

S.P.E.C.T.O.R 296

Chapter 296: Tessa's obligation

"Sister!" Crown Prince Steven Terrana said as he saw Tessa walk into the room before he ran up and hugged her.

"Hello Steven, how are you?" Tessa asked as she returned the hug.

"Welcome home, dear. I'm happy to see you safe and well," Victoria said as she approached and hugged her children.

"Thank you, mother, but if not for Ambassador Ryse, I might be dead now."

"Sister, fathers.... fathers...." Steven tried to speak but started to break down into tears as he hugged Tessa.

"I know, Steven, I know," Tessa replied with tears in her eyes.

It took several minutes for Steven to calm down before Victoria said, "Steven, honey, why don't you go rest in your room for a little while? I need to speak with your elder sister."

"Yes Yes, mother," Steven replied between sniffs before he released Tessa and left the room.

"Take a seat, dear and tell me exactly what happened from your perspective," Victoria said as she sat on a sofa, as Tessa sat opposite her and began to recount the assassination attempt against her.

"I see," Victoria replied as she fell into thought.

"Mother, why did you reveal so much in your public statement? I was expecting you to keep some things secret, even after the warning." Tessa asked.

“Because of Oracle Andromeda, dear. You yourself know that Diva Rowena informed us that Oracle Andromeda would validate our public announcement of what happened as long as we told the truth. Because of this, your great-grandfather and I decided it was best to reveal all that information.

Although I never expected her to back Steven in becoming Emperor.”

“Are you saying you both didn’t plan to make him emperor? Even though he was next in line?”

“We both believed that your brother is too young to become emperor; we had originally decided to persuade you to take the throne instead. But Oracle Andromeda's backing of Steven has forced our hand.” Victoria replied, but upon seeing the look on Tessa’s face, she added.

“Oh, come now, don’t give me that look. I know very well that you have no interest in becoming Empress; however, it was something that would be for the good of the empire as a whole.

Now, however, you don’t have to worry about that, and we can make Steven emperor since Oracle Andromeda's backing will protect him to a certain extent from those races that don’t like us.

At least they won’t dare do anything public in fear of upsetting her.”

“I see,” Tessa replied thoughtfully.

“I’m afraid this incident does mean that I will have to ask that you put your career with the TISF on hold.

Since we three are the only members of the imperial family remaining, and I have to stay here to mentor your brother. It falls on you to attend public events the imperial family is invited to attend, such as the upcoming opening ceremony of the UMB Cup.”

“I figured that might be a possibility after learning everything that happened.”

“That’s my girl, I know you would understand,” Victoria said with a smile to Tessa before she continued. “Naturally, I will have Becky accompany you on your duties away from the palace. She may not act like it, but she has received the Ororis family’s shadow training.

We will have her transferred from the TISF to Shadow Security and have her fill the role as one of your bodyguards.”

“One of them? And what about the TISF Lieutenant Tessa Kirkmeld?”

“Becky won’t be your only bodyguard; a proper member of the Ororis shadows will be assigned to you from now on.

As for your alter ego in the TISF, it will be assigned to your detail and assigned the role of background support.

That way, you can still assume her identity if you ever need to.”

“The UMB Cup is being held in the Felidae Galaxy this time, right? Isn’t Dova Lorelie performing at the opening ceremony?” Tessa asked with interest.

“That’s correct, that means you have another chance to meet Adam. I will let you decide which persona you let him meet, though it might be a good idea to let him meet Princess Tessa so that you can gauge his reaction towards you.” Victoria said with a smirk before continuing.

“Either way, the opening ceremony starts in less than a week, so you will need to hurry if you’re going to make it there in time.

Since the entire roster of the TISF needs checking for any more possible spies and assassins, we can’t arrange for the usual military escort that members of the imperial family would normally receive.

You will therefore travel on the Imperial Down since the chances are high that the one who attempted to assassinate you was the only assassin onboard.”



“So how does it look?” Prime asked as he walked into a large hangar.

“About time you fucking showed up. I have been calling you over for weeks now, so that we can get the controls set up how you like.” A female Catonian replied in an annoyed tone after hearing Prime’s question.

“Sorry, sorry, but I’ve been busy,” Prime said dismissively with a smirk.

“Busy doing what? Fucking those sluts who follow your lame ass streams?”

“You're just jealous that I wont screw you, Mika,” Prime retorted.

“Excuse me? Who won’t screw who? Don’t forget that back in school, you were always trying to come onto me, along with every other girl you fucking perv.

I’ve also seen what you're packing down there from the time when you and those followers of yours back in school all decided to get drunk and then got changed for sports class in the girls' locker room by mistake, and let me tell you that it wasn’t impressive looking then and I seriously doubt its any better now,” Mika responded as she gazed at Prime's crotch with a look that said she was obviously not impressed.

“Shut up bitch, if we weren’t school friends I’d...” Prime started but was cut off by Mika, who interrupted him.

“You'd do what? Pin me down and fuck me? Ha, as if you had a chance at beating me in a fight, you weak ass bitch. The only reason I agreed to help you with this is that you're paying me and getting me tickets to the opening ceremonies VIP box. Now shut the fuck up and get in the cockpit so I can adjust this baby for you.

“Fine, just shut up moaning, you always were a moaning bitch back in school as well,” Prime retorted before he approached a large black mech that looked suspiciously like a famous one that appeared two thousand years ago on Fenix Nest.

“I can’t believe you persuaded me to build a life-size working replica of the black knight. I can’t decide if the mech enthusiasts are going to go crazy with joy at seeing this baby or be pissed at the sacrilege of desecrating the image of the most powerful and famous mech in history,” Mika commented as Prime grabbed hold of a cable that lifted him towards where the cockpit sat above.

“Oh, please, it’s not like there haven't been replicas of the black knight made in the past, many of them even competed in the UMB Cup, now did you manage to replicate its famous transformation ability like I asked?” Prime asked as he climbed into the cockpit and took a seat.

“Are you fucking kidding me? I told you at the very start of this project that it was impossible. Even now, after two thousand years, nobody understands what that crazy transformation was that allowed what all information points to being a planetary annihilation beam. The best I can give you is for it to light up in the same way, allowing you to put on a show, something I know you're fond of.

And before you ask your next stupid question, NO, you don’t have a planetary annihilation beam, that shits impossible for a mech to produce even if it is equipped with an anti-gravity drive like this one.” Mika replied as she started to fiddle with a console at her workbench that began showing Prime’s data from inside the cockpit.

“Then how did the black knight pull it off two thousand years ago?” Prime asked as he got used to the placement of the controls.

“We still don’t fully understand how it managed it. Our current theory is that it somehow stored the energy it absorbed using its beam absorber and used that to power the planetary annihilation beam,” Mika responded before saying, “Start inputting your data into the mech's system.”

“Copy,” Prime replied before asking, “Then do you know how it managed to absorb those beam attacks in the first place?”

“Nope, no idea. Many races, including the Dwarfinians, have tried to figure that out and replicate it for two millennia. If anyone has figured it out, then they aren’t sharing it.” Mika replied before saying, “Alright, good. Let's quickly go over weapons, then.

While I can’t give you the planetary annihilation beam, it does have the four shoulder-mounted main cannons, two mini triple repeaters that come up from the wrists and six drones.”

“Only six? The black knight used ten.”

“Listen fuck head, you might not know this, but having six drones is already amazing. No mech has a computer core big enough to handle an AI capable of controlling ten drones simultaneously, along with everything else it has to do. I had to write an entirely new algorithm just so that you get six drones. I doubt anyone else, even in the main competition, has more than four.”