



UNFORESEEN EFFICACY
THE GENESIS FACTOR

VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER 1

MASON DENISE CARLISLE

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INTRODUCTION

We all have heard the reports of strange lights in the sky, but official explanations for these occurrences have been questionable and we are left to wonder. But what if there is some truth to those hushed stories about UFO sightings and beings not of this world? What if there really are places where strange dimensional shifts occur, such as the Bermuda Triangle? What if there is a special group consisting of the world's most elite, most intelligent individuals brought together to work on a top secret project similar to the Philadelphia Experiment? What if there was a spacecraft that crashed to Earth in the late 1940s or early 1950s, and not only were there dying beings from another world onboard, but also something else that ended up in the hands of three scientists who were already secretly experimenting with human cloning? Now, imagine that this discovery resulted in the success of their cloning experiments and a new species of man is created, and what makes him so extraordinary also makes it impossible to study, much less control or contain, him—a true *Unforeseen Efficacy*.

This series of novels explores all the myths we've heard about and have been led to believe are fairytales or delusions of the insane. UE evaluates the foundations of most religious beliefs and what we really know about God, for those of us who believe there is a God. Subsequently, through the supernatural insight of these gifted beings, we're taught absolute truths, which combine parts of teachings of many religions and philosophies throughout the world, and we learn who we are and the true meaning of oneness. UE doesn't believe one belief is completely right but is part of one truth, just as we are part of one God.

Writing UE has allowed those of us working on it to put many things into perspective. One is that although science has managed to prove how things technically occurred, they have not been able to eliminate the presence of God. There are many beliefs and value systems throughout the universe, not just Earth. We are not the only forms of life All That Is created, and religion now has very little to do with God. God has one agenda and that is that we love each other. We come here to learn for him and I say him because in third density, which

is the freewill density, we see the male face of All That Is who is Purusha. And we never know complete happiness in this density because there is too much suffering and we are not staying. Such happiness begins in the first level of heaven, which is the Age of Aquarius, fourth density, when we will see the female side of All That Is who is Prakriti.

In this third density, most come here to learn and grow, and teaching can sometimes be as simple as how one lives their life. Others fall here in order to help and are considered Wanderers from other worlds, incarnating here to provide some assistance. Someone is always watching us and we are forever learning something from each other. It is when we can teach, as well as learn, that the flow is undisturbed. Third density is an era when it is hoped those beings, whose Logos chose freewill, will learn to sow good seeds every day and with everyone they come into contact with no matter how hard things are around them.

None of us are continual victims in life. We get what we give and as it is written, those who have nothing to give receive nothing. This is the universal law of Karma. Here is where we learn to do all those things our Lord spoke of when he was with us, so we are ready to harvest with the Earth at the end of this age. It is obvious there are few who are prepared for this and time waits for no one. We are progressing back to All That Is and this is the age where those on Earth continue to incarnate in order to complete their training, if this has not been done in previous lives. And if one does not learn the lesson, the lesson just gets harder.

The final message of UE is simple and yet profound in its execution, and can be summed up in the following observation extracted during the writing of these extraordinary novels:

The true objective of the church's ministry is the reconciliation of *all that live* back to *All That Is*. This message has been thus far lost to mankind. The objective of *Unforeseen Efficacy* is to recapture and attempt to redeliver that message.

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Narcus had been gone for hours, Roberta thought as she stood looking around the large, dark, empty warehouse he'd found for them for the time being. It had begun to rain heavily after he left, saying he was going to purchase food. Roberta slowly walked to the only clean window in the room and, as she watched the rain falling, hoped her husband was okay and would be in soon. She gently rubbed her swollen stomach and smiled. She was almost ready to deliver her and Narcus' first baby, and she thought how the news of her pregnancy, at first, disturbed him. But he married her and was a perfect husband, she thought smiling. He would be a good father she decided, but wondered why he would suddenly become nervous and uproot them from their home. This time it was harder for Narcus to find a place for them she thought, taking a deep breath and smiling when she felt the baby move.

Narcus told Roberta he had no family, and he was very quiet most of the time, she thought. In fact, he certainly wasn't what she considered a friendly man, and she thought about the day they first met. He seemed to be running from something she thought, gazing down at a stone she felt beneath her shoe. It was the same stone she'd been kicking around all day and when it fell through a crack in the floor and disappeared, she almost cried. Roberta took a deep breath and wondered why she always liked the strange ones. She thought about how bashful he was when he noticed her staring at him at the outdoor market. He actually ran to avoid her and she smiled, remembering how she chased him away from the market. Just thinking about that day made her laugh. She wondered what made him stop running from her so suddenly. Whatever it was, she was certainly happy it happened. It was the beginning of the most loving and, at first, exciting relationship Roberta ever had with anyone.

She giggled again thinking about the look on his face when she followed him around the corner and into the coffee shop. He looked lost, as if he didn't know what to do about her following him. It was as if he'd never dealt with anything like this before. She slowly walked toward him and smiled sweetly at him. He didn't say a word, and he didn't run again. She remembered asking him why he was afraid of her, and he blurted out in the deepest, strongest voice she'd ever heard,

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“Why are you following me?”

Because he was so handsome, she told him and quickly asked if he were married. Narcus seemed shocked she found him attractive and told her no he wasn't married, nor was he afraid of her. He walked away and she continued to follow him. From time to time, he would stop and glare at her but would say nothing. Then he finally stopped walking so fast and stopped glaring at her. He even asked if she were lost. Roberta shook her head no and smiled sweetly at him again. She never left his side after that day, and he didn't seem to want her to.

Loving Narcus was easy Roberta thought, and although he never talked much, he was very affectionate towards her and always made sure she was safe. After spending a year with him, she realized there was something very strange about this man she was now so in love with. He was very smart, could speak many different languages, none of which she understood except Italian and a little English. He was good with numbers she thought, remembering how often she found papers he was working on with strange equations she'd never seen before. What was he working on, she wondered. The cracking on the staircase alerted her he had finally returned. Roberta slowly moved backward as Narcus taught her, warning her not to trust anyone and also never to rush to meet him until she was sure it was actually he.

It was Narcus and it was obvious something was wrong. He stumbled when he reached the top of the stairs and Roberta ran to his side. When she reached him, she realized he was hurt and when he sensed her anxiety, he quickly told her some teenagers jumped him because they wanted his wallet. He assured her he was all right and told her they would be leaving after he rested a little while. He handed her the bag in his hand, and she helped him sit down in a space she cleaned up for them. He kissed her and smiled and she slowly opened the bag, suddenly realizing how hungry she was, especially when she smelled the fresh bread. As she slowly took it from the bag, she wondered how Narcus kept it from getting wet, because the bag was soaked.

“Il miele di Narcus, voglio sapere perché dovevamo lasciare la casa del nostro (*Narcus honey, I want to know why we had to leave our home*),” she softly asked. “Il bimbo è dovuto presto e ho paura (*The baby is due soon and I'm afraid*).”

“So il mio amore. Lo penso's il tempo l'ho detto ciò che continua ho delle informazioni di valore immagazzinate su qui (*I know, my love. I*

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think it's time I told you what is going on. I have valuable information stored up here),” he replied, pointing to his head. Roberta smiled because she loved to hear him speak. His deep voice made him appear so strong and always made her feel so safe.

“Così, qualcuno l'insegue (*So, someone is chasing you*)?” she softly asked.

