Chapter I:
A Misunderstanding

I ran. My feet pounded against the ground as I kept looking over my shoulder. Blood that was pouring over my left eye made it hard to see. Vlad, my pet rat was squeaking desperately in my coat pocket as it flapped around. I couldn't hear them, but I still kept going, until I reached the crowded streets of the town. I was better covered and they wouldn't track me as easily with those dogs of theirs.

I took a sharp turn into an open house and pressed into the wall as much as I could. I let out cool, low breath as my eyes darted back and forth, heart leaping in my chest as time passed…nothing. I let out a soft sigh and smiled. It was over for now at least. I let my body sag

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and popped a few joints on my shoulders and knees as I let out a pleased gasp.

Wiping the hair out of my face I winced, looking at the spilled blood on my fingers and sighed. Walking through the house, it took a while to find the bathroom.

Turning the water on cold and grabbing a green towel, I soaked it with water, rubbing some soap in and dabbed it on my wound, a stringing pain stroked me with every touch and I winced. Opening the cabinet I grabbed some cotton and some bandages. Placing the cotton on the wound and wrapping the bandage around my head. I gave myself a smile at my reflection and a soft sigh. Hopefully the hunters have left town already and wouldn't be coming back after a while…

Walking out of the bathroom I started to explore the house. It was fairly simply and homey, a few pieces of wood furniture here and there. A shelf full of dusty old books, noting the obvious that the person, or people, that lived here didn't read much. I picked up an old looking vase and inspected. It was bright violet with gold trimming, very pretty.

A growl echoed from my stomach and I quickly wrapped my arm around it, blushing slightly. It had been awhile

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since I had eaten anything decent. Walking towards the kitchen, that I passed as I was searching for the restroom, Vlad climbed on top my shoulder sniffing around.

"You hungry also?" I asked giving him a small smile and a chuckle. I opened the fridge, letting out a soft sigh as the cool air brushed against my skin as I looked. Taking out some cabbage and some meat, I closed the door and sat down, placing Vlad on the table and when just as I was taking a bite… A voice called out.

"Who's there?" The voice sounded boyish, like mid-teens. I held my breath and bit my lip and quickly grabbed Vlad putting him back in my pocket. Getting down from my seat and stepping backwards to the wall. Not trying to be seen by the possible threat.

Vlad sensing my nervousness, kept quiet like a good rat he was. His whiskers going in frenzy, as he smelled the air around him, trying to figure out what was the threat. Walking close to the wall, I kept my eyes at the shadow, watching it…waiting for any sudden attack or movement. My breathing shallow as I reached to touch my eye patch gently, getting ready to take it off at any moment. If and when absolutely necessary.

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That was when I saw him. He was tall and very skinny. His hair wavy and blond, His bright blue eyes wide with fear as he looked around. Raised a blond brow at seeing the food on the counter.

I slowly made it to the doorframe, still holding my breath that I didn't know I was holding before. Inch by inch, toe to heel I walked. Almost making it to the door till' he turned. My heart leapt, his eyes widened as he clumsily went for the rack of knives kept by the edge of the table.

"Wait!" I cried out, holding up my hand, still leaning against the wall. "I-I mean no harm. Trust me."

He shook his head, knife still pointed at me, his hands shaking and biting his lip. "Don't come any closer!" He yelled, his voice reminding me of an earthquake.

"I'm sorry, I really don't mean any harm, I thought no one was here and I needed some rest." I said, not daring to move, I didn't want him to just calm down and get riled up again.

He stood there, pointing the knife at me, for the longest moment that seemed like hours, but was in actuality only a few minutes. Slowly he brought down the knife, but still kept his eyes locked at me.

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"W-why are you here?" He said standing strait trying to fake calmness, but the shaking of his hands deceived him. Nervously, he rubbed the back of his neck.

"I was just…" I stopped; I didn't know what to say. "Well…it's hard to explain exactly…" I started again, taking a step towards him, but moved back when he went for the knife again.

"Why is it? You came here to steal my stuff right?!"

"No! Nothing of the sort! I just needed a place to hide!" I defended, standing straighter.

"Why do you need to hide?" He asked raising a brow and leaning towards me, lowering the knife.

"W-well…um…some people have a grudge against me…"

"What kind of people and why?" He raised his brow higher, leaning closer, interested in what I have to tell him.

I bit my lip and looked to the side, trying to think of a good reason and fast.

"Well…I-I ran away from them and…they want me back." I stammered, hoping that he bought it.

"Sooo…you're a slave of sorts then?" He asked, his big blue eyes taking a look of pity.

"You can say that…"

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"Is that what happened to your eye then? Did your master hurt you?" He asked, getting out of his seat and walking over to me; the knife still in his hand.

I nodded, touching my patch gently. "I can still see out of it…"

"Then why wear it?" He asked, tipping his head to the side.

"It's very sensitive to light…"

He nodded, still eyeing me, but I could tell that he was calmer around me. Rubbing the back of his neck he sighed and gave me another quick look.

"Well…I guess I can let you stay for a few hours, but then you have to leave…" He muttered, walking back to the table and putting back the knife in its appropriate slot.

I grinned and wrapped my arms around his waist giving him a squeeze, a bright blush on his cheeks.

"Thank you, thank you!" I said, pulling back. The grin still on my face.

He looked away, rubbing his neck again. "Um…are you hungry? I saw the food out and…"

"Yes actually, but you don't have to…" I said blushing slightly, my eyes downcast.

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"Nonsense, umm…do you still want the chicken? I could cook it for you…"

I shook my head slightly smiling. "Nah, I like my meat cold."

He raised a brow at me, but nodded. He handed me the chicken and I took a bit out of it. Almost chocking on it as I giggled. Vlad's scampering up my jacket from the inside and out my collar tickled my flesh. Adam's eyes widened and he fell to the floor with a loud thud. Letting out a girly shriek of terror.

"Are you okay?" I asked already knowing what the matter was; I was used to it by what many people reacted when they saw Vlad for the first time.

"Th-there is a rat in your jacket!" He screamed, scrambling away. I just chuckled and nodded, picking up Vlad and placing him on the palm of my hand.

"I know he's my friend." I explained smiling, petting his head with my finger. "His name is Vlad, he's adorable ain't he? I found him; actually he found me a few years ago." Adam seemed to calm a bit and sat up. Vlad and he just looking at each other for the longest moment, before Adam reached over to pet him with a shaky hand.

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"I-I guess he is cute…in a very creepy kinda way." He said in a weak smile and I smiled back. "Would he like some cheese?" He asked taking his eyes off Vlad and onto me. I shook my head making a face.

"He hates cheese." I said, placing Vlad on the table. "He does like chocolate chip cookies though or cabbage." He raised a brow at me, but then nodded.

"Strange rat, doesn't like cheese." He muttered and picked up the piece of cabbage on the table and handed it to him. Vlad let out a pleased squeak as he nibbled on the leaf.

"What's your name? Mine is Adam." He said looking at me.

"I'm Rembrandt, but most people call me Rem." I said with a light smile taking a bite of the cold chicken.

"Nice to met you Rem." He said returning my smile awkwardly.

"Nice to meet you too Adam. Thank you for letting me stay." He waved it off, blushing.

"S-sooo…Rem…how powerful is your master to actually to have hunters track you down?" He asked, resting his head on his hand as he leaned against the table.

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I thought for a moment carefully calculating on what to say exactly.

"Yes he is, actually very many people know him…"

"Oh really? What is his name?" He asked, looking at the clock.

"Well…his name is-"

"Crap! They're going to kill me!" He exclaimed, getting up quickly and scurried to get all him things as I watched his with the curiosity of a cat.

"Who's going to kill you?" I asked, grabbing his hand so he would face me.

"My clients are! I'm late and if I don't get there soon they are going to kill me." He replied taking himself back from my hold and grabbed his jacket. I looked at the clock and frowned.

"Can I come with you?" He hesitated for a moment before sighing and nodded.

"Sure, but aren't the people chasing you still out there?" He asked sounding worried. I nodded, looking outside the window; they wouldn't have left the town just yet.

"Can you lend me something that can cover my face?" I asked turning to look at him. He thought for a moment

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before nodding and ran out of the room and came back a minute later.

"Is this okay?" He asked handing me a hooded cape and I smiled and nodded, taking it from his hand and placing it upon me. Shadowing my face I gave him a smile.

"How do I look?" I asked twirling, Vlad not liking the motion one bit. Adam chuckled and nodded.

"You look like an ordinary peasant, now lets go. I have some clients to meet and if I don't-"

"You'll get killed."

"Exactly!" I chuckled and followed him out, my good eye watching, my ears listening and my nostrils flared ready for a smell that would tell me that they were there. Adam, despite himself being late, held onto my hand and looked back at me occasionally to see if I was all right. It was very sweet of him and all I could do was smile and nod. But you see every nod and smile was a lie. Someone was near us, someone was watching us, someone was following us, and I didn't like it one bit.

Soon we made it to the place of residence. Personally I was shocked to find that Adam was a carpenter. He didn't look the type, or at least his hands didn't feel like it. We walked in and Adam placed me in the hall politely just

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in case things were thrown at him. I chuckled, shaking my head at the thought, though it would have been a little amusing to watch. And sure enough I heard some yelling ensue right after he walked into the door. I chuckled and began to look around. It was a charming store. A simple desk with a register, some wood carvings with intricate and masterful markings. You could tell that the person that made them took great care and love into each piece.

The ring of a bell was the thing that stole my attention to the door and the sight of the person standing there made my heart leap. It was Jason; I thought I lost him in the forest with his stupid hounds going after me. I quickly hid behind the reception desk, pretending to look for something in case he looked over.

"Hello miss?" He asked, looking at me over the desk. My eye twitched under the patch and looked up at him with a smile, thankful that my eyes are relatively covered.

"What can I do you for sir? If you are looking for the owner he is in the back at the moment." I told him standing up, careful to keep my eyes to the floor. He shook his head and rummaged through his pockets giving me a picture of…ME! Crap! Now there will be people here too after my hide.

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"Have you seen this girl? She is about 5"8 and has a rat with her." He explained watching my reaction as I pretended to think and shook my head.

"No, I'm sorry sir. But the girl seems pretty. Your lover perhaps?" I felt vomit rise up my throat when I asked this, and apparently he did to since he snatched the picture out of my hand.

"No! Why would you ask such a crazy blooming thing like that? She is to be captured immediately." He sneered looking disgusted at the thought of me being his lover, and I was further disgusted by my thought that I was insulted by his remark.

"Well sir I'm sorry, but I haven't seen her. You should try somewhere else." I said walking away from the reception desk. What I didn't know at the time was that my cloak had taking a liking to a nail and refused to leave, making me trip and fell to the floor. My face in full view of Jason.

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Chapter II:

A Capture, an Escape and a Promise

My eyes grew in size as I watched Jason's expressions turned from surprise, anger, and then victory. I scrambled

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to my feet, tripping on the coat as I did for it was still caught on the nail. Pain shot to my skull as Jason tugged onto my hair, pulling me up.

"Well, well. If it ain't EAM00521 or as you known by the general public as Rembrandt." He said with a smirk on his face. "You just literally fell to my feet, almost got away too. I was about to leave after a few more shops." He chuckled and shook his head. "But I have you now. The boss has missed you greatly you know. He needs your DNA for the others. After all you're just a prototype." He rummaged his pockets looking for the special cuffs as I tried to struggle free.

"Let me go Jason!" I screamed, hoping Adam would hear me. "You wouldn't want me to take off my Eye patch would you?!" He looked up at me, his smirked curved deeper into his cheek.

"I have been after you for years lass. And I know for a fact that you would never do that. Too innocent and tenderhearted to do such a thing." He took out the cuffs and snapped it around my neck, a large Z in the middle of it. In his hand he held what looked like a large pen and pressed the button. A bolt of electricity went through my body, making me feel like I was being fried from the inside

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out. My body arching and hair frizzing about. If Jason still hadn't had a hold on me I would have dropped to the floor. "That was a warning not to cross me lass. And also as payment for making me track you for all these years." He sneered, starting to drag me away out of the door and just when he had his hand on the handle-BLAM!-The wall right next to us was full of bullet holes.

