

0200 hours, March 26, 1933, Moscow, Russia

The streets of an Moscow were dark and empty. A few birds were chirping and if it wasn't for the strange flash of light appearing in the middle of the street it would be a normal day in the Winter. The birds stopped and the flash disappeared. A tall figure sat in a kneeling position. His outfit was one of the strangest thing ever seen. It seemed to be made of a black dyed metal of only one piece that covered his body. His head was covered by a strange looking helmet with a eight lying on its side symbol for eyes. Those were bright white. The man got up and appeared to look around. He pressed a button on his right under arm and out of nowhere a blue square appeared on top of it. On it showed the eight on his side. "Time and year?" the man appeared to be saying to the screen. A cold formal female voice answered: "0200, 1933," The man nodded and the screen disappeared. He walked to the side of the road and towards a small park where he hid behind some trees. He opened the screen again and this time the photo of an middle aged looking man with black hair and a big mustache appeared. Some words appeared next to him: Igor Korbaninov, 46, alive. Then a map appeared with a red and green dot blinking not far from each other. "Good info," the man said. He focused his eye on the road nearby and a big black car drove slowly over the road. The man ran with great speed towards the car and stopped in front of it. The car stopped and two angry looking men in uniform and automatic rifles stepped out of the car. The men yelled something in Russian.

"This will only take a minute," the armored man said back, also in Russian. "Indeed it will," the other men replied opening fire. The armored man laughed and raised his hand. The bullets stopped mid air. And the men with the guns stood silent like they were frozen. The man walked towards the car and opened the door. Inside he saw the man he identified as Igor Korbaninov, he too was frozen but at the moment the armored man touched him he unfroze. He looked in horror: "Who are you?!" he asked. "I'm Major Malcolm Rush, I have come to extract you from this time, it is a long story and I have no time to explain," the man answered. He pushed a button on his neck and the helmet seemed to be folded back revealing the face of a man with dark short hair in his mid twenties. Korbaninov man looked shocked but also like he knew what this Major was talking about. "I'll go," he replied. Major Rush smiled and then grabbed Korbaninov. The guards of Igor Korbaninov woke up and stopped shooting. "Where did he go?" "I don't know," They turned around and saw that the car of the back seat was open, inside there was nothing.

0900 hours, May 16, 2007, In a small village, England

The alarm clock went off for the third time and now the owner had enough of it. "Oh shut up you stupid device, I am awake already!" Delilah Watson yelled slamming it. The noise died down and she got out of bed. She walked towards the bathroom and looked in the mirror. Blue eyes were staring back at her and her blond hair was standing to all sides except down.

"Morning sleepyhead," she said to herself. She took a quick shower and within half an hour she walked down the street of the little place in the North of England. She had a goal for today. "Find yourself a job," she had said. After completing her study she had been jobless for a while and finding a job in the neighborhood was difficult and because she had no car she couldn't go to a bigger city. She called a few people who were looking for a job for her but nothing. She decided to visit the park. It was almost eleven o'clock when she arrived. In the middle of the park she sat down near a small lake. She came her almost every day since she moved here a couple of years ago. She had made her homework here, kissed with her first boyfriend here, the park seemed to relate to most of what she had accomplished in live. Although at moments like this she doubted she had accomplished anything. She walked to the water and sat down near the edge and looked into it. There she saw her face again, although her hair was now straight down instead of all ways. She looked up and saw a bird landing on the other side. And then...she saw it again... "Woah...de ja vu..." The bird didn't seem to notice anything and after it find a

worm it took off. Delilah shook her head and then got up. Her phone rang and she accepted the call. She smiled and said: "So, tomorrow morning at West street 12, I'll see you there then," she disconnected and smiled. Tomorrow her job worries would be over and she would be one step closer of leaving this place. Not far from there a flash of lighting appeared on the spot where the bird landed and a man in a black outfit with a eight on his side symbol as eyes appeared kneeled. The man quickly ran towards the forested area. He tapped a button on his right arm and a blue screen popped up. "Time and date?" "11.15, May 16 2007" "Damn...too early, show target," the screen showed an older lady with brown hair, next to the picture some text appeared: Margaret Brown, 57, alive," Then it showed a map and an a time : Intercept time: 1600 hours," "Damn...they need to get this fixed..." the man said. He looked around and pressed a button near his neck. The armour around his body folded and seemed to disappear. Wide blue trousers, a long red shirt and a black cotton body warmer replaced the armor. He looked at his new outfit and smiled. He checked his watch which showed the local time and had some strange buttons on it. He checked his pocket and found a wallet there, he checked its contents and found some notes and coins. "Well this should keep me entertained till intercept time," he said. He casually walked out of the park and looked around. He saw some children playing and an old couple feeding the birds. He also saw a girl with blond hair walking down the street. He felt something he didn't feel for a long time when he watched her. He ignored it and walked away from her. After a couple of hours he found himself back in the park concluding this was the most boring place he had ever been, he started to feel hungry and walked towards a small cafeteria. Knowing he should be careful that he did not asked strange things he sat down and looked at the small menu card. He looked up and saw young man in a red shirt standing at his table, he had some sort of electronic notepad. "Did you already made a choice sir?" he asked, a bit impatiently. "I'd like your daily special please," Malcolm said smiling a bit. "Of course sir, would you like something to drink with that?" "Hmmm, a coke please," he said eyeing the menu card. "Okay, it will be ready soon," the boy said walking away. Malcolm looked around. It was a nice sunny day and from where he said he could see the park and the road along it. He checked his watch, 1514. "Only 46 minutes till intercept," he thought. The young waiter came back with a dish with some roasted sandwich. The smell of chicken and ham came from it. "Thank you, how much do I owe you?" Malcolm asked. The waiter replied and Malcolm opened his wallet giving the waiter much more then the meal was worth. The boy smiled and walked back. Malcolm enjoyed his meal but kept checking his watch, he finished his meal and got up. He had 15 minutes left and he ran to the park to hide. He checked his map.

"Damn...the other side of the park..." he cursed running very fast. He came towards the middle and saw the lake. "Oh damn..." he said pushing a button on his watched. He stepped on the water which was slowed down in time allowing him to stand, he ran forwards and when he had hit the other side he pressed the button again returning the water towards his normal state. He ended up at the far corner of the street and the red dot was coming his way very fast. On the other side of the street he saw the blond haired girl on the phone not paying attention to the street. What happened then was very fast. The car where Mrs. Brown drove in speeded towards the girl. Malcolm saw it happening and with open mouth he pushed a button slowing time down for everyone but himself. He jumped towards the girl grabbing her and pushing her aside, the time returned to normal and the car crashed into a tree. Malcolm looked at the girl who was in shock and then he looked at the car. The driver, Mrs. Brown...was dead. Malcolm stood up and was also in shock. "Oh no...I failed..." he stumbled. The girl stood up and walked to Malcolm. "You what?" she asked looking at him worried. "I...I failed..." he said. She didn't know whether she was talking to him or to himself. He looked at her and he recognized her from before. "No..that isn't possible..." he looked at her and grabbed her by her shoulders. "Have you experienced a de ja vu today?" he asked impatiently, looking into her blue eyes. "Ehm..." the girl was quite shocked. "Yes...earlier today.. I was in the park," Malcolm nodded. He turned around, "The chronic gene...and we didn't see it...how is that possible," he said. The girl looked at him skeptically, "Are you sure you are alright...you are making no sense," Malcolm turned around. "Miss...what is your name?"

"Who wants to know?" "I am Major Malcolm Rush," he said. "A major? Oh...I'm Delilah Watson, what military do you belong too?" "That is a long story, if you let me guide you it would explain a lot," he said. "What about that woman...shouldn't we call someone?" "My agency will take care of that Miss Watson," Malcolm said. He grabbed her and the world turned into a bright flash before her eyes.

0100 hours, November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2256, Operations, Chrono Inc HQ, New York City

Ryan Gray sat back in his comfortable chair, his leg rested on his desk and he watched three screens. His dirty blond hair fell over his eyes and he felt tired. He looked into the Ready Room and still no sign. "You're late Malcolm...the boss isn't going to be happy about this," he said to himself. Suddenly the screens beeped and Ryan stood up. In the middle of the Ready Room two figures appeared. Ryan looked surprised. He stormed into the room. "Malcolm are you alright?" he asked. Malcolm nodded panting heavily. "Why aren't you wearing your armor suit, you know it is unsafe to travel with two without one wearing the armorsuit!" Ryan yelled. "I know I know..." Malcolm said. He lifted a shocked Delilah off the floor and laid her down in one of the emergency beds. Ryan looked at her. "Malcolm...you are not going to tell me that this is the 57 year old Margaret Brown," "Of course she isn't you idiot...Brown is dead...I failed. "Okay...even the best could happen that...but why bring this girl?" "She has the gene..." "That's not possible," Malcolm grabbed Ryan and pushed him against the wall. "Listen Ryan, I have enough on my head already so you either are gonna check if this girl is fine and whether she has the gene or not, from which I'm sure and I should know because I have it too, or I am going back in time and make sure your parents used a condom okay," Ryan nodded. "Geez Malcolm...don't need to be stressed like that..." he said when Malcolm let him down. Malcolm walked away to the locker room. After five minutes he came back in uniform. He looked at Ryan working on the girl.

