

Silvia Grey

# Silvia Grey

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\*AUTHOR'S NOTE 10/8/15 - Ignore the comments below. This is the new version of SG and those comments no longer relate. Enjoy!\* The year is 2200. Thieves, a race of once-human people who host many prevailing abilities, are the terror of the galaxy. They do not remember their past life as Human. All they remember is waking up on a table and having one instinct; commit crimes to live. They are the darkness in the world. Silvia Grey, a forever seventeen-year old Boss Thief with a rather distinct feature, is threatened to be put on the most horrific prison in the galaxy. She knows she must escape the perilous city of Arcadia to lead herself away. The only option? Escape planet Earth. However, when the money on her head gets increasingly jeopardous and a Human boy falls hopelessly into an illegal love with her, the grand escape to a better life becomes a pitfall of loss.



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# Chapter 1: Welcome to the Future

## Chapter One - Welcome to the Future

Bouncing a small silver ball against the dull and cold walls of her cell, Silvia played with her grey and extremely rough bouncy-ball that she kept so preciously close with her. She got extremely jaded in her tiny and stony cell, which was no more interesting than staring at a rock. There was *never* anything to do in a place like it. It had even driven some of the prisoners mad it's that boring... *just like waiting in a hospital*, Silvia would think. But, Silvia had never been in a hospital, yet she had sent a few people there.

In her own little hole, however, there was nothing to do but frown at everything. It was nipping cold, no decent meals and no soft beds. It was like a nightmare come true for the many Thieves inside their holding pens. As she bounced back and forth like some deranged cat in a zoo, she stared longingly through the hologram door, keeping her enclosed.

With a sigh, she peered up at the cells across from her, all in rows like a straightened out beehive. Only duller that is. She took a quick glance up through the door, viewing cells above her. The Cell Room was basically the herding of Thieves once they were caught by Arcadia's many officers. Underground, freezing and merely dull as anything else in a prison on Earth.

Another sigh escaped Silvia's mouth, as she still bounced away at the wall, ignoring the irritating noises of the Cell Room. Slow minutes passed. She sat, freezing on her rock-hard bed throwing the ball against the wall and swishing her tail slowly. Yes, Silvia had a tail, and the only reason she could remember why was that it was because of her experimentation, just like every Thief had gone through.

Before that, her mind was blank, just like every other Thief, too. She liked to brag about her distinct feature that no one had, which was long, shielded with many plates of metal and had a needle-point at the end, which was guarded by two bent and pointy bars. The sight of it irritated some, but captivated others.

"I have a tail and you don't,"

"I'm a Boss Thief. Not just a Thief,"

"What do you have? Fists? Go on then, punch me if you dare."

She smiled smugly to herself at the thoughts. She knew she was a Boss Thief, which were Thieves with a distinct feature. However, from what she knew, there was only three in the whole of the Milky Way galaxy. And none of them ever decided to show their face on Earth.

As more of the cold set in, she stopped bouncing the ball, folding her arms. Her white body-warmer provided some help here. Underneath, was a long-sleeved grey shirt. Her ripped skinny jeans were rough around the edges and her grey trainers were what she wore on foot. With fingerless gloves, shiny silver nails like daggers, pale skin and her eyes a strange, glittery silver, it gave her a confusingly pretty appearance. Her short hair was a brown, in a ponytail and shaved at the side in circuit-like markings, revealing her many top-ear piercings. The other side of her face, however, was masked with her long fringe. And, like every single Thief in existence, she had the three metallic scars tracing her right cheek. Every Thief had this, but Silvia never knew why.

Before her thoughts could dwell further on teasing an Arcadian Officer, the chatting suddenly came to a halt. The screaming of crazed Thieves had stopped. It was just silence. Someone had entered, and Silvia had a

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pretty good idea who it was. A few more minutes passed. Silvia smiled at herself, almost grinning with joy. She finally looked around when there was a soft clang, seeing a figure stand outside her cell.