“Sempre il mio amore. Ma io ha trovato un sicuro per ed il (*Always, my love. But I have found a safe place for you and the baby*). Io'm andare di lasciare il lei lì finché posso lavorare queste cose fuori (*I'm going to leave you there until I can work these things out*). So che lei indossa't vuole separare da me, mia moglie...ma posso't tutti noi protegge chiudono in su me (*I know you don't want to separate from me, my wife...but I can't protect all of us, they are closing in on me*). Mie non posso più proteggere, ed indosso't loro vuole lo trovare (*I can no longer protect myself, and I don't want them to find you*). Lei porta mio figlio, e è una persona speciale (*You carry my son, and he is a special person*). Se scoprono di lei, la sua vita sarà in proprio come molto pericolo come il mio (*If they find out about you, your life will be in just as much danger as mine*). Per favore di capire mia moglie. Indosso't vuole qualunque danno venirgli o mio figlio (*Please understand, my wife, I don't want any harm to come to you or my son*).”

“Che lei farà (*What will you do*)?”

“Non io'm sicuro ma loro devo prendere via dalla mia pista ancora (*I'm not sure but I have to get them off my trail again*). Posso't lo promette che mai saremo sicuro non importa dove viviamo Roberta, non ama la maggior parte delle persone sono (*I can't promise you we will ever be safe no matter where we live, Roberta, not like most people are*).”

“Il Narcus, perché la lattina't lei loro dà appena che vogliono (*Narcus, why can't you just give them what they want*)?”

“Mia moglie, sono che vogliono (*My wife, I am what they want*),” he whispered. Roberta always felt her husband was a little strange, but now she was afraid for him. He sensed her fear and pulled her close to him, holding her tightly in his arms. “Lei hanno ragione, io'm diverso...ciò's tutto lo posso dire (*You are right, I'm different...that's all I can tell you*).”

“Nostro figlio sarà questa maniera (*Will our son be this way*)?”

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“Sì, in molte maniere, ma sarà sicuro finché indossano’t sa circa il due di lei (*Yes, in many ways, but he will be safe as long as they don’t know about the two of you*). Ho cambiato il suo nome e ho comprato questi documenti di identificazione (*I have changed your name and purchased these identification documents*),” he said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an envelope. He gently placed the envelope in her hand and smiled. “Lei sono questa persona capisce lei d’ora innanzi mia moglie (*You are this person from now on. Do you understand, my wife*)?”

“Sì (*Yes*),” Roberta whispered, kissing him gently on his trembling lips. Narcus was such a handsome man, she thought. He was tall with a full head of thick dark hair that fell across his shoulders. He had soft full eyebrows and brown eyes. He never seemed to grow hair on his face she thought, at least she never remembered seeing any trace of facial hair. His lips were slightly full and his teeth were perfect and white, even though he smoked cigarettes and drank so much coffee. He had lovely delicate hands, and they were so soothing she thought, and she smiled thinking how much she enjoyed every time he touched her. He also had a tremendous appetite and she often wondered how he remained so thin. Then she smiled and tightened her arms around him, hoping she wouldn’t remain so big after the baby was born. “Il Narcus, come lei io sa’m andare di dare la nascita a un bimbo di ragazzo comunque (*Narcus, how do you know I’m going to give birth to a boy baby anyway*)?” she asked, teasing him.

“Perché, voglio un bimbo di ragazzo così io’m andare di avere un bimbo di ragazzo (*Because, I want a boy baby so I’m going to have a boy baby*). Poi possiamo avere un bimbo di ragazza per lei è che un progetto buono (*Then we can have a girl baby for you. Is that a good plan*)?”

“Sì (*Yes*),” she replied and smiled. How she loved him she thought. He always asked her if she were happy with what he decided was best for them. It seemed important for him to know she was pleased with him. She was very pleased with Narcus no matter how often he uprooted them in the middle of the night. At least this time they had a car she thought, and she felt her eyes growing heavy, as they often did when Narcus held her close.

Narcus didn’t tell Roberta the whole truth. Those who sought him were very close, and he was forced to kill two men to prevent them from capturing him and returning him to the research facility. He never told

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her everything about himself, because he loved her and feared losing her the way he lost the last person he loved. He feared she would leave him, and he didn't want to be alone anymore. So he decided the only place they would be safe was in America, and the next ship to America left port at dawn.

* * *

Narcus timed their arrival to America well, and just as the ship docked, Roberta went into labor. She was rushed to the hospital and it was the last time she saw her husband. She remembered seeing him, as she was placed in the ambulance, and watching him fade into the crowd of people surrounding the strange vehicle. She had a feeling she would never see him again and couldn't shake the feeling he boarded another ship heading back to Europe.

Roberta gave birth to a fine, healthy, baby boy January twenty-seventh in the year 1954, as Narcus said she would, and she named him after her husband. She had no idea where she would go after she left the hospital, and cried because she missed Narcus so much. The day she was to be released, she began to feel as if Narcus weren't alive anymore. And as she dressed to leave, a nurse came and gave her an envelope she said arrived for her a few days earlier. She explained she was instructed by the man, who gave her the envelope, to hold it and give it to her the day she and the baby were released from the hospital. Roberta nodded and slowly sat down in a chair beside the window in her hospital room. With slow trembling hands, she opened the large yellow envelope and pulled out the papers, which included a letter from her husband. It was written in English and, to her amazement, she could read and speak the language very well.

My wife,

Forgive me for not being with you at this time. It is impossible for me to remain with you any longer, as I could no longer hide from those who seek me. I am only thankful I was able to see you and my son safely to America. It is my hope that you and my son will live out your lives in peace now. I have left you all I have and I am comfortable you will be comfortable in this new land. Yes your

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husband was a wealthy man in our small country but we were forced to flee after the truth about how I came to exist was discovered. You will not see me again, but know I loved you as I have loved no other, and I did this in the best interest of my family. Tell our son about me, why I did this, and remember me, my wife, as I will always remember you.

*Your husband,
Narcus*

Roberta cried as she read the letter and, in her heart, felt her husband was dead. She was left wondering why he was tormented for so long and why he was killed. Although Narcus wasn't there with his wife and new son, he did leave his family enough money to survive without him. Roberta was thankful she didn't have to worry about how she would pay for a place to stay. She found a nice apartment and tried to adjust to her new surroundings. As Narcus Junior grew, Roberta was reminded of her husband's words concerning their son. She noticed just how much he was his father's son and, for reasons she was never sure of, never called her son Junior, but Narcus.

Making friends didn't come easy for Narcus Junior, and starting school was a big adjustment for him. He was quiet in the beginning. So much so, the teachers assumed he was mentally retarded. They soon learned they were wrong as young Narcus caught on to his lessons quickly and completed all his assignments faster than any other student. Although Roberta was proud of her son, she feared he would draw unwanted attention to them if he continued to complete assignments faster than the other children his age. She told him how afraid his father was because he was so smart, and she tried to persuade Narcus Junior to slow down and keep the same pace as the other students. He was already beginning to receive more attention than was comfortable for Roberta.

Narcus Junior tried to maintain a slower pace but doing this bored him. So he decided to complete his assignments quickly and hold on to them until the other students turned in their work. It didn't, however, go unnoticed by his teachers how fast he learned in the years that followed. But it wasn't only his intellect that drew attention to Narcus Junior. By the time he turned fourteen years old, his features had

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become beautifully chiseled on his perfect, smooth-skin face. He had become a very handsome young man. Roberta was happy it was her son's looks that soon became that which caused people to pay him more attention. She became used to it and also realized it didn't seem to be a bad thing to be smart in America. Her husband was right to bring them to this country, she thought. And as she began to get ill, she no longer feared his intelligence or looks drawing too much attention, but feared leaving her son alone with no relatives, sensing she would die soon.

As Roberta's health deteriorated, she felt it was time to tell young Narcus more about his father. She spent more time in her bed as Narcus turned fifteen, and realized her worse fears were coming true. Narcus Junior also knew and was certain his mother wouldn't make it until he was an adult. He'd silently watched his mother grow weaker as the years went by, and had become accustomed to remembering his mother the way she was when he was a small boy. She was healthier, and it comforted him to think of her as she was.

