Chapter 89

“Keep fighting Vatti! I won’t stop! Hold on, I’ll... I’ll pull you up.”

More arrows sailed past Baas as he tried to increase his strength. It was no good. He could not lift his stomach from the floor of the wall.

“Baas, how many times have we fought? Do you really think you’re going to win this one?”

“Just give me more time, I’ll pull you up Vatti!”

Vatti raised her hand with the knife in it

“Aim for the brown spots right?”

“Don’t do it Vatti! Vatti no!”

The knife came to the chain hard and fast. Baas couldn’t stop it, he couldn’t pull her up, he could only watch as she did what needed to be done.

“VATTI!!!”

\*Clink\*

Baas watched as Vatti fell. His eyes watched everything, his brain analyzed what his eyes saw. The chances of her dying from the fall were extremely low. Her body would most likely be injured from the impact of the fall though. Thankfully for Vatti, her body didn’t hit the cement of the roof. The three men who were holding her did. The first guy landed on his legs, breaking both of them. His body didn’t have enough time to react. The other two however did. One landed on his back, the other one on his stomach. They managed to avoid severe damage, but that didn’t stop the impact from hurting... a lot. Finally, Vatti came. She landed on the others, decreasing the chance of injury and pain. No one had seen the fall coming but Vatti, so she was the first one to recuperate from it. Getting up as quickly as she could, she grabbed the man with broken shins.

The Golds that had been on the roof had backed away when the four had fell from the wall. Normally, they would have attacked immediately, but Vatti knew what to do in order to keep that from happening. She took the man up and held the knife to his throat. The man screamed in pain from his legs, but Vatti didn’t care. She dragged the man as she walked toward the exit, ignoring all screams that came from him.

“BACK!” she yelled to the other Golds. There was no patience in her voice. She knew that she had a defense for these guys, but the Fars in the distance would eventually be able to get her.

“BACK!” she shouted again.

“What are you doing!?” The Gold captive shouted. “Jus atAH!”

As she walked, dragging the man, Vatti stepped on one of his broken shins.

“Keep quiet, you. And the rest of you BACK OFF!”

Vatti now had made it to where she, Baas and the others had entered onto the roof from inside the building.

“You’ll never get away.” The Gold in her arms said harshly.

“No, no I won’t.” Vatti spoke while breathing heavily. “Not with you in my arms. I’m just a frail little girl, and you’re a big strong man. I shouldn’t have been able to drag you this far. I won’t be able to make it much farther with you here.” Vatti then spoke low. “But thankfully, that’s something I can rectify.”

Baas looked away at what happened next. The guy’s life... gone in an instant. Looking back, the man was now on the floor, his blood spilling on the floor. The Golds were rushing towards the door to exact their revenge. And Vatti... she was gone. Obviously, she had gone inside the building. But Baas’ mind went further than that. She’d most likely make it down to the bottom of the building, even make it out. But once there, the chances of her surviving. It wasn’t like last time. Now she was alone; no one could help her. An entire base after one person. No matter how Baas went through it in his mind, she wasn’t going to make it out alive. He looked at the man on the floor. Dead, blood pouring, no one aloud to help him. Vatti would end up like him. Dead, with no one to help her. Her body left in enemy territory to rot.

“Baas.” Sheina called from the edge of the wall. “Baas, we gotta go.”

Baas wasn’t responding.

“Keely, help me. We have to get out of here.”

“There’s no chance.” Dragon said.

“What do you mean?”

Dragon pointed out into the distance at a spot on the wall.

“That’s where we need to go. And THAT is in between us.” Dragon now pointed to a building. On it was another ladder connecting to a wall as well as several Golds preparing to climb it.

Sheina almost shrieked when she saw the sight.

“We’ll never get through that group of people” Dragon said. “and if we try to go around, they’ll just meet us the other way.”

“You mean...” Sheina gasped. “We’re stuck?” Her eyes began to fill with tears as she sank to her knees. “Vatti’s sacrifice... it was for nothing.” Her head shrank into her hands. Dragon too let herself hand. This was truly it. This is where they were going to die.

