Eve emerged from the underground base entrance, escorted by MDF Marines. Parks sensed, then spotted her, so did she when he was near. Their child Emily kept their bond close. Eve rushed to him, just as Parks stepped away his personal security detail. They embraced for a moment, emotion, anguish and relief washed over them. "He has Emily," she sobbed.

"We're going after them, right now. Get on my ship, you too Anderson. Tell all Security teams to track and follow my ship."

Anderson nodded in acknowledgement, then relayed orders through his throat mike.

Parks looked toward the mission commander. "I need two squads of marines onboard as well, and drones attacking from the air." The mission commander rounded up his best. Within minutes the silver delta, a trailing MDF carrier and OM Group Security EM vessel silently ascended and traveled west over the Pine Gap facility, on an emergency intercept and rescue mission.

CHAPTER 14

Sullivan's transport was a half-disc shaped liked metallic horse shoe crab with a rear helicopter-like maneuvering boom. The fleeing EM limited paratransit vessel skimmed over the plains just feet above the ground. He carried a small squad of mercenaries, and Emily. The makeshift radar technician and navigator alerted Sullivan. "We have three EM ships rapid closing in on us."

"Parks. How could they have detected us, were cloaked. Try to evade them."

"There's no we can evade them, sir. They're fast closing in directly on our position—"

Sullivan unholstered his sidearm and shot the navigator through the head, blowing his brains out the other side of his skull. Emily screamed in horror and shock. Sullivan glowered at her and she stopped. He turned to the pilot. "Evade them." The scared pilot began a series of zig zag and S maneuvers, which only served to speed up their intercept.

"That's our target, it's cloaked but she's in there." Parks checked various holo-screens as Eve, Anderson and the Marine squad leader Greg Nunz looked on in the pilot's nest. "Hal, target and fire on their rear engines, low yield, EM pulse. Be careful not to hit the cabin."

"Yes, Ambassador." An energetic thin beam fired from the leading edge forward array of the silver delta. The retreating transport's rear propulsion engines exploded in smoke and fire. The vessel lurched before nose diving into the sand dune plains.

Parks' silver delta reduced speed and made a smooth arc around the downed transport, landing a quarter kilometer away. A side hatch opened on the downed transport and a small group of Sullivan's mercenaries spilled out firing upon the magnetically shielded aethership. The MDF transport and OM Group Security vessels landed behind the mercenary ship, surrounding them.

The squads of armor clad MDF Marines aboard Parks ship deployed to positions around the struts and rear ramp of the aethership. Parks laid down a wall of fire, pinning down the hostiles as the Marines and OM Group Security contractors deployed and engaged the enemy. A few more mercs spilled out of the downed transport, providing cover fire as a small all-terrain EM vehicle leapt out and fled the fire fight.

It was Sullivan, with Emily secured to his waist. "Do NOT Fire on the escaping pod! I repeat, Do not fire!" Parks focused on the small machine, and Emily's signal moving away again. He leapt from the pilot's chaise. Hal provide fire support for our soldiers. Find me after the enemy is defeated or

surrenders. Parks turned to Eve and Anderson. "I'm going after them." Parks slipped an Air Force Space Command logo baseball cap on, to cover up his navigation band.

"I'm going with you," Eve demanded.

Parks knew her lethal memgram encoded combat skills mixed with maternal protective impulse would ensure Sullivan's defeat. Still, he didn't want to put her in danger. He paused, then nodded as they hurried to the lower cargo bay. "Anderson, you have the conn. Hal will walk you through it all." As he passed Anderson he took his rifle and an extra ammo magazine.

When they arrived at the cargo bay, Parks unlatched, then uncovered a motorcycle sized object under a gray polymer tarp. It was his hover chopper. The prototype silver gray polished EM motorcycle was an otherworldly wheel-less chopper that hovered silently just over one foot above the road surface. Parks had a vintage American Ironhorse board tracker chopper frame retrofitted with three Null-G engine pods, center, forward and rear. The Null G engine was based on magnetic flux field disruptor technology that neutralizes over 90 percent of the mass of the vehicle.

"Hop on, we're going to get our little girl back."

Parks activated the machine, and peeled out the cargo bay and down the open ramp with Eve holding on tightly in pursuit of their daughter and her abductor.

CHAPTER 15

Sullivan rode wildly over the sand dune plains, looking over his shoulder every few seconds. Emily noticed in such close quarters, the left side of his head. This side of his skull seemed almost translucent, altered, artificial. She could see faint glowing LED lights throughout the left side of his skull. Part of his brain must have been replaced. He babbled erratically.

“Your father ruined my life, my military career! I would have been Supreme Commander of Space Command’s Space Naval Battle Groups. Space Command has USSS Naval Stations on the closest twelve star systems to Sol. I should have been in command of all that power! I should have been selected as the InterWorld Council Ambassador for Earth, not him! But I will have my revenge, on him and Peterson. Too many people want his head on a platter. And I will be the tip of the spear!”

Emily had heard and seen enough from this mad man. She was her mother’s daughter and inherited some of Eve’s metahuman abilities, including the will to stop a bully and not cower from a righteous fight between what is right against what is wrong. She was enraged at his machinations. Time to act.

With all of her hybrid strength she put her hands together and squeezed tightly her hand-cuffed captive waist grip on the unsuspecting Sullivan, then pulled him Grecco Roman wrestling style, up and over the side of the moving EM ATV. Their momentum tossed them end over end several times before landing in a heap, stunned and dazed. Sullivan received the majority of the impact, but both were momentarily unconscious.

Moments passed. In a daze, Emily came to first and began to pull her cuffed arms down Sullivan’s unconscious form to his boots, until she was no longer attached captive to him. Just in time, the mad man suddenly came to and stomped a boot to Emily’s face, send her backwards in pain. Emily scrambled away the enraged homicidal maniac and scrambled toward the downed anti-grav ATV. Sullivan reached for his sidearm, which flew out of its holster during their tumble. He searched the sands for his weapon, for fear that without it, Eve’s half metahuman daughter might be as dormantly lethal as her mother. He spotted his sidearm a few meters away, gathered himself and stumbled for it. In the distance, he could hear the growl of a vintage motorcycle. Over the sand dunes her thought quizzically. In the distance, he could see the hover chopper closing in on him.

That’s where the sound was coming from, its artificial. Parks should have turned it off, so that they traveled silently. He’d forgotten in their haste to catch the fleeing killer holding their daughter hostage.

Fear rose in Sullivan, he reached for his throat, remembered it being ripped open, by Parks in their last fight:

2033. Losing the battle and feeling his strength waning, General Sullivan pulled out a concealed combat knife from inside his boot before being confronted by OM Group security. Parks waved off the security, he no longer cared. He was in the kill zone now-- and he would take this evil man's life, whether he had a weapon or not. Parks was already dead inside. Eve had been taken from twice, by this devil of a man.

But to equalize the fight, Riley tossed Parks a Talon triple blade that fit on the clinched fist similar to brass knuckles. It was attached at the wrist and fingers similar to a slave bracelet. The fist weapon had curved, talon shaped blades welded at the knuckles.

The fight became much more lethal. After dislodging the combat knife by cutting across the back of the general's hand, Parks beat him bloodier with every enraged swing. Parks launched a powerful roundhouse blow across Sullivan's neck, gashing his left jugular and ripping his windpipe open. Sullivan dropped to his knees and tried to frantically stop the massive bleeding. Wide eyed and in a state of shock, he attempted to stand, stumbled and collapsed.

Parks crouched over him, pausing to make eye contact and take careful aim, before launching a final lethal blow with all of his remaining strength through the neck to kill the general. Parks let out an enraged battle cry of as he summoned all of his wild-eyed burning hatred for this man. Sullivan raised his bloodied hands up to fend off the incoming, final cutting blow.

Suddenly, the two men were caught in an intense pillar beam of pale blue-white sparkling light.

The paralyzing icy blue temporal beam danced and hummed around their paralyzed bodies, suspending them frozen in time. Parks could not finish his swing, which enraged his frozen form even more. He tried over and over finish launching his upraised, tightly clenched, right triple-bladed fist. From his feet through his spinal column to the base of his neck, Parks felt an odd stretching and an electrical pulsing and fading sensation in his limbs. Hot and cold, prickling sensations, expansion and compression, united with unlimited ambient energy. Then nothing—

Parks and Sullivan disappeared, as if removed from dimension, and all existence. Then Sullivan remembered the alien triage room.

Glowing white light illuminated, it seemed directly through the oval-shaped room's walls. Men and humanoid aliens were working frantically over the bleeding general. They began to work on his wounds, using what appeared to be finger-tip light beam healing medical instrument attachments. One of the humanoid emergency personnel, moved over to the long, oval, waist-high metal table. With the wave of a finger over the general's head, Sullivan lost consciousness.

The humanoid doctors began to, not so much operate, as begin the process of healing the Sullivan's mortal wounds. Picking up an instrument with a luminescent light source at its end, one doctor placed the illuminated tip of the narrow instrument over the general's open neck wounds.

Miraculously, the ends of the cuts began to seal, from the inner aortal artery, tiny blood vessels, the cartilage of the ripped-open windpipe, and surrounding musculature--outward, toward the epidermis. A line of bright light along the visible seal disappeared as each wound was healed, leaving no scar.

When he regained consciousness, he was healed, but restrained to the bed, under arrest. Space Command would prosecute but he knew he would beat the charges. He would never forget what happened, next. Peterson walked in, and looked at Sullivan. Moments later, his eyes darkened, and Sullivan felt an intense pain in the left side of his skull to the point of losing consciousness. Sullivan woke up months later, in a Vanderberg AFB hospital. The left side of his brain had been removed. It took years for the Aquarius faction of Space Command to replace the missing parts of his brain with digital artificial intelligence lobes, then rehabilitate him to walk, and use the right side of his body. Then years later, the tip of the spear in a plot for revenge and Aquarius faction control of Space Command. Now, all was falling apart.

Parks vectored in on Emily's locket signal. He noticed a dust up about five kilometers in the distance. His aethership was two clicks behind him with one of the trailing MDF carriers with an OM Group Security transport, in a firefight with mercs unwilling to surrender. He spoke to Eve over his shoulder. "They're up ahead. Get ready." Parks cranked up the speed and closed the distance in less than a minute.

Eve could see with her raptor vision, Emily struggling to lift the ATV from its side as Sullivan was coming up behind her. "Hurry," Eve yelled, psychically projecting her will to get the attention of the madman.

Parks pulled within thirty yards of them before Sullivan fired, hitting the front of the chopper, barely missing him and Eve, sending them scrambling for defilade cover behind one of the sand dunes.

Eve kissed Parks on the cheek as if it were her last time and pulled the hood over her head and face of the nano-camouflage adaptive combat tights, activating the cloaking function. With a nod, Parks placed cover fire on Sullivan's position, as Eve took off in a circular flanking maneuver, all he could see was her foot falls kicking up sand.

So too could Sullivan, off to his right. He aimed his pistol in that direction. Before he could fire, Parks laid down short bursts of suppressive fire directly at him, trying not to accidentally hit Emily. Sullivan dove for cover behind the ATV, grabbed Emily by the neck and flung her in front of him, using her as a human shield, before standing behind her and placing the barrel of his automatic pistol to her head. "I'll kill her right now! Throw away your rifle, Parks!"

Parks stood and walked out of the defilade. He slung his rifle away. He walked toward Sullivan, hands up. Sullivan aimed his weapon at Parks. Emily suddenly rushed toward Sullivan, punched him in the jaw and reached for his out stretched firing arm. He grabbed her by the hair, pushing her to her knees, as she struggled to kick him and free herself.

Sullivan began to turn his weapon toward Emily. “Parks shouted, Here I am Conner!” He knew Sullivan hated to be addressed by his first name. He wanted the man’s insanity to be focused on him, not his child. He just needed a little more time. “Shoot me you coward! End this now!”

Sullivan’s attention did shift back to him. “Parks, do you remember our brief tour through the solar system aboard the Alpha touring the off-world bases, so many years ago? Remember we missed our trip to Saturn’s moon base on Io? I’ll tell you a little secret. There was no Io base. It’s too volcanic and unstable there. I intended to shove you out of an airlock in a spacesuit and leave you there to die, on that volcanic, earthquake ravaged moon. Your wife’s early arrival on the orbital industrial colony and my mercy is the only thing that saved your worthless life that day. You should thank me.”

Just a little closer, Parks thought. Almost in range...

“This time,” Sullivan mused, “I think I’ll start with your daughter.” Sullivan turned to aim his weapon at Emily.

“No!” Eve screamed as she unhooded, deactivating her cloaked, form-fitting camo tactical battle suit, just meters away from Sullivan, startling him. “She’s your daughter!”

Sullivan looked at Eve puzzled, then at a shocked Emily, waving the gun at both of them.

Parks too, looked shocked, then understood. His worst worry was confirmed. Parks knew that Pleiadean women could ovulate at will within hours of conception. Eve was half Pleiadean, her ability to ovulate might not be as accurate as a full Pleiadean woman, but she still had the gift. When she arrived at the orbital industrial colony, she and Parks shared a brief moment of intimacy. There under the false pretense that Parks suffered a heart attack and her own fight to avoid capture, Eve must have willed her to ovulate in case she didn’t have another opportunity. She was cloned and programmed primarily for Parks. Under stress, she might have ovulated in anticipation of conceiving with Parks out a sense of survival.

