**Chapter 23**

“Sturky, three quarters.”

The stirkfur stood up upon hearing his name. He walked over to the shelf of tools to search for the metal object he was asked to fetch. He found it, placed it in his mouth and brought it over to the Green lying on his back.

“Thank you.” Zordo said. Hearing he had succeeded at his task, Sturky laid back down next to the man.

Zordo glanced at the object for a second. “It sometimes amazes me, boy. Something as simple as a wrench can help create something much more powerful.”

Sturky knew he was being talked to, but had not heard an order he recognized and so remained where he lay.

“We can thank Decson for this one, boy. This chemical is a very powerful adhesion. If it works, we can finally test this.”

After finishing tightening a bolt, Zordo put down the wrench and grabbed the device next to him. It was a small box with wires coming out of it. He grabbed the tube he had gotten from Magatha’s room and squeezed what was inside onto the back of his device.

“This substance was used a long time ago to fix machines just like this. Eve thought it was some kind of healing cream and gave it to Decson. We should be glad Decson knows what she’s doing and didn’t give this to anyone. Eve should’ve gave it to Savvi. If he knew this existed, I’m sure he’d be more than thrilled.”

Zordo placed the object in place and held it there for a second.

“Sturky, tape.”

Within seconds, the tape was in Zordo’s possession. He taped the box in position.

“There.” He pulled his head from under the machine and sat up. Stirky lifted his head out of curiosity.

“I’ll connect the wires after the adhesive dries.”

Zordo looked at his creation. “Every little piece matters.” He said.

“Zordo, come in” A voice came in. Zordo’s attention shifted immediately. Someone was trying to contact him through the communicator in his jacket which he had left on a chair. He went to the jack and pressed the collar down.

“This is Zordo.”

“Zordo, I have an assignment for you. How soon can you get to my Department?” It was D. Zordo was currently near his own department. It would take him

Zordo looked at Sturky, then at the machine.

“Actually, I’m currently outside my Department. If my estimation is correct, I should be at your location within a few days.”

**Chapter 23 End**

**Chapter 24**

Zordo approached the building. It looked like any other that surrounded it; several stories tall with no lights. To both the trained and untrained eye, there was nothing special about it. Exactly how the Greens wanted it.

Zordo entered the front doors and entered into what appeared to be a lobby of some sort. Like every other building, dust everywhere. But unlike every other building, Zordo could see lights peering from the next room. That was actually unexpected. Zordo could also see shadows. D wasn’t the only one in the building.

Zordo pressed his collar.

“D. This is Zordo. What’s the situation with your office?”

“You must’ve noticed that I am not alone. There is no danger, they are friendlies.”

There was no wavering or hesitation in his voice. D meant was he was saying. Zordo opened the doors and stepped inside.

Immediately he found multiple weapons aimed at his him.

“Friendly, isn’t the term I’d use D.”

“It’s okay, guys. It’s just the general.” The female whose weapon was closest to Zordo, said. She had brown skin and and black hair with brown highlights. Zordo recognized her immediately.

“Cretere.” Zordo said.

“Sorry about that general. Your arrival wasn’t expected for another few days. D has hammered it in to everyone how dangerous it’ll be to work in this Department.”

“This Department?”

“Yes, the Department of Intelligence which, to my understanding, you’ll be the head of soon enough. I suppose D hasn’t told you yet.”

“No, he told me, he just left out a few details… as he tends to do.”

“I guess I’ll fill you in then.” Cretere put away her handheld and pulled out her Display. She also pulled down her rectangular glasses. Zordo followed her as she lead him across the room.

“Apparently the rumors that D sits around doing nothing are just that.”

“I could’ve told you that.”

“Over the past couple of months, before your last meeting, he’s been recruiting members from other factions to be a part of this Department.”

“He had to have been doing this before the last meeting of the generals. I find it hard to believe all of you migrated here in that short amount of time.”

“D not only gathered all of us, but assigned us all positions. The only person who was missing was our general, which is you.”

“What’s your position?”

“I am to be the Captain of information management and organization.”

“I hope you didn’t fall for that fancy title, Captain. That title equates to being my secretary.”

