**Wig-Or-Log**

**Underground**

Prologue 1

Years ago, the people began a war bigger than any the land had seen. Four factions, Orange, Blue, Gold and Green have fought each other for countless years in hopes of winning the war. Sick of all the fighting, the four leaders of each country, known as the Officials, came to discuss. Deciding that humanity needed the war in order to survive, the Officials decided to keep the war lasting forever, allowing humanity to kill only what it needed to. The Officials were also the first to obtain the Discrete gene, the most powerful of the four Wig-Genes. After overthrowing the assassination group that was fueling the war, the Firsts decided that others with Discrete genes would forever keep the war going, and rule over the land of Wig-Or-Log.

Time passed, and things remained the same. The newest Discrete, Baas was born, but his true Wig-gene was kept hidden by the deserted Discrete D. He left to fight in the war under Atsuma, Vanessa and their team. When the rest of the Discretes became aware of Baas’ Wig-Gene, they put him to the test in order to see if he was a threat. After it was all over, only Vatti, Baas’ best friend, and Henry, Atsuma’s son, were able to escape with Discrete D. Henry and Vatti decided to become Greens and fight for Discrete D’s cause to save Wig-Or-Log from the Discretes oppression. Unbenounced to them, Baas survived the encounter as well. He woke up to Discrete A, Henry’s mother, who informed him that he was Discrete B. Baas, having no memory of his past, did not question the Leader of the Discretes.

Two years have passed since.

Prologue 1 End

Prologue 2

Two years have passed since the trial of Baas. Under the leadership of the former Discrete D, the Greens continue to battle the Discretes for their freedom of the everlasting war. Vatti quickly rose through the ranks as one to the Generals of Green along with Discrete D’s personal students. Henry has joined the younger teams in Green in learning primary fighting skills. With no memory of his past life, Baas has assumed the role of Discrete B, the tactician of the Discretes.

Prologue 2 End

Chapter 1

Silent. Still. Lifeless. The buildings of the Source were more often then not lacking in action. Every skyscraper seemed to hold its own. Perhaps the term “skyscraper” is incorrect, for these buildings do not even see sky. The Source is located underneath the land of Wig-Or-Log… miles below. Despite its depth, the Source wasn’t absent of light. Almost every building had something illuminating them. The lights weren’t bright, creating an environment similar to a dimly lit city. Some buildings had lights that turned on and off at separate intervals though this did not mean that people were there. With all the light, the buildings were usually still empty of activity.

Usually…

On one building, a noise could be heard… footsteps. Feet were running across the roof of the building at a great speed. They belonged to a woman. Her arms flailed slightly as she twisted across along the roof. This wasn’t a pleasure run. This woman was in danger and she was running for her life. Running straight would get her closer to her goal, but the sudden beams of lights that kept appearing next to her were a constant reminder of what a stupid idea that would be. The lights were dangerous forms of sync energy, flying at her with the same purpose as an arrow. They were just as deadly, and several times more deadly. Turning to look at the person firing would be a waste of time and energy. She knew what was chasing her and how far it was behind her.

As she approached the edge of the building, the woman slowed but only slightly. She peered over the edge. Mostly glass windows, but there was concrete separating them. A full spint down either path would be easy enough. She heard the clink of the sync hitting the shield on her back. That was cue enough. Without hesitation, the female leapt over the small elevation and off the roof of the building. Before gravity took full effect, the woman’s fourth finger pressed on her palm three times. Gravity would give her a head start, but too long and she wouldn’t be able to catch her self. After a second of freefalling, the dark haired woman extended her leg towards the cement of the building. Maintaining her momentum, the female was now running down the side of the building, in full control of her body.

The pursuer began to mimic, but a light flew up passed him. As she was running, the female was now firing her own weapon and her aim wasn’t bad. Still, it wasn’t enough to stop him. Avoiding the fire, he too headed down the side of the building, pressing his ring finger down three times.

The female continued to run even faster. She had a head start but she was no where near losing her pursuer. That’s okay, she didn’t want to. But she couldn’t let him catch her either and just doing that took each and every ounce of...