There stood Adam a few feet away, a rifle in hand and a glare in his baby blue eyes. "Let her go NOW!" He yelled cocking the gun in warning and aiming at Jason square on. With a dark chuckle and a smirk much different then before, Jason turned and looked at Adam. His eyes going up and down the body, seeing what he is up against.

"You're very weak." He stated his smirk growing. "You won't be able to hit me, you are too soft and don't forget about the little red head here." With a sharp tug he pulled me in front of him, blocking the path between him and the rifle.

"You wouldn't want her pretty face to be filled with bullet holes now do you?" My visible eye looked at Adam, pleading him to just shoot me, it would have been a much better fate then what Jason was about to do to him and myself when he brings me back to the Corp.

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"I don't." He said, lowering the gun, ignoring my silent pleas. "What has she done to make you chase her any how?" He asked keeping his gaze locked on Jason's.

"Oh she hasn't told you?" He started, taking my jaw roughly in his hand and looked at me for a moment before shoving it towards Adams again. His smirk so wide it would make the Cheshire cat jealous.

"Tell me what?" He asked, looking at me then back at him. "Tell me." The hunter behind me laughed, obviously amused by the boy's questions. His hand went for my right wrist, but with fright in my heart pulled it away from his grasped.

"Don't you dare tell him Jason." My voice muffled by the tightness he had on my jaw. With a sneer at me, he ignored my order and grabbed my wrist pulling off the glove and showing it to Adam, who's eyes widened in shock and fear as he took a few steps back.

"But…She can't be an-

"Izan? Yes she is. An animal muscle type to be more precise." Adam shook his head in disbelief and looked at me.

"Is it true?" He asked looking at me. I just bit my lip and diverted my eyes away. And I think he received the

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message, that indeed it was true what the man said. The chuckle that came from my captures mouth made me flinch. It was the laughter of a sadistic human being that hates your guts and loves to see you squirm.

"My, my this has to be the most intriguing thing I have seen in quite a while. Bravo." He mockingly clapped his hands, "On that note I must leave, see ya around kid. Hope your not too heart broken." And with that he turned and grabbed the door handle. Turned it.

-BLAM- The door was covered in more bullet holes this time. Jason's brown eyes turned red and looked over his shoulder to see a shaking teen. His face flushed and eyes with a mixture of determination and shock.

"What are you doing boy?" He asked in a scary calm tone, his hand sliding off the handle and he grabbed his rifle from his back. That horrible thing placed too many bullets into me to count many times before.

"I-I'm saving a friend." Adam stuttered, his own rifle still pointed towards him, but his arms were shaking in sheer fright. And it only became worse with the chuckle that Jason got and the shake of the head.

"Boy you have NO idea who you're messing with." He muttered my eyes widening as he cocked his rifle. My

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hands, though tied, worked to get my eye patch off. Unfortunately Jason saw.

"You wouldn't dare. Is this bloke that important to ya?" He asked a hint of amusement in his voice as he snatched my hands away, my patch loosened slightly, but not enough to uncover my dreadful eye. I looked at Adam with sorrow. "I'm Sorry." I thought, looking away from him.

"Leave her be. I'll shoot!" Adam yelled, a newfound confidence in his voice. It only made Jason shake his head and give a low chuckle though and pressed the trigger, sending warning bullets to the right side of Adam's face. Thankfully missing him.

"Those were warning shots boy. I don't think you would dare try anything like shooting me." He said, taking out a whistle from around his neck. "I can see now that your going to cause my a lot of trouble, might as well get the dogs." He said taking in a deep breath then blew into the whistle.

Pain, throbbing unholy pain, erupted into my eardrums as he blew. My hands immediately going to cover my ears as I let out a scream of agony. Tears threatened to pour from my eyes. "Stop blowing! Stop blowing that awful whistle!" I begged, looking up at him, tears now flowing down my

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cheeks. Adam stood in shock and confusion as he watched me, clearly not hearing anything at all.

"Ah, sorry lass. That I didn't mean to do. I forgot how especially you Animal Izans get sensitive with these buggers." Jason gave a cruel chuckle, tucking the whistle back into his shirt. "Your wish is granted and with that is my beloved hounds my dear." He scowled at my tugging at my hair again and pulling me close to him.

Adam's gaze turning more heated as he watched, cocking his rifle. "Didn't we already discuss this?" Jason said with a sigh. "You can't shoot me or it will hit her, but if you want to go right ahead." He said pulling me up to my feet by my hair and my emerald green eyes looked at Adam desperately just to shoot me. But he took my look as "don't shoot me please" instead. For he lowered the gun.

"Good lad." Jason smirked as he turned hearing the scratching and howling at the door. With a twist of his wrist and a couple steps to the side let them in.

"Attack." He commanded pointing towards Adam, who in fright stumbled with his gun and shot at them. Easily missing them as they attacked, one latching his jaws into

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his leg, making him give out a shoot of pain and another grabbing onto his arm. Forcing him to his knees

"Stop Jason!" I screamed looking up at him begging. "Please he won't cause any more trouble!" His lips turned into an amused scowl.

"So you DO like him that much huh? Hehe well, I'm sure I can do something about it. After all the boss doesn't want any more blood spatter then there should be." He let out a dark chuckle and snapped his scarred fingers.

The vicious canine's heads immediately turning towards him, still pinning Adam to the ground. "Let him live, we are going to bring him along alive got it?" He said chuckling when the dog's obeyed and took the rifle, turning it into scraps of wood and metal within seconds. Dragging me with him as he walked he slapped on a collar to Adam forcing him to the feet. My eyes filled with sorrow but my heart felt ease at seeing my new friend still alive. Jason dragged us, the leash keeping us only a few feet away from him.

"I'm sorry." I whispered to him. He shook his head and sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" He whispered back, as we were starting to get dragged out the door. Wincing as he

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walked, the pressure of each step irritating the bite wound. We gained a lot of stares as we were pulled past the crowd, hushed whispers spread the around them.

"Well it's not really an appropriate greeting is it? Hello, my name is Rembrandt, I'm an escaped Muscle Izan and big bad men and their unruly hounds are out to get me. It is very nice to meet you." I whispered, looking at him with a "got anything else to say?" look. The ground below us started to soften with dirt other then concrete as we walked through the city and into the woods nearby.

"Well just running into my house while running away and scaring me half to death isn't a proper greeting is it?" He shot back with a glare.

"Touché." I whispered with sigh, my gaze at the ground.

And after a long moment of silence between us except for an occasional growl from the dogs or twitch of a whisker from Vlad who has been hiding in my jacket the whole time.

Dodging a few more branches and freeing my clothes of pesky braches of bushes as we pasted. I finally turned to him and asked in a hushed tone. "Why did you try to save me

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despite me being an Izan?" He blinked, looking down for a moment, not entirely sure himself.

"Because…even Izan's deserve to be free." That made me smile and I gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Thanks, and I'll be sure to get us out of this okay? I promise." I said with a smile. He smiled back a crimson blush painted on his cheeks.

"I'll hold you to th-"

"Shut up the both of you!" Jason bellowed glaring at the both of us. "Enough with your whisperin'. It's annoying me." He scowled turning around again.
We cringed and nodded, going silent and looking at the ground. "We're here." He said, pushing aside a bush and to my "oh so wonderful surprise" everyone that has been trying to track me down and capture me for years was there.

Some cleaning their guns that have placed bullets into me in the past and some were making dinner. It was some kind of twisted sadistic reunion.

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Chapter III:

The Twisted Sadistic Reunion

One by one they turned and looked at me. Their eyes widening with shock and surprise as the sound of gossip and amazement rose. They jabbed each other and pointed at me. I simply just rolled my eyes and shielded Adam from their gaze. His body was shaking with fear as he grabbed onto my arm, his baby blues wide with worry.

"Well, well…if it ain't the red head." One of them said walking over to me and Adam with a wide smirk. My eyes narrowed and I back away a step, but that only an achieved a sharp bolt of electricity into me. A cry of pain escaped my lips as I feel to the ground, clutching the collar around my neck.

"Now, now Izan, Ya don't want to do that now would ya?" Jason let out a dark chuckle and pulled on my collar, forcing me to get on my feet. I looked over at Adam giving him a comforting smile, telling him I'm alright.

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"Jason after all these years I never would a thought that it would have been you would've had captured her." Said a man with a scarred face, I think they called him "Lucky".

"Yeah, it is quite a shocker; after all it should have been me to have caught her." A man with long black hair yelled, his green eyes narrowed in jealousy.

"Well, Ben, ya might of, if ya weren't such a pansy and took a bath today." Jason said a smirk on his face as a roar of laughter erupted among the group of hunters. "Ben" was the only one not laughing.

"Go ahead and put her with our catch, Jason. She'll be a great example to the kids on what will be happening to them." Another scoffed, grabbing a large iron key and opening a cage door, with many young children inside. They were practically in rags.

"Most likely for experiments" I thought looking at them.

Ducking my head low I climbed into the cage that was on top of a large cart. Adam following me closely, his steps making a loud creaking sound on the hard wood as he walked over to the children and me. He sat down next to me. Wrapping my arms around the children, I held them close,

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the ones I couldn't hold, snuggled as close as they could. As I whispered into their chilled ears promises of escape and that everything will be all right. A pang of guilt in my heart telling me that all of the words were lies.

As time passed, I ignored the constant taunts and victorious smirks on their faces as they passed by the cage. I held the children tighter as they shook in fear, not daring to make any noise. Adam was doing the exact opposite. His eyes wide with fear, watched them intently, much like a predator with its prey. The only difference is that in his eyes held fear, not hunger or amusement like predators…he was prey.

"Adam, you have to be calm." I whispered to him so that the hunter's wouldn't hear me.

"How can I be calm Rem?" He asked, his big scared eyes looking at me. "We are in a cage and there are at least 50 men out there with guns with big, angry and most likely hungry dogs."

I looked at him, my gaze lowering to the ground. "Just trust me Adam, I have been at this for a longtime and I know each of them like the back of my hand." She whispered, looking back up.

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"So you have a plan then?" He asked a sparkle of hope in his eyes.

I shook my head, his face falling. "But I will have one soon, just you see." I gave him a smile, trying to cheer everyone up and it seemed to work even if it was just a trickle. "Just you see I will have a plan."

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When all the hunters were asleep, the children, calmed, huddled around me. There eyes wide as they were asking various questions.

"What's your plan, lady?" One of them asked in a hushed tone, as he crawled into my lap. Wrapping my arms around him I held him close and winked.

"You'll find out soon enough my friend, soon enough." I said taking Vlad out of my pocket, causing Adam to jump and shrieked. I raised a brow at him and looked out to see if any hunters awoke. Thankfully none did.

"Sorry, I just don't like rats." He whispered, diverting his eyes away from Vlad. Rolling my eyes, I placed the young boy down and got up as much as I could in this narrow cell walking over to the side of it. After

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letting Vlad have a good look at the surroundings I pointed to the keys.

"Please get those for us my little friend." I whispered to him, putting him down on the floor. With one whiff or two he was off. His long slender body moving around the ground his feet scampering across the dirt ensured he was almost there.

But he stopped. Sitting up he looked over to a dog. It was wide-awake and growling at him. I tapped on the wood tell him to get back as soon as possible, but he ignored me. He sat there watching the growling dog. My heart was beating 500 beat per minute much like his. Crouching down on his long padded feet he started off in my direction again. The dog was right at his heels as he picked up his speed. The keys left behind.

"Vlad c'mon you can do it." I whispered, holding my hand out to him.

__SNAP__ Went the dogs teeth as he tried to take a bite out of my friend. Thankfully he still had his tail. Swerving to the right and left he diverted the dog's sharp teeth.

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With one graceful jump he landed into my palm and I pulled him back inside just when the dog was about to take a bite out of him and me.

It snarled and growled at me as I crawled back into the damp cage. Many of the hunters waking up with groans and moans, not at all pleased. Kissing Vlad's head gently, I placed him back into my pocket.