On a wall-less elevator was an auburn-haired man. His malevolent green eyes glinted through his yellow, futuristic-like sunglasses. He stood, arms-crossed in a tidy, blue police uniform. His belt had accessories packed around it, one of which was a gun. His face would have been good-looking if he wasn't wearing a sneer of hatred towards Silvia.

After another bounce, Silvia quickly slipped the silver ball in her body-warmer pocket and stood up, smirking. "So... is it another interview? Punishment? Anything like that, Daniel?" she asked, crossing her arms.

"Yes... and no." Daniel replied, beaming menacingly.

"Wellâ that's a stupid answer," Silvia giggled. She gave a flicker of a smile, trying to keep her nervousness inside of her. It was very unlike Daniel to be ambiguous. "What do you mean?"

Daniel gave a slow blink. "You'll see." he said calmly, ambling towards her and cuffing her up in hologram cuffs.

Silvia, however, did not recognise such atrocities that wrapped her hands together. She was used to the normal metal ones, which were just like a chunk of solid silver.

"Huh? These are new." Silvia muttered, gazing at the cuffs.

"Yes, indeed. Got them ordered for *your* special kin. Touch a bit of flesh with that tail of yours and you'll find yourself in... let's say... shock?" Daniel chuckled, as the elevator went down the head-wrecking room.

Silvia cringed at him. "You're *so* bad at jokes, Danny." she said quietly.

Daniel hit her up the back of the head furiously, which wasn't anything new. "It wasn't a joke, Saliva! And *don't* call me Danny-"

"Well, then don't call me *Saliva*-"

"Shut-up. You have no permissions or freedom here. You know what you are. You're not Human. You're not sophisticated. You should just die, your kin should all just dieâ but, I must follow the laws. Why I took the job, ain't it? I love it when your type crosses one-thousand crimes, then I finally get to torment the poor, stupid Thief."

Silvia rubbed her head from his whack, ignoring his scolding. She glared to the air in fury. More security equals more hate. Hate was an awful feeling, but some people are just shrouded with it, like Daniel was. Silvia didn't know much of her mortal enemy's inner feelings, but she did know that she hated him, wanted him to die and, more importantly, that he liked to tease her own kind like some psycho.

They had finally reached the bottom of the room, Daniel pushing Silvia mockingly towards the exit door. A blonde Thief at the bottom cell noticed them, pressing his hands on the hologram door of the cell. He soon got Silvia's attention, winking and smiling at her. Silvia didn't know the boy, but she had certainly heard of his constant flirting and remarks about her. *Probably an obsessive fan of my notoriousness*, Silvia would think. She ignored him all the time, however, but Daniel threw the boy a dirty look. He stopped his sniggering, immediately curling up at the back of the cell, obviously shaken with fear at what Daniel might do to him later.

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Once entering another elevator for the rather long ride to the top, through the celled corridors he and Silvia staggered until they finally entered one of the interview rooms that were scattered around the prison. Inside was a weird-looking table lamp, a metal table, two hovering chairs and a small window that the heavy rain thumped down on. Silvia noticed it was night. She longed to see daylight again, even though Thieves would consider themselves nocturnal. All the Cell Room did for was force her to feel that it was going to be dull for all eternity.

Before more thoughts could consume her again, Daniel pushed Silvia down onto one of the chairs, making her groan in irritation. As Daniel sat down, Silvia kept her eyes on him, knowing something new was up.

"Right... so what is this about? Oh, and you don't need to push me all the time. I'm not a baby. I can walk by myself." Silvia snapped, frowning.

"I know you're not a baby," Daniel barked. "I know all of you Thieves live forever. You've been the age of seventeen for a while, what? Over a hundred years now, isn't it? Plenty of time to recollect on your mistakes. And, by the way, I can push you all I like. I have the authority here. Chief of the business, Miss Grey, in case you have forgotten. And to answer your question; you aren't staying in this jail anymore." he muttered, pulling out a blue, transparent and hologram panel with moving shapes all over it.

"Why?" Silvia asked, getting slightly nervous.