“No.” Baas said. He stood to his feet. “You guys stay back. I’ll take care of this.” He began to walk towards the people Dragon had pointed to.

Sheina realized what was happening, and quickly reached for Baas’ arm.

“Baas wait! You can’t possibly fight them all...”

Baas turned his head and gave Sheina a gaze that hit her like a dagger. The look in his eyes was one she’d never seen... no wait, she had seen it, just not on Baas’ face. He was angry, but at the same time, confident. It was a look that said beware to anyone who stood in his way. Sheina let go of his arm. She wasn’t sure if she did it out of knowing she couldn’t stop him, or out of fear that he might hurt her if she tried.

Baas, proceeded forward. The group of Golds was now on the wall, charging toward their prisoners. Baas’ legs began to pick up speed. A fast walk. A light jog. A run. The faster he went, the slower things around him seemed to flow. The group of Golds… the combination of their slow speed and obvious fighting style would make them easy prey. They were getting closer and closer. Finally, the first man with a short sword and shield was close enough. Baas launched himself, with his right leg extended. Any person with a shield would instinctively block the first attack given. The Gold did, but in doing so, fell back from the force of the kick. Him falling cause a chain reaction, knocking several Golds behind him down. Some fell off the wall, but, on the inside onto the roofs of buildings. Baas gathered himself up from the kick, and proceeded forward. Those who hadn’t been effected by the initial attack, continued as though it hadn’t happened. Surely their shear numbers would be able to stop one kid. First came a vertical slice with a long sword. Baas dodged by turning, keeping his momentum, he used his leg to trip the attacker. His leg continued to spin and the next person coming on the outer part on the wall also tripped. Hearing another attacker, Baas came straight up with his fist, but grabbed the man before his body collapsed. Now he was blinded from the upcoming lady. She was right handed, so Baas swung himself, keeping him out of her sight. Before the woman could tell what was going on, Baas pushed the body he had at her and they both tumbled off the wall, again onto roofs. Instantly, Baas squatted, his rear only inches from the floor. The swing of the short sword just missed his hair. His right foot went back, tripping the attacker. For some reason, the next person was a good distance away. Baas grasped the chain strapped around his left hand. Shooting it forward, the chain wrapped around her spear. The female Gold stopped, surprised at what was happening. That gave Baas an opportunity. Taking a huge step forward, Baas unleashed his other chain, this time aiming for the woman’s left shin. Once the chain tugged, the Orange pulled hard on his right chain. The woman tripped, letting go of her weapon. That was a signal for Baas to pull his left chain. The spear left the woman and came towards Baas. He caught the spear and made a stance as though he were about to throw it forward. The site of this stopped the rest of the Golds. That was what Baas had wanted.

He tossed his spear lightly up into the air. Though it rose slow, it also rose far. His chain still wrapped around the weapon, Baas spun his body while pulling on said chain. Rather than falling back down, the spear spun in the air. The Golds didn’t understand until it was too late. The spear came from their left, knocking them down onto the roofs of the buildings in their base. That left one more. One more Gold stood between Baas and the area Dragon had pointed to. It was a man, young in years and battle experience. He hadn’t seen battle yet, let alone something like what was in front of him. Baas’ eyes stared directly at the man. He seemed... emotionless. As if death meant nothing to him. It reminded the Gold of something, he wasn’t sure what, but it was one of his deepest fears. Baas took a step forward. The man quickly turned and ran back toward the ladder from whence he came. The fight was over. Baas had won.

Sheina and Dragon approached Baas quickly but cautiously. What they had seen was... mind blowing.

Sheina reached out to grab Baas’ shoulder.

“There.” Baas spoke. The suddenness stopped Sheina. Baas reached out and pointed. “The stones on the floor there are loose, and there appears to be hinges. That’s where the secret exit is.”

“Baas?” Sheina asked.

She slowly circled him, scared to touch him.

“We have to hurry.” Baas spoke. “There will be more. And they will pursue.”

Sheina continued to circle him.

“Baas, are you...”

