



**Durham
Red**

THE OMEGA SOLUTION

PETER J EVANS




**Durham
Red**

THE OMEGA SOLUTION

PETER J EVANS

DURHAM RED

THE OMEGA SOLUTION

She had never been so close to the enemy.

The Vampyr let down a ramp. A few seconds later, Saint Scarlet of Durham trotted down it. "Hey," she said.

"Blasphemy. Well, of all the people I expected to have call me, I can honestly say you were the last."

"I'd have brought a bottle, but the shops were shut." The monster drew close. "I thought you'd have a gun, or something."

"Why? I have seen you fight, monster. I know what you are capable of. I have no illusions that, gun or no gun, if you sought my throat you'd take it."

"Lucky for you I'm not hungry," grinned Durham Red.

DURHAM RED

-Peter J Evans-

#1: THE UNQUIET GRAVE

#2: THE OMEGA SOLUTION

#3: THE ENCODED HEART

#4: MANTICORE REBORN

#5: BLACK DAWN

JUDGE DREDD FROM 2000 AD BOOKS

#1: DREDD VS DEATH

Gordon Rennie

#2: BAD MOON RISING

David Bishop

#3: BLACK ATLANTIC

Simon Jowett & Peter J Evans

#4: ECLIPSE

James Swallow

#5: KINGDOM OF THE BLIND

David Bishop

#6: THE FINAL CUT

Matthew Smith

#7: SWINE FEVER

Andrew Cartmel

#8: WHITEOUT

James Swallow

#9: PSYKOGEDDON

Dave Stone

JUDGE ANDERSON

#1: FEAR THE DARKNESS - Mitchel Scanlon

#2: RED SHADOWS - Mitchel Scanlon

#3: SINS OF THE FATHER - Mitchel Scanlon

MORE 2000 AD ACTION

ROGUE TROOPER

#1: CRUCIBLE - Gordon Rennie

STRONTIUM DOG

#1: BAD TIMING - Rebecca Levene

FIENDS OF THE EASTERN FRONT - David Bishop

#1: OPERATION VAMPYR

#2: THE BLOOD RED ARMY

#3: TWILIGHT OF THE DEAD

THE ABC WARRIORS

#1: THE MEDUSA WAR - Pat Mills & Alan Mitchell

#2: RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINES - Mike Wild

*To my parents
Betty and Bill
Who passed their love of books on to me, incurably.*

*And to the Ordo Literatus:
"Scriptio sine Industria"*

Durham Red created by **John Wagner, Alan Grant** and **Carlos Ezquerra**.

A 2000 AD Publication

www.abaddonbooks.com

www.2000adonline.com

1098 7 65 4321

Cover illustration by Mark Harrison.

Copyright © 2005 Rebellion A/S. All rights reserved.

All 2000 AD characters and logos © and TM Rebellion A/S. "Durham Red" is a trademark in the United States and other jurisdictions. "2000 AD" is a registered trademark in certain jurisdictions. All rights reserved. Used under licence.

ISBN(.epub): 978-1-84997-071-6

ISBN(.mobi): 978-1-84997-112-6

A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

DURHAM RED
THE OMEGA SOLUTION
PETER J EVANS

The Legend of Durham Red

It is written that in that year of 2150, the skies rained down nuclear death, and every family and clan lost father and brothers and sons. The Strontium choked our beloved homeworld and brought forth mutants, squealing and twisted things.

Yet such mutants were not weak things to be crushed underfoot, for the same radiation that had created them warped their bodies, making them stronger than any normal human. They became hated and feared by all, and were herded into ghettos and imprisoned in vast camps. There they plotted rebellion and dreamed of freedom amongst their own kind.

Some, it is told, were able to escape from the shadows of ruined Earth, to join the feared Search/Destroy Agency. They tracked wanted criminals on worlds too dangerous for regular enforcement officers. They became known as the Strontium Dogs.

The one they call Durham Red became an S/D Agent to escape the teeming ghettos of her devastated homeland. Shunned even by her own kind because of a foul mutant blood-thirst, she soon found that her unsurpassed combat skills served her well as a Strontium Dog. The years of continuous slaughter took their toll, however, and the tales relate that in the end Red willingly entered the deep sleep of cryogenic suspension, determined to let a few years go by without her.

All know of the unexpected twist that the legend took. Her cryo-tube malfunctioned. Durham Red woke up twelve hundred years late.

While she slept, the enmity between humans and mutants had exploded into centuries of total war, leaving the galaxy a shattered shell, home only to superstition and barbarism. Billions of oppressed mutants now worship Saint Scarlet of Durham - the mythologised image of Red herself! The bounty hunter from Milton Keynes has now become almost a messiah figure for mutantkind - and a terrifying blasphemy in the eyes of humans.

Half the galaxy is looking to her for bloody salvation. The other half is determined to destroy her at any cost. The future is a nightmare, and Durham Red is trapped right in the middle of it...

The Iconoclast corvette *Righteous Fury* was destroyed on day 219 of the year of the Accord 810, while in surveillance orbit over the planet Gadara. The vessel was not on battle-alert: the system had been untroubled by mutant activity for decades, and *Fury's* remit was a detailed scan of the planet's surface. Perhaps the corvette's captain should have diverted some sense-engine feed outwards, but even if he had done the results would have been the same. *Fury* was taken completely by surprise.

At 03.27 galactic standard time, two jump-points opened up within five thousand kilometres of the *Righteous Fury*, emitting the Tenebrae frigates *Bright Fang* and *Sabreclaw*. The mutant ships were preceded by a wave of flayer missiles, fired while still in jumpspace. It was a common and brutally effective Tenebrae tactic. The missiles crossed the intervening distance in less than a second, hammering through *Fury's* hull armour before detonating their warheads.

Later study of the *Fury's* final transmission revealed that most of the bridge crew was wiped out in that first, terrible attack. Only the communications officer survived. Critically injured, surrounded by the burning corpses of her comrades, she survived at her post for long enough to punch a needle-bearing distress call through the Tenebrae jamming fields and into the Iconoclast communications network. It was the last thing she ever did. Seconds later a flight of Vampyr assault ships strafed the *Fury* from prow to stern.

The bridge took direct hits from antimat fire. The comms officer must have died then, utterly vaporised in a hail of energy bolts, but even if by some miracle she survived the Vampyrs, the damage already wrought on *Fury's* systems would have finished her. The corvette's reactor went nova at 03.28GST.

In saner times the comms officer would have received a posthumous decoration for courage under fire. But in the dark days that followed so many lives were lost, so many ships destroyed, that the fate of the *Righteous Fury* went largely unrecorded.

