

The bus rolls to a stop on the gravel road, electric lights illuminating the night every 5 meters, occasionally flickering. The doors open, and a man, average in every way steps out. Average height, average looking, but dressed in a black suit. He carries a briefcase in one hand, and his eyes scan the road before turning back to the bus. "Thank you, have a good night" he says, handing the bus driver a bank note. The driver's eyes widen, and he quickly looks back up to the man, who is nowhere to be seen "Sir! You gave me a hundred dollar note!" The driver says, calling into the brush, hoping the stranger would return. The bus driver, alone in his bus, stares into the brush for a few moments, before finally closing the doors, and slowly rolling away.

The man steps out of the brush, briefcase in hand, and stares up at the sight in front of him. A large modern compound lies in front of him, a dome of civilization within the forest, surrounded by a concrete wall, lights shining down into the forest, illuminating the surrounding area. The man makes his way towards the compound, walking alongside the dirt road that leads to the entrance.

"Sir, this is private property, unless you have business here, I will have to ask you to leave" A guard says, as the man approaches the front gate. The metal gate is open, but two guards flank the entrance, watching for anybody that dares approach. The man continues forward, not even glancing at the security guard. "Sir!" The Guard says, blocking the way with his arm.

The man looks down at the arm blocking his way, then slowly looks to the guard. "I'm sorry for this" He says simply.

"What-" The guard says, before being knocked in the head by the briefcase the man was holding. The other guard jumps at the unexpected escalation. He reaches for the radio at his belt, and with the other hand he raises his gun, but the man swiftly takes a silenced pistol from his suit, and deftly puts a bullet in the guard's skull, causing him to drop dead. The man turns the gun to the man on the floor, and puts another bullet into the back of the skull, causing the body to jerk.

The radio, which came loose from the guard's belt as he fell, buzzes to life, the light on the side showing that someone was speaking through it. "Entry Guard, is something wrong?" the radio says, all tone stripped from the voice as it is translated through the radio's rough speakers. The man picks up the radio, but pauses for a minute, radio held to his lips, but still silent, "Entry Guard?" The radio repeats, "Entry Guard, please respond."

He switches the radio to transmit mode, "Everything is fine, Command" He says, voice cool and calm, mimicking the prose of the two now deceased guards. "Very Well, I'll leave you too it" The radio responds. The man slowly puts the radio back on the floor, and continues into the compound, unobstructed.

"Hey, how many more hours do we have before break?" one guard asks to another "We have another three hours man" the guard watching the CCTV responds, absentmindedly consuming a chocolate bar. "It's bullshit I tell you" the first guard responds. "Making us sit around for 6 hours. This place is in the middle of the forest, who the hell is gonna break in?" The other guard tosses the wrapper into the trash and spins in his seat, looking up at the ceiling. "It's good money, and it's not like we're doing anything special. Grab me a coffee will

ya?" The first guard sighs, "Fine, I'll be back in 5." The guard exits the small surveillance room, leaving to get a coffee for his friend.

The guard watching the CCTV absentmindedly flicks through the cameras outside the compound, eyes scanning the screens with routine monotony. As he flicks through, he catches a stranger walking down one of the courtyards paths. "Wait," he mumbles, flicking back to the camera he just passed, "Nobody is supposed to be patrolling there." He sits up straight and leans in to confirm what he's seeing. The man, causally walking towards the camera continues to walk nonchalantly, and pulls out a pistol, and without looking, shoots the camera. The guard gasps, quickly switching to another camera that sees the same path from another angle. The man continues to walk at a brisk pace, passing the camera, but not before shooting it, causing the feed to go black. The man quickly switches through feeds, trying to pinpoint where the man is going. He realizes with horror the man is headed straight for the CCTV compound. He scrambles for his radio, searching the desk frantically. He groans, slapping his palm to his forehead remembering the other guard took the radio with him. He pulls open one of the lockers, retrieving one of the M16 assault rifles, and sits back in the chair, barrel pointed right at the door. The entire room goes quiet as he sits, waiting for the anonymous invader. The door creaks open, revealing the empty courtyard, night sky casting it all in a silver hue. The guard exhales, not realizing he was holding his breath the entire time. "Who's there?" he says, trying and failing to keep his voice level. "This is private property, I have the right to kill if needed." the guard threatens, sweat dripping down his face, causing him some irritation. A shape pulls out from the bushes, and the guard reflexively shoots it, aim true, causing the body to jerk and collapse to the ground. "Holy Shit!" he hears from outside, most likely his partner, he thinks. "Just an intruder. I'll report this in a minute."