She stopped. On Baas’ face was the same look he gave Sheina moments ago. No fear, no emotion at all. His eyes were staring into space. When he spoke, it was as if he did so only to release words. This face was unlike Baas’. But what really surprised Sheina... were the tears. Baas had an emotionless look, but he had tears flowing endlessly down his face.

Chapter 89 End

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“You then proceeded to exit the base undetected. Once out, you collapsed on the floor. Or atleast that’s what I assumed happened. I had a hard time tracking your activities after you defeated a certain number of the Golds.” Diablo finished explaining.

Baas put his hand on his head. He then looked over at Sheina and Keely.

“It’s true.” Sheina said. “Well, atleast the part we saw.”

“You were moving so fast, it was hard to see exactly what you did while on the wall.” Keely explained. “It was exactly like how the Discretes moved.”

“But...” Baas started. “I don’t remember anything. I only saw Vatti fall… then I woke up in the woods.”

“You lost control of yourself. In times of great stress, certain emotions, usually rage, can allow one to enter into a coma like state. During this time, whatever emotion caused you to go into that state takes control over your body.”

“So, what you’re saying is…?” Koroko asked.

“He’s saying Baas went berserk. But that doesn’t make any sense. It sounds like he had complete control of himself. No one fighting in anger could fight like a Discrete.”

“The Discrete gene does many things to the body. The point is though, Baas is clearly a Discrete.”

Atsuma remained quiet for a moment.

“I’m still having a hard time believing that. Keely and the Squirt aren’t known to lie, but even still. I mean, I’ve seen Baas fight.”

“I’ve been with Baas his whole life and I’ve never seen him do any of the things you guys said.” Vatti spoke up.

“It’s another trait of the Discrete gene.” Diablo said “Unlike the other Wig-Genes which remain active throughout the entirety of your life, the Discrete does not activate until at least sixteen years have passed since birth. The gene has been known to wait until the age of twenty-five to appear in some, as well as longer. It has also known to appear for a short amount of time in an individual before becoming of age, but it quickly resides. It’s hard to say exactly when it became active for Baas, but it was shortly after he left the Center.”

“This ‘gene’ has an awful lot of conveniences.” Atsuma said with a tone that sounded unconvinced. “All of our questions just happened to be answered with ‘blame the Discrete-Gene.’”

“The gene is not being used to excuse the events that occurred, but explain them.” Diablo said.

It remained quiet for another moment.

“It seems we’re stuck at believing the whole ‘Baas is a Discrete thing.’” Pandora said. “Perhaps if you continue, we’ll understand a lot better.”

“Very well.” Diablo said. “As I said, Baas is a Discrete and it is for this reason that he poses a threat to the war. If Baas is allowed to fully develop, whatever country he is sided with will win the war with no problem. The Discretes must see to it that he does not pose this threat, and thus, a test has been made.”

“A test?” Baas asked.

“The test is the same with every untrained Discrete. The Discretes take a loved one and have them mysteriously disappear. They then leave a trail for the untrained Discrete to follow. In all the years of the war, no one short of a Discrete, has ever found where they are located. If the untrained can follow the trail and find his lost loved one, he will have proven his intellect to be above that of the other humans and thus proved his danger to Wig-Or-Log. If the untrained cannot follow the trail, however, he will have proven that he is not as dangerous as feared.”

“That’s so stupid!” Vatti interrupted. She stood up again, this time making sure she didn’t fall. “How does chasing after someone you care about prove that you’re a threat?”

“Calm down Vatti.” Atsuma said.

“Don’t tell me to calm down! You guys should be furious that your Commander was taken because of something so stupid!”

“She’s right Atsuma!” Koroko said standing up as well. “Why don’t we storm after the Discretes and demand Vanessa back!”

“Okay Koroko, why don’t you and the blue tell us exactly where to go and how we’re gonna do it.” Atsuma’s voice was sarcastic in the highest degree. Koroko could also sense the anger of him siding with Vatti. He sat back down. This time, he even felt stupid.

Atsuma turned back to Vatti.“I know you’re not part of this group Vatti, but here we don’t let our enemies anger us, we anger them. For all we know, Diablo could be lying and just telling us all of this to make us help him. Once we have all the information and decide to believe it, then we’ll make our decision. So please, sit down.”