Emily, shook her head in denial, “No, no, it can’t be true...”

“When you raped me,” Eve snarled at Sullivan, “I conceived Emily.” Eve dropped to one knee, feigning shame, while simultaneously pulling a small throwing knife from her boot. She suddenly threw the blade—hitting Sullivan high in the right chest near the muscles connecting the shoulder joint, deadening his shooting arm. As Sullivan pulled the trigger and rounds fired into the ground at his feet, Eve charged him, using the palm of her hand to slam the blade deeper into his shoulder, nearly knocking him down. Sullivan grimaced and his left hand opened, freeing Emily. Eve moved quickly to get Emily away from him and clear of what was to come next.

“Now!”

Parks wore his navigation headband under his baseball cap. He willed his aethership, which leapt into position a half-kilometer away to make his next commands as accurate as possible. Eve and Emily were in very close range to his target. He did not want to injure them by accident.

Parks mentally commanded the holo-goggle's screen to deploy from the headband scaffold frame. "Aiming function, arm forward array." Sullivan's head was in the crosshairs of Park's view. "Lock on, short bursts, narrow concentrated beam, green tracer color. On my command."

Sullivan took notice of the silver aethership jump into position out of nowhere. Then he looked at Parks, wide eyed, a moment before...

"Fire!" The silver delta sent a quick burst from its forward array, which clipped the left side of Sullivan's skull open. Artificial bone and electronic brain matter sparked and exploded. He blinked and stood stiff as if electrocuted.

"Fire!" The second burst sliced his right arm off at the shoulder. He watched his arm still firing his sidearm fall away from his body, then looked back at his executioner.

"Fire! The third narrow beam split the shocked mad man from his left neck to his right waist, spilling his intestines and internal organs out. Sullivan's corpse fell in two pieces, collapsed straight down in a charred heap.

"Disarm," Parks whispered.

Emily screamed in horror at the carnage, just a few of meters away from her. Eve tried to console her in her arms. Emily cried over and over in shock, "He's not my father, he can't be my father!"

Eve looked at Parks. She didn't tell him, kept it a secret all those years. He looked at Eve unresponsive, just glad that they were safe and unharmed. He was more relieved that the madman was finally neutralized, than acknowledging his past failure to protect his wife from being abducted and raped by the dead man who sired Emily.

As Parks approached, Emily reached out to him, still in shock. "Dad, it's all a lie, isn't it? You're my father."

"I will always be your father. I raised you, you're my baby girl. We love you, understand?"

Eve and Parks hugged Emily. Their eyes met with a firm resolution to get past this shocking revelation. Nothing else mattered.

The sleek silver delta shaped aethership landed one hundred yards away. A small unit of MDF Special Section Marines rushed to Parks position with OM Group Security contractors followed and secured their position. Anderson and Emily made eye contact and she ran to embrace him. It was clear to her parents that they were close.

As the Marines secured the area, Parks made a sly mention of their relationship. "Make sure you don't lose my daughter again." Parks smiled.

“I won’t sir,” Anderson replied, looking into Emily’s eyes, ever again. He went on. “The abduction was well coordinated. We began seeing each other soon after she began her job at OM Group New York. I was just leaving her place on my way in to the Hearst building when her condo and corporate were attacked simultaneously. When I was notified by the attack at the Hearst building, I tried to contact the security detail protecting Emily, with no response. I immediately turned around and headed back to Emily’s place. The security detail was over run and killed. They alerted the police while attempting to defend her. They were there already, Emily was gone.”

As the scene was being policed and Sullivan’s corpse was bagged and removed. The four looked on. Anderson turned to address Eve. “Marcus was moved to the Gamba estate to recover from his wound.”

“I’m sure Security Chief Riley got the shock of his like seeing my younger clone,” Parks added. “You should go to him. I’m sure he is worried about you.”

“Excuse us for a moment,” Eve replied. “When she had Parks away from the young couple. What about you? Eve stepped in close to hug him, then sensed a new presence in his life, she couldn’t be sure, she was slightly crest fallen but not surprised. He like her, had indeed moved on.”

“I think I’m going back to the Mars Colonies. But first I’d like to check in with Peterson and Chet. I want to hear how Emily’s apprenticeship was going before all this happened—”

Anderson interrupted. “Ambassador, sorry to interrupt your private conversation, but I couldn’t help but overhear. There wasn’t time earlier to inform you, but it is my sad duty to report to all of you that CEO Chet Wolf was killed protecting the employee daycare center during the attack on corporate. He ran into the assault unarmed as the daycare center was being evacuated, shielding the attack away from the children with his own body, buying the first responders precious time.”

Emily fell into her mother’s arms again, in inconsolable grief. Parks turned away, shaking his head in disbelief, fighting back tears.

Anderson went on. “Mr. Wolf always got to corporate early in the morning to greet the children being dropped off to daycare, often wearing a Santa Claus costume during the Christmas holiday just for them. He always called the children, Orbital Manufacturing Group’s future mechanical engineers and industrial designers.”

“That’s your uncle Chet,” Parks told Emily. “Selfless to the end.”

After a few moments of quiet reflection, Anderson asked, “So, who will run the company now?”

“My duties with the InterWorld Council won’t allow me to. I’m duty bound. So, you all will. Eve, Emily and you, young man.”

They all stared at Anderson, who replied, “Me?”

“That’s right. You are a regional security chief. You’ve earned a substantial promotion for your efforts here to save my daughter, to correct for your lapse in protecting her in New York, correct?”

“Well, I didn’t do anything here, sir—“

“But you showed up, was willing to die to save her. That counts, son. You’re seeing my daughter and are still responsible for her personal safety.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You presumably have the intentions of marriage after a reasonable period of courtship, yes?”

“Well- ah,” Anderson stumbled with his words.

“Dad!” Emily groused.

“What? You Emily will continue your apprenticeship while you pursue your MS and PhD graduate studies in interdisciplinary industrial design and mechanical and molecular engineering prospectively, at NYU. Eve and Anderson will help you to oversee the daily operations until you graduate. Eve, you will also oversee the London OM Group division. Emily will be one of the youngest CEOs in history to manage a 21st century super conglomerate.”

They all eventually agreed. Parks went on. “We’re all going to have to debrief at the Pine Gap facility, then we’ll be free to go home.”

Hours later, as the sun set in the west, and Emily and Anderson stole away for some privacy, preparation were made for the couple to return to New York and Eve to travel to Gabon. Parks would return with the Mars Defense Forces and establish an InterWorld Council post on the red planet. Eve and Parks stared at the remaining sunset, in awkward silence.

Eve asked, “I wonder what happened to Peterson? I was forced to harm him for days to keep Emily alive. I almost killed him. I hope he can forgive me.”

“He’ll turn up again,” Parks replied. “I imagine he’s on the mend somewhere, on some covert ship far away from here. But his invisible influence will always be felt.”

“Is that why you’re leaving Earth?” Eve put her arms around Parks neck and kissed him. He still ached from the grief of losing her. But he also realized that Eve Parks would never replace Eve Dumont of decades past, in his heart. Recreating her was the most selfish thing he could have ever done.

“If things we’re different, if the Elder had not cloned me and created Marcus in anticipation of my advancing age, we might still be together. But the truth is, he is better suited for you. I’m decades too old, even with the rejuvenation treatments.”

“But I still love you., Gordon.”

“But you love him too. You deserve someone who will grow old with you, not before you. I’m ready for old age and solitude now. I’m used to it.”

Reluctantly Eve agreed. “I’ll miss you Gordon.”

“And I will miss you, Eve.”

They held each other and watched the sunset. Their old passion for each other was stirring just below the surface. Before their departure, they would share one last night together. But they both knew that their relationship was over.

“What will the future hold in store for us, Gordon?”

“Only good things, Eve. Only good things.”

The small flat octagonal shaped emergency Pleiadean vessel that tracked his every move and amplified his telekinetic powers to that of a demi-god wandered beyond the sol system, carried the battered form of James H. Peterson. He lay in stasis, while a rejuvenation bed tended to his considerable outer and internal injuries.

He thought of his nearly 400 years of life, mostly in service to his human cousins. He decided that he had served them enough. If they destroyed their primitive species, he could care less. This wasn't the first time he had almost lost his life.

“You are not finished my son.” The thought form repeated. It was the familiar voice of his deceased progenitor. For all intent and purpose, his father. He teetered in and out of consciousness, so he didn't know where the voice came from. Perhaps from within, perhaps from everywhere. You are not finished my son. Peterson started to breathe easier. He felt the growing energy of the communication through the aether. Strong, yet subtle. Carried to him from just beyond the veil, from the higher realms.

The will of the individual makes the future

--Dr. Larry Johns

Parks passed the biometric security measures that unlocked his conapt and entered. He posted two of his security androids near the elevator and the other two at the entrance to his conapt. They were combat androids built by OM Group, based on a Pleiadean model the Elder A.I. used to carry his sentient algorithm to his home world. He personally programmed the four androids, specialized to different combat arts and security protocols, to be virtually unhackable by malicious software, so he never worried about them turning on him. Parks had an intense distrust of uncontrolled, autonomous A.I. robotics. His defense androids were unarmed and served to defend him from direct assault, similar to the secret service. Lithe, quick and powerful, the androids were programmed to work in unison to defend Parks from all forms of combat and assault and serve as a magnetic shield against most weapons fire. He traveled with them everywhere on the colonies. He also had them replicated and utilized at OM Group divisions worldwide to protect his ex-wife Eve and daughter Emily.

His secure government residence in the Mars colonies was one of 10 break away civilization colonies. Constructed in the 1980s, they were much older than the NASA Eagleworks research colonies that were publicly funded.

As Parks walked through his conapt, the walls illuminated with his movement, a standard in most post-modern, smart homes. He pulled off the one piece fitted cowl covering his head and neck, removed his screeching SOE-AR goggles and breathing respirator. The fine Martian dust got everywhere and keeping the lungs and body clean of it was a priority for all colony inhabitants. He usually took a quick hot shower to wash away the dust when he returned home. But today he would have a drink and relax first.

In the past year, Parks lived in relative seclusion, staying in contact only with Emily, Anderson and on occasion, Eve. Peterson sent a message every few months, but his whereabouts were a mystery. The internal war between the Alphacom 12 and Aquarius factions for complete control of Air Force and Naval NATO Space Command and the breakaway civilization's destiny were ongoing with no end in sight.

Parks duties with the InterWorld Council were diverse and conducted at the nearby MDF Marine base, arranging and managing exo-trade policy with 80 local alien species. He had explored all the subterranean city colonies and the surface, even the monolith cube facility on the potato-shaped moon Phobos.

Parks had one of the rooms in his conapt turned into a media room and every wall, the floor and the ceiling covered in flexible AMOLED film. This would allow for virtual tours and interactive entertainment.

Sometimes he would commission an employee or android guide to tour the Hearst building with his daughter, and sometimes high level administrator in secret, to see the latest research and product prototypes. The film industry had long since converted to H3D 360 camera technology. Parks had on his personal cloud media an extensive collection of Science Channel programs including the long running Universe and PBS Cosmos series. He loved to be surrounded and learn about the infinite universe, the ultimate mystery.

Parks pulled off his iron oxide-covered boots, poured himself a generous portion of aged single malt Scotch he brought with him from Earth into a heavy square shaped crystal glass with a thick bottom, and settled lazily into a plush low lounge chair. He rarely drank alcohol in his older age, especially as it rapidly reversed the effects of the weekly rejuvenation treatment he still had to endure. But today, he decided a nip would do. He felt lonely, all alone most of his life. And some days were worse than others. He had no automated servants, so the small dwelling was whisper quiet. He took a small pull from his drink and reflected on his solitary life. The white noise of the climate control air scrubbers was the only sound in the room.

Surely Athena had given birth to their child by now. There had been no communication from Athena or the Elder's digital AI consciousness. Even Peterson did not know. This troubled him. It was always on my mind. Perhaps it was all an elaborate ruse, a planned distraction. The thought of it all made him feel old, foolish and gullible. Or, perhaps she had their pregnancy terminated, a thought that broke his heart. Although he raised Emily from a toddler, he was as shocked as her to learn that her conception was the result of Sullivan's sexual assault on Eve while abducted on the Orbital Industrial Colony. Eve kept that secret all those years, perhaps she wasn't sure. But her half Pleiadean intuition confirmed the suspicion when she saw them together. A DNA screening left no doubt. Emily eventually handled the truth. She even went so far as to research Sullivan's history and ancestry. But she still considered Parks her real father.

Parks took another pull from his from his drink. Deep in reflection, he reminisced on raising Emily. It was the joy of his life teaching her about the world and the universe as she grew up and guide her into mature, responsible, independent thinking, self-sufficient adulthood. It was the highest blessing from the Creator. She was doing well as OM Group's new CEO. The super conglomerate was enjoying good publicity and flourishing a new young generation of business leadership.

Parks' bond with Eve was only through Emily now. After their last night together, after the Pine Gap raid and rescue, they both seemed ready to move on. They both seemed ready to grow as spiritual beings with a limited amount of time to experience life in the physical form, Eve even more so. She was a metahuman and she would live on potentially for the next several centuries. He did not want her to be burdened with him and his aging, limited life. It would in turn age her, as it does most May-December relationships.