The Tenebrae crews, for their part, believed that their victory had been total. They hadn't detected the distress call.

Neither had anyone on Gadara. The signal was directed outwards, away from the planet. For a few minutes of blissful ignorance, no one on the ground knew that anything was wrong.

Tola Sineon actually heard the *Righteous Fury* explode; or, to be more accurate, she heard the blast wave strike the upper atmosphere. She had been on her way to speak to Captain Ityus at the time. The sound made her pause and look skywards.

Ityus was over by the *Venture*, leaning against a landing strut beneath the ship's gaping belly. He tipped the visor of his cap up as Tola approached.

"Thunder," he muttered. "There's a storm coming."

"Another one?" Tola made a disgusted sound. "Captain, this damned planet is all storms." She stopped next to the strut, puffing slightly. The rough, gritty sand of the desert made for hard going. Walking from the camp to the ship was enough to take the breath out of her lungs, but Ityus had banned the use of comm-linkers while they were groundside.

Ityus shrugged. "It's not supposed to be pleasant, girl. If it was, we'd not be alone here."

"I understand that, Het. But I'm worried about the camp. If a storm anything like the last one blows up, it could bring the whole Shear down on top of us."

"You've been talking to Matthias again, haven't you?"

Tola nodded. "Captain, I know Matthias is a strange one. But he's got a feel for these things. Like old Senta Tertius - he knew that migration was going to be trouble way before it hit us. Didn't he?"

"Aye."

"So he could be right about this, too."

Ityus snorted. ~~"He could. Or he could be as off-target as he was on Haven. Don't put too much trust in that mutant, girl. That Shear looks stable enough to me."~~

Tola couldn't help glancing back towards the Harvester camp, the cluster of temporary structures nestling against the foot of the Shear. Above it, the great wall of stone reared up a thousand metres, the raw edge of a tectonic plate five thousand kilometres across, a rippling fracture that bisected the desert.

Parts of the Shear overhung the dunes below, and the rock was dense, impervious to sense-engines. The camp had been set up below an overhang that jutted far out above the dunes, casting a long shadow that cooled the buildings for most of the short Gadarene day. Ityus had chosen a hiding place that was protected from both orbital scans and the scorching heat of the desert sun.

But she had to admit that Matthias was right - something about the Shear frightened her. Looking up at its dark, fractured face gave her an odd feeling of vertigo, and there were too many pieces of it lying embedded in the sand below. The Shear felt poised, oddly malevolent.

Or maybe it was just what lay in the lock-store that was scaring her. She shivered, despite the desert heat.

Ityus was looking down at her, smiling. "Go back and tell Matthias not to be such an old woman," he said quietly. "We'll not be here for long. Besides, if a storm does come, where would you rather be? With the Shear at your back, or out in the open desert?"

"In orbit, actually," Tola replied. "But I'll tell Matthias."

After trudging back from the *Venture* to the camp, the inside of the lock-store seemed almost painfully cold. Tola winced as she clambered inside.

The lock-store was where the Harvesters kept their merchandise and readied it for sale. Double-walled, temperature-controlled and protected by quantum-encryption seals, the store was the most valuable structure in the camp. It was always first to be lifted into *Venture's* belly whenever the Harvesters left a world.

Which they did frequently. Tola had been with them for five of her sixteen years, and had never spent more than a week on any one planet in all that time.

The lock-store had a long central corridor, hatches on either side leading to the various internal chambers. One was open, flickering light spilling from it across the rubberised mesh floor. Tola trotted forwards and poked her head around the hatchway.

"Matthias?"

The mutant looked up and switched off the light-drill he'd been using. Protective goggles covered his eyes, dark and many-lensed. With his slicked-back hair and pinched features, they made him look like a bug.

He pushed them up onto his forehead. "Did you speak to the captain?"

"Aye." Tola knelt down next to him. "He said the Shear looks stable enough to him, and we aren't going to be here long anyway." She chewed her lip nervously, glancing about at the objects strewn across the floor. "But I'm sure I heard thunder a few minutes ago. Will there be a storm?"

Matthias frowned. "Maybe that's what I'm feeling. Sneck, I hope not. That last one shifted the whole store a handwidth, did you know that?"

Tola shook her head. "Was anything damaged?"

"No. I don't think so. Nothing in here, anyway."

"Ah," said Tola. Matthias had been spending most of his time in this chamber, working on the Shantima haul to the exclusion of everything else. It was rumoured among the Harvesters that he blamed himself for the deal going sour.

Then again, Matthias had an odd ability to tell when things were about to go awry, as Tola had reminded Ityus. ~~It had saved their profits, and their necks, on more than one occasion.~~ Maybe it was some unknown mutant ability, or just an eye for detail; no one had ever been able to find out. But it more than justified the man's place among the Harvesters, his other skills notwithstanding.

It did make him a bit strange, though.

She noticed that Matthias was eyeing her. "What?"

"This merchandise troubles you, doesn't it?"

"A bit." She prodded a fragment with her finger, feeling its coolness. "A lot. Matthias, something horrible happened in that system. No one's saying what it was - believe me, I've checked, but it had to be worse than just a battle."

"I'm sure you're right." He got up, placing the light-drill on a nearby rack. "The Iconoclasts love to brag about their clashes, even the ones they lose. If Shantima had been the site of a battle it would be yet another epic Iconoclast victory by now, and all over the holofeeds."

"Something even the Iconoclasts won't speak of..." Tola hugged herself. "That's what scares me. So how can you stand to be with this cursed stuff?"

Matthias ran his long fingers over one of the canisters they'd found; a drum of metal the size of his clenched fists, the surface of it burnt black. Everything they had found had been scorched, but that was quite normal for what the Harvesters took aboard. What was strange about this find was just how many of the items were covered in shards of black, melted glass.

"I don't know," he said finally. "Somehow, it calls to me..."

Tola was about to answer when thunder rippled overhead again, closer. She frowned. "The storm?"

Matthias didn't speak, just darted to the hatch and out into the corridor. Puzzled, and more than a little frightened, Tola scrambled up to follow him.

When she got into the corridor he had already reached the main hatch. She saw it open and squinted as white desert sunlight poured in.

Matthias had frozen at the hatch. She heard him whisper one word.

"God..."

"What is it?" She came up behind him. Tola was shorter than Matthias by some way, and had to peer under his right arm to see.

The *Venture* was ablaze.