"Well, here is your delectable little record." Daniel replied handing her a massive file of holograms, stacked about thirty centimetres high.

Silvia looked through it for a while, smiling at some of them. It was just like a folder of happy memories to her. "So?" she then asked, shrugging.

"So!?" Daniel hissed, astonished. "Have you even read it fully!? Look at what you've done! Over two hundred murders and assaults. Over five-hundred robberies and starting riots around Arcadia! And the rest of that *thing* explains! You now have exactly one-thousand crimes, Silvia! *Exactly* one-thousand crimes. And do you know what happens to the poor Thieves who have exactly one-thousand crimes or over?" Daniel asked, faking nice and slightly pursing his lips.

Silvia gulped roughly, fear flooding through her. She usually made fun of Daniel's sarcasm and fake politeness, but now was not the time for it. She had completely forgotten about the law, which she usually scoffed out.

"Um, Thieves get killed?" she squeaked.

Daniel nodded, shaking his hand to keep her going. Silvia leered at his awful smile. "Um, and they go to the Platform?"

Daniel kept moving his hand to keep her going, his smile getting worse. Silvia twitched. "Where they are tested for death devices?"

Daniel clapped his hands, smiling at her. "Yes. Correct. But, I have something else in mind for you. Since you're a Boss Thief, it's actually more permitted since you're a tad more dangerous. A Prison Transfer sounds good. I think it's much more suiting to the likes of you,"

"Ok... so where am I going to be transferred to then?" Silvia asked, not liking where the topic was going.

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Daniel's grin broadened widely. "Trano." he snapped.

Silvia could have sworn a rock hit her stomach. Trano. The name of the horrid planet burned vigorously into her head. No escape was to come from Trano. Only the most dangerous Thieves ever went there and not even *they* got out, or could. Silvia actually had known a few who had been forced to go when they were caught, but she never heard word from them ever again.

"T-Trano?" Silvia echoed in horror.

"Yes." Daniel said with joy.

"*Why!*? Why can't it be anywhere but there!? That place is a living hell! Even you filthy Humans know that!" yelled Silvia in horror, trying to break out of the cuffs.

Daniel sighed and leaned back on the chair. "You're simply too dangerous, Silvia!" he said, faking disappointment.

Silvia glared around her, taking glances at the window and at Daniel. Once the moment of awkward staring passed, Daniel finally spoke. "I'll get your car ready now. Better now than never, hm?" he then chuckled, getting up.

Shock and fear flooded Silvia as she watched Daniel walk out the door. She glanced around her in panic and then looked sharply down at the cuffs. *Hologram! they can snap!* she thought over and over again. Instantly, she hit them off the table, making them sizzle. Repeatedly she did this, soon smashing them into bits of hologram chips. They shattered on the polished floor, burning Silvia's wrists slightly.

Ignoring that Daniel could arrive at any minute; she then smashed the window's lock with the needle-pointed end of her tail. Climbing her way to the sill, she kicked the window open hastily, hearing it smash after a few minutes on the ground below her. She then squeezed herself through it rapidly, but quietly. She could hear someone's running footsteps outside the door and after a look back, she freed herself out of the window.

Like a professional diver, she landed cat-like on the soaking wet concrete. Her fingerless gloves got drenched from the ground, the wet gravel sticking to some of her fingers. She could finally feel the biting breezes, she longed for rain and the noises of the majestic city of Arcadia such as the hovering of cars, shouting of people, Police sirens in the distance and the beeping of horns. It was great to be free again for her. She had been stuck in jail for nine months for her latest crime, which was robbing some jewellers.

As she started screaming in joy at freedom, she could hear the shouts of Daniel from inside. This was the alarm clock saying that it was time to go. Silvia sprinted towards a police motorbike and turned it on with a twist of her tail. Once hovering, she then zoomed off into the neon streets of the huge city. Citizens grew panicked once Silvia was speeding, especially now that Daniel and his comrades were chasing her relentlessly with their blaring sirens.

