Chapter 37 : Shopping Trip

Sheina walked into the building filled with happiness. Baas walked into the building filled with boredom. He wanted to explore all of the grey territory, not be stuck shopping for clothes. He decided to look around just out of curiosity. There were many wooded shelves filled with a variety of clothes. On the wall hung different jackets and hoods that went down to form long capes. Hoods!

“There are the hoods.” Baas said pointing to the wall. “Let’s grab them and go.”

“Hold on.” Sheina said pulling on the backpack he was carrying. She then spoke so only he could hear. “Did you forget? We’re also supposed to be gathering information. Look around as though we’re searching for something and try to do what Atsuma asked.”

“Hey Sheina.” Baas said jokingly. “Deceiving people is wrong. You know that, right?”

Sheina then pushed Baas away from her. “Just go.”

Baas groaned to himself. “Being forced to go shopping for clothes by my female friend, I must be the only guy in history to have been subjected to this.”

He began to look at the clothes. Hmm. They actually had some interesting designs. Of course, they weren’t anything he would wear. Even though it was plain, a white outfit stuck out fine with him and made him the center of attention. Baas liked being the center of attention.

“Hey there.” Came a voice. Baas turned to his left to see a man smiling at him. His eyebrows slashed down making it appear as though it were an evil smile. Using his instincts as a Leader, Baas began to notice detail. If Baas were to guess his age, he’d say just under 22 years old. The guy was about four inches taller than him. He wore a black shirt with cut sleeves. His black jean pants hugged his legs tightly. His slim boots were also black. Baas thought they probably made him taller than he really was. Then Baas noticed the band on the guy’s left bicep. It was grey. A local! Good. Baas could try and ask him about Miss Vanessa.

“Hi.” Baas said smiling. “They say my name is…”

“Don’t care…” the guy said interrupting Baas. His evil smile did not leave. “But you should care that I’m Brute.”

Baas was confused. But he just shrugged off his confusion “Okay Brute. I was wondering if…”

“Don’t care.” The guy said interrupting Baas once more. Baas was beginning to find that annoying. “But you should care what I’m wondering. Or rather, what we’re wondering.”

Baas heard footsteps approaching from behind. Thinking about it, he could make out three other people were close to him, but not in his sight.

“Okay, Brute and friends.” He said keeping his smile. “What are you wondering?”

“What we’re wondering is…” Brute said putting one arm around Baas. “What’s a loser country like Orange, doing with a good looking thing like that?”

He then pointed to Sheina who was across the store with multiple articles of clothing in her arms. She had not seen them yet.

“Oh, you like Sheina, huh? Well you better get in line cause almost everyone in Orange…” Baas thought about the sentence that was said to him. “Wait. Loser country?”

Brute’s smile got bigger. As did all of his companions’.

“Yeah. Orange is a loser country. Everyone knows that. They have the worst fighters in all of Wig-Or-Log.”

Baas did not understand. Why did this Brute guy think this?

“You have every right to your opinion.” Baas said. “But have you ever seen an Orange fighter? I wouldn’t exactly say they’re bad.”

“Well I know they’re bad.” Brute said getting closer to Baas. “You know how I know? Cause a real fighter would never let me do this…”

And with that, Brute rapidly took his arm that was around Baas’ shoulder and forced Baas’ body to fall forward.

Surprised, Baas hit the stone floor hard. He was able to brace himself so that his head did not take damage, but that didn’t stop him from getting hurt. Shaking off the pain, he immediately stood up.

“What was that for?” He said. His hand began to go for his sword on his back.

“Ah ah ah.” Brute said wagging his finger. “Remember the rules of Wig. You can’t attack me.”

Baas stopped his hand. Brute was right. Baas was a colored band, and they were not aloud to attack grey bands. Certainly it seemed like an unfair rule of Wig, but grey bands weren’t aloud to fight in the first place. Why was this guy giving Baas such a hard time? Baas looked over at Sheina. She had missed the events completely. Good. Baas didn’t want to get her involved and then have Brute attack her. But what could he do? These guys were attacking him in a narrow space and he didn’t know why.

“Causing trouble again?” came a female voice from behind Brute. Brute turned around to reveal a woman standing behind him with her arms crossed. She wore a jeans, a simple purple shirt with a flower embroider on it and sandals. She was short with brown eyes. Her dark brunette hair came down to her shoulders. Her face showed no emotion. It was as though she were not interested in anything in life whatsoever. She appeared, to Baas, around Brutes age.

“Well hello Eve.” Brute said stroking his hair. “You look lovely toda…”

“Not in my store.” The female said interrupting Brute.

Baas let out a sigh of relief. He was saved. Surely this female commanded respect. All the guys around him had given her their attention and stopped focusing on him. Surely she would put an end to this ganging up on him.

“If you want to beat up people, do it outside.” She said “But not in my store. Understand?”

Baas almost choked. This woman was okay with him getting beat up, so long as he didn’t mess up her clothes.

“Alright.” Brute said.

“But Brute.” The female said walking further into the store past the big man. “You’re going to die if you keep doing this.” She then stopped and looked at Brute. She began giggling too. “It would be funny to see you get caught in the act. The Discretes don’t take kindly to people breaking the rules of Wig.” The woman then continued walking further into the store.

Brute sucked in his teeth. “Some girlfriend she is.” He complained out loud. He then signaled his friends using only his head to bring Baas outside.

The guys behind Baas, using only their bodies, forced him to move in the way they were going. Baas moved with them without resistance. He was unsure what to do. He was really in a predicament. These guys were going to fight him and he wouldn’t be able to fight back. He could always fight them any way. There was no guarantee that the Discretes would find out. No. No he couldn’t chance that. Even if they didn’t find out now, them finding out later could still put the mission in danger. He could always run. He was sure he was faster than these guys. He could always meet up with Sheina later, he was sure they wouldn’t attack her. And outside, the street was wide enough for him to be able to move evasively…

Baas thought about his options. By now they were outside. After reviewing everything in his head, he let out a smirk. What was he thinking? Running away? That’s no fun. What would be fun though, was figuring out a way to fight these guys, without actually being able to fight these guys.

Chapter 37 End