She cried out in shock. The Harvester vessel was listing sideways on its landing struts, its dorsal drive ripped open and gouting fire. As Tola watched something whipped overhead, and the *Venture* detonated, shattered into a vast cloud of flame and spinning debris. Chunks of it whipped past the lock-store, hammering into the camp buildings, sending up fountains of shrapnel.

The flier that had taken *Venture* was peeling around in a wide arc. Tola saw it joined by two more: russet-brown things leaping across the desert on cones of white flame, spitting energy from massive long gun-barrels at their prows. Antimat fire ripped out into the camp.

Tola heard the explosions, deafening even through the lock-store's thick walls. She screamed.

Matthias dragged her back, hitting the lock control with the heel of his hand. The hatch slammed down. "Hide," he gasped.

"Who are they?"

"You don't want to know," he snapped, and started bundling her back up the corridor. "Trust me, you really don't."

She struggled. "What are you doing?"

"I might have a chance of reasoning with them. You haven't."

"Matthias!"

He was at the entrance to the chamber now. As they reached the hatchway more thunder growled

over the store, deeper this time. Something much bigger than the fliers was coming in over the Shear

"They're here," he breathed, and shoved her back. She stumbled over the items he'd been working on and fell, fetching up hard on her backside.

Matthias had an expression of terrible sadness on his face. "All my fault," he whispered, but not to her.

The hatch slid closed.

Tola leapt up, dived over to the controls, but Matthias had already locked her in. She didn't waste energy hammering on the metal with her fists, just went straight to the rack with the canisters on it and picked up the light-drill.

She was aiming it at the hatch controls when the lock-store bounced.

The impact was massive. Tola went spinning off her feet with the force of it, heard the racks clattering and covered her head as merchandise came free, slamming down into the mesh. One of the canisters bounced off the floor next to her face, something else hit her painfully in the side of the knee.

For a few moments there was silence. Then gunfire.

Tola had heard that sound before --- any Harvester knew what it was to be shot at. Outside the chamber, in the corridor, frag-shells were exploding against the walls.

She hauled herself up, using the racks to support her weight. Her left knee was weak, and dull with pain. She felt a slight impact against her foot, and saw the light-drill rolling on the floor. She bent to scoop it up.

Sparks showered over her back as the lock controls blew out.

She dived to one side. A huge figure was shouldering the hatch aside - Tola looked up to see a gloved hand shoving at the door, a torso clad in multiple layers of slate-grey armour, a visor of green plax. She triggered the light-drill and sent a thread of searing light into the centre of the visor. There was a heavy sound, as of something bursting in an enclosed space. The figure convulsed and dropped to the floor.

The beam of a light-drill, Tola knew, would cause body-fluids to flash into steam. The man's head had probably exploded inside his helmet.

The hatch was still only partway open. Tola saw the barrel of a frag-rifle poke through and cringed back, but shouting sounded in the corridor, someone yelling about relics. The barrel disappeared.

Was there something in the chamber valuable to them?

Tola wasn't given enough time to figure it out. Another arm swung around the hatchway, flinging a dark shape among the racks. A scream sounded as Tola put another beam through the hand, but then the thing it had thrown exploded with a squealing hiss. Instantly the chamber was full of smoke.

She backed up as far as she could against the racks, started swinging the light-drill about wildly, but the cutter's charge was already dropping. There had never, she realised, ever been any real hope.

The last thing Tola Sineon saw was the butt of a frag-rifle, emerging from the smoke to slam into her face.

She woke up on the cold floor of the chamber, her face sticky with blood.

It was a while before she could open her eyes. The smoke had been caustic, foul-smelling. Her eyelids were glued together with residue. When she raised her hands to rub them clear, she found that her wrists were chained.

After a time, and some tears, she regained her sight. Not that there was much to see: her attackers had thrown her into an empty chamber in the lock-store. She remembered that there had been two sections Ityus had ordered stripped, to accommodate some large items of merchandise from Broteus. They had never been re-fitted.

The Harvester captain must have died when the *Venture* blew, and Matthias in the corridor, riddled with frag-shells. Most of the other Harvesters when the fliers blasted the camp. Was anyone left alive but her?

The chains around her wrists had been welded to the deck through the rubber mesh. There were stinging welts where the heat had transferred up the links to burn her. Oddly, her face didn't hurt as much as her wrists, even though she was certain the rifle-butt must have broken some bones.

She managed to get around into a sitting position and put her back against a wall. The motion made her woozy, and for a time she just stayed there, letting the pain of her injuries wash through her, concentrating on that minor discomfort and not the despair or the fear. Either of those, if she allowed herself to give in to them, would finish her.

Tola Sineon was not a girl to be finished lightly. She hadn't lived the life of a Harvester for five years without becoming resilient.

There was no way of knowing how much time was passing, save the count of her own heartbeat. Tola had been in the chamber for many, many beats before anyone came. When the hatch did finally slide open she tensed up, ready for more armoured warriors. But the person who entered was not at all what she had been expecting.

It was a woman; tall and slender, strikingly beautiful in a pale, unworldly way. Her hair was a striped mix of bright crimson and jet black, her clothes a figure-hugging suit of leather and lace. She wore high-heeled boots, elbow-length gloves, two massive pistols on her belt. Tola, whose life allowed for little more than the most rugged and utilitarian of outfits, had never seen anything like her.

The woman was holding a finger to her lips.

She ducked her head briefly back into the corridor, as if to check she had not been followed, then came back in and closed the hatch. Only when it had slid back into place did she appear to relax, reaching down to her belt to unclip a small comm-linker. "Jude," she hissed into it, her face turned slightly away. "I'm in. Looks like you were right."

"A survivor?" That was a man's voice; young and cultured.

"Yep. Give me five. I'll call back when I'm done."

She put the linker back on her belt and grinned at Tola. "Hey," she said.

Her teeth were very white, and her canines were long and sharply pointed.

Tola gasped out a cry of raw terror and tried to scramble away. The chains dug hard into her injured wrists, but she yanked at them anyway, over and over, mindlessly trying to tear herself free. At that moment, she would have ripped her own hands off her arms if it would just get her a centimetre further away from the monster standing before her.

The monster in question just stood there, her hands on her hips. "You might want to be a bit quieter," she said eventually. Her voice was deep and smooth, her accent very odd indeed.

Tola stopped struggling and froze, turned her head away and squeezed her eyes shut. Waiting for the

bite.

~~After a time the woman spoke again. "Jude? Better make that ten. She's gone futsie on me."~~

She was talking into the linker again. Tola opened an eye. The monster was crouching on the floor near her, an expression something close to pity on her face.

