

Evaluation: Subject Callipygian Mercenary (CM)  
Investigation Authority: Cleared  
Date of Evaluation: 41.12.5105 Standard  
Subject Moniker: Melody White  
Instability Threat: Low  
Method of Travel: Unknown  
Origin: Universe 01

Details: Subject CM is a Type-37C entity (designation: Aquakin; clarification: shark-esque; specification: shortfin mako); as a Type-37C entity, Subject CM is at the rare but not unwarranted height of 327,66 centimeters. Subject CM worked as a mercenary for 1.5 decades until she joined Subject BF (see P.O.I. Eval.-Type 172;Lauren); her most notable served conflict was the failed revolution of universe 01's (designation: Fantasy) Mer Queendom (clarification: underwater feudal state of Type-35E (designation: Mer) and Type-37C entities). Subject CM has shown an overt and undeniable desire for semen ejaculate [Evaluator's note: This is absolutely relevant information, censors.] Subject CM is skilled at hand-to-hand combat and has, in the past, shown disregard for weaponry. However, as of the intrusion into universe 05 (designation: Broken), she has obtained a Class-9C weapon ("powder-fired magazine-fed automatic handrifle") and a Class-10D weapon ("powder-fired magazine-fed penetrating rifle"), but has shown no interest in using these weapons. Most likely, Subject BF recruited Subject CM for brute force purposes. Subject CM has been observed in universes 01 (designation: Fanciful), 04 (designation: Wet), 05 (designation: Broken), and 07 (designation: Blackpowder) but notably, Subject CM was absent during Subject BF's infiltration of universe 09 (designation: Wonderland). Current hypothesis states as Subject CM making an effort to reconnect with her son (moniker: Harmon White), presumably to indoctrinate him into Subject BF's machinations.

Solution: While vulgar, the proposition of sexual activities with the promise of semen ejaculation in order to pacify her into a subdual state has a high potential for success. Her strength and unarmed ability may require electrical stunning measures. Subject CM has one son, who could be leveraged as a hostage.

[Supervisor's Note: Is that really the best subject identification you could think up?]

[Evaluator's Response: If you can think of a better one, you can change it.]

[END OF EVALUATION]

Lauren, Nadalia, and Anna were on their way to the observation room three days later. According to Delagai+, the small expeditionary fleet would be landing on the Firstborn's headquarters planet, and the ten explorers were meeting in the observation room to watch the descent.

"So, how's the petting zoo doing?" Lauren asked Anna, changing the subject from one about reality television.

"It's doing awesome!" Anna responded, fixing her headband.

"A what?" Nadalia inquired.

"A zoo's a living archive animals, sometimes for preservational purposes, sometimes for educational purposes, and mostly for entertainment purposes," Lauren explained. "A petting zoo is for small animals – like goats, ponies, rabbits, et cetera – that're safe to touch and, well, pet. Usually, they're for kids, and the animals themselves can be young."

"Oh," Nadalia said. "What an interesting idea."

"But 'petting zoo' is the sibs' term for, like, my totally bitchin' daycare," Anna said. Nadalia blinked.

"A place parent's can send children for the *day* if they're too busy to take *care* of the little monster," Lauren explained, once more.

"Oh," Nadalia said. "Oh?"

"Just ignore the 'petting' part," Anna said. "It's the youth themes you're totally supposed to think of."

"Okay," Nadalia said.

"It's like, you know, my big charity effort," Anna said. "Because everyone deserves a childhood."

"What Anna has failed to mention is that about a third of the kids there are May's," Lauren pointed out. Nadalia laughed.

"Really?" Nadalia said.

"Seriously, it's not that big of a deal," Anna said. "It's just sis helping out sis."

"How does that even work?" Nadalia asked, cocking her head. "I've never even thought about a literal child of Gods."

"They're not divine," Lauren said. "May's not dumb."

"Her junk's like totally boring when she bones," Anna said.

"Thanks for that image," Lauren muttered.

"I see," Nadalia said. "Um, I don't think I want to know anymore."

"I can't believe this," came Delagai+'s voice from farther down the corridor.