Suddenly, the woman noticed something. She turned to her right to see a sphere right next to her.

“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.

The landing was not pleasant. Nothing had pierced the woman’s heart. Nothing had pierced her lungs. She had gotten far enough from the explosion that it hadn’t killed her, but it still wasn’t pleasant. The shield had protected her from having glass scrape across her face, but it couldn’t do much about how hard she would hit the floor. Her entire body ached. Not moving seemed like the best idea, but she knew better than that. She needed to move. That Discrete was on its way. She needed to…

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

It was too late.

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 lit it was. 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 buy time. Little did he know...

“Are you always such a flatterer, L, or is just when I’m around?” Her eyes searched for the scorched mark on the left side of his head. It was there alright.

“I’m guessing you’re still mad about that scar I gave you. It was years ago, get over it.”

“I’m a Discrete. We don’t get mad. Of course, I can understand how a human could force their emotions onto us.”

The man turned the dial on his syntech. Setting 10.

“But if I was angry at you, well, this would be a very satisfying moment for me, wouldn’t you agree? Not only will I get to exact revenge on you, but imagine my colleagues surprise to see that I killed the great Vatti of Green. Hard to believe someone as slow and weak as you killed as many Discretes as you did.”

“Rule 1.”

“But now you’ll have to die. Didn’t I tell you, Vatti? I am going to be the one to kill you.”

The Discrete slowly pointed his gun at the woman. Vatti stared at him… and smirked.

“You know, I’m a little too proud to be killed by the likes of you.” She quickly unzipped her jacked and revealed a device on her shirt.

“So why don’t I end both our lives.”

Vatti hit a button on the device causing a large digital timer to appear on it. It didn’t take the Discrete long to figure out what she meant. It was just like Discrete B said, humans would do anything to satisfy themselves, even take their own lives. But he was better than this. The explosion would only take five seconds to detonate, but that was enough time to get out of death range. L turned his body and ran for the door. The last thing to turn was his head. The last thing he saw was Zordo pointing a gun at him.

“Rule one.” The trigger was pulled. There was a flash. Discrete L did not dodge the attack.

The body flew back and landed on an old wooden shelf, breaking it. Zordo calmly walked over to check the pulse. There was none. The fight was over. He had won. Now he could turn his attention to Vatti.

“What took you so long?” She said struggling to get up. Zordo reached down to helped her to her feet.

“You ran in the opposite direction. When I received you transmission, I came immediately.”

“Excuses. Excuses. I bet if I was Magatha, you would’ve been here much faster.” Vatti pressed her collar and began speaking to it.

“All clear. The clone took care of it.”

“Roger that, Vatti.” An all too familiar voice came. Vatti knew it was D on the line, but he sounded just like the other Discretes. “Are you able to maintain rendezvous?”

“Yeah. We should be there shortly.”

Zordo pressed his collar.

“Decson, have medical inspection prepared for Vatti.”

“What? No. I’m fine.” Vatti smacked Zordo. Her voice got low, hoping the collar would pick her up. “Don’t do that.”

Another voice came from the collar, this time it was Decson. “Hmm. Ignore Zordo when he says that Vatti needs medical attention… Yeah, I don’t think so. Vatti, hurry up and get your butt down here so I can see what you’ve done to yourself this time.”

“Whatever. Vatti out.” Vatti pressed the button on her collar.

“Zordo out.” Zordo did the same.

“See what you did? Now she’s going to be all worked up about...”

“Don’t forget to reset your frequency.”

“I know, Clone.” Vatti reached for the button on the left side of her collar this time. “I don’t know why you felt you had to tell Decson that.”

“Come on, we’ve got to get back.” Zordo reached to help Vatti, but she slapped his hand away.

“I said I’m fine.”

Despite those words, Vatti found herself limping as she moved. She headed over towards the dead body. She stared at it, menacingly.

“Serves you right for being an idiot. You really think I’d blow myself up just to kill one of you?”

She spat hard on the corpse.

“Well you can forget that because I’m not going to stop. Not until every single one of you is dead.”

Chapter 1 End