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ROGUE

A NOVELLA DUO

GALACTIC  GLADIATORS

INFORMATION ROGUE

CHAPTER ONE

Her fingers flew across the screen in a dance more complicated than any piano concerto.

Ryan Nagano hunched over her comp. "Come on, baby. Come on."

It wouldn't be long before he caught her hacking his system. She *had* to get this done. *Fast*.

She touched the screen again. *There*. Cute pictures of cats from Earth filled the screen. They started multiplying, over and over.

She sat back in her chair, grinning. The premier information merchant on the desert planet of Carthago would be seeing nothing but fluffy kittens on his screens for a while. *Take that, info-boy*.

A second later, a message popped up on the screen.

You desert witch. There were several curses that followed. *I will get revenge*.

"Yeah, yeah," Ryan muttered. "Yadda, yadda." She touched the screen again. If she wasn't careful, he'd double-back on her hack and break into her system. He had some pretty slick skills. She touched the screen one last time. A picture of Zhim cuddling a gray kitten appeared. She laughed and disconnected the link. She'd spent far too much time doctoring that image, but it was so worth it.

Ryan pictured Zhim's hawkish face as he stared at the image. She laughed again. God, it felt so good to laugh.

The sound died away, and she twisted her hands together in her lap. She looked around the darkened room, at the strangeness of her surroundings. It was suddenly all-too-easy to remember that she was light years away from Earth. One day, she'd been running the computer systems on a scientific space station orbiting Jupiter, and the next, she'd been abducted by demon-like alien slavers called the Thraxians.

She wrapped her arms around herself and shivered. *You're safe now, Ryan. You were rescued. You're in the House of Galen. You're in your...office*.

Okay, it wasn't really an office. It was just a corner of the maintenance area in the basement of the gladiatorial house, but it was her space, and she relished it.

After her abduction, she'd been sold to the horrid desert fight arena, Zaabha. Her chest tightened, her breaths coming in sharp pants. When they'd realized her computer skills, they'd put her to work on their computer system. On those screens, she'd seen so much violence and brutality that she couldn't take it anymore. Ryan smiled darkly, thinking of her various sabotage efforts. She'd not been the most...compliant prisoner. As a result, she'd been sold again, to an even worse species, before finally being rescued by the other human survivors and the gladiators who'd taken them in.

Her fellow humans were all she had left. And the gladiators, of course. Strong and powerful men and women, who would do anything to keep the humans safe. Some of the women from Earth had even fallen in love with alien gladiators.

That thought made Ryan smile. Happiness could be found, even far, far away from home. And, Ryan reminded herself, she was safe. She took a few deep breaths, like the healers had taught her. The House of Galen Hermia healers were amazing. A species of tall, slender, genderless aliens who could manipulate biological energy, and who were essentially this planet's doctors. They'd also given her some gentle, soothing medications, to help her deal with her anxiety. She didn't like taking them, but she had to admit that they did make her feel better.

Most of all, she'd kill for a good night's sleep, with no nightmares, followed by an anxiety-free day.

The only time she felt good was when she was on her comp, messing with an insanely intelligent and arrogant information merchant.

"It's so dark in here," a female voice complained. The lights flicked on.

Ryan blinked at the influx of light. Her new friend, Rory, stood in the doorway, the light illuminating her red hair and pregnant belly.

"Hi, Rory."

"I'm here to spring you." The former space-station engineer strode forward. "Fresh air and sunshine, and watching hot, sweaty male bodies in the training arena, are just the prescription you need."

"I can't leave," Ryan said. "I'm still trying to get through all the data we stole from the Srinar."

Rory looked over at the screen and her mouth twitched. "Really?"

The image of Zhim with the cat was still up. Ryan reached out and tapped the screen, heat burning in her cheeks. The image disappeared, and instead, a glowing, blue ball of knotted data appeared in the center of the screen.

Now, Rory frowned. "What is that?"

"That's the data. It's encrypted in a way I've never seen before. I easily got through the first few layers of data, but then I hit this. It's tangled, and keeps shifting, and I haven't found a way to get into it, yet."

When she'd been sold the last time, she'd ended up in a Srinar hunting ground, out in the desert. She shivered at the thought of the deadly plants and animals she'd been forced to evade. The Srinar were allies of the Thraxians, and just as evil. The plague-ravaged aliens thought nothing of enslaving people, and forcing them to hunt and fight for their fucking pleasure and profit.

