**Chapter 1 Redone**

Vatti could feel her heart pounding. She hadn’t been running long, perhaps for less than five minutes and already she could here herself breathing. It was a very annoying sound.

“Well this isn’t like me. I must be getting out of shape.”

She was joking to herself, of course, still a flash of blue light flew past her head, reminding her of the real reason her adrenaline was rushing. She wasn’t tired, she was anxious. The blue lights were sync energy. If the color of your ban was anything but green, you didn’t know what that was. Vatti knew what it was though. Being hit by sync was as deadly as being hit by an arrow, only worse because sync-energy burned you from the inside-out. More lights flew past her. The noise they made as they left their gun gave her a split second warning, but it wasn’t enough. Vatti could run in confusing patterns and lower the chances of being hit, but you’d have to be a Discrete to dodge shots from a handheld sync-energy weapon…the woman shuttered at that thought. As painful as being hit by sync-energy was, she’d choose death before she’d ever even consider becoming one of those sunglasses wearing jerks. She didn’t have to worry about being hit in the back. Unlike most Greens, Vatti carried an actual shield on her back. If the sync-energy hit that, there was no way it could effect her. It was her legs and hber arms she was worried about. Running in a zig-zagging pattern was the only way to keep her pursuer from getting a good shot on her. She was tempted to turn around to see how close he was, but that was a stupid idea. Turning would only slow her down. Besides, she didn’t need to see the person to know that it was a Discrete chasing her.

Discretes. The very thought of them disgusted Vatti. What they did to the world was unforgivable… what they did to Baas…

Another burst of sync flew past her head. There was no time to dwell on him now. What was important now, was survival. Vatti was coming up to the edge of the roof she had been running on. She wanted to stop. She wanted to look down and make sure it was safe. But rarely did one get what they wanted when fighting a Discrete. Vatti kept running and without stopping, she flipped over the side of the building. As she did, the middle finger on her right hand pressed her palm three times. Vatti immediately felt the shift of weight in her boots. Vatti was supposed to fall off the twenty story building and plummit to her death below. However, she was wearing magni-boots. When she pressed the button on her glove, it activated her the device in her boots. She began running down the side of the building almost as though she were running on the ground. The Green could hear the cracking of the glass underneath her. That’s what she was afraid of. The boots were doing their job, being attracted to any and every surface that came near them, but that force sometimes broke the glass of these century old buildings. If Vatti’s leg got caught in a window, that would be the end of her.

The Discrete ran to the edge of the building to look over it. As soon as he did, sync-energy immediately flew towards him. That was close. If he hadn’t been a Discrete, there’s no way he would’ve been fast enough to dodge it. But he was a Discrete, Discrete L, and there was no way a normal human was going to get away from him. Discrete L allowed himself to fall off the edge of the building. Free falling for a moment, his three fingers came down on his right hand back to back. His footsteps hit the glass, causing more cracks to appear. He wasn’t worried though, in the seconds it took for the boots to activate, he had calculated the force needed to break the glass and that of which he was dispersing. The glass would hold. Using the momentum he gained from falling, the Discrete began running down the side of the building, following his prey. He took his handheld from his hip once again and began firing downard.

“This again.” Vatti said to herself. She ground her teeth as she continued to run downward. Turning the boots on was like multiplying their already intense weight by three. Trying to perform serpentine was not and easy thing. There were other advantages though. Vatti pressed the her left palm three times and let her legs go numb. Once again, she found herself at the mercy of gravity. Not even a second later, her right palm re-activated her boots. She couldn’t use her feet to dodge, but leaping downward and allowing gravity to take control gave her quick speed boosts in multiple directions. Discrete L was getting farther and farther from his target. Vatti reactivated her boots, intentionally slowing herself down. She was about to lose Discrete L and she couldn’t have that. In actuality, she wanted him to catch up to her, just… not yet. And with the way things were looking, she’d certainly have her…

Suddenly, next her face, an orb appeared.