Roberta was now spending most of her time at the hospital, and all they could tell her was her body was just giving out. They didn't know what was causing it nor did they know what to do to prevent it. She was home from the hospital again, and although the doctors didn't know what was draining the life from his mother, he knew exactly what was wrong with her. Carrying him caused it, and although it didn't show until he was ten years old, Roberta began to get weak immediately after he was born. He had sustained her for as long as he could, but now she was too close to death.

And one day Narcus Junior hurried home from school, feeling his mother had taken a turn for the worse. He found her lying in her bed partially dressed, as she often was ever since she first showed signs of her deteriorating condition. She would dress as much as she could before growing too tired to finish. He looked around the house and smiled. As always she had started several things and become too weak to finish. She had even tried to make him something for dinner but grew tired in the midst of her preparations. He smiled through his tears, mentally finishing everything she had started, as well as mentally counting how many times she had to lay down and rest that day. It was worse this day than it had ever been he thought, and he slowly approached her bed. The closer he got to the bed, the more certain he was his mother wouldn't make it through the night. Although he knew this day would come, Narcus Junior wasn't ready to think about life

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without his mother. He'd hidden from this day every time he looked at her, but he began to cry as he had never cried before. How would he survive alone, he wondered. What would he do without the only family he had ever known? Roberta saw the fear in her son's tear-filled eyes and wished she didn't have to leave him. She weakly called him towards her, and he gently sat down on her bed and took her frail hand in his. He slowly brought it to his mouth and gently pressed his lips against her hand, noticing it was already cold.

"Mom," he softly said, and Roberta closed her eyes and silently asked God to watch over her son.

"Junior... I love you so much. I don't know what happened, baby... I've never been sick in my life," she softly said and as she spoke, his thoughts were full of guilt. He had drained the life from his mother, and he was very pained. He fought to clear his head because he wanted to hear what his mother was saying. She was telling him about the day she met his father, and he could see it in his mind. As she went on through the years, sometimes they cried but most of the time they laughed at Roberta's stories about Narcus. Narcus Junior knew most of what his mother told him about his father. He even knew things his mother didn't know. He knew the people chasing his father weren't chasing him just because he was smart. He also knew he inherited the same thing those chasing his father wanted. Narcus Junior knew they were scientists in Europe who sought his father, and he was glad he was an American citizen and had rights.

As she requested, Narcus promised his mother he would not speak of his father. He promised her he would continue to work at a pace that would not draw attention to himself and, as he watched his mother peacefully leave this life, he cried vowing to keep what he was a secret. Narcus Junior lost his mother when he was sixteen years old. He mourned in silence and buried her himself. She was his only friend and he was hers so there was no need for a funeral. He successfully completed high school without anyone knowing his mother had passed on. That's how little anyone cared. He chose to go to college, deciding he wanted to be a doctor and, as he became a man, his level of intelligence and special abilities increased. When he completed his services as an intern, he showed such keen abilities, there were many hospitals offering him a nice salary to join their staff. But he chose to begin at the county hospital where he was born, wanting to help those financially less fortunate. The hospital officials were glad he chose to join them

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instead of one of the more elaborate facilities. No one knew the real reason Narcus chose to remain at the county hospital. No one knew it was because visiting the room, he shared with his mother after he was born, calmed and comforted him, sometimes more than being in the apartment.

He met the nurse, who was the last person to see his father, and they talked about how much Narcus Junior favored him. It helped him to be around people who remembered his parents. At night, alone in the apartment, he thought about his parents and sometimes cried himself to sleep. These were the times he felt his father was not dead but lost in a strange land. It confused Narcus Junior because he'd believed his father forced the hand of those chasing him, but lately he wasn't so sure. Narcus Junior knew his father had been running all his life and could feel how tired he was. He also knew his father would never allow himself to be captured alive, and wouldn't dare leave his body for research.

After the first time Narcus Junior felt perhaps his father wasn't dead, his thoughts were full of wonder. This only increased as the years rolled by, and he decided he was alive because he now had clear visions of both his parents' lives before his birth. Everything about their lives was clear, and he clearly didn't see his father as dead. But he saw many things about his father's life, and although the visions seemed to become foggy after his father gave the envelope to the nurse, he saw he continued on. He lived.

Narcus Junior understood why his father chose to leave him and his mother but wished he could join him now. He thought about where his mother was buried and wondered what drew him to the place where he laid her to rest. He was finally beginning to wonder about many things, especially the things he was mentally capable of doing. He was glad his father escaped from the center and knew they would never leave him in peace. He knew love made his father part from him and his mother, and he couldn't help but love him back. As he began to have visions about the research facility his father escaped from, a heavy fear settled over him. Suddenly, he knew the day would come when they would begin searching for him.

He missed his mother terribly but the new fear made him feel grateful she was gone. Death had freed her and he was glad he was born in America. Although he knew they would search for him, he hoped it would be hard for the scientists to find him. This great country pro-

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tected him, and he was thankful for all the sacrifices his father made for his mother and him. His fear also led him to become friends and lovers with a colleague. He was tired and afraid of being alone, and Theodore Timberline became the center of his world. He was older and also married to a woman many felt treated him bad. Narcus Junior felt sorry for him, and Theodore began to spend a lot of time alone with Narcus Junior in his apartment.

* * *

When Narcus Junior was in his early thirties, he awoke one night from a dream. It was a warning and, not only did he no longer feel safe in his apartment, he also realized he had shared too much with his lover and friend, and that hurt the most. The fear he felt suddenly grew worse and he fled, leaving his job and his apartment. He sought refuge in the Catholic Church and soon became a priest and, for a while, felt safe. For ten years, he was comfortable and safe within the walls of the Church until a strange man came to visit one day. He watched Narcus closely while he was there but never said anything to him.

Within days of his first visit, Narcus woke in a groggy state of mind and immediately knew he had been drugged. He remembered being taken from the Church and woke in what looked like a very sterile hospital room. He was unable to focus and realized he was being drugged on purpose. He also felt hungry and asked a nurse attending him where he was and could he eat. He was told he was in a military hospital in Washington DC, and she promised to return with something to eat.

But that which Narcus Junior sought to keep hidden was discovered, and he was unable to free himself because the food he was given was laced with a powerful narcotic. It made it impossible for him to think clearly and he was also nursing a broken heart. Theodore had done this to him, and he found he had no desire to fight what was happening to him. After a week, he was handed over to a genetic research facility and flown to Italy. He was told, by the doctors attending him, he was being transferred to a facility better equipped and capable of determining what the tumor in his head was.

Narcus Junior recognized the research center right away and knew it was where his father began and escaped. He wasn't able to do the same thing and took one look at Kubac and knew he was not only

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going to be tortured, but would die there. Looking at Kubac was like looking at death, and his tests were brutal and done with a desire to cause as much pain and suffering as possible. His treatment of Narcus Junior often turned the stomachs of those working for him, and Narcus Junior wondered why it was taking so long for him to die.

He was very weak but woke and looked at the attendant standing over him with a horrified look on his face. He was cut open again and it wasn't healing as quickly as before. The attendant cried as he injected Narcus with something that was supposed to keep him sedated. He added a painkiller and Narcus Junior smiled at him. He knew Kubac would return soon and decided he didn't want to be alive when he did. He was able to make the attendant forget he had already given him his injection twice. He was given the drug three times and smiled, as he finally felt his spirit leave his tortured body.

Kubac watched what happened on the monitor and was powerless to stop it. He was enraged as he watched what Narcus Junior did, and after the third shot he knew he wouldn't live. He burned Narcus' body and wondered what he would tell the Americans when they came looking for him. He had collected semen and blood samples, and decided he would use what he had to produce a child with the same abilities, but was too afraid to try producing another clone.

