859 PART 2:

Agent General 859 walked into a large, cleanly designed building in the middle of the New Mexican Desert. Their base was hundreds of times larger than it looked, but most of it was underground, built in a few years after he had been given control of UNMIF. In that time, he outlined a structure similar to that used in the US military.

He then designed an Agent suit for all purposes, including flight, diplomatic, high-action, and any other situation they could get themselves into. It was also filled with sensors that monitored heart rate, blood-pressure, body temperature, and could even tell if the agent had fallen asleep and would give sounds guaranteed to wake a person up if the agent was in a dire situation (such as falling asleep from g-forces, causing the plane to plummet).

The suit came equipped with many forms of weapons, from guns to high-powered lasers to energy staffs, that could be used in ground combat. It also came equipped with an under-sleeve control panel that could launch missiles from docking stations on satellites, create projected maps of the areas around them, guaranteeing them knowledge of what they were getting into, and security programs galore that could secure anything, or crack anything.

That wasn’t even to mention the 8th generation fighter jets they built in their secret factories around the world, the antimatter bombs they had stored in every country, and the space fighters that could nearly get them to the moon without running low on fuel. They grew more advanced every day under Tobias’s leadership, and this building was his reminder of that. It was command center.

He walked into the room and saw the projections showing stats of agents on mission, stats on weaponry, stats on crafts, and a few cat videos on the screens of people on break. When he walked in, everyone on duty saluted, except for the 3 5-star generals across the room he considered his equals. Agents 952, 756, and 757, his first agents. They always went with him; they were his team.

He waved his hand, signaling everyone back to work. He walked to the other generals. “How are things.” He asked 952, who he had to train from nothing, but was as loyal as ever.

“All is mostly well.” Was his response.

“Meaning?”

“We have noticed disturbances over in New York. Probably nothing, but we are keeping an eye out.”

“An attack on the UN building?”

“We don’t know, we’ve tapped all communications, but nobody is saying anything.”

“Any ideas?”

Alex chimed in. “Well, we could send a squad out,