Chapter 46 : Doing Things Discretely

Brute looked up at the figures in black. He was scared. More scared than he had been when Baas took his punch without a scratch. More scared than he had seen the Dragon beat his men. Before him stood three of the keepers of the rules of Wig and he knew he had broken them.

Brute was not the only one scared. Every Grey who could see these three began going through their past, remembering all the bad things they had done. Though it was clear that they were in the midst of the Orange and Brute situation, every was still hoping they weren’t there for them.

Atsuma’s emotions also changed. As he saw the three standing on top of the roofs, his mind began to go back to the past as well. When the Discretes had visited him. This was not a pleasant memory. In fact, it caused his body to shake. Atsuma noticed this as he did it. He hoped no one else on his team did.

The other Oranges were too preoccupied with their own memories. When the Discretes stepped on the scene, they brought with them authority. One that was feared by all in Wig-Or-Log.

“Brute of Grey,” The Discrete man in the middle spoke, “you are in clear violations of the rules of Wig-Or-Log that have been agreed upon by the Officials of the four nations by choosing to fight members of the Orange nation. It is clearly written that members of neutral territory can not participate in violence of war.”

“You don’t understand.” Brute said shakingly. “This… this was a special case.”

“It is more than just this case.” The woman of the three Discretes spoke, “You have been attacking members of the Gold country as well.”

Brute swallowed hard and said under his breath.

“You knew about them?”

“Of course we did.” The last member of the three spoke. “The Discretes have personally seen every act of violence you have committed.”

“After taking your case up with the Officials,” the one in the middle continued, “it has been decided that you have become an outlaw of Wig-Or-Log.”

The Discrete paused for a moment. As he did, Brute watched his left bicep. He could do nothing as his band slowly turned from grey to black.

“And those who helped you, of course, will also share in your punishment.”

Brute turned and looked at all of his men. All of their bands turned from grey to black.

“But…” Brute stuttered, “but this isn’t fair! We’re being treated wrong here in our territory. Colored bands are taking whatever they want! They come in here and take our people and…”

“None of those people broke any of the rules.” The Discrete in the middle continued. “The life that you have is the consequences of living in neutral territory. If you have issues with the rules of Wig-Or-Log, you are free to talk to a Discrete about your concerns who will pass the information on to the Officials. You do not, however, take matters into your own hands by breaking the rules.”

“But I didn’t want to live here!” Brute began to get upset. “My family has lived here for generations so my parents didn’t send me to the center! I want to fight in the war!”

“Then you could have asked other countries to accept you.”

“I did! Gold and Orange wouldn’t take me because I wasn’t trained in the Center! So I’m stuck here! If I went anywhere else, I would have become a black band!”

“Then you can blame your parents for not allowing you to train in the Center. Or you can get upset for the standards of joining a country. But, again, you do not take matters into your own hand by breaking the rules.”

Brute was really upset now. The Discretes were not listening to him. It was like they didn’t care about all the hard times he had been through. They just wanted him to suffer for what they felt was wrong.

“You’re just like them!” Brute screamed pointing at the Discretes. “You think you’re so better than us! You’re the only ones in Wig who are allowed to cover your bands. How do we know you’re really a Discrete! You could be a criminal…”

Brute was suddenly silenced. Not because of his self, but because he could no longer speak.

The discrete who had been on the right of the roof in front of Brute was now standing behind Brute. In his hand, he held the handle of a sword. The other end of the sword was though Brute’s back coming out of his stomach. It was the same sword Brute had threatened Elxa’s life with. Brute didn’t understand. That sword had flung to the side of the street opposite from Brute. How did the Discrete get in front of him so fast. And how was he able to also grab his sword.

“That’s how you know we’re the Discrete.” The man whispered in Brute’s ears. “Because there’s none like us.”

The man then yanked the sword in his possession from Brute’s stomach.

Baas was still on the floor holding Elxa. There it was again. The site of death in front of him. As he watched Brute fall to the floor, he was reminded of the words that plagued him when he had been on a ship.