Athena's time in his life was brief, but it renewed his confidence as a man. And he felt her desire to conceive with him to be genuine. Since her abrupt departure, Parks lived like a monk, with no desire for companionship at all, even though he felt and looked like a 50-year-old from the weekly rejuvenation treatments. He was a 95-year-old man. An old man, he thought, should carry himself with some self-contained dignity. Solitude was his companion now. It would be until his final breath.

His personal programming que appeared in a holographic spatial operating environmental plane. Parks voice commanded the Hearts of Space Channel from his que and began to relax as space ambient musical vibrations surrounded him. He then qued-up the ongoing Science Channel's Universe series, muting the volume and activating the closed caption function. The lights dimmed then came to life with the sights of trillions of super clusters of stars and arteries of the universe. The OLED film covered walls, ceiling and floors transformed.

Parks was a generally sensible, almost too serious man, always researching and analyzing the emerging technology around him, dreaming about what is possible. He was something of a socially functioning loner. Not convivial by any means, he did his best thinking, connecting the dots of emerging technology with useful applications for the consumer, while alone.

He needed this period just to sit and think, by inspired by the digital representations of the cosmos. He was not exactly a scientist. He was more of a problem solver, an inventive mechanical design engineer. He had the ability to make multiple concepts work, it's what design engineers did. Sense the practical value and utility of a design solution and how to best turn that into a marketable product. He called it the democratization of a product, or to democratize a technological advance that can be useful to society. Parks was both engineer, craftsman, and businessman.

What did he know about cosmic trade agreements and diplomacy? Although meeting new alien technocrats was a fascinating endeavor. He considered resigning from the InterWorld Council and retire. The urge to resign was becoming stronger every day cycle. Even switching to daily 30 minute nutricutical iontophoresis cold laser anodyne rejuvenation treatments to keep his body youthful, didn't renew his optimism. His soul was tired of exopolitics. Who cared if his tenure with the IC would be shortest in the unacknowledged, unofficial history of earth government. The public would never know anyway. I'm no cosmic bureaucrat, Parks thought. Nor was he an explorer of worlds. He was a dreamer; an egghead engineer and inventor. By any measure, his social achievement rating was off the charts. He had made a difference, improved the human condition. It was decided. He would resign.

He took another pull on his drink, then refreshed his glass with another two fingers worth of Scotch before the captions relayed what digital images he saw. A sip here and there, then another refill of one finger of Scotch, and Parks was drawn into the H3D representation of the universe. Parks became enthralled by its raw digitally enhanced beauty and cold, uncaring harshness. Hours passed.

Perhaps he wouldn't retire just yet, he thought. He realized that if he retired, he would have to give up the perks of the position. Namely, his beloved, inherited silver delta aethership. And the influential power of the InterWorld Council Ambassador position, which allowed him to travel throughout the actual universe, if he chose to. Not a mere digital representation.

Parks had long since emptied his glass and fell asleep seated in the plush chair centered in the empty media room, surrounded by the stars. It wasn't long before he drifted off into the dream state.

Then Athena appeared to him. She was wearing a long glowing white gown, holding an infant, standing next to a wide, slightly flattened egg-shaped floating pod, open at the top. It looked like a futuristic crib. Through thought form she introduced him to his son, GMA Parks, the second, or junior as you say on earth. She held the baby close, getting his attention, then slowly pointed in Parks direction. The little infant slowly turned his head towards Parks. Athena gently used the baby's hand to wave at Parks. Even in the dream state, Parks felt warm tears well up beneath his closed eyes. Athena seemed happy and content to be a new mother. She said to Parks, we'll see you soon.

His square crystal drinking glass slipped from his hand the short distance to the OLED film covered floor. Parks awakened. He hadn't been asleep long. It seemed so real, Parks thought, but over the vast expanse between their home worlds, it couldn't have been. Could it?

Parks returned to earth, to his 500 acre Gamba, Gabon estate within a month of having the dream. He landed the silver delta as soft as a feather, escorted by Mars Defense Force carriers, within two hours of departure. The carriers never landed, once Parks was secure, they returned to Mars.

When he stepped off the rear cargo ramp, his security droids surrounding him, his old friend, estate Chief of Security, Frank Reilly was there to meet him. "Dr. Parks, or I should say Ambassador, glad your back."

"Frank, good to see you." They shook hands, then Reilly hooked a thumb back in the direction of the dome homes for the Gamba Cooperative farming hands who used to tend to the crops. "It's been quite a year. You've had a guest here about that length of time. He bears a striking resemblance. If I didn't know better, I'd swear he was your clone".

Parks looked over Reilly's shoulder. "Marcus? He's still here?"

"Yep," Reilly replied. "He was in pretty bad shape when he was brought here, shot up and all, but he healed up quickly, in less than two months. I've never seen anything like it. He's staying in one of the bubble dome homes near the crops. He says he likes the bubble homes' opaque dome roofs; he likes to keep his clear at night so he can look up at the stars. Makes him feel at home. He moved out of the Mayan villa behind the mansion and into one of the empty dome homes as soon as he discovered them. He Q-net surfs, exercises and jogs daily and wanders through the crops picking fresh vegetables and herbs to cook. He eats very little animal protein and only drinks pH alkaline balanced water."

The crops were fully automated now, tended to by android and drones. Eve's garden still had fields of every imaginable vegetable, scores of fruit tree groves. When she lived here, Eve transformed the estate into a sustainable oasis. White oval and bubble shaped domes that, like the estate, were powered

by Searl SEG generators and were dwellings for her small population of co-op gardeners, farmers and harvesters, integrated throughout the fields and groves.

Some of the larger domes were greenhouses. The bubble dome dwellings are virtual opaque control enabled; capable of adjusting from translucent to UV to UAB tint, to completely clear, from full black opaque to completely white. Wall panel environmental controls adjusted inner temperature, air circulation and airborne contaminant filtering, and full surround spectrum lighting, from 5500K pure white daylight to a mere glow. The top fifths of some of the domes were clear or tinted, allowing in natural light; most residents left them that way at night for stargazing. Large, flexible, super thin entertainment-communications H3D screens took up the second to fourth levels and a quarter of the inner dome walls.

"I'll probably have to keep the aethership locked up tight in the underground hangar and change the access codes regularly," Parks said. "It used to be his ship."

"I would," Reilly replied. "Miss Eve visited a couple of times in the past year."

"I understand. It's complicated, Frank."

"I bet it is, sir. There he is."

In the distance, Marcus stood at the open entrance of the bubble home. He waived hesitantly, Parks and Reilly smiled returned his wave. Parks waved him over and Marcus began to walk to their position.

Parks turned back to Chief Reilly. "I'm starving, being back on earth seems to give me quite an appetite. What do you say we have some lunch? I'll grill up some laboratory cultured, soy and hoisin sauce marinated beef protein strips; chopped garlic, onion sesame oil stir fried vegetables; and fresh pasta or gluten free spinach wraps."

"The pantry, fridge and freezers in the mansion were stocked in anticipation of your arrival. The rest of the estate dwellings are still closed up tight. There's beer there, but I'll bring over a proper London stout to drink while you're cooking and cigars for after. Plus, the new access codes for the underground facilities. I change them every couple of months. Back in 20."

"Sounds like a plan, thanks Frank."

"You bet. By the way, those androids look advanced. We could use a few dozen of them around here."

"That's a good idea. I'll place an order once I'm settled in."

As Reilly passed Marcus, he spoke to him briefly inviting him to lunch. He slowly approached Parks. Progenitor and clone endured an awkward moment of silence.

"Hello Dr. Parks. They shook hands."

“Gordon, call me Gordon. I see you’re all healed. That’s good. It’s been quite a year for us.” Parks could never get over the resemblance, or the miracle cloning and memgram technology that made Eve and Marcus possible.

“Your estate is beautiful. I hope you don’t mind that I’ve stayed so long.”

“Stay as long as you like, Marcus. To be honest, we still need to establish a more independent, personal identity for you. We’ll discuss that later after I’ve settled in. Right now, I hope you’re hungry.”

“I could eat. Thanks.”

The two made their way to the Mayan pyramid inspired Tyrell mansion and adjacent Tyrell villa, behind the main dwellings, based upon their award winning Dellis Cay Private resort colony model in the Turks and Ciacos Islands, British West Indies. When Chief Reilly returned, the trio stood around the island kitchen drinking beer while Parks whipped up lunch, and ate there. While Parks and Reilly ate, and drank heartily, Marcus drank sipped a little of the beer but mostly drank water with his meal, eating more vegetables and pasta than beef.

After lunch, they moved to the recently added east deck of the mansion, to lounge, sip alcohol and smoke THC oil dipped Cuban cigars. Parks hadn’t smoked a cigar in years, so he could afford to have a few puffs. Marcus on the other hand was a pure novice. He coughed from the few sips bourbon he drank and coughed considerably from the few puffs from the cigar, quickly learning not to inhale deeply; to the amusement of Parks and Reilly. Marcus vowed never again to waste his precious liver and lungs with such chemical pollution. Then his dual buzz kicked in. He became quiet and introspective, listening more than he spoke. As the buzz kicked in all around, they reflected on life in 2060.

After an hour, Reilly and Marcus returned to their separate dwellings, Parks moved upstairs to the third floor master suite to rest. He set his personal androids to task unloading his possessions, and commanded the ship’s A.I. Hal to land the silver delta in the underground hangar, with Chief Reilly’s assistance. It felt good to be back on earth, back home. He would execute his duties as InterWorld Council Ambassador from the Gamba estate, primarily through holo-presence and leave only if necessary. Which meant, he probably would never have to leave.

Later that night, Parks awakened. He thought of the times when Emily was a child; He, Eve and Emily would camp out on the fourth floor open deck with a telescope and dinner or snacks, observing the stars. Parks grabbed two pillows, a thick comforter and his old sleeping bag. He ascended the spiral staircase in his suite, one of two that led to ceiling hatches, the only way to get to the fourth floor deck. He set up his outdoor sleeping gear on the fourth floor, settled in and stared up at the stars before falling asleep again.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 17

Years passed into decades and Parks observed as the world continued to change, primarily the modes of travel electronic component miniaturization, and molecular manufacturing, which had been trending since the 2020s. Parks wanted to keep his hand in the product design engineering industry, so he founded the Zen Engineering and Logos brands, as separate divisions of OM Group's Z Division. They were online boutique companies that specialized in molecular printing of product components and select consumer products.

Popular culture lost more and more of its hold on the masses. The major news programs lost all credibility by 2020, especially the extremely politically biased, to the point of creating fake news and slander tactics. The better educated masses with critical thinking skills simply registered with objective, trust worthy news and political social sites where they could be in communication directly. This signaled the death knell of hack politicians and fake journalism. It was also replaced by intelligent net societies.

Declassified gravity nullification technology was allowed for safer commercial global air travel and commercial aerospace. Official disclosure never happened but with the news revelations about the Alaska, China and Antarctica alien artifacts excavation since 2020, the ongoing Kepler discoveries of hundreds of thousands of earth-like planets orbiting stars throughout the Milky Way galaxy and the ancient Black Knight satellite, anyone with half a brain and an A.I. search engine knew—we were never alone. And they have been visiting earth for millions of years. The Brookings Report be damned, Parks thought. That damned report and the secretive actions of the post World War II governments since 1947 actually dumbed down humanity and delayed human progress by 100 years. And it also created the breakaway civilization.

Marcus left the Gamba estate a month after Parks' return. Parks set him up with an executive R and D position at OM Group London Division. Eve moved back to London from New York soon after and they reconciled. Eve gave birth in 2062 to their only child, another daughter named Rachel. A pure metahuman baby conceived by two cloned metahuman parents, that the world may never know of.

Emily and Anderson married in 2063 and made Parks a grandfather in 2065. Parks never again personally reached out to his eleven contract pregnancy children, (now all adults working in the engineering and aerospace industries) of his early super wealth days. He was still grieving over the loss of Eve Dumont, and behaved recklessly for a few years, traveling all over the world, vowing never to fall in love again. If he wanted progeny, he paid them for it, generously. He wasn't there to raise them, even if he financed their upbringing and higher education. At that time, he just wanted to spread his seed far and wide. So, as an older, more responsible man, he didn't feel welcome in their adult lives.

Democratic social globalism was steady on the rise. But the Democratic Republic would always return to the forefront of global government, course correcting the over reach of both leftism and fascism as needed. World War III wasn't conducted on foreign soil, it was a war within. A culture war, against radical socialism, fundamentalist terrorism and a metastasizing anti-social thug criminal caste overwhelming the global middle class. Parks observed this burgeoning war in the 1980s escalate well into the 2020s. The National Zero Tolerance Laws turned the tide in America, as well as the Civil Service Corps, providing an affordable way to attend college and trade schools. Like a preventative medicine, thug culture and the criminal class lost its grip on popular culture by 2050. The increase in pop culture's irrelevancy led to a reduction in organized crime and the resurgence of vigorous of the global middle class. The forces of evil, anti-social behavior was contained by 2070 and the cultural cancer went into remission. This literally saved the civilized world from a new age of barbarism. The thug culture mentality had to die so humanity could prosper and have a future. It was replaced by a cultural warrior class, committed to freedom, personal responsibility and independent critical thinking. The pursuit of higher education and skills training became an earned personal right. The only way to personal prosperity. Parks was still a U.S. citizen, and a lifelong registered independent, who believed in the Constitution and civic responsibility.