"Go ahead, Blasphemy," Tola snarled. "Tear me and get it over with."

The woman made an exasperated sound. "Do you know what it feels like," she snapped, "to have a nickname you really hate, and people just won't stop calling you by it?"

"No," Tola replied, in spite of herself.

"Well then." The monster prodded the floor with one finger, as if testing the blood there for freshness. "Look kid, I really haven't got all that long. So either you can scratch about down there and insult me like an idiot, or we can talk like normal people and maybe get you out of here in one piece, all right?"

"But-"

"But I'm Saint Scarlet, monstrous Blasphemy, enemy of all humankind, yadda yadda. How many times do you think I've heard all that crap?"

Tola's wrists were starting to hurt, a lot. She edged closer to the monster, just to ease the pressure a bit. "Your people attacked us, killed the captain..."

The Blasphemy shook her head. "Not guilty. I only just got here."

That was a surprise. "So who...?"

"The Tenebrae. Who like to think they're my people, but we really don't have much in common."

Tola sagged, all the terror and despair she had been holding back hitting her in one, sweeping wave.

The Tenebrae were mutant extremists, militant anti-humanists. For decades their existence had been nothing more than rumour and legend, but during the brief mutant uprising the previous year they had erupted out of hiding, striking out at the Accord with sudden, unparalleled viciousness.

When they had, the planet Pyre, a human world of three billion souls, was right in their path.

During their time in the shadows the Tenebrae must have taken their hatred of the human race to savage new levels. The acts they had committed on Pyre went beyond atrocity, beyond genocide. They had turned the planet into a scorched graveyard where even Harvesters wouldn't go. Three billion men, women and children had burned; their flesh roasted in titanic ovens, their blood boiled in vats, their bones fused into awful, nightmarish citadels.

And all in the name of the creature that stood before her.

Tola whimpered. "I'm lost..."

"Hey, I already told you I'm going to get you out of here." The Blasphemy frowned slightly to herself. "Well, I'll give it a go, anyway. Getting in wasn't exactly easy..."

Tola dropped forwards and put her head in her hands. It was all too much. "What do you want of me, monster?"

"Your name would be a good start."

"No," moaned Tola. "My soul is already destroyed by your presence. You'll not have my name too."

The monster sniffed. "Suit yourself. I'll just call you battle-grubber, shall I?"

Tola raised her head and glared. "You know I said I didn't know what it felt like to have a poor nickname? I take it back."

"It's what you do, isn't it? Grub around battle sites after everyone's gone home, robbing corpses? Stealing any nice bits of debris and selling them on?"

"No, Blasphemy, it is not!" Tola rattled her chains angrily. "We're Harvesters. If it wasn't for us the Accord would be choked with scrap metal - and we honour the dead, not rob them. Do you know how many mass-burials I've attended?" She slumped back. "Sineon, then, if you must have it. My name's Tola Sineon."

The monster gave her a small nod, a smile. "Pleased to meet you, Tola. I'm Durham Red. I'd shake your hand, but I think that would hurt quite a lot right now."

Tola closed her eyes again, this time in exhaustion, not fear. She was beyond that now. She heard the monster straightening up.

"Hey, don't go to sleep on me. A couple of questions, then we make a break for it. Deal?"

"I'll not make deals with the devil," Tola spat. It was a pure reflex.

Suddenly, the monster's hand was clamped around her throat. The grip was horribly strong, completely without flexibility. It was like being held by the claws of a machine, not a living creature. If the Blasphemy chose she could just move her wrist and shear Tola's spine without any effort at all.

Eyes snapping open, Tola found herself looking straight into the enraged face of Durham Red. The monster's pupils were dilated, reflecting the chamber's meagre light in twin spots of glowing crimson.

The Blasphemy shook her. "Listen to me, you little shit. Do you know why you're alive? Any idea why they just beat you down and didn't fill you full of frag-shells? Well, it wasn't because they liked your attitude."

Her grip tightened, just a fraction. Tola couldn't even gasp for breath, let alone draw one.

"The Tenebrae like to pretend they're vampires," the monster was telling her. "They even have these little sets of comedy fangs made out of surgical steel that they put in. And what they are going to do is cut those chains off you, drag you out into the desert and use those steel teeth to rip your throat open so they can drink your blood, fresh from the source."

"You're going to die, and it's going to really, really hurt. Trust me, girl, if you think you're in pain now, you have no sneaking clue." She threw Tola's head back as she opened her hand.

"They usually do that kind of thing at around midnight, local time. Which gives us about fifteen minutes before they start polishing their dentures. So it's make-your-mind-up time, Tola Sineon - whose way do you want to play this? Mine, or theirs?"

Tola opened her mouth to speak, but her throat wouldn't open properly. All she could do was nod.

"This is good," said Durham Red, moving away. "Silence is good. From now on, you keep it zippered and we'll get along really well. Okay?"

Tola blinked back tears. She never wanted to feel that grip again, ever.

"Cool." The Blasphemy took a deep breath, as if to calm herself. "You were in the Shantima system recently, yes?"

Nod.

"There'd been a battle of some kind. You picked up some stuff from around Mandus, the gas-giant."

Tola nodded again, feeling pieces of a particularly dark puzzle falling into place. No surprise that those cursed objects were the cause of all this. It was no storm Matthias had been feeling.

The monster leaned close. "Think very carefully about this, kid. Did any of the stuff you picked up have molten glass on it?"

"Yes. All of it."

Very quietly, Durham Red asked, "What colour?"

"Black."

"Shit." The monster flung herself upright. "Aw, Christ! No wonder, no bloody wonder. And you poor bastards tried to sell it on..."

"If we had-"

"Nah, they'd have come after you anyway." The monster dropped to one knee, unclipping a light-drill from her belt. "Looks like you picked up a really hot potato back there..."

There was a brief shower of sparks and Tola's chains came free of the deck. She fell away.

Durham Red let her lie for a moment or two while she was putting the drill away, then Tola felt those gloved fingers close around her upper arm. The grip was gentle, this time, but insistent. "Come

on. There's not much time."

Tola got up. Her left knee flared with pain when she put her weight on it, but she would have gotten up with two broken legs if she'd needed to. There was no way she was going to lie on the lock-store deck a second longer.

The Blasphemy made sure Tola wasn't going to fall again, then opened a small canister at her belt. She pulled two odd little cubes from it, and handed one to Tola. "Like this," she said.