He stuck his arm out the window of his car, trying to shoot her off the bike. "Go! FASTER!" he screamed at the driver furiously.

"S-Sorry, sir!" the driving officer replied, clutching the wheel more tightly.

Silvia sped on through and, not thinking, she did a sharp turn into an alleyway, driving into pure darkness. The army of cars could not fit through the narrow alleyway, making Daniel leap out and shoot into the eerie darkness with his beaming lasers. Silvia had completely disappeared from him and, after coming to reality, he

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finally stopped shooting at nothing. As a long silence occurred, an officer paced anxiously up to Daniel, who was panting very heavily.

"What shall we do now, sir? You had made a deal with Conrad Glaxes, didn't you?" he asked.

Daniel took a glance at him, still panting viciously. "Get all monitors on. Track her down. She's worth a fortune. Put a price on her head for any Humans who are willing to look for her. Make sure you state that it's for her to be alive. I don't care if youâ or anyone else has to murder any Thief below one-thousandâ ! JUST FIND SILVIA GREY!"

## Chapter 2: The City of Arcadia

### Chapter Two - The City of Arcadia

Silvia had made her way over to Suburbia; the wrecked and dull part of Arcadia which was now Thief territory. The place had been overrun by them in late 2050, twenty years after the *Calamity*, and it was now 2200. The Humans had been driven out of their homes or put to death by the rioting Thieves, who were as protective of the place as anything. Silvia, however, claimed her seat as the leader of the place. Having driven around the graffiti covered place silently for two hours, her feelings were getting worse. Was it hunger? Depression? Fear? Or all three mashed into one pile? Either way, it was hell.

After a few more minutes of driving, she finally stopped at a very narrow alleyway, peering down it. She glanced around nervously, hoping that no one was watching her from afar that would disturb her. Slowly she hovered down it, parking the bike along the graffiti-plastered wall. It was only a dead end for most. She paced up to the wall, tapping it four times with one of her sharp nails. And all of a sudden, she plummeted straight down through a dark hole. The cold wind rushed passed her until she landed cat-like on the ground, where she gradually stood up and glared around the room in exhaustion.

In the room was a very, very thin TV which had seemingly had no remote. Two white and rounded chairs with soft insides were hovering a few inches above the ground adjacent from it. A rough and dirty sofa was at the side, matching the exuberant walls, although some of it was plastered in gorgeous graffiti.

Silvia, however, did not at all feel at home. Questions stabbed at her head. She waddled through an automatic door on the right side of the room. Inside was a very small and basic kitchen. Only a fridge, a few weird-looking tools and a counter was found, along with burn and scratch marks on the wall. With a sigh, she snatched a sandwich out of the fridge (which was rather empty) and gulped it down roughly. A sick feeling pierced over her, forcing her to groan.

She staggered through another door at the other side of the room, where four hammocks were hanging. There was a barred window on the ceiling, harbouring a view of the darkened sky, which was glittered with rain. She clambered into the lowest hammock and lay as still as a statue, staring into nothingness. After waves of thinking and nervousness, she slowly, but surely, shut her eyes and fell to slumber in the hammock. And no sooner, it felt like hours passed. Faint voices could be heard echoing through the room.

"Is she ok?"

"Yes... she's just exhausted. Glad she escaped. The other Thieves were being so annoying about it,"

"Can we wake her up? Please? Please? Haven't seen her in nine months,"

"Shut-up and sit down or... or something,"

"Why don't you?"

"Shut it, Sam... Look. She's waking up,"

"... Shut-up, Barys..."

Silvia slowly opened her eyes, sitting upright. In front of her were three boys that looked of eighteen or nineteen, each of them with the usual metallic scars on their cheek.

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"Welcome home, Silvia." one said with a smile. He was the tallest of them, had bronze-tanned skin and black hair with a small gelled tip at the front. His chocolate eyes were calm, and seemed the most formal, considering his leather shoes and neat leather jacket.

"Barsy." Silvia breathed with a grin, hugging him tightly.