Vatti gritted her teeth in anger. She wanted to reply, but she didn’t have one that would sound intelligent. Not only that, but her body was still weak. She finally sat down. Sheina touched the Blue’s shoulder to try and comfort her. Vatti shrugged it off. She didn’t want comfort, she wanted people to stop being stupid.

“Analysis.” Diablo said. “It’s no wonder.”

“No wonder what?” Atsuma asked.

“Did you ever wonder why Vanessa was chosen to be the one abducted? Your Commander did indeed know Baas, but is it enough to say that she was special enough to him to make him dedicate himself to finding her?”

“What are you getting at?” Atsuma asked.

“When it was suspected that Baas was a possible candidate to be a Discrete, Vanessa was not the original target to be taken. She was.” Diablo said pointing to Vatti.

Diablo noticed the reaction on Baas when he heard that. His eyes widened; the grip he had on a piece of grass he had been fiddling with tightened. Diablo was sure that his heart was beating faster.

“Baas was originally dropped an hour away from the river. Naturally, he would stay by the river as it was his best source of water. Eventually, a Blue ship would find him. It would only be a matter of time before he met up with his childhood friend. Vatti’s famous reputation would make it even easier to ensure Baas got access her team. However, as I have stated, the Discrete are indeed capable of making a mistake. Rather than heading towards the sun as most white bands do, Baas headed West, toward the mountains. This was actually more convenient for the Discretes as there was another potential threat to Wig-Or-Log. You Atsuma.”

“Me?”

“Like Baas, you showed extraordinary skills for a white band. Not in fighting, but in intelligence. Where Baas was observed at the Center, the Discretes didn’t notice your talents until after you had left. They sent one of their own to investigate you and determine if you really were a Discrete. You were a difficult case. Showing promise at times, while at others, seeming like a normal person.”

“And?” Atsuma asked, anxious to hear the results.

“It was determined that you were not a Discrete.”

“Then how exactly am I a threat!?” Atsuma asked, getting a little angry that.

“While you may not be a Discrete, your intelligence is above that of an average person. You used your intelligence to also advance your skills in both Far and Near techniques. Being brought up as a Leader, you have a natural instinct to get people to follow you. With proper influence, there is a possibility that you could end the war. The Discretes, however, could not touch you. Bound by their own logic, putting you through the trial after concluding that you weren’t a Discrete would be hypocritical on their part. With Baas, however, things changed. When an untrained Discrete goes through the test, everyone he takes with him suffers the same fate.”

“And what fate is that?” Koroko asked.

“Death.”

Another moment of pause. This one was shorter than the others.

“The Discretes declare death on anyone who unfairly poses a threat to Wig-Or-Log’s ways. You knowing the truth will give them justification for your execution.”

“Isn’t you telling us all this condemning us?” Sheina asked.

“No.” Diablo answered. “The Discretes have indeed been monitoring your activity, but they are not hear now. If they were, I certainly would not be here. After witnessing Baas’ moves in the Gold base, there is no doubt in their mind that you are a Discrete and will eventually discover the truth on your Commander. Once that happens, then they will end your life... and everyone who came with you.”

“So, what you saying is.” Pandora asked. “If we go to the Discretes and try to get Vee...”

“They will kill all of you. Your Commander included.” Diablo answered.

“This...” Atsuma started. He put his face in his palm to show his fatigue. “This is a lot to take in. The Discretes want us dead just because we’re good at war. Something they’ve trained us to be.”

“Buncha hypocrites.” Koroko added.

Vatti snickered a little at that.

“It’s hard to fathom.” Atsuma continued. “The chance that Baas and I were both thought to be Discretes is unlikely by itself. But all of this...”

“I wouldn’t call it chance.” Diablo noted. “While its true that the Discretes took into account your abilities, the truth is, you have been suspected of being Discretes since you were born. Your parents, Atsuma, were both Discretes.”

Atsuma put his head down. “And the surprises just keep on coming.”