"Anything?" he asked. Ryan looked up. "Give me little bit longer," "Is she alright?" "She will be fine, I doubt about you though," Ryan said apologetically. Malcolm walked towards the bed and looked down. "The big guy heard of her?" he asked. "Oh yes...he did..." Ryan said nervously. "He will be here soon," Ryan continued. Malcolm nodded and walked to a console, he took his watch and placed it on the console. He pressed some buttons and the armor suit appeared again. Malcolm pressed some other buttons and looked at the results on the screen. "Is there really nothing that can be done about the Stop/Slow failures?" he asked. "I'm afraid not...yet...I need more time for that, or maybe if Igor comes back he could help," Suddenly the double doors at the left side of the room burst open and a big black man with short hair stormed in. Like a raging bull he stormed towards Malcolm. "Major Rush!" Malcolm stood straight "Sir yes Sir!" he said. "I wouldn't have mind having you failed your mission, that can happen to the best, but bringing in a random person is too dangerous for our mission!" the man said still angry. "I have reason to believe that this person is not random at all, sir!" Malcolm said back, not afraid or impressed by the raging man in front of him. "And he is right General McDaniels," Ryan said happily. He walked towards the general with a notepad and showed him the results. "Hmmm, you were just lucky I guess," the General said a bit calmed down. "Of course sir," Malcolm replied looking at the results himself. "How can we have not find this person before, our scanners are perfect," the General asked looking at the two of them hoping they had an answer. In all the years of the organization this never happened. "We are still investigating, but we need our expert on this," Ryan said. Malcolm had walked back towards the girl and checked her readings. He held her hand. "Igor is still on a mission but I'll send him as soon as he comes back," the General said. He walked towards the girl and looked at her. "What do we know about her?" Ryan looked at his notepad: " Name: Delilah Watson, age 24, year of extraction: 2007," The General nodded. "Well...we can't leave her like this, as soon as she wakes up her training will begin, Major, you will have the honor, " the General stated, he walked out of the doors to leave Ryan and Malcolm stare in disbelief. "Well you got away with that nicely," Ryan said. "You think? It will mean I'm out of the time shift project for months while I'll be training her...what on earth was I thinking!" "Ahhhh, my dear friend...you were thinking with another part of your body then normal...that part is not the wisest," Ryan

exclaimed. Malcolm put his hand on the shoulder of Ryan and stated: "The moment hell freezes over, I will listen to the advice of someone who's girlfriend consists of ones and zeroes alright?" Malcolm laughed and walked through the double doors. Ryan mumbled something that sounded like: bastard. He looked back at this patient who was still unconscious.

1200 hours, November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2256, Infirmary, Chrono Inc HQ, New York City.

Malcolm sat at the bed of a blonde haired girl. He was reading something on his notepad. He looked rested. Ryan had been up all night and at 7 am he brought the girl to a more private room where she could rest. When Malcolm had woken up he had immediately searched for her and sat there hoping she would wake up soon. And so she did. She opened her eyes and looked around. Malcolm saw her shocked face and he stood up. "Hi there, how do you feel?" he asked friendly. Delilah thought a moment and then said: "Alright I guess...where am I? " "You are in a military base in New York City, oh and in the year 2256," Malcolm said as casually as possible. She looked at him skeptically. "Okay...where is the hidden camera?" Malcolm laughed "I'm sorry Miss Watson...Delilah, but I'm telling you the truth. I saved you from being hit by car remember, and although it might feel like yesterday to you...but it actually happened 249 years ago," "That's not possible..." "It is...come and I'll show you," Malcolm said holding out his hand. Delilah stood up and Malcolm put a blanket around her. The room came out in a long hallway which was curved at both ends. Malcolm lead her to an elevator which brought them to the top of all the buildings. From there they had a good view of the building and its surroundings. The building was a giant eight although because the entrance was in the middle where the circles crossed it would be seen as an eight on its side. "the Infinity symbol," Delilah concluded. "Indeed, very fitting right," Malcolm chuckled. Delilah looked around, the building seemed to be build next to the Statue of Liberty which still looked the same as 2 centuries ago. "We like to keep our monuments as original as possible," Malcolm noted seeing her skeptical face again. He lead her in the elevator again and this time they went to a floor which was named: Operational. The floor had different rooms with lots of high tech computers as far as Delilah could guess. They walked through some double doors where she saw a young man with dirty blond hair and a man with black hair and a very big mustache. They were in a private conversation but stopped as she and Malcolm stepped in. "Delilah, may I introduce to you, Ryan Gray and Igor Korbaninov," Both men shook her hand. "Ryan is our computer expert and is in charge of the technical side of our operations, Igor is the scientist who makes sure we don't screw up the time lines, " "And that is a tough job with Mister Rush here," Igor joked with a heavy Russian accent. They all laughed. "I think it is time that we tell Delilah exactly what we do and why she is here," Malcolm suggested. "Brilliant idea!" Ryan said he walked to his computer and pressed some buttons, on the back wall a screen appeared and they all stared at it. The computer showed some sort of newsprogram of an old man with white hair who shook the hand of a man in a tuxedo. The date on the program was May 21 2096. Malcolm spoke: "In 2096 the scientist Edo Brunweiser invented what was thought impossible. Time travel, afraid of thieves who would want to steal his invention he made a deal with President Rodney Baker to protect him and the time travel machine. Two days later Edo Brunweiser was found dead...suicide says the official report, anyway with the time machine in the hands of the USA other countries did not feel safe. With bits and pieces the they tried to make their own time machines and pretty quickly the Temporal War was on. People got lost in time and whole cities and forests disappeared, something needed to be done," The screen now showed a new picture of 15 men signing something. "In 2201 a treaty was signed and the Chrono Council was created. This council would oversee all time travel actions on the world. A division of this Chrono council are the Shifters and in that division are we now," "And what do you do?" Delilah asked. On the screen a large device showed up. "When Brunweiser invented the time machine it looked like this. Quite big and not really suited for quick traveling back. Furthermore it was dangerous. What if you got shifted right into a tree. And the traveler, or shifter wouldn't be able to control when to return. Through the years the time machine got smaller and

nowadays the time machines we use look like this. On the screen the black armor suit appeared. And we are now testing a new proto type as big as this," he showed the watch. Ryan interrupted: "But that doesn't work quite well enough, the basic rule we have now is that at least one of the shifters should wear the whole suit," Malcolm rolled his eyes. "Anyway, we shifters are the ones who are on active duty of time travel, we eliminate any anomalies and search for people with the Chrono gene," "Chrono gene?" "Yes, Chrono gene, a gene which makes the one carrying it attuned to time anomalies. Remember when I asked you if you had a de ja vu? Well, although scientist of your time make it sound it is a simple miscalculation of your brain it actually is a very rare occurrence. People only think they have de ja vu's because of the strange feeling you get because your brains get a little shock of excitement when they think they have noticed a de ja vu," Delilah thought back of this afternoon. So many questions popped up, "What about the woman that died?" "She was the one I was supposed to extract...she had the chrono gene too," "But you have a time machine, go back a ten minutes earlier and save her instead of me...what do you want with me?" Malcolm sighed. "I hope by now you realize you have chrono gene and why we can't go back...the results could be disastrous, everything on this planet and universe is bound by rules...you may bend them a bit but doing that, bringing myself or anyone else from this organization back to the moment when time is already influenced could break the time/space continuum and even in time travel...dead...is dead," Malcolm said honestly not happy about the loss of Mrs. Brown. The four of them were silent until Igor spoke. "Miss Watson, I know it seems all strange by now, I have been through it all," "You too?" "Da, I was born in 1887 but in 1933 Malcolm extracted me and I can't say I'm sorry. In my time I was sort of locked up, here I'm free," Delilah looked at the screen and then at the three men. "Even if I wanted...I cannot go back right?" Malcolm looked into her eyes and asked: "Ask yourself this, with the knowledge you have now, would you want too?" Delilah closed her eyes and thought about it. "Well...that is a strange question, because I wouldn't have the knowledge if you hadn't extracted me, so I wouldn't have to ponder this question because we would never meet," "Hmm, true but you haven't answered my question," Malcolm seemed to enjoy the logic banter. "Well, time travel is a dream for many people...and now I have the chance to get out a boring life and in an exciting new one...no I wouldn't want to go back," she said. Malcolm smiled. "Very good, then from tomorrow on your training will begin, Ryan will show you to your quarters. I will give you the full tour tonight after dinner," Malcolm said. Delilah nodded and walked away with Ryan. Malcolm looked at Igor. "Igor...why didn't we detect her?" Igor shook his head. "I don't know Malcolm, I have checked all the data and the scanners seems alright," "Could it be something in her?" "You mean a change in genes?" "Exactly...even though Ryan did recognize the chrono gene, couldn't it be different than ours?" "Malcolm...you do realize what kind of consequences that could have," "Rogue shifters?" "Exactly, luckily you were there and you recognized her," Igor said patting Malcolm's shoulder. "I didn't...not the usual way...like how you recognized me," "What do you mean?" "It was on another way...like...attraction...only deeper," "Well I'm glad that you didn't feel then when meeting me," Igor laughed. Malcolm laughed too and then said: "Igor, report this to the the big guy, then I want you to work on the slow/stop button, ask Ryan for help if needed, I'm going to see the doctor for some information about rogue genes," Igor nodded and walked away immediately through the double doors. Malcolm looked his watch. "I hope the doctor isn't too busy..." he said to himself walking through the doors.

1400 hours, November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2256, Infirmary. Chrono Inc HQ, New York City

Doctor Richard Garden was an middle aged doctor, his father was the one who discovered the Chrono gene and his son made it his life work to become "the" expert on everything time travel and its effect on the human body. He was the first one to name the Chrono link. The feeling that people with the chrono gene got when they met. The link as it was generally called created some sort of aura around a person and when the two would clash they would instantly feel connected. The doors of his office opened and Malcolm stepped in. "Hi there Major, how are you doing?" "Pretty good doctor," Malcolm

said sitting down at the chair opposite of the doctor. "What can I do for you?" the doctor asked. "I assume you have heard of the new recruit Delilah Watson?" Malcolm asked businesslike. "She has been in my infirmary so of course I have, something wrong with her?" "No...or yes...she didn't show on the scanners...I found her because of the link...but it was not like it normally is," Malcolm said. "Tell me more," the doctor said putting his elbows on the desk and his hand under his chin and looking at Malcolm. "I felt attracted to her," Malcolm said a bit ashamed. The doctor raised his eyebrow. "Major...most of the people here are either man and if they are woman they are far in the 60's, Miss Watson is your age so it is not strange to assume you felt attracted to her," Malcolm sighed. "I think I know the difference between attraction and the link doctor," he said irritated. "And it was definitely the link but different from the normal link. And the fact that she didn't show up on the scanners makes me think about a mutation in the gene," "I'll check," the doctor said. "Good, and beside you and Igor no one knows about this attraction thing...and I would like to keep it that way," "That is of course...logical," the doctor answered. Malcolm nodded and stood up. When he was at the door the doctor asked: "Major...you didn't answer, do you think Miss Watson is attractive?" the Major turned around and smiled saying nothing, then he walked through the door leaving the doctor alone. The doctor chuckled and sat down opening his notebook.