The guard exhales, dropping the M16. If he was more focused, he may of realized the voice was slightly off, but the adrenaline and panic prevented him from recognizing that. The guard gets up on shaky legs, slowly approaching the body. "Help me get this out of the way, will ya?" he asks, pulling out a flashlight to double check the identity of the body. He clicks it on, and realizes the mistake he made. He didn't shoot the intruder, but his partner. He drops the flashlight, leaving him in mostly darkness, faintly illuminated by moonlight. Before any words leave his mouth, a bullet enters his skull from behind. The body slumps forward, revealing the suited stranger stood behind him, pistol still smoking from the point blank shot. The figure silently holsters his pistol, and continues his silent crusade.

Kallian Alexandros stood on his balcony, one hand resting on the handrail, the other hand holding a glass of wine. He probably shouldn't have stood on the balcony. The security detail kept reminding him of the threat of snipers. He didn't think it mattered much, after all the point of a security detail was to keep you alive. If he couldn't relax on the balcony, they weren't doing their job. He was paying them a fortune anyways, no need to stress about assassins with how much he payed them. He took a sip from his glass, savouring the deep crimson liquid. A vintage from 1860, not the best that he had, but passable. Only two more days before he could rejoin society. The Princeps had told him he had to go into hiding for a week, and had even paid for the security detail, and the house. It was a nice place, it had a swimming pool and wine cellar, nothing as grand as his own villa, but enough for a week. Not being able to contact high society for an entire week still angered him, he wasn't some nobody cretin, he was the CEO of 3 major companies and supplied arms to major militaries around the world. Nobody would dare touch him, but the Princeps had asked, and when the

Princep asked, you followed their orders. The Princeps always asks, they never ordered. The mysterious figure that controlled the underworld, was a force of nature. They're actions were confusing and contradictory, but the actions they did usually eventually caused great change or benefit to those involved. People had tried refusing the Princeps before, but that usually ended in convenient and inconspicuous deaths. Kallian looked down at his empty wine glass. No servants came to refill his glass. He would have to have a talk with the house staff, that was unacceptable. He walked back inside, passing the bedroom suite, walking down the glass stairs and entering the kitchen, about to curse out the first person he saw, but the place was empty. Something was wrong.

"Hello?" he called out, wandering the house, passing priceless paintings and statues wondering where everyone was. He spotted one of his guards on the couch, slumped over, probably sleeping. "You!" he hissed. "Sleeping on the job? I'll have your head for your insolence." He walked up to the guard, and shook his shoulder violently, trying to wake the man up. The guard's head lolled backwards, looking up at Kallian. Two lifeless eyes stared at him, and a small pinprick hole was visible on his forehead. A bullet hole. Kallian let go of the man and fell backwards, screaming. "Guards!" he screamed. "Somebody help me!" He scrambled to his feet and ran up the stairs. Still panicking, he moved the painting above the bed aside, revealing a small keyhole. He hurriedly fumbled with his keys, trying to open the door to the panic room. He dropped the key twice, before finally getting the key inside and opening the door. He scrambled inside, on his hands and knees, and shut the door behind him, setting the lock so only he could open it from inside.

"Dear lord" he mumbled, sweat running down his face in both panic and exertion. He ran to the other side of the cramped panic room, only a few feet across, and pressed the inconspicuous black button on the wall. That button would alert the Princep, and hopefully help would arrive in time.

If Killian had paid a little more attention before entering the safe room, he may have noticed the briefcase that lay on the one sofa inside, but due to his panic, he ran straight passed it. He finally noticed the briefcase, and his eyes narrowed in suspicion. He hesitated before approaching the briefcase, something inside him warning him of the potential danger. He could just wait for help to arrive, right? Curiosity got the better of him, and he slowly picked up the briefcase, before gingerly opening the two latches, revealing the contents inside. Killian instantly realized his mistake upon opening the briefcase. He slumped down, watching the numbers tick down. Five, Four, Three, Two, One. Killian Alexandros was instantly vaporized, along with the entire panic room.

The stranger stood on the balcony, the force of the explosion contained by the panic room's reinforced walls. Killian had left two more bottles of wine on table. The stranger found the idea humouring, but it didn't show on his face. He uncorked one of the bottles, and poured two glasses. He left one on the balcony railing, and drank the second one, holding it above the balcony. "Sic Semper Tyrannis," the stranger said, dropping the empty glass off the balcony, watching as it plummeted and shattered on the ground. The sound of shattered glass echoed through the night. Something changed that night, something that changed the world forever.

Rain trickled down alleys and metal grates, causing the alley to be filled with the sound of water against metal, as well as the sounds of cars and city busses. The stranger stood on an overpass, neon lights of the shanghai red light district illuminating his face. He stared out, watching the buses and cars pass through the alley, like ants in organized rows. Another figure approached from behind, holding another briefcase.

"Beautiful night, is it not?" The new figure asked, joining the stranger, leaning on the railing.

"The rain reminds me of glass" The stranger responded, completing the passkey.

The figure, wearing a business suit exhaled, visibly relaxing as he heard the confirmation.  
"Shit. It really is you."