Diablo continued. “Not only were they Discretes, but really well respected even among the most powerful warriors. Even though it was still highly unlikely, when your parents had a child, the Discretes all expected him to have the Discrete-Gene. Of course, that proved false, but the fact that you and Baas both were suspected to be Discretes considering you both share that very powerful lineage.”

“Lineage?” Atsuma repeated. “You mean Baas and I are... related?” Atsuma gave Baas a look up confusion. “You’re sixteen right?”

“Yeah.” Baas replied defensively. Atsuma had asked him almost as if he had done something wrong.

“He’s too young to be my son Diablo. How are we related?”

“You’re brothers. The Discretes expected both of you to have the gene because both of you had parents who were Discretes.”

“Is there nothing you won’t make up?” Atsuma asked. “Baas is sixteen, I’m... much older than that. How could we be brothers. By the time he was born, our mother would be too old to have kids. And then there’s the fact that we look absolutely nothing alike.”

“The reason for your major age difference once again lies in the Discrete-Gene. One of its effects is that it prolongs youth in the individual. While ordinarily parents wouldn’t be able to produce after a certain age, the age limit for a Discrete can be long past that. As to your question as to your difference in appearance…”

Diablo paused for a second.

“For once, I do not have an explanation for that.”

Everyone almost fell from that response. Diablo had done so well explaining everything thus far, they were shocked to hear he didn’t.

“There are many explanations that could explain your difference in appearance. I believe the most likely is that your appearance is a mixture of your mother’s genes and your previous ancestors, while Baas mainly takes after your father in looks.”

Atsuma looked at his caramel skin, then at Baas’ flaky skin. He looked at the kid’s messy hair and blue eyes. His hair was neat and his eyes were dark. This... there was no way they could be brothers.

“Well,” the Orange said standing up. Seeing Atsuma stand, the rest of the Oranges began to stand as well. “I think we’ve heard enough. I’m not sure how much you’ve said is true, but you’ve atleast given us an idea of where to go. Of all the things you’ve said, I do believe you about Vee being taken by the Discretes.”

“You got a plan Ats?” Koroko asked getting excited.

“Indeed I do.” Atsuma said.

“And what exactly is your plan mister Atsuma?” Diablo said.

Atsuma gave Diablo a smirk.

“We’re going to attack the Discretes of course.”

Chaper 89 End Possibly

“You’re seriously going to do that?” Diablo comfirmed. “After everything I just told you. You do this, and you’ll be making an enemy of the Discretes.”

“No, they made an enemy out of us. You said it yourself, the Discretes took our Commander. They struck first, not us.”

“That’s a nice philosophy when taking on others, but these are the Discretes. The reason they do what they want is because they can get away with it. Even if I didn’t tell you why the Discretes are powerful, you already know. You know that one of them could defeat many all on his own.”

“They have our Commander, our friend; we can’t just do nothing.”

“I’m not asking you to.” Diablo said. “I explained the past situation, now let me explain your current. You could go off and try to rescue. Your efforts will be in vain and you will die. But if you really want to harm the Discretes, to stand a chance against fighting them, then you’ll come with me.”

“What could you do to the Discretes?” Vatti asked.

“Alone, nothing. But my people can do a lot. There exists a group of people in Wig-Or-Log that have questioned this endless war. When they discovered the truth, they decided to take a stand against the Discretes and their way of war.”

“How’se that?”

“With a war. Not one with made up rules to prolong it, but a real war with a real goal. We will fight the Discretes in an organized fashion. But there aren’t enough of us yet to ensure a victory. With you, we would be a giant step closer. Not only would we have more people to help us, but you and Baas would help entirely. A Discrete with a free mind is the most valuable treasure we could ask for. My mission was to try and recruit you for this job.”

“Why didn’t you tell us all this when you first met us?” Pandora asked.

“Originally, I wanted to influence your emotions to get you to join me: fear, uncertainty, anything that would make you say ‘yes.’ However, you did not react the way I anticipated.”

“And... where does rescuing Vee fit into your mission?” Atsuma asked.

“It doesn’t. Your Commander is one Person. We are talking about the stake of the entire world here.”

“Not an option.”

“I understand your commitment to your Commander, but this is the only way to approach the Discretes.”