He offered money to women, who desperately needed it to help their families, and selected three who gladly agreed to become part of his studies. He impregnated the women with Narcus Junior's sperm and was glad when all three women reported they were with child. He successfully held off the Americans each time they inquired about Narcus Junior, and it wasn't long before the women gave birth. But, to his horror, they all had girls. The girls were normal, showing no signs of having the abilities Junior had, nor did they have the addition in their brains.

They were useless to him and he was furious. So furious he refused to pay the women the rest of the money he promised, and advised them to kill their children. One mother believed him and decided the child she gave birth to was evil. She took her daughter out with her and her husband on the small fishing boat they owned. When they were far away from land, she laid the baby girl on the waves and watched them take her away, deciding if she reached land alive she was meant to live.

The other women kept their children, but after a year the second child died of something that was causing a disruption in her red blood cells.

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When Kubac learned of the death, he ordered men to dig up her body after the funeral and bring it to him. He located the woman of the third child and again offered her family money if she turned over the child to him. She was told she could visit the child twice a month. The woman, in desperate need of the money Kubac previously promised, agreed to sell her daughter to Kubac for research, but not until she had the money in her hands this time.

Although the little girl had none of the abilities of her father, Narcus Junior, she did carry a gene, which caused some of the red blood cells to degenerate. It was what caused the death of her half sister. Although the gene was there in the third child, it seemed to lay dormant and Kubac assumed it had something to do with her mother. He paid the child's mother for samples of her blood to study and quickly discovered why the third child survived.

The mother of the third child did visit her daughter twice a month, and every time she saw her she cried. She knew her daughter was suffering in the research center. She was tired and clearly Kubac's tests were killing the little girl. Her mother decided she would visit her daughter one more time and arrived with a treat for her. She was able to sneak in some sweet bread, hiding it in the folds of her skirt. She had to force her weak daughter to eat the bread, and she managed to finish one whole piece. Her mother held on to her and cried as her eyes grew heavy. It was over for her, she decided. She brought her into the world and, for financial reasons, was forced to hand her over to an obviously crazed scientist. The least she could do was end her suffering. She looked at her daughter's arms and legs and cried, seeing all the needle marks, cuts, and bruises. She decided he was getting worse, and as her daughter took her last breath, she kissed her forehead and held her close. She laid her on the bed and forced herself to leave her body there. As she left the facility, she held her head up high and was glad her daughter would not spend another day suffering at the hands of the man the villagers called Lo Scienziato Arrabbiato (*The Mad Scientist*).

When Kubac was told the little girl was dead, he showed no concern and the mother was called to pick up her daughter's body. It was handed to her in a sheet and she couldn't believe how little care Kubac showed for anything living. For all he knew, he had murdered her daughter and she couldn't help but wonder how many had died in his facility. How could people continue to work for him? And were the stories about what happened to the American true?

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She found a fisherman to do for her daughter what the first mother did. It was what those in the town closest to the research center advised her to do. Kubac was known to dig up graves and they believed, because he was so evil, he had the power to continue torturing those he murdered if he got his hands on their bodies after death. The mother of the third child laid her daughter's body on the waves and smiled as they carried her away.

And the second mother decided she also wanted to save her child. But when they dug up the grave, to her horror, her daughter's body was gone. She cried for three days and, on the fourth day, threw herself from a high building, unable to live with the thought of her baby being forever tortured by *Il demone dhe ha nutrito via dai corpi del morto* (*The demon that fed off the bodies of the dead*). This is what the people in the towns began to call Kubac and no one would go near the research facility. This pleased Kubac and he became proud of the fear he created amongst the citizens in the small towns. And he was pleased his reputation was spreading to those small towns close to the research facility.

There were many rumors about what went on inside the research facility, but none knew Kubac was secretly experimenting with cloning. It started with animals, which was allowed, but he was now cloning humans and that clearly was not. Narcus was the first man who was successfully cloned, and he escaped from the center over forty years ago. Kubac managed to keep those working for him silent, usually able to pay them off. If money didn't work, those giving him too much trouble ended up having unfortunate accidents that cost them their lives.

Each new set of medics and scientists joining his staff was shown a little less than those they replaced. Only those he knew supported his work were allowed in the areas where he conducted his illegal activities. Over the next few months after the death of the final child, Kubac had an entirely new staff. It had been close to two years since Junior arrived, and the Americans were demanding to see the doctor turned priest, they sent to him to study. Finally, Kubac wished he hadn't let his rage get the better of him and that he hadn't been so brutal with Narcus Junior. The Americans had a lot at stake and had invested far too much money to remain in the dark about what was going on.

He had to do something and decided it was time to try cloning again. Narcus Junior's blood, hard tissue, and what was left of the addition he cut from his brain were taken out of the freezer. It took them four tries

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to get the first clone right, and he hoped the addition taken from Narcus Junior would make things go right for him the first time with this one. It had to because he only had samples to do this once.

The American scientist Clarence Birmingham, who was one of the original three, had mysteriously disappeared and Kubac knew it was the reason the Americans were now insisting on visiting to see for themselves if Narcus Junior were okay. Kubac pretended all was well and told them to set a date for a visit and assured them Narcus Junior was in the best of health. He knew he would have to hold them at bay for at least another year because if he were successful, it would take the child at least that long to reach adulthood, and he was successfully able to put off the Americans awhile longer.

Kubac successfully cloned Narcus Junior in March of 1983 and, as it was with Number One, he began to grow rapidly, aging a year each month. When he was seven he began to age even faster, two to three years each month. Kubac called him Number Two and was even more proud of him than he was Number One. He was perfect, an exact duplicate of Narcus Junior in every way, except the addition was larger and grew faster than it did in Number One. As it was with Number One, his eyes were like two black orbs in his head and Kubac knew, as long as the eyes were not formed, he was not complete. The first thing they developed was a strong appetite, and he didn't think it meant anything. He had a healthy appetite himself. He rationed what was given to Number Two to eat, refusing to allow him to get full simply because it fed into his need to control him.

Kubac managed to hold off the Americans until Number Two was full-grown. As he prepared to go into his final stages of development, he laid on his cot and sensed he wasn't alone in his room. He was unable to see out of his eyes, but could see out of his mind's eye. He sensed the being was there to make sure he was good and if he wasn't, he knew now was the time to destroy him. The being approached him and he remained calm and suddenly began to remember being alive very recently. He sensed the being was male and, when he touched his head, he seemed familiar.

He looked up and could see the man clearly in his mind and immediately knew he wasn't like the others around him. He was colorful with bright eyes and Number Two smiled at him. Suddenly, the being began to talk to him, telling him as soon as he was complete he had to leave the facility, and he was hit with an array of memories that took

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him through his past life in a matter of seconds. It was as if he opened a door and Number Two began to breathe heavily, remembering what happened the last time he was there. How had he come back? Why did this being take him from the peaceful place? The being told him he would sleep for two weeks and, when he woke, he would be able to see with his eyes. He nodded and, as quickly as the being arrived, he was gone.

The Americans arrived while Number Two was sleeping and Kubac allowed them to enter his room and examine him. The distinguishing marks they were looking for were there, and the only thing they felt was different was how much younger he looked. They were satisfied he was taking good care of Narcus Junior and could put to rest the rumors they heard. They also wondered why he was sleeping so soundly and Kubac said it was something he was still studying. He had times when he slept for long periods of time, which reminded most of them of the first clone. He seemed so much like Number One, one of the scientists wondered if he wasn't a cloned version of Narcus Junior. He wasn't convinced they were being told the complete truth. Like Number One, he thought, it was possible this man was sleeping because he was going through his final stages of completion. The scientist most skeptical remained silent and waited until he and his colleagues left the center before telling them how he felt.

