**Chapter 22**

“Discrete B!” Discrete C shouted before entering the room.

“I’m beginning to think you just assumed I’m going to be in some weird location.” The Discrete had been caught in the middle of exercising. He brought his head back up to do his five-hundred and sixth ab crunch.

“You cannot blame us for forming habbits around yours.” Discrete A said. She entered the room behind Discrete C, allowing the doors to close automatically behind her. “It’s only natural.”

“A and C.” Discrete B said, continuing his crunches. “You two have been visiting a lot more often. A, you were just here 42 days ago. C, it’s been 17 days since your last visit.”

“Now tell it to us in hours.” Discrete A said, smirking.

B opened his mouth, but before his answer could come, C spoke again.

“Have you noticed anything wrong with your quarters, B?”

“…specify.”

“Evidence of an intruder have turned up.”

Discrete B stopped his crunches. This was intriguing news.

“What king of evidence?” He asked.

“While C was scouting the perimeter, he found evidence of worn down paint in certain locations. Following the markings, it looks like someone has been coming into the base. Possibly into a vent that leads to this room.”

“Worn down paint?” B repeated. “We’re in a building that’s centuries old.”

“I examined the areas myself, B.” Discrete A said. She reached down and ruffled up his hair. “Discrete C can be overzealous at times, but there is a possibility that his suspicions are correct.”

“If someone were able to sneak into our facility without our notice, we’d be dealing with a serious foe indeed. It could be D, or Zordo. We should do a complete search of the premises.”

B opened his handheld Sync-weapon kept on his hip to ensure the viles were filled. He headed for the door. As he walked past A, she reached her arm out to grab his shoulder. B stopped immediately in his tracks.

“Nice try, B. But you’re not going anywhere. You’re still on lockdown.”

“You still believe I’m inferior to that of the Greens.”

“I still believe you’re not worthy of your title of second best Discrete. Don’t worry. You will be. You’re Discrete Gene is almost as powerful as mine. But until then, you stay in this room. I won’t have you entering combat before that day comes. If I can help it, you’ll live a very long life.”

“We do not require assistance, only information.” Discrete C said. “Have you or have you not noticed signs of an intruder.”

“No.” B said plainly. “Us three are the only people who’ve even attempted to enter this room.”

“Good boy.” Discrete A patted B on the head. He did his best to show no signs of the overwhelming anger he was feeling. He must’ve failed as Discrete A’s parting words were “Easy to EC.”

She left the room with Discrete C behind her. The two walked a good way throughout the facility, passing other Discretes. Once Discrete C knew they were far enough, he spoke his mind.

“I am not convinced. You should let me go back there and…”

“You may not have confidence in B’s skills, but I do. If he says he has no suspicion of intruders, that means we have none. Well, none that any of you would be able to detect. I could easily sneak past him if I wanted.”

“You’re trust in him is premature.”

“So you keep telling me.”

“…because you refuse to head my warnings. You treat him like a pet, keep him under personal protection and advance him in rank before his time simply because his body went through an anomaly. Maybe someday he’ll be able to earn the rank you’ve entrusted in him, but until that time comes…”

“Until that time comes he will remain under our careful watch. I am quite aware of the risk I’m taking with B. Like all experiments, there is a chance that it will fail, after all he is the first of his kind in many ways. But even then, simply killing him is not an option. You know of the physical benefits that can come from this. We need to see this all the way through if we want to know the psychological ones. So try to keep your passion about traditions in line. The previous B’s death was not in vane.”

Discrete A left Discrete C with those words. She knew he wouldn’t pursue the topic any further.

**Chapter 22 End**