Lauren, Nadalia, and Anna glanced between themselves. They hurried on, and soon, they found Delagai+ addressing two Firstborn restraining a figure who made Lauren, Nadalia, and Anna stop in their tracks. Although her body appearance had changed, her coatdress was unmistakable. Now, with orange skin of candied rind, entwined chewy strings as hair the same color, white chocolate nails, a blue taffy tongue, doughnut eyes wetted with glaze, and grinning teeth of freeze-dried ice cream, Sweet Su bounced in place on her pink go-go boots. A sensation of unsettlement came over Lauren, recalling their first encounter with Sweet Su. By Nadalia's expression, Lauren knew her knight was feeling the same. Anna, however beamed and waved at Sweet Su. Sweet Su caught Anna's wave and stood on her tiptoes, waving over Delagai+'s shoulder. Delagai+ turned her head and acknowledged the trio.

"What is she doing here?" Lauren said, as the three explorers strode up to the situation.

"You know this... this... this...?" Delagai+ started.

“Stowaway,” Sweet Su finished.

“Yes, thank you,” Delagai+ said to Sweet Su. Then, she frowned.

“No problem,” Sweet Su.

“Yes, there certainly *is* a problem,” Delagai+ stated.

“We saw her perform unspeakable acts on that last... planet,” Nadalia said.

“Speak for yourself,” Anna said.

“Intruding on a Firstborn ship is a violation of several treaties and communal laws,” Delagai+ told Sweet Su.

“I’m an independent,” Sweet Su declared.

“Good,” Delagai+ said. “That means we can throw you out the airlock with no repercussions.”

Sweet Su shrugged. Delagai+ sighed.

“How did you enter the ship anyways?” Delagai+ asked. “So we can better our security.”

“She was selling teleportation devices last time we saw her,” Lauren said.

“No devices were found on her person at apprehension,” one of the other Firstborn said.

“Our systems should shield against any such technology anyway,” Delagai+ said.

“Actually, mine is built-in,” Sweet Su said.

Sweet Su popped over behind the three explorers in less than a second, leaving the Firstborn and the explorers briefly stunned. Then, the Firstborn went into aggressive stances. Lauren, Nadalia, and Anna faced Sweet Su. Sweet Su waved with both hands. Anna laughed. Nadalia scrunched her lips. Lauren scratched her right temple.

“I wish it was easy for me,” Nadalia muttered.

“So, I’m just gonna go,” Sweet Su said, taking a few steps backward.

“Why did you stowaway anyway?” Lauren asked Sweet Su, making the candy woman stop.

“That planet was smelly,” Sweet Su answered.

“That’s your entire reason?” Delagai+ exclaimed.

“I’ve got a sensitive nose,” Sweet Su said, before tearing off her nose and popping it into her mouth, chewing it as bubblegum cartilage. Lauren, Nadalia, Delagai, and the other Firstborn winced. “By the way, I told you it would grow back.” Sweet Su held up her previously dismember arm. “Everything grows back. Everyday. Never stops. A new sweet every day, just like the new deals on your very own personal teleporter!” Sweet Su pulled one of her teleportation devices out of the bodice of her coatdress, holding it outward. The Firstborn were unamused. Sweet Su stuffed it back inside. “That’s my cue. Bye!”

Sweet Su disappeared from view. Anna waved at the empty spot. Delagai+ sighed and turned to the other two Firstborn.

“Put out a search on that... candy thing,” Delagai+ said.

“Her name is ‘Sweet Su’,” Lauren specified.

“Sure, that,” Delagai+ said. “Ask the Thauon for help. Their sense will come in handy.”

The other two Firstborn nodded and jogged away with purpose.

“I’m sure we’ll see her again,” Nadalia said.

“I hope so,” Anna commented. “I haven’t seen bioengineering like that in millennia.”

“Very reminiscent of that one phase Axy had,” Lauren remarked.

“And such a cute dress,” Anna said.

“Once Captain Erometc| finds out there’s a stowaway...” Delagai+ said. She let out a deep breath. “I wouldn’t want to be on the bridge. Hopefully, with the Thاونон’s help, we can track her down.”

“I assume those are the Kin-alikes,” Nadalia said.

“Hm, oh yes,” Delagai+ said. “I can see the similarities to the Kin of your reality.”

“What’s with them anyway?” Lauren asked Delagai+.

“Why are they on the ship?” Delagai+ responded.

“Yeah,” Lauren said.

“Well, the Thاونон are something of a neutral party regarding the space-faring ‘community’. They’re allowed to board any vessel, land on any planet free of alliances or ties, and their own planet is neutral territory. Should a vessel or planet housing them be attacked by members of any certain group/civilization, the Thاونон will send out their Eradication Force and do their titular job to the whole of that group/civilization, as is the agreed upon law. They’ve done that, uh, thrice now.”