With a shake, the cube unfurled into a long, slightly wrinkled sheet of pale fabric. Tola watched Durham Red pull it open and shrug her way into it, pulling the integral hood up over her head. As she did, the fabric began to darken, to take on the shadowy look of the chamber around them. "Stealth cape. Put it on, keep your gob shut, and we might just do this."

"Gob?"

Durham Red gave her a sideways look and mimed drawing a seal closed over her lips.

As soon as they left the chamber, Tola could see why the lock-store had bounced on its moorings, all those heartbeats ago. The main hatch was gone, the end of the corridor a gaping hole, edged with raw spikes of metal. The Tenebrae must have blasted their way in.

And yet they'd held off emptying a frag-rifle into her to protect their "relics". Stupid, she decided, as well as vicious.

The chamber they'd chained her in had been at the far end of the store. By the time Tola had reached the opening she was almost invisible to herself. The stealth-cape was mimetic, changing its colour to ape that of the surrounding walls. It wasn't perfect - the colour change was far from instant - but she could see how it made her outline fluid, shifting, hard to see in among the store's shadows. Wearing it she felt slightly safer.

The feeling evaporated as the Blasphemy held out an arm to stop her at the opening. "You might," she said very quietly, "want to not look at this bit."

"No," Tola replied, her voice still cracked and hoarse from the monster's choke-hold. "Let me see." "Your funeral."

Durham Red moved aside, and Tola finally saw for herself what the Tenebrae were capable of.

They had been busy while she lay unconscious. As the harsh desert day had given way to night, the Tenebrae had demolished the camp, tearing apart the hinged panels and folding walls until nothing but the plastic support girders remained. Then they had taken those girders and made crosses from them.

For a moment, Tola's sense of scale almost saved her from the horror. They're memorials, she thought wildly. The Tenebrae had buried the dead Harvesters, and planted a crucifix at the head of each grave. But then the clouds and the smoke shifted, high above her, letting a fitful light from Gadara's twin moons sweep the scene. And she saw that the crosses were not memorials.

Every crucifix was three metres high. And on each, nailed through the wrists and ankles, sagged the corpse of a Harvester.

Forty-seven men and women, humans and mutants, had been dragged up off the ground and fixed in place to mark the Tenebrae's latest slaughter. Many bore terrible injuries; some hung partly free of their spars because they lacked enough limbs to keep them in place. They all, however, bore one feature in common.

Not a single Harvester had a head.

Tola choked out a sob, squeezing her eyes shut against the sight. The strength went out of her, the fear and the anger, everything washed away in a single flood of sick, mad revulsion. Her stomach rebelled, and she pitched forwards, vomiting weakly onto the sand.

Distantly, she heard the Blasphemy cursing. Tola felt herself dragged forwards, away from the store, through the serried ranks of crosses and their awful fruit. Utterly without will, beyond strength and intention, she let herself be led out of the light and into the blessed darkness.

~~Judas Harrow was waiting for them, out in the dunes, little more than a blurred outline in his own~~ stealth-cape. Red passed the Harvester girl to him. "Get her back to the ship. I'll meet you later."

"Is it as you feared?"

"Yeah, and worse." She glanced back. "They've already stripped the store, so anything they want will be on the cutter."

Harrow sighed. "I suppose it's no use at all asking you to be sensible and not go in there?"

"Nope."

"Or to be careful?"

"Am I ever?"

"In which case," said the mutant levelly, holding out a long, brutally curved killing-knife, "be quiet."

Red grinned at him. "Oh, I intend to..."

And with that she was off, sprinting away into the dunes.

The Tenebrae's orbital cutter squatted in the sand like a great, rust-coloured beetle, a few hundred metres from the field of crosses. Three Vampyr assault craft perched nearby. Even from this distance Red could see figures moving between them, pilots and guards and cult-priests. Completely unaware of what was coming.

Red tightened her grip on the knife. They'd know soon enough.

The Harvesters hadn't deserved this. Whether they were scrap-metal dealers or grave-robbers, they'd been unlucky enough to pick up the wrong debris from the wrong system, that was all.

Would the Iconoclasts have treated the grubbers differently? Almost certainly not, she decided. The Shantima debris notwithstanding, Harvester communities were one of the few areas of the Accord where humans and mutants worked together. Neither Tenebrae nor Iconoclast would tolerate that for long. They were doomed from day one.

Which didn't make it any easier seeing them nailed up in rows.

Red felt her face twisting into a snarl. Her main objective here was the Shantima haul, but if there was room for a little payback on the way then all the better.

She set off, her blade ready.

She decided to skirt around, to get into the landing-craft from the other side, along the towering wall of rock Harrow had called the Shear.

She headed out, half a curving kilometre across the dunes, before turning back and making her way towards the cutter. It was a big vessel, massively armoured, as squat and menacing as a crouching tarantula. The loading ramp was open, light washing down from inside.

Red stopped and crouched behind a nearby dune. She had flown in one of these things before - to the surface of Pyre, while that world still burned - but she had forgotten just how massive the cutters were. It could hold hundreds of Tenebrae troops.

Once again, she realised just how far she'd come without any particular plan. "I really wish I didn't do that," she whispered to herself.

As if in answer, the voice of Matheus Godolkin sounded at her waist. "Blasphemy?"

Red ducked back behind the dune, bringing the comm-linker up. "This isn't the best time, Godolkin."

"Get ready. You have company."

She was just about to ask what he meant when one of the Vampyr's blew itself to pieces.

For a second the desert lit up bright as day, turned yellow-white by the searing glare of the explosion. Red turned to see the assault craft gone, replaced by an expanding sphere of fire. Heat stung

her, and she felt the hot air roil as great chunks of debris whirled past.

One of the Vampyr's wings span into the Shear, bounced back in blazing pieces.

Alert chimes began to gong inside the cutter. Red heard the hammering of armoured boots, and kept low as several dozen Tenebrae warriors came belting down the ramp, priming their weapons. In moments the whole desert was alive with sirens and voice-amplified commands and the sweeping, criss-crossing threads of a hundred laser-sights.

There was a rising scream, a wash of heat. The remaining Vampyrs were trying to get airborne, but before their landing spines could raise Red saw staccato bursts of light spit down from the sky, ripping into the two assault craft and tearing them open. One crashed back down onto the desert in flames, incinerating a troop of Tenebrae. The other managed to climb for a few seconds, its drives vomiting flame, before a volley blasted it in two. The separate parts corkscrewed back down into the dunes, sending up great fountains of fire and sand as they struck.

"This," said Durham Red, "is getting just a bit hairy..."