"What the heck is going on?" One of them yelled, rubbing his tired eyes and glaring at the canine. Jason who was one of the first to awoke, looked at the dog first then at me.

"Now red head... Your not trying to escape are you?" His voice a dark calm as he walked over to me, an evil smirk etched on his face. Grabbing the dog's collar and tugged it away holding it still. His gaze went over to Adam, who cowered at his gaze.

Unlocking the cage, He grabbed Adams ankle and pulled him out. Adam's head only near Jason's shins. After locking the cage again he lifted him by his ankle. His face near the dogs jaws. "You don't want anything happening to your blond haired friend now do you?" He gave a cruel smirk as Adam inched away from the growling dog.

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"Leave him alone, Jason!" I ordered getting on my feet and crawled over to him, stopping at the bars. "He did nothing wrong."

"Oh but he did lass, he did. You see he allied with YOU. An Izan. A hunter like me can't just stand on the sidelines and deal with that. I have to terminate every possible threat, him, so I catch my prey which is you." His smirk widened and moved Adam closer to the dog.

"I told you to leave him alone!" I screamed, reaching for the eye patch. All the men had surprised looks on their faces as they witnessed my threatening to pull off my patch.

"Well this is a part of red head we haven't seen before." One of them chuckled walking closer, a rifle in hand.

"I wonder when she got so…feisty." Another added, getting closer.

"I have no idea lads, I think the boy has something to do with it. Ya should have seen her during meh capture." Jason said with a chuckle. Obviously none of them were threatened.

"You won't do it lass." Ben scoffed, pushing his long hair off his face. A roar of laughter rang about as I tried

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to pull it off…but they were right. I couldn't do it, not with innocents here. I lowered my hand, glaring at them instead.

Jason opened the cage door again, throwing Adam inside. Landing in a thump against the wall he let out a groan.

"Kiddies, take a nice long look at red head." He started with a smirk. "You're all going to be just like her. A terrible Izan. Right now she doesn't look or act like one, but she is. She is just a rare case." A round of laughter filled the circle of men.

"Want to know what happens to ya?" A deformed crazed grin rose on his face. The children gazed at him, their big eyes filled with fear.

"They will take you to a lab and inject several types of very painful needles into your eyes. About 20% of ya will die." He laughed, the other joined in one by one. My anger rose as I listened to their laughter and threats, my hands gripping the bars tight, making my knuckles turn white.

I noticed one of them didn't. He was looking rather young to be a hunter. He had long green hair and golden eyes. He gazed at us with sad pitiful looks as he clutched

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at his rifle. I had never saw him before around this pack of wolves.

"Must be still an apprentice," I thought.__

"Well enough about your new home. Since we are all up we might as well eat and drink shall we?!" All of them laughed and roared with approval, while many moving to get the food and brew.

The same lad as I noticed before, didn't move towards them one inch. He just looked at me with his sad gaze. He looked like he wanted to say something but couldn't. Not now at least. So instead, he stretched out his bandana that he had tied around his neck, and showed a scar, it looked like two narrow bars. They looked familiar, but I couldn't place them.

"Hey rookie, come over here and pour us some drinks!" One of the hunters yelled at him. His green hair moved with him as he looked over to them. Then he looked back at me before he went off to do his job.

I gathered then in my arms and held them close. Adam crawled over to me to, rubbing his sore head. Once in a while during the hunters festivities I would catch the young hunter looking at me again.

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Looking back at the children I sighed and held them closer to me. Most likely they are orphans now, like I am… in any way possible I will get them out of here. That is a promise.

Chapter IV:
The Helpful Escape

I leaned against the bars and watched over the children and Adam as they slept. The snoring outside the cage wouldn't let me sleep. As I glanced over at the hunters I noticed many were in weird positions and soaked

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in alcohol. I Scrunched up my nose in disgust and looked over to the side where I meet the sight of the Rookie inches from the cage.

I blinked. He wasn't there a few minutes ago. Tipping my head to the side I watched him curious of what he would do next. With a smile he took out a ring of keys from his pocket and put them into the lock. It made a loud *CLACK* when it was unlocked. He immediately looked at the other hunters, and sighed when none of them stirred. Looking at me again, he opened the door and motioned for me to follow.

I raised a brow and crawled out looking back at the children and Adam then looked back at the Rookie.

"Why?" I mouthed. He formed a gentle smile.

"Because I am like you." He whispered, careful not to awake the others.

"Now can you help me get the children to a special location?" He asked turning and walking to the front of the car to which the cage was wielded on.

"What's the location?" I asked, closing the door and taking the keys, before following him.

"And what do you mean you're like me?" I asked my brow rose. I climbed into the passenger seat, but kept a foot out just in case I needed to get out.

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He just smiled and winked. "You'll see when we get there, but for now trust me. It's no bad place." He reassured, putting the keys in. Then he pulled me in by the collar.

"We have to hurry the noise from the car will wake them." He said twisting the keys and made the car come alive with a loud *VROOM*. It startled most of the children awake and made Adam hit his head on a bar. The growls of dogs filled the air and caused most of the hunters to wake as the car started to move through the woods.

My hands clutching the chair as I looked back. Smiles of glee were on the children's faces as they turned and saw me. I smiled back, because in my heart I hoped that the place the rookie was taking us was good.

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It was a few hours after and the Rookie was still driving us. Thankfully we lost the hunters back in the woods stumbling but more importantly the children were safe.

I turned and looked out of the window, it was all desert. I took of my Trench coat and put it by my feet, waving my hand across my face I sighed. Sweat poured down my brow and my throat quench for even one drop of water.

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Looking back at the kids, I frowned. They had shade but they needed food and water too and fast.

"Rookie, the kids need water," I said looking at the green haired man.

He nodded his eyes still on the road like he was looking for something. "We are almost there. There is plenty of food and drink where we are going." He reassures giving me a smile from the side. He was hot also as I could tell because of the sweat was showing through his clothes.

"And my name's Jeremiak, not Rookie." He said, giving me a side glance.

I nodded. "My name is Rembrandt, but many call me Rem or Remi." I said smiling at him. "It's very nice to meet you Jeremiak."

"Same, Rem." He said looking back at the road.

I looked back at the children giving them a smile. "Jeremiak told me we are almost there so don't worry." They smiled back at me. One walked over and grabbed my hand through the bars.

"Thanks, lady." His soft voice said as his big eyes sparkling. It made my heart soar as I squeezed his hand gently.

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"Please call me Rem." I said, my smile growing wider. He grinned and nodded.

"'Kay, 'Rem', call me Dylan." He said cheerfully and shook my hand in greeting.

"Hey were here!" Jeremiak called, stopping the vehicle.

Turning I looked around with a brow raised. Where were we? All there was desert and rocks. The sound of a door opening and crunching of dirt, told me Jeremiak was going out. I followed suit, A wave of hot air hit my instantly and made me want to curl up and die.

Taking in a dry breath I stepped towards the back of the van. The heat beating on my skin, making me tanner by the second. The keys let out a soft chime as I took them out of my pocket and slid them into the burning iron lock. A loud ***CLACK*** rang through the air and pulled open the door, my fingers burning and I gritted my teeth.

"Come out guys. Jeremiak says were here." I said my throat hurting from the lack of moisture and I could feel my tounge crisp up.

One by one the children stepped out. Some of them trying to get back in the cage for the heat pounded on their small frames.

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"Rem is there any water?" Adam asked, stepping out last. His own clothes soaked in sweat.

"I don't know." I said, looking over to where Jeremiak stood the heat not affecting him very much it seemed. Standing upright and watching us, waiting for us to come over.

"This is the place." He said with a smile. "There is plenty to eat and drink."

Raising my brow I looked around. "I see nothing of the sort." I said looking at him.

His smile grew and took a step forward a large stone. "Oh but it is, you'll see." He said, pressing his hand against the rock. His hand sinking into it as some kind of trigger was off. Many of the children fell to the ground as the ground rumbled.

"What's going on?!" I cried out to him. He only gave me a smile and mouthed. 'You'll see.'

The rock he stood before started to split, revealing a set of stairs beneath.

"Come you must follow quickly! Or you will not be able to go!" He warned, immediately going down the steps. It took a moment to register what he meant, but we quickly understood as the rock started to close.

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"Come on!" I called, grabbing a few of the children and running towards the stairs.

Crouch. Step. Closing rock. Crouch. Step. Closing faster! Crouch. Step. Fall. Tumble. Darkness. Heart rising. Looking around. I sighed in relief. Everyone was accounted for.

"Is everyone all right?" I asked looking around. I only received weak moans.

"Good. Let's go." Jeremiak said, standing upright and with a smile a few feet away.

I sighed and stood, helping many of the others. Giving the place a good look around me didn't really see any food or water.

"We will get it soon. Just follow me." Jeremiak said, starting to walk down the tunnel.

With a sigh and a round of grumbles, one by one got up and started to move. The cool air of the cave was helping a lot and it helped make our mouths wet. The rumble of speech was low at first, but then turned into giggles and chortles as we walked.

With a smile I carried a few that were too tired to walk, so did the two older males.

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It took us about an hour (or so it seemed) to get the shining light at the end of the tunnel. The scampering of feet was vibrating against the cave walls as all of the children ran towards it.

I smiled, looking back at Jeremiak and Adam. Both smiling back as I began to take chase. Their footsteps son greeted mine.

What greeted me at the end was amazing. It was a whole city underground. People hustling and bustling around it. But it wasn't the fact that they lived underground that amazed me; it was what they looked like. Not even the twins looked the same, everyone had their own characteristics and they were either animal, element, or plant.

"Izans…" I muttered my eyes refused to turn away.

"Don't worry. This is a place to regroup, to help." Jeremiak said giving me a reassuring smile.

"And the person to help you with that eye of yours is here too." He said smiling wider.

"Some one can help me with my eye?" I asked my attention back at him. My eyes even wider

He smiled and nodded.

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"Is he an Izan also?" I asked.

"No, SHE is what we call a partial Izan. Those who were never completely turned." He replied, starting to move towards the town, the children following him.

"How do you know she could help me?" I asked, following him slowly, still not believing everything fully. It was quite a shock.

"She helped many others, even ones that are like you. Now c'mon, she will be wondering where I am." He said smiling wider and taking a faster glide.

Nodding I picked up the pace, Adam up close to me. His own eyes wide in disbelief as he looked around, careful not to get in other people's way

"I never knew something like this was here." I said, smiling at him.

"Me neither." Adam said his voice hush as he looked around.

Up ahead was Jeremiak, many people of different sizes and shapes. All of them with the same scar as he had, but in other places also. My ears twitched trying to overhear what they said, curious of what they could be conversing about.

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"Jeremiak, Darhma is looking for you." One said with a sigh.

"I know, what's wrong this time?" Jeremiak said with a sigh of his own.

"Her fangs are acting up again, and she doesn't trust anyone, but you to help." Another said his tail whipped around him in annoyance.

"I know I've been trying to get her to trust Sarah, but no." Jeremiak sighed. "I'll get to her as soon as possible." He said.

"But first can you take care of the children Kyle?" He asked, looking at a male with an eye larger then is other one and had rings inside the iris.

I touched my eye patch and looked at him. It was very similar, but if he was, then he wouldn't have been able to le his eye see light. Hope rose in my chest and so did a smile on my face. Maybe this Partial Izan CAN help.

"Of course." Kyle said smiling and rounded the kids. Leading them down the street.

Once the group was gone, Jeremiak smiled at me and Adam. "Come, Darhma is the person I want you to see in the first place." He said signaling us to follow.

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After about fifteen minutes, we reached a HUGE house. But we didn't have a chance to even take a step on the porch when a loud shrill filled the air.

"Jeremiak!"

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Chapter V:
The Loud Mouth with a Tooth Ache

A loud rumble went to the house and the next thing I knew a big colorful thing knocked Jeremiak to the ground.

"Why did you take so long?! My teeth hurt soo bad!" A feminine voice asked, she held onto Jeremiak harder as he sat up.