Ryan drew in a deep breath.

The House of Galen gladiators had freed her from some gross tree pod. She shivered again. During her rescue, she'd hacked the Srinar's comp system, taking their little hunting games offline, and at the same time, stolen their data. Ryan was now combing through it, trying to find information on any more humans who might be out there.

"I can't leave. I can't go out and have a good time, not when I know Dayna is still out there."

Poor Dayna had been through just as much as Ryan. Snatched from the very walls of the House of Galen, the former police detective was lost somewhere on the planet.

"And we have to track down Neve, as well." The other woman had helped them escape the hunting grounds, but had refused to leave with them, and simply snuck off afterward. Ryan was still perplexed as to why Neve hadn't come with them.

Rory's face softened. "I want to find Dayna and Neve just as much as you do, but you need to rest, Ryan. You've been through a tough time, and you need to recuperate. You need to laugh a little."

Ryan shifted on her chair. Everyone in the House of Galen was painfully aware of her nighttime screams, and she'd had a few panic attacks during the day. "And half-naked, sweaty gladiators will help?"

Rory's lips twitched. "They're a good start." She gripped Ryan's shoulder. "You need to live a little. Find some good things, things just for you, among all the strange and overwhelming stuff."

Well, Ryan had done some laughing at Zhim's expense.

"Have you called home to Earth?" Rory asked.

Ryan nodded. Zhim had created tech that allowed them to use micro-wormholes to contact Earth. The technology was incredible. She'd had a brief, teary call with her parents. "I spoke with my mom and dad."

"What about your sort-of fiancé?" Rory raised a brow.

God, Ryan regretted mentioning Charlie at all. "Not yet. Soon." There was no way back to Earth, so she knew she needed to make their break official.

"In the meantime, you should make a list of all the things you want to try. You need to embrace your new life."

Ryan nodded. Rory was right. She tapped the screen and opened up a list. "That's an excellent idea. I want to hold a sword." Her fingers tapped. "I want to watch every kind of fight in the Kor Magna Arena." Everything on Carthago centered around the ancient Arena. The gladiators fought spectacular fights, and spectators came from all over this corner of the galaxy to watch. "I want to go to one of the casinos in the District." The District was filled with tall, glittering skyscrapers, casinos, and you name the vice, you could find it there. It was Carthago's answer to Las Vegas.

"Good." Rory leaned a hip against the desk. "You have anything to eat down here?"

Ryan shook her head. The woman was always eating.

Rory waved her hand. "What else are you adding to your list?"

"I'm not sure yet."

The redhead's eyes gleamed. "What about if you make a second list?"

Ryan frowned. "For what?"

"For things you'd like to try in the future. Things that I bet you've never done with your sort-of fiancé."

Heat made Ryan's cheeks glow. "A *sex* list?"

"Yep. Trust me. There is nothing like amazing sex with a gorgeous man, and lots of orgasms, to help you feel better." Rory winked. "I'm talking from experience."

"I can't—" Ryan broke off.

She and Charlie had sort-of fallen into their relationship. The sex had been, well, lackluster was the word that came to mind. They'd both had busy jobs, and sex hadn't been often, and that was before Ryan had left for a stint in space. It had always been a dinner date, followed by sex in the same position at Charlie's place. He'd even always put the same music on.

A sex list. Just because she wrote a few things down, didn't mean she had to rush into anything. She saw the gleam in Rory's eye, and a cheeky sort of excitement filled her.

"Hot sex with a hot alien." Ryan typed the words.

"There you go."

"Sex outside."

Rory let out a laugh. "I like your way of thinking."

Ryan let her mind go wild, tapping into some of her most secret fantasies.

Spanking.

Role play (maybe the stern professor and naïve college student?)

Sex in a position called the Butter Churner.

She'd read about that in a magazine and had been intrigued. She laughed, half out of embarrassment, and half out of amused freedom.

"Good." Rory gave a nod, her hand rubbing her belly. "Now, it's time for that sunshine and fresh air."

Ryan saved her new lists, storing them securely with the online journals she'd been writing. It was another suggestion from the Hermia healers, for helping her get over her abduction.