She jumped onto the ramp and ran up it, vaguely aware that the stealth-cape was going a bit mad trying to keep up with the rapid changes in colour and light. Perhaps that was why the three Tenebrae warriors stationed at the top of the ramp didn't start firing until she was halfway up: they must have been wondering what this bizarre, coruscating shape bearing down on them was.

If so, it was the last question they would ever ask. The closest died with Harrow's knife buried in his throat, hurled with lethal accuracy from ten metres away. With a hand thus freed, Red hauled out one of the guns she'd brought along, a particle magnum with a barrel almost as long as a rifle. She ducked the frag shells coming back down the ramp towards her, firing the first shot as she was still swinging the gun up, the second as she brought it back down.

The magnum, as its name suggested, was sickeningly powerful. The Tenebrae were literally blasted apart, torsoes detonating as the bolts of charged particles superheated their innards. Red ran past two blazing corpses to get to the top of the ramp, one with arms and legs hanging together by threads of flesh, the other consisting of nothing above the waist except flames and a blackened twist of spine.

No one else troubled her on the way to the hold. She was even able to pause in the ship's central corridor, and take a minute to raise *Crimson Hunter* on the comm-linker. "Godolkin? What the sneek is going on out there?"

"As we suspected, the Tenebrae destroyed an Iconoclast vessel on their way in. It appears that ship passing did not go unremarked. Be advised that, if the Iconoclast forces follow standard tactics, the cutter will be their primary target once the ground assault is under way."

The corridor branched away. Red peered around the corner. "How long will that be?"

"Not very long."

"Figures." The entrance to the hold was just ahead of her now. She raised the magnum and trotted forwards. "Get ready to fire her up, Godolkin. We might need to bail in a hurry."

It wasn't difficult to find the Shantima debris. The Tenebrae had reserved the hold's most secure area for its storage, which meant very little when Durham Red had a powergun in her fist and an Iconoclast army at her back. The hatch-seals proved no more resilient in the face of the magnum's blasts than the Tenebrae warriors on the ramp.

Red stepped through the smouldering doorway and into a little piece of Lavannos.

Many of the objects surrounding her were still embedded in that nightmare world's unmistakable glassy stone. The stuff, Red remembered vividly, ran like water when subjected to enough heat. There must have been heat in abundance when the Iconoclasts blasted Lavannos to fragments.

They hadn't managed to destroy everything, though. Enough had survived to attract the Harvesters.

Red walked between racks of burned and broken machinery; random chunks of the frozen moon's three remaining translation drives. The Tycho unit had taken itself and a quarter of Lavannos's mass

back to whatever Hades it came from, but the other three drives had survived. One of them, by the looks of things, had only received a glancing shot when the kill-fleets arrived to sterilise what remained.

Red scanned the shelves quickly, making sure nothing remained that could be useful to either the Tenebrae or the Iconoclasts. From what she could gather it seemed that only the mutant extremists were interested in saving anything of Lavannos. The Iconoclasts, possibly under the guidance of Admiral Huldah Antonia, were only interested in removing all trace of it.

Which was a sentiment Durham Red could wholeheartedly agree with. And, in fact, assist.

She reached into her cape, to the detonex charges clipped to her belt. There were three charges, which should be quite enough for a structure this size. She might even be overdoing it. But then, overdoing things was what Red did best.

She placed the charges among the Shantima debris, setting each one to remote activation, then headed for the hatchway. It was only when she was leaving that she noticed the row of canisters on a rack near the entrance.

Red paused. There was something about the canisters - six of them, each roughly the size of two fists - that was oddly familiar. She picked one up and used her thumb to wipe away some of the carbon and blobs of melted rock. There was writing there, yellow paint just showing against the black. Most of it was gone, crumbled by time and heat, but there was enough to suggest part of a word.

DAT, it looked like.

"Data?" breathed Red. "Data storage?"

The canisters couldn't still hold any useful information, could they?

She should leave these things to the flames, she knew. But then again...

There were pockets in the cape. They were just big enough to take all six canisters.

She waited until she was well away from the cutter before she triggered the detonex.

The battle between the surviving Tenebrae and their Iconoclast enemies was in full swing when she hit the button. The night was alive with flashes of plasma, the heavy chattering of frag-shells, the snarling of dagerships racing overhead. Red saw three of the brutally fast little vessels levelling off for a strafing run at the cutter, and decided to save them the bother. She raised her comm-linker and keyed the detonation code.

There was a moment, an awful half-second, when nothing happened. Then the cutter burst open along its port flank, spilling a sheet of flame into the night. An instant later the entire vessel vanished in a fireball so vast it took dozens of foot-soldiers, and one dagership, with it.

If there had been any pieces of useful Lavannos technology in the cutter, they were useful no longer.

Red turned away from the battle and began to trot off through the dunes. *Crimson Hunter* had landed a couple of kilometres away from the Shear, behind a series of small hills. With its stealth-suite activated, the yacht shouldn't attract any attention. The Iconoclasts would be too busy slaughtering the Tenebrae to notice it anyway.

She was within sight of the ship when she ran into the Iconoclast patrol.

There were nine of them, in full shocktrooper armour, spread out across a low-lying dune. Red was almost on top of them before she noticed they were there. She'd been going too fast, her mind on other things, certain that all the action was going on behind her. It could have been a fatal mistake.

Luckily for her, the shocktroopers were all facing in the wrong direction.

That wasn't a situation that could last, though. Where Tenebrae warriors relied on brute strength and relentless viciousness to see them through, the Iconoclast soldiers were modified for the task. Their senses, in particular, were massively augmented. Some of the troopers were already sniffing the air.

Looks like my deodorant isn't making it anymore, Red thought. Oh well.

She straightened up, unsealing the cape. As it fell from her shoulders she called out to the troopers

"Hi guys! Looking for me?"

The troopers whirled, bringing their holy weapons to bear, activating their mighty silver blades.

Red gave them a toothy grin.

"Okay," she purred. "Which one of you bitches wants to dance?"

"Honoured comrades," smiled Lord Tactician Saulus. "Observe the Blasphemy."

He touched a control, and the Chapel of Enlightenment darkened. The far wall, beyond Saulus and his pulpit, grew a slab of greyish light. The slab expanded until it was all that Huldah Antonia could see.

There was a desert in it.

Her perception twisted. One moment she was looking at the surface of the slab, seeing planes of light and shadow forming within it, and in the next her vision dropped forward through the holofield.

Antonia blinked. Her eyes always seemed to behave the same way with flat-field holograms, but she had never enjoyed the sensation. She shifted uncomfortably in her pew, hoping that no one would pick up on the gesture.

