

S.P.E.C.T.O.R 92

Chapter 92: Trillion

"Well Mr Smith it seems you failed to acquire the product on route after turning down my generous offer before, and since it will soon be in my hands you're going to have to purchase it from me after all." A woman with short brown hair and a tattoo of the number 86 on her left cheek said with a smirk to a holographic screen that had no one visible on it, only a sound wave meter that moved as either party spoke.

"The generous offer you made was ridiculous and you know it. That's why I made my own arrangements." A distorted voice replied.

"Arrangements that ultimately failed and because of that the price just went up, double." The woman replied.

"You can't be serious, I just said the original price was ridiculous and now you expect me to pay double?"

"I do if you want the product. Let's face it this stuff is rare and if you could source it easily you would never have contacted me in the first place."

"I need to speak to my superiors for authorization first."

"By all means, however don't keep me waiting, after all you're not the only interested party in the product." The woman said with a smirk as she ended the call.



"So tell me about Trillion, we should be arriving in a few hours." Adam said to Stacey as they ate their meal in the mess hall.

Stacey finished chewing the food that was currently in her mouth before replying.

"Trillion to put it simply is a city world. It is home to almost three trillion individuals consisting of many different races and species.

The richer and more powerful you are the higher up you live. While those rich and powerful fucks live where they can see the sky every time they wake up.

More than ninety nine percent of people live surrounded by metal and are lucky if they even see the sky once in their miserable lives.

Apart from a few house plants the ninety nine percent own, greenery such as plants, trees, grass and flowing water is something that can only be found on the trees of the rich and powerful and that is all transported to Trillion from other planets.

Those who govern Trillion like to advertise it as a paradise when viewed after entering the atmosphere as tall white-gold and silver sky towers break through the clouds each with their own garden.

However everyone knows that beneath that it's a den of barely controlled lawless chaos. Different gangs each hold their own territory over different sectors of the lower city while their constant turf wars maintain a fragile balance that somehow works.

What security there is present in the lower city, if you can even call it that, are in fact just gang members with a badge. They're all on the payroll of the gang who's territory they operate in."

"Sounds lovely." Adam replied sarcastically.

"Indeed. That's why if possible I would like to hire you a bit longer than what was initially agreed." Stacey stated.

"I'm open to the possibility but I want some details before I agree."

"Naturally. My gig this time is to deliver the cargo to the gang that runs sector eight six six of the lower city otherwise known as the eighty sixers."

"Are all gangs named after the sector they control?" Adam asked curiously.

"Not all, but some." Stacey replied before continuing, "I'm not expecting trouble from them however having a little backup in such a lawless place won't hurt and you've proven yourself trustworthy."

"As pay I will give you five percent of what I make from the delivery."

"Sounds fair since I'm already being paid for transporting you and only helping you out with the delivery at the end." Adam replied in agreement.

"Great." Stacey replied with a happy smile.

"What sort of security checks can we expect when we drop out of FTL?" Adam asked.

"Once we are in the lower city we should be fine, as I said the security is basically just gang members with a badge. Prior to that we might have one or two ships approach and scan us for contraband."

"That could be an issue." Adam replied before asking, "Spector any suggestions on how to fool any security ships that approach and scan us?"

"Most ships will be unable to scan my interior because of my hull composition." Spector replied.

"I know that's the problem, how do you think security personnel who are actively searching for contraband will react if they encounter a ship they can't scan?" Adam retorted.

"They will most likely insist on a visual search of me, I see your point." Spector replied before saying.

"I could alter condition yellow's ability slightly and make it so that my hull is emitting false readings. If calibrated correctly these false readings will appear as the internal layout of me though altered for security reasons. I can also keep the cargo hidden while allowing them to detect your bio signatures."

"Is that possible?" Adam asked in surprise.

"Theoretically though it has never been tested."

"Do it, if it fails to work we will just have to find an alternate way of approaching Trillion."

"Is there anything this ship can't do?" Stacey asked in surprise.

"I am incapable of sexual reproduction, though my androids are capable of performing the act should you wish to do so in the future." Spector responded, making Adam and Stacey go silent..

"Errrr." Was all Stacey could say after a few moments.

"Cough cough, I think it was more of a rhetorical question than an actual one Spector." Adam finally said.

"I am aware of that, however I was attempting to lighten the mood with humour." Spector replied.

"It needs work." Stacey said.

"I thought you didn't do humour." Adam replied.

"I never said that, I just told you in the past when you asked if I was making a joke that I was not."

"I see, well anyway we will use your idea to bypass any ships that attempt to scan us upon approach to Trillion." Adam said to change the subject.

"Affirmative."

A few hours later Spector dropped out of FTL and Adam who was sitting in his usual chair in the cockpit saw Trillion for the first time on the viewscreen.

It reminded him of a city planet he has seen in a film series back on Earth. When viewed from space, the planet looked like it was covered in time stars. The brightest of these stars seemed to make up different shapes of light that all seemed to interconnect via some kind of light web.

Dozens of different starships were entering or leaving Trillions atmosphere while security patrol craft flew around scanning them.

As Adam piloted Spector towards Trillion at sub light speed he noticed one of the patrol craft that had finished scanning another ship turn and head in their direction.

"Spector initiate your plan."

"Affirmative."

[[Condition Yellow (Variant)]]

[[Producing false energy readings]]

As the patrol ship approached it slowed to fly alongside it as its sensors began to scan Spector.

It was a tense few moments for Adam, but after about a minute the patrol ship turned and flew off to scan another vessel.

Adam sighed in relief as he saw the patrol ship move away before saying, "I wonder why this planet has so much more security compared to Palaxia."

"It is most likely the work of the rich and powerful, Trillion data shows that many of the most influential people on this planet have connections to those in the Terran Galactic Senate." Spector replied.

"So basically all this security is to protect the few rich and powerful individuals who can see the sky while the ninety nine percent who live below surrounded by metal and never see the sky are controlled by the criminal gangs."

"Affirmative."

"Why do they allow so much criminal activity to happen on their planet?"

"Unknown, perhaps Stacey Sinclair can answer that question."

"I guess." Adam responded as Spector entered Trillion's atmosphere.

After passing through the atmosphere Adam piloted Spector towards sector eight six six.

As they flew Adam saw dozens if not hundreds of the white-gold and silver towers Stacey had spoken about whose tips jutted above the clouds.

Eventually they entered the air space above sector eight six six and Adam had Spector descend. As they passed through the clouds he saw metal buildings and pathways as far as the eye could see all interconnected except for the occasional shaft that led to the lower levels.

Hover cars crisscrossed in the air though Adam noticed that none but a few of them went above a certain altitude.

Spector continued descending and soon entered one of the shafts after which it carried on seceding for a couple of minutes more before a notification to show that they had arrived at sector eight six six sounded.

Adam noticed on one side of the shaft a free landing pad nearby and proceeded to land Spector on it.