“Titles mean very little to most of us. We all came to one of the most dangerous locations in Green because we want to do our part to win this war. If D believes the best way for me to provide help is to be a “secretary” then I will happily oblige. It also helps that I’m secretary of a general whose department centers around information use. I am basically second in command here.”

Cretere and Zordo reached the two doors at the back of the room.

“Here’s D’s room. He’s waiting for you inside.”

Cretere grabbed Zordo’s Display and pressed the screen a few times. After words, she grabbed her own and did the same.

“I’ve sent you some basic files about the Department. Take the time to look them over.”

“And here I thought I was in charge.”

“You are, but if you think that’s going to stop me from doing my job, you’ve got another thing coming. The Commander will see you now.”

Cretere began to walk away, but before she could take three steps, Zordo stopped her.

“Wait.” It was his turn to mess with his Display. “I’ve got some files for you as well.”

Cretere pressed the screen on her Display. Her eyes grew wide as she looked at the information presented to her.

“General, this is classified information. I have no business having this information.”

“Well, as the general who possesses the information, the one responsible for relaying the information, and the future general of the Department of Information, I believe I am qualified to say that you have business having it.”

“Sir I…”

“You’re welcome.”

Zordo entered the room without another word. He had been here before, but like the entire building, he wasn’t used to seeing it lit, let alone brightly. The side walls were as far apart as the previous room. In the middle, there was a rectangular table. At the end, was D sitting at a desk.

“Nice desk.”

Discrete D looked up from his Display. “It was Cretere’s idea. You arrived here much quicker than expected. Getting enough sleep, I hope.”

“Now you sound like Magatha. I imagine you didn’t invite me here to discuss that, though.”

“Sharp as ever.” Zordo stood up from his desk. “I hated to take you away from the students so close to their ascension; their psychology is crucial to the future of this war. But I had to make a choice and, as always, we’re running short on time. As far as everyone else is concerned, your title still isn’t official for a few more months, we, however, are going to get started immediately.”

Suddenly, a loud clank was made. Zordo and Discrete D both immediately pulled out their weapons towards the sound. On the floor lay the cover to an air vent.

“Forgive me.” A voice said from the ceiling. “I would have been more… discrete, but I am low on time.”

A figure pulled himself out of the ventilation. It was a distance to the floor, but he landed gracefully as though unaffected. Standing tall, Zordo could now completely him out. It was a teenage boy. His hair was brown and his skin pale. It was his clothes that Zordo was more concerned about. He wore a one piece black suit, and dark glasses over his eyes.

Zordo pulled the trigger on his hand held. The Discrete dodged the rapid fires.

“Zordo, stand down!” D said.

“What?”

“You heard me, stand down.”

Every instinct in Zordo told him to keep firing at the boy, every instinct but one. He lowered his weapon though kept it ready to be raised again.

Discrete D headed towards the front door and cracked it slightly.

“Do not be alarmed.” He said to the other Greens. “Zordo and I are going over confidential information. Despite weapons going off, unless you hear a direct call for help, do not enter this room.”

D closed the door, assured his order would be followed.

“You still haven’t informed them about me.” The Discrete said. “Can’t say that I blame you, normal humans have a difficult time comprehending Discrete thought processes.”

The Discrete turned to Zordo. “Though I suppose there are rare exceptions.”

“D, an explanation would be greatly appreciated right now.”

“It’s okay, Zordo. He is part of the reason I called you here. This is Discrete B, our informant.”

**Chapter 24 end**

**Chapter 25**

“Discrete B? The general of the Discretes is our informant? Are you a deserter like D, or…”

“Forgive me if I don’t answer your questions immediately, but I am short on time and need to do what I came here to do.”

“Zordo, in the bottom drawer of my desk, there are some items. Hand them to me.”

Zordo did as he was told. Inside the drawer were two paddles, a small net of some sort and a box of small white spheres. He brought the items over to Discrete D.

D threw one of the paddles to B who caught it with ease. He then set the net up on the table so that it split the table in half. After which, he took a ball from the box and put the rest on the floor.

“You ready?”

“Always.”