“If you think so badly of death, why have you spent your life learning how to give it to others.”

Baas watched as Brute’s body hit the floor. He watched as he tried to breath but couldn’t. He even watched as the last sign of breath left from his body.

He then quickly stood up. This wasn’t what was suppose to happen. He needed to help Brute. He needed to…

“Baas of Orange.”

The voice snapped Baas out of his thoughts. It was the female of the Discretes.

“Judging by your face and movements, it seems you are uncomfortable by this decision. But it However, you should know that it’s the decision of the Officials and if you go against it, you will also become a criminal.”

Baas was unsure what to do. Seeing the speed of the Discretes, there was no way any of his attacks would be effective anyway. But still, seeing someone die in front of him…

“Black bands are to be killed on site.” The man on the ground said twirling the sword in his hand. “The job of the Discrete is to make sure everyone in Wig-Or-Log bides by the rules. I’m simply doing my job.”

The man then turned to the four other black bands. They had bunched together upon seeing their strongest be defeated so easily.

“Now then,” he said, “will the rest of you so kindly line up to take your punishment.”

“Please” the black band holding the ax pleaded, “we were just following Brute. We didn’t want to hurt anybody.”

“You are just as guilty.” The lady on the roof said. “If you truly believed what Brute was doing was wrong, you should’ve have searched yourself and got the urge to do what was right. If you still followed him anyway, you should have been ready to face the same consequences. It was your choice.”

“You… you can’t do this to us!” The one with the spear said.

“Do you honestly believe that?” The Discrete on the ground said throwing the sword he was holding down next to the dead Brute. He then crossed his arms.

The black band with the spear gritted his teeth. He was desperate to get out of this situation. He then turned to the rest of the group.

“Guys, we’ve got to attack now!”

The group looked at him confused.

“I know it sounds crazy, but if we don’t do anything we’re dead! He doesn’t have a weapon any more! Let’s get him!”

Though they were hesitant, the rest of the group nodded in agreement. They all then charged at the Discrete. The one with the spear led the way. The two with long swords followed right behind him, and trailing them all was the one holding the ax.

“Can you handle this alone, Discrete M?” The female Discrete asked.

“With my eyes closed Discrete H.” The one on the ground said.

“You can’t kill us with no weapon!” The one charging with the spear shouted.

“Actually I can.” Discrete M said holding his ground, “But I’m not trying to show off. So I’ll just have to use what’s around.”

Baas watched as the men in front of him charged to the Discrete. He wanted to turn away. He knew, be it the Discrete or the men charging at him, someone was going to die. That thought made Baas try to turn away. Trying doesn’t always work in Baas’ case. Though he was still distraught at the death scene he had witness, his curiosity got the better of him. He grew up liking fights scenes. He had to know what would happen. Would the Discretes on the roof help their friend? Surely he couldn’t defeat all four of them by himself.

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As Baas watched the next scene, he remembered when he first had seen Atsuma and Koroko fight. He remembered how he had thought that they were unstoppable. How he believed that there wasn’t anyone who could beat their tag team strategy. The scene before Baas, made him completely change his mind about Atsuma and Koroko. They were nothing compared to what he was witnessing.

The Discrete stood his ground steady as the one with the spear charged toward him. Baas watched as he waited for the man. Then, as though someone had doubled his speed, the Discrete turned to the side and dodged the spear. Normally this wasn’t an extraordinary feet, but the speed at which it was done was impossible. Baas had never seen anyone move so fast. Once the Discrete was to the side of the spear, he grabbed the edge where the blade was a broke it with one hand. Such strength! Breaking a spear wasn’t the hardest thing to do, but Baas could see the difference in his strength and this man’s. The Discrete did not use momentum to break the spear, he simply twisted his hand and it had snapped. After grabbing the head of, the Discrete took the staff of the spear, which the man was still holding, and grasped it tightly. He then flipped the man holding the spear which caused