Genetically Enhanced

By Becca

Chapter 0

This disease, it’s killing me slowly inside and out. It’s ruining my life. I don’t even know I have it, it won’t be long until I find out that this dis-colouration on my skin is actually the near-fatal disease. That stupid war, if only the Shinra didn’t declare war over Wutai for the Mako-fertile land then maybe I wouldn’t be in this mess. My sister and mother wouldn’t have died and my father wouldn’t have abandoned me for his job as a scientist in ShinRa.

I don’t want to move back to Wutai, as far as I’m concerned, they killed my sister and made my mother ill of Geostigma, capturing my family, my defenceless family... my mother shielding my sister and I with her body while *they* threaten to kill us. Aiming their guns at us. My sister sadly got in the way of one of the bullets and died in the arms of me and my mother. Such a sad moment, I don’t think my mother ever got over that. We went to Mideel’s hospital and that’s when we found out my mother’s ill health was due to Geostigma. So I’m unemployed - and I don’t even know I’m ill - in the slums, this is seriously not a good idea. Why did I decide to move to Midgar? I should have stayed in Cosmo Canyon or move back to Junon after my travels to the Canyon...

Oh yes, I remember the purpose of moving to Midgar. I was going to apply for a job in The ShinRa Inc and make something of myself. Either as a Turk or as a SOLDEIR. I wonder what one I’ll pick. We’ll see when I get there, even though it is only a 10 minute walk from my apartment to the ShinRa Inc, it’ll at least clear my head a little from moving here.

The way between my home and the HQ seems so daunting. All around me are orphans begging passer-bys for food or for some Gil. One even tries to beg at me. “I’m sorry, kid. I don’t have any Gil or food on me,” I say bluntly to the child. I’m not telling a lie, I have no money or food on me. He looks at me with large, sad brown eyes then runs off to the alley. I keep walking, tightening the ribbons around my pigtails, sorting out my shirt I have on. I don’t look sharp enough; I hope I still make a good enough impression to whoever will be dealing with me.

I arrive at the ShinRa Inc entrance. It’s all white, and to be honest makes this place look intimidating. Shining white tiled floor with flawlessly white walls. The stairs leading up to the other floors are trimmed with a beautiful velvet-red rug that starts at the bottom stair all the way to the last. The glass elevators to the right of me are tinted a light blue. I can see cars at the back, it looks like a car show room. There is also a large green plant before you reach to the car show room, sitting perfectly in the centre. When you’re standing at the enterence, you’re welcomed by a receptionist to your right. She smiles at me, “Hello and welcome to the ShinRa HQ! The world’s number one electricity supplier! Well, the world’s *only* electricity supplier! Best known for their Mako energy and also their military! And let’s not forget the departments of Science and Space too!” she says with an enthusiastic voice. I just stare at her, blankly. Well, that was sudden. Trying to make the company sound good? I suppose so.

“Uhm, hi,” I stutter, “I’m here for an application for...” I don’t even finish my sentence and she hands a form to me.

“Here is an application for SOLDIER! If you apply for it today I can take you to get your medical examination done today!” she says chirpy, her arms are rigid and straight as she holds the paper in front of my nose. I take it reluctantly, she hands me a pen with a large smile on her face, I take that too and lean the paper on her desk and write down my information. Once I write my signature I pass it back to the receptionist. She takes a look at what I wrote then nods her head, passes me a pass explaining that I’m a visitor here that I place around my neck and removes herself from behind her desk.  
“Okay Miss, this way!” she leads me to the glass elevator and presses ‘67. The elevator starts to go up, I look outside, and you can see all of Midgar from here. The Mako Reactors are spewing out excess Mako, and the pipes and wires connecting each sector is sparking with electricity that’s being made by the reactors. We get higher and higher, getting closer to floor 67. *Bing!* We reach the destination. We walk out.

“I’m sorry but we will need to walk up a flight of stairs, this is the meeting room. The science department is upstairs.”

Science department? Did I hear her correctly? Ah well, it is a medical I suppose.