1800 hours, November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2256, cantina, Chrono Inc HQ, New York City

Malcolm sat at the table with Delilah, she had changed into the same kind of uniform that Malcolm was wearing. A blue overall with the white Infinity symbol on the chest. Malcolm had arranged food from her time period. "Is this normal or have you arranged it for me?" "Well, in the beginning of everyone here we try to make them feel at home so we produce food from their time period. After a while most people get used to the supplements we normally use. Although you are always allowed to eat the food you prefer. I might have a military rank but most people are civilians here," Malcolm said smiling swallowing a spoon of tomato soup. "Hmm nice, I think I could enjoy this soup," Delilah laughed and also took a spoon, it tasted indeed like the soup you could buy in a store. "So how do I call you?" she asked. "Malcolm, only the doctor and the General call me Major," Malcolm said. "Okay Malcolm, you seem to know a lot about me...may I know some stuff from you?" she asked uncertain. Malcolm looked surprised. "I'm not used that people want to know stuff about me, I'm a pretty boring person," he claimed. "Try me," she said smiling. "Okay...miss Watson, ask me something," he said putting the spoon back in the bowl and sitting backwards. She looked at him. "Hmm okay, how old are you?" "28," "What is your favorite color?" "Red, yours?" "Purple, I was asking the questions here mister," "Sorry, go on," "Favorite artist?" "You wouldn't know him, his name is M.A.D." "Can I listen that somewhere?" "I'll make sure it will be on your personal notepad as soon as you get one," "Nice, favorite painter?" "I always liked Da Vinci's work but also Van Gogh's, painting pretty much died out in the 2020's..." "I really need to learn much about the past 200 years," "Indeed, so maybe finish your dinner so I can explain the basics," "Sir, yes sir," she said jokingly. After dinner they walked towards the main hall and then towards a small circular room apparently in the basement of the complex. Malcolm clapped in his hands and the room went dark. After a few seconds a dozen screens appeared around them. "This is the training room, here I will teach you about time travel, time guidelines and about things you should know about this time and place. I already showed you the history of time travel and although it gives you a good overview you need to learn it in more detail. This you can do on your own, understood?" Delilah nodded. She noticed that Malcolm's teaching voice was a pleasure to listen too, so much different than the teachers on her old school. "We start with what we call the Armor Suit, as it is our main weapon," a screen on the right showed the suit. "It is made of lightweight steel, it protects us against most conventional weapons like bullets although the impact can still hurt. The helmet is made of the same material and also has night vision and infrared vision. On the arm of your choice it has a computer where we can see the necessary information about our objectives. It also is a way to check your location. On the inside of the gloves are buttons to control time locally, it can slow time

or stop time although the time it will work is short and any objects or persons you touch will immediately go back to normal time. The whole suit is retractable to portable format if you have to stay in a period for a longer time. It also comes equipped with money from the time period you are in, any questions?" "Why is the time limited?" "Remember me talking about bending the rules?" "So...because of that it is very limited. "Exactly, I must remind you however that this is a new development and we are still in the progress of getting it stable," "Isn't that dangerous to use it on a mission then?" she asked. "It is but it is also the best way of testing it and getting the best results. What went wrong on the mission where I found you was that the slowdown was reversed the moment I touched you, normally it would only be reversed in small range only reaching around the person touched," he noted. The lights turned back on and he looked at her. "What kind of sports did you practice?" Delilah looked surprised. "Well?" he asked. "I did go to a fitness centre every week and I played tennis as a child," "No martial arts?" "Never," Malcolm nodded and he walked towards a side door leaving her alone. A moment later he came back with an ordinary sports bag. She looked with raised eyebrows at the bag. "What? Do you think we use cubes as bags?" Malcolm asked throwing the bag to her. "Sporting clothes, your size," "You just had them ready in there?" "We have most standard sizes in stock," he said. "You can dress there," he pointed towards another door. She heaved the bag over her shoulder and a few minutes later she returned in black sweatpants and a blue t-shirt with a small Infinity symbol. The floor felt cold on her bare feet and she was glad when she stepped in the middle of the room where the floor was soft and warm. She saw Malcolm sitting at the edge of the soft floor in the same kind of clothes she was wearing. He looked at her and beckoned her to sit down opposite of him. She did and waited. After a half a minute Malcolm spoke softly: "Physically you are very fit, you have been through a time travel without protection even from my suit and you recovered very quickly. There is nothing I can teach you about that, what I am going to teach you is our own form of martial arts crucial to our missions. As we cannot risk people getting a permanent injury in the past we don't carry weapons, knowing how to disarm or disable potential enemies is a necessity, you are expected to learn and practice this here and the theoretic stuff in your own room, got it?" Delilah nodded. "Good, now stand up," They both stood up. "Now before you think I'm going to teach you kung fu or something, scrap that idea. We don't want to be seen, we go in, do our thing and get out. How less contact the better. If we have contact it must be as short as possible, our fights usually don't last longer than two seconds or one or two punches. Now, pretend you are a guard and attack me," Delilah balled her fist and punched softly. Malcolm dodged easily and grabbed her turning her around and his arm around her neck. He released her. "I said punch...not tickle," she did it again, now harder but Malcolm grabbed her arm and with a simple pull he had her in a painful position holding her arm and with his hand on the back of her neck. "Good, again," he said lifting her to standing position. "Remember, most guards aren't trained in martial arts and rely on their weaponry or simple pushes the most. We don't have guns but we have something that is much more useful, " "Time!" Delilah stated. "Exactly!" he said trying to punch her. She dodged and punched him in his stomach, he bent forward coughing. "You learn quickly..." he said painfully, standing up he saw she had a shocked expression. "Don't worry...I'm used to much worse," he said. Smiling he got back at his position. "Okay, let's do this," For two hours Malcolm trained Delilah in the basic attacks and defenses after the training they walked towards the main hall and through the entrance doors. It was comfortable cool outside and they walked towards a big round fountain 200 yards away from the entrance. "So how's life in this century," she asked looking in the night sky. "Not very different from 2007, the technology made a great jump of course and we as a planet are now act as one one, so no EU or USA but just Earth. Which makes it easier for our alien guests to identify us. "So we also go to space and meet other races?" she said surprised. "Yes, in 2123 we ran into another race while exploring the edge of our solar system, we are still trying to get into the United Federation of Planets but as we are still a low technology system, according to them, it's difficult," They call travelling through time low tech?" "They don't know we have that technology, nor do we think they should know," Malcolm said in a serious voice. Delilah thought about it. "Afraid they'll use the technology for no

good?" "Exactly," "What keeps you from abusing time?" "I'm allergic to paradoxes," he joked. She laughed and looked into the fountain. "You know...I thought I would miss my friends...family...but I don't...not much anyway," Malcolm nodded and sat down. "When the General extracted me from my time I had that feeling too...I guess it has something to do with knowing we did not belong in our time anyway so we can let those things go," "What time are you from?" "2195," "The year time travelling was invented?" she asked. "Exactly...I actually saw that news item on live television," Malcolm stood up. "Time to equip you," he said. They walked back towards the entrance and took an elevator. They moved down and when the door opened they were in a large room, it looked like an underground hangar. Malcolm pointed at a underground river. "We are testing new ways of time travel, through the water," he pointed to another direction and she saw something that looked like a fighter jet. "Through air," they walked a bit further and then she saw three sport cars. "And on land," "No Delorean?" she asked jokingly. "No...those doors are too much a hassle," he said laughing. They walked towards a little office in the back where they were greeted by an older woman with a friendly face and big square glasses. "Malcolm...long time no see," she said shaking his hand. "I'm sorry Maggie, I have been busy," he said apologetically. "And who is this lovely lady you brought with you?" she said turning to Delilah with an extended hand. Delilah took it. "I'm Delilah Watson," "Hey there Delilah, how do you think the life is in New York City?" Maggie asked. "Not bad so far," she said. Malcolm intervened. "She will need the standard equipment, oh and put some music from M.A.D. on her notepad. "Sure thing Malcolm," Maggie said pushing some buttons on her computer, a hatch on the side opened and she got out a notepad, a wristwatch and a belt. She gave them to Delilah who put the belt and the watch on. "The watch is your communicator, people will be able to call you or for you to call them, the belt has some tools on it and a first aid kit, Malcolm will explain later," the notepad is where you put your personal data in, listen to music, watch tv. Basically it is your entertainment system and your workstation in one," Maggie said. "Thank you," Delilah said. They walked back the elevator. "Time to go to bed, I'll call you in the morning," Malcolm said when they arrived at her room. "If you need anything you can always call me, just say my name in your communicator and I'll hear you," She nodded and walked into her room. Malcolm walked back to the elevator. He felt tired but didn't want to go to bed yet. He hadn't heard of Igor or Ryan for the rest of the day so he decided to check onto them. He walked towards the Operations room to find both men working on Malcolm's suit. He had to respect the two for knowing how the technique worked of the time suit as he would get dizzy if he looked at the schematics. "What's the status?" he asked approaching them. Ryan sat down tired. "I have honestly no idea what caused the malfunction," "Could it be the link?" Malcolm asked. "The link?" Ryan asked. "Yes I was wondering earlier if the a mutation in the gene could cause a malfunction to the time suit, like...static electricity or something," "You mean that Delilah caused the malfunction," Igor noted. Malcolm looked at him dangerously but then said: "I would like to test that out, could you make her watch the same as mine, with the time control units in it," he asked Ryan. "Of course, are you going to tell her about the mutation," "Maybe...if it is necessary, too less is known about those rogue shifters at the moment," Malcolm turned around and said before walking away. "I want those units ready tomorrow Ryan," "Sure thing Malcolm," Ryan sighed. Malcolm walked through the double doors leaving the two in heavy discussion about mutated genes and time travel.

