**Chapter 44**

Henry stomped his right toe on the ground and let it bounce. After seeing the effect, he let it happen a few more times. Next was his left foot. He started to make a tune to his head to the flow of his feet.

After traveling for several days from their new department, the team had finally made it to the building’s surrounding the Discrete’s main base. Henry had wanted to get the mission over with and head straight their, but Zordo had insisted on approaching at a cautious pace. Once they had finally made it to their destination, Zordo set up his sniper class sync weapon. Once that was set up, Zordo order Henry and Portia post as lookouts. The room he was in only had one very big window facing one direction, so Henry and Portia had to go into different rooms nearby. Ryan, however, had been ordered to stay in the same room with Zordo.

The Green continued to stare out the window. He couldn’t believe how close he was to the Discretes and yet how bored he was. He desperately wanted to talk, but Zordo demanded absolute silence.

Henry had expected to at least catch glimpses of Discretes coming to and from the facility, but no. There was nothing. To pass the time, he moved various parts of body, silent enough that Zordo couldn’t hear… or maybe just so he didn’t mind. Henry knew there were times he could whisper and that man would hear him.

His hands, following the example his feet made, began patting to a beat. His right hand had hit something. Henry looked down at his display. True he couldn’t talk, but messages on displays were completely silent. Glancing out the window one last time just to make sure nothing was happening, Henry pulled up his display. The screen lit up with the usual blue glow as Henry began to type letters.

“*I’m so bored.”* He typed.

He sent the message to Portia, desperately hoping she wouldn’t ignore it. After a few moments, his screen lit up on its own. That was good, Portia had responded.

“*Me too, but nothing we can do but wait.”* The message said.

Henry was ecstatic. He had found something to do!

“*What’s taking them so long? How long does it take to line up a shot.” Henry sent.*

“*They’re not just lining it up. Zordo probably has the perfect shot already. He has to make sure that when he shoots, none of the scouting Discretes see it.”*

Scouting Discretes?

“*I don’t even see any Discretes.”*

*“I saw a few, but they were far and heading away from us.”*

*“Why did Ryan get to stay and not us?”*

*“I don’t know, probably because he’s the Captain.”*

That message grew some anger in Henry. It was bad enough that Ryan had been made captain instead of him, but to think he was getting even more special treatment because of it…

Henry debated on what to type next. Before he could think of something, however, his display lit up again with another message.

“*Ryan says that he’s giving Zordo intel. They’re trying to time it perfectly. He also said we should stop sending messages to each other unless it’s urgent.”*

Henry felt his anger rise more.

“*Why did you tell Ryan we were sending each other messages?”*

Henry waited for a reply. This time, he waited longer than he had for the other messages.

“*Answer me!”*

Still no reply. Henry was preparing to send another, when he heard a shot from a sync weapon being fired.

“Henry. Portia.” Zordo called. Upon hearing their names, the two rushed to where Zordo and Ryan were.

Henry was surprised to see the window broken.

“What happened?”

“The shot’s been taken. Portia can you confirm the correct component has been taken out.”

Portia looked through the scope of the sniper that was set up against the window.

“No, I mean the window.” Henry continued. “Why’s it broken? Were you guys attacked.”

“Sync energy behaves like light, Henry, remember?” Portia said. “It can only effect water, but glass bends it.”

Portia stood up. The Green pulled up the plans on her Display that Zordo had sent her.

“Yes, that’s the correct component. The power to the room of interest should be out.”

“Excellent.”

Zordo pressed his collar.

“Zordo here. D, the power is out. Will proceed with observation. Over.”

“Confirmed.” Came a voice.

Zordo picked up the sniper weapon, folded the parts that had been connecting it to the window inside itself.

“We’ll wait here for the rest of the day and take turns observing and watching the rear. Two will observe. One will watch the rear. The last will rest.”

“Do we still have to stay silent?” Henry complained.

“Yes.” Zordo said. “Sound travels a great distance and Discretes have acute hearing. Every uneccsary word puts us at risk.”

“Well, can we at least talk to each other on our displays?”

Zordo tilted his head. He hadn’t thought of that. Of course, he hadn’t planned to communicate much anyway, so there was no reason he’d have even tried. He nodded at Henry’s request.

Henry smiled as he pulled out his display, ready to send messages galore. Ryan wouldn’t protest against typing messages now that Zordo had said it was okay.

The time passed as the four cycled through their positions. For a while, nothing seemed to happened. The Discretes who patrolled the area continued as if nothing had happened. Suddenly, a noise broke the eternal silence the four had been enduring.

“Guys. Someone’s coming.”

Hearing that, Zordo quickly stood up from his resting position and rushed towards Henry. The sniper class seemed to slide off of his back as he set it up in place.

“There!” Henry pointed out.

Ryan had also decided to look out the window. It was true that someone was coming from the facility towards them. Whoever the person was, they were alone.

Zordo finished setting up the weapon and peered into the scope.

“General, something’s not right. I don’t think that man is heading towards us specifically.”

Portia decided to look out as well.

“You’re right.” She said. “I think he’s just running away.”

“More like hobbling.”

Zordo continued to stare through the scope. He had heard Ryan and Portia, but he needed to confirm something. It took a couple of seconds, but eventually, he felt satisfied with his conclusion.

“Ryan, take the weapon.”

“Wha-“

“I’m going out there to retrieve him. I have a clear path as of now, but Discretes could show up at any time. If they do, don’t hesitate.”

With that, Zordo lept out of the window. He traveled down the building and out towards the field faster than Ryan thought was possible for a man to move. He watched as Zordo approached the man. It seemed like the two were having a conversation for a moment, that is until the man fell. Zordo picked up the man on his shoulders and proceeded to make his way back towards the team. Thankfully, no Discretes had witnessed this event. But this confused Ryan. Was it just a coincidence that this figure who Zordo was willing to rescue had came when no Discrete was patrolling. Ryan would have to worry about that later as Zordo approached the building. The general ran march up the vertical wall until he made it to the room.

“Take him.” Were the first words.

Atsuma, Portia and Henry all scattered to carefully life the body Zordo had and brought him into the room. They laid him on the floor as Zordo entered the room.

“This mission is over. We need to report back to Official D now.”

“What happened?” Portia asked. “Who is this man?”

Henry looked at the face of the new person in the room. The man was unconscious and paler than any person Henry had ever witnessed. Still, there was something familiar about his face. Had he seen it somewhere befor-

Henry suddenly let out a loud gasp which alerted all in the room.

“No. That can’t be!” Henry said.

“It is. But there’s no time now. As soon as I catch my breath, we are leaving this place at full speed. I will carry this man back.”

“But, sir, who is he?” Ryan asked.

“That’s my dad.” Henry said, frozen where he stood. “That’s Atsuma. He’s alive.”

**Chapter 44**

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big\_Five\_personality\_traits