"Hey, heyâ ï forget about Smarties. Where's my hug, Grey?" the second one asked, who was smaller. He was rather cute, and had greasy, brown hair with lime eyes. He was quite sloppy-looking, with his stained hoody and joggers.

"Sam! I'm glad you're okâ ï! I hope Barsy has been looking after you." Silvia sniggered, giving him a tight cuddle.

Barsy frowned. "I know he's childish, but I'm not taking responsibility for him. He ain't no picnic. Arcadia's most annoying Thief if you ask me." he moaned.

Silvia glared around at the final boy, who had sharp, oceanic eyes. He was tall and quite lanky, yet strong-looking at the same time. His brown hair was gelled neatly, and he was clothed in a grey, short-sleeved top and a sleeveless denim jacket. A glimmering star was tattooed onto the side of his neck. He beamed at Silvia, where she actually leaped out of the hammock and into his arms.

"Sean! I've missed you so, so much! "

Sean was nearly choking at her strong grip, but hugged her back tightly. "I'm glad you escapedâ ï" he chuckled, managing to get her off of him.

"Where'd you all go? You weren't here when I came back." Silvia sighed.

"We were out... getting ourselves a meal," Barsy said, shrugging. "We arrived probably a few minutes after you fell asleep and we just wanted to see you... err... wake up...? Welcome back anyways. Glad you got away from the sirens." he added awkwardly.

Silvia smiled as Sam grinned, holding up a bag of stolen Chinese food. The gorgeous smells hit Silvia immediately, where she bit her lip and grinned. Once they had ambled out onto the seats, Barsy immediately got the conversation running.

"So... what was Mr. Daniel Polo like this time?" he asked in the middle of the meal.

Silvia rolled her eyes at the sound of his name. "He said he was going to put me on Tranoâ ï but I managed to escape though the interview room's window." she snapped angrily.

It fell into silence, the three boys giving looks to each-other in worry.

"Oh, so he was being a real di-"

"Ahem!" Barsy coughed.

Sean glanced down at the ground, avoiding eye contact with Barsy and muttering something under his breath. Even though they were all Thieves, Silvia wondered why Barsy was so well-mannered. He hated cursing, he hated dirtiness, he hated incorrect spellings. He hated everything to Silvia. There was a long silence amongst them all, but Sam broke it.

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"Silvia... you know what Trano's like. It's horribleâ so horrible. So you're going to have to avoid being caught and put there. It's literally a nightmare come true for Thievesâ especially you Boss Thieves. You're the prime victims." he warned.

"Hmmm. Sam actually used the word *literally* right. Well done, Cords." Barsy said in a *not-bad* tone.

Sam smiled proudly to himself as Sean sniggered slightly. "Hey, Sam... Did you get the car back-?"

"Oh... the one we were meant to rescue Silvia with yesterday? Yeah... Daniel took it off me. I got away just in time. He wasn't happy with it, as usual. All I did was murder a few to get to it. Sorry, Silvia. I called *them*, but they wouldn't answer me. I heard them say I was silly and undignified. Oh, and they laughed." Sam finished to Silvia casually, chewing loudly on his rice.

Sean glared at him in disgust, going red soon after. Barsy frowned, clenching his fists. Silvia gaped at them all, fury sprawling on her face. She remembered the day they all made a pact that if they found aid to get one of them out of prison's clutches, they were not to let it slip. Sam peered at them all, his pale skin going even whiter. He stood up, running out of the room to the hammocks. As Barsy was about to talk he then sprinted back in, snatching the food and disappearing.

"You were meant to rescue me!?" Silvia squealed. "And you didn't even bother helping Sam with it!? The pact, you idiots! You left him there with Daniel to fend for himself!? He could have been imprisoned!" she screeched.

"We're sorry! Ok!? We sort ofâ umâ forgot that we sent Samâ he wanted to do itâ but, ah, it was all because... ah... well... we were hungry!" yelled Sean, panicking.

"Really good excuse, Sean." Barsy hissed into his chest.