"Darhma I was only gone for a month. And you have Sarah for company and she could help you with your aches…." Jeremiak sighed looking at the woman with tired eyes.

"I don't like her though. And plus only you can help me." She whined getting off of him.

Her appearance from what I could see was… strange even for an Izan. The left side of her neck had colorful blotches that shined in the light and so did the lower left side of her face. Her eyes long and narrow, with the brilliant shade of gold. Her mouth was very wide and looked almost too big for her face.

A sigh from Jeremiak caught my attention from her appearance and looked back at him.

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"Fine, but you really need to get someone else to help you other then me. I'm still part of the class A squad you know." Jeremiak's gaze was soft, but tired as he looked at the woman and she nodded.

"Once you can find me someone that I can trust with this then I will, I promise…Who are they?" She asked finally seeing us. The strand of straw in her mouth twirling as she examined us up and down, her lips turning up into a smile.

"These two were captured with the children, the blond is Adam and the red head is the one we were looking for." Jeremiak said with a smile standing strait and tall shoulders back chest out, looking proud.

"Rembrandt? You sure?" She asked looking at me for the longest moment. Her narrow eyes widening in shock.

I nodded, smiling. "Yes, mam. My name is-

"Rembrandt Ceria Haswell. Yes I know who you are." She said cutting me off, leaving me shocked.

"Let me explain." She started walking over to me, her oversized mouth in a large grin. "You see we are a very special type of clan here. Most of us are either Izans or partial breeds; some are just regular humans working for the same cause."

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"What is the cause?" I asked looking at her curiously.

Her smile widened if possible and walked around me, studying me, it gave me shivers up and down my spine.

"Our cause is to destroy the Izan Corporation." Jeremiak respond looking up at me as well.

My eyes widened in shock. They don't really mean to-

"Yes, we know it seems irrational, but we made great progress. Despite only being able to do the absolute minimal at times." She said stopping and looking at me head on.

"Okay, then how do you know about me?" I asked, raising a brow. That made her chuckle softly.

"Well deary, after we heard that a full blooded Izan has been on the loose and it being an **EYE** Type, we had to go and find everything we know about you. We have been trying very hard to find you Rem. Until now we weren't able to find you." She explained her smile really wide. Only making her very Cheshire cat like.

I could only blush, feeling a bit flattered and creeped out at the same time. Taking a step back away from her.

"Why though? I'm nothing special." I said.

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Her eyes widened at the remark. "You really don't know?"

I nodded.

She tsked and shook her head, wrapping a long slender arm around me pulling me close. "You are very special Rem. The only known EYE type that could live on her own for so long without being captured."

"But I saw another one-"

"We had to help him escape. You see your types don't exactly live long and there is one reason." She said tapping on my covered eye gently. "And that is your eye. You see your eye is extremely sensitive to light so that means you turn into an Izan very quickly. Which is very useful for them, but it is also very unstable." She explained turning around and heading to her house.

"I will be able to help you, much like that lad you saw. But it will take a lot of work and pain."

I could barely register what she said. It made my heart leap for joy at the news, but doubt also rested deep inside. I, myself, have tried to control it for the past 9 years. How is she going to help me?

"Well hw about it? How about you think about it as Jeremiak helps me with something in my house okay. Come

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inside when you're ready to answer." She said grabbing Jeremiak by the arm and dragging him into the house. The straw going up and down as is chewed inside her mouth.

"Are you going to do it?" Asked Adam looking at me with his baby blues. They were filled with concern and curiosity.

"I-I don't know. I have tried for many years to control it, I am curious on how she believes she can help me." I said looking back at him.

"What do you think I should do?"

"M-me? Well…I think you should. After all you said you tried for years. Maybe you just need a coach?"

I nodded, thinking for the longest moment, before nodding. Standing straight I walked back to the entrance. Adam following me closely into the house.

The place was even bigger from the inside; we had to get one of the people that lived there to help us find that woman, who we found out that was Darhma, and Jeremiak.

My eyes widened in shock when we found the two. Jeremiak was holding a large jar with a covering and Darhma was biting into it, yellow green liquid falling from the tips of fangs. One thought escaped my mind. Snake.

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Releasing her fangs Darhma wiped her mouth and looked at me with a smile. “Sorry for that deary, my teeth were really starting to hurt.”

Jeremiak placed a lid on the jar and put it in a cabinet filled with jars filled with the same liquid.

“Her fangs need to get milked once in the while or she feels the need to bite.” He explained looking at me.

I nodded, still gazing at the jars. “What do you do with them?” I asked looking back at Darhma.

“Poisons and cures mostly.” She replied standing. “You see when my poison turns into a cure it can cure most types of snake bites. But when it is normal like that in the jar it is the most lethal.”

“It turns pink when changed, so you can tell which is which.” Jeremiak said opening another cabinet and showing it to me. Indeed they were light pink.

“Now dear have you come in here to tell me which you have chosen?” She asked standing from her seat unwrapping some type of candy.

“I thought about it and yes. I would love it if you were to teach me.” I said, though still a bit unsure. What if it didn’t work out?

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"That's great! We will start the first thing tomorrow. But how about you eat something and sleep. Or you can explore the town if you'd like…" She offered her words a bit hard to understand for she was chewing the treat.

"I think my companion and I would like to eat something first and I would like to sleep."

"That is perfectly fine. Jeremiak will show you the kitchen; just tell the cooks what you want." She said taking another piece of candy and popping it into her wide-set mouth.

"Please follow me." Jeremiak said giving me a side glace before heading out the door. I nodded and walked after him, following him closely.

"So how will she help me?" I asked looking over at him, raising a brow.

"In many ways, from the basics of fighting to the complete control of your Izan side." He explains, taking a sharp right.

"But if my trigger is as sensitive as she said, how will I be able to control it?" I asked, going in front of him and turning around so that I was walking backwards.

"You saw Kyle right? Well there are many ways to help, but everyone is different so first we have to do

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various tests…unfortunately to many it will result in a flashback that will cause many…unpleasantness."

"What type of flashbacks?" I asked leaning over to him still walking back.

"Well first. Wall."

I raised a brow not understanding until he turned left and I went right into a wall. A loud crack ringing as my head hit the wood.

"Owww…" I whined, rubbing my head and walked back over to where he was.

"That's what you get for walking backwards." He said smirking slightly, giving me a glance over his shoulder.

"Also, the type of flashback you will receive is from your days in the corporation, mainly when they were seeing what type you were best suited for…" Jeremiak explain, frowning slightly.

"How do they do that though?" I asked walking longer strides to catch up.

"You don't remember?" He asked looking back at me, a green brow raised.

"No…why? Does everyone?"

He nodded slowly, his brow rising higher. "It's very rare that you don't remember things like that, but I guess

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it's psychological, you most likely pushed them back in your mind."

"Maybe…so how do they?"

"You'll most likely find out during the tests. Don't worry though; the procedures are not at all painful. You will feel pressure and a pinch, that's all." He said giving me a reassuring smile.

Nodding I looked back forward, trying to remember what it had been before, but I turned up blank.

"What else will be done?" I asked after a bit, looking at him.

"Hmm. Well after they see what type you are specifically you will be given some pills and going into training."

"Why do we need pills?" I asked, my brow raising.

"It helps with controlling your Izan effects. Such as learning about how to use specific properties." He explained, turning into the kitchen.

"Like Dharma knows how to use her fangs at will…well mostly. She still needs to be milked though for her poison glands were formed to be used for lots of battle and down here it is peaceful so she doesn't need to use them as much." He gave a shrug, waving to the cooks.

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"What would you like to eat?" He asked me, still looking at the cooks.

"Anything with meat is fine and some bread for Vlad please." I said looking around. Many people were busily working in the kitchen, steams and flames could be seen everywhere. And all different types of smells filled my senses making a beautiful mixture.

"Hey George!" Jeremiak cried out to one of the cooks.

"Yeah?" A man yelled, busily stirring something brown in a bowl.

"An order of steak, pasta and a loaf of bread!"

"Got it Jeremiak!"

"Thanks!" Jeremiak said with a small smile before looking at me.

"We will have to wait, but we can go to the table if you would like…"

"That sounds good to me." I said smiling wide, Vlad crawling up my coat and looking at Jeremiak.

"Oh I haven't introduced you two yet." I said, a bit guilty that I forgotten my little friend.

Picking him up I rested him on the palms of my hands and lifted him up so Jeremiak could see him eye to eye.

"Vlad this is Jeremiak, Jeremiak this is Vlad."

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Jeremiak smiled and nodded his head. Leaning a finger in to pet the rat's head.

"Nice to meet you Vlad." Vlad gave a squeak in reply.

I smiled and placed Vlad on my shoulder, his claws gently scrapped my skin as he grabbed a tight hold.

"Follow me to the table." Jeremiak said, the smile still on his face as he walked and I followed.

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Chapter VI:
A New Addition and an Assignmen

When I woke up the next morning after my arrival, there were cries and shouts outside my window. Peering through it I saw a crowd of people gathered around another yet smaller group. It seems they were having trouble and were trudging the pathways with a cage behind them. I couldn't see exactly what the cage was caring but I could hear growling. And growling is never really a good sign.

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Leaving the window I headed downstairs, Adam joined me soon after he spotted me in the halls.

"Rem, do you know what's going on outside?" He asked with a yawn, rubbing the sand out of his tired eyes.

"I don't know, but I wanna find out." I said smiling softly as I skipped two steps at I times as I went down the stairs.

"Your not going out there are you?" He asked scrambling to catch up with me, looking at me with worry.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to get trampled and from what it looked like from my window they were heading here anyway." I responded looking right and left at a fork spilt of the halls and turned right.

"But shouldn't we stay away from that sort of thing for now? After all we are new here." Adam said grabbing my arm and I stopped. I smiled sweetly at him and with kindness took his hand off my arm.

"There is nothing to worry about. And plus it looks like the whole town is there."

"They sounded angry!" He exclaimed his fingers intertwined with his golden locks and tugged. His teeth biting his lip red and sore.

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"No, they weren't angry…okay some of it was anger, but it was mostly excitement." I said smiling wider at him, trying to calm him.

"But how do you know that for sure?"

"Have you ever had a pet dog?" I asked and he nodded. "Have you listened to the sounds he made when he displayed different emotions?" Once again he nodded. "Well as you can see several Izans now have many animal instincts and they express them mostly by growling, hissing, purring so on and so on." I explained smiling wider.

He bit his lip harder and his hands went to the back of his head and rubbed.

"But are you sure that it is a smart idea?" He asked sounding defeated.

I nodded, squeezing his shoulder reassuringly. "I promise we won't get hurt alright? And plus you don't have to come if you don't want too…"

"I-I want to go…" He muttered looking down rubbing his head more and I smiled, grabbing his arm I pulled him to the Entrance were I saw the group was heading too.

"Rembrandt? Aaron?" What are you doing out here in such a hurry?" A voice called as the owner walked over.

"Oh hey Jeremiak!" I welcomed smiling wider.

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"It's Adam." Adam muttered looking to the side.

"Oh yes, sorry Adam and hello Rembrandt. So why are you~?"

"We are going outside to see what all the ruckus is about."

"I don't think that is a good idea. After all the only one that can control them when class A comes back is Dharma and I." Jeremiak said with an apologetic smile. "But I did hear word that they have something very special today."

"Really like what?" I asked leaning over him, my ears twitching.

He chuckled and shook his head. "I myself do not know, but they promised that it would be very worthwhile. Now if you excuse me, I have to go meet up with Dharma at the entrance. If I' not there nothing will get down." He sighed and walked away waving at us a goodbye.

"I don't really like that guy." Adam muttered, glaring at Jeremiak.

"Why not? He has helped us many of times…" I said looking at him with a raised brow.

"I know, but there's just something about him I don't like…"

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"He is an Izan, maybe that's what you're feeling?" I asked.

"No, I now that he is, but…have you noticed that he never get's my name right? And he gets you're immediately?"

"Well many of people have tried to capture me over the years so it doesn't surprise me when someone knows my name," I said smiling softly.

"I know but still. It's like he does it on purpose or something." He muttered crossing his arm.