0200 hours, May 17, 2007, Stonehedge, Wiltshire, England

A man walked around the stones. He was waiting on someone, he looked at his watch and noticed it was broken. "Stupid thing...can't even resist a bit of time travel..." he said angrily. He waved his hand through his long blond hair and turned around. He saw a tall dark figure walking towards him. He walked towards the man and greeted him. "Why isn't she with you?" the blond man asked. "Rush took her before I could, his target died though," the man said. "So Rush has now a rogue shifter...that was not the plan," "I'm terribly sorry sir," the tall man stuttered. "Of course you are," the blonde man said. "We

need to get this fixed...any ideas?" The man leaned against a pillar. "Well, Rush is not stupid...he is probably training her already, the only way to get her is if she goes on a mission with him," "Exactly...exactly!" the blonde man exclaimed. "I will keep a watch on the time line for any activity," "You do that...oh and West?" "Yes sir," "Make no mistakes this time," "Of course not sir," the man called West said, he turned around and walked away and disappeared. The blonde man smiled and whispered to himself: "Train her hard Rush...it will save me a lot of work..." then he also disappeared.

1200 hours, November 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2256, training room. Chrono Inc HQ. New York City.

"Today we will start training with Time Control. Even though the system is new it is time that you learn to work with it," Malcolm stated. He hold out his right arm and showed his watch. Before the training he had put the units that Ryan had prepared into Delilah's watch, she did the same. "Good, now first I'm going to show you how the person you use the time control system will be affected by it," Delilah nodded not liking the sound of it much. Malcolm pushed a button and she saw only a very blurry vision of Malcolm running towards her stopping right in front of her. He returned to his normal form. "That was slow," "I noticed...very strange..." "If we wear the suit the target would probably only see our eyes and be very scared. Which helps disarming him," Malcolm walked back towards his beginning spot. "Okay...now..." Malcolm said and then disappeared. Suddenly he stood behind Delilah "...stop," he finished his sentence. Delilah jumped up. "Never...do that....again!" she said shocked. Malcolm laughed. "If you had a weapon in your hand you probably would have dropped it by now," He walked back. She pondered over these two controls. "What happens if two people are going into slow or stop at the same time?" she asked. "The will be able to hold a nice conversation between bullet rains," she smiled. "Seriously?" "Well...there are some limitations, because we don't want to cause rifts we the time controls are limited to ten seconds each time and half a minute of what I call cool down, that is of course seconds in normal time," he said. "Now...attack me with slow, I want you to experience how it feels," And so she did. Malcolm was still able to block her but with Stop he couldn't. After the training he asked her some basic questions about the last two hundred years and noticed she had learned a bit. They ate lunch together and after that Malcolm ordered her to relax a bit and after dinner they would go further with the training. Malcolm went to the infirmary. "Major Rush, I was wondering when you would visit me again," the doctor stated when he walked through the doors. "I've been busy," "So I heard," "Do you have something doctor?" "I have a slight headache," the doctor joked. Malcolm shook his head. "Am I glad you didn't become a standup comedian," "You will be, I have some news too," he said beckoning Malcolm to sit. "You were right, the gene is mutating, and I found something curious too," "What?" Malcolm asked. "It isn't a natural occurrence...the mutation is caused by human interference," "You mean someone is making the gene mutate?" "Exactly...and I doubt it happened by accident, Major...I think we are not the only people with time travel technology,"

1900 hours, November 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2256, Chrono Inc HQ, New York City.

"Something wrong Malcolm?" Delilah asked worried. They had trained for an hour but she noticed that he didn't even try to defend himself properly. "I have heard some bad news," he said vaguely. "What? What is it?" Delilah asked. Malcolm looked at her. "It has to do with you," he said. "I have told you about the Chrono gene right?" She nodded "Well...as it seems your gene has mutated...and not by nature...but by someone with knowledge of the gene and time travel," "You mean someone did this to me?" Malcolm shook his head. "No...the chrono gene is real, the mutation isn't...it makes you not showing up on our scanners. That is why I didn't know you were there...that..." he stopped. "That what?" "Nothing...anyway...it also means that someone else besides us can time travel and that is dangerous," "Because of the rules?" "That...and that it would be a first that an opposing party would do something beneficial for all instead of themselves, otherwise why wouldn't they work here," Malcolm said thoughtfully. "And

what do we do?" "Finish your training, the sooner you are promoted to Shifter, the sooner we can investigate this matter," "Then it would be nice if my coach would pay more attention to his pupil," she said accusingly but with a smile," "You are right, I'm sorry," They continued the training. After they dressed back in their day uniforms Malcolm guided Delilah towards the Operations room. Ryan was working behind his computer and looked up. "Hey there, how are you two doing?" he asked. They didn't react. "Geez...all gloomy...because of some mutated genes..." he mumbled. "Where's Igor?" "Romania...1887," "That's far back...he must be one of the first to cross the 1900 line," Malcolm said. "Yes...I packed an extra cloak to over his suit, if he does not wear his helm he should fit right in," "I hope his Romanian is good enough," Ryan smiled and asked: "What can I do for you today?" "I want to suit up Delilah," "About time Mister Rush, her suit is ready for days," Ryan said jovially. He stood up and pressed some buttons. The floor in the middle of the room disappeared and a black suit, almost similar to that of Malcolm raised upwards. "Miss Watson, may I present to you, the latest design of Ryan Gray Fashion Inc," "Inc?" Malcolm asked. "Shut it," Ryan replied. Delilah walked to the suit. It seemed to have been made perfectly for her. Five minutes later she had it on and she walked around. Ryan looked at her. "How does it fit?" he asked. "Perfect," "Good...okay a few questions, what is your writing hand?" "I'm right handed," "Very well, then I'll put the computer on the left arm so you can control it with your right hand," Ryan said. "I assume you want this to be done a.s.a.p?" "Good assumption," Malcolm said patting his colleague's shoulder. Delilah walked to the dressing room and came back in her blue overall. Before they could go Ryan asked: "Can I come to the training tomorrow, to scan for any anomalies when training in suit," Malcolm nodded and they walked out the door.

1900 hours, July 16<sup>th</sup> 1887, Romania.

Igor Korbaninov ran through the dark streets. His heavy cloak protected him from the cold, he was breathing heavily. He looked behind him but saw nothing. He sighed relieved and slowed his pace. He had lost them. He stopped to get some rest and suddenly heard laughing behind him. "Igor...Igor...Igor..." a voice said. From the darkness a blond man stepped into the light. "You run hard for such an old man, Malcolm trained you well," the man said manically. "Who are you?" Igor asked shocked. The blond man laughed, an evil laugh, the laugh made every hair on Igor's body stand up. "My name is Seth Anders and I'm the last person you will ever see," the man said. Before Igor could react he was stabbed in the chest by a sword. "This is not possible..." were the last words he exclaimed before he fell to the ground...dead. The man laughed again. "West!, clean this mess and then go back to the base," The tall man who was standing behind Igor nodded. The blonde man turned around and disappeared. 369 years later the monitor Ryan was woken by the alarm sound of Igor's life monitor. "Oh no..." He pressed the alarm button. Two minutes later the General, the doctor, Malcolm and Delilah stood around Ryan. "What's wrong?" the general asked. Ryan turned around the screen. The mouths of all of them fell open. "That can't be...Ryan...that must be an error of the computer..." the General said uncertain. "I'm sorry...it can't be a mistake...Igor was K.I.A." Ryan said. Delilah whispered to Malcolm: "K.I.A.?" "Killed In Action," Malcolm whispered back. "Come to my office, all of you, yes even you Miss Watson," the general said. Fifteen minutes later they all stood in the General's office. The big guy was standing with his back towards them. "Gentlemen, milady, " he spoke. "We must assume that Igor didn't die of his own fault or by accident. Doctor Garden told me about the other time travelers theory. Major, I want you to take Miss Watson with you to investigate," Malcolm protested: "She is not ready," "We don't have a choice, I won't let you go alone and it would be a good training for Miss Watson, I have seen you two practice and she is ready enough to be an extra pair of eyes," Malcolm didn't reply, the General turned around and looked at Delilah. "Do you think you are ready?" "Only if Malcolm thinks so..." she said looking at Malcolm. He looked back at her and then sighed. "Very well then..." he said sadly. "Good, prepare yourself to go Romania, 1887, your destination will be one

hour after the murder, your mission will be to find out what happened to Igor and to complete his mission," Malcolm nodded and he turned to Ryan. "Find out as much as you can about the situation over there and make sure we can leave within the hour," "Of course," Ryan said. They walked out of the door and after a while when Malcolm and Delilah were alone he spoke: "I'm not happy with this, this can be dangerous, " "You never said it wouldn't be dangerous," Delilah said. "And you gave permission remember," she continued. "Yes...because we need to this...for Igor...for the time itself," he replied. "But I'm still not happy about this," "You don't need too, just do one thing for me," "And that would be?" "Stay close, so I always feel safe," she said cupping his cheek and looking directly into his eyes. "Get yourself ready, eat something, rest a bit and I see you at Operations in 50 minutes," he whispered soft in her ear. "Yes sir," she whispered back. They parted and Malcolm walked to his room...still feeling the warmth of her hand on his cheek.