Oh gee…”

The explosion went off. The woman had managed to jump just before, allowing her to escape with her life, but the blast sent her forward toward the first floor of the opposite building. She took the sword on her right hip and hurled it toward the window. It created an opening, but not one to ensure she’d survive flying through glass. She quickly took the shield off her back and placed it in front of her body.

Everything was black for a moment; Vatti knew that was because her eyes were shut. As she opened them and observed her surroundings, it took her a moment to realize was had happened. Her body was layed out on the floor surrounded by broken glass. Next to her was a broken window. Her shield and sword were next to each other on the wall opposite of the window. There were some furnishings in the room, but they were decreped and old, thankfully none of them had been near the window. Outside and across the allyway, the building she had just been running on and down had several of its windows broken.

“Okay, that one hurt.” she said trying to get up. “Not as bad as when I got shot last year, but still… ow!” It was stupid to speak. She had no clue where the Discrete went. For all she knew, he thought she was dead until she moronically let him know she wasn’t with her voice. Vatti liked to believe it was the Baas in her trying to get out. This was not the time to be Baas, though. This was the time to be a Gree…

“And here we have it.” A deep voice came.

As the man walked in the room towards the woman, she could make out his face. Being below surface all this time, her eyes had adapted to the dark… or rather, readapted. The Center wasn’t exactly known for how well it was lit. Had her pursuer wanted to hide, he could’ve. His black outfit made him less easy to spot, and the purge visors over his eyes made it easy for him to see in the dark even if her outfit and equipment were also all black. But he didn’t want to hide. He wanted her to see him, to know that her end was coming. His walk was slow and steady. She could hear his equipment brushing up against his body. She could see as he tried to blend his movements with the darkness. She knew what he was trying to do. Instill fear. They were all alike, these Discretes.

“That was quite a run there.” The Discrete said reaching for his gun on his hip. “You lasted five minutes longer than I expected.”

He was trying to prolong the time, hoping to use his words to increase Vatti’s fear. That was fine with her. Vatti wasn’t afraid, and she knew she’d never be because he greatest fear had already happened. But if this Discrete wanted to play games, Vatti was fine with that. In fact, she preferred it.

“Are you always such a flatterer, L, or is just when I’m around?” Normally, Vatti couldn’t tell Discretes apart from one another, nor did she care to. This Discrete, however, had left an impact in her memory. Her eyes searched for the scorched mark on the left side of his head. It was there alright.

“I’m guessing you’re still angry about that scar I gave you. It was years ago, get over it. I still say it’s quite the improvement. I bet A hits on you on the tim…”

“I am not angry. Discretes do not get angry. One day you humans will learn that we were trained to be better than that, better than you.”

Discrete L pulled out his handheld and adjusted the dial. Another scare tactic. Vatti knew full well Discretes always kept the setting on ten.

“However, if I were to be angry, this moment would be a very good sense of peace for me. Wouldn’t you agree? Not only do I get to repay you for what you did to my face, but imagine the relief when the other Discretes hear you’re finally dead. Hard to believe someone as weak as you has killed so many us.”

“Rule 1.”

“Well it was inevitable. You will die by my hands, as I promised you would and eventually, the rest of the Greens will follow you.”

Discrete L pointed the gun at his prey. Vatti looked at the barrel, the followed the Discrete’s arm all the way to the smile on his face. She formed a smile of her own.

“Well, since I’m going to die anyways, tell you my secret. The method I used to kill all those Discretes”

“You think I care about your tactics?” Vatti could tell he did. If he hadn’t cared, he would’ve shot her.

“It’s the simplest version of rule one.” Vatti said. She sat up slowly, making no sudden moves to ensure him she wasn’t planning anything. Her hand reached for the right side of her collar, squeezing it. “You’re in front of a Discrete, they’re stronger, faster and smarter than you can ever hope to be. But the biggest threat is their purge-visors. They can see anything and interpret everything. You get them focused completely on you, make sure their purge-visor is examining your every move. And then… when they least expect it...”

A flash of sync energy suddenly came and hit Discrete L’s hand. It wasn’t the force or even the shock that caused L to lose focus, it was the pain. He could feel his hand burning from the inside out, letting out a large scream as he did. He grasped his hand, it had been a while since he felt actual pain. He pleaded in his head for it to stop. Discrete L looked up at Vatti to yell and insult her. What he saw was the barrel of her gun.