The knot of data appeared on the screen and her gut cramped. She felt guilty taking the time to make a stupid sex list when Dayna and Neve were out there, somewhere, suffering and maybe even in pain. "I can't leave. There's more work—"

"No excuses." Rory grabbed her hand and yanked her out of her seat.

Reluctantly, Ryan let Rory lead her out of the systems room, and they moved through the stone corridors of the House of Galen. She loved the cream stone and the ancient feel of the place. While there was amazing tech here, the Kor Magna Arena had this old-world feel to it that made her think of ancient Rome. She looked up at the huge, red-and-gray wall hangings they passed. They all depicted scenes of gladiators fighting in the arena, holding swords, axes, and nets.

They passed several house workers, and then a few gladiator recruits, all wearing leather harnesses and fighting leathers.

Soon, Rory dragged Ryan outside to the training arena. The small oval of sand was ringed by arched corridors.

"Behold." Rory grinned. "This isn't bad compensation for having no way back to Earth."

She had a point. Ryan took in the bare, muscled chests of the gladiators fighting on the sand. They were slicked with sweat, muscles bulging as they swung their weapons.

She heard a sharp clash of swords, followed by some distinctly feminine grunts. Her gaze fell on two women close by, fighting fiercely. Saff was a gorgeous alien gladiator,

with dark, glossy skin, and black hair in a mass of braids. She lunged, tossing an egg-shaped device. It flew through the air toward her opponent, exploding outward into a net. The other woman dived, rolling across the sand, and came up on her feet. She swung her twin swords at Saff.

Although she looked every inch the gladiator, Harper was human. A former member of the security team on the Fortuna Space Station, she'd been the first human to be rescued by the House of Galen.

And the first woman from Earth to tumble headfirst in love with an alien gladiator.

Two men came into view, moving swiftly across the sand. One held a sword, while the other carried a metallic staff. Raiden was Harper's man, and with his big body, intricate tattoos covering his skin, and his red cloak flaring behind him, he was an impressive sight. His fight partner, Kace, on the other hand, was tall, with a straight bearing and clean-cut face, set in lines of concentration.

"Go, baby," Rory yelled out.

Kace was Rory's lover, and the father of her unborn child.

A flash of blue captured Ryan's attention. A blue-skinned alien was fighting in the center of the arena. Vek had been rescued from the terrible, underground fight rings. He'd been forced to compete in fights to the death for years.

His muscular body was covered in dark tattoo-like markings and he was fighting with two wicked-looking forks. He let out a roar and launched at his attacker. But as he fought, Ryan could see he was in full control, and there was no sign of the terrible rages he'd suffered after he'd first been freed. That was largely due to the fact that he'd recently mated with Mia, another human survivor. She'd helped heal and save him.

Ryan exhaled a deep breath. She definitely wasn't on Earth anymore. She held her arms out, enjoying the feel of the sunlight on her skin. Maybe Rory was right. Ryan needed to get out more. She'd been locked in a back room at Zaabha for far too long. Not to mention the beatings, and the days without food.

Her pulse tripping, she forced the ugly memories away. The last thing she needed right now was a panic attack. She looked up at the two hot suns, hanging in the pale-blue sky. The light was brighter here. She gazed at the horizon, and spotted the glittering glass spires of the District, beyond the ancient stone walls of the massive Kor Magna Arena.

"Good morning."

The deep voice made her turn, and the man in charge came into view. Galen's rugged face was dominated by a heavy scar and black eye patch over his left eye. He

wore a skintight black shirt that clung to the tight abs beneath, and a black cloak fell down from his shoulders. As always, he cut an imposing figure, and made her want to salute.

"Morning," she replied.

"How's the data coming along?"

Rory threw out an arm. "She's taking a break, G."

"It's okay," Ryan said. "It's slow going. I hit some encryption that's unlike anything I've seen before."

Galen gave a small nod, his single, icy eye narrowing. There was something so aloof about the man, like he held himself separate from everything around him.

Suddenly, a door at the end of the corridor banged open and Ryan jumped.

She turned her head and saw Zhim storming in.

Uh-oh.

The information merchant was dressed all in black, and his black hair was loose today, brushing his shoulders. With his hawkish face, he looked like a space-pirate marauder, striding across the cockpit of his ship.

Galen sighed. "What did you do to rile him this time?"