0400 hours, November 3<sup>rd</sup> , 2256, Operations, Chrono Inc HQ, New York city

Malcolm and Delilah both had their suit on with a long cloaks over it. "Remove your helms as soon as you arrive, we don't want to scare the citizens," Ryan said. "Okay, you will arrive at 2000 hours near a little church, the location where Igor was last seen is about two streets away. I haven't seen any other time travelers but that could be cause of the mutation thing," "Okay, got it," Malcolm said. "Okay, remember what I told, time travel is instantaneous, no portals or something. After the flash, kneel," he repeated to Delilah who nodded. "On the count of three...1...2...3.." Ryan said. Malcolm and Delilah disappeared.

2000 hours, July 16<sup>th</sup> , 1887, Romania.

On the side of an old church a flash of light shook up some birds. And two figures appeared kneeled down. "Wow...that was pretty strange..." Delilah said standing up. Malcolm got up. "You'll get used to it, I hope," he said quietly. He pushed the button in his neck and his helmet disappeared. The cloak however covered his face enough to feel he was still anonymous. Delilah did the same. "Let's go, it's not far from here," Malcolm said. They both hurried over towards the location that Ryan had given them. They looked around to see if anyone was near. Malcolm used his computer to scan the area. "He has been here...most definitely, the scanner shows three time anomalies, one matching Igor's suit," Delilah kneeled down. "Blood..." "Does it lead to anywhere?" "No, it seemed whoever killed Igor knew how to make a strike with surgeon precision," Delilah said. "Hmmm yes, well let's assume that the one who killed Igor does not want to disrupt the time line, I mean he would suffer from it as well, he must have taken the suit and maybe even Igor's body, although I doubt that...there won't be any danger leaving Igor here...he won't be recognized by anyone," "So...where would you hide a body?" Delilah asked. Malcolm thought and checked the map of the environment. "There is a lake nearby, I would hide a body there," "Let's go then," Delilah said. They walked towards the lake. It was big, blue and as they could feel very cold. Malcolm looked around again and when he saw nobody he scanned the water. "He's in there..." Malcolm said sadly. "Should we do something?" Delilah asked. Malcolm looked around and saw some flowers growing near. He got them and bundled them. He stepped into the water. "Rest well my friend, may your last travel be free from worries," he said throwing the flowers in the water. He got out of the water and looked at Delilah, she gave a weak smile. "That was beautiful," she said. "Let's hope it will be the last time I have to speak them," he said. They walked back to the city. "We have to complete his mission, to the library," Malcolm said. They walked through the narrow streets and at the end of a long path there was a big house. They walked towards it. The door was open. "That's strange..." Malcolm said walking inside. It was silent in the library. Malcolm put his finger before his mouth indicating to Delilah to be quiet. They sneaked towards the librarian office where they found an old man lying with his head on his desk and a dagger in his back. "Damn...too

late..." Malcolm said detached...he walked towards the man. "It was Igor's target..." he said, he looked at the dagger and noticed that it held a piece of paper. He ripped it off and read aloud.

*Malcolm,*

*Igor is dead and it won't be long before your entire organization is as dead as him.*

S.A.

"S.A...who is S.A.?" Delilah asked. "No idea..." "And how does he know you, or Igor?" "Again...no idea..." He folded the paper and put it in his pocket. "We have to go, maybe Ryan or the doctor know an S.A," he said. "Okay...what about him?" "Unsolvable murder case...he has family, they will give him the honors he deserves," Malcolm said in the same detached voice as earlier. He held her hand and they disappeared.

0410 hours, November 3<sup>rd</sup> , 2256, Operations, Chrono Inc HQ, New York city

"And what did you find?" Ryan asked immediately. "Igor was dumped in a nearby lake, his target was killed and a note left behind," He showed the note. "The general should know this immediately. "I was just about to go," Malcolm said. He and Delilah left the room and took the elevator to the floor where the General's office was. Malcolm knocked on the door and sooner than he thought the General opened the door. Malcolm told the whole story, Delilah put her hand around his waist when he told about Igor. "You did what you could Major, I'm sure Igor would have thought the same," Malcolm didn't reply. After a few minutes of silence he asked: "What are we going to do now?" "I am going to take this letter to the doctor to see if he can find anything interesting on it, you and Miss Watson are going to rest, I need you fit if we want to crack this case," "But sir..." "No but's Major, that's an order," the General said walking out of the door. The two of them looked at each other and then Malcolm said: "You did a good job, for a first timer," "Thank you, now let's get to bed...you look dead tired," Malcolm didn't protest, he indeed felt very tired.

0410 hours, November 3<sup>rd</sup> , 2256, 42d street, New York city.

Seth Anders sat on the edge of his bed looking at the screen of a computer. A smile slid across his face. "They found the note, soon my plan will be unraveled!" "Of course sir," West said from the corner of the room. "You sound doubtful, why?" "We shouldn't underestimate Rush, you know what he is capable of," West replied. "But West...we have something that Rush hasn't," he said, he opened the door and five men armed in black suits with masks stepped in. "We have an army of Rogue Shifters! Undetectable by the Chrono scanners, with the same abilities as those losers over there and with a lot more evil in them! We are unbeatable!" he yelled the last words. He filled his glass with vodka and drank it empty. "Ahhh, 1934, a good year!" he looked at the five men. "Men, you know your orders, time to go," he said. The man walked out. "What about me sir?" West asked. "I want you to go back to Chrono Inc and see if you can get some information about upcoming missions," West nodded and walked out. Seth danced around, half drunk, "Aaaahhh, it was a long time ago I felt this good...I believe it was about 500 years ago,"

1100 hours, November 3<sup>rd</sup> , 2256, cantina, Chrono Inc HQ, New York city.

Malcolm, Delilah and Ryan sat in the corner of the cantina. The news of Igor's death has gone around and people were chatting in hushed shocked voices. Rumors of all kinds spread around. "The joys of a big organisation..." Ryan said bringing his cup to his mouth.

Delilah had never seen so many people at the same time in this building. "What kind of work do they do here?" "Administration, Engineering, Medics, and a lot are students of the academy we house. "Do they all have the gene?" "Nope, like I said the gene is rare, but remember the vehicles we saw in the hangar, that is the way people without the gene can time travel," Malcolm said taking a bite from a sandwich. Ryan nodded. "I wish they would hurry up with those vehicles, we need more people out there," "You just want to time travel yourself," Malcolm teasingly said. "Of course, every day in and out I see you time travel," "It is not as much fun as it looks," Malcolm said thinking of Igor. "Igor would disagree, he once said that he rather died time travelling then becoming deputy mayor of Moscow," "Strangely and sadly enough he got his wish," Delilah noted. They all fell silent. Then Delilah spoke: "What are we going to do now?" "Train...train hard, until we have the new list ready of targets," "It should be ready soon," Ryan said. "So we are going to pretend nothing happened?" Delilah asked irritated. "No...but for the moment we have no clues...the only thing we can do is wait." Malcolm said apologetically. Delilah sighed and stood up. "Let's go train then," she said briskly walking out of the cantina. Ryan looked at Malcolm. "Give her some time...she is not a hardened soldier like you," "I know...I know..." Malcolm said standing up. "Give me a call as soon as the list is ready," Without waiting he turned around and followed Delilah to the training room.

0600, November 3<sup>rd</sup> , 2256, Operations, Chrono Inc HQ, New York City.

"Your targets name is Menno Struik, your destination will be a park in the city of Breda in The Netherlands at 2100 hours on February 4<sup>th</sup> 1993," Ryan said. "I've uploaded all the data to your computers," They nodded. "Very well," Ryan said. He sat behind his desk and pushed some buttons. "This is your Captain speaking, please fasten your seatbelts, in three, 1...2...3..."

2055 hours, February 4<sup>th</sup> , 1993, Breda, The Netherlands.

A boy with dark long hair whistled as he walked through the park, he wore a long coat and smoked a cigarette. It was cold and he was glad he was wearing gloves. He looked at the fountain and saw it go up...and again go up. He raised his eyebrow. Suddenly he heard something behind him, it was a masked man. "Wat...? Wat moet je?" Menno asked. He dropped his cigarette and stumbled back. "I just do what I have to," the masked man said, before Menno realized it he felt a surge of pain in his chest and the masked man had disappeared. Menno looked down and saw blood streaming from his chest, it was the last he would see before falling on the ground.

2100, February 4<sup>th</sup> , 1993, Breda, The Netherlands.

Malcolm and Delilah arrived and immediately walked towards the meeting spot. They hid in the neighborhood and waited, after 5 minutes Malcolm said: "Something's wrong, he should be here by now," Delilah nodded. They got out of their hiding spot. "What way would he come from?" "No idea, I go this way, you go that way" Malcolm said. Delilah agreed and they split. Malcolm walked along the path looking around if he saw something. Suddenly he heard Delilah through his communicator. "Malcolm, I found him...he's dead," "Dammit!, okay, I will come towards you," He ran back and found Delilah standing near the body of a man he recognized from a photo. Menno Struik. Malcolm did a quick check on the body. "A stab in the chest, a precision strike, this was planned by a professional," "What now?" "Time to inform the General," Malcolm said. Delilah nodded and they travelled back.

1300 hours, November 21<sup>st</sup> , 2256, General's office, Chrono Inc HQ.

"Leo Clammens, California, 2058, Peter Graugberg, Hamburg, 1923, Unnamed Monk, France, 1546, and more...all dead, murdered, with a precision strike in the heart, how is this possible," The General asked not specifically targeting anyone in the room. Ryan, Richard, Malcolm and Delilah sat silent on a chair while the General was walking up and down his office. "They know what our targets are, they can't be seen on our scanners and they are quick and efficient that we always arrive too late, never would I think that arriving late would be possible in this organization!" Ryan stood up. "Sir, we have been trying to recalibrate the scanners, with Delilah's mutated chrono gene we might be able to find those rogue shifters," The General nodded. "Very good, let us know if you succeeded as soon as possible, anything else? What about this S.A?" The doctor said. "He or she knows how to erase his tracks, we are running the two initials to every criminal data record of this planet and see if this person has experiences in time travel," "Very well, Major, Miss Watson?" "Yes sir?" they both replied. "We are going to put the cars to use, I have one recruit who shows amazing promise and I want you to take him to 2008, Las Vegas," "What are we going to do there?" "Find a detective and question him about recent murders there, all the same modus operandi as our time travelling killers. It might be nothing but we must check, it might be just someone copying the murder of 1923 and 1546, both gentleman were famous because of some religious scandal," "Okay, what is this recruit's name?" "West, Brian West,"

1400 hours, November 21<sup>st</sup> , 2256, Hangar, Chrono Inc HQ.

