

Simon stepped out of the portal but he quickly had to grab a nearby railing as the portal had put him at the edge of a walkway running over a deep abyss of some kind. As the portal closed behind him, he began to look around. The place he was in seemed like it had been abandoned for a long time. The church had given him this assignment, however unlike usual the details were vague. All Simon knew was that this place was supposed to be the host of some powerful magical source that needed to be purged.

Simon turned around and followed the walkway he was on back to wherever it had come from. The place was covered in magical and technological gadgets and gizmos, and as Simon walked he could hear the humming of the machinery, but along the monotone humming of the machine, and in the distance Simon could hear a more melodic humming, like that of those modern commercials that had begun airing back home. He pulled out his holy gun, he was not gonna take any risks.

"By the authority of the Saint division of the holy church, I command thee to reveal thyself."

Simon shouted into the darkness in front of him, from where the melodic humming came from. The sound of footsteps could then be heard walking towards Simon. Soon, a man with a helmet covering all but the lower part of his face stepped forward. He seemed to be dressed in mostly plain clothes and he was carrying a backpack of some kind. This man held his hands up in the air.

"Hey, calm down there, no need for violence, aight?"

He said as he pocketed his own gun. Simon, on the other hand, kept his gun ready. He would normally be a bit more polite but due to the unusual manner of this mission he felt he needed to be careful.

"Who art thou? And what art thou doing here?"

"Postal Agent 0431860, Albert Post. I'm here on a delivery"

Postal agent? Simon had never heard that term before, was there some other organisation besides the church interested in this place? He could rule out the fae, as they hadn't been active since the 70's and besides, this man gave his name... Simon would continue to try to figure out if this postal agent was part of one of the different foes he had either faced or knew about.

"You alright there, mr. Saint division?"

"It's Simon, Simon O'Cannon. Thou spoke of a delivery, of what kind, if I may ask?"

"I'm afraid that is above either your or my paygrade, sorry."

Simon wasn't sure why, but he had a bad feeling about this. He raised his holy gun, disabled the safety and in a very serious tone said.

"And I'm afraid that I must Insist on my inquiry. Please, show thy goods"

Next the postal agent realising that this stubborn priest wasn't gonna give up so, instead of answering, the agent went for a punch towards Simon's gut, hoping it would throw the priest off balance. However once his fist connected to the man's stomach area he did not feel the softness one would expect but rather a sudden metallic resistance. Simon had anticipated the possibility of this kind of attack, in fact he'd probably gone for the same spot, so he had silvered it up before the fist had made contact. While the punch did not have the desired effect it did push Simon back a solid 5 or 6 meters on the narrow walkway. With both at the same time realising the other having some unnatural ability they both exclaimed over each other

"So, you're a Meta/Paranormal !?"

A paranormal was the term used by most clergy to categorise the paranormal, be it of magical or technological origin. This wouldn't be Simon's first throwdown with one. After re-aiming his gun Simon fired a shot towards the agent who was drawing his own pistol. Bullet hitting the agent in the shoulder and going through it. Simon then rushed forward as he unsheathed his silver sword. With the pain from the gunshot Albert had dropped the gun he was gonna draw, which then proceeded to bounce over the edge of the walkway and into the abyss below. The loss of his gun did not however dissuade the walking arsenal that was the postal agent who pulled out his scrap shotgun just in time to block the sword strikes that Simon unleashed upon him. With one of the blocked strikes Al would push the sword to the side, having Simon cut into the railing. Simon on the other hand, reacting fast to having a shotgun aimed towards him, ripped off a piece of the tie he was wearing and shoved it down the shotgun barrel, silvering it along with some of the barrel just before the trigger was pulled. With a loud bang the shotgun exploded, sending shrapnel all around, cutting into both of the men. Albert then ripped off a part of the damaged railing and engaged Simon who swung his sword. But as Simon was about to clash down with his sword he sent a silvered fist right into Albert's gut.

"Copycat..."

The postal agent winched. Simon grabbed onto Albert with his silvered fist, holding Albert over the now railingless edge and with the other held the silvered sword towards Albert's throat.

"thou should reconsider thy options, while i do yet know how far this abyss reaches, know it'd be a long journey if thou fell. All i ask, for now, is to know what you are delivering"

As if in acknowledgement of his defeat, Albert grabbed the backpack and threw it gently onto the walkway. Simon would, while still holding the man over the edge with the severed hand, sheath the silver sword and then grab the back to open it.

When opened, a wave of powerful necrotic magical energy emanated from something within the now opened backpack. Digging his hand down into it, grabbing whatever was inside, Simon would pull out an old larger needle that was heavily decorated. Simon gasped as he realised what this item might be, Koschei's needle, an old Slavic magical artefact, according to the church's records it had been lost after the fall of the tsar. Simon had only read some

hypothesised uses of the needle, among some of the most accepted theories on its uses were to act as a tool of revival and as a phylactery.

"Does thou realise what thou hath brought here?"

"No, Not really, as i said, it's above my paygrade, and the sanctity of private mail and all that, look all i know is that i have to deliver it to the guy who owns this place, what is that anyway?"

"it's an object of supposed powerful magic beyond thy understanding, and the church will thank me for this..."

Simon then took the needle and threw it into the abyss.

"Now it should be beyond the reach of any of us, neither me nor thee."

Simon would then place the agent back on the walkway as he began heading deeper into the ship. Though after a brief moment Simon looked back to see Albert jump into the abyss shouting

"as the last postal agent, I need to get this last delivery where it was sent!"

Simon would look forward again, and with a heavy sigh he said

"A fool, a dedicated one, but a fool nonetheless, i will pray for thee to survive, but not to succeed"