Ryan crossed her arms over her chest. "He deserved it. He tried to *steal* data from the House of Galen system."

"Data you originally stole from him, I assume."

She cleared her throat. "That's beside the point. Anyway, it was only kitten pictures."

"Galen, this woman is a menace." Zhim's voice was a low drawl. He came to a stop in front of them, his unique nebula eyes sparking as he glared at Ryan. They were a stunning blue-green, sprinkled on black.

Man, the guy had gorgeous eyes. And a long, lean swimmer's body that she'd noticed once or twice. Ryan stiffened, and forcefully shoved those thoughts away. It didn't matter what he looked like, because it was a real shame about his personality.

"It was only a few funny pics, info-boy," Ryan said. "Take a chill pill."

His brow creased. "Take a what?"

Rory grinned. "She means relax."

Then, all of a sudden, he did relax. His tense shoulders loosened, and a wide smile turned his face from edgy to handsome. A warning bell rang in Ryan's head. She didn't trust that smile.

Zhim lowered his voice, his gaze zeroed in on her. "I warned you that I'd get my revenge."

Her eyes widened. "What did you do?"

He shrugged.

Damn the man. She spun, and raced off toward her computer.

Read on for a sample chapter from *Desert Rogue*, Corsair and Neve's story.

DESERT ROGUE

CHAPTER ONE

She stood in the shadows, watching the gladiators fight. Sweat-slicked muscles, black tattoos, masculine grunts, and the clash of weapons. It was a pretty awe-inspiring sight, she had to admit.

Neve Haynes studied the tattooed Raiden, swinging his sword, his red cloak whipping behind him. He smacked the huge gladiator he was fighting in the chest with the flat of his blade. Thorin staggered backward, his boots kicking up sand, and scales flickered on his skin. He fell on his ass and his curses filled the air.

Raiden laughed. "Getting slow, my friend."

Thorin stood, dusting off his trousers. He growled. "I'll show you slow, old man."

But then Raiden, Champion of the Kor Magna Arena, clapped the man's back, and both of them smiled.

Neve let her gaze sweep over the House of Galen training arena. There were a number of other gladiators training, all honing their skills to fight in the huge arena beyond. Axes, swords, and nets flew and flashed in the sunlight. Everyone fought with fierce, strong, and unrelenting moves. She spotted Harper, a human woman like Neve. The former space station security officer ran across the sand and when she reached Raiden, the alien gladiator swept her into his arms for a hard kiss.

Neve shook her head as dark memories stirred. They'd all been abducted from space by Thraxian slavers, and ended up on this distant desert world. Remembered screams, panicked shouts, and the guttural grunts of the huge Thraxians echoed in Neve's ears. She dragged in a deep breath. After their capture, the slavers had traveled back through a temporary wormhole that left the humans stranded here, somewhere on the opposite side of the galaxy from Earth. They had no way home.

Harper and the handful of other human survivors were making the best of their situation, creating homes for themselves here on the planet of Carthago. They were falling in love with alien gladiators, and finding their places in the House of Galen.

But Neve's home wasn't Earth, or a gladiatorial house, or any place. Her home was a person. And that person was lost here on Carthago. Somewhere.

She turned, sticking to the shadows. She flicked her hood up over her head, and checked that the short staff she'd borrowed from the armory was still hidden under her cloak. Her long staff, the one she'd made herself when she'd been stuck in the fucking alien hunting ground in the desert, was tucked safely back in the bedroom she'd been allocated.

Out of view of the training gladiators, she paused and reached up. With a quick jump, she climbed up the cream stone walls onto a balcony above. She crouched and glanced over the rooftops. The imperator of the House of Galen was no idiot, and he protected what was his. Guards in gray-and-red cloaks, with swords in their scabbards, patrolled the roofs.

But she'd been watching them for long enough to know their schedules and routines. She hurried along the wall, and as soon as the closest guard turned, she clambered up over the stone and onto the roof.

She quickly snuck across the tiles and then jumped down on the other side. She landed with a soft *thud* in the middle of the busy crowd below. No one noticed her.

Neve was used to sneaking around. She'd spent years ensuring she didn't attract anybody's attention. It had started during her childhood. Her belly tightened, and she hurried forward. Really, it had been her years as a corporate spy that had helped her hone her stealth skills.

