Chapter 88 Redone

The group stood silent before Diablo. All looking a him with different expressions. The story he had just told... it was... well...

“Okay everyone.” Koroko spoke up. “Just back away slowly. You don’t want to catch his insanity.”

“Really Koroko?” Pandora scorned.

“Oh come on Panda, the guy’s obviously lost it! He’s telling us that this whole war is a lie. That the Discretes who are supposed to be protecting us are actually forcing us to fight. And that nobody noticed for hundreds of years.”

Pandora wanted to scorn some more, but the problem was, Koroko had a point. There wasn’t a part of Diablo’s story that anyone in the group found easy to believe.

“I wouldn’t say that too loud.” Diablo said. “This is forbidden information. The Discretes will kill you simply for knowing it.”

“My over anxious friend makes a point.” Atsuma said. “How do we know what you’re saying is true?”

“There is no direct proof I will provide.” Diablo said. “Rather the clues are all around you. You just need to circumspect.”

“Hmm.” Atsuma pondered, still not convinced. “We have no proof that anything you’re saying about the past is false. To be honest, I’ve never really cared for history. But the part we can prove is the hardest part to believe.”

Atsuma grabbed Baas by the shoulder. Baas, distracted with his own thoughts, let out a small yell as he was pulled in front of Atsuma.

“This kid.” Atsuma said. “Can’t possibly be a Discrete. You claim that all Discretes are born with the thing that makes them great fighters, but I’ve fought this kid. I’m both faster and stronger than him. Shoot, most of us here are. Whatever that ‘gene’ thing is, he ain’t got what the Discretes have.”

“I’m pretty sure I’m supposed to take that as an insult.” Baas said.

“Well, he’s not lying.” Koroko agreed. “I fought him too. Completely destroyed him. A Discrete? I don’t think so.”

“Thanks guys. You’re making me feel oh so special.” The sarcasm in Baas’ voice was obvious.

“Take it from someone whose known Baas his whole life.” Vatti said. “His fighting skills are impressive, but that came from practicing with me. Not from some gene. Baas is nothing like the Discretes.”

“Well, gee Vatti...”

“How many times have we fought Baas?”

“One million.”

“And how many times have I won.”

Baas let out a sigh. “One million and one.”

“Besides,” Pandora said, “didn’t you say it was impossible to tell whether or not a person is a Discrete after they turn three. How can you be so sure that Baas is one?”

“I’m sure, because I’ve had my eye on Baas for a long time.” Diablo answered. “You all don’t see it because you don’t know the growth of a Discrete. But I do. The reason Baas is unsuspecting is because of the gene itself. As I said, it never fully activates until after the sixteenth birthday. Baas’ activated shortly after he left the Center. That’s why his skills were not as potent when he fought with Vatti in the Center. Once it has activated, there is no telling how long it will take for one to reach their full fighting potential. For Baas, it’s developing what you would call slowly, but actually rather quickly for a Discrete. The gene presents many characteristics in a person once it is activated.

An increase in ingenuity and intellect: solving problems instantly in unique ways that most would not think of.

An increase in endurance, adaption and recovery: doing strenuous activities with greater ease than the average person, as well as being able to get used to them and improve.

An increase in perception: noticing little, perhaps unnecessary details to even the slightest object.

Do any of these sound like Baas’ recent activities to you?”

The group was silent for a moment.

“You’ve been spying on us.” Atsuma pointed out. “You could just be listing characteristics that describe Baas.”

Diablo looked at Vatti. “Tell me, as someone who knew Baas during the Center, before his gene fully activate, do these traits sound like him?”

Vatti didn’t like Diablo looking at her. She couldn’t see his eyes, but his gaze, she felt it. She didn’t want to answer him, but knew she should.

“Maybe that... ingenuity part.” She grabbed her arm and turned away. “But no. The rest isn’t like Baas at all.”

“You see.” Diablo said. “Baas may be an untrained Discrete, but a Discrete he is.”

Diablo looked around. The faces before him still showed uncertainty.

“Fine then. If you won’t believe me. Perhaps you’ll believe two of your own.”

“What?” Atsuma asked.

“Sheina... Keely... you’ve remained quiet this entire time. Isn’t there something you’d like to share?”

Sheina and Keely both looked up in fear. Indeed they did know something. Something they were hoping they could keep to themselves.

“You saw, didn’t you?” Diablo asked.

Baas, along with the rest of the group, was confused.

“Saw what?”

“Baas, how do you think you got out of the Gold base.”

Baas had forgotten all about that.

“Uh... didn’t Sheina and Keely carry me out.”

Diablo shook his head.

“Quite the contrary, they wouldn’t have been able to escape without you.”

Baas had not expected that answer. He closed his eyes and made a face as if he were trying hard to remember something.

“I don’t know.” He finally said. “I remember seeing Vatti fall off the wall... then... nothing. The next thing I knew, I was lying in the grass outside of the gold base.”

Diablo walked closer to Baas.

“Allow me to refresh your memory.”

Chapter 88 End