They decided they would visit again in two weeks and if he were still sleeping, they would deal with Kubac appropriately. Number Two woke in exactly two weeks but pretended to remain asleep when Kubac came in to visit him. Number Two didn't want Kubac to know he was awake so he could start his tests again. He thought about how he had successfully repaired all implanted flaws Kubac imposed on his memory. These imprints he attempted to leave were what led to the death of his second daughter. He knew all about it, clearly seeing what happened after he died. He also was able to stabilize the substance the addition released into his bloodstream. It had changed and now produced a protective shield around him if it felt the body was threatened.

He could reproduce and was able to override the flaw that would cause him to age faster and die within twenty-four months. Number Two decided Kubac was smart and, as he opened his eyes, his memory of his life before was clearer. He remembered his birth, his mother's death, his lover and how he betrayed him, and how he was taken from the Church. He was reincarnated, he thought and frowned as he looked

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around.

Kubac returned and, at first, caught Narcus2 off guard. He rested his hand on Narcus2's hip while he talked to the men with him. He had plans for him the minute he woke up and wanted them to watch him closely. He was attending an important conference that evening and left strict orders as to how Number Two, as he called him, was to be handled if he awakened. He backed away and continued talking to those with him. Narcus2 heard him put on gloves and was unable to control what came over him. Heat began to rise from him and they all quickly backed away. It was something new, Kubac thought and smiled. He slowly approached Number Two and a strong force moved him away, almost tossing him across the room. Immediately, he knew he wouldn't be able to do to Number Two what he did to Junior.

The addition stabilized but it was clearly larger in Number Two than it was in Number One and Junior. Kubac left his room, deciding he would deal with it when he returned the following morning. He was anxious for Number Two to wake so he could talk to him, something he wasn't able to do with Number One and didn't try to do with Junior. He decided to try a softer approach with this one, concluding he needed to win Number Two's trust.

As he sat with the members of the Organization of Scientists, he explained that he was able to learn from Junior only if he was willing to talk, which he normally wasn't. He confirmed he strongly believed he was the son of Number One who was still alive somewhere. He felt Junior was getting stronger and even told them about the body shield he was now able to produce. He told them whenever he slept for long periods of time, he woke with a new ability.

He suggested they not move him right now as they wanted to do, because he seemed to feel safe in his facility. He wasn't sure how he would react if he were taken somewhere else, and now wasn't the time to test his abilities in a negative way. They agreed and decided to leave him in Kubac's facility. Kubac was glad and couldn't wait for Number Two to tell him all about the growth on his brain. He was anxious to know everything Number Two had to show and tell them and could actually feel world power. He smiled as they looked at Number Two's recent CAT scans, which supported what he told him. Kubac controlled the rest of the meeting and envisioned himself one day sitting in the seat at the head of the table giving the orders.

What Kubac didn't anticipate or have any idea was possible, was that

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his new clone and Narcus Junior were the same. He had no way of knowing his clone retained every memory Narcus Junior had of his life. Number Two remembered the attendant and how he felt when he made the decision to self-terminate. He knew what Kubac's plan was and exactly what he wanted from him. It was just as it was for his father, Number One, and for a brief moment Number Two was angry he was back. How he hated Kubac he thought, and suddenly noticed there was one major difference in how he was before and how he was now. That fear his mother gave and nurtured in him was gone. He feared nothing and was fully aware of who he was and what he was capable of. He also knew he had to do as the strange being told him: escape from the facility as quickly as possible. Not being born from woman had its advantages, Number Two decided.

Number Two felt the Americans' fear when they looked in on him the day before. He kept his back turned toward them, knowing how much they wanted him to face them. He even moved on the bed so they were assured he was indeed alive. He knew they wanted something as the Russian did and, at that moment, it was clear to Number Two why they sent him to this place so quickly. They knew something and needed these people to confirm it for them. He had believed he was safe in America but he was wrong he thought, and decided it was time he accepted how hard life would always be for him. So they all had questions, and he had no intentions of ever answering any questions they had. Yes, he knew exactly what he was, what the growth was, where it came from, and how the European scientists got their hands on it.

He began to scan the facility mentally, coming to the rooms where he was kept last. He scanned the computer to see its programming and discovered Kubac's plan to sit him under the skullcap and implant a tracking chip under a thin layer of skin at the base of his neck. Kubac was already making plans to be able to keep tabs on him when he escaped. He was scheduled to be placed under the cap the following morning, which meant he had to make his escape that evening. He looked over the immediate plans Kubac had for him, as he also had plans to change his thought patterns by leaving him under the cap several hours a day. He was being treated like a computer, a machine, instead of a man and it angered him.

Narcus² thought about his memories of living even before he was Junior and thought Kubac seemed familiar from a time long ago. He saw

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in him what his father or Narcus1 saw in him, death. He even saw his father and knew he was in the same room Kubac now held him. He also saw there was a scientist his father loved and who freed him before Kubac could begin his brutal tests. This one was whom they were designed from, cloned from, whose DNA they shared. Ruberto, clearly one of the scientists involved in making his father. Where was he now, he wondered. Narcus2 knew he wasn't dead but felt he was distant and couldn't explain the distance. He also felt his father better than he did the first time.

It was at that moment he completely became Narcus Junior, son of Narcus1. He also immediately realized any thoughts of killing Kubac caused him enormous pain, so much so he couldn't even try to find out why it affected him so badly. He couldn't fight him alone so it was best to stay clear of him, he decided. These people, including many Americans, wanted world power, and he assured them they would have it if he went along with it. And he decided he wasn't. Nor was he interested in returning to America, not after they had done what they did to him. No, he would make his way in the land of his ancestors. Kubac, and those he worked with, obviously had no idea about the power they were tampering with. But that was typical of many scientists. Kubac once again completely underestimated the abilities the addition in his brain gave him.

Kubac became interested in the little girl who survived despite the flaws in her genetic structure. He was beginning to understand the one who survived a little more. He thought about it in the limo on the way to his house. If he counted the time from the time the second child was conceived to the time she died, it was exactly twenty-four months. There was something in Liana the third child's mother, and he wanted her to have another child.

Number One was also clearly able to reproduce and it was something else he wanted Number Two to explain. He was glad to know Number One was alive somewhere, and it was time to start looking for him again. He was in America which was certain, he thought. He intended to watch Number Two very closely and felt he had learned a lot in the years since Number One.

Kubac also decided he needed another female that was fathered by Junior. He wasn't sure Number Two was able to father children as Number One obviously was. He still had semen and now all he had to do was find Liana. He was giving Number Two until morning to open

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his eyes, he decided. His patience was growing short. He believed he finally knew the right questions to ask and was anxious to hear the answers.

Narcus2 mapped out his escape route, wanting to be long gone before Kubac returned in the morning. He had no trouble manipulating the thoughts of those who worked in the research facility and began testing his ability to move things, while holding the employees frozen in place. He realized he was moving faster than they were and laughed as he stood up and looked right at the attendant watching him from behind the two-way glass. He mentally opened the door to his room, which he had been doing this since he could crawl, he thought as he strolled through the door. He looked at the attendant and shook his head, thinking how he usually did things right under their noses, even eating more food than they gave him. He'd even been to the kitchen. He'd been all over the facility, but found he could do this only when Kubac wasn't on the grounds. Kubac had an ability to control him but he would never hurt him again, he thought and smiled.

The sensors flashed as he passed them, picking him up but only for the brief moment he was near them. He approached the final exit and smiled at the guard who looked straight at him. Narcus2 slowed down as he approached the exit, wanting to wave at the camera just inside the door. He waved at Kubac before giving him the finger and hurrying out the door. The sun was going down as he stepped outside and he took off running, quickly putting as much distance as possible between the center and him.

Kubac arrived in the morning and headed right for Number Two's room. He growled when he reached it and was glad the attendant had the good sense to flee. He ordered all the videos from all cameras reviewed and couldn't believe another clone had gotten away. But he wasn't going to leave him as he did Number One, and he immediately contacted the members of the Organization and bluntly told them the truth. He told them Junior tricked an attendant into giving him an overdose over three years ago and another clone had gotten away.