Malcolm and Delilah walked through the big hangar towards Maggie's office. She was waiting on them and next to her was a tall man standing. When Malcolm came closer the tall man saluted him. "Lieutenant West, ready for duty sir!" "At ease," Malcolm said. "I hate that..." he whispered to Delilah. He turned his face back towards Lt. West and said: "Nice to meet you Lieutenant, I hope you are really ready, my superiors tell me you are promising recruit, don't prove them wrong," Malcolm said. "Sir, yes, sir!" West said obediently. Maggie smiled holding out a key card. "Your car is ready, sir," "Don't you start too," Malcolm said. "Very well, as you probably realize you cannot wear your suits now, they interfere too much with the car's electronics, and you won't need them anyway," Maggie said confidently. Malcolm didn't dare to question the car's abilities. Delilah looked at the car the key was from. It was black and looked like an ordinary car, one she would see every day before she got in this crazy adventure. "Nice work on the car Maggie, people won't notice a thing," "That's the idea behind the car. We have models for every time period, although horse and carriage is going to be difficult," Maggie joked. They got in the car. Malcolm in the driver's seat, Delilah next to him and West in the back. Maggie walked to the driver's seat window. "Okay, now don't give me shit about 88 miles per hour and other cliché jokes, I heard them all. You just have to put in your location here and of you go," "Yes ma'am," Malcolm said. He pushed the buttons for Las Vegas. "See you soon," he said. Maggie nodded and walked back. "Ready to go?" "Ready!" "Ready!" Malcolm pushed the go button and the car disappeared in a flash.

2400 hours, June 10<sup>th</sup> , 2008, outside Las Vegas,

The car spun around when it arrived and the three people in the car were thrown around. When the car stopped Malcolm said: "Now I know why they say: Always wear your seatbelt," He shook his head and looked out the window, it was dark and he saw lights on the horizon. "Las Vegas...the city that never slept until 2123, when gambling became illegal," "It did?" Delilah asked. "Yes, too much trouble," West replied. Malcolm nodded. "We have another problem though, how are we going to find a detective at this time, I don't think they'll work at night, even in Las Vegas," "I think we have to wait till day, sir," West said. Malcolm nodded, he drove the car off the road they were on and hid it behind some bushes. "I think this is a good camping spot for the night, so get some sleep," Malcolm ordered. He pulled some blankets from under the back seat and handed them to the others.

0900 hours, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008, Las Vegas

The black car drove towards the streets of Las Vegas, the three passengers were wide awake and had change their clothes to more formal ones. Malcolm stopped the car at a street map and checked where the police station was. He came back in the car and turned to the other two. "The police station is not far away, we have to make this believable so if you check the locker on your side Delilah," she did "you will find three badges from the FBI," she handed one to Malcolm and the other to Lieutenant West. Malcolm checked his. "Good, now we just want some information about the recent murders, as soon as they give us the files we'll leave. West, I want you to stay in the car, going in there with the three of us might be to suspicious. After that we go directly back towards our time," West nodded. Malcolm drove the car towards the police station and stepped out. Delilah did the same. In the the police station it was hot and dirty. Malcolm walked to the counter and flashed his badge. "Good day, my name is Rush, this is my colleague Watson, FBI," The woman behind the counter was not impressed she looked at both Malcolm and Delilah. "What can I do for you?" she asked in a bored tone. "I would like to speak with the detective busy with the recent murders. We believe there might be more around that then it seems," The woman picked up the phone and called a local number. After five seconds she hung up. "Detective Bennett is waiting for you in his office, go up the stairs and then third door on the right," she said. "Thank you, have a nice day," "Same to you sir," she said. Malcolm and Delilah walked to the stairs. "Was it smart to use our real names?" "Why wouldn't it be, don't you know how many Rushes and Watsons there are, I say she heard those names before," "Hmm true, so what about this Detective Bennett, would he give us those documents?" "I don't think he wants trouble with the FBI and judging by the charming lady back there they rather have us gone yesterday," Malcolm said. Delilah nodded. They arrived at the door and with black letters on the window it said: Detective Bennett. Malcolm nodded and gruff voice from inside the room ordered them to come in. Malcolm opened the door. Behind a desk a middle aged man with horned rimmed glasses looked at his visitors. Malcolm hold out his hand "Good day, I'm Malcolm Rush, this is my colleague Delilah Watson, FBI," he said holding his badge in the other hand. The detective took his hand and shook it. "Sit down, how can I help you?" the detective asked suspiciously. "We are interested in some recent cases. Precision strikes in the chest area, almost no blood loss, done by a professional?" he said. "Why would be the FBI interested in that?" "Mostly because we think it might be a serial killer, copying murders from the past into his own strange sense of justice," Malcolm said. "Is that so? I never heard of that connection before," Bennett said. "It is a bit of a stretch of course...but the way it is done does make it kind of peculiar don't you think?" "No I don't, because I don't know what murders you are talking about, in the past...the recent past?" "Not quite, the first murder was in 1546 and the other in 1923, both victims were infamous because of a religious scandal," "And you think that our murderer is copying two different murders with two different murderers? That must be the worst case of copycatting I have seen!" Bennett mocked. "I understand your mocking," Delilah said. "A brit on the FBI? Wow...since when do you hire foreigners?" "My colleagues background does not concern you detective, and you better watch that mouth," Malcolm said angry. "Sorry about that..." Bennett said. Delilah nodded. "Anyway, as I was saying, I understand your mocking but if we can find out whether the recent victims were also connected to a religion we might be able to predict our killers next move," she said. Bennett nodded. He pushed his chair backwards and opened a drawer. He pulled a file out of there and handed it to Malcolm. "Here take it, I assume the FBI takes over from me?" "You assume correctly," Malcolm said. They stood up and walked out of the door. "Miss Watson," Bennett called. "Yes Mister Bennett?" she replied. "I hope you do accept my apology," "That's alright Mister Bennett, have a nice day," she giving him a soft smile. She closed the door. "Filthy American pig...I'm glad that in the future they shut down all this nonsense about backgrounds and countries," Malcolm nodded. "Let's go, we'll check the file in the car. They stepped outside, the sun felt hot and Malcolm couldn't wait to pull of the restrains that they called a tie. West was

waiting in the car and quickly opened the door when he saw them coming. "How did it go sir?" he asked. "Quite well, except from some discrimination," Malcolm said lightly. "Filthy pig..." Delilah said still angry. West looked at her and then to Malcolm, who gave him a knowing look. West nodded and started the car. "Where too sir?" "Go to the desert, we won't be disturbed there," West nodded and stepped on the pedal. Malcolm and Delilah both sat in the back of the car and looked at the pages of the file. "Two murders, both men, no known ties to religion. But that does not mean they don't have a tie, or maybe in the eye of the murderer they have," Malcolm said. "Maybe...but are we going to try to solve these murders or are we going to try to confirm whether they are done by this S.A. and his friends," "Both would be nice, and we have to exclude these murders were done by some religious method," Malcolm said. "Where do we start?" "We hook up to the database to see what we know about the two victims," West had stopped the car in the desert again and had started the car's computer. "Okay West, try to find Adam Drevek and Kurtwood Green," Malcolm said. West typed the two names and soon enough they had found the two victims. "Adam Drevek, 27, he was a bouncer in a local small casino and even in our database no ties to religion and Kurtwood Green was jobless and he was a Jehovah's witness," "So we can assume that religion is not the link or the reason they were killed?" West asked. "Maybe, but they are also not appearing on our chrono scanners. "Maybe they were Rogue shifters" Delilah stated. "But why would S.A. kill them? I figured he would want to have as much rogue shifters as possible under his disposal because we cannot track them," Malcolm said. "But we don't know that for sure," "True...so as long as we can't check their bodies we won't know for sure," Malcolm said pointing to an address in the file. "The morgue, that is where we can find them," West nodded and turned on the engine.