Law enforcement became more militarized and armored around the world. Some global communities even utilized combat android units in more hostile urban environments. This was at the height of the culture war against professional terrorist, thug and criminal classes around the world. Harsher penalties with no creature comforts for felons convicted included mandatory solitary confinement in tiny sound-proof underground cells with little or no light, minimal nutrition, absolutely no access to media, no access outside of their cells, books or writing materials. Convicted violent felons, were being sent to prison to truly pay for their crimes. And expected to die while in prison for the harshness of their crimes.

Parks observed the reverse of global social madness from the safety of his third floor suite in the Mayan mansion. He reduced as much as possible any unnecessary electrical transmissions from his rest areas. He found that over the years, he developed tetinitis and was sensitive to electrical fields. The stronger the field, the more acute the high-pitched ringing in his ears.

Somedays he would just sit his back deck or on the fourth floor sun deck in a chaise lounge, in quiet introspection or deep meditation, just observing the rise and fall of his diaphragm and the deepness of his breath. Thankful for his blessed, precious extended life journey.

Parks' mind would often flow 116 years back in time to Eve Dumont and her little black dress. Their freshman year at Embry Riddle Aeronautical College in Florida had come to a close. They decided to celebrate in Miami. Eve's French Asian mixed heritage and family wealth mesmerized the young Parks. And whatever Eve wanted, she would have. Eve wanted dinner on South Beach and a weekend stay at the finest accommodations. She rented a beach house for two weeks. Parks couldn't afford any of this but he humbled himself to the experience.

The most memorable moment was their first evening out to dinner. A three star restaurant with a decidedly French Asian fusion cuisine and two bottles of vintage vino. The food was delicious but the portions were so small that when they left, Parks and Eve were still hungry. So, they picked up a large pizza to take to the beach house with extra sauce, double sliced black olives onions, bell peppers, Italian sausage and peperoni. Eve still looked stunning in her little black strapped shoulder dress with glossy black high heel open toe shoes. She looked even more alluring taking it all off with abandon as they headed for the king-sized bed in their sparsely furnished beach house for a wild hour of intimacy. They then devoured the pizza with the same youthful sensual abandon.

Parks ached for the Eve Dumont of his youth. Her life was cut short much too soon. She was his inspiration, she fueled his desire to be successful. A good woman can inspire a man to reach heights unimaginable. An awful woman can destroy a man's sense of self, his esteem and confidence, his future. Even his life. If he gives that woman that power over his mind. Parks was blessed to only allow good women that level of power over his life. Otherwise, he probably would have ended up a mental wreck, a lost homeless loser.

During that vacation, Parks and Eve Dumont also visited the mysterious Coral Castle. They were energized by the legendary estate and museum built on highly magnetic ley lines. He wanted the Gamba estate to be an inspirational site like Coral Castle someday. Parks made plans to expand the estate's contribution to the local community with an artist's cooperative similar to its agricultural cooperative, and created a Children's Magnetic Sciences Museum in Gamba. Under the auspices of the OM Group Foundation, Parks started the Eve Dumont Charitable Organization and awarded small grants and micro business loans to Gamba, Gabon entrepreneurs. Under the charity, he built trade schools and awarded scholarships to them. He also built new primary schools. Then took the charity global.

Parks turned inward over the years. He became somewhat of a vegetarian, eating cultured animal protein on rare occasion and nearly stopped drinking alcohol. He created a multimedia station with multiple holoscreens and search engines in his master bedroom suite, monitoring the world for positive changes of note in technology and culture. Humanity was still quite primitive, fighting to awaken from its pop culture addled stupor. Parks looked for signs that mankind was finally turning a corner on its most base, anti-social, violence-loving primitive nature. He vowed to live long enough to witness humanity's ascension from a type zero to a type one civilization. By 2100, he prayed to the Creator. He vowed to be a catalyst in this evolution, an agent in this coming to fruition, Beyond the OM Group mission statement.

Parks would still have the occasional dream of Athena and the child they may or may not have conceived together. He was never sure if they were merely dreams or multidimensional communications that he was privy to only while asleep or in a deep meditative state. But every couple of years, Parks would have the most vivid dream of Athena and the growing child; from infant to toddler, to youth.

By 2080, the child looked to be about 10 earth years old. By 2090, a teenager. Then the dreams stopped.

CHAPTER 18

New Year's Eve 2099. Dr. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was now 134 years old. But thanks to a strict health regimen and decades of daily nutraceutical rejuvenation treatments that he back engineered from alien technology and introduced to the world, in order to democratize it, he looked and felt like a man half his chronological age.

Parks lived alone on the fully automated estate. He looked at the perfect rows of non-GMO winter crops, steadying himself with a plain ebony wood cane, something he did every now and then more out of habit than necessity. It was dusk, there would be fireworks in Gamba later that night. The world was celebrating the new century in their respective time zones.

Parks stood in his master bedroom suite, looking out on the estate in the direction of Gamba, grateful to be alive when his personal PAI band chimed. It was a communication from the estate's android security network. Frank Reilly had long since retired and moved back to the U.K. The 100 androids were identical to his personal security detail.

"Ambassador Parks, you have visitors heading up from the beach. A woman and a young man. They would not identify themselves to anyone but you, sir. As a surprise. They are unarmed, sir. They arrived by a small EM craft, which landed on the beach, minutes ago. We are guarding the craft. There are no markings on the vessel. It is a silver, delta-shaped configuration, similar to your vessel, sir."

Parks knew instinctively who they were. "Let them pass."

Parks dropped the cane and nearly bounded down the stairs. When he reached the west beach entrance to the mansion, a woman stood in the far distance with the estate android security. She smiled, raised her right arm and waved in greeting. Athena wore a graphite gray duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit. She turned and headed back to the beach where her vessel landed. This puzzled Parks, she seemed to be leaving, but his attention diverted to the other figure heading in his direction.

The young man walked with all the energy and vigor of youth. He was dressed in a black duty jacket over a one-piece flight suit. As he approached the second security check, the front gates of the checkpoint opened, as if the biometric safeguards recognized the person opening. His smile was bright, cheerful and familiar. The closer he came, the more familiar he seemed to Parks. He looked like a young Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks when he was a freshman at Embry Riddle. Full of optimism and hope.

"Dad?"

Parks was speechless. He looked at the young man surprised. The young man called out again.

“It’s me, Gordon, Athena’s son. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, the second. I’m your son too. We sent you messages over the years. I’m old enough to make my own decisions now. So, I wanted to finally meet you. When I was old enough to make the journey. I would like to spend some time here on your home world, with you.”

His voice was clear and confident. Parks eyes became wide with surprise. The dreams were real. Parks smiled wide and proud. He was still speechless. Athena and her family had done a good job raising the young man, he could tell. Parks wished she had allowed him to be part of that upbringing. Better late than never, he thought.

“Dad?”

Parks heart filled with gratitude and humility for this gift from the Creator. A gift of hope for the future. This living miracle. He first politely shook his son’s hand. “Welcome home, son.” Then, overwhelmed by emotion he embraced him. “Welcome home.”

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 19

PRODIGY

Parks' son said, "I want to be a mechanical design engineer and product designer like you. I would like to start my own business or work for one of your companies. Will you help me?"

Parks proudly put his hand on his son's shoulder. "Of course, I will."

Gordon II, or G2, listened to his father intently, to every word of advice or praise, noticing every moment of thought. They stood around the Tyrell Mansion kitchen island, drinking soda.

"I don't know if you have carbonated refreshments on your home world," Parks said, "but sometimes we drink this cold beverage on a hot day."

G2 sipped the soda and nodded in approval. "We have similar beverages, but fruit based. This is good. You do know that your breakaway civilization has colonies in the Pleiades system. I'm particular to Pepsi, and Poweraide."

The ice broken, Parks went on to address G2's request for guidance. "It would be better if you undertook an apprenticeship at OM Group, specifically the New York City Hearst building headquarters. I would love for you to experience graduate school at New York University, but the truth is you're Pleiadean education is so advanced in comparison to earth college education, you are already educated in aerospace, biomechanical and electrical and structural engineering. You are educated at a higher level in your youth, than most professors teaching here. You just need to be trained in earth H3D computer aided design programs, not nearly as advanced as Pleiadean design technology, and get practical experience at OM Group, to be a mechanical engineer, and industrial product designer here on earth. I'll help you with that."

"That's no problem, I've studied earth H3D CAD since I was a child. But Dad, without going to college, how will meet earth girls?" G2 let a smile emanate from his serious demeanor.

"Dry humor? Yep. This randy kid is definitely my son," Parks thought. Parks remembered G2's mother and her libertine appetites. Blushing at the memories, Parks returned the conversation back to a serious tone.

"If I approve of your apprenticeship at OM Group, Z Division, you will have a great deal of responsibility for a young man. You will not have time to run the streets and party. Trust me, you aren't missing anything. Even though we are blessed with wealth, it was earned. I want you to mature and

become a responsible, self-sufficient adult, while here on earth. I will help you in this task, one which you cannot fail. Do you understand? The only other thing I ask you to do, is obey your father. You are still young, you won't have a problem meeting young ladies, and that's who you should require in your life. Not party girls. We clear?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Good. Just take your time, earth girls truly are easy. Now let's get you settled in. Where's your mother?"

"She's returning back to our home world with my twin sister, Gabrielle. Mom doesn't want Gabrielle to ever visit earth. Too primitive and uncivilized, she always said."

"What?!" Parks leapt for the door, and out to the beachfront. G2 followed. He thought Athena was securing their ship. Gabrielle, he has a daughter? Parks took a single seater range truck and rushed out to the beach, in time to see a silver delta aethership identical to his own but only a third its size, slowly ascend and slowly move away south toward Antarctica. Parks and Athena were still married. He still loved her. But it was clear that time and the deceptive circumstances of their brief relationship, were factors in her decision not to see him. Parks was hurt and furious that Athena was leaving without so much as an embrace, or allowing him to see a daughter he didn't know he fathered. It was finished, when she left him with the Elder A I years ago.

"There's a platform vessel in orbit around Mars. She will rendezvous there and return," G2 said. He had sprinted behind Park's vehicle, soon catching up. Parks then realized, that his son is probably a telepath and empath like his mother. He calmed his emotions and turned to see his son only yards behind him, devastated that she was leaving them, in such an uncaring way. "I will miss her and Gabrielle too."

Parks realized that it was his time to nurture and raise his son. At that moment, he could see the child in him, in need of guidance and assurance. Athena and her extended family had done all they could. G2 needed his dad now. He needed guidance he could trust to navigate his path to confident, successful adulthood. Parks put on his best show of cavalier indifference.

"It's their loss. Come on kid. Let's get you settled in and rustle up some grub. You haven't lived until you've had my wood grilled, soy and steak-seasoning marinated, twelve-ounce lab-slab mixed Kobe, Angus and chorizo ground beef burgers; topped with spicy brown mustard, fresh pico de gallo with minced shallots and garlic, chopped red onion and jalapenos, diced tomatoes, chopped black and green olives, lime juice and plenty of cilantro; guacamole made with mild salsa and cream cheese; bread and butter pickle slices, thin sliced tomatoes seasoned with kosher salt and black pepper, and mixed shredded sharp cheddar, pepper jack and gouda cheeses. You'll be my assistant chef in the kitchen.

Besides a good meal, you need a refreshing shower and a good night's sleep, your first night here on earth. And the weekend along the beach to acclimate yourself. Monday, New York time, we start making holocalls to introduce you to department heads at OM Group to set you up with Z Division."

This lifted the young man's spirit. "Thanks Dad."

Parks smiled at G2 with confidence enough for both of them, patting him of the shoulder. They turned and slowly walked back towards the compound. "That's my job, son, however delayed by time and distance I may be. That's my job. Let's get you squared away."

Parks set his son up in one of the four guest rooms on the second floor and gave him a brief tour of the Mayan pyramid-shaped mansion. After a hearty dinner, Parks brought G2 up to the fourth floor astronomy deck with a small bucket filled with six beers on ice. They sat on chaise lounges arranged around the deck, that Parks designed, had manufactured and sold through his super conglomerate. Parks placed the ice bucket within reach between their chairs.

"I figure you're well up to speed on earth culture. I don't know if you have ever had a beer, wine or alcohol. Leave the hard liquor and other stuff alone. I figured as a rite of passage, you could have a beer with your old Dad. I haven't had a drink in a long time. Not that important to me. After this, no more alcoholic drinks will be consumed by you, understand? The adult human brain is not fully matured until age 25, and your half human. Young adults are allowed to drink at age 21 in most of the world. You're close to that age. I really don't want you to drink at all but if you decide to consume in the future, just stick with sweet table wine with dinner. Never consume alcohol during the day. It'll just slow you down. Never operate a vehicle under the influence, sober up first or get a ride from someone sober that you trust."

Parks passed a beer to his son. G2 thanked him. "No need to worry, Dad. Pleiadean technology cured all forms of addictions eons ago. Life itself, gets me high. I won't get hooked on the stuff, it tastes awful."

"Good, that's good to know, son. Then I don't have to worry." They clinked bottles in salute, took a pull, then looked up at the stars.

"Cold, refreshing, not bitter like some alcohol based beverages are. Good beer."