Silvia had her jaw dropped. "I was in jail for *nine* months! NINE! KEEP YOUR PROMISES!" she shrieked heatedly.

"Yeah! Some people get pregnant for nine months!" Sam's voice screamed faintly from the room, forcing Sean's eyes to roll.

"Accept our apology! It wasn't a big deal! You escaped, didn't you? Sam did it without our consent. The rescue would have failed, anyway!" demanded Barsy.

Silvia sighed. She looked at each of them, her silver eyes glinting. She knew he was right, and it must have been the recent news of her transfer that dragged her into such a mood. For once, she decided to let their past promises go.

"Fine. I forgive you... you're right, Barsy. I'm just stressed, that's all, ok? But say sorry to Sam. You know how insecure he is." Silvia ordered with a flick of her hand.

Sean and Barsy nodded, giving a glare at Silvia's swishing tail. They finally finished up their food and went into their hammock room, lying down on their hammocks in tranquillity. Sean and Barsy apologized to Sam (which seemed to be an act, considering their sniggers). Sam, however, managed to snub it. As Silvia sat in silence, she thought to herself deeply. She knew there was no purpose for her here in Arcadia, or Earth for that matter, except to keep her reputation of the galaxy's most wanted Thief.

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And that's when she thought of Arcadia; the most majestic city in the world that she lived in. It was always alit in the dark with its neon lights and showcases, as well as booming music and many, many tourist attractions. The Thieves patrolled the streets, attempting to hide their metallic scars to try and disguise as a Human. Silvia knew it wasn't that they wanted to be Human; there was no such thing. It was probably to try and make the robberies easier.

But, newfound sensors have now made it impossible. Even though Arcadia was like a rainbow-mad dreamland to clubbers and Thieves at night, but by day, it was a totally different story. Hovering cars always plastered the streets and the travel tubes above, as well as the A.P.D (Arcadian Police Department) with their guns and sneers. The streets were crammed with Humans, too, and Silvia hated the sight of her opposite species, especially with their horrible fragrances and formally strict posture.

*"Humans," Sean would say. "Are disgusting. Killing us off cuz' we're different. Cuz' we're immortal. Cuz' we don't fit in with society. Humans should be wiped off the planet with their discrimination."*

*"Thieves," Daniel would say. "Are filthy. Ever since that dreaded experiment, half of the galaxy's Humans are nothing but low-lives and don't know anything but to drug, steal and murder. They should all be put down at sight, none of these stupid laws."*

And, well, that was the city of Arcadia for Silvia Grey, because that's all she had known since she woke up on the table with her tail. But Trano was Daniel's goal now, and that was a death wish. Arcadia was nothing more but a lobster trap for her.

"So... when can we leave Earth?" Silvia soon asked, gazing at the blue sky through the barred window in the ceiling.

Barsy flicked through a glossy engineering magazine. "Leave?" he muttered, looking very puzzled.

"Well... you can't expect us to stay here all our lives." Silvia snapped back.

"What planet do you expect us to go to? They *all* have police on it and they *all* host danger for B.B.Ds. We don't belong anywhere except Arcadia." Barsy grunted.

Silvia quailed. "Don't call us B.B.Dsâ I hate that term for us-"

"It's our scientific name. Thieves are simply a nickname. It stands for *Beings By Darkness* if you didn't knowâ and we don't belong anywhere, except the dark like it says."

Silvia sighed. "We belong in Solarous,"

"Ah... the planet of lights... no police at all... the whole planet is a city, just completely overrun by Thieves." exhaled Barsy, smiling to the air with the magazine to his chest.

"Yeah, but how do you expect we get there? It's near the edge of the Milky Way." Sean said, glaring down at Silvia from his hammock.

"Well... we'll steal a car." Silvia muttered awkwardly, looking away.

"We can't just steal a *car*. We need the version of the car that can travel from planet to planet in a matter of minutesâ or hoursâ depending on where you want to go," Barsy said thoughtfully. "It *would* be quite a challenge,"

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"Why? Why would it be? Why will *we* not be able to handle it?" Silvia asked irritably.