I chuckled and give him a quick hug. "I'm sure it's all in your head. Now c'mon, we have to see what's going on."

"But, He said that it would be unwise to-"

"I thought you didn't like him?" I raised my brow.

"I didn't say he gave bad advice."

I rolled my eyes and grabbed his hand pulling him to the entrance door, careful not to be seen.

"But Rem-"

"Shh, you don't want to be caught do you?" I asked opening the door quickly and ran to one of the pillars and hid.

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The group of people I saw before walked up to Dharma and Jeremiak, who was standing beside her. Their clothes were torn and blood splattered on their bodies.

"That explains at least some of the excitement." I muttered watching. "The blood must have triggered thier instincts." I thought.

I could barely hear what they are saying from my hiding place, but I watched. Trying to figure out what they might be saying.

They walked to the back of the cart lifting up the curtain. My eyes widened at the site. "Izans..." I muttered. True Izans under control of an Intelligent

My brow raised at Jeremiak reached out and touched one of their foreheads and his eyes glowed. A minute later the Izan was asleep and back to its original human shape. I watched with wonder as he did the same to all of them that were in the cage.

After he was done they took the cage to some type of warehouse next door. But not before handing a Bundle of to Dharma and she nodded, holding it gently and took off its covering, revealing raven black hair. Petting it gently before going back to the house.

I look at Adam and grinned. "That was cool wasn't it?"

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He nodded his eyes still at the place that the cart with the cage did not quite believe it.

"You know…maybe Jeremiak is one of those Intelligent I heard about." I said shaking his shoulder, trying to get him out of his trance.

He blinked and looked over to me then back to the place they were and nodded. "But I thought Intelligent were a rumor…" He whispered still dazed.

"How about we ask him to make sure?" I ask standing up and already heading back to the house when he grabbed my sleeve.

"But are you sure that's a good idea?" He asked, standing up. "He's going to wonder where we thought of it."

"N biggie, I just have to ask what type of Izan he is, I'm sure he will be more then willing to answer."

"Maybe to you but not to me…"

I sighed and rolled my eyes. "He isn't after you. You're just paranoid. Now come on!" I said grabbing his arm and pulled him towards the house, going through the kitchen door this time because Dharma and Jeremiak was at the front, talking.

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The cooks barely noticed us as we passed through. Dodging and weaving through them as they shouted out at each other about which and how an order needs to be made.

"You guys going to get breakfast?" Jeremiak asked raising a brow as he passed the doors to the kitchen.

"Uh, actually yeah, but we wanted you to join us and we were just waiting." I said quickly smiling.

He raised a brow but nodded his head and followed us to the kitchen again. "So what exactly do you want to ask me?" He asked looking at me.

I gave him a small smile, obviously I was caught. "Well, I was wondering what type of Izan you are…"

He raised a brow and smirked. "I'm an Intelligent Psychic class."

It was my turn to raise a brow. "There are classes for Intellects?"

He chuckled and nodded going over to a table to wait for our meal. "Just like the Muscle Types, there are different classes for the Intelligent. The Psychics, Control and Techno."

I nodded understanding, leaning closer as I wanted to hear more. "So what can the Psychics do?"

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"Well, we can control of the Muscle type Izans and move things with our mind. Which I think is called telekinetic." Jeremiak explained as he raised his hand. The salt shaker started to shake and rattle. Adam and I watched it intently as it shot from its place on the table and into Jeremiak's hand.

"That's so cool!" I grinned. "What else can you do?"

He gave me a small smile and placed his hand on top of me head.

"Now relax." He whispered. My vision growing hazy and I felt my head hit the table before all went black.

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I was in a room. The walls painted in a light green and the smell of fresh baked cookies in the air.

I stood from my spot and walked to where the smell was coming from. For some odd reason everything looked bigger then it should as I walked down the halls. It all looked so familiar…the smell, the green walls and…I stopped as I took sight of my reflection in the mirror. I looked like I was 11 again.

I covered my mouth and backed away, hitting a table something hitting the floor. I picked it up. Finding it to be a picture frame. There were three figures. I was in the

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middle, being the shortest. The two in the back was hazy. But on the tallest on the persons hand was the ring I always wore on a chain around my neck.

I touched it gently, rubbing my fingertips, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder.

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I woke up with Dharma shaking my shoulder, looking up at her.

"Hey, you had quite the nap there. Did you have a bad dream?" She asked a hit of concern in her voice.

It took me awhile to register what was going on and I sat up, holding the ring gently, remembering the dream. "I-I'm fine. It was just…very weird. I whispered getting up from the bed and looked around. "Where am I?"

"Your in my room dear. Jeremiak brought you here after you didn't wake up from his demonstration. It seems that he still hasn't had taken a full grip on his abilities yet."

I nodded thinking back to what happened and smiled softly. "Well it was a very cool experience. I'm glad that I could partake in it. To see what he could do." I said smiling and she nodded.

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"But to tell you the truth I needed you to be here anyway…" She said walking over to the door. "I need you to do something very important…"

"What is it?" I asked looking at her concerned. Wondering what she would want me to do, especially since I am still new here

She walked through the door and came back carrying a pretty little pale skinned girl. Her black hair put up in ponytails. "I need you to take of this little one."

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Chapter VII:
The Trouble A Frog and
A Vengeful Heart Can Bring

I smiled softly down at the sleeping girl in my bed. I learn from Dharma that her name was Jessica and about 9 years of age.

I leaned down, brushing a stray strand of hair from her round face and smiled wider. She looked so innocent and angelic. But the wandering question came from when Dharma gave her this assignment, to protect this girl at all costs she said. Become friends with her she said. That was only 3 hours ago…

I don't mind being friends with the girl but why is it so important for me to do so? I looked out the window and sighed. I could see all of the building made of stone and some made out of wood. The sound of laughter and voices ringing in my sensitive ears.

In the distance I see a cave, it wasn't the same one

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that we came out of once we entered here. It was ground level. Dark and looked like it hadn't been disturbed in quite a while….

"H-hello?" A small voice said.

I turned and smiled at the little girl in the bed. Her eyes bewildered at the sight of me and I bowed.

"Good morning little one."

She blinked then looked around, biting her lip and clutching at the covers.

"W-where am I?" She whimpered Her eyes widening in fear.

"Shhh…Your in a safe place, don't worry…" I said softly leaning down and placing a hand on her shoulder and pulled back when she flinched.

"Y-your one of them a-aren't you? One of those bad people?" She asked her eyes on me and backing away.

"Oh no, no…No one is going to hurt you…I'm here to protect you…" That seemed to comfort her somewhat and I gave her a smile.

"My name is Rembrandt…You can call me Rem or Remy if you want…"

She looked at me for a long while then scooted back over, grabbing my hand gently and smiled.

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"My name is Jessica." She said her voice so delicate and soft…I couldn't help the warming glow in my heart as I looked at sweet innocent smile.

"It's nice to meet you Jessica." I said hugging her gently, smiling brighter as I felt those small arms of her's wrapping around me.

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I held onto Jessica's hand tightly as we walked into the town's square. The smell of animals, dirt, and produce filled the air. Jeremiak sent me out on errands and since I had to protect Jessica she came along too.

I smiled down at her as he curious eyes wondered around the great market.

"Do you see anything you feel like eating?" I asked smiling at her.

She smiled back up at me then looked around.

"Oh oh! How about some cherries!" She pleaded looking up at me.

I chuckled and nodded. Giving her a gentle squeeze of her hand.

"I don't see why not." I said walking over to the counter picking up some of the best fruit that I can buy.

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Jessica pulled on my jacket looking up at the Cherries excitedly. I chuckled and handed her a few after paying and smile as she ate them happily.

"Thanks Remy!" He said smiling wide, her teeth dyed lightly in red.

"Your welcome Jessica." I said smiling back at her before grabbing her hand and pulled her to the other stands, buying some food here and there.

The thing that happened next…If I had known of the trouble of just letting go of her small petite hand for just a small moment would bring…I would have place handcuffs onto both of our wrists.

I was buying some mangos when she saw a small frog. I let her go chase it for I thought it was going to last only a couple minutes…but I had no idea of what fear I could have just because of a frog and a black vengeful heart.

"Anything else you want to buy Jessica?" I asked looking down at her, expecting to see her holding the small frog in her hands, but she was gone. I blinked and looked around clutching onto the bags of food.

"Jessica? Jessica where are you!" I called out starting to get worried after about five minutes. The sweet smiling face was so vivid in my mind that the panic

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grew. This was a new place for both her and me and that was what scared me the most.

"JESSICA!" screeched dropping the bags and looked around frantically. Running through the crowds, shoulders bumping and footsteps slick with crushed fruit. 'Jessica!"

My heart pounded in my chest as panic rose. I had to find her. Not just because it was my job…but. She was like a sister…

"Jessica!"

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I was tired…my heart was heavy…I couldn't find her, no one has seen her…it was a disaster…

I haven't told Dharma or Jeremiak about it yet…I couldn't face them now… I had to find Jessica it was my duty and it was my fault in the first place that I lost her… I was too trusting…I let out a sigh, looking up to the sky.

If I had known she would have been kidnapped I would have held her closer, not get her out of my sight…

The lights of people's homes covered me in its soft glow as if trying to comfort me in my struggle…it didn't help much unfortunately.

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Another sigh passed through my lips as I passed the empty streets of the city. Keeping my eyes and ears open. Trying to listen for that sweet voice or see her adorable black pigtails.

Each passing minute made my heart weaker and it became darker for everyone was turning off their lights…. Thankfully I was "gifted" from the cooperation with cat like eyes. That can pick up any amount of light and still be able to see as if it was daylight.

"Psss…Over here."

I turned looking around trying to see who said that.

"You with the eye patch come over here." The voice sounded more urgent so I looked around more before I saw a man. His white blond colored hair was very bright even in the darkness of the underground.

"Yeah good, now come over here." He said.

I raised an eyebrow at him but shrugged walking over to him.

"Yes…sir?" I said looking at his dark hallow eyes that held no emotion.

"I think I can help you with your problem." He said giving me a crooked smile, the smell of his breath was enough to take my breath away but I stood firm.

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"What exactly is my problem sir? If you think you can help me?" I asked, seeing if the man could actually help.

Your looking for that girl right? The one with the black pigtails and smells of cherries?" He said his grin going in deeper into his cheeks, the smell of his breath become more widespread.

My eyes widened as I looked at him. Could he really help me find Jessica?

"What did she look like exactly?" I asked being cautious. Didn't want this to be a trap…

"About 9 years of age, black hair in ponytail. Big brown eyes. A small mouth and the cutest of smiles."

That sounded like her…I sighed looking at him. After searching he was my only hope.

"Okay…How exactly can you help me?"

His grin grew bigger, the stench stronger and I could see his teeth were yellow and brown.

"I know here she is."

"You do!" I said grabbing his shoulders, not noticing his breath anymore.

He nodded. "She is in a cave outside of town."

My heart leaped in both joy but uneasiness settled deep inside.

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"How do you know exactly?" I asked my brow cocked.

"I watched it with my own two eyes. I believe you were buying mangos when she saw something pretty on the ground. She went to go get it when a man grabbed her and knocked her out with something…Out of curiosity I followed."

I frowned. "I didn't you tell me when you saw this happen?"

"You were busy. And plus…I didn't want to lose her trail. The man was awfully fast…though, he didn't seem like an Izan…" He said putting a finger on his chin thinking.

"Not an Izan? But I thought this city is filled with Izans…"

"Oh they are…but there are a few regular humans in the mix. Wanting the same thing we do. To destroy the corp." He said starting to walk and I followed.

"What did this man look like?" I asked making sure I don't lose him.

"Hmmm tall, muscular…basically the exact opposite from me." He cackled his thin shoulders quaking.

"Okay….where did they go to? Which cave?"

"The cave they went into is forbidden to everyone except for those with permission…it is at the bottom of the

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cliff, loads of plant life live there and you will see an old. KEEP OUT sign there."

"Why is it forbidden?" I asked walking beside him now.