The stranger didn't react, or respond. He simply kept staring out through the alley, watching the cars and people pass through.

"The incident in Tasmania was you?" He asked, back leaning on the railing, arms crossed.  
"You've thrown everything into chaos. Ten separate PMC's are after you, but I assume you already know about that."

The stranger nodded, before stirring slightly. "That's the point." he said simply, voice betraying no emotion. "You reap what you sow" The stranger checked his watch, murmuring to himself. "few minutes late" he said. He turned to the figure, and regarded him with weary eyes. "I assume you know what to do?" The implication was obvious.

The figure snorted, taking a card from his jacket, handing it to the stranger. "I won't get in your way. Do what you need to do, I've decided to retire. Here's a mutual contact, nobody important. If you need to get in contact, you know what to do."

The stranger nodded, taking the briefcase from the figure. No more words were exchanged, no more pleasantries given. The figure turned to leave, and the stranger checked his watch again. He smiled, the first time he had in a while. The signs started to show. The alley started to empty, and shops started to close. Then, it started. One by one, the lights in the alley turned off. The sounds of transformers breaking, and of lights popping slowly crept through the alley. The stranger closed his eyes, allowing them to adjust to the darkness preemptively. The stranger pulled something from under his suit, holding it inconspicuously behind him. He heard the footsteps of multiple men storming up the stairs, approaching the overpass quickly. He continued to stare out into the darkness, eyes adjusted to the darkness waiting for the assailants to arrive. He closed his eyes, focusing on the footsteps and noises. sixteen men, he guess, eight on each side. Less than he expected. More would be waiting in the alley, and all entrances would be guarded too. The sixteen assailants, equipped with night vision and silenced rifles surrounded the stranger in a crescent shape. "Hands in the air!" one of the soldiers shouted. They didn't bother to tell him he was under arrest. They all knew he wasn't. They would try to take him in, but that wouldn't matter. The stranger, still holding the briefcase, turned around slowly, making no sudden moves, and smoothly put his hands in the air, one holding the briefcase, the other holding a small, black remote. He pressed the button at the top of the remote, and three things happened at once. Number one: four preplaced anti personnel explosive devices, placed under the opposite railings and on the overpass supports ignited. Number Two: The stranger opened the briefcase, causing a

bulletproof blanket to unravel, protecting him from the shrapnel. Number Three: A silent transponder inside one of the assailants suits went off, confirming the identity of the suspect. Every single law officer, bounty hunter, mob boss, and criminal in shanghai was after the stranger now. The stranger was pushed against the railing of the overpass as the shockwave from the explosives hit. As soon as the wave passed, he tossed the briefcase from the balcony, and took in the sight before him. All the assailants lay dead, killed by the deadly shrapnel or the shockwave of the explosives. The man quickly took off, hopping over the railing, and sliding down a drainage pipe to the ground below. The stranger removed his tie, and threw off his suit, leaving him in his white dress shirt, which was ruffled from the force of the explosion and now the rain. The stranger kicked open a door to one of the apartment complexes, and jogged up the stairs, He kicked open the door to one of the apartments, revealing a preplaced cache of weapons and armor. The stranger quickly replaced his uniform to an identical one, except for the fact that the new one housed multiple bullet proof plates, protecting him from all angles. He holstered two fully automatic machine pistols under his suit coat, hidden from view. He picked up a briefcase, and grabbed a silenced, semi automatic armor piercing shotgun. The time for discretion was over. He walked out on the balcony, and swiftly vaulted over, landing in a pile of garbage near the floor. He proceeded out of the dark alleyway, rain streaking down his face, dim lights of distant buildings providing inadequate illumination. He sensed the dim green glare of night vision goggles before he saw them, and deftly switched the flashlight on the shotgun on with one hand, the other still holding the briefcase. The bright beam overwhelmed the night vision goggles, leaving the operator disoriented and blind. The stranger deftly put two shots into the mans chest. One to kill, the other to double check. Night vision became a liability when your prey knew the battlefield better than you. He continued to through the streets, sticking to dark alleyways, dispatching would be assailants as they tried to hunt him. He silently approached the harbour, rain turning from a downpour to a monsoon. The wind and rain obscured his position, but also left him blind. He arrived at the harbour, the storm raging around him, as if the elements themselves were trying to destroy his being." He made it down to one of the piers, and threw the shotgun into a boat, and opened the briefcase. He took a small explosive, and placed it inside the boat, before setting the bomb to go off when out of range of a transmitter. He removed the rest of the contents from the briefcase, a scuba suit, and donned it before starting the boat by pressing the now empty briefcase on the pedal. The boat took off, and the stranger watched as helicopters and searchlights illuminated the area, despite the danger of the monsoon. He dove into the water, his distraction keeping the attention of the helicopters, and made away with something more dangerous than any weapon: Information.