"Because it's heavily guarded, the place to get it isn't in America and everyone knows who you are, in case you've forgotten, Grey." Barsy snapped quickly.

"You sound like Daniel." Silvia muttered to herself.

Sean then stuck his head down again, a look of protectiveness on his face. "Well, you're the smart one, Cades, so figure it out." he groaned, pulling out a flat hologram with transparent earphones.

"I already have. Go to England using a stolen plane from the military base a few hundred miles from here. It can be done easily with all their ventilation shafts. Get to the warehouse where it's placed, knock out or kill everyone in sight and leave with the car." groaned Barsy.

"So why don't we do it?" asked Sean, just about to press the play button.

Barsy clenched his teeth. "Because we are not leaving!"

"Calm it, Barsy. We could at least give it a try, right?" Sam muttered, shrugging.

Silvia could almost feel Barsy's temper rising. No sooner, the two boys started bickering viciously at each-other, the argument soon turning to why cars could fly.

"BARSY!" Silvia screamed angrily.

Barsy stopped immediately. "What?" he snapped, frowning.

"We could sneak in using the roof or something. Maybe the vents like you said. We don't have to barge in and be noticed so easily." Silvia said gently.

"Yes..." started Barsy, his hand to his chin.

"And?" Silvia asked curiously, looking up at him.

"... But we AREN'T leaving! Plus, we can't use a rope like those two-hundred year old spy movies Sam watches! The car would way tonnes!" Barsy shouted.

Silvia groaned and gave up on him. She slopped down on the hammock, muttering curses to herself.

"Those are very good movies." Sam said innocently, going back to his leftover food.

It went quiet. Faint hardstyle music could be heard from Sean's earphones (Sean was already sound asleep). Silvia glanced over at Sam, who seemed to be humming to himself with bites of his chicken. Barsy had turned over, his back to them. Soon, Silvia felt the drowsiness seep over her, but her deep thoughts churned more violently. *I will go to England, I will get that car and I will leave this horrid place away from Daniel and Trano*, she thought... but how would she ever do it smoothly? That was a mystery, especially when Barsy was around, which was an annoyance with his snobby logic.

To make matters worse, Daniel was still on the search for her. Even though it was quite normal form him, he never had threatened to put her on Trano. Silvia shivered at the very name. Trano. The planet of prisons. Nothing more but a death wish to Thieves. Trying to ignore the horrid images of the place, she fell asleep,

escaping to her dreams of being "free".

## Chapter 3: The Capturing

### Chapter Three - The Capturing

While Silvia pretty much knew Daniel's basic traits; sheriff, annoying, serious, hater of Thieves, doughnut-lover, annoying, tall, annoying, physically strong, annoying and other things of-course, the only thing she didn't know was that he had a seventeen-year old nephew named Max Polo, who had nothing better to do but to laze around and watch TV. This little secret, however, had made Daniel conduct a rather ridiculous plan to gain more money for his catch. He ambled down his luxurious apartment, heading into the living room. Max was on a fancy couch, staring emotionlessly with his emerald eyes to the TV. His emo-like hair was ruffled and brown, and his red shirt was quite bright.

"Ok, Max, I would like you to meet someone that I know quite, err, well. I think you should socialise more come to think of it." Daniel said awkwardly to his nephew, while sorting out his files in his arms.

"Really? Who would that be, Daniel?" asked Max, slurping lazily on a coke.

"You want to know? Now? Um... don't you want it to be a surprise? I don't think it would be a good surprise if you ask me. Better keep quiet." Daniel muttered, already starting to run out of ideas.

Max threw a look over at him, setting the coke down and glancing up at his uncle, who had an anxious look.

"I'm not a child anymore. I wish you would stop treating me like one. But, if it is a cool surpriseâ€¦ are you telling me it's someone famous coming over?" Max asked with a raise of an eyebrow.

"In... famous." Daniel muttered slowly.