D allowed ball to bounce on the table once before hitting it across towards B. After it bounced on his side of the table, B hit the ball with his paddle back across the table. And on it went. Zordo watched as the two Discretes played… some sort of game.

B glanced over to Zordo.

“You haven’t taught your generals basic training, Commander?”

“They are beyond this training.”

“Given that Zordo is having a hard time even understanding what’s happening, I highly doubt that.”

“I assume then that I will find no Discrete in the Source who can’t play this game.”

B became quiet after that. Despite his comment, Zordo was beginning to understand the rules of the game they were playing. The ball had to bounce on the table once before a person could serve it back. After the first bounce, it could not leave the table nor bounce again. He understood the game, but B was right, he didn’t understand why they were playing it.”

“How do we stand?” D asked.

“The Discretes are still following my orders. However, your time is limited. Discrete C, as always, continues to question my method and A is actually listening to him. They grow impatient at a lack of results.”

“Do they suspect you?”

“Not in the slightest, though they’ve finally noticed evidence of my coming and going. They believe an intruder has been sneaking in and out.”

“How long do you estimate before they strike?”

“That is difficult to say. Discrete A still trusts my judgement more than that EC driven C.”

“We all have emotions, B. I was there when you had them.”

Suddenly, Discrete B missed a swing. The ball flew passed him and landed on the floor behind him.

“You play dirty, D. I know you don’t believe I’m still that oaf.”

“I believe he would prefer the term, ‘moron.’”

“I don’t care. He’s no longer here. I am.”

“And you say C is emotionally compromised.”

B was quiet for a moment.

“You win this round, D. Sadly, I can only stay for one play. As I said, A and C are getting more suspicious. By my calculations, one of them will check up on me again in about a week and a half.”

Discrete B put the paddle on the table and headed back towards the vent he emerged from.

“I hope you learned the rules of the game we just played, Zordo. I’d like to play against you sometime.”

With those final words, Discrete B departed through the same way he came.

“Well that was… unexpected.” Zordo said. “Discrete B is on our side. We have an ally on the inside.”

D gathered the materials Zordo got from him drawer.

“You couldn’t be more wrong. Discrete B is not our ally.”

Zordo grew silent. D let out a sigh.

“It’s actually great for us that he stopped by when he did. I was planning to explain this to you anyway. Discrete B is a major part of this war.”

**Chapter 25 end**

**Chapter 26**

“After you killed the other Discrete B two years ago, the Discretes were in need of another to fill his place.” D began. “Normally, Discrete C would’ve taken his place. However, Discrete A decided to put that on hold and instead trained another; a Discrete who hadn’t had a title yet. That was the boy you just saw. The Discretes specifically trained him to be their second in command.”

“Why would A change traditions?” Zordo asked.

“I have my guesses. A, however, has been changing a lot of Discrete traditions since she’s been in power. She even tried to recruit the Oranges Baas was traveling with.”

“Do you think she actually cared about them? Atsuma and the others?”

“It wouldn’t surprise me. A is the most emotionally compromised Discrete I’ve ever seen. Continuing on, B finished his training in about a year. After which, A promoted him to his current status without him having to fight anyone. She then declared that she was so sure of his superior status that no one was allowed to challenge him for his status.”

“EC.”

“It’s worse than you think. Discrete B, as second in command, became the general of the war against us. However, Discrete A decreed that he was such an important asset to the Discrete’s future, he could not participate in any battle. That was when he couldn’t take it anymore. He approached me secretly and we struck a deal. He wanted a challenge and I needed more time, something that as the leaders of the armies we could give each other.”

“The Silence… he’s the reason the Discretes have been so inactive.”

“Indeed. With Discrete A’s trust, Discrete B has been following my orders, convincing everyone else it’s a strategy they can’t comprehend.”

“He would betray his country and everything he believes in just to play a game with you?”

“No.” Discrete D tossed a paddle and a ball to Zordo. “Hit the ball across the table as though you were playing.”

Zordo did as he was told. He knew the rules. Something was off though. Zordo could feel it immediately when his paddle hit the ball. As a result, the ball shot across the room.

“That is a very… weird ball.”

Zordo picked up another ball and paddle.