“Radical,” Anna said.

“They must be skilled negotiators, too, because I can only imagine the process to set your society in that beneficial of a position,” Nadalia said.

“No kidding,” Lauren said.

“Strangely, those rules don’t apply to their own ships or planet,” Delagai+ noted.

“They’ll just do the basic defensive response, driving off the attackers and leaving it at that.”

“I guess they’re just a society of overcompensating guests,” Lauren said, shrugging.

“I would love to read their laws in full,” Nadalia said.

“Only you would,” Lauren said, kissing her knight on the cheek. Nadalia lightly blushed.

Lauren, Nadalia, and Anna parted ways from Delagai+, who went to do her other duties while on the lookout for Sweet Su. The trio finished the walk to the observation room – where they found Sweet Su unintentionally terrorizing their friends. Strea was up in Rita’s arms, clinging to the Rita while the Amazon soothed her. Valentina had her guitar on her lap and her revolver on top of her guitar, teasing the hammer with her thumb. Melody had her arms crossed in front of her body. Alba, a lit cigar hanging out the side of her mouth, had her lighter in one hand and a bottle of the vessel’s liquor in the other. Foa stood with a guarded stance, knuckles and antlers crackling with sparks. Only Theresah was calm, for she was the one holding up Sweet Su by the back of her dress. Sweet Su was whistling, her nose already nearly remade.

“Oh my gosh, hey...!” Anna said to Sweet Su.

“Hey, yourself!” Sweet Su said, waving at Anna.

“Look what molasses miscreant popped into our presence,” Theresah said, jostling Sweet Su. The candy woman’s eyes widened.

“Ooh, I like that one,” Sweet Su said. She pulled a notepad out of her bodice, plucked one of her braids, and used jam ink from her improvised pen to write down the epithet. She blew a bubble, which then popped.

“We were just about to tell you she was here, on the ship somewhere,” Nadalia said. “I guess that somewhere is in here.”

“Fucking melt her Al,” Strea said. “Or V. Or Lia. I don’t care who.”

“That’s rude,” Sweet Su said, stuffing her notepad into her bodice and sticking out her tongue.

“That is rude, sweetie,” Rita said down at Strea.

“She’s a stowaway,” Lauren said. Theresah immediately dropped Sweet Su and wiped her hand on her coat. Sweet Su, upon landing, performed a cartwheel over to the fountain.

“Deplorable,” Theresah said, wrinkling her nose.

“That’s what you object to?” Valentina questioned. “Not the gross self-eating or the terrible sales pitch?”

“Ah, but I sell and speak just dandy,” Sweet Su said, stepping up onto the edge of the fountain. Reaching underneath her dress, she pulled out another teleportation device and held it beside her head. “You’re just not hearing how great of a price you can get on your very own teleporter. Warranty not included.”

Nadalia leaned over to whisper to Lauren, “She reminds me a lot of Cammia.”

“Yeah,” Lauren said.

Valentina raised her revolver, cocked the hammer, aimed forward, and pulled the trigger. A .45-caliber bullet struck the teleporter, and two consequences occurred as it exploded. First, shrapnel embedded itself in the side of Sweet Su’s nonchalant face (the sight of which made Alba tremble slightly). Second, Valentina disappeared in a flash of light – guitar, revolver, and all – and Rita suddenly patted a bump which had appeared on her stomach. Strea flipped around in Rita’s arms and faced the bump.

“Hey, that’s my spot,” Strea complained.

Rita hiccupped. The bump travelled up Rita’s body, and then, Valentina hopped out of Rita’s mouth, walking out of the room grumbling about her guitar. Strea flipped around again with a smugly satisfied expression. Sweet Su peeled off the damaged part of her face and began picking at the shrapnel stuck in her rock candy skull. Alba dropped the bottle with a repulsed face, whole body trembling. The liquor bottle broke on the floor. Alba left the room also grumbling, her cigar having inexplicably and unrelatedly gone out. Strea did not faint, but she did cover her eyes with her hands and Rita’s.

Melody lowered her arms, and Foa’s sparks faded. Theresah spat on the floor. Rita flipped back one of her braids. Anna gazed at Sweet Su’s self-surgery with sharp attention. Lauren went along with everything. Nadalia went towards the window as the vessel decelerated as it went by a truly green star. Orbited by numerous stations, a yellow and green planet came into view, the home of the Firstborn.