

“Eh, screw it, let's just blow it up and call it a day.”

Delta glanced over at Sigma, appalled. Her lips curled with disgust underneath her mask and agitatedly, she pinched at the disguise she wore, a dark black suit. This was an important mission! There was no way they could just *blow it up*?! For nearly the third time that night, Delta wondered why in the world she had to be paired with Sigma. Sigma of all people? “No.”

Sigma groaned, “You’re so. . . Tense, Delta! All we gotta do is interrupt the gala and get the info! It's nothing difficult!” Sigma leaned back, away from the edge of the skyscraper, balancing precariously on the edge. A bright orange thing, it must have been a grenade, bounced perilously from one of Sigma’s hands to the other. One wrong move, and it would explode. Yet here Sigma was, pretending it was a bouncing ball. Idiot. “We could even play toss and see who can throw it closer to the middle of the skylight!” Sigma enthused.

Delta shuddered, nearly taking a step back, “There are *people* in there.” Innocent ones too. Not just the targets that they had come for. Why did Sigma always want such a *show*? They were assassins, for Shadow’s sake! Already, she had been the one to remember to hack the cameras on the rooftop, she’d been the one to save Sigma from the guard that had chased them, *and* she’d been the one to identify the targets and complete the background research. This was supposed to be a partner mission, but Delta felt like she was doing it solo with one eye constantly looking out for Sigma. *Ugh*. She felt like she was mentoring a trainee. She hated trainees. Delta looked down to the building beneath her feet, where an extravagant gala was underway . In about two minutes, the info exchange would be taking place. One that *both of them* were supposed to prevent by any means possible. Any. Delta looked over at the grenade. No. Not using that. Was there any other way though? She looked down into the gala, and tried to think of an alternate plan of action. She spotted their target in a wine red suit. That would make him easier to find. At

least for now he was staying put. Sigma was miming throwing motions at the building, the bright orange color of the death contraption catching the shine of the skylight down below, making it glint dangerously.

“Hey, are you guys supposed to be up here?” Came a voice from behind the assassins.

What? Quickly, Delta whirled, spotting the young security guard. There wasn't supposed to be anyone up here around this time! She had checked the schedule! Twice! “Is that a . . .” He had seen the grenade.

Act fast.

She ran, kicking towards the man's face when she reached him. By some stroke of luck, he dodged. She twisted as soon as she landed, and punched him straight in the jawline, afterwards knocking him out with a well-placed tranquilizer dart that had been cleverly placed in her hidden pocket for such emergencies. How? Why? *How?*

Sigma whistled from behind her. “Lovely knock-out!” Sigma crooned, “Hate to break it to you, but our little red man is making his way over to his spot. It's now or never~!” Sigma threw the grenade into the sky, catching it softly each time. The bright orange bounced in the darkness.

“What?” Delta looked back, quickly scanning through the gala attendees till she had eyes on the target once more. Seven hells, he was almost there! Her teeth ground into each other.

“Throw it.” The two strangled words slipped through Delta's lips before she could stop them. It was too late. There was no time.

The orange ball left Sigma's hands. Into the sky. Time seemed to slow down as Delta watched the destruction she had ordered fly closer towards the skylight. There hadn't been time. If they died, it was her fault. Why couldn't there have been more time?

Tap.

The grenade touched the skylight. There was a moment of silence. Delta barely managed to look away before the grenade exploded into light and sound.

*Ka-boom!*

It was much louder than a grenade should have been. It wasn't as bright. Where was the heat? The glass shattered under the impact of the flashbang that Sigma had released. A *flashbang*. So it hadn't been a grenade. Relief coursed through her. A small kernel of gratitude towards Sigma. She nearly turned to thank Sigma before a hissed, "*Go!*" Reminded her of her duties. She had to retrieve the info.

Delta jumped through the remains of the skylight, straight into an alien landscape. Had Sigma put orange coloring into the flashbang? Maybe in a small side compartment? Either way, the bright orange coated all substances, floating down from the sky in a flurry of powder. She silently observed people that were panicking, milling around, trying to find someone to help them. She slipped past them. Closer towards the man in the wine red suit that was now heading for the exit, his mission aborted. She passed him. With her disguise, and covered in dust, no one thought twice about the figure that brushed past the man. No one could have noticed that in her hands she held the USB drive she had just taken out of his pocket. Delta smiled, then safely slipped away into the shadows.

Mission accomplished.