Fat chance. She was sitting in a darkened hall, surrounded by two hundred other Iconoclast commanders, and she was still being watched. She could feel it.

It was a feeling she had become rather familiar with.

It was night in the desert. Antonia could see dunes rising away into the gloom. In the distance reared some vast wall of rock, stretching clear across the holofield. Double moonlight filtered hazily through thin, grubby-looking clouds, and there were strange coils and wisps hanging dead in the air. Saulus had the playback frozen, she realised, while he set up the rest of his little show.

"Gadara," he said quietly. "An uncolonised world on the fringes of Accord territory. Mostly lifeless. Nothing of interest there at all." He tapped at another control, bringing a series of panels into being along the slab's upper edge. "Apart from an active cell of Tenebrae, of course."

"We know this," an admiral near the front muttered. There was a general grumble of agreement.

"Hmm," Salus said, the noise was a habit of his. "Merely setting the scene, Hets. I've activated biometric readouts for the troopers involved. Don't pay too much attention to them now, but feel free to review them later. They could provide insight."

Antonia glanced up. Nine panels had appeared, each bearing the name of an Iconoclast shocktrooper, along with gauges for heart-rate, blood-pressure, armour integrity. Frozen, for now, like the desert.

A robed man sitting near the pulpit raised a hand. "The rank-badges," he said, gesturing at the panels. "Are they accurate?"

At the sound of his voice, Antonia shrank a little in her seat. Dear God, she thought, they've dragged Trophimus into this farce as well? Things were worse than she'd feared.

Saulus had dipped his head towards Trophimus. "They are, fleet admiral. There is not one man in that squad below the rank of sergeant."

There was a collective gasp, a ripple of disbelief, but Saulus had touched a final control. The holographic view spun.

The holo-pickup must have been attached to the armour of one of the shocktroopers, and that man had been turning when the playback had been frozen. Antonia saw the desert whirl, the wisps abruptly in roiling motion. Fires had been burning in the dunes that night.

Figures moved past her view, more shocktroopers, holy weapons raised. They were all wheeling around in response to something behind them.

Durham Red.

The view settled, with the Blasphemy dead-centre. She stood nonchalantly on the sand, shrugging her way out of some kind of robe to reveal leather and lace beneath. As the garment hit the ground behind her, she smiled.

Fangs glittered brightly in the moonlight. "Okay. Which one of you bitches wants to dance?"

The slab seemed to explode.

Every trooper had opened fire at the same moment, five with staking pins, the rest with jets of cleansing fire. Ammo-feed counters on the readout panels began to drop, heart-rates to climb.

The Blasphemy had leapt five metres into the air.

The view spun to follow her. She came down next to one of the troopers, hit him backhanded across the side of the head with a sound like gunfire. As the man's body spun away, Antonia saw one of the readouts go suddenly dark.

Durham Red had moved again, stunningly fast. A surge of fire aimed at her caught another trooper instead, turning the man into an inferno. The readout panel went wild, then dark; in the slab a column of greasy flame took two steps and collapsed.

The view shifted again. It was jolting, jerking as the man carrying the pickup ran across the sand, firing as he went. The noise of staking pins blasting into the darkness was deafening.

There was the sound of more blows, more screams. A man staggered past with half his head gone, another dropped to kneel motionless with his own silver blade buried hilt-deep in the top of his skull. The readouts were going dark faster than Antonia could track.

Within seconds, only one man remained. The view turned away from the carnage, began to jolt off through the dunes. "He's running," breathed Antonia.

A man next to her nodded. "Wouldn't you?"

The view spun crazily to a halt, tipped over. Something blurred past it: the Blasphemy's face, mouth gaping, fangs bright.

Blood exploded over the pickup. The holofield turned crimson.

And froze.

"Twenty-eight seconds, give or take," said Saulus, taking his hand from the playback controls.

Antonia swallowed. She had seen men die before, but this display had made her feel oddly queasy. Perhaps it had been the biometric icons. Seeing those heartbeats fluttering out, brainwaves fracturing to stillness, as the troopers in the holo screamed and died... There was something sickeningly intimate about it.

By the murmurs echoing around the Chapel of Enlightenment, she was not the only Iconoclast there to find the footage disturbing.

She looked up at Saulus. The man had stepped back, away from the controls. His eyes were fixed on the slab. There were dim blue lumes in the pulpit, and in their light his high forehead shone with sweat.

How much had he been enjoying this?

After a few seconds Saulus turned, raised his hands for silence. "Comrades! Please, I understand your feelings. No one could watch such a thing and remain unmoved."

"Unmoved?" A woman in the front pew - a land-forces brigadier, Antonia realised - was on her feet. "Lord tactician, we are appalled. How dare you soil this temple-station with such foul imagery."

There were others getting up too, angry shouts from every quarter. Antonia followed suit. "And since when," she called out, "has it been normal procedure to fit holo-pickups to the armour of Iconoclast shocktroopers? Or is voyeurism no longer considered a perversion among the ranks?"

There were a few cries of agreement, swiftly muted when people realised it was she who had spoken. Antonia couldn't help smiling. Her eye caught that of Trophimus, as he shot her a warning glance: *Careful, daughter.*

Antonia moved her right hand slightly, made the battlesign-gesture for calm, for knowledge. I know what I'm doing, her fingers told him. "And perhaps," she continued, "the lord tactician would also like to explain the wisdom of a shocktrooper squad consisting entirely of officers?"

Her outburst had achieved its aim - few in the room wanted to be seen on her side, so they were

shutting up in waves. Antonia sat back down, grimly satisfied as the Chapel of Enlightenment grew silent. Being a pariah had certain uses.

Saulus gave her a slight bow, little more than a tilt of the head. "Simply to prove a point, Het Admiral."

"A point worth the lives of nine men?"

"Precisely." He stabbed a finger up at the slab. "Nine experienced shocktroopers, none ranked below sergeant. The best men with the best training and equipment the Accord can provide. The *best*, Hets. All now having their intact organs reclaimed for field-transplant."

He worked the controls for a moment. The slab flickered, and the Blasphemy appeared there again, the footage jumping back to the first sight they'd had of her. Tall and slender, face pale in the night, shrugging out of the desert-cloak. Smiling.

The view froze, and dark shapes at the monster's hips turned suddenly to brilliant green silhouette. "You see? She was wearing sidearms. And she didn't even bother to draw them." He turned away from the slab.