She leads me through the department. There’s people frantically speed-walking past with large piles of paper and folders. They’re all looking smart with clean suits, or skirts for the women. It’s warm in here, a bit too warm for me if I’m honest. This department is completely different from the entrance, it’s red. The floors are red and the walls are done in red with a dark wood finish. This must be the main reason why this department feels warm, or maybe it’s because of all the people rushing along that’s collecting the heat.

But, someone catches my eye near the bottom of the corridor in front of the opening for the stairs. A man with bright red hair and a messy dark blue suit. He’s talking to a tall man, a tall bald man with a rather big build. He’s wearing sunglasses so I can’t see his eyes as well, at all really. We walk past them and we seem to have disturbed their conversation, the red-head watches me as I walk past and starts to whisper something to his friend when I turn my head. I shrug it off, I’ll ignore it. They’re men after all.

We walk up the stairs and reach the science department. When she opens up the door that separates the stairway from the department a cold breeze hits me. The walls are metal and the floor looks like a metal tile. The receptionist takes me around the corner where talking can be heard.

I then remember something, my father might be here. He’s now a scientist here and he’s working along with Prof. Hojo in the ShinRa’s Science Department. I swallow the air, I haven’t seen my father in a long time since the death of mother.

We’re around the corner, Hojo and my father and talking to each other, well, more like arguing. Both are wearing a professor coat. Hojo’s goes all the way down to his ankles and he hasn’t got it fastened, he has a light blue shirt and dark blue trousers and a round pair of glasses propped on the tip of his nose. Black hair tied up in a dark blue hair-band. Very colour coordinated I may say. My father is dressed almost the same but his coat reaches to his knees and is fastened all the way up, his hair is shorter though so it doesn’t need tied up and he hasn’t got glasses, he does have more of a beard though than from the last time I saw him and more wrinkles. His eyes are almost grey-ing out from old age.

The receptionist clears her throat several times to get their attention. Once they finish squabbling over whatever they were fighting about, they focus their attention on me. Hojo looks at me then at my father, “Quinn, you can go on your break now,” he says to my dad. He looks at Hojo and nods his head, and walks past me to have his break.

Hojo stares at me, “and who are you? Why are you on my department?” he says, his voice sounds old and menacing at the same time. The receptionist begins to get flustered.

“This is a new candidate for SOLDIER; she’s here for her medical.”

He looks at me, up and down from head to toe before letting out a sarcastic chuckle, “Really? *Her?*” he looks down and shakes his head before turning around and walking to the elevator that leads to the next floor. “Fine, fine, come with me, *child.*” His tone is starting to get impatient, like he knows I’m just wasting his time. I look at the receptionist, her cheery nature vanishes and she tries to encourage me to follow Hojo. I do, I’m a few steps behind him. His voice, his look, his stance; everything scares me about him.

We go into the elevator, he pushes up and the ‘door’ closes. I can see the receptionist staring as we go up slowly, she turns around and takes her leave. We reach the next floor and he takes me to an area that is cornered off from the other employee’s eyes. We walk behind a large screen and there is a small doctor’s bed and a computer along with various medical equipments. He walks up to the bed and grabs a clipboard and a pen. I stop when he does, several feet away from him. He sighs impatiently and points his pen to the bed, “sit,” he says sternly, looking at me over his round, fogged glasses. His hair gets in his eyes. His eye sight must be bad as he doesn’t move it out of the way.

I obey him and place myself onto the bed. There is only a very thin material separating me and the metal of the doctor’s bed. I look around while Hojo is looking at what is on clipboard. He see’s I’m looking around my surrounding and sighs, he tells me to relax myself. He grabs a stethoscope and presses it against my shirt on my chest and stays silent for a few seconds before moving it. It’s cold, even though I do have a shirt separating the stethoscope from my skin. He ignores it though, he ignores my shivers as it touches me the first few times. He commands me to turn around, I comply and he presses it against my back.

“Okay, seems clear,” he finally says and puts down the stethoscope. I turn around and he examines me. He sighs impatiently, “can you take off your shirt.” I unbutton my shirt and place it beside me. I’m only in my bra. But his attention is automatically gained to the black-blue marks on my arms and side. “Is that...?” I look down, a little confused on what he is referring to.

“Oh, this? I’m not sure what it-“

“How can you not know what this is?!” he grabs my arm and gently touches the marks. I gasp at his cold hands. “You have Geostigma. How could you not know this?!”