"I microbrew my own. A man has got to have good, positive hobbies to stay sane and self-contained in this crazy, pop culture tainted world. Good hobbies and lots of them for a physically and psychologically healthy life, remember that."

A couple of security androids flew by, coming in from patrol, before the New Year's fireworks began.

"Those are the latest versions of the Archangel rapid deployment null-g harness EM pack and flight suit. The proprietary polymer parasuit materials lose mass when an EM current is applied, up to 95 percent. Increase the electrical current and the suit repels gravity, causing propulsion. The helmet interface allows the user to mentally control direction and speed, to fly like the fictional character, Superman. The Archangel system was designed at OM Group Z Division and first utilized in 2060 by US Special Forces, then declassified for use in 2075 for civilian law enforcement."

“You’ve been able to create whatever ideas came into your mind, sold them to the consumer and made a fortune. You must feel good, having made a difference in your life, Dad.”

“First, I had to come up with visionary concepts that filled a niche, or a need. Then I used the best most durable materials, so the products last a lifetime. Add minimalist design and muted neutral colors for a product that never goes out of style. That’s my formula; visionary, necessary, functional, efficient.

ExecPro, one of my global security subsidiaries produces light weight, body armor reinforced garments for the US military, law enforcement, and government employees. We developed and manufacture molecularly aligned body armor fabric milled with the tensile strength of heavy Kevlar, at a tenth of the weight. The garments are specifically designed to protect the vital arteries and the entire body. The US Army Land Warrior program uses our products.”

Then Parks tried to shift the focus to his son. “Do you miss your home world, son?”

“Not yet. It’s good to finally meet you. I feel like I have two home worlds now.”

“You do. This is not only humanity’s world. It is the home world of several species who occupied this planet before humanity. Earth is like the wild west to them. They do whatever they want. Sometimes we can’t keep up with them. Some are benevolent, some indifferent, like we are lab experiments. Some are downright hostile.”

“Have you met many species in capacity as InterWorld Council Ambassador?”

“Of the thousands of known extraterrestrial civilizations that are members of the greater universe’s InterWorld Council, I have met and negotiated with around 80 non-human, humanoid and other physical configuration organic and artificial species from across the local Virgo cosmological super cluster, including your species from the Pleiades.”

“Which species is the most hostile? I’m sure I already know.”

“The giants, a cannibal species humanity has been dealing with since the days of the Bible, and the Drago Reptilians or Saurians, a violent race much older than the homo sapiens species. They creep me out, every time I have to deal with them. They are rumored to have been here on earth before us. They all want full spectrum control over us. But let’s not talk about that right now.”

“Do you like your job?”

“It’s interesting, I’ll say that much. You see, I have a need to know about everything. All the truths of this existence and the higher realms. It started with my need to understand gravity and electromagnetics in my youth. This led me to the military industrial aerospace complex, the mecca of cosmic secrets and revelations. That is all I can say without compromising you and me from my secrecy oaths. Which brings us to a problem. I still have dangerous enemies. You will need to be well protected at all times and travel with discretion. We call it flying under the radar. I have a private security company, established primarily to protect my family and OM Group global subsidiaries.

I have considered giving you a series of identities to make your life easier and allow you to have options in times of threat or emergency. But you are my son, heir and I will get you legally documented as such.

There's another thing. Simply put, a faction within the military industrial complex had me cloned. He works for me at OM Group, London headquarters, and has a long-term relationship and a child, with my ex-wife. She was a clone of a woman that I loved dearly that died much too early. With my wealth and cosmic insider connections, I had her resurrected, so to speak. Your mother's genetic material and your home world's advanced technology we're involved. That is how I discovered your mother. She was a volunteer in an alien exchange and metahuman clone program. My global security company protected her from being harmed after her usefulness with the program was over. We fell in love after an attack on our lives."

G2 didn't even blink in surprise. "I know about it all. Mom told me about it over and over as I grew up. She felt I had a need to know."

"It's all a bit complicated."

"A little, G2 agreed with a grin.

"So, you have a few relatives, almost a dozen half brothers and sisters."

The two continued to look up at the sky, Parks drank his second beer while G2 barely touched his first one. The fireworks had just begun, to bring in the year 2100. As a mild beer buzz settled in, Parks became more intense.

"I didn't get a chance to raise you, nor did I raise any of my children, except Emily. I failed them all in a sense because of that, I was always too busy, working to design engineer the future. At least that was my excuse. Egotistical, I know. But with OM Group, my company, and its talented employees around the world and the all-out pursuit of my God given profession, my calling, we did and do just that. We build the future every day and my company will do so forever. The Creator of the Universe gave us this gift. This challenge. I was born and blessed to be a mechanical and industrial design, transportation and aerospace engineer and manufacturer. I am the most blessed man alive. I have been blessed to practice a profession that blends emerging technologies into applicable products, tools and machines that aid in humanity's advancement. I have been given the privilege in a minuscule way, to mimic the process of universal creation itself. I am a design engineering priest of sorts, grateful to see the emerging technological world through this spiritual lens and frequency."

"I would like to be a part of that calling, Dad?"

"Then, you are going to have to endure the following words of advice from your father. It's time for the talk."

"The talk? What talk?"

“Every good caring responsible parent is obligated to pass on all the wisdom they have learned in their life to all their children. Conceiving them, giving them life is simply not good enough. Sadly, most parents are too selfish and self-centered, like I was, to do so, if they learned anything at all in their life journey. And their children must make unnecessary, costly mistakes, through trial and error, to navigate their way through life, wasting precious time and resources. All because their parents didn’t want to be bothered to be parents. It’s disgraceful.

I’m going to give you the condensed version of the talk. I wrote it years ago. All you have to do is listen.” Parks pulled out a folded sheet of paper from his chest pocket, unfolded it and began to read:

“First, we here on earth still live in a type zero civilization. That is to say, a primitive world. Even now, in the year 2100, we are struggling, scratching to reach a type one existence, still. Life is precious. You must learn to defend it. You must become a warrior scholar.

I used to believe that progressivism or progressive socialism that cultivates theory, devoid of objective truth and balanced analysis was harmless. And that the globalism that it promoted was necessary to usher in advanced technology to the marketplace. I was wrong. I am an independent conservative thinker now. I know now that a constitutional Democratic Republic and the truth cannot thrive in an Orwellian socialistic climate. There must be a balance between national sovereignty, compassion, hard work and personal responsibility.

This is a savage world, a prison planet, filled with an uncivilized herd and hive mentality population enslaved by popular culture, unaware and uninterested in the real truths. Never, ever follow the herd, think and research the facts for yourself. Disclosure is a vague, veiled reality disseminated by popular cultures fictional books and movies. Study the 9 Energy Bodies, the teachings of Jesus and Buddha, and the lost books of the Bible, before it was edited at the council of Nacea. The wise advice of philosopher Emperor Marcus Aurelius are also a comfort.

Next, live life in moderation. Always. Just trust me on that.

Personal survival and self-protection. Words of proper economy will open doors, close the deal or even save your life. Speaking of your life, never let anyone get the drop on you. Maintain optimal situational and spatial awareness at all times. It will save your life and the lives of your loved ones. Study the fighting arts your entire life: To Shin do, Judo, Aikido, Krav Maga, Keysi fighting method. The most important fight art is peace and diplomacy, based on strength. Learn humility through the martial arts.

Learn that, being powerful, is the most loving thing we can do. Stay rational, don’t let your emotions get in the way of rational behavior. First, defend your family and close friends, then your country, then finally yourself. The levels of priority in defense are; avoid, confuse, hurt, injure, maim, and only as a last resort to save the lives of your family or yourself, kill.

Use only the level of lethality necessary. Learn to defend with unarmed lethality first. Your zone of defense is within ten feet of your body in all directions around you. You must be able to cover and

defend this area at all times. Learn to maintain your spatial and situational awareness at all times, even in your sleep. If you are alone, never sleep deeply in an unsecure environment, learn to sleep lightly. You must learn to rough it, to survive in any environment. Keep a bug-out bag and emergency disaster survival foods, fresh water, a medi-kit and portable crank charge radio. Camp outdoors and learn to build field shelter, learn to hunt and fish and field dress and preserve your catch for storage. Learn which of earth's wild plants are edible. There are several apps for that now, not in my day.

Develop your survival skills. All you have is today. Plan for the future but live for today. The future is pliable, like quantum clay. You can shape and reshape it using the scalar technology of your mind.

Practice prayer, focused mental intention, transcendental meditation, seated introspection and the 9 Energy Bodies to maintain spiritual balance.

Social values and personal responsibility. When it comes to acquaintances, friendships and personal relationships, never make anyone a priority in your life if you are not a priority in theirs. There are benevolent souls, malevolent souls and simply lost souls that you will encounter on your life's journey. Learn to discern those of good character, and discard the rest. You will have to do this daily, and frequently throughout your life. You will save precious mental and emotional capital that can be better utilized on people who care about you, not people out to use and exploit you, your labor or your resources, and injure your spirit. It's better to be alone in peace and solitude to develop your technical skills and creative talents.

When it comes to a lady friend or wife, you must find the kindest soul possible. I've found the ladies of New England, Amsterdam, London, Paris and Singapore to be the most lady like and kindest on earth. Your wife must be your most staunch and loyal ally, and you hers. Someone you can always trust and count on. Always be faithful to her and share in the joy of raising your children together, especially around the dinner table. Share as many meals with your family as you can together. Impart your knowledge to them there every meal, and share in their growth. Home school them if you can.

And if you never find her, learn to live all alone. Date and enjoy your life, but don't marry the wrong one. Maintain a life-long thirst for knowledge and truth.

It's best to work, relax and sleep to ambient music with no lyrics. It recalibrates your soul. Never listen to music with lyrics for long. It's psy ops brain washing, trust me. Be independent, but base your life decisions on family values. Then you will make the right choices for the future.

Have at least of six months of savings. Never use credit, only in emergency situations and to establish a credit history, that's all. Never, ever gamble or wager.

Learn to survive with dignity even if you don't have a dime to your name. Stay hydrated even if you are starving. Think with an entrepreneurial mind. Greed is not good, but you must earn a good living, even if it takes two or more jobs. Especially if you have a family. Ostentatious wealth is never the goal, a good comfortable life is. The needs of your spirit will be drawn into your orbit. The laws of attraction.

Go to the library, if you can still find one. There's nothing like the feel of a good book. Read about the world and the universe. Knowledge and information really is power, along with gratitude and humility. Learn to become a proficient researcher and a good person. A good citizen of the universe. Life is a spiritual journey, one of many. Become a finely tuned spiritual being."

"Well, that's it, kid. That's the talk, the condensed version. Here, keep this letter. I know Pleiadeans have an advanced photographic and audio graphic memory, so passing the talk along to your children will be easy."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Your welcome, son."

New York 2102. Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks II, or G2, stared intently at the SOE schematic of a future transportation design concept. For the past two years, G2 worked his way up the ranks of industrial designers and mechanical engineers, collaborating on all forms of consumer products, transportation, architecture and environmental design. He was promoted to Assistant Director of Special Projects in OM Group's secretive Z Division.

He and the other members of the project team sat at individual H3D drafting desks placed in a semi-circle around the SOE holo-platform, mulling over the figures for materials durability and stresses that lead to fractures and product failure.

Outside of Z Division, Emily Parks, longtime CEO of OM Group, stared through a monitor at the young man from the Pleiades who looked so much like a young version of her father. She smiled and shook her head in amazement, when G2 suddenly looked up perplexed, then looked around the corners of the ceiling until he found the location of the hidden security camera surveying the work studio. G2 waved at the camera smiling, in complete awareness that he was being watched, by her. Emily turned to her husband, OM Group Security Director Amaan Anderson, who also observed the subtle telepathic display.

"He's getting better every day. We're a dozen floors away, yet he can sense us," Anderson said.

"He looks happy, content. He's a good employee," Emily observed.

"Except for his episode at the last Worldwide Developers Conference. He couldn't stop laughing at how under developed human product technology was in comparison to Pleiadean tech."

"He's his father's son."

They turned and headed out of the security office towards the elevators.

"Does that bother you?" Anderson asked.

"No, he's family," Emily said. "Mom and Dad forced me to take this job after Uncle Chet was killed. I had to learn quickly. G2 has time to grow with the company. By the time he's ready, I'll be retired. I've spent thirty years of life in service to this monolith. He may not want to be in such a visible public position. And since we no longer do much contractor work for the breakaway civilization, he may want to head up Logos or Zen Engineering, Dad's cutting edge molecular manufacturing start-ups.

That's actually what I prefer, or go back to London and live in one of Mom's cottages in the country. I don't the grandkids near so many underground electrical currents."

“We should discuss it with her. In the meantime, I’ll continue to keep a close tab on our prodigy from the Pleiades.”

“You thought of that all on your own?”

“Yep, pretty sharp.”

“You’re a real genius with the monikers.”

“I think so.” Anderson gave his CEO wife a small kiss on the cheek before Emily entered the elevator headed toward her office suite. “See you later.”

G2 walked over to the holo-platform with SOE gloves on pulling and shaping the rear pillar of the unibody cab of the transportation prototype design. His colleagues surrounded him. “By sloping the and reducing the thickness of the nano-composite rear pillar, we can strengthen the rear crumple zone by 80 percent with an 18 percent reduction in materials.”

