

THE LAST SENTRY'S
Death Probe Landed

A Prelude to the Resonance of Might
Saga

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About the Author

The Fudworks Creative Universe

The Fudworks Creative Universe (FCU) is an expanding narrative world blending science fiction, mythology, and heroic legacy. Stories within the FCU explore the responsibilities of power, the tension between order and freedom, and the unseen forces that shape reality itself.

Death Probe Landed serves as a gateway into the saga of The Last Sentries, where the arrival of a mysterious being begins events that will ripple across worlds and dimensions.

THE LAST SENTRY

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THRESHOLD

A Prelude to Resonance of Might

Chapter One

THE ALLEY

From above, the city looked ordinary.

Lights stitched the avenues into clean lines. Towers blinked their red warnings like they always did. Traffic moved with that late-night patience—steady, predictable, almost comforting if you didn't look too close.

But down where the buildings pinched together and the air sat heavier, reality had its own plans.

The alley was narrow, half-lit, and quiet in that suspicious way. A dumpster leaned like it was tired. A puddle held a broken reflection of the sky. Somewhere deeper inside the block, a delivery truck idled with its engine low, the driver scrolling without thinking.

Then the puddle trembled. Not from wind. Not from a passing car. The water shivered like it heard something coming. The air tightened.

It wasn't a sound—more like pressure, like the space between the bricks decided to brace itself.

A thin seam of distortion appeared mid-air, right above the cracked pavement. It didn't rip open like a movie. It folded—clean, controlled, the way a door might open if the door was made of physics and somebody just found the handle.

Light bled out first. Cold and colorless, like a glare you couldn't look at directly. The alley's shadows shifted, not away from it but around it—like they didn't want to be touched.

The opening widened. A step landed on the other side. And a man came through as if he'd done it a thousand times and didn't care who was watching.

Despot.

He didn't pause to admire the city. He didn't flinch at the smell of rain-

soaked concrete or the distant sirens that always lived somewhere in the background. He moved like he expected the world to make room for him. Tall. Armored. Built with the kind of symmetry that looked engineered, not tailored. The plates weren't bulky, but they carried weight—dense, purposeful. His helmet caught the alley light and gave nothing back but a dull sheen. He turned his head slowly, scanning. Not searching for beauty. Searching for threat, for angles, for exits. His posture wasn't frantic. It was annoyed.

Like this was not where he wanted to be, but it would do—for now.

He raised one hand, palm open, and made a small, precise motion. No flourish. No drama. Like he was typing into the air.

A second distortion formed near the far end of the alley—higher, tighter, sharper at the edges. It opened faster than the first. Despot didn't look relieved. He looked impatient, like even the universe was moving too slow. He stepped into it.

The portal sealed behind him without sound, leaving the alley exactly as it had been—except it wasn't. The air still felt wrong. The puddle kept trembling, even though nothing was there to shake it. And for a moment—just a moment—the brick walls seemed to lean inward like they were listening. Then the distortion collapsed into nothing.

But the residue stayed. A faint shimmer, barely visible, like heat haze in winter. It hung in the space where the portal had been, refusing to fully disappear—proof that something impossible had just happened, whether the city wanted to admit it or not.

Chapter Two

THE ALERT

SENTRY HQ — OPERATIONS HUB

A Few blocks away, in a building that wasn't marked on any public directory, a quiet alarm turned from green to amber. Not a siren. A signal. Inside the operations hub, the lights didn't flash. Screens didn't scream. Protocol didn't panic.

A clean tone sounded once—soft, precise, the kind of alert you only hear if you've trained yourself to listen for it.

Solaris was already moving before the second tone finished.

Elaine Pryor—Solaris to the city, Solaris to the team—stood in front of a layered display wall that made most rooms feel small. The projection in front of her wasn't one map, but many. Frequencies. Stress lines. Seismic readings. Atmospheric variance. The anomaly sat inside it like a stain.

"Okay... that's not normal," she murmured, fingers gliding through the air as she pulled the data closer. She didn't say it like she was scared. She said it like she was offended. It wasn't just one event. It was an event with intent. She triangulated fast. Residue pattern. Decay rate. Spatial shear. Industrial district. And—another thing—an underlying fluctuation that didn't sit still. It wasn't staying in one place. It was appearing... disappearing... reappearing.

The signal profile wasn't random. It wasn't chaotic. It was structured—like something had opened and closed with intention.

She ran the signature through the last month's archive. Nothing. Through the last year. Nothing.

Through deeper history files that only existed because Streak insisted they keep them. A match flickered. Not a match. A rhyme.

Solaris narrowed her eyes. "You've got to be kidding me." Her lips parted. "Streak."