“Rule 1.”

That was all she said as she pulled the trigger. Discrete L’s body flew backwards into a pile of rotting wood. Discretes could dodge sync energy, but only if they saw it coming and certainly not at point blank range. Vatti pressed the button located on the right side of her collar.

“Clone, was that you?”

“Indeed it was.” An all too familiar voice came from the speaker in Vatti’s collar. “Check his pulse to make sure he’s dead.”

“My gun was set to ten, pretty sure he’s…”

Several shots flew past Vatti’s head into the Discrete’s body. “Please?” The voice spoke once again. Vatti may have hated Discretes more than anyone in Green, but no one was better at killing them than Zordo. He wouldn’t relax until he it was a confirmed kill. So, even though it was pointless, she went and did as he asked anyway.

“Yep, he’s dead.”

“Only problem now is, we’ll never know if it was my shot that killed him or yours.”

“I told you, Clone, my gun was set to ten. He was definitely dead.”

“I’ll never acknowledge that. This is your punishment for not checking his pulse immediately.”

Vatti walked over to the broken window she had dove in.

“Where are you anyway?”

More sync energy flew towards Vatti. It was Zordo’s way of giving his position. The lights originated from one of the broken windows in the building across the ally. Focusing, Vatti could see a figure wearing all black just as she was.

“Took you long enough.” She spoke in her collar.

“I left as soon as I got your message you were being chased. Your decision to run the opposite way of where I was approaching caused me to del…”

“Yeah yeah, excuses.”

“Excuse me,” a soft, female’s voice this time. “But you have several generals here waiting for a report.”

“Zordo, and Vatti we’ve received your confirmation of the downed target. Proceed as planned.” Discrete D said through the speaker. He sounded exactly like Zordo, only with no joy in his tone.

“Decson.” Zordo said. “Please be prepared to provide Vatti with medical attention.”

“No!” Vatti quickly said into her collar. “No. No. I’m fine. I barely took any damage.”

“I’m staring directly at you through a sniper class sync weapon. You are not fine.”

That was right, Zordo could only make that shot with a sniper class. The scope provided detailed zoom from 500ft. He could probably see the glass in Vatti’s hair… and with his skill, he could probably count them all too.

“Yeah, the last time you said you were fine, Vatti you fainted immediately afterwards.”

Decson said through Vatti’s collar. “I’ll choose to believe Zordo on this one.”

Vatti let out a sigh. As much as she loved Decson, the girl cared too much Vatti.

“Do not leave the room” Vattis collar said sounding like Zordo. “I’ll be down there momentarily to escort you back.”

“I’m a general, Zordo!” Vatti yelled through her collar. “I can escort myself back.”

“Be there in ten minutes.” Vatti’s collar then went silent. She knew that was his way of saying he wasn’t taking no for an answer. The green found herself sighing yet again. In a way, Zordo was worse than Decson when it came to overprotection. It was nice to have people looking after her, but it wasn’t necessary.

Vatti walked around the room back towards the Discrete. Her entire body hurt to move. Zordo was right, she did need medical attention, no way she’d ever admit that though. As she approached the man, her eyes couldn’t help but notice the change in detail. His head and hand were now dried up. That’s what happens when you came into contact with pure sync energy. Unlike an arrow, it didn’t pierce your skin. It attacked the most vital part of any living creature, its water supply, boiling a person from the inside out. Even Discretes couldn’t train to withstand that.

Vatti looked at her handheld. To think that it could kill a Discrete so easily. “What I would’ve given to have had one of these when I was ten.” She said. There she went, talking to herself again. But it wasn’t the worst the thing in the world. It reminded her of her best friend, of Baas and that always made her smile. It also tended to make her cry. As tears fell down her eyes, Vatti spoke to her body, telling it to stop. Her sadness turned to anger and she spit on the corpse lying in front of her.

“Don’t worry, Baas.” She said under her breath. “I’ll get them all for what they did to you. Every single one of them.”

Chapter 1 End