She passed two young women, with similar dark hair that fell in braids over their shoulders. They were giggling conspiratorially. Sisters. A sharp pain pierced her chest, like an arrow lodging in her heart.

Where are you, Ever? I'm going to find you. Neve's jaw tightened. For so long, it had just been her and her sister. Neve and Ever. Always. Their parents had died young, and they'd ended up in the dubious care of their father's estranged sister. Their bitter, alcoholic aunt had not been very happy to inherit two sad, grieving girls. That's when Neve had first learned to sneak out. Shimmying out her bedroom window without being noticed.

When she'd reached her teens, she'd snuck out to a part-time job, stashing away money so she could get Ever the things her aunt refused to buy. And later, so Neve had enough money to get herself and Ever out of that house.

And now, both of them were here on Carthago, where they'd never expected to be.

Neve ducked into a tunnel, following some arena workers. She moved into the crowd, listening to snatches of conversation around her. She needed any clue she could get as to the location of Zaabha. Ever was being held prisoner at the vicious desert arena, and Neve was getting her out.

From everything Neve heard, the place was wild, savage, and dangerous. Her hands clenched into fists. Stolen fighters were forced to fight to the death. She blew out a harsh breath. Her sister was smart, and also well-trained, thanks to time spent in the Army. She'd be okay.

Neve stopped at a stall selling drinks. Several workers sat on stools, sipping frothy ales, smiling and talking. Pasting on a smile, she ordered a drink, and began chatting to the lady beside her. Soon, the workers relaxed around her, and she started asking questions.

But it didn't matter how many times she snuck out of the House of Galen to gather intel, no one knew anything useful about Zaabha. Of course, everyone knew the myths and legends, but most people didn't even believe it was real.

Her belly churning with frustration, Neve slid off her stool, and continued walking through the busy tunnels. The crowd around her bustled, busy doing the behind-the-scenes work for the fights that went on in the arena above. People were selling food, leather, weapons, and other wares. But unlike Zaabha, no one fought to the death in the Kor Magna Arena. Here, the gladiators fought to show off their skills for the adoring crowds.

Suddenly, a woman's scream pierced the air. Neve heard the scuffle of people fighting.

She spun and spotted a big alien turning jerkily in the center of the crowd. He had thick, green-tinted skin, and was huge. Easily a foot taller than everyone else. He wore leather trousers and a matching vest. His head was bald with large, dark, rapidly-shifting eyes. Something about him made her think of an ogre.

He was holding some sort of metallic device in his huge palm.

"No one move!" he shouted, his voice booming. "Or I'll blow everyone to pieces."

All around, people froze. Neve heard whimpers, and spotted a group of men edging closer to the alien.

The big green man swung, waving his weapon at them. "Stop."

The men froze.

"I want everyone's coins. Put them in a bag. Now!"

Neve huffed out an annoyed breath. This was really ruining her information gathering. She pulled her staff off her back and strode forward.

At the last second, the man's huge eyes flicked her way. Neve lunged forward and swung her staff, whacking him solidly in the gut. He let out a giant *woof* of air and doubled over. She hit him again, slamming her staff into his knee. He let out a bellow.

As he dropped to his knees, she slammed her staff into the back of his shoulders. He groaned and pitched forward, the bomb dropping from his hand. Neve dived, caught the device, and landed with her knees digging into the alien's back. He whimpered beneath her.

"Now what?" a voice drawled.

Damn. Of all the people on the planet, it had to be this one. She lifted her head and looked at Corsair.

Lots of words trickled through her mind as she stared at the man. *Pirate. Desert rogue. Caravan master. Too damn good-looking.*

His muscled body was clothed in dark trousers and a desert shirt of pale tan. A dark leather belt circled lean hips and a leather bandolier crossed his chest. Both were loaded with weapons. Shaggy brown hair, tinted gold by the desert suns, curled around a handsome, rugged face. He had gorgeous golden eyes the color of polished amber.

Two people stood behind him. One was a hulking giant of a man with dark hair, who was scowling and watching Neve with dark eyes. The other was a stunningly beautiful woman with wide aquamarine eyes and chunky goggles sitting up on top of her long black hair.

"I haven't decided yet," Neve told Corsair.

He reached down and took the bomb. He handed it off to the woman. "Mersi, take care of this for me."

