**Chapter 45**

It took the team a few days to get back to their department. Henry couldn’t help but notice the lack of breaks this time around. He was really fatigued in trying to keep up and was tempted to complained. But whenever that happened, he’d just glance at the unconscious Atsuma on top of Zordo’s back and the thought would vanish. He couldn’t believe his dad was still alive. The questions he could ask him…

The four members headed towards the entrance of Green. Unlike the rest of the bases in Green, this was the one they were instructed to enter using the front door. Ryan’s instincts told him to be on the look out for anyone following him, but the urgency Zordo had was very distracting.

“D.” Zordo said, pressing his collar. “We’re about to enter.”

“You’re expected.” D replied. “Bring him to the infirmary.”

The group rushed inside, past the unlit front entrance and into the massive hall of desks and papers. They ran towards Offical D’s office in the back, but before reaching it, they veared right to a room the Stars hadn’t yet visited.

Inside was a bed with several medical equipment surrounding it. Official D stood ready for his new arrivals. Zordo set Atsuma down on the bed and began hooking him up to several different pieces of equipment.

In their training, the Stars had been taught some basic medical practices. Ryan recognized some of the terms that appeared on the screens. Portia could tell what a great many of the machines did. Henry’s attention was on the person lying on the bed.

“How is he?” D asked.

“Astounding.” Zordo answered. “I’ve been monitoring his biology since we first encountered. His body, despite being just awaked from a cryo-sleep, continues to stabilize. The man hasn’t had food or water, yet he’s barely shown the signs of fatigue.”

“That could be his slowed down system.” D said. “Cryo-sleep slows everything about the body, even the digestive track.”

“It is possible, but what’s concerning is his adaptability. If we consider I was the one who woke him, then he ability to get up and walk came much too early.”

“We’re going to wake him up, right?” Henry asked.

Everyone was shocked by the question and its sudden appearance.

“Henry…” Ryan started.

“Eventually.” Zordo said. “For now, though, it’s best he remain unconscious.”

“What? Why?”

“Henry…” Ryan said again.

Henry ignored his friend and continued his demanded questions.

“For a number of reasons.” Zordo said. “We don’t know what’s been done to him. Why the Discretes had him frozen, or even decided to keep him alive. But even moreso, it might do damage to him.”

“He’s from the surface.” D said. “Everything we keep down here, technology, secrets and all that they imply can be a lot for a person to take in.”

“But I did it! I learned everything just fine!” Henry screamed.

Ryan took a step forward. This was going to far.

“Yes you did.” Zordo said. “Slowly… with allies at your side. Atsuma must be handled delicately. The last time we saw him, he was fighting his enemies with his friends dying at his side. Suddenly waking him is likely to give us more trouble than he’s worth.”

“He’s not alone, though, he has me! We should still-“

“HENRY!” Ryan shouted. He stepped in front, between Henry and Zordo. “That’s enough.”

“It’s not enough, Ryan. He’s my dad and-“

“We all know Henry. But the general and official have bigger things to deal with right now. In fact, we should all leave this room and let them discuss it in peace.”

Portia did as she was told. Henry waited for a moment, glaring angrily at his friend. Ryan’s glared back with as much intensity. Finally, Henry turned to leave with Ryan following.

“Are they going to be alright?” D asked.

“Ryan has it under control.” Zordo said. “And he’s right. As important Atsuma is to Henry, Green needs him more right now. His presence answers a few of our questions. The reason power was constantly going into that one room was to keep him under a constant cryo-state. The reason the Discrete’s decided to make their main base in a cafeteria of all places was because it had the freezing components necessary to create the cryo-bed needed for him.”

“But in answering those questions, it brings up more. What is so important about Atsuma that they would not only keep him alive, but center their entire organization around him. They moved from the Center just to keep him frozen.”

“Hmm… perhaps you were right about the strangeness in his biology. There might be some answers lying in there.”

**Chapter 45 End**

**Chapter 46**

“The sedatives are up.” Zordo said.

“Good.” D said “His brain was showing activity. Having him wake up during these procedures would most likely be catastrophic.”

With the confirmation, D proceeded to draw blood. Atsuma twitched as the needle entered his vain.

“I thought you said they were up.”

“They are.” Zordo said. “Perhaps his immune system is still delaying the effects.”

D continued the process. Once the blood was drawn, he brought it over to the microscope. A sample of the blood was placed under the microscope.

“So far, normal. Hand me the foreign component.”

Zordo handed D an eyedropper. D introduced the compound into the blood. He didn’t expect anything to happen. The test was just a precaution he did to everyone just in case something might happen. This time, however, something did happen.

“This… this doesn’t make any sense.” D said. “His blood is completely destroying the foreign agent.”

“There’s only one type of blood that does that. Discrete blood.”

“Atsuma has always had unique traits for a Leader. Maybe his blood is one of those traits.”