G2’s design team nodded in acknowledgement at the improvement, then returned to their work stations to review his calculations on the new solution. One of his colleagues remained. She smiled at him, and pointed at her wrist PAI chronometer. G2 nodded and returned her smile.

G2 and Christine Conner had been dating since discreetly for over three months. They often met at work. She would arrive at one of the three Manhattan safe house condos G2 lived at, from Soho to midtown to Central Park west, under the watchful eye of OM Group personal security. She would always leave early morning by aerocab, and they would interact at work as if they were only professional colleagues, not lovers. Because of his other-worldly heritage, G2 was ordered by his father always to use contraception, and trust no one. In the passion of the moment, G2 did not always heed his father’s advice.

Anderson had a cursory knowledge of their liaisons, urging G2 not to reveal to Christine any of their security contingency plans in the event of a security breach or attack. It was his impression the G2 was inexperienced in the ways of post-modern earth women. He was worried the young man might be heart broken by fickle young women only interested in men with money. G2 received self-defense and weapons training on his home world. Anderson, required that he also take security operative training with ExecPro, which he just completed. The young Pleiadean was in top physical shape, 6’-3”, 190 pounds lean with only 3 percent body fat. He was as strong as a Marine Combat android. So, Anderson had no worries that he couldn’t defend and extract himself, in any situation.

Christine insisted on meeting G2 at his lower eastside condo. The 20 story building was owned by OM Group and nearly empty except for security personnel. When they met at 10 pm, G2’s perception was the building seemed unusually devoid of life, not even a doorman. As the couple took his private

elevator to the nineteenth floor, his residence encompassed the nineteenth and twentieth floors, G2 became more suspicious.

He looked in Christine's direction, attempting to peer into her thoughts, something he would never do otherwise. She sensed this and began to kiss him passionately. She all but pushed him into his living room to undress him and seduce him. He was barely able to lock the entrance door. Christine broke her concentration on him just enough to notice this. And that set G2 into a higher level of suspicion. G2 recovered. "Slow down a little. Let's have dinner first."

"I've already had mine. I'm ready for desert. She continued in her overtures."

"Let me use the bathroom first, wash up a little. I'll only be a minute," G2 said as he pulled himself away from Christine. His mind sensed a heightened alert of deception and impending aggression. He walked calmly to his bathroom, closed and locked the door and turned the water on in the sink. What Christine did not know was the bathroom was also designed to be the secure saferoom in the residence. G2 activated the LCD monitors on the full-length mirror mounted to the bathroom door. He waived his hand over the mirror and a battery of LCD screens came to life. Showing every security station in and around the building. He tried to contact the building's EPS security teams. At every post the security personnel were either shot dead or missing. Obviously, an inside job. Paramilitary shadows were closing in on his position, climbing the stairs. Large unmarked black trucks were securing every corner surrounding the building, men were rushing to position.

G2 quickly waved the monitor to display the view just outside the door. Christine was holding a side arm with a silencer in the barrel, unlocking the door to the condo, armed operators entered silently, some dressed in SWAT gear and assault weapons others in federal agency wind breakers and side arms. They moved silently toward the bathroom door. G2 pressed the touch screen mirror and the clack of heavy magnetic locks, completely sealing him in. This sent them rushing to the door. They knew he was aware, and that made him dangerous.

Christine knocked forcefully on the door. "Honey, come on out. What are you doing?" No response. "Come on out, honey? Gordon?" She nodded for two of the operatives to apply explosive putty around the entire door and detonation caps where the hinges and magnetic locks were in place. They stepped back a safe distance and handed Christine, the apparent op mission commander, the small black rectangular wireless detonator switch. She pressed the button. The door frame disintegrated in flash bomb sparks and smoke as the door fell into the large bathroom. The assault team rushed in to find G2 gone. Christine looked out the bathroom window and spotted a black spelunking parachute carrying a dark figure descending to the street.

"He's down on the street, a parachute!" The assault team rushed out of the condo. Christine followed, then paused, turned back to the window. She looked out again, toward the street. She knew he was a telepath and empath, she willed their eyes to meet when he landed. Assault team operatives on the street rushed toward the collapsing parachute., which landed as light as a feather, but G2 did not emerge as it collapsed to the street the figure seemed to pass right through the street. Tear gas splayed from under the parachute.

A hologram pack, Christine thought as she cursed beneath her breath. A small pebble landed on the top of her head, stinging her with its contact. She immediately looked up over head toward the top floor and the roof, to find G2 stealthily climbing an outside ladder bolted to between the nineteenth and twentieth floors on toward the top of the building. She tried to aim and fire on him but he ascended to the top just in time before she could fire, never looking back. Too fast. She imagined him laughing at her, dropping a pebble on her head and her feeble attempt at capturing him. He was trapped on the roof. We got him, where could he go? But the approaching sirens of the NYPD caught her attention. Time to bail.

G2 reached the top of the condo building, angry at the loss of life and betrayal the humans seemed to relish in. How could he be so stupid as to not sense Christine's true motives. G2 rushed to a 10' by 10' standing metal structure with no visible entry. He placed his open palm toward the wall of the structure, a square keypad-sized section of the wall shaped itself to the size of his hand. Once it identified his palm, a doorway sized entrance morphed open in the smart metal structure. After he entered, the opening sealed seamless behind him.

The ten-foot tall, seven-foot wide bugout vehicle within looked like a thick translucent white ceramic egg. The escape pod had a two-foot diameter center post running from end to end. The Alcubierre style EM drive with access panels housed within. A two-foot wide circular seat surrounded the post mid-way. A NATO royal blue pressure suit and helmet hung on the wall next to the pod. G2 quickly donned the suit and entered the pod in much the same manner as he entered the smart metal structure. There was no gravity inside the pod. G2 floated into position on the sparse airgel padded circular seat. Harness straps emerged from the post to secure its passenger. Not exactly a rocket strapped to your back, but close. G2's biometric signature accepted, the pod glowed as it came to life out of its slumber.

The flat roof of the smart metal structure split and retracted upward. Electrical energy began to be extracted from the building, also affecting the nearby residential buildings. G2 checked the pod's systems and quipped a song to add a little mischief to his escape. Voo Doo Child by Jimmi Hendrix. G2 not only amplified the volume in the small pod, he amplified the external volume and gravitational metric of its harmonics outside the pod, its roaring hard rock vibrations thundered throughout the building and the neighborhood, enhancing the adrenaline rush of his escape. G2 was pleasantly surprised to discover he was an adrenaline junkie, even if his very life was on the line.

Cristine Conner identified herself as she and her team of agents and operatives collided with the New York police arriving first on the scene, informing them of their national security operation. Her name is actually, Christine Sullivan, NSA, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan, former test pilot, Edwards AFB 1992-1996, Former Installation Commander of Peterson AFB 2008-2012, former Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Cheyenne Mountain Facility 2016-2024, former U.S. Air Force Military Advisor to the National Reconnaissance Office in Washington D.C. 2024-2032. Installation Commander of the U.S. Air Force Space Command Orbital Industrial Colony Operations 2032-2033. Killed by InterWorld Council Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks in after kidnapping his wife and step daughter in a failed coup attempt to over throw AF/Navel Space Command in 2058.

At that moment, loud rock music began to play. The music came from the top of G2's building. Everyone on the street froze and looked up to take in not only the extreme sound, but the thunderous reverberations underfoot. The ground was harmonically shaking, it could be felt in everything, bones, fillings. The street pavement and sidewalks fractured. Window lights in the surrounding buildings abruptly turned on, it elderly occupants furious to be awakened, interrupted from their early slumber, angrily staring out of their windows up into the night sky. Lights began to flutter, an indeterminate amount of electromagnetic power seemed to be cycling up as the opening salvo of Voo Doo Child reached its crescendo.

Everyone looked up in surprise, to see a brilliant blue white orb ascend slowly, hover over the streets momentarily, then streak off from the top of the condo building into the night sky, the vibrational thunder of Voo Doo Child trailing off slowly. Its shock and awe affect, would never go away.

G2 escaped with relative ease, thumbing his nose to Christine as he left. Finding him and trapping him again would be difficult.

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 21

Thousands of miles away at the Gamba, Gabon estate's Mayan pyramid shaped mansion of G2's father, Dr. Parks faced a deadly invasion at the same time as his son.

Armed android drone mercenaries, operated remotely from a safe site, rushed into the home office of his third floor master suite, his bed, firing at him. Parks dove out of bed, reaching for his matt black rose wood handled Kimber 1911, returning fire as he rushed for the security zone next to his bed.

"Hal, AlphaOmega! AlphaOmega!" Signaling emergency invasion defense protocols. A column of blue energy surrounded him, enveloped in a forcefield powerful enough to deflect bullets and small explosives. His aethership would be up and out of the underground hangar within seconds. Multiple beams of lethal energy leapt from its forward array, through the third floor walls of the mansion, striking each insurgent, stopping them dead.

"Hal, sweep each floor of the mansion, and every building on the estate. What happened to the android security sentries?"

A disembodied British accented voice responded, "The mansion is clear. Your android security are experiencing a malware internal cyber attack, I have deactivated them for repair."

"Establish a global security alert. Contact my son."

"Your son has been attacked as well, but escaped. No other attacks on family or OM Group personnel or facilities have been detected or reported, Ambassador."

"Where is he?"

"Attempting to maneuver an emergency Alcubierre escape pod to a safe orbital altitude to be rescued, presumably by this ship, or to land here at the Gamba estate as the earth rotates."

"I'm heading to the fourth floor deck. Pick me up, and Hal, good shooting."

"Overhead in 30 seconds, Ambassador."

The same energy that protected Parks in his home towed him up into the vessel, and once in the pilot's nest, like G2's escape pod, streaked off into the late night.

"Ambassador, you are injured, in the shoulder, you must get to the infirmary."

"Not until we have recovered my son, safe and well." Parks stumbled into the pilot's nest.

“Forgive me, Ambassador, but –I must take action so that you will be safe as well.”

“Several small blue tow beams emitted from overhead of Parks position carrying an elongated clear bladder shaped medical triage unit towards Parks’ shoulder wound. A three foot long flat, clear rectangular bladder, rounded at the corners, filled with clear liquid. It has suction cup-like closures at the ends and center, surrounded with data point ques and what appear to be LED lights.

“What’s this?”

“A mobile triage field patch would be the best description, Ambassador. I will apply it to the wound, there will be some initial discomfort.”

“Just don’t let this thing sedate me, or drug me against the pain. I need to be alert in case G2 is in trouble. Understand?”

“Yes, Ambassador. I will adjust the unit. Please prepare for a small Q-phase slip. I am detecting an audio signal from G2 being transmitted to this ship. An emergency signal identified as vintage music/Jimmi Hendrix/Voo Doo Child. We are vectoring in on his signal.”

Parks knew G2 was going through a vintage music history phase. He smiled at his son’s choice.

Before parks could respond, the aethership made dimensional course corrections in mere seconds. G2’s pod was still ascending rapidly on slingshot inertia alone.

“There he is, Ambassador.”

“Contact him. Tell him to stop his ascent, we’ll tow him in.”

“He is being followed sir. Unmanned military EM drone craft.”

“Intercept them. Don’t bother to identify, they’re probably only on routine patrol. Shunt their energy, kill the power to their propulsion systems. Just long enough for them to fall to four thousand feet. Then, jump start them. We’ll be long gone stealth by then, before they can triangulate our position with the local defense satellites.”

G2’s pod floated in a stationary position after the pursuit craft were scared off. He sat in a lotus position within the pod, meditating in the weightlessness within, his body glowing, emanating radiant energy as Parks’ aethership tow-beamed the pod into the cargo bay.

“Dad, you’re hurt!” When G2 entered the conn, he immediately noticed his father’s injury. The medical patch was no longer clear, but dark red with blood. G2 walked over and studied the panel readings around the disc-shaped suction connections. He gently pressed a button on the panel a bloody bullet extruded from the center on the panel and fell into his hand. Parks seemed medicated by the patch, and tired by the wound and the ordeal. “You were right, Dad. They came after me, and after you too.”

G2 helped Parks to recline in the pilot's chaise. "They were trying to either abduct or kill you. No Pleiadean has ever been held captive, not even a half human one. They were simply going to kill me once and for all. Get us back to the estate, Hal. Best speed."

"We've got to get farther away, Dad."

"No, I'm not running to Mars or your home world and neither are you. We'll stand our ground for a while. I need time to assess this attack, who's behind this. You'll work through telepresence at OM Group from here on, in the villa, behind the mansion. You can live and work there."

"What if that's not what I want?"

"Well, speak up. What do you want? It's the most secure alternative, or you can help me to establish my other two molecular manufacturing start ups. You can work for all my companies from one secure central location. They next time, they might be successful. But not here. You can help me to make the estate impenetrable."

"We'll go over the estate security so that no one can ever harm you again, Dad. That is all I can promise now. Your right, earth is just too primitive. It is right on the cusp of evolving into a Type One civilization, and yet humans seem to be in an unending loop of violent ruthlessness, and back stabbing tribal behavior. The masses are so dumbed down by their mindless trendy media. They are slaves to it. Everyone, even the poor, have portable devices tuned to nonsense, not having the sense to use them as learning tools. They are obsessed with Fakebook garbage or lowbrow nonsense. There has to be more to human culture than this. The only app I can stomach from your home world is the Science Channel."