"Partway through the assault, a report came in that the Blasphemy was on Gadara. One always does but this time it turned out to be true, as you have seen. Nine shocktroopers were despatched to investigate. They met the monster, and they died."

"Why only nine?" That was the brigadier again. "There was an army on Gadara."

"Most were otherwise occupied. But the result would have been the same. If we had sent ninety, then ninety would have died."

"So we send nine hundred," called an admiral from the back.

In response, Saulus just smiled. "Hm. Het, if we sent nine hundred she would have slaughtered a few dozen and escaped in the confusion. There is an upper limit to the number of troopers who can effectively target one mutant."

Antonia pursed her lips. He was right on that score, at least.

The slab changed view. The Blasphemy disappeared, to be replaced by a great sphere of sparkling dots. A sector-map. Green circles popped into being around one of the dots, then another, two more. A rash of danger-markers spread across the map.

"The Blasphemy reappeared slightly less than six months ago. Since then, mutant uprisings have increased five-fold. Planetary sterilisations have been necessary on six worlds, the razing of cities undertaken on twenty more. Eleven Iconoclast convoys have been raided. The cost to the Accord - in lives, resources and stability - rises daily.

"Directly or indirectly, the blame for this carnage can only be placed on Saint Scarlet of Durham."

There were a few shouts at that, this time of agreement. Saulus leaned forward in the pulpit, resting his forearms against the rail.

"You see our dilemma, Hets. We cannot suffer this abomination to live, or her followers will overwhelm us. Neither can we destroy her by normal means. She regards combat with our most skilled shocktroopers as little more than sport."

"A special agent," said Trophimus, "almost bested her on Lavannos."

Saulus raised an eyebrow. "With all due respect to Major Ketta, it would appear that the Blasphemy was debilitated at the time of that encounter. Still..." He straightened. "Your perception brings us closer to our solution, fleet admiral."

Antonia found herself moving forward in anticipation. This should be interesting, she thought to herself.

"The special agents," Saulus continued, "are the most effective weapon we have against the monster, but they are too scarce, too expensive. What we require is a *new* class of Iconoclast warrior, to target her and her alone - cheaper and more numerous than special agents, yet with combat abilities

far surpassing that of the shocktroopers!"

~~There were a few gasps, a catcall or two. Antonia saw the brigadier who had spoken before get to her feet again.~~

"You go too far, Saulus. The shocktroopers have been the heart and spine of the Accord since the Bloodshed - would you overturn ten centuries of martial tradition?"

"If it means survival, yes. Wouldn't you?"

The woman reddened and sat back down. Saulus let the din go on for a minute or so, then raised his hands once more. "Iconoclasts."

"Iconoclasts," he said again. "Our duty is to the protection of the human race. Sacrifice is an integral part of duty. Trust me, the Blasphemy can be brought down. But such an exceptional task requires exceptional measures."

The sector map faded out, to be replaced by a new image. Hushed gasps echoed around the chapel.

Up in his pulpit, Lord Tactician Saulus was smiling. "Comrades," he breathed. "Let me present the Omega solution..."

The temple-station Noamon was nowhere near as vast as the primary Iconoclast bases, but it was still four times the size of Shalem. Antonia had felt lost ever since arriving here.

Now, after Saulus and his revelations, she felt more lost than ever.

After the presentation was over she had left the Chapel of Enlightenment swiftly, speaking to no one. She had thought about going back to her quarters on board the *Merodach*. Instead, she had made her way to one of Naomon's angel vaults.

Shalem had one angel vault, forming the majority of the temple-station's bulk. A hollow sphere twenty kilometres across, filled with air but untroubled by gravity, it was hangar, dry-dock and repair facility for Antonia's fleet. Noamon's vaults were thirty kilometres from wall to wall, and there were four of them.

Antonia stood at one of the vault's thousands of observation decks, looking out into infinity.

She couldn't see more than halfway across Vault Gamma. The air was too full of fumes; exhaust gases, smoke from welders and the massive incense burners that studded its shell. From the observation deck, set roughly at the sphere's equator, looking down was like gazing over the edge of an endless cliff, the wall barely able to curve at all before it disappeared into the haze. Little sparks of light swam in that fog, hundreds of them. Gravity scows, airborne sleds carrying the vault's compliment of helot-workers to their duties.

Along with the frigate *Merodach*, eighteen starships hung in the vault.

Antonia watched a superdreadnought being towed slowly into position. It was a gigantic, cruciform thing, like two killships welded through each other at right-angles, studded with hunger-guns and the slender, skeletal tubes she knew must be a brace of forced quantum razers. The superdreadnought must be one of the first ships to be fitted with them.

The quantum razers, it was said, destroyed by ripping matter apart at the subatomic level, shattering the very fabric of the universe itself. A horrifying thought.

But were those thousand-metre barrels any more awful than what Saulus had proposed?

Antonia leaned out over the rail, feeling the cold, thin air of the vault bite her skin. According to the lord tactician, the Omega-class trooper would be a quantum leap in lethality above even the hardest shocktrooper. Their muscles and bones would be enhanced to almost superhuman levels, their senses augmented far beyond those of any Iconoclast save the special agents themselves. Their bite would be toxic, their saliva acidic, their blood artificial. They would be living, breathing weapons, constructed with one single intent - to hunt and destroy Saint Scarlet of Durham.

Antonia had spent far too much time in the company of that monster. Her career was dead in space

- [download online Communication, Cultural and Media Studies: The Key Concepts \(4th Edition\) \(Routledge Key Guides\)](#)
- [read online From Gutenberg to Zuckerberg: Disruptive Innovation in the Age of the Internet](#)
- **[The Will of the Dead \(Sherlock Holmes\) for free](#)**
- [read online Warchild \(Warchild, Book 1\) pdf](#)
- [Silence \(Hush, Hush, Book 3\) book](#)

- <http://aircon.servicessingaporecompany.com/?lib/Aesthetics-in-Present-Future--The-Arts-and-the-Technological-Horizon.pdf>
- <http://qolorea.com/library/Philosophy-of-Ecology--Handbook-of-the-Philosophy-of-Science--Volume-11-.pdf>
- <http://aneventshop.com/ebooks/The-Courage-to-Teach--Exploring-the-Inner-Landscape-of-a-Teachers-Life--10th-Anniversary-Edition-.pdf>
- <http://metromekanik.com/ebooks/Warchild--Warchild--Book-1-.pdf>
- <http://interactmg.com/ebooks/How-to-Measure-Social-Media--A-Step-By-Step-Guide-to-Developing-and-Assessing-Social-Media-ROI.pdf>