

Ninja



It had all gone according to plan. Drake and Cree were crooked warriors. They had stolen the sacred ornament from the cove; worse still, they worked with Raman, the shadow master. They had enabled him to pull off his last two heists, and they were going to help him pull off another one.

"Surrender so that we can have mercy on you", Wally instructed. She had traced Drake and Cree to the town's watchtower. The culprits had successfully put all the essential staff on duty to sleep with forbidden skills and were ready to use the ornament to its total capacity.

Bren and Tom rushed in behind Wally. They had finally lit all torches beneath the watchtower and discovered a stream on gunpowder kegs. Those men intended to blow up the building.

"I can't believe you two." Bren spat. "Warriors with over ten years of service, throwing away everything to rot in jail."

"Let's hope they can get some rehabilitation. Read them their rights, and let us clean up this mess". Wally said.

"What were you all planning to do?" Tom asked, genuinely curious at the length Raman was planning to go.

"We were going to steal the ornament and activate its energy from the gunpowder. Remember the legend said it needed moonlight as well, hence why we came to the tower." Cree replied with shame written all over his face.

"Why would you do that? Wally asked.

"For power, young Shinobi. The ornament can allow you to control the mind of anyone you wish," Bren suggested as he led the clean-up team into the room.

"We would have been long gone if you did not meddle Wally. We would have possibly been in another country. You would have never found us". Drake spoke up in displeasure.

"What makes you so sure? You honestly believed we couldn't find you till now, and we did," Tom said, ready to lead them down the stairs.

"You haven't found Raman, and you won't," Drake finally said after a long stretch of silence.