"Because people say there are ghosts there…and mostly because it's unstable and you have to be very careful or it will fall down on ya…"

I sighed and nodded. "Can you lead me too it?"

He smirked and waved his hand. Pointing to the cave a few miles away. "I already did."

My heart heated and a smile formed on my lips. Eyes sparked like fire with joy as I saw the path. I hugged the man and thanked him before I ran off to the path.

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Chapter VIII:
The Reunion of the Vengeful Heart and the Young Mind

I flinched as thorns tore up my leg as I passed through, trying to get to the cave. What the man told me about that cave seemed true…it was forbidding and dark… Making me not want to go in…but. I can imagine what Jessica feels right now so I had to get her. Get her back to the safe house and give her a warm meal and a hug.

I trudged onward. Sweat sweeping my brow and my breath shallow. The plant life made it hard to cross through and

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it was tiresome. I leaned against a tree to catch my breath. Letting my hand touch the warm trunk.

"My my…what's wrong my dear…" An echo whispered through the air. It calmed me somehow and before I knew it I replied.

"Well…I lost this little girl…I have to get her back at all costs…" I brushed my hair back. I sighed softly as the trees leaves gently cooled my skin.

"My…that is awful…did you get any others to help you?"

I shook my head. "I couldn't…this is my responsibility…I have to take care of it."

"Well my dear…why do you think the one your searching for is here?"

"There was this man…he told me that he saw a man drag her into a cave near here…." I said feeling much more relaxed, the leaves swaying gently in the breeze.

"Oh I think I saw him…actually he comes here often… asking us for food… He was the one with rotten teeth yes?"

I chuckled and nodded leaning more into the comforting tree.

"Yeah…but if he is right I have to do something grand in return for his help…"

The tree shook, some of the leaves falling.

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"That would be the right thing to do…"

I sighed getting off the tree and losing my clothes.

"I should be going…"

"That would be wise…." The kind and gentle voice said.

"But one thing first…where are you?" I asked looking around.

"Oh that dear…you have been resting on me the whole time…"

My eyes widened looking at the tree. It started to shake and shrink. Adopting a more human shape. My lip trembled, eyes widened and heart beating rapidly upon my ribs. It…it was an Elemental Izan….

What I was guessing from the form and the voice was that it was a man. His skin a dark shade of what reminded me of chocolate, hair light green like the leaves and his eyes a soft caring pink.

I stared at him for a long moment my heart going still.

He gave out a soft chuckle. "Hello Rembrandt…I'm David…"

I blinked and nodded unconsciously.

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"Um…" Was my intelligent reply letting him have another of his chuckles ring softly in my ears. Then it came to me hard.

"Oh..OH! I'm soo soo sorry! I-I didn't know that the tree was a man!" I said blushing hard and looking down ashamed.

He tipped my head up giving me a warm charming smile. "Do not worry…We Elementals actually like that. We get our privacy…and it's very fun seeing the peoples faces when they finally realize." He chuckled, smiling wider, showing off his white teeth. His breath smelled of flowers…

"W-well I'm still sorry….It was very rude a-" I was cut off by him outing a finger over my mouth.

"It's okay…you should be going to help your little friend…"

I gasped, I forgot about that! I nodded and quickly turned running towards were I was going before but I stopped looking back at him, blushing softly.

"Um…thanks…"

He smiled and nodded. "Your welcome…Oh…if you need me just Whistle bob white…"

I smiled and nodded turning around and ran off again, my heart beating fast…but it wasn't because of the running…

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I grinned as I saw the cave, wiping my sweaty brow and smiled. I was here finally…the only question is though…if Jessica was actually in there…

I sighed and walked inside…I hope that she was…but at the same time…I hope she wasn't…

Taking a deep breath I walked in, being careful of where I step…unfortunately I wasn't all that graceful and fell over a rock.

"Ah!" I cried out in surprise as I fell. It echoed through out the cave, sending out a chain reaction. The walls began to tremble, pebbles fell from the ceiling, soon growing bigger in size as the cave shuddered harder.

I ran out of the way tumbling out of reach of the rocks, crouching down and covering my neck and head.

As the rocks began to settle and the cloud of dust started to disappear and turned. Mentally hitting myself.

In place of the entrance was… a giant pile of rocks…

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I grumbled walking down the cave, my footsteps echoed in the thick cave walls. I looked around open and alert for any sight or sounds that would alert me of anything or anyone in the cave despite myself.

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I also had to be weary for the pile of rocks at the entrance made A LOT of noise. The people, if they were any people, would have most likely heard that and would come to see what the heck happened…and if they see me most likely kill me…

I let out another sigh…it had been about an hour or two since I have been in the cave…so far my hope for finding her wasn't at all very high…

Taking a right in the cave I looked around, so far no good…couldn't hear a thing. As I turned I heard something… it was gruff and sounded like a man speaking. Sobbing could be heard.

I turned and started to run, my feet barely touching the ground as I ran.

I sopped one I saw a light and creeped towards it, touching the walls as I tiptoed over to it and looked into the room…It had a makeshift bed on one side…a few candles… and…Jessica! She was tied up in the corner of the room.

I looked around once more before I walked in, kneeling near her. She looked up at me in surprise and opened her mouth to say something before I shed her.

"I'm here…don't worry." I said softly picking her up and turned, Meeting face to face with a rifle.

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"My my…if it ain't Remy…" He scowled shoving the gun into my face and I frowned.

"How do you know my name?" I asked looking at him and he chuckled, shaking his head.

"You don't remember me I see…Well…I remember you…You killed mother!"

I cringed an awful memory flashed into my mind, blood, and dead eyes looking up at me forgiving me. Yelling erupting my ear. "You killed her!" And the same picture in my dream flashed before me. But the people weren't blurry anymore…

I looked at him, tears threatening to flow down my cheeks.

"Jack?"

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Chapter IX:
A 7 Year Grudge

Jack…could it really been him? It was so long ago… he grew up big and strong…unfortunately as I stare into his eyes…there was also a deep hatred…for me…

A cackle rose from his throat. "Yeah "little sister…" it's me. So what gave me away? My looks? My eyes? Of was it the fact that I said you KILLED MY MOTHER!"

I looked at him shocked, tears running down my cheek… Jessica holding onto me tightly looking at the gun.

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"J-jack…maybe we can talk about this. Please put the gu-"He cocked his rifle, telling me to shut up.

"We don't need to talk…that option ended when mother drew her last breath. The only option now is…" He said his voice dangerously calm, but his eyes were on contrary to his own words. Cocking his rifle he pointed it at me. "You dying." He whispered pulling trigger. Grabbing the neck of the weapon I made him fire at the ceiling. Pebbles and stones falling where the bullet hit.

"Jack…" I whispered sadly, blue orbs meeting vengeful browns. Ripping the weapon out of my hands he shot it once again.

Unholy pain and agony pulsed into my arm, back arching. My grip tightened around Jessica as I screamed in pain. Pure thick crimson flowing down my arm.

"You think that was painful?" He scoffed a twisted smile forming on his lips. Finally showing on his exterior what was happening in the inside. "I'll show you what pain really is." He scowled glaring at me and pointed the gun at Jessica. "I'll show you what it is like to have a maniac kill someone you love in front of your eyes…I"LL SHOW YOU!" He screamed, firing at Jessica. Turning I blocked the

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shot. Blood flowed down the middle right of my back and screamed.

"Remy!" Jessica screamed in horror. Her grip tightened on my cloak, Her small fists being covered in blood.

I smiled at her weakly coffing up blood. "I'll be fine sweety…" I said trying to comfort her but it only made her worry more.

I hear the cocking of the gun again and turned placing Jessica down and kicked the rifle out of his hands and sent another kick to his jaw.

The rifle shot at the ceiling again and more stones and rocks fell showing once more how unstable this place is.

I hear him coff and reach for something insid his shirt and took out a grendade and he chuckled darkly as he looked at me.

"You and me shall die her like brother and sister." He said mockingly as he pulled out the metal tag and threw it out of the hall.

My eyes widened and turned grabbing Jessica and went back and grabbed Jack's hand pulling him to his fet or at least tried to.

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"Let me go!" He screamed pushing me away and I tried to go back for him but it was too late the grenade deninated and the ceiling callosped.

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I coughed, some of the dust still in my lungs, wiping off my sweaty brow. It had been what seemed like hours after Jack pushed me ut of the way and I held onto Jessica's hand and told her to get help. To tell her to go through that small hole that only she could go through. I had to go back for Jack. I wanted to see if he truly was died…..

With a soft sigh I took off the ring I wore on my necklace and gazed at it. It was simple…think back with a little box connected to it. It was a poison ring…I think she told me. My mother…actually Jack's mother and my adopted mother….

I could all see it clearly and the dream I had made sense to me now… The reason I had the dream into eh first place was because Jack was here…I felt his presence….

A lone tear flowed down my check and I sighed. Oh jack…I has been too long to hold that kind of hatred in your heart…it was an accident…me killing mother was an accident….

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I was able to find another way into the room where Jack was when the explosion set in and I heard a loud coff and a pained whine.

I quickly went through the now much smaller doorway and started to move over rocks and boulders. With every grunt and groan another rock was tossed out of the way..

I smiled as I saw my older brother, he was alive.

"Jack…" I whispered nearing him. His eyes wide and tried to move away but his leg was trapped under the rock.

"Leave me! I don't want a monster's help!"

I didn't listen and only removed the rock with a great heave and pulled him up letting him lean on my shoulder as he persisted that he didn't need help.

I just smiled.

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My foot steps were starting to get heavy as I walked with my brother leaning on my shoulder. His compliants had stopped and his breathing was heard only. It was shallow and it worried me.

As we walked, the abundance of plants grew and grew then I remembered what David told me "Whistle bob white…"

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I took a deep breath put two fingers in my mouth and whistled. “BOB WHITE! BOOOOOB WHIIITE!”

“What the hell are you doing? Do you want to cause another rock slide?” He asked looking at me bewilderderd. But his gaze went to the ground as it started to tremble once again, rocks starting to fall. The vines on the cave walls grew and grew rapping around us and pulled us over to a corner of the room. The vein kept a strong hold on us as dirt and other things fell down. The hole showing a bright light and the vein pulled us through.

“Hello Rem...and rem’s friend” David’s, soft caring smile welcomed us at the top. Looking at Jack with interest

“Hey David!” I grinned at him. “Thanks for your help.” He smiled and shook his head letting us down.

“No problem, now did you find the little one along with this fellow?” He said referring to both Jack and Jessica.

I nodded. “Yes, thanks for your help.”

He smiled and grabbed my hand planting a gentle kiss upon it. “Your welcome…”

I blushed and smiled at him slowly taking my hand back. “W-well…I have to go…”

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He nodded. “Say hi to Dharma and Jeremiak for me.”

I nodded and walked off, still blushing hard.

Out of the corner my eye I noticed Jack glaring at the element Izan with protective anger and that made me happier.

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I sighed and at down in Dharma’s room. They found me outside the city…telling me that Jessica was saying that I was dead. They were relieved at me but also very mad….especially since I brought Jack to them. They had took him to the medical ward like I begged for them to do, but for now on he would be put under high watch.

“I have given this much thought Rem.” She began to say walking back and forth on the carpet, not looking at me.

“I decided that because of everything that happened… that you should be…” She looked at me and smiled.

“Put on the A class team.”

“What!” Jeremiak yelled looking at her. “We can’t do that! She lost Jessica!”

“And she brought her back…”

“She can’t control her powers!”

“We will have Sam teach her on the job.”

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"How can you be like this!? This is a serious matter in which she lost Jessica and should be punished!"

"I think the two bullet wounds are punishment enough."

Jeremiak looked at me then back at Dharma glaring. "This is a mistake…"

She smiled at him, her golden eyes calm. "I'll take the responsibility…"

He harrumphed and scowled. "Fine." He looked over at me and sighed. "Welcome to the team."

I nodded and thanked him and after he was gone I looked over and Sharma and asked.

"What is the A team?"