He told them this one was what they were looking for and explained how he got past the sensors. He moved very quickly, causing them to flash and even taunted him, smiling at the camera just before he walked out the door. He also left the facility naked, which clearly shocked Kubac. He couldn't wait to get his hands on Number Two, he thought and growled. The Organization agreed to assemble a group of very

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skilled men to hunt down the second clone, agreeing with Kubac it wasn't wise to let another one get away.

What they didn't tell him was a special group of military men was also being assembled and ordered to find the second clone and bring him back to America. They didn't trust Kubac, and Kubac didn't trust them. He immediately sent out his own men, sensing he had to find Number Two before the Organization did. His men picked up his trail but it stopped several miles from the facility, indicating someone had picked him up. Someone who remained unknown, and no one saw anything that night.

Narcus2 stopped in a clothing shop and grabbed some clothes and shoes when he reached the town. After he was dressed, he began his walk along the road that led out of town. As the wind whipped by him, he thought he should have also taken a coat. He walked faster trying to ignore the chill in the air and, after a while, his body automatically began to warm itself up. He had no idea where he was going but knew he had to keep moving.

He didn't know his way around his father's country, but suddenly could hear him telling him to take a right at the road up ahead. He did and within minutes a man in a delivery truck pulled up and asked if he needed a ride. He smiled because the man seemed familiar to him, and nodded. The man smiled back and Narcus2 was reminded of the being that visited him just before he went to sleep for two weeks. He immediately told Narcus2 he was taking him to a place where he belonged and he would soon find out what he meant. He also told him it was best to speak the language spoken in this region of the planet, and that statement was enough to convince Narcus2 he wasn't from Earth.

The man dropped him off in front of a nice house on a farm and he slowly made his way up toward the house. As he approached, he remembered he was a wealthy man. He had money in several bank accounts in the United States and knew he would someday have to retrieve it. But whatever became of his wallet, all his identification papers? He decided not to worry about it at that moment and waved at the man, who dropped him off, as he drove away.

As he climbed the steps to the porch and approached the door, he thought about what he would say to whoever answered. He'd ask him for work until he could find out what happened to his original identification documents. He had to have money if he wanted to go to America and claim what was his. But how would he travel without his

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identification documents, he wondered. It occurred to him he was basically trapped in Italy without the documents and he wondered what he would do. He thought about what would happen if he did return to the United States and attempt to withdraw his funds.

The American scientists were more than likely waiting for him to show up and would try to retake him again. It wasn't happening again he decided, and he knocked on the door. When it swung open, the man looked at Narcus2 in complete shock and immediately became afraid. And Narcus2 knew where his documents were. He also knew he owned the house and the property it sat on, and turned to look out at how much land he owned. He looked at the man and smiled and decided to play along for a while. He hadn't even been formally introduced and already knew Romero was a thief. He'd stolen his identity, purchased this farm, and had been stealing money from him for the past three years.

Narcus2 finally said he was looking for work and extended his hand. Romero nervously took it and when Narcus2 shook his hand, he saw he had cancer and it was killing him. At that moment, he decided he could live on and work the land until Romero passed. There was no need to kick him out. He was home and that was all that mattered. Romero told him he needed help real bad and hurried out of the house to show Narcus2 around. He even took him into town with him to pick up some feed for the chickens and pigs.

Narcus2 waited outside the store for Romero and tried to avoid making eye contact with anyone. But there was a woman who, no matter what he did, slowly started to approach him. When she reached him, she smiled and extended her hand and, as soon as he took it, she began to talk real fast. She told him military men had been to town looking for him and they would return. She also told him good men from America had also come looking for him, wanting to help him. When he released her hand, she had left him two cards and he eased his hand into his pocket, then smiled and nodded at her.

She walked away and no one else attempted to engage him in any conversation. Romero made a couple more stops and Narcus2 joined him this time. Romero introduced him as N but those who heard him mistakenly thought he said Eon, and that was what they started calling Narcus2. When they returned, Romero showed him the cabin a little ways from the house. Narcus2 liked it and thanked Romero and, as he left, told him he'd start work in the morning. When Romero left him

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alone, he sat down at the small table and pulled out the two cards from his pocket. There was a phone in the cabin and he used it to call the number on the first card.

It was obvious they were surprised to hear from him and explained they were another federal organization assigned to look into what happened to him. He told them he finally left the research center without permission from the lead scientist, Kubac. He was tired of being subjected to his painful tests, he added. They seemed to know Kubac was up to something he shouldn't be and told Narcus² when he was ready to return to America, they would personally send someone to escort him back. He would have to go into a form of hiding and use another name, and they assured him he would simply ease back into society. It was good to know, Narcus² decided, and he promised to think about returning.

They told him they also were able to save his accounts from being confiscated by other agencies and agreed to assist him in having most of the money transferred to a bank there in Italy. Narcus²'s next call was to one of the American banks where he had a substantial amount of money. They seemed to be expecting his call, and he wasn't sure at first if that was good or bad. He decided it was good when they immediately told him a man had been in trying to get money out of his account. He pretended not to know anything about it and gave them the okay to start wiring half his funds to a bank in Rome.

When the wire was complete, Narcus² borrowed Romero's car and drove to Rome. It was an hour's drive but he didn't mind. The bank there informed him his funds had arrived and they seemed to realize how important it was to keep his true identity a secret. They decided they would call him Eon as well, and he withdrew enough money to do some shopping. He purchased some things to put in the cabin, some clothing, groceries, and even purchased a car that was going to be delivered to him within the next couple days.

He was anxious to get back but was careful not to draw any attention to himself. He looked forward to a good night's sleep in his own bed. The cottage was small but cozy, he thought. It was basically two rooms. A front room, a bedroom, and there was a bathroom. The kitchen consisted of a stove, small refrigerator, and a sink that sat against the wall opposite the front door. The bathroom was a nice size he decided, liking the fact that he could enter from the bedroom or the front room. The bedroom was small and had its own fireplace, and he immediately

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lit a fire, mentally removed the old bedding, replacing it with the new linen and comforter he purchased, and set the smaller of the two televisions he bought on the tall dresser.

He set the larger television in the front room and unpacked all his groceries. When he was done, he was tired and sleepy, too tired to make himself something to eat. He grabbed a grapefruit and pear and went to his room, put on his new pajamas, and got into his comfortable bed. He reached for the remote control at the end of his bed and smiled as he turned on the television. He was free he thought, looking around the room. He was comfortable in this place.

Kubac searched the entire facility, looking for Narcus Junior's identification documents. He was convinced one of the employees he fired stole the wallet, possibly before he died. He had his filing staff begin a search for all those who worked for him three years ago. They found them all and were able to talk to all but one, Romero Bacco. No one seemed to know where he went, but Kubac was sure he'd find him soon enough. Liana was Romero Bacco's daughter and when he found her, he'd find her father. He didn't expect Number Two to attempt to return to America or assume Junior's identity, certain the only thing the two had in common was how they looked.

The American scientist, who knew the man they saw was another clone, decided the Russian couldn't be trusted. He insisted on knowing what happened to make the son of the first clone commit suicide. According to the many reports they went over, Kubac had savagely brutalized him, causing him so much pain he longed for death. The American scientist believed this and was excited when he finally received the video he had been waiting weeks for. But nothing prepared him for what he saw on the tape. He was horrified and wasted little time calling the Organization heads together.

SP-14 was formed after the Organization heads viewed the tape. The second cloned man ran for his life, which was obvious, but they weren't comfortable having two clones, both with unexplained additions to their brains, running around freely anywhere in the world. It was time to make sure SP-14 knew everything about these clones and why they weren't comfortable with him not being confined and controlled.