1200 hours, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008, Las Vegas

Malcolm and Delilah walked towards a big grey building and looked at the sign. "Are you ready for this?" Malcolm asked Delilah. "As ready as a girl who has to check up on two dead bodies can be," "Good, now let me do the talking okay, so that those American pigs can't get to you again," he joked. "Very funny Rush, very funny," she replied sarcastically. Inside the grey building it was cool and smelled of disinfectant. They walked to the counter and Malcolm spoke: Good day, my name is Rush and this is my colleague Watson, FBI," the man behind the counter looked at them and at the badge and asked: "What do the feds want?" "We want to see the bodies of Adam Drevek and Kurtwood Green," "Ah, those two, you are just in time they are going back to their families tomorrow," the man said. He picked up a big ring of keys from a hook near the wall and walked them to a door. "New rules, everything is double locked. I don't know why...it is not that they have anything on them," the man said almost accusingly, Malcolm didn't miss it. "We don't make up the rules, we have to follow them just like you," the man nodded uninterested. They walked in and although Delilah had never been in a morgue before she recognized it from the films she had scene. Rows and Rows full of small doors with behind it dead bodies of people who did not die naturally. She hid her amazement pretty well or their guide couldn't care less because he just opened to cabinets close to each other and pulled them back. "I will go back to my counter, if you need anything, the phone at the door is directly connected with mine," the man said. "Okay, it won't take long," "Take as long you need, they have all the time of the world," the man said. He walked out leaving the two of them alone. Delilah looked at Malcolm. "He sounds like you," she said. "What do you mean?" Malcolm asked. "He talks about the dead like you do, detached, like you don't care anymore," she said. Malcolm shook his head. "Not the time to talk about it now Delilah, we have work to do," "Right," she said abruptly. They turned to the bodies. Adam was very big and muscled, Kurtwood had a very small frame. Malcolm took a needle out of his pocket and got blood from both men for testing. They checked the wounds on the chest. Very small. "I know these kind of wounds, looks like they used a rapier of some kind," Malcolm said. "Why would they use a rapier, you cannot hide a rapier very easy," "If you time travel you don't have to hide the murder

weapon," Malcolm said. "Very true, and as they didn't find the murder weapon we are one step closer confirming they were murdered by S.A. or one of his friends," "The question is why of course," Malcolm took the vials of blood and put them in a protective case away in his pocket. He closed the cabinets and they walked out. "You feds work fast, I hope you closed the cabinets," "We did, thanks for your time," "I always make time for the FBI sir," the man said overly polite. "We'll make sure our colleagues know," Malcolm said. They both turned to the exit and walked out. Malcolm and Delilah both absorbed the sun like it was the best thing ever. "Let's go and find out if the blood really has the gene," Delilah suggested. "I still want to check whether Drevek had ties to Religion, let's go ask his old colleagues at that casino," Delilah nodded, they walked back to the car and told West their plan. West nodded and drove them towards the casino. "Stay here West," "Of course sir, by the way, may I suggest to Miss Maggie to put in a radio in the car?" Malcolm laughed: "I'll make sure she will get the message and don't worry West, after this we won't leave you alone sitting here," West nodded. Malcolm and Delilah stepped out of the car and looked at the casino. Of all the casino's in the city this would be the most ugly one, it was dark, gloomy and the singly neon light which showed the name couldn't hide the fact that only the lousiest of scum would show up here. Malcolm opened the door and walked in. It looked like they just time travelled again, only to the old west. The room they were in was empty. "Hello, anybody there?" Malcolm yelled. After two minutes an old man came out of the back room. "We're closed, can't you two read?" the man said grumpily. "We are not here for gambling, we want to ask you some questions about Adam Drevek," Malcolm said. "Who's asking?" "I'm Malcolm Rush, this is my colleague Watson, we are from the FBI," "FBI? I thought the Las Vegas Police was on the case," the man said. "Not anymore," Malcolm said. "Ah...well, what do you want to know?" "I want to know whether you knew anything about Mister Drevek being involved with any religion," Malcolm said. The old man laughed and laughed, he laughed for two minutes and then sat down totally out of breath. "What a joke, Adam involved with religion, good one sir, good one, I haven't laughed this much since poor Adam has been killed," "I take it he wasn't religious?" Malcolm asked. Suddenly the man had a serious look on his face. "Adam Drevek was as anti religious as somebody could be, if he wasn't a coward he would kill anyone who would try to convince him to convert," "A coward, wasn't he a bouncer of this casino, not really the cowardly type if you ask me," "Have you seen him? He's huge, nobody would even be there when he was standing at the door," Malcolm nodded. He looked at Delilah and then towards the old man. "We know enough, thank you for your time," "No problem sir, thanks for making me laughing," Malcolm ignored the last remark and together with Delilah they stepped outside. "So...we have a big guy who had nothing to do with religion and a Jehovah's witness, one huge, the other small, it doesn't make sense," "We haven't checked their blood yet, that could explain a lot," Delilah said. They walked to the car and stepped in. "Okay Lieutenant, takes us to the desert," Malcolm said.

1500 hours, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008, outside of Las Vegas

The car stopped at their camping spot. They stepped out and walked to the back of the car. They opened the trunk where a mini lab was hidden. "Good old Maggie, she thinks of everything," Malcolm said. "Now, normally we wouldn't be able to check whether their gene was different than the normal ones but luckily we have the gene right here," he said looking at Delilah. She held out her arm and Malcolm took some blood with a fresh needle. He put the blood in a vial and labeled it. "Okay, now we put the three vials in the machine and see if they match or not. If they do then we know they are rogue shifters, if we don't we have indeed to do with a copycat killer who's motive is one of the strangest in Law enforcement communities in all times," Malcolm sighed. He put the vials in their holders and the computer started to work. Malcolm and Delilah waited. "Have you seen West?" Delilah asked. "No, he said he was going for a little walk, I'm sure he'll be right back," Delilah nodded and looked at the screen. "No matches," Malcolm concluded. "Why were those men killed. There is no reason for it, it was not robbery, it was not for a

religious reason, the only link between them is the way they were killed. They are not even rogue shifters or shifters at all!" Delilah lay her hand on his shoulder. "No worries Malcolm, it not our case anymore," "You are wrong about that Miss Watson," the voice of West said behind them. They turned around and saw West holding a gun pointed at them. "What are you doing Lieutenant?" Malcolm asked. "Closing the trap we set for you," "Trap?" Delilah asked. "This was all a trap?" "Of course it is, isn't it a brilliant one too? My superior knew that Chrono Inc would sent their shifters to investigate these murders and as Mister Korbaninov was already killed it wasn't a stretch to think the two remaining shifters were sent. Although me going with you wasn't planned, it was fortunate as it is a lot easier to trap you here when you are out of your suit instead of in," "Trap us here?" Malcolm asked. "Yes, I got specific orders, if it were for me you would be lying dead on the floor now but my boss wants you to live, now step away from the car," he said. Malcolm looked at the gun. "Why would we, you won't kill us," West chuckled. "Rush, this is not the time to be a smart mouth, step away from the car and nobody needs to be hurt," he said looking at Delilah. Malcolm got the note and they moved away from the car. "Good, very good, now I need to do one thing," He pulled another gun from his pocket. "This will make your gene go into hibernation, now you won't be able to be scanned," he said and shot Malcolm. Malcolm fell down unconscious. "Malcolm!" Delilah said kneeling down. "He will be alright Miss Watson," West said. She stood up. "You better stay where you are, I won't hesitate to shoot," West said. He stepped in the car and with a flash he disappeared. Delilah cursed but then turned back to Malcolm. She unbuttoned his shirt looked at the wound in his stomach, it was small and didn't bleed, West had probably spoken the truth. She looked around but saw no one, she closed his shirt and took of his jacket which she lay on him like a blanket, then she took of her jacket and folded it and lay it under his head. Then she sat down not knowing what to do. She looked at her watch and thought of ways to communicate with the HQ...but she knew as well as West did that that was not possible. She stood up and walked to the place where the car had been, she noticed that the police file was laying there the vials however lay broken on the floor. She quickly buried them and picked up the police file, she walked back to Malcolm and tried to wake him, he didn't react although she saw he was breathing, she decided to wait. She start to read the police file and tried to think of ways to get back although she knew that only Malcolm could even have the slightest idea of how to return...he was the most experienced.

1900 hours, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2008, outside of Las Vegas

Delilah was getting cold and her home made campfire wasn't helping. In the hours that has passed she had gone through everything she learned today and Malcolm still lay unconscious. She looked at him, worried, she saw the sweat on his forehead and he was very warm and feverish. She sighed. "Come on Malcolm, wake up," she said using a tissue to wipe the sweat of his face. "We'll get through this," she said to herself. She threw some new wood on the fire. "We'll get through this..." Two hours later Malcolm woke up. Delilah quickly walked to him. "How do you feel?" "Pretty screwed..." Malcolm said. Delilah helped him sitting up. "What happened?" he asked. "West betrayed us, he took the car, we are stranded in time," "Dammit...what time is it?" "9 O'Clock," Delilah answered. "Wow...I have been unconscious for about six hours?" Malcolm said amazed. "Yep," Delilah said. Malcolm looked at her and saw she was shivering. He quickly got the jacket he had slept on and put it over her shoulders. "Okay..." he said "to make a long story short, we are trapped in the past with no way to tell people where we are, right?" "Pretty much," "Hmmm, well luckily we have a safety protocol and someone will come and fetch us if we don't return 24 hours after we left," "So we have to stay?" "Yes, because otherwise they'll don't know where to find us," Malcolm said. "And as it is only a few hours till the 24 hours are over we will be out of here sooner then we think,"

0100 hours, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008, outside of Las Vegas

Malcolm walked towards the road and looked towards the city. Delilah walked behind him. "Something's wrong," Malcolm said. "What's wrong," "They are too late, that would only happen if something had happened to the HQ," Malcolm said. "So what do we do now?" Delilah asked. Malcolm checked his pocket and found his wallet. He checked the content. "We have enough cash to find a place to sleep for a while, buy some clothes, we have the FBI badges and the police file, so we go to Las Vegas, get some rest and try to find a way back or to find West and this S.A.," "So, off to Las Vegas then, again." "Indeed," Two hours later they arrived in the city and found a cheap hotel. They hired a room with two beds and went to sleep.