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Chapter X:
The First A-Class Mission

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The smell of hot iron and of obnoxious chemicals reached my nostrils, the sounds of the occasional words spoken from both of the echoes of the walls and from the earpiece in my ear racked upon my eardrums. It was dark, grey and gloomy. The most typical place for the hideout of the villain. Or at least his little workers to do the job.

I sighed softly as I walked through the stone passageways water trickling down the walls as it was pouring outside. The tears from heaven clashed against the window panes and lightning lighted my way. Vlad squeaked in my coat pocket. Pressing it gently with my hand telling him to keep quiet.

My heart beat rapidly in my chest as I looked around. This was like the times I had to go into the hunter's camps to pick up information about which places they would go to next so that I could scurry away.

But in a way it wasn't the same. For one it was bigger. Second, it was THE LARGEST BUILDING of the Izan corp. And finally, other lives where at stake…so put it simply…I was nervous. Just check my sweaty palms and my goosebumped arms if you don't believe me.

"Rem, Rem. - Can you hea-This is Darcus." The voice came from my earpiece and nodded. Cringing as the static

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hurt my ears. Like if someone put a piece of paper in a on-going fan.

"Ai, Sir. This is Rem speaking." I kept my voice low and strait. So that no one would hear me.

"We have a problem. -n't -ach the oth-"

"Sir, Repeat. I didn't catch what you said." I called out listening intently.

"We-pro-ca-others-" That was all I could hear before the static cut us off completely.

Biting my lip with worry I started to head back to where the team have split up and try to find him. Pressing on the call button trying to reach anybody.

"Jack? Darcus? Annabelle? Jeremiak? Anybody!" I cried out trying my best to not be heard but it echoed against the walls. Chewing my lower lip, water scattered up into the air and back down as I ran down the halls. I pressed on the calling button over and over, calling out their names. But no matter how many times I called or pressed that small orange button…all I was answered to was static.

I turned a sharp right and skid to a stop, clutching on the cement walls and took a hurried step back. A few yards away was a gang of men and about a couple women.

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Behind them were long strands of metal attached to collars upon thin necks of children. Their large eyes tired and defeated. Some having what looked like a flat bead on the forehead and others having a bracelet on their wrists.

My heart broke as I watched them heading towards those large steel doors. I followed being sure that I wasn't going to be seen by hiding around the corners and momentaly eyeing them.

I crouched low when the steel doors were open. The children followed, familiar images from the inside made me cringe. Memories starting to spill from the crack in the walls of my mind.

Charging I nearly reached through the doors as they closed and rolled to one of the many open metal stands and hid behind them waiting. Watching what would happen. The men in white pulled the children into a line and one by one they were directed into two groups.

The ones with the bead went to the right and the ones with the band went to the left.

A man in white led three adults with the similar bead on their head and one by one they placed their hands on the

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children's foreheads and they collapsed unconscious in their arms.

The separate groups of children went off in different directions. I followed after the group of children with the band on their wrists.

Believing somehow that the children with the beads will be okay….for the moment. But this group…was in great need and urgency.

Bright lights flashing on and off. Large glass tubes empty with strange metal appendages hanging attached to the lids.

I cringe at seeing a long pointed needle. Pain shooting into my eye as if a forgotten memory came alive once again. Rubbing it with soft strokes, I hoped that it would ease the pain as I followed closer behind.

Being careful not to be seen, I trolled down the cement covered pathways, hiding behind walls and tables. The men holding onto the unconsidered children tight in their arms.

They stopped at the very end of the room, one of the men placed the child he was holding on the floor beside a steel podium with various switches and buttons on the panel.

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The glass door of one of the tubes flew open with a mighty gust of air that was captured inside. I watched with interest and the pounding inside my heart rapidly increased as something nagged me to attack.

I held back my instincts and watched as the same man picked up the child once again and hooked him up to the appendages.

The young boys mouth was covered with an air mask and various straps and suction cups were placed upon his pale skin.

Closing the door and locking it, the man went back to the podium and pulled down a large lever.

Water started to pool at the bottom of the tube and slowly raised, the boy floating to the middle. His black hair whipping about his face as the water circulated around him.

My heart clenched in my chest and my breathing shallowed as I already saw what was going to happen next.

The metal arm with the needle attached to the end of a bottle filled with green liquid and aimed for his neck.

What happened next is very fuzzy in my mind. All I that I gathered that happened was from what ended from my actions:

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I ran, grabbed at the man at the podium threw him across the room and turned off the machine inside of the tube and opened it. The water gushed out like a river and the boy hang loose with the attachments clinging onto him.

The other men dropped the sleeping children and started to fire at me, but instead of bullets…A large bolt of electricity surged through my body and a scream filled the air. I never got the chance to know who's scream was it for my sight went dark and I fell to the ground.

I woke up on a cold surface and a blaring light stinging my uncovered eye and turned my head away from it. Voices spoke around me but I couldn't pick up anything that they said for it was fuzzy and my head was pounding.

I tried to sit up but something was strapped onto my arms. I tried my legs next and they seemed to be tied down too.

"Nah nah. Yau cunsh mose yesh." A voice…or at least I thought was a voice said. I could barely understand the words that the other had spoken. It was something like. No, no, You can't move yet…or something like that.

"Why can't I move yet." I tried to say, but my mouth was numb. So I expected that it came out a mumble of words.

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I could hear a loud chuckle from above me. It sounded familiar but I couldn't put my finger on it.

The light was turned off and the restrictions on my wrists were strapped loose so that I could sit and rubbed my uncovered eye still in a daze. "Hello Rembrandt. Aren't you going to say hi to your friend?" I looked up and my eyes widened in shock to find Jeremiak in front of me.

"Jeremiak!" I cried out clinging onto him in a tight hug. "I was so worried. Where are the others? What happened?" I asked looking up at his face but all I found was a twisted smirk on his lips.

"They are in lab at the moment my dear Rembrandt. And what happened was that I knocked them out one by one and brought them here…."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was what Jeremiak telling me true or was it all just a sick joke.

"Je-jeremiak…what are you saying?" I whispered gripping onto his shirt his smirk carving deeper into his cheek.

"I think you heard me clearly Little Rem. **I** took them out. **I** brought them to the lab. **I** was the one that betrayed you all…."

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"But why? I don't understand!" I screamed tears stinging my eyes.

"You don't really need to know." He said placing his hand on my head.

"After all…you will be under Izan control once again soon." He whispered then his eyes glowed.

Pain shot out from my forehead down my spine and into every single crevice of my body. Memories flashed threw my mind and I screamed. The sights of men in white coats and others screeching and turning into hideous creatures deeply carved into my mind.

Pain spiked into my eye as the long needle pierced in, reliving it all again. Claws dug into my scalp as I tried to stop the memories, pulling at my hair, tears rolling down my cheeks as the memories that I wish to have forgotten came spurring through my mind.

"Now, now, Jeremiak…We can't kill our honored guest just yet…" A voice said, it echoed through my pounding head adding to the pressure.

The pained eased and I fell panting heavily. Gripping tightly on both my arms as I shuddered.

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"Yes Master Zi (He pronounced it Z) I just got carried away that's all." The traitor said to his apparent true master.

"I understand just don't let it happen again.' The voice was low in tone, and very smooth. It also had a regal bearing, one that tells you that he means business.

I look up to finally face the one that had caused all of this trouble.

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Chapter XI:
Under the Eye Patch

The first thing that I noticed about him was that what seemed to be attached to his head was a big metal plate screwed that looked like it was screwed into his skull. It only covered half of his head and it shined in the lights of the caves.

Next, was that he was tall and his eyes was as dark as night, much like his hair. He looked very familiar but I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Nice to see you after all these years little Rem." He said walking over to the table where my legs were still strapped.

"You look much like your late mother…your real mother that is. Not the woman you killed." He chuckled as I looked at him in shock…how did he know?

"He has known you all your life Rem." Jeremiak said behind me still holding onto my shoulders tight. "After

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all your parents have worked together with him on the Izan project…."

My heart stopped and my vision went black for only a moment before I turned and grabbed onto him. "What do you mean?" I yelled looking up at him desperately. My eyes pleading for him to answer me when I felt a cold hand on my shoulder and turned to see that malicious smirk on his face.

"Your real father and mother worked on this project with me…of course…they thought it was for bettering the lives of people. To see if the DNA of animals would help the health of people all over." He said his eyes bright with a malicious glee.

"Such as those with reptilian DNA infused in them can re-grow their limbs, or maybe with DNA from a bat can help them regain their hearing." He explained letting go of me and grabbed a scalpel it shined in the light. He looked at me and his grin grew dragging the sharp blade across my left cheek and near my patch.

"Or in my thinking…create creatures that will help me in my dreams…." He pulled the scalpel away and walked to stand next to Jeremiak.

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"Such as you and Jeremiak here…. A muscle that will do the dirty work and Intellegents to control them to their full capacity much like I am doing to Jeremiak now..." He said turning back to me.

I looked at him bewildered and then looked at Jeremiak.

"What? You actually would think he would betray you after all the hard work he did trying to destroy me? Pish posh." He said with a smirk as I looked at Jeremiak with pity trying to figure out a way to try and save him.

"Now back to the matter of your parents…" He said gaining my attention back.

"Unfortunately your parents didn't really like my plans…so I decided that they would be my first test subjects…" I could fell fingers moving in my loose long hair searching for something and I pulled away. Causing him to smile.

"They didn't make it I'm afraid. I did the same experiments to the others. All of them had the same result. Dead as a doornail." He said smiling wider as he noticed my heated glare.

"To tell you the truth, I lost hope for a moment. But I noticed a pattern…they had worked for a moment…but

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they died because their bodies rejected the DNA. I came to the conclusion…they were too old! Their bodies had already gotten used to their stand of DNA and it out right rejected the new strand like it was a virus."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked him, confused on why he would blurt out everything.

"I'm getting to that dear." He said putting a finger on my lips shutting me up.

"You were very young…maybe 7 or 8 I don't really know. But I do know that you were my next subject. So I took you away from your that orphanage. And brought you here. You were my first successful project…. Unfortunately…because of your will we had to wipe your memory." He smirked looking at me.

"We programmed your mind to forget things much faster then normal. Such as like a short-term memory. But of course there are always things to make you remember. Such as a familiar face or a specific word like…Bumble bee."

"How is my favorite Bumble Bee today?" The voice that rang in my head was familiar. But I couldn't place it. It was very soothing and masculine.

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"Your father used to call you that I believe." He said with a smirk, I could feel his cold hands in my hair again searching for something.

"You have such thick hair little Rembrandt…it's so hard to find that pesky little strand from your patch…I want to see that pretty eye of yours."

I growled pulled away and glared. "GET AWAY!" I yelled trying to pull out of the locks on my legs.

He just let out an amused chuckle and shook his head. He gently stroked my face. "You're so grown up. So pretty… a very pretty girl…" He said then raised his hand and slapped me hard in the face.

"That was for moving away from me." He said with a smirk, the sting of my cheek that I could tell would last awhile. It felt like it was a solid rock that hit me instead of an open palmed hand.

"Now let me see that eye of yours." He ordered reaching for the strand again but he only received a mouth full of teeth.

He jerked away shaking his hand. "You bit me!"

I smirked.

With a growl he unlocked my legs and grabbed my shoulders roughly. "Fine if you want to fight." With a

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forceful shove he sent me to the ground. The hard floor sent pain through my spine and I winced.

"Get up and fight Izan." He ordered rolling up his sleeves. "Come on."

I scowled and got up from my feet and got into position. My arms up much like a boxer and my feet only shoulder's length apart.

We locked eyes waiting watching in silence for the other to make his or her move. My heart, that was rapidly beating before was slowing down as my instinct took over.

Finally, He went for the first stroke, I turned a quarter degree and he missed. I attacked with a left hook only scratching his cheek.

"Is that the best you could do?" He mocked no even feeling my stroke.

With a growl I charge and kneeled down did a full 360-degree wind of my legs sending him to the ground. "Not even close." I scowled and sent a punch to his stomach but he flung a kick at my stomach instead. The pain and the force made me give wind and stumbled a few feet back clutching my stomach.

"Cheap shot."