SP-14 was warned about the man they were going after and told not to approach him unless they had backup. The fourteen men were quickly sworn to secrecy before they were officially briefed on their new assignments. The Organization heads were honest with the four-

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teen men, giving them all the file data they had on what was code-named NP, which stood for Narcus Project. N.A.R.C.U.S. meant Neoteric Artificial Replica and Cybernetic Unified System. They were given complete information on the first and second clone, as well as Narcus Junior. They also viewed the tape, showing how Kubac treated Junior when he arrived at his center. They wanted him alive but if he was too resistant, it was better if he died rather than be allowed to remain free.

The Organization gave the members of Special Project 14 a list of names of people they were to report to. They were brought to a place in South America for the meeting that was secluded. In fact, the Organization was so serious about the location remaining unknown, the fourteen men were blindfolded most of the way. The Organization underestimated the intelligence of the men they brought together and weren't aware most of them knew exactly where they were and how to get to the location. After the briefing, they were re-blindfolded and released separately. But thirteen of the men quickly found each other and came up with their own plan as to how they would handle their search for both cloned men.

All funds from the Americans were cut off and Kubac wasn't surprised. None of the reinforcement they promised ever arrived, and he also cut off all communications with the Organization. It was now a race to see who would find Number Two first, and he knew he had to start looking for Number One if he wanted total power. He smiled, deciding he didn't have to worry. He was the one who knew everything there was to know about both clones and would be the only one capable of controlling them when they were captured. Nor did he need money from the Americans. The odds were in his favor and one day they'd come running to him for answers, answers he wouldn't give.

Kubac sent out men to put fear in the townspeople with threats of taking their children and feeding them to the subhuman monsters he was creating inside the facility. The frightened people told his men everything they wanted to know, including how the women took their babies out to sea and released them. And within days, Kubac knew exactly where Liana was. He ordered his men to kill the woman who took her child out to sea first because the child was alive. He had told them to kill the children but decided she should not have listened, and neither did he want the Organization to find out about her and come asking questions.

Liana was working for a family in a town up north, and Kubac's men

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left for her immediately after they murdered the woman who first set her daughter on the waves. Kubac decided she sensed he would come looking for her again and had attempted to hide from him. He also knew she was anxious to get away from her father and wicked twin sister. He pulled out the records he had on her and smiled. She had a form of telekinesis and her IQ tested off the scale. She was special and he questioned if she was Romero's natural daughter. Romero's wife was known to run around and there was no telling who mothered the beautiful twin sisters. Liana was beautiful Kubac thought, beautiful enough to mother his son.

He watched videos taken of the girl Liana mothered and suddenly noticed she tripped the scanners set to detect traces of the substance. He even noticed how the sensors went off immediately after Liana gave birth to her daughter, unlike the other two children. Why? He had been so upset they were born girls, he had overlooked the scanners, he thought and smiled. There was no doubt the child Liana gave birth to was Junior's daughter and, for some reason, being mothered by Liana made her special. There was no telling what the girl was capable of, he thought. Well, he decided, looking at what was left of Junior's sperm, Liana would just have to become pregnant again. And perhaps this time they would get lucky and she'd have a male.

He also looked over the information he was able to get about the woman who gave birth to Narcus Junior. According to hospital records, she began to deteriorate immediately after giving birth. Why? It continued over a period of fifteen years and they knew she had finally died but didn't know what became of her body. They had wanted to autopsy her, as well, to see what caused the gradual breakdown of her vital organs. It was obvious carrying an offspring by Narcus1 put a tremendous strain on the woman. Her organs seemed to age the way the clone was supposed to age. It was his doing, Kubac decided. But he wasn't supposed to father children so he felt no guilt about Roberta's death.

He had tried to stabilize the substance from the beginning, recognizing how extreme it could be if not handled by Ruberto. Why? He knew it was intelligent and his attempts to stabilize it, so that it would kill its host at a certain time, was also what caused the death of the child that lived for almost a year. He pulled out samples of that child's brain he'd kept for later study. As he examined it, he found small traces of the substance throughout the brain tissue. It appeared to be trying to

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integrate itself into the very fibers of her body. He examined samples from all her organs and it was the same. It couldn't stabilize in the young girl, and he growled when he thought how he wasn't able to examine the first mother's daughter. He was glad she was dead, he decided. It did, however, appear to be stabilized in Liana's daughter. He discovered this after looking at samples of her blood. When it stabilized, it flowed freely through the bloodstream and integrated with the entire body, hiding he decided. Clever, Kubac thought and laughed out loud, very clever.

He remained in his lab for days after he discovered what was occurring, trying to find out why the substance remained in one place in the males. It actually only took over one area, the pituitary gland, enlarging it. This is what interested him most. He knew it accounted for their ability to move things mentally, but what else did it do? He looked up at the monitor showing footage taken of Liana's daughter, and seeing Liana with her was what caught his eye. He watched Liana feed the girl something and within minutes the girl died in her arms. She would have lived. She was healing and would have lived he angrily thought, throwing a tube across the room. He took a deep breath and decided it just further proved there was something special about Liana.

He decided she knew something, something she wanted to keep secret. He also decided she wasn't Romero's daughter, convinced it wasn't possible. Suddenly, he thought, if impregnating Liana with sperm from Narcus1's offspring produced a child like her first daughter, what kind of child would mating another one of Liana's daughters, with an offspring from one of the clones or one of the clones themselves, produce? But there was no time for that, he quickly decided. He wasn't getting any younger and thought about how a son of his own would be good to carry on his work. He was married once and had two daughters, and thoughts of a new bride danced around in his head.

Liana was brought to Kubac and she glared at him through her beautiful, long, black hair that fell across her face. He smiled at her and nodded his head, and his men took her away. He began courting her right away, promising her money and this time giving it to her. She finally agreed to let him impregnate her again but made him promise not to mistreat her child for any reason, and he did.

Kubac used what was left of the semen and, to his delight, after four weeks Liana's pregnancy test came back positive. Kubac studied her closely this time during her pregnancy and saw how her organs showed

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a small sign of unusual wear right away. She was also carrying a female child again, and he wondered if a female child caused this kind of reaction, what would a male child do. It was even clearer to him now what happened to Roberta as a result of carrying Narcus Junior.

Narcus² lived and worked on the farm three months before deciding he missed doctoring and wanted to return to America. He was anxious to find a place there and purchase some land, and dreamed of building his house from the ground up. One evening at the end of Narcus²'s work day, Romero came down to talk with him, as he so often did. This was when Narcus² told him what he was thinking. Romero quickly asked him to wait, telling him he had something to tell him. He asked Narcus² to follow him up to his house and he did, having some idea what it was.

When he sat down at the table as Romero asked him to do, he first told Narcus² his daughter was arriving in a few days. He then told Narcus² he was dying, and Narcus² nodded, sensing it had grown worse. And finally he told Narcus² he was home. He walked away from the table toward an old china cabinet and pulled open a drawer. He sat down across from Narcus² and slid his wallet and passport toward him. Narcus² looked through his wallet and saw everything, except the money, was there. The deed to the land was with his wallet and passport. Romero told him he didn't use all his money, only enough to buy him and his daughter the farm he now lived on. Narcus² looked at the name on the deed and it was N.R. Scott, which was the name on the account he shared with his mother.