“No it isn’t.” Baas said suddenly. The light tone in his voice suggested he had an idea. “If the Discretes are doing all this, we can just talk to the Officials. The Discretes have to listen to them. We all do.”

“The kid has a point.” Atsuma said smirking.

“No he doesn’t.” Diablo said. “We can’t inform the Officials because there are no Officials. It’s another false promise of choice.”

“That’s a lie.” Baas said defiantly.

“Now we know you’re lying. The Officials definitely exist.”

“How do you know?” Diablo asked.

“Because...” Atsuma started but stopped himself. He had made a promise to keep that secret.

“Let me guess.” Diablo said. “Someone you know, a good friend of yours, was told that they were in training to be a Official. And that one day, the Discretes would come and take them away.”

Baas and Vatti looked over at Sheina. The surprise on her face matched what they were feeling. How could Diablo possibly know that?

“It’s a lie.” Diablo said. “Choosing and Official is the one thing the Discretes do at random. They choose children with the Leader-Gene and tell them that they will eventually become Officials. Those children are then “protected” throughout the duration of their stay in the Center to give them the illusion that they are indeed more valuable than the other children. However, once the child leaves the Center, the Discretes no longer pay attention. The goal of this is to spread the news of the Officials through words not from the Discretes. The Discretes tell children not to relay the information to anyone, and separate the child, making them feel the need to tell the secret to those they trust most. If you hear from someone who isn’t a Discrete that the there’s a plan to secretly raise Officials, you’re more likely to believe that there actually are Officials, especially if that person is someone you trust.”

“But if we... I mean, they... were promised that they would be taken, wouldn’t they get suspicious when the Discretes never came.” Sheina asked.

“That is why the Discretes never tell a specific time nor age. They choose people from the Center because they know they will go to war. And the chances of living your life all the way through in this world is very slim for those who don’t wear Grey bands. And even if you did make it to old age and began suspecting them, would anyone believe you? Even your close friends would have some doubt in their mind.”

Sheina felt tears built up in her eyes. All this deception had been applied to her life. She felt used and deprived.

“If the Officials aren’t in charge.” Atsuma asked. “Then that just means the Discretes are doing whatever they feel like.”

“Yes and no. You’ve heard what the Discretes address each other as.”

“Yeah, Discrete T, Discrete K.” Atsuma answered.

“They are the worst at names.” Koroko laughed.

“I like to think that the letters are just short for their real names.”Baas smiled “James was my personal favorite.”

“These are not names Baas, but ranks.” Diablo said. “The Discretes rank each other by fighting skills. The better a soldier one is, the higher their rank is. The most common are those with rank of ‘F’ and down. Those are the ones you’ve seen most of your lives. But the ones that lay behind the scenes, those are the most dangerous and powerful. At the top is their supreme commander, Discrete A. That Discrete is the one in charge of the rest.”

“Fascinating. We take him out we win. Honestly, I’m getting tired of hearing you talk so I think we’ll be going now.”

“Atsuma listen...”

“We’ve listened for a long time now and the only really useful thing you’ve said is that you let us know where Vee is.”

“You need to listen. You’re making a decision that is sure to end in suicide. I realize the thought of death does not scare you like it should, but what about them. Your teammates will follow you anywhere. Will you really lead them to their deaths? Will you really allow them to die because you weren’t willing to listen?”

Atsuma signed through his nose. His anger was rising, but he knew better than to let it get out of control.

“What more do you have to say.” His voice was raspy and low, as though he were trying to control himself.

“You don’t understand the weapon you hold here. Baas is more valuable then you realize...”

“Yes, I know, because he’s a Discrete.”

“As I’ve demonstrated, you know nothing. Baas’ progression is impressive even for that of a Discrete.”

“The people I’m with are not simple. They don’t want just anyone to try and join us. To be apart of us, one must earn their way. Otherwise, the Discretes are correct. If you didn’t ask questions, I couldn’t guarantee your quality to our people.”

“Yet you came out and told us anyway.” Atsuma noted.

“Yes. Because though you hadn’t proven yourself intellectually, Baas’ stunt inside the Gold base proved that your value as fighters overrides that worth.