TRAINING CHAMBER — SUBLEVEL

Streak and Fernis were already moving when Solaris called. Not because they were jumpy. Because the training chamber made the truth obvious: you don't wait for danger to introduce itself politely.

The room was a solid holographic combat space—adjustable density constructs, environmental realism, impact thresholds tuned to let them push without breaking the building. Concrete that could crack. Steel that could bend.

A street scene that could become a maze in a second. Fernis drove forward with force that cracked the simulated environment.

The solid-density holographic structure absorbed impact—but barely. Streak pivoted, redirecting rather than resisting.

“Too committed,” Streak said calmly. Fernis rotated mid-motion, adjusting into a controlled elbow that shattered a projected support beam. “That’s the point,” Fernis replied. “Commitment.”

Streak stepped inside his guard and tapped two fingers against Fernis’ chest plate. “Then finish clean.” Before Fernis could answer—Solaris’ voice cut through.

“Streak, portal event. Active.” They stopped instantly. No wasted motion.

“Location?” Streak asked. “Industrial corridor.” Fernis launched first.

Streak followed. “You calling Clara?” Fernis asked. “Already did.” Solaris replied.

DOWNTOWN — MODELING SET

Clara stood under a wash of studio lights, a silver-white garment flowing like it had been designed by someone who understood authority as a language. The camera loved her. The world loved her.

It was her quiet escape from duty—the one place she could be seen without being needed. Her earpiece chimed once. Solaris.

Clara didn’t flinch. She didn’t show urgency. But she stepped off set immediately. A stylist blinked. “Clara, we’re—”

Clara gave a gentle smile that apologized without asking permission.

“Something came up.” Then she was gone.

INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT — INCURSION SITE

Streak and Fernis arrived first. The alley was wider here, framed by warehouses and old service roads. A few civilians were already gathering—drawn by curiosity the way people always are when they sense the world is about to misbehave. Fernis hated that part. He stepped forward and raised a hand, voice carrying through his helmet. “Back up. Now. This isn’t a show.” A couple of people hesitated. Phones rose. Fernis pointed, sharper. “I’m not asking.”

Streak didn’t contradict him. He just set presence behind the instruction. People moved. Not all of them. But enough. Solaris landed next, scanning the air like she could feel the residue on her skin. “It’s here,” she said.

“But it’s also... not just here.”

Clara appeared beside them in a soft shimmer, the air behaving differently around her for half a second. Her gaze touched the alley like it was a page she could read. “What are we looking at?” she asked.

Solaris didn’t answer right away because something else changed. High above the district, the sky split with a descending streak. Not a portal. A body. A controlled entry burning through atmosphere. It hit the alley hard. A parked car collapsed under the impact, metal screaming, glass exploding outward. The figure rose from the wreck like gravity owed him an apology. Fully sealed. Headpiece engaged. Mouth covered. His armor encased him completely—protecting enhanced organic structure from atmospheric stress, pressure, and vacuum transition. Fernis stared, genuinely impressed despite himself. “That’s cool.” The figure’s optics swept the alley, then the rooftops, then the

perimeter Streak had set. Then—like a decision executed—his armor shifted. The sealed plating reconfigured, retracting into a base humanoid configuration without ever fully leaving his body. The silhouette became cleaner. Less monstrous. Still unmistakably not human.

He spoke with calm precision. “I am Koda’rian Retrieval Operative.

Designation: Death Probe.” Streak stepped forward half a pace.

“We’re tracking the same signal.”

Death Probe’s gaze locked on him—assessing, not challenging.

“Koda’rian fugitive from justice. Designation: Despot. Mission objective: capture and return fugitive to Koda’an.” Solaris looked between them, then back at her readings. “Actually—this same signal has been appearing and disappearing all across the globe.” Death Probe’s head tilted slightly. “Confirmed,” he said. “Telemetry indicates patterned emergence. Nonrandom.” Solaris’ fingers moved in the air, pulling invisible math into alignment. Death Probe spoke at the same time.

“Next manifestation predicted—” Solaris finished with him.

“—at these coordinates.” She didn’t smile, but Fernis felt it anyway—two systems agreeing without ego. Death Probe’s optics narrowed.

Solaris lifted her chin slightly. “Three...” Streak’s posture tightened.

“Two...” Fernis shifted his stance. “One...” The air folded. A portal opened.

Despot stepped out like he’d never left. For a heartbeat, he looked genuinely annoyed—like the world had broken its contract with him. Then he saw them. Streak. Fernis. Solaris. Clara. And Death Probe.

Despot’s hand snapped sideways, opening a small portal the size of a briefcase lid. He reached in. Pulled out two compact hand blasters like he’d stored them there for this exact moment. And fired.