"It's true, they've been brain washed by the big lie that is popular culture. You can blame the military industrial complex, the hidden hand of government and the breakaway civilization for the damage. Our tax payer dollars at work since 1947."

"Let's get you back home, Dad. You don't look so good. You've lost a lot of blood, the patch is working, but that bullet must have been tipped with something. We need to analyze it."

"I just need to rest. I'm 136 years old you know. Even so much as a cold can be deadly. My body just wasn't designed for longevity. I'm going to have a session with the rejuvenation unit after we land."

"Ambassador," Hal interjected, "there are multiple incoming messages."

"I'll answer them when we're back at the estate."

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 22

“Security Director Anderson, CEO, Mrs. Parks-Anderson.”

“Dad, are you alright?!”

“Ambassador, we’re so sorry for the breach and attempt on your life.”

“Are you? This is the second major failure while under your supervision. I’ll expect a thorough investigation into this lapse in security, followed by your resignation.”

“Father,” Emily exclaimed, “it wasn’t his fault.”

“The woman who attempted to abduct G2 was not properly vetted, that is a major lapse in your husband’s department. G2 could have been killed. One more failure, too many.”

“Yes, sir.” Anderson stood and walked away from the vid screen.

“As for you, Mrs. Parks-Anderson...”

“Why are you being so formal? What’s wrong?”

“Forgive me but being shot at can do that to some people. That woman G2 was seeing, that was somehow employed at my company, without proper vetting. I’ve seen the security vid footage from the condo as G2 fled for his life. It took me minutes to run her image through an Alpha Command database. Recognition software identified her as Christine Sullivan, NSA agent, great niece of General Conner Timothy Sullivan. A seasoned killer, out for revenge.”

“Dad, she presented herself as a Design Engineering MA graduate from MIT. Her credentials cleared, she was vetted as well as we could.”

“Not good enough! You allowed an enemy agent into my company, whereby she successfully learned the secrets of Z Division and breached the security of my home as well, nearly getting G2, and me, killed!”

After a pause, Emily understood the depth of her failure. “Yes, sir. I am the responsible officer in charge of all of the operations of this company.”

“Then, an announcement of your retirement from OM Group will be released immediately. You want to spend more time with your family, grandchildren. We’ll take care of the media, make no public statements. And tell Eve immediately so she can handle the company media in Europe.”

“That’s fine, I’m ready to retire. I never wanted this job anyway. You forced me to take it.”

“We’ll, I’m sorry for that, Emily. Sorry to have burdened you. You’ve both compromised my company world-wide. I’m very disappointed. But Z Division will survive, and your well off for the rest of your life. Now go and enjoy it. Parks out.”

“I’m sorry Da—“

“Parks cut the connection before she could finish her final apology.”

“G2 stood just out of view, in shock.”

“Dad please don’t do this to them? They’ll hate me forever.”

“It’s too late. My minds made up. Security personnel lost their lives today.”

Hal interrupted, “You have another incoming message, from Ms. Athena.”

“Thank you, Hal. I’ll take this one in private, Son.”

“Please, let me stay? I’ll be out of view. “

“Ok. We’ll get chewed out by your Mom together.”

After several minutes of Athena’s outrage, Parks responded.

“So, let me get this straight. You never left the Sol system. You’ve been staying at the Pleiadean Ganymede colonies all this time and you wouldn’t contact either of us for the past two years, until now.”

“Don’t try to change the subject! I knew there would be trouble soon. He’s just like you, he lives for it! Gordon needs to come home, with me, now!”

“You tell him. He’s right here.”

G2 stepped into view. “I’m staying with Dad.”

“No, you’re not. You’re coming with me. This experiment is over.”

“I said no and I mean it. Don’t you even care that your husband was nearly killed?”

“When can I meet my daughter,” Parks interjected.

“Never!”

At moment, Gabrielle popped her head into the view of the vid screen, smiling brightly. “Hi Daddy.”

“Gabrielle?!” Parks was pleasantly surprised to see G2’s maternal twin. A sweet young lady, she waved from behind her mother’s head before leaving, to her mom’s ire.

Athena would have none of it. “Go back to your room young lady, now!”

Parks now outraged, stood unsteadily. G2 had to help him up. The bloody med patch could be seen by Athena. She was speechless. He quietly walked out of the room.

“Dad, wait? G2, continued. You abandoned him, and you abandoned me most of my life.”

“His mother was in tears. I had to be sure you would be a soldier and an engineer, like your father. You were sent to the best mentors and training our home world had. You were raised to be a warrior and a scholar. Gabrielle needed me, like you now need your father.”

“I thank you for that mother. But you missed out on us being a family. We’ll keep in contact if you want to, but on our terms. Take care, Mom.”

G2 went in search of his injured father. He found him on the fourth floor observation deck.

“Dad, you ok?”

“Yes, thank you for that. I can honestly say that I loved your mother. I still do, but now, I’m done.”

The two generations looked out into the expanse of the 500 acre estate.

“What will you do?” Parks asked his son.

G2 looked out on the land, contemplating his future.

Christine Sullivan walked out of the One Center Street, New York City Police Head Quarters. A sleek black aero limousine waited near the curb, left rear passenger door open. As she entered, a wireless phone receiver chimed. She picked up before the third ring.

“Yes, we were close... Again, I will need full autonomy to hunt down this alien and bring him in dead or alive... No, sir, I have absolutely no emotional impediments in dealing with Dr. Parks son... Yes, we were intimate on several occasions. It meant nothing... Yes, I was successful in recovering reproductive DNA samples, on several occasions. They are stored, preserved and being analyzed at this time... Thank you, sir. I will capture this specimen with all of the resources at my disposal... I am headed to West Africa from here, right now.”

“We’ll determine over the next few months how to proceed. Surveillance satellites are electronically blocked from viewing the estate. There are perks to being a Cosmic Top Official with unlimited wealth,

resources and blackworld allies,” Parks declared. “I’m a Cosmic Dad.” Parks smiled at G2, they laughed at the moniker.

“I loved working at Z Division. And working for your molecular engineering start ups are promising. But right now, I want to explore. Particularly, Earth’s civilizations that flourished prior to present day humanity. Particularly, Antarctica, Gobeckly Tepi in Turkey, Godon Pada Padand in Indonesia, and the Sinda Shelf at Nam Madol in Micronesia. The sasquatch enigma fascinates me, the seeming ability to travel through time passages to evade detection or capture. Obviously, an extraterrestrial connection there. All of the hidden monolithic pyramids all over the world, from Alaska to China to Antarctica. The Urancha Papers are interesting, so is the early life of Jesus during his time with the Essenes in Egypt and his study of the 9 energy bodies in India.”

“Son, you can do all of that research through hired operators and SOE telepresence. You don’t need to walk from your birthright to research anything that captures your interest away from the security of the estate. This is the wrong time to want to live the life of Indiana Jones.

“Who?”

“Never mind.”

“Dad, I’m going to need to stay on the move. It’s too dangerous not only for me, but for you to have me here. I know that now. I’ll either keep moving or go off-world. But I can’t go into self-imposed seclusion on the mars or Ganymede colonies.”

“It’s true. Right now, if you stay here on Earth, you’ll be hunted.”

“Maybe Mom’s right. I may return to my home world, but not today. Will you help me?”

“I always will.

“Then I will need the aethership.”

“What? Wait, you want to borrow your Dad’s ride?”

“Dad?” G2 bellowed sympathetically.

“No. This is an impossible request. The military industrial complex has been after that ship for decades. No doubt that they have acquired on from your home world by now. But still, it is only for InterWorld Council members. You’ll have to be a member to use my ride, son. And if they were to capture both you and that ship, the world could change, my world certainly would. I’m sorry. The answer will always be no to that request.”

There was a long silence as both men searched for solutions, then Parks spoke.

“We must complete the improvements to the estate’s security, beyond Earth Cosmic military grade. Once that is taken care of and I have fully recovered we will revisit your request to become an apprentice member of the InterWorld Council and my assistant. But tentatively, your request will be

approved. Nepotism and all, you understand. You want to help your old Pops in his business dealings, which happen to be of a cosmic nature. Congratulations.”

“But I made no such request.”

“You want to borrow my aethership, you gotta get involved. Understand? And, I am not going to allow you to travel alone. Your mother would kill me if I allowed anything else to happen to you. I’m going where you go. And I will protect you with all my global and cosmic resources, wherever the journey takes us.”

“G2 nodded in acknowledgement, then hugged his injured father.”

“Thank you, Dad. Now, will you please go to the infirmary and take in a session on the rejuvenation bed? The medi-wound unit on your shoulder can only do so much.”

As his son helped him to the infirmary, Parks reflected on his decision. His son’s ambitions are well intentioned, but it would place them in even more danger. It would also be quite an adventure.

“Our first stop, will be the InterWorld Council Headquarters for this sector of the Virgo Supercluster; Massive Structures between the constellations of Cygnus and Lyra, swan and lyric, Kepler designation KIC 8462852. I’m long overdue to meet my counterparts from this local sector of the universe. It should be quite a mind blowing experience. Plus, we’ll need to make new allies from Type 2 and 3 civilizations.”

After his rejuvenation session, the mending Parks and G2 repaired and rebooted the operating systems of the estates military grade android security hardware and drones.

Over the next few weeks, the heavily guarded father and son would venture out in ironhorse single seater all-terrain trucks, to survey 500 acre estate's perimeter fences for damage. After repair of any damage, the Tesla tech inspired, next generation perimeter force shield platform system, based on the old 'Trophy Active Protection System' was reactivated and the no fly air space above dome was extended to 4000 feet.

Next, they prepped the aethership and began to stock it for extended prolonged interstellar travel. The day before they left on their other-worldly journey, Parks took his beloved vintage custom single seater Ferrari Solo Spyder F-1 Roadster along the paved winding roads around and throughout his sprawling estate, just to feel the wind rush by and see his beloved land one last time.

Later that night, Parks sat up on the fourth floor deck of the Mayan mansion. G2 made his way up to the deck and sat in a tired heap on the chaise next to his dad. Parks handed him a crystal drink glass with an inch of single malt and soda on the rocks, similar to the three finger's worth he was drinking. G2 took a small sip before putting his drink down, careful not to offend his well-meaning father.

"The aethership is stocked, ready to go. Wardrobes and personal effects are in their prospective quarters, the galley is stocked with a decade's worth of staple foods and ample supplements and nutritional supplies from Patriot Supply, Purity Products, Patriot Power Greens, Critical Health News Youngevity, Texas Super Foods, Super Beets and emergency MREs. The lab slab protein units are producing beef protein stocks and poultry protein stocks at a promising four ounces each per day. Enough for a bit of protein with your lunch dinner meals for. You're losing too much weight lately, Dad. We haven't even left yet."

"Not much of an appetite since the incident. My body took so long to heal. That happens when you get older, son."

G2 didn't respond. He noticed that rejuvenation treatments were not lasting as long. His father seemed to be dwindling away. The bullet wound seemed to put his rejuvenated body through too much trauma. G2 continued with the list. "I also loaded the not so nutritional cases of vintage single malt Scotch, Bourbon, Cognac and the microbrewery machine and supplies. And Merlot and sweet Riesling table wine from Eden Vineyards. And, a small case of THC dipped Cohiba cigars."

“Only for special occasions, son. We may have to pull out all the stops for potential allies.” Parks gave his son a half smile and a quick wink in jest.

“Right, Dad. Allies. I’ve also stocked two medical triage tables and two rejuvenation beds, two tread mills and resistance exercise training equipment.

I was able to rig extra aqua sonic laundry and drying units and I stocked organic cleaning supplies that won’t contaminate the water recycling system.

I loaded two hydrogen powered ironhorse single seater all-terrain trucks. And your EM chopper. I’ve loaded some non-lethal hand weapons, just in case we need to fend off hostiles.

I’ve tweaked the estate’s autonomous robotic farming mini tractors with global positioning and other sensors to increase their computer modeling yield efficiency while we are away. They and the harvesting drone systems will more accurately monitor nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium needs of the crops while removing weeds, without harmful chemicals; reducing redundant seeding or missed sections. Fresh crops will continue to be delivered to the local markets and community food pantries. Non-GMO seeds will be delivered regularly, according to the estate’s on-going contracts.

I’ve used the android security to check the entire estate with RF detectors for covert electronic surveillance devices. I removed two off of the drone farming equipment. The estate is now clean. Security will now monitor all equipment daily as a part of their daily routine.”

Parks looked at his son. “Well done. I’ll contact the Office of Science and Technology and the OROCA Panel of our departure, after were two days gone.

The rest of the day is ours to rest and mentally prepare. Its 2102. Such a period of change for humanity. The increasing insurgence of world government, its strange mix of Democratic Republic and Socialism. Hard currency is nearly a thing of the past. And pseudo disclosure thanks to NASA Eagle Works being used to transition alien treaty derived energy and propulsion technology as human breakthrough technology. Brilliant. I never thought I would live to see humanity head towards that Star Trek-science fiction future that Gene Roddenberry envisioned, with a Star Wars twist,” Parks said.

“I am familiar with those two fictional franchises, Dad. There is validity to your assessment. A truly strange universe as you put it. The known Type One through Type Four extraterrestrial races throughout the known universe, close to 80 that you have dealt with personally in the Virgo super cluster alone. Strange indeed.”