“I... It only started a few months ago! I didn’t know what it was.” I tell him. He lets go of my arm and shakes his head.

“Well, I’m sorry but you can’t be a SOLDIER with this disease.” He says while staring at me. It feels like he’s staring right through me. *It’s okay, I didn’t really want to be in SOLDIER that much anyway.* I think to myself. “You can, however, try for the Turk position that’s free.” I look up at him, a Turk eh? Okay, I’ll try that.

“Okay, where do I sign up?” I say with a smile on my face as I put my shirt back on again and fix my collar.

“I’ll ask the receptionist from earlier to bring you an application form, but for now go to floor 46, that’s the Turks department and specified floor. There you will find a man named Tseng.” He begins to walk towards another scientist. “Well? What are you waiting for? Get onto it!”

I get off the doctor’s bed and nod my head at Hojo. I make my way to the elevator back to floor 68, then towards the stairs to floor 67.

As I walk past, I notice the red head and bald guy aren’t there. They must have got given into trouble for loitering around in such a busy department. I reach the elevator and go down to floor 46 as instructed. When I reach there, I notice that there is just one large corridor with several doors along the sides. These must be the offices. I walk down, keeping an eye for “Tseng”. I see a couple of nameless rooms, but then I see a nameplate, “Reno” it reads. The one across from that named “Rude”, and the one next to “Rude” is “Elena”. These must be the Turks names. I walk past another empty room and find the one I’m looking for, “Tseng”. I knock on the door and wait for a reply. “Come in.” I hear a voice say. I open the door slowly and peak in. Sitting at a desk is a man with long black hair that is swept away from his eyes. His eyes are such a dark brown that they look almost black. I notice a tilak on his forehead. A man from Wutai or a man of Wutai faith? I don’t know. He has reading glasses on, thin framed and small. He looks up when he hears me take my time walking in. A friendly smile is on his face as he gestures towards a cushioned chair that is in front of his desk. “Please, take a seat.”

I sit on the chair quickly and straighten my back up. His room is dark green and dark wood themed. A fan is sitting in the corner circulating the air around his cramped office. He looks at me and leans back while taking his reading glasses off, “so, why are you here, Ms?” he says while cleaning his glasses on cloth.

“I’m here looking for a job. I was here for a SOLIDER medical but I got rejected and Hojo told me to come here.” I inform him, but by the look in his eyes, he seems to know what I’m talking about.

“You must be the...” he pauses, he can’t remember my name.

“Drakiash,” I tell him. He nods his head.

“That’s it. So, *Drakiash,* what was the reason that you didn’t manage to become a SOLIDER?” he asks from curiosity. I look around nervously, should I tell him? I don’t want to be turned down by two job offers in one day over this stupid disease. I sigh, I think he knows already anyway so there’s no point in pretending. If he doesn’t know then he will find out soon.

“I have Geostigma. Well, I found out today that I have Geostigma... I mean...”

He smiles while shaking his head, “It’s okay, I understand,” he stands up and goes to his kettle that’s situated behind his desk, “Tea? Coffe?” he asks while turning on a kettle.

“Oh, I’ll have tea please, three sugars.” I reply. He plops three sugar cubes into a mug, and two in another.

“But yes, the SOLDIER department is really fussy over who they recruit,” the kettle finishes boiling and he slowly adds the hot water into the mugs. “Especially with those with Geostigma. With the attacks and all.” He adds the coffee in his mug and tea in mine then some milk before giving them a stir with a little teaspoon. He holds them both in his hands and passes one to me as he sits down. I thank him for it and sip out of it. Such lovely tea.

“I wouldn’t worry about that here, for one you would be doing paper work mostly on your first month or so. So we will be learning how your attacks happen and how to control it too.” He takes a slow gulp from his coffee. It’s silent for a few seconds as he enjoys the taste coming from his mug. “that is, if you *do* get through,” he says teasingly, with a wink. A nervous laugh escapes my lips, I silence it with another sip of tea.

“But anyways, we just need to fill out a couple of things then you’re through.” He places his mug down on a coaster and reaches into a drawer and takes out a form of some kind.