“These are fragile. They’re hollow and extremely thin. They catch wind resistance very easily and only require a slight shift in weight to make them spin. To play this game adequately, one must have complete control of their strength. Neither B nor I can hit this thing with all of our might, or we’d wind up breaking it. You know as well as I that strength and speed will only get you so far in an actual battle.”

Discrete D hit the ball lightly across the table allowing Zordo to catch it.

“It’s a training exercise.” Zordo said. “You’re teaching him to control himself.”

“Discrete B cannot fight anyone. If I were to actually train him, any marks made would be immediately noticed by A. But a game is in no way suspicious of him.

“Even giving him the title of one of the most powerful fighters in the world can’t overcome his teenage instincts. He was told he couldn’t do something and found a way to do it anyway. So much for Discrete discipline in training”

“Normally, Discrete are more disciplined than he is, but that is after a lifetime of training. He only had a few years.”

“To betray his beliefs on a whim…”

“I’ve told you about the Discretes’ thoughts of destiny. They truly believe that the superior are destined to reign over the inferior. Discrete B is no different. He believes in his core that, inevitably, the Discretes will win this war, regardless of what anyone does.”

Zordo tossed the ball in the air.

“It’s all starting to make sense. Even so, it’s becomes more ridiculous the more I think about it. As long as we keep the youngest Discrete content, we stall for more time.”

“And learn about our enemy. As the General of Information, I was going to inform you about this matter anyway. Files of Discrete B are kept in several Displays.”

D pointed to a box sitting in the corner.

“He may be helping us, but he’s still our enemy. And A is right, given enough time, he’ll potentially be one of our strongest adversaries.”

Zordo walked over to the box, reached inside and picked up a Display.

“How secret do you want this to stay?”

“Well that’s up to you now. I’ve kept it secret to make things easier for myself and for the Greens. But if word got out amongst us, it wouldn’t be a critical situation. The bigger concern is ensuring the Discretes don’t find out.”

Zordo let out a sigh. “He showed absolutely no signs of lying or acting. I would guess amnesia.”

“Same conclusion I came up with, and the Discretes as well.”

“Vatti’s going to give you a hard time with this.”

“There is no situation I can come up with where Vatti won’t give me a hard time.”

“She was hard enough to control with just the knowledge of the Discretes killing her best friend. Finding out he’s not only still alive and in their captivity, but is doing so by choice… I don’t think she’ll accept that.”

“Neither do I.”

Zordo walked over to the stack of boxes and pulled out a Display.

“Now, I have a mission for you.” He opened files on the Display. “I’ve been doing my own surveillance of the Discrete base here in the Source.”

Zordo grabbed the Display.

“You’ve been busy. Their routes, their standard weapons, you even have data on the minor details like food supply. Did Discrete B supply you with all of this?”

“Discrete B is only a shield, one of which I expect to eventually fail for one reason or another and when it does, I expect t have a sword waiting behind it.”

“I get it, you collected the data yourself.”

“Field trips to the Discrete base, which is where you’ll be going. Pull up the file about their power usage.”

Zordo did as he was told while D continued.

“Over the past several months I’ve been monitoring the building’s sync energy output. There are three sections of the building where power output stays consistent. The first two are the power and water distributors; nothing unusual there. The last section, however, is just a room.”

Zordo pulled up the schematics.

“You’re right. The building itself is an old armory but the room is just a bedroom. Do you think it could be A’s sleeping quarters.”

“Possible but doubtful. Look at the amount of power being put in.”

“It’s not only consistent, it overthrows many of the other rooms.”

“Whatever is in that room is important to the Discretes. They keep it running and they keep it running well. I need you to shut it down.”

“Shut it down?”

“That building is the homebase of the enemy. I know everything about it except what’s in that room. That is an anomaly I’m not willing to accept. You will go to the enemy base, you will disable power that room and you will observe their reaction.”

“Far travel, information gathering, and a quick escape if I’m caught. It’s the perfect scouting missions. D, how soon do you need this done?”

“I’d like it done as soon as possible. But my plans for the next year most likely won’t change even with the information.”

“No.”

“In that case, give me some time to get ready for this mission. I think we can kill two birds with one stone.”

**Chapter 26 End**