1000 hours, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008, Hotel Dining Room, Las Vegas

Malcolm and Delilah sat at a table eating breakfast, they still wore the clothes they had on yesterday and decided to get some fresh ones as soon as possible. They tried to avoid contact with the Hotel staff as much as possible and hoped that they wouldn't screw up the time line by being there longer than a day. "What if we don't find a way back Malcolm?" Delilah asked worried. "Then either we disappear in time or we live happily ever after in this time where we both don't belong," "Well at least now I can see films I wanted to see last year but that were still in production," "That's true, although if you checked your personal computer you would see a very good database of all movies made through time," Malcolm said. "I was still figuring that thing out...I hope I'll get the chance to learn how to use it properly," she said sadly. Malcolm nodded. "We need to figure out whether S.A. or West or any other left something for us at the murder scenes. We still have our computers and the ability to use our time controls," Malcolm said. "But first new clothes, two FBI agents can't walk like this," Delilah said. They finished breakfast and went out. After walking for a few minutes they found a nice shop and got some formal clothes. Malcolm paid for it and they left. "We better find a way to go back or find some way to make money because otherwise we'll be out of cash soon," Delilah noted. "We'll find a way," Malcolm said with a mischievous grin on his face. "You have something in your mind do you?" she asked. "Maybe, but let's talk about that later," Malcolm said. He purchased a backpack and had put everything they owned in it. He pulled the police file out of it. "Okay, let's see where the first murder was committed," they took a cab towards a dark alley which seemed to be used as a dumpster. "This is it?" Delilah asked the cab driver. "Yup, this is the street you gave me," "Very well, here keep the change," Malcolm said giving the driver money. "Thank you," the driver said. They stepped out and the driver drove away. "Seems like a perfect place for a murder," Malcolm said. "Indeed, I wonder why Drevek came here," Delilah asked. "I assume the murders were random, just the way it was done wasn't, maybe Drevek came here to dump something, I don't think the police comes here much unless someone gets murdered here," Malcolm noted. They walked through the alley and noticed some abandoned police ribbon and a crayon drawing of a body was fading away. "Things go quick here, this used to be investigation area and not even two days later it is abandoned by everyone. Like nothing happened," Malcolm said disgusted. Delilah looked around. "We're clear," Malcolm nodded and opened the computer on his watch to look for any clues. "There are some time related anomalies which confirms West's story but other than that it's clean. Drevek didn't even had the time to defend himself," "Seems logical, otherwise it would be a regular murder and we wouldn't have felt in the trap," Delilah said. "It is worrying though that West was able to pull this off, normally the security of Chrono Inc is not this foolish, someone with a lot of power pulled this off, didn't West say something about his superior?" "Indeed, so we can assume that S.A is a mighty man or woman who can pull a lot of strings without being suspected of doing so," "Are you thinking of someone high up, someone in the council?" Delilah asked. She had read about the council when studying the time travel history, "Must be, although I do not know whether he is in the council or just outside it, no one in the council has the initials of S.A." Malcolm said shutting of his computer. "Let's see if Green's location gives any clues,"

1200 hours, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008, graveyard, Las Vegas

The graveyard was empty, the scene they found was pretty much similar as the dumpster. They noted that Green was killed at the grave of most probably his parents. "Sad...very sad," she said noticing the single rose that was dying on the grave of his mother. Malcolm nodded. He kneeled down at the grave and noticed something else. In the soil a letter was burried. He quickly took it out. "What's that?" Delilah asked. Malcolm looked at the letter. "Our names are on it," he said. He opened it and read out loud.

*Major, Miss Watson*

*I hope this letter reached you, otherwise we truly are lost. I have send the time coordinates to the second murder location, let us hope that S.A and West don't find it before you do. They have taken over the base and killed the General, Ryan was captured and has to work now on perfecting the time machines with Maggie, I don't know what they plan to do with me but that does not matter, what matters is that you come back, Ryan knows about this letter and will try to send one suit back in time. Now this last part is important, he will send it in three pieces to make sure the enemy won't notice, you need to get the pieces on three locations. One in Las Vegas, one in New York and the other in Washington. Be aware that S.A. will send his man to check up on you once in a while so be safe, don't let them know you know and be careful.*

*Doctor Garden*

*P.S: S.A stands for Seth Anders, maybe it means something for you,"*

Malcolm found one other letter where the location and times were noted. "Good old doctor," Malcolm said. "Poor General," Delilah said. "We will revenge him, and all the other people Seth Anders killed," he said forcefully. "Who's Seth Anders?" "A dead man as soon as I get my hands on him," Malcolm said. Delilah knew this was not the time to press the subject. She looked at the notes. "We have to hurry, the first part will arrive within the hour. "You're right," Malcolm said. They left the graveyard and took a cab to their destination.

1315 hours, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 2008, old warehouse, Las Vegas

The cab stopped. Malcolm paid the driver and he and Delilah stepped out of the car looking at an old storage warehouse for metal bars. Malcolm looked around. "They are not on to us yet, let's go quickly," he said. Delilah nodded and they walked to the personnel entrance. It was unlocked and damaged. "Robbers..." Malcolm noted. They stepped in. The hall was empty except for old damaged pallets and metal bars which were bend, broken or rusted. Malcolm checked his watch. "Any minute now," he didn't even had time to complete his sentence or the helmet appeared with a little note from Ryan.

*Hurry up, I'm dead tired and nearly finished with improved time controls, they'll use it against you...they will send a rogue shifter to you in tomorrow, go to New York but don't go to the location before 1800 hours.*

*Ryan*

Malcolm put the note and the helmet in his bag. "Let's go, New York is quite far," Malcolm said. "Do you have enough money to buy plane tickets?" Delilah asked. Malcolm checked his wallet. "Nope..." "Then how do we get there?" "Let's go to the casino," Malcolm said. "The casino?" Delilah said surprised. "Yes...we are going to win some money to pay for our ticket," Malcolm smiled and pulled up his sleeve pointing at his watch. "Cheater..." she mumbled. "It's not that I'm going to win more than needed...well maybe a little bit," Malcolm walked out the door and Delilah followed. With the help of the time control

watch Malcolm won money at poker. But Delilah had to admit that even besides using the time control Malcolm was quite a good poker player. Although she doubted he would have won against the pro's who sat there. They made sure that he didn't look suspicious and the next day they took a cab to the airport. "We arrive at 3 pm, we'll find us a hotel to stay and go to the location at seven," Malcolm said. "What about the rogue shifter?" "We'll make sure he'll see us, but he will be gone before we go the location," "Why are you so sure?" "Because I know Seth...and if Seth is one thing it's arrogant, he thinks he's so he even expects us to go and look for a solution to the problem and that is why he let us live," "For him it's all a game?" "Exactly," Malcolm said. "Want to tell me about him?" "Not now, when we are in the air," Malcolm said. They showed their fake ID's and got on board the plane. Not much later they were in full flight and they sat in the back. Malcolm looked outside and then turned to Delilah who had her eyes closed. He touched her hand and she looked at him. "You okay?" "Not a fan of flying," she said. "It'll be alright, I'm with you," he said. She nodded relaxing a bit. "Tell me about Seth," she whispered. "Seth Anders is my great great great great great great grandfather, he was born in 1526 and fetched by me from the past because he has the chrono gene. I trained him, I taught him everything I knew about time travel although he always beat me with melee combat and swordfight, he is a master duelist with the rapier, anyway, his ideas about time travel were kind of radical and one night he disappeared from the base," "You didn't go after him?" "I did and we fought, I overpowered him because I had time on my hand and he didn't. I believed he fell to his death cursing something about revenge, I guess I was wrong about that," "Why did you think he was dead?" "He didn't show up on the chrono scanner. The gene gets deactivated on death, I think he found away to mutate his own gene" Malcolm sighed. "So...he's alive and prepared his own army of rogue shifters...and you were one of his targets, although he probably hadn't planned I would be there," "Luckily you did," Delilah said smiling. "Yes, luckily I did," he said smiling back. Delilah lay her head on his shoulder. "You know Malcolm, even though we are in deep trouble right now, I would not have wanted to miss it, especially not because you are here to protect me," Malcolm blushed. He put his arm around his shoulder and said: "At first I was angry I had to train you, because it would mean I was out of time travelling for ages, but now I'm glad. And we'll get through this and take our revenge and destroy my grandfather once and for all,"

The plane landed and they got out. They walked towards the gate and suddenly Malcolm stood still. "Do you feel that?" he whispered, "Yes," "The rogue is close," Malcolm quickly walked forward, acting like nothing happened. They called a cab. "Where too?" "Ehm, a good hotel please, not too expensive," "Very well sir," the cab driver said. Malcolm and Delilah said nothing on the trip to the hotel, the cab driver could hear everything and they didn't want to risk that. The cab stopped at a nice little hotel. "I recommend this place, it's good for a good prize," the cab driver said. He looked at the pair in the mirror. "Although they don't have a wedding suite here," "Thank you," Malcolm said quickly. He paid the driver and got out and Delilah laughed. They got in and rented a room with two beds. It was half past six when they stepped out of the hotel. They rented a car and drove to a private shipyard and parked the car nearby. "This is going to be a lot tougher to get in than the last one," Malcolm noted. The building was still in use, although it was empty and no guards were around it the doors were locked. "I think we have to try the roof, how's your climbing?" Malcolm asked Delilah. "Good enough I hope," she said. They walked to the building and looked for place to get up. Through some crates and a dangerous part where they had to climb on little holes in the wall. They succeeded and stood on the roof where they found a roof window. They looked down. "Totally dark, that means we won't be disturbed." Delilah nodded and Malcolm smashed the window. No alarm was attached to the window. He helped Delilah lowering herself through the hole in the window and then followed her down. They landed on some sort of metallic bridge. Slowly they climbed down some ladders and finally they stood on a wooden platform with water beneath them. "Let's hope that Ryan can aim right, I don't fancy a swim," Malcolm said. He looked at his watch. A flash appeared in the middle of the area filled with water and Malcolm pressed a button on his watch, he looked at Delilah who stood still and then

stepped on the water he quickly grabbed the suit and was on the wooden platform when the time stop lifted. Delilah turned around and saw Malcolm with the chest part of the suit. He took his shirt and jacket off put the chest piece on and then put his shirt and jacket back on. "Okay, let's get out of here," Malcolm said. They walked to the back door of the yard and saw that a single beam was holding it. They removed the beam and opened the door. "This is almost too easy," Delilah said. "Indeed, then again if Ryan plans it alright it should be pretty easy," They got back in the car and drove to the hotel. Malcolm gave her the little note that was attached to the chest piece of the suit. Delilah read it out loud.

*They moved the doctor to another facility, I don't know what they are planning. They don't seem to notice though that I'm sending you stuff. Go to Washington and wait until 8 pm before entering the church where I'll send the last piece.*

That night they took a plane towards Washington and slept in a hotel near the airport.