Wait, I’m through just like that? No medical examination or fitness examination? I must question this. This feels wrong. “Is there not anything I have to do?” I ask quickly, he pauses and looks up at me, not moving his arms, just his head and eyes. “No fitness examination or medical exam? Not even a written one to see how smart I am?” he can sense some worry in my voice, or shock. I’m not sure myself.

“Hey, calm down. Hojo emailed me saying that you’re in pretty good shape and the only cause of concern is your Geostigma, but as I said before, that is an easy hurdle we can go over. And you look pretty smart, so that’s covered.” I hope that wasn’t an attempt to flirt, I sip more of my tea as he looks into his drawer again. “Ah, here we are,” he says, passing me a piece of paper. “Just fill this out,” he passes me a pen.

I put my tea down and grab the pen while looking at the form. Let’s see... Name is first, I write down “Drakiash Acceber SilverWing-Wolfe” in the space. Date of birth is next, 10th of October in the year εуλ 1984. I look up at Tseng who is contently watching me write down my information. I glance back down at the paper, next is place of birth, *Junon*... What else... Religion? Why should that be important? Wutaia. Am I done yet? What is left? I write down the rest of the answers to the questions and slide it back to Tseng with pen on paper.

“Finished?” he asks, he puts his reading glasses back on and picks up the pen and paper and looks at what I wrote, “SilverWing-Wolfe? Are you the daughter of Dr. Quinn Wolfe?”

I sigh a little, “Yeah, that’s my father.”

He slowly glances down at the paper again, “hm, I see...”

I quietly sip my tea, and Tseng nods his head while reading what I put down. He then goes on his feet and holds out his hand, “well, congratulations, Miss SilverWing, you are now a Turk!” I stare at him wide eyed. I wasn’t expecting to be a Turk, not this fast. His hand is still held out in front of him, I place my tea down and shake his hand while standing up, “I uh...” is all I can say. He shakes my hand gently and I just stand there, staring at him in disbelief.

“I’m... a Turk now”

Chapter 1

Tseng smiles at me, his eyes look to me in a caring matter as he shakes my hand. I stare at him still confused, more shocked than confused in fact. It just happened so fast, I wonder what is going to happen now.  
“So, Drake, I shall go and get a suit for you, meanwhile you can go and mingle with the other Turks.” He says to me, letting my hand go.

“The other Turks? Where are they?” I don’t recall seeing anyone walk past me when I was making my way to Tseng’s office, or any shadows in the offices of what I am presuming is the other Turk’s offices.

“They *should* be back from their break by now, but I have a feeling Reno will most likely be coming back from a drinking spree as he has for the last week or two.” Tseng informs me. “But Rude and Elena should be back now.” He walks to his office door, “On the other hand, while we wait I can show you your new office.”

I nod my head and walk over to the door. He opens it and offers to let me go through first, I nod in acknowledgement of his kind gesture and stand at the hallway. He goes through and locks his door behind him and meets me.

“Okay, so you have a choice of three.” He begins, but I interrupt him, informing him that I know what offices are free. He smiles, blushes slightly, “ah, well that should make this pass a little quicker then, you can take your pick.” I look down the corridor, from what I can see there are six offices, two empty ones close to Tseng’s, Elena’s and Reno’s are opposite each other and Rude’s and an empty office is next to them... okay, I have decided.

I turn around and face Tseng and point towards one of the empty offices. “I’ll take that one, over there, next to the wall.”

“Next to Reno?” He says and shakes his head slightly, “Well... if you want.”

I raise my eyebrow and place my hands on my waist, “and what’s wrong with that one?” I interrogate him. Probably not a good idea but he seems to take it in good heart.

“Oh, nothing, nothing.” Did he laugh under his breath? I swear I heard him do so. He leads me to my new office. But when you look IN it, I realise that my new office and Reno’s is actually joined together, nothing separating them at all. The office is bright, there’s a window between them that’s brightening up the room. His desk is facing down the wall the two doors and mine is at the other corner facing the door’s wall. Both of our side’s have a filing cabinet and a large green plant, a reasonable-sized desk with a computer on top with a leather office chair and... that is it.

“Yes, it may seem empty but that’s only because the room just got... *remade*.” Tseng informs me.

