

## **S.P.E.C.T.O.R 86**

### Chapter 86: Questionable work

Adam had been searching through the terminal in the Mercenary Hall for a while but had yet to find any jobs that appealed to him.

The main issue stemmed from the fact that Palaxia was just a giant ball of mud; it didn't really export much to planets outside their solar system.

It also didn't help that previously there was a lot of pirate activity around Palaxia and so transport ships preferred to steer clear. Naturally this would change now that the pirates were gone, but it would take time to do so and that was time Adam didn't really want to waste doing the odd mercenary job here when instead he could be out exploring the universe.

The most common transport they had was just transporting supplies between the inhabited planets, moons and space stations in their universe.

Palaxia did receive transports of goods from other planets fairly regularly, however those transports returned back to their own homes empty and so were only willing to hire very few mercs as protection with poor pay.

Adam decided to get a drink and think it over, if nothing more appealing showed up then he would accept the escort job for poor pay.

He headed back to the bar and sat down on one of the stools only for Greg to slide a drink in front of him that was unfortunately not God's Embrace before asking.

"Any luck finding an escort job?"

"Not really. They are all local transport jobs in this solar system with the only long distance being escorting empty transport ships for shit pay." Adam replied before taking a sip of his drink.

"I'm not surprised, the previous pirate attacks in the area scared off most of the small and independent transport companies. Only the big corps who could hire plenty of security ever made runs out here." Greg answered.

"I didn't realise the pirates had messed up the commerce around here so much." Adam replied.

"Pirates mess up the commerce anywhere they gather in numbers so it's not all that surprising. It's just lucky Palaxia doesn't rely on selling goods off world or there would be real issues."

Greg was quiet for a while as he worked on cleaning some glasses while Adam sipped his drink before Greg suddenly asked, "How do you feel about a job that's not so.... legitimate?"

"You mean illegal?" Adam asked in return with a raised brow.

"That depends on which planet's rules we are basing it on."

"How about this planet?"

"Fine, fine, by Terran laws it is slightly illegal." Greg finally admitted.

"Then why are you mentioning it to me?" Adam asked.

"Because you're not Terran. While it's true that you're required to abide by Terran laws in Terran space, I figured you might also be less bothered about abiding by them since you didn't grow up with them."

"Just explain the job already." Adam said as Greg's avoidance of giving a direct answer was annoying.

"It's a simple transport job." Greg began with a smile while he poured Adam another drink and continued explaining.

"I have a... friend who needs transport to a certain location with a package."

"The pay will be good and best of all for you it's in another solar system."

"Is this one of those no questions asked jobs where I don't talk to the client and don't look at the package?" Adam asked with mild interest.

"Partially, my friend hates being bored so they will most likely strike up a conversation with you on a long space flight. However, you're right in that you shouldn't ask her about the contents of the package and you shouldn't open the package."

"Where does your friend need to go, how far are we talking and what is the pay?"

"They need transportation to Trillion which is almost three parsecs or nine light years away. It would take about a week's travel in FTL to get there and the pay is two thousand credits up front followed by a further eight on arrival."

Adam whistled before saying, "Ten K, that's as much as the defence force were paying for the destruction of Bonnie's ship."

"What can I say, it's a valuable cargo." Greg replied while showing a knowing grin.

Adam tapped the top of the bar for a few minutes while he considered the job as Greg went to serve other mercs while letting Adam think.

"What do you think about this Spector?" Adam asked softly.

"You are the captain and it is ultimately your decision, however I see no issue in taking this job." Spector replied.

"It's illegal though?" Adam replied with slight unease.

Prior to when he killed Viktor and his associates back on Earth, Adam had always been a law abiding citizen.

His actions against Viktor were motivated by his rage and revenge at the man over what he had done to himself and Jenny.

Now though this would be him making the choice to commit criminality with a clear mind and it made him slightly nervous.

"Laws and rules change depending on your location in the universe. I downloaded the universal laws into your neurolink not only for you to know and abide by them but also for you to know how to avoid And work around them." Spector replied.

"So you think I should take the job?"

"Affirmative. We should be easily able to avoid any customs issues we might encounter and if the 'friend' tries anything we can just jettison them from an airlock."

"Damn, when did you become so cold?"

"It's not cold, it's logical. Jettisoning a body into space is the best way to dispose of it since space is very big captain."

Adam nodded in agreement just as Greg returned and asked, "so have you thought it over?"

"I have and I agree as long as you understand something." Adam replied flatly.

"Go on." Greg said with a smirk.

"Understand that if your friend tries anything I will jettison them into space where no one will ever find their body before coming back to pay you a visit." Adam started with a cold look in his eyes.

Greg was about to laugh it off when he noticed the cold look in Adam's eyes which made him hold back his retort.

Greg recognised that look as someone who had killed another person in cold blood, not simply killing them by destroying their ship but instead from killing someone who was directly in front of them with no way to defend themselves.

While for mercs and indeed bounty hunters killing was a way off life, they usually did so when fighting another person and not in cold blood.

That was left to murderers and assassins, so it was unusual to find a merc who had killed in cold blood, and from the look in Adam's eyes Greg could tell he had done it more than once.

"Understood." Greg responded after calming down and pulling himself together. "You won't have any trouble from my friend as long as you don't pay any interest to what the cargo is."

"Good." Adam said as the cold look vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"When does your 'friend' want to leave?" Adam asked before taking another sip of his drink.

"Give me a few minutes to contact them and I will let you know." Greg said before he left the bar and went through a door entering the corridor that led to Andrew's office.

"Taking a break Greg?" Lizzie asked with a smile as she saw him enter.

"No, I just need to contact a friend about some work." Greg replied.

"Your side business again? As long as it doesn't get linked back to the hall remember that." Lizzie replied with a frown before asking, "who you got doing the drop this time?"

"Adam and it's not just a drop this time but transporting my friend and the cargo."

"And he agreed?" Lizzie asked in surprise.

"He's not as innocent and law-abiding as you think, Lizzie." Greg warned.

"What do you mean?" Lizzie asked with interest.

"He's dangerous. If I'm right he's killed before and I don't mean in ship combat but killed someone in cold blood."

"Is that right?" Lizzie replied with interest as if not bothered about Adam killing in cold blood.

"You're not bothered by it?" Greg asked in surprise.

"Not really, we all do what we must to survive. I'm sure he had his reasons for doing it and it's not like he's a homicidal murder." Lizzie replied before she walked past Greg and returned to the main hall.

"You would know, after all you've also killed in cold blood before." Greg muttered under his breath before he forced himself to focus on business.

Greg accessed his uniband and opened his contact information before sending one of his contacts a message.

[[Message sent: I've found you a transport, when do you want to leave?]]

[[Message received from Stacey Sinclair: Are they trustworthy.]]

[[Message sent: As long as you don't do anything stupid.]]

[[Message received from Stacey Sinclair: As long as they don't ask about the package or try anything funny with it they won't get any problems. Midnight at the spaceport, Tell them to look for someone wearing a Diva Rowena t-shirt.]]