Romero told him he didn't think he'd survive what Kubac was doing to him and he was one of those who was fired without pay. He said they were told he died, and he couldn't resist taking the documents that were left sitting on the table. He had every intention of telling the American authorities what was going on but when he arrived in America, he had no idea where to go. He went to the FBI and they took a report, and he was out of money and went to the bank first, only wanting to take out enough money to get home. He admitted he got carried away and even sent his daughter Alana to America to study. Romero was sure one day Kubac would come looking for him and hoped he would be dead. Narcus² knew how he felt, knowing the day would come when he would also come looking for him. Unfortunately, he wouldn't be dead and hoped Kubac would never find him. Romero said he thought about giving the items back, but something told him Kubac wouldn't just

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accept the items. Narcus2 shook his head agreeing with Romero and finally Romero asked him to say something. He shrugged and smiled at him, and finally told him he knew all this already. Romero burst into laughter, especially when Narcus2 asked him why he thought he stopped there. He kept Romero laughing the rest of the evening and knew his telling the truth took a huge weight of guilt off his shoulders.

Romero offered to move into the cabin and Narcus2 told him no. He looked around the main house and began to think about what he would change after Romero died. Right now the cabin looked better than the main house he thought, assuring Romero he was comfortable there. Maybe he was supposed to remain on his farm. Perhaps it wasn't wise to return to the United States. Maybe it was better if he remained under Kubac's nose, he decided.

Romero told his daughter he had told Narcus2 the truth, so she decided it was time for her to return without delay. She planned to marry him and, if that didn't work, she had every intention of paying Kubac a visit. All she knew was Narcus2 wasn't about to leave her and her father high and dry. He wasn't married when they brought him to Kubac's facility so perhaps a good woman was what he needed, and she hoped he would be smart enough just to marry her and be happy. She wished she was a virgin but lost her virginity when she was thirteen, she thought, while passionately kissing the man she had called her fiancé up until that moment.

She arrived a few days after Romero told Narcus2 the truth and when he stopped to say goodnight to Romero as he always did, he met Alana. He had an immediate reaction to her and within a week ached for her. She knew he liked her and for a while pretended not to even notice him. He began to leave her flowers and gifts, and she slowly but surely agreed to spend some time with him. Their plan was working, Romero thought. He watched his daughter smell the flowers Narcus2 left her and smiled, thinking she would be left in good hands.

Narcus2 scanned Alana's thoughts and learned what things she liked most, and enjoyed purchasing and giving her gifts. She was so pretty he thought, and at night he paced back and forth in his front room, thinking about how much he liked her. He was quite shy when it came to Alana, which was obvious when he nervously accepted her invitation to dinner one evening. Narcus2 arrived on time and Romero held the door open for him. Romero found he had to force himself to stop staring at him, but it was the first time he'd seen him dressed so nicely. Alana

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smiled when she saw him and decided he was very good-looking. So good-looking she couldn't wait to get into bed with him. She took his hand and led him to the table, closely examining it before releasing him. She told him he had beautiful hands and he nodded and shrugged. He knew he was beautiful everywhere, but was more interested in talking about her.

Alana couldn't take her eyes off him all night and decided she was going to be his wife because she wanted to be. He said goodnight and she waited until her father was asleep before creeping down to Narcus2's cottage that night. She removed her clothes in the front room and looked around, thinking how much better it looked than the main house. She eased into bed with Narcus2, crawling up from the foot of the bed. He reached for his pajama bottoms when he felt them slide down and when he saw her beautiful face, his grip on them weakened. She smiled when she saw his penis slowly rise. It was beautiful she thought, and she quickly wrapped her lips around him, which clearly shocked him. She laughed when she saw the look on his face and he didn't know what to do. He thought to stop her but she began to do things with her tongue, and he took a deep breath and closed his eyes, deciding to enjoy what she was doing to him.

He hurried to the main house the following morning and asked Romero if he could marry his daughter. Alana eased in behind him and Romero winked at her. Knowing Narcus2's sense of humor, he immediately began to tease him, asking if he had planted his seed in his daughter. Narcus2 blushed but was relieved Romero knew Alana had come down to visit him, not wanting to sneak behind his back. He gave his consent for them to marry, and the couple decided they wanted a small ceremony that would take place as soon as possible. The earliest day the priest could come to the farm was Saturday. He married the young couple, and they ran to Narcus2's cabin where they remained for the next three days.

Romero took a turn for the worse and died just before Alana realized she was pregnant with her and Narcus2's first child. Of course, Narcus2 moved up to the main house and allowed the townspeople to believe Romero left the farm to his daughter and her new husband. They continued to call him Eon, but Alana called her husband Narcus and tried to be happy being his wife. She enjoyed sex with him and was very proud to be seen with him, but living on the farm and having children wasn't what she planned for her life. She wanted to return to America

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to live and began to pressure Narcus² about it. He remodeled the house for her and although she loved it, she longed to be in the city around other people, doing something other than taking care of her husband and having children.

She gave birth to Narcus²'s first son March 24, 1984, and he named him Juliano Romero and was very happy and proud. He gave her what she wanted for giving him such a beautiful son, and they traveled to America but only to visit. It was enough for Alana for a while and she thanked him in every way she could, every night for the first week they were there. Narcus² withdrew more money and began to think about what he would teach his son so he wouldn't fall into Kubac's hands. This was the first time he thought about planning his future. He knew Alana wasn't always happy but hoped she would get used to being a wife and mother, because he certainly loved her.

Liana gave birth to her daughter January 18, 1984 and named her Elsa. As with Liana's first daughter, the sensors registered high as soon as the baby girl was born. Kubac immediately took her for a brain scan and wasn't surprised when he didn't see the addition. But, as with the first child Liana had, traces of the substance were found in every part of her body. Liana was allowed to bond with her daughter as Kubac promised, and because he genuinely liked Liana, he treated her daughter kinder this time.

The small strain Elsa put on her mother immediately corrected itself, and Liana agreed to marry Kubac. They were married five months after she gave birth to Elsa, and she moved into his house. He insisted they remain in separate rooms but visited her every night for the first month of their marriage. Liana hated being with him. He was rough and clearly did it only because he wanted her to get pregnant. She decided she hated him and didn't look forward to his nightly visits. He even hired a nurse to look after Elsa, and she knew he was slowly but surely trying to separate her from her daughter. When Elsa was a year old, Kubac took her from the house and placed her in rooms at his research center. He forbade Liana to see her, and she knew he was angry because she hadn't become pregnant. He did it to punish her, and she ran off and stayed away for several months. She met and found comfort in the arms of a man she believed was an American with Italian ancestry.

He said his name was Michael and she immediately fell in love with him. He finally told her he was there looking for family. His son's name was Ruberto and so far he hadn't had any luck finding him, and he'd

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been looking for almost a year. She told him the only Ruberto she knew worked with her husband, and she had a feeling her husband killed him several years ago. It seemed to pain him, and she knew Ruberto Scotto was the son he was looking for. She wanted to comfort him and only wanted to be with him. She was happy and so was he until the night strange lights filled their apartment and when they dimmed, Michael was gone.

Liana returned to Kubac and he forced her to lay with him and even beat her for leaving in the first place. He didn't go near her for the next three weeks but she was pregnant and knew the baby wasn't Kubac's. She was sicker with this child but Kubac was so glad she was finally pregnant, he didn't pay any attention. He didn't monitor her as he did before and made it clear to her doctors all he wanted to hear was how his son was developing.

Liana gave birth to a son, Kubac was convinced he fathered, on October 4, 1985 and he named him Daniel. Alana was also pregnant again and gave birth to Narcus2's second son on June 3, 1986, and Narcus2 named him Marcello. She told Narcus2 she was going into town shortly after she gave birth. She was gone two weeks, which disturbed Narcus2. He was forced to hire a nurse to help him with the children and everyone felt sorry for him, believing Alana had abandoned her family. But she returned the third week and seemed very happy to see Narcus2 and her children. She was different he thought, but it was good. She was finally the wife and mother he had prayed she would one day become, and he settled into his comfortable life. Alana was soon pregnant again and was thrilled, unlike she was with Juliano and Marcello. She gave birth to Narcus2's third son on November 25, 1987 and Narcus2 named him Manual, and they had a big celebration.