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"Like that fall of mine you caused was better." He replied with a smirk and charged sending an array of punches and kick that I only was able to block only a minimal fraction of.

My arm hurt from the blocks and everywhere else he hit for they all felt like concrete such as the floor.

I aimed for his face and it only made his head jerk to the side it barely fazed him.

"You can do better then that can't you?" He asked with a smirk and with one swift movement grabbed one of my patch's ties and pulled.

For the first moment in a long time I was able to open my right eyes. All I could see was a mixture of red orange and blue rings. Random words were placed around people. I began to read those around Zi.

NAME: ZI NERTA; TYPE OF ADVERSARY: ARMED AND DANGEROUS; HIEGH-

And so on and so forth. It was like I was looking at a computer with in my eye and pulled back. Trying to close my eye once again but it was futile it refused to close now.

What happened next surprised me, it wasn't pain I suffered it was more like prickles that you have whenever

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one of your limbs has fallen asleep on you after you haven't it given it adequate blood flow.

I watched as fur began to grow from the tips of my fingers to the elbows. My arms grew longer and became stronger. I was able to touch my knees with only the tip of my longest finger.

My nails turned into claws and my shoes suddenly became too tight as my feet grew inside them and they burst from their seams. My feet were as long and reminded me like the hind legs of a dog.

An uncomfortable itch reached my back as something tried to escape through the fabric of my jacket. Quickly pulling it off the things that I found that tore from my back were bat's wings.

My teeth were next as I felt pain in that area. I touched my canines and found that my teeth have grown sharp.

"AH GOOD." Zi voice boomed into my ears. It was like he either was shouting or I had gained sense of hearing.

"JERIMAIK CONTROL HER NOW!" He yelled this time I believe and I could feel hands reaching the back of my head and with only a second to react I turned and grabbed the green haired man's throat and sent him to the other side of

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the room making him hit his head on the wall and fall with a thump.

"I DON'T THINK YOU WANTED TO DO THAT." My voice was deeper and much more scraggily then before. Like a growl or a bark from a dog.

He smirked and backed off reaching for something in his back pocket. Pulling it out it was a pistol.

"STAND BACK REM. YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE YET DO YOU? NOW JUST LET MY OTHER INTELEGENTS CAPTURE YOU AND YOU WILL BE SUCCESSFUL S MY LEADING IZAN…" I didn't listen to a word he said or paid any mind to the gun as I walked steadly towards him reaching out to the gun.

The click of the of it was not a bother to me either as I took another step towards him. My hand close to wrapping my digits around it.

"I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU." I said to him grabbing it.

He refused to listen as he shot into my hand the bullet going right through it as blood splattered to the ground. Though…I find it funny now that…I felt nothing and just looked at it for a moment.

He shot another round into my torso, but again I felt nothing but blood and then I looked back at him and slapped

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the gun away and grabbed the collar of his shirt and the words inside my eyes read this next.

TYPE OF OPPONENT:NOTHING TO LOOSE.

It was then that the words became apperent as he grabbed a hidden knife from up his sleeve and stabbed it into my eye.

It was the most unbearable pain I ever felt as I pulled out the knife, blood pouring out off my eye, I would find out later that the knife also took out my eye along with it.

With a deep set growl I slashed at his throat with the last bit of energy I had as the blood flowed faster.

A spray of blood blinded my other eye and I was blind. I stumbled across the floor gripping onto anything and everything trying to stand but found nothing as I fell.

What I heard next was fiant but it was screms of both terror and aggressive anger.

"Rem!" A voice cried out and I felt hands wrap around me putting pressure on my wounds trying to stop the blood flow. "Rem! Please! Stay awake! We are here now!" The voice grew fainter and fainter as I lost consciousness.

Though I am to report what I found later in this chapter for it seems to fit into it quite nicely.

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Zi and along with him the corporation was dead.

Chapter XII:
Forgiveness and Family

Pain resided under the patch and I sighed. Two bags of luggage in my hands and young Jessica walking by my side.

"Remy how much farther?" Her sweet innocent voice ringed in my ears and I smiled softly down at her.

"Not far, now remember. If it is the same as when I left we have A LOT of work to do. Understand?" I asked feeling the hand tugging down at my jacket and she grinned nodding frantically.

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"Yeah Remy! I'm very strong and I'll be happy to help!" She cried out happily as her small bag swung with her arm as she walked and I chuckled nodded at her words.

"Well I hope so. I'll need all the help I can get." I replied turning back to the streets of crowded people, their shoulders bumping against me. My nose crunching up at the smell of some lady putting on too much perfume burning my nose hears as she walked past.

Covering my poor nose as we walked to our destination. Little Jessica following my example.

"Remy how much fa-"

"We're here." I cut her off grinning at the sight of the old house. It was like I remembered…except a lot more vines covering the walls and going through the windows. Most likely scaling the walls of the inside, getting into the old wood and finding out the deep secrets within that no human will be able to find except by chance.

"Wow it's so pretty Remy!" Jessica cried out letting go of my hand and ran out to the house.

I followed chuckling softly. 'Just be careful okay? I remember that I used to slip a lot on th-" A loud crash rang out from with in the house. "On the kitchen's tile floor…." I said with a sigh and walked in looking at the

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giggling little girl laying face down on the tile floor as she sat up.

"That was fun!" She cried out with a sharp giggle.

I smiled softly and shook my head putting the bags down and helped her up to her feet. "It may seem so but it is also dangerous so please be more careful…." I said looking at her and she nodded hugging me tight.

"So what are we doing first Remy?" She asked looking around like an excited puppy.

"How about we take a look at the rooms for now hmm? So we know where we are going to sleep."

She nodded grinning as she ran through my legs and went to the closest rooms she could find.

I shook my head chuckling softly as I followed careful not to slip myself, Vlad crawling up my jacket and leaped out running towards Jessica, following her.

"You better be careful to Vlad. If I remember right Mom placed lots of traps every where!" I cried out, a small squeak answered me as well as a snap of a trap.

Vlad ran out in the other direction his fur sticking on end.

I shook my head. "They never listen."

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The moon fell from behind the earth and the moon came out to take it's place as the three of us, covered in dust and grim went to clean off and get ready for dinner.
It had been about a month since we moved back in to my deceased mother's old house. It was almost done, I am glad to say.

Most of the traps have been carefully been taken care of and sent to the garbage. The kitchen is now spotless… well except for the dirt footprints on the floor, but I will get that after dinner.

The living room is slowly regaining the wall that had been lost since I ran away from here. The picture frames were dusted. I can now see what my mother looked like from before and more memories came back to me after much of the cleaning.

Such as what my brother looked like with a smile on his face…the memories of what happened at the cave were still fresh in my mind and I couldn't look away from the picture till about an hour later when Jessica came back with a kitty in her arms begging me to let her have him.

I explained that because of Vlad we couldn't have the kitty and that I stood against it right away, but after about an hour of arguing and pleading we have come to two

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conclusions…the cat's name is Rudolf and he officially sleeps in Jessica's room.

The settling pain under the patch came again as I rubbed against it. I was still getting used to the fact that under the piece of leather was nothing anymore. I felt the torn slowly healing skin underneath. I flinched as I touched inside the empty socket and pulled my fingers out. Yep it was indeed going to take some getting used to….

"Remy! Me, Vlad and Rudolf are hungry! When is dinner going to be ready!" Jessica's high voice cried out from the bathroom as she cleaned.

"Soon I promise! Spaghetti doesn't take long to cook!" I cried out going to stir the meal making sure that it wouldn't burn.

As soon as it was done I placed an even portion on both of our plates and some in both Rudolf's and Vlad's bowl.

"Come and get it!" I yelled placing the plates on the table. I raised a brow as I spotted a few letters on the table and picked them up smiling at the names I found on the upper left corner.

"Oh good you saw them!" Jessica smiled running up to me. Rudolf hanging from her arms looking slightly annoyed

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and Vlad on top of her head holding onto her black hair tightly.

"We got this morning and I wanted to give them to you but you were busy taking care of the traps with the broom." I nodded sitting down in my seat at the table and opened one of the letters letting the others eat as I read.

A smile on my face as I read the name at the bottom. It was messily written and he really needed to work on his handwriting.

"Jessica this one is from Adam. It says that he is coming over to help with repairs next week and he is going to bring a wagon full of furniture for the house."

"Really! I can't wait to see Adam again!" She cried out clapping her hand her hair bobbing up and down. It is hard to believe that this little girl was that fiend Zi…the leader of that corrupt corp. that created the Izan's.

"I can't wait either. I still can't believe he helped me after all this. Especially when I was in that coma for 5 months…." Little Jessica's face fell slightly at hearing that past event and nodded.

I knew she was scared when that happened. I could tell when she ran and jumped onto my bed once I awoke and

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wouldn't let me go or leave me along for the next month as we still lived with Dharma and Jeremiak.

"What do the other letters say?" She asked pointing to one that looked like it was slightly stained in something pink and opened it.

"Oh this one is from Dharma…but it looks like that she made Jeremiak wrote it from the writing…" I whispered reading.

"It says that they are doing fine…they had recently destroyed and rescued another band of people from a minor corp. And that Jeremiak is sorry again for what happened…" I had to sigh softly about that.

The intelligent couldn't even look at me or the others in gang A after the incident and when he would speak it was all in apologies.

"Jerry is very sad for what he did huh?" She asked taking a big mouthful of her meal.

"Yeah…I hope he will stop soon. It wasn't even his fault….And don't take in such big bites you might choke."

She nodded swallowing it all and took another much smaller bite.

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I chuckled shaking my head as I read on. "Also they want us to visit. Would you like that?" I asked smiling as she nodded frantically.

"Dharma was very funny! Especially the way she was always clinging to Jerry!" She giggled smiling and I sighed.

And placed the letter to the side, I had to acknowledge that it was indeed funny but still…

"What is the next letter?" She asked looking at their and last letter with interest. It was covered in dirt and grime. I opened it with great care for it also looked like it took on some water damage and it took me a moment to read the words. But when I could fully grasp them it was shocking and mysterious.

"Come to the grave of mother."

That was all. Not an address or a name. But even without that it was very obvious who it was. I looked at Jessica and smiled softly.

"Sweetie. Will you be all right at home by yourself for a couple hours? I have something I need to do after dishes are cleaned…"

She looked at me and the letter confused but nodded. "Don't worry Remy I might be small but I'm very strong!"

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I chuckled at her statement and nodded. "I believe you."

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It took awhile but I found the vine covered grave of my sweet adoptive mother that took me in from the streets…. My heart ached as I brushed away the weeds and read her grave stone.

KAREN EZABELL HASWELL. LOVING MOTHER OF TWO AND SISTER TO ALL THAT KNOW HER.

I traced the engraved letters with my fingers taking in every crevice and closed my eyes remembering what she looked like and smiled softly. The smell of her famous gingersnaps filled the air and a lone tear slid down my cheek.

"I'm sorry mother…" I whispered softly as the tear hit the soft soil.

"Glad to see that you came." A voice called out and I turned facing the owner in surprise. It was Jack.

"J-jack."

"Hello Rembrandt…" He said walking over to me and kneeled down on his kneels gazing at the tomb stone.

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"I'm glad…" He whispered and I looked at him confused. He turned to look at me his eyes sad, much different then the crazy ones from before.

"I'm glad that you came and apologized to mother…." He said turning back to the stone and brushed his fingers against the chilled cement.

"As you did, I must do as well baby sister." He whispered.

"To tell you the truth I was surprised to see that you were the one that saved me…after all I shot you twice and tried to kill you and that little girl…."

"Jack…You're my brother…even if you try to kill me…I can't just let you die…." I said to him and smiled.

He blinked biting him lip as we sat in silence for a long while before he grabbed onto me in a tight hug and held me close. I could feel his hands clutching at my jacket and hot tears against my neck.

A smiled and eased into the hug, holding him back. "Shhhh…It's going to be okay…" I whispered rubbing circles into his back.

"I forgive you sister…" He whispered holding me tighter.

"I love you too Jack…I love you too…."

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El Fin.

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