“This is the definitive test to check for Discretes in children. If his blood has always been like this, there’s no way he would’ve been allowed to train. Whatever the Discretes did to him, they succeeded in turning a normal person into a Discrete.”

“How is that even possible?” Zordo asked.

“If they wanted to do it, Atsuma was the right specimen to try it on. His biology makes him closer to a Discrete than any other surface dweller. Not only that, but this is a test that shouldn’t work on adult Discretes. Rather than destroying the blood, an adult Discrete’s blood learns to eject it immediately. It’s as though he’s just becoming one-”

Suddenly, a beeping sound caught the attention of Zordo and D.

“He’s waking up? But the sedatives…”

“…were set up for a normal human. A Discrete’s immune system would need much more.”

“RAH!” Atsuma screamed as he instantly sat up. Desperately, he looked around. A dark room, things he didn’t recognize, and people dressed in all black. His escape attempt had failed.

“Atsuma, wait!” D shouted.

The man reached for the closest things next to him to throw. Atsuma tossed the wires attacked to several machines. He wasn’t aware the same machines were attached to his body. He fell over along with the objects he tossed. Discrete D and Zordo were distraught from the chaos.

“Atsuma! We are not Discretes!”

D realized the irony of the statement, but did not have time to point it out. Atsuma, however, could not hear their words. He was too focused on the information surging into his brain. Everything he looked at made his brain feel like it was going to explode. Even with that information, self-preservation was at the forefront of his mind. The Discretes were after him. He couldn’t stay here. Letting whatever was attached to him be yanked out, Atsuma booked for the door.

The change in lighting practically blinded him. That was actually a good thing. Since he couldn’t see, he could think. Once the effect wore off, however, he could see more than he wanted. Twenty seven people occupied the current room with several exact numbers of things he wasn’t aware of what they did.

“Stop him.” D commanded. “Do not harm him but don’t let him escape.”

Upon hearing their official’s words, everyone sprang into action.

These people… their movements were slow. Slower than any he had ever seen. He could predict what they were going to do several instances before they made it. Two people came from his left. He pushed his hands into the first one, sending him hurdling into the second. Another on his right. This one received a kick to the stomach. Five more were coming from in front, three more from the right and four more from the left. That was too many. Atsuma backed into the room he knew was behind him and closed the door. The crowd followed, bursting the door open. Immediately, Atsuma dove above them and headed for the exit.

“He’s a Discrete.” D said. “They aren’t trained for this.”

“No… but they are.” Zordo remarked.

Atsuma stopped in his tracks as three more people dressed in black blocked his path.

“Block his exit.” Ryan said. “Henry, watch the two to three. Portia, you have the nine to ten.”

“Atsuma! It’s me! Henry! Your son!”

These Discretes were standing differently. They were ready to block his escape paths. The one on the left, however, was distracted with whatever he was saying. Atsuma ran up to the boy and kneed him in the stomach. Using the pain as a distraction, Atsuma lifted the body and tossed it at the other two.

Zordo shrugged at D.

“It’s their first time.”

The two chased after Atsuma. As they did, Zordo pressed the button on his collar.

“This is Zordo. Any of you guy wouldn’t just happen to be in the area of the Department of Information? Over.”

“What do you need, Clone? Is there a Discrete?”

“Vatti.” D said. “That might be in our favor. Atsuma might recognize her.”

“It’s a slim chance. He didn’t recognize Henry. Either way, we could use her help. She the last person who’d let a Discrete get away.”

Zordo pressed the button on a collar.

“Vatti, we have an escaped prisoner. We need to take him down WITHOUT killing him.”

“Are you really asking me to capture a Discrete and not kill it? You’re testing my patience, Clone.”

“He’s a confused runaway, Vatti. If we can just calm him down, we can get him to join our side.”

“Joy. As if we don’t have enough Discretes on our side.”

“Are you coming or not, Vatti? We’re headed west of the department. The escapee is on foot on street level.”

“On my way, Clone. Don’t blame me if I get trigger happy.”

Vatti let out a sigh.

“Okay, guys, looks like we’re taking a side trip from the normal route.”

“So, are we killing this guy or not?” Carol asked.

“Better not. Last thing I need is the Clone upset at me for this.”

“Really conquering that fear of yours.” Napp said.

Vatti’s arm suddenly extended, pushing Napp off of the building they were on. Napp screamed from the suddenness. Panicking for a few seconds, he quickly activated his magne-boots and slowed his descent.

“You could’ve killed me!” He screamed back.

“If you had died, it would’ve been because you didn’t activate your boots fast enough. Good thing your reflexes work.”

“Tsudo!” Napp screamed.

“Napp, stop screaming.” Tsudo said. “You’ll attract Discretes and then gravity will be the least of your problems. Shouldn’t we be heading out, Vatti.”

“The longer I’m with you, the bossier you get.” Vatti said. “Let’s go. I wanna see what’s so special about this Discrete that I can’t kill him.”

**Chapter 46 End**