“Life is truly precious, son. Defend it. All you have is today, live each day as if it is your last day. Plan for the future but live for today. There is something I need to tell you. Having lived much longer than the general population, thanks to my blackworld standing and connections, I have been contemplating my mortality lately.”

“That’s normal, Dad. You were nearly killed a month ago.”

“No, this is more than that. I’m nearly 140 years old. The blackworld medical technology has extended my life, but not forever. So, I’ve made a decision while I was healing from the gunshot wound. I have been using the same neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model the interneural modeling of my brain scaffolding and uploaded my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns. I have digitally replicated my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and completed the creation of an H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brains individual regions. I use the Moog-Hoberman every evening to basically data dump whatever happened during the day that my short and long term memory recorded. The aethership can upload and download my neuromorphing program in the same process as the Elder used.”

“I’m familiar with the neuroscience, Dad. It’s from my home world. But why? Why are you doing this?”

“This last assault on our lives was too close. It happened too fast. I just met my last two children. I was never a good, attentive father. I just need more time to spend with you, and eventually Gabrielle someday. If something happens to me, I’ll be around in a digital form to see you two grow up and have your own family. I want some part of me to see you grow and flourish, even if it’s a ghost in the machine. If something happens to me, just activate the program. You can still chat with your old dad. Deal?”

“Ok, it’s a deal, Dad. Well, we’re ready to depart when you are.”

“Soon, son. Soon.”

They looked up at the stars, the infinite expanse on that clear night, in silence.

“One day in the future, I will leave all that I have to you. You are my last child. My last son. You will face more obstacles and challenges than any of my other children will ever have to face. If I were to abandon you, or if I fail to prepare you with all the guidance and resources you need to survive in this savage, hostile environment, here on earth, and out there, off-world, then I will have failed all of my children and may jeopardize you from having any future at all.

You are my last, my youngest, my final son. You will face the most difficult technical future of all my children. You are my last hope. God help the family that fails to nurture and guide their final child. They will be cursed and doomed. Their lineage will wither on the vine and die.

We patch out this time tomorrow night, under cover of night. We’ll whip out to Antarctica, and away into the expanse from the South pole. The star beckon us, for a time.”

After nearly six months of hyper-luminal interstellar travel, Parks aethership materialized out of the last of many multi-dimensional wormholes, artificially generated to navigate through space-time at the power of thought. As the ship came to a stationary position, Parks and G2 sat up and from their reclining positions in the pilot's nest. The holographic display, positioned between their pilot seats noted the scale size of the dual massive structures. The aethership came out of sub-space within a half-million kilometers of the structures first identified by the universe curious Kepler array in 2016, identified as KIC 8462852. This is the interWorld Council headquarters for the local sector of Virgo supercluster galaxies, representing Type One through Type Four civilizations. Their ambassadors meet there to network and lobby for one cause or another, or work together to fight a common enemy.

"I didn't think hyper-dimensional space travel could take us so far in such a short time. It's just beyond words," Parks said.

"Especially if you play ambient music most of the way," an irritable G2 said. "We could have played a little vintage rock or dub music along the way."

"Son, when you are traveling through the mind and body of the Creator of the Universe, at scalar frequencies, it's wise to keep the musical vibrations ethereal and respectful. You are a citizen of two worlds. One of them is a Type Two. I am an ambassador of a Type Zero civilization that is on the cusp of being a Type One. Such junior representation in the InterWorld Council is very rare, usually unwelcome and requires a Type Two representative to serve as a sponsor of the Type Zero Ambassador. Peterson was my sponsor and mentor. Even though we have had the interstellar breakaway civilization and Space Command since the 1960's, Earth and the human race is still considered too primitive for membership."

"Do you expect an icy reception?"

"No. Peterson is a Pleiadean, like you and your mother. A Type Two species on the verge of Type Three. His gravitas will ensure a suitable reception. It's up to me to make friends and allies."

"The two generations stared into the distance at the dual planetoid artificial structures, decades perhaps even centuries in the making."

"Thanks for taking me along, Dad."

"Your welcome. I wouldn't have made the trip without you. Besides, we needed to get away from Earth for a period."

The ship's AI interrupted. A gentle pull forward on the ship could be felt at that same moment.

“Ambassador, the ship is being force tractor towed toward the structures, by means beyond my control. All magnetic stabilization and maneuvering functions are now being controlled by the larger structure.”

This alarmed Parks slightly, he moved back to the pilot’s nest console, as the ships A I continued.

“Ambassador, the ship just received a communication that this is standard procedure. All visiting vessels are brought in remotely. We will be delivered into the heart of the main structure, where the ship will be checked for structural wear and repaired if necessary. From there you will be formally introduced to the entire main council, after which you will be assigned a living suite with their equivalent of an office space to conduct your business and diplomatic affairs. Scalar temporal neuro-linguistic communication or translated communication by instantaneous thought is the normal mode of communication here, Ambassador, and will begin once the ship has been secured. As a Type Zero into One species you will be issued a device to assist in your ability to communicate with your colleagues.

You may contact and interact with any species willing to interact with you. Any trade agreements, treaties, political or military alliances formed must be announced to the entire council.”

“Sounds fair. A bit cold and clinical. But I did wait over thirty years before making an appearance.”

“I wonder how long it took to build,” G2 said.

The A I responded, but in a clipped human-like artificial digital machine voice, not the British affectation that Parks programmed. Clearly, the ship was in InterWorld Council control.

“As our council grew over the eons, so too did this structure, and many millions all over the universe, in every supercluster of galaxies. Please prepare for formal introduction.”

Parks and G2 looked at each other. In astonishment.

“Acknowledged,” Parks replied. “Thank you. We should freshen up, son, before we meet our superiors. We wear black formal Edo suits. I have to wear that long robe length royal blue outer vest with the small four-pointed NATO silver insignia on the top left side. After we are introduced, we return to the ship and see what happens next. Until I am sure that the ship is secure, we stay with her. Were too far from home to be stranded. One of us stays with the ship at all times, staying in communication every half hour.”

An hour later, the aethership passed through a magnetic force field and into a massive one kilometer wide by half kilometer tall opening in the surface of the manufactured planetoid structure. The ship was towed ten kilometers in, descending towards the center, passing level after level of activity, from passing transports to repairs and new construction, to ships and massive transports of every configuration.

As the ship reached the center, its landing struts extended. The vessel was in the center of a large hangar surrounded by structures in the distance illuminated by translucent light. Parks and G2 checked

for outside atmospheric readings, which were perfect for the human and Pleiadean constitution. The ship was depressurized and unsealed. Parks and G2 headed for the rear cargo bay. As they stepped down the cargo ramp, the walls and levels around them were alive with varied species of humanoid technicians with equipment, inspecting the hull of the ship. They paid no attention to Parks and G2 as they exited the ship.

The surrounding structures, even the deck, glowed crystalline white, illuminating in all directions.

Parks looked at his son. "So, when are you going to tell me what happened?"

"What, what do you mean, Dad?"

"I can't remember half of the trip, which should have taken three months in this ship, not six. Plus, I feel like I'm in the best shape of my life. I checked my wound, there isn't even a scar there anymore. Plus, you look exhausted and irritated, like you had to work the entire time we traveled. Like you had little time for rest. Well, tell me what happened?"

G2 looked down in complete exhaustion. A long moment passed before he could speak.

"You died, Dad."

The Off-World Man III: Realms of Power

CHAPTER 25

“You just got sicker the farther we moved away from Earth.”

“I remember that much,” Parks said. “I slept a lot in the rejuvenation bed. I was so tired.”

“I couldn’t wake you at one point,” G2 said, “so I contacted Mom.”

“Your mother?”

“Yeah, Dad. She was secretly following us anyway. She made me promise not to tell you. She was going to travel ahead of us and surprise you when we arrived here.”

“Gordon?” Athena spoke to him telepathically.

Parks turned to see Athena approaching from behind their position, teary eyed, Gabrielle following in her foot steps.

“Gabrielle?” Parks was pleasantly surprised to finally meet his daughter.

“She gave you two pints of her blood,” G2 said. “She was more of a match than me. It seemed to stabilize you for a time. Enough for us to figure out what to do.”

Parks walked to meet Athena and Gabrielle. He embraced them together for a long period.

“Did he tell you?” Athena asked.

“Just now. Thank you both for helping me. Especially you, young lady. Look at you, my little girl, all grown up. I’m so proud of you. Both of you. I love you.”

Gabrielle beamed with pride at her father’s words. “I love you too, Dad.”

Parks turned to G2 and asked them all, “So, how did I survive? Please don’t tell me you cloned me? Not again.”

“No, Dad. But while you were in sedation, I activated your H3D neuromorph program. And while activating it, I found another similar program in the data reserves. It was a copy of the Elder A I’s neuromorph program.”

“He left a copy of his simulacrum for me in the ship’s archives systems. That’s how I was able to build a program of my own H3D neuromorphic software program based on my brains individual regions. I

used the neuroscience technology that the Elder used to model my interneural brain scaffolding, digitally replicating my brains billions of individual neural connections and synapses and upload my memories and neuromorphic processing patterns,” Parks said.

“The Elder showed me a procedure that would save and enhance you using the rejuvenation bed.”

“What did you do?” Parks asked.

“I had to activate all of your DNA, even your redundant or so called junk DNA. What is considered junk DNA is actually genetic material of various species, from centuries of splicing and enhancing. Some genes were turned off, some became redundant. In order to save you, we had to literally, reboot, splice, complete and activate all of your DNA. We basically evolved your cellular system, from crown to heel, head to toe. It took nearly three months using the rejuvenation bed, 24 earth standard hours a day. Your progress was up and down. You stopped breathing twice. Mom and Gabrielle were on the ship the whole time, their ship was beam tethered to ours. Someone was with you around the clock. After a month as your DNA was transformed, you started to improve. When Mom was sure you were getting better, she erased your memory of the ordeal. I didn’t want her to but, you know, she’s Mom.”

“You did fine, son. Thank you for saving my life. Thank you all.”

“You may find that you have enhanced telekinetic and telepathic abilities, Dad,” G2 said. “Only time will tell.”

At that moment, an overhead spotlight illuminated their position. Parks and his family stood looking up at the countless levels of suites and onlookers of every member civilization of the InterWorld Council for the Virgo supercluster region. Too many to count.

A booming announcement registered loudly in many alien language translations, in both telepathic and audible registry. “Welcome Ambassador Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks, representative of Earth in the Sol System, Milky Way Galaxy. A Type One Civilization.” The translated announcement trumpeted and echoed throughout the huge hangar, instantly translated at the speed of thought.

Parks stepped forward, away from his family. He began to feel the well wishes of his fellow members, their greetings of welcome. Parks had made trade deal with many alien races before. And he knew that members of Space Command had been there before him, negotiating treaties and trade deals with other alien races. But he was the first non-military Earth member of this cosmic governing body since the Regan Administration.

“I want to meet every one of them,” Parks thought. “I may be here for a while.” He took one look back at his family, then returned his attention to the assembly around him.

Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks closed his eyes and placed his hands together in a prayer posture, at his chest. He bowed slightly, and sustained the bow for a period, in a universal gesture greeting and peace. A Priest of Creation.

A thousand years, a thousand more, a thousand times, a million doors to Eternity.

I may have lived a thousand lives, a thousand times, an endless turning stairway climbs to a Tower of Souls.

If I chase another thousand years, a thousand wars, the towers rise to numberless floors in Space.

If I shed another million tears, a million breaths, a million names but only one Truth to face.

A million roads, a million fears, a million suns, ten million years of uncertainty.

I could speak a million lies, a million songs, a million rights, a million wrongs in this balance of Time.

But if there was a single truth, a single light, a single thought, a singular touch of Grace.

Then following this single point, this single flame, this single haunted memory of your face.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head...

I may be numberless, I may be innocent, I may know many things, I may be ignorant.

Or I could ride with Kings and conquer many lands, or win this world at cards and let it slip my hands.

I could be cannon food, destroyed a thousand times, reborn as fortune's child, to judge another's crimes.

Or wear this pilgrim's cloak, or be a common thief.

I've kept this single Faith, I have but one Belief.

I still love you,

I still want you.

A thousand times the Mysteries unfold themselves

like Galaxies in my head.

On and on the Mysteries unwind themselves,

Eternities still unsaid, until you love me.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thirty plus years of research into the military industrial aerospace complex and break away interstellar civilization were the inspiration for the Off-world Man Trilogy. I wanted to inspire young people to enter the industrial design and mechanical engineering professions; to become Creatives. To envision, engineer and build the future. Become true priests of the creative process.

The character Gordon Marcus Aurelius Parks was inspired by many real-world, accomplished, creative people: Writer, film director, photographer and concerto composer Gordon Parks; Actor and producer Tom Selleck; Scientist and humanitarian Sir Charles Shults; Alphacom's Dr. Tom Wolfe; and of course, the philosopher Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius.

The character Eve Dumont and Eve Parks was inspired by actress Tamaki Ogawa.

The character Chet Wolf was inspired by actors and producers Sidney Portier and Denzel Washington.

This novel series is dedicated to the sons and daughters I have lost and will never have. I would have raised, nurtured and trained them all to be design engineers and futurists; to become Creatives.

If your destination in life is still undisclosed, I wish you abundant travel grace on you own, never ending secret journey.

G.K. Walker

WEBSITES:

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