

The Rest is Silence

Von Crion_dm459

Entrance

"You awake yet?"

The female voice over the speakers was almost a whisper, but audible enough to wake him from his short rest.

"If you ever let me sleep in the first place," he grumbled, sitting up again. The low hum of the impulse engines was barely audible in the lounge of the small shuttle.

"Get off of it," she responded through the speakers. "I let you sleep for two hours on this trip."

A glance to his chronometer showed him just that.

With a sigh, he stood up and slowly walked out of the room, his boot-clad feet making resounding noise throughout the small ship.

"ETA?"

"Five minutes," she responded.

He seated himself in the copilot's seat, less than a meter from the pilot, and began to check the readouts.

"You sure you are up for this?" Her voice was low, but always calm. It was times like now he was thankful to have her as a partner.

"No," he responded as he typed a few commands into the computer.

"We can turn back now," she said, her hands on the board to show that she was serious. "I mean, you were just cloned from almost nothing just a few days ago. I am sure we can find another job."

"Keep going," he said. He leaned back into the chair with a sigh.

"Are you really..."

"Just," he said, cutting her off, "keep going."

She plotted the course in silence.

She was correct though. A few weeks ago he had taken on a hunt of a bio-dragon. Not many of them existed in the first place, and it was unknown where it had come from. Neither of them asked questions when ten million meseta was placed under their noses.

But they weren't ready. An android hunter with some reputation was also on the trail. When they found the dragon, the android appeared with a bantam launcher. One of the rockets went astray. The result left him in a death-like condition.

But thanks to cloning, he thought to himself. His entire body was reconstructed with cloning techniques. Only his mind had suffered any damage that "modern" science

couldn't repair. He lost his ability to use Techniques.

"Three minutes," she said softly.

He opened his eyes again and looked at her youthful features.

She was a small woman by all standards. She stood less than 1.5 meters, and her build was petit by all aspects. There were times that he was afraid that just a small tap would hurt her, but he still knew better. She wore a grey pilot's suit that covered most of these features, but he would always know her figure no matter what she wore.

She was not a human. She was a genetically created creature, called a "numan." Her light blue-green hair cascaded down her back, covering a large portion of her pointed ears, which would still be visible almost at all times. She looked at everything with an analytical look with eyes that matched her hair. She never wore a hat or makeup of any variety, but he still thought that she has a beauty of her own.

She was always serious, almost pessimistic at times. She was always waiting for the day that she would die from poor engineering like her predecessors. But, she always gave a smile on their hunts. She seemed to enjoy anything she was great at. Hunting was one. Techniques were the other.

"Two minutes."

He stood on his feet again and began to walk back to the lounge.

He was tall compared to some Palmans, standing at 1.7 meters. He wasn't very powerful, but he had a lot of practice to make up for the lack of physical strength. He had only known three hunters that had reached an age past thirty, himself one of them. Many hunters retire or die before his age of 37, but some continue the job until they can't hold a weapon any longer. That was his goal as well.

He was wearing a white uniform that would have been common in the military, but all insignia were removed. Over the suit, he wore a cermet plate with plastic guards over his shoulders, groin, and calves. On his right side, a single revolver was holstered. His left hand had a small barrier generator; his only conscious defense.

"One minute," she said over the speakers.

He reached into the small locker and began to bring small objects from it, placing them into his pouches across his belt.

"Preparing to dock. You sure you are ready for this, Kaim?"

He began to walk to the airlock. Unconsciously, he reached out his right hand and grabbed a rather large sword and strapped it to his back.

"Just keep going." His voice was clear and to the point. He stood at the airlock, loading the rounds into the revolver one by one.

He heard the sound of metal connecting with metal, and the sound of air being released.

"Seems like everything is ok," she said over the speakers. "Air, but no power."

He nodded to himself as he placed the speaker for the headset over his ear, the microphone near his mouth. Reaching into a pouch, he withdrew a small stick and bent it, waiting for the chemical reaction to begin so he would have a light.

"Do you really think he was here..."

"Rill, I'm going in," he said, cutting her off. He leapt and gently flew through the passage into the large ship.