“Remade? What happened?” Tseng rubs the back of his neck when I ask this.

“You don’t really want to know. But anyway, I shall leave you be to get settled.” He walks over to the door as I go towards my new desk. “I’ll be back though with your new suit, I won’t be long.”

With that, he takes his leave.

I softly plop myself down onto the luxurious leather chair and then face my new computer. I pull the keyboard out and touch its keys softly with my fingertips. I then hear a voice from the door way. “You’re acting like you’ve never seen a computer before.” The voice was sarcastic but a mix of masculine and feminine, mostly the former. It startles me slightly; I raise my head and automatically take my fingertips away from the keyboard.

It’s him! The red head from before! He must be Reno... Now that I can take a better look at his face, I see he has a rather defined jaw line and two – what look like – tattoos on his cheek bones. His weapon must be the EMR he has in his hands. His eyes are green-blue, almost like my right eye. He has goggles propped on his forehead and a cheeky grin on his lips. I lean back on my chair and cross my arms and just glare at him, he chuckles and walks up to me and wraps his arm around my shoulder and sits his leg on the arm of my chair. “Hey, don’t get yourself flustered, Newbie!”

I sigh at the name, “*Please* don’t tell me that’s my name now.” I say. He pulls himself away slightly at my comment like he wasn’t expecting me to take it so seriously.

“I...” he starts, I just laugh.

“Sorry, *Reddy*.”

He pulls his arm away from me entirely and glares, “Is that seriously the best you can do?” He stares, arms crossed like mine, his grin is gone. He gives me a more serious look. My elbow leans against the desk that I rest my head on, I stare at him.

“Sorry, my name is Drakiash.” I say to break the tension.

His smile comes back and grabs my hand, “I’m Reno! But I bet you already knew that, eh?” he winks and that just makes me roll my eyes.

Before I can think about it, Tseng comes back and places a pile of clothing on my desk with a pair of shoes. I stare down at my feet, just a pair of ripped up dress shoes. Faded black, falling apart; I guess Tseng looked at my feet when I wasn’t looking and noticed I need a new pair of black shoes, not like I particularly want them but...

“Ah, I see you met Reno then?” he asks. Reno grins to himself.

“She has, and we’re already best of friends! Right, *Newbie?*” he resumes his place on the arm of my chair again and wraps his arm around me. I just roll my eyes.

“Well that’s good to hear.” Tseng says while glaring at Reno, who slides off and walks over to his desk. “The bathroom is just over there,” he says to me while pointing towards his office, “try the clothes on and tell me if there are any problems. I gave you a plastic bag for your current clothes.” He says, obvious implication that I should get rid of these clothes.

I stand up and take the clothes and bag; Tseng guides me to the bathroom. There is only one, so I am assuming that it’s unisex. He opens the door and tells me to come to him if the uniform is too small or anything similar. I nod my head and walk inside the bathroom. It’s large, there’s urinals that’s secluded to the top right corner of the room, the left corner has sinks and there is two doors that lead to two separate toilets on my left. I claim one as my own and I lock the door behind me. Rather spacious considering it’s only a toilet area. I put the lid down on the toilet and place the pile of clothes on it, the bag goes next to the door. I turn to my right and notice a large mirror in my presence, reflecting my image back at me.

I look a mess. My *suit* that consists of only a dulled white shirt and a pair of trousers that have are ragged at the bottom of the legs. My feet, as I said before, are the ripped pair of dress shoes. Completely different than what I’m used to wearing. What I’m wearing makes me lose my feminine figure, makes my sides look really straight. I place my hands on my hips to see my ordinary shape then remove them again and my shape goes away. I sigh then turn to the pile of clothes and observe it.

On top there’s a neatly folded blue suit jacket, I move it to the side, I’ll put that on last. Next there is a crisp white shirt. I grab it by its shoulders and open it out, so much more better than the one I’m currently wearing. I gently place it down then unbutton my own shirt then throw that onto the floor, it lands on the bag. I take off my shoes and trousers while I’m at it and give my shirt some company. I’m bare footed and

only in my underwear. Black laced bra and pants to match. No socks though, my socks are in a box somewhere in my house, I was in too much of a rush to get down here to look for them.