"You got it, boss." The woman took the bomb, her eyes alight with interest.

Corsair nodded at the still-silent hulk beside him. With a grunt, the man leaned down, gripped the spluttering alien by his belt and heaved him up like he weighed nothing. They turned and disappeared into the crowd.

Neve stayed where she was and glared at Corsair. The caravan master shot her an amused smile and held a hand out to her. She ignored it—and the glint of challenge in his eyes—and jumped to her feet.

Around them, several people clapped and cheered.

Great. She hunched her shoulders. So much for keeping a low profile.

"Galen won't be pleased that you slipped out," Corsair said. "Again."

Neve shrugged. She was honest enough to admit that the imperator was more than a little intimidating. Especially when he was angry.

But finding Ever was more important. Neve would face anything and anyone to find her sister.

Corsair reached out, his fingers brushing Neve's cheek. She slapped his hand away. The infuriating man just smiled.

He was annoying, tempting, and a distraction. She did not need him getting in her way.

WHAT THE DRAK was it about this woman?

She was trouble. Corsair knew that in his bones. He'd been born and raised in the desert, and he'd been running his own caravan for years. He'd learned to predict trouble at a very young age. When a smudge on the horizon would turn into a sandstorm. What passengers to take, and which ones to turn away. Which routes to travel, and which ones to avoid at all costs.

And yet, he was still drawn to Neve like a desert fly to a campfire.

"Did you find anything during your snooping?" he asked.

She glared at him with pale-green eyes. "No. To everyone, Zaabha's just a myth." Annoyance rode her tone, and she looked away.

Corsair frowned, studying the curve of her jaw, and the sharp blade of her nose. Usually, he preferred curvy, smiling women. Easy women, who came to his bed and left when he asked them to. Not edgy, dangerous, and surly.

"Come on." He nudged Neve with his elbow. "I'll walk you back to the House of Galen."

She pulled away from him. "I'm not ready to go back. I need to find my sister."

"Galen's looking for Zaabha, Neve, and he has more resources than you do. You know how hard he's working to rescue your sister, along with Dayna and Sam."

"Not fast enough," she grumbled.

"You think you can do better?"

"I have to do *something*." There was a flash of pain in her eyes.

Drak. "I've been asking around. I might have a lead."

She spun, her gaze narrowing. They were on the edge of the crowd, near the entrance to an empty tunnel.

“When I know more, I’ll tell you—”

Suddenly, she leaped on him, catching him by surprise. She rode him to the ground and Corsair hit the stone floor hard, the air rushing out of him.

Her knees dug into his sides. “What do you know? Where is it?”

He pushed up, and they rolled across the floor. She cursed, and all he felt was that sleek body pressed against his. She was all strength and agility that he found insanely attractive.

She tried to knee him in the balls, but he deflected, and they rolled again. He ended up beneath her once more.

And really, he didn’t mind it all that much.

“Where. Is. Zaabha?” she demanded.

“I don’t know, Neve. I said I have a *potential* lead. I didn’t want to get your hopes up until I checked it out.”

“Until *we* check it out.”

“No. It was from a desert trader. The desert is my terrain, not yours. You’ll scare off my informants in about half a stellar second.”

“It’s *my* sister who’s lost out there, not yours.”

All of a sudden, she was jerked off him.

Corsair looked up to see the big shape of Bren, his right-hand man, standing there, holding Neve by the back of her shirt.

She made a snarling noise, kicking her legs to try to get free.

But Bren was all solid strength, and held her with ease. Corsair jumped to his feet. Beyond Bren, Mersi—his right-hand woman—watched them all with a smile. With her amazing ability to finesse any engine, device, or gadget, plus her skill at organizing anything and anyone with military precision, she’d clearly already dealt with the explosive he’d given her.

“Let her go, Bren.” Corsair dusted off his trousers, as his friend obeyed. “You need to learn some manners, Neve. Once I—” He looked up and saw she was gone.

Bren shrugged his broad shoulders and Corsair let out a breath.

“Losing your touch, Corsair,” Mersi said gleefully.

He looked at his oldest friends and shook his head. “I don’t want to hear it.”

Then he turned, hands on his hips, and looked down the empty tunnel. One thing he knew for certain was that he hadn’t seen the last of Neve Haynes.

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