"Daniel... Don't tell me it's a Thief or something you hate, cuz' that's all I ever hear about! I study Thieves at school for crying out loud! One of my friends hates their guts and condemns them to hell, like you. I can't be bothered with it anymore!" groaned Max, slurping more of the coke.

"Well, if you're going to help the A.P.D in future you might as well have experience with one. Look at you, Max! You never study, you laze around in school and all you do is watch TV and eat and drink! You're a fine-built boyâ€¦ you're fit to be an officer, and we need more helping on killing those creatures." snapped Daniel.

Max lowered his eyelids. "They weren't always B.B.Ds, Daniel. They were once Humans like you and me-"

"Would you stop with this peace-making and happy stuff? They're not Humans and they never will be anymore. They need to be put down immediately." Daniel jeered.

Max rolled his eyes. "Oh, and you say it's going to be someone infamous... soâ€¦ a notorious Thief will be coming to our apartment. Hm, how good of an officer to do that. Employee of the year. Who's it going to be? Silvia Grey? Sean Stars? Starsa Nights? Haha, as if!" joked Max, waving an arm.

Daniel went pale. "You'll be meeting Silvia Grey." he muttered.

Max stopped his laughing and looked up at Daniel, his green eyes widened. "W-What?" he stuttered.

"Well... I figured you're both the same age and all so... well... not the same age... but... i-it's complicated for me to explainâ you should know." Daniel muttered.

"But... she's wanted all over the galaxy! Why didn't you put her on Trano before!? And there is plenty more Thieves that are... the APPEARANCE of seventeen out there! What's going on in your head now!?" screeched Max.

"That's what I was going to do, put her on Trano... but she escaped while I went to get a car ready for her. You should know how she is. You learn about her in school. She's a sly little snake. And I'm not crazy, it's the only way for me to get money off her. I need more money, or else I'll not be able to pay your college funds. Conrad has promised me, too." Daniel murmured irritably, scratching the back of his neck.

"Being Arcadia's Chief of Police isn't enough, eh?" Max scoffed.

"It is certainly for life, but not for college and adding you onto it." Daniel snapped, quite ashamed.

Max glared down at his trainers and scruffy jeans. He then tugged on his shirt, gulping hard. Daniel stared at his nervous actions, including pulling his own hair and muttering something. After a long silence, Max finally spoke;

"Is... is she... is she really that dangerous?" he asked, not realising it was a stupid question.

"Well... if you don't have her under control," Daniel snapped, frowning. "Look... when I get her to come here I don't want you telling her you're *my* nephew." he added quickly.

"Why? Why do you even want her to meet me like this? It's sudden, it's stupid and it only proves you're as greedy as anything." Max snapped.

"Because." Daniel jeered simply.

Max scowled. "What can I say then? She'll be wondering why I'm here. She's not stupid." he said in suspicion.

"Err... just say I'm a friend of your dad's and... I have to look after you for the day." replied Daniel awkwardly.

Max peered down, depression being worn over his face. "My dad's?" he asked.

Daniel felt a guilt-ridden lurch at bringing such thing up. "Sorry, Max, but... it was hard for me, too. He was my brotherâ my only brother." Daniel muttered, glaring at a picture on a counter.

It showed two young men holding beer cans, seemingly having a good time at a party. Daniel covered up his snivel with a cough, turning to Max.

"Just sit and watch TV. There are sweets in the cupboard if you want some." he said, leaving with his huge hologram files.

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Once night had nestled in, it was raining yet again in Arcadia. Like usual, half of the traffic-filled streets were flooded, forcing some cars to take the travel-tubes on the high regions of the city. Silvia and Sam had headed out to steal themselves, as well as Sean and Barsity, a pizza and some drinks. It was the usual routine for such night. They backed up against a wall near an old building, glaring across the street.

## Silvia Grey

"I say we just barge in and take what we can get! No harm on getting another crime for robbery!" shouted Sam irately.

"Ssh! There are people still around and no, we have to do this quietly! I'm already on one-thousand crimes. Probably one-thousand and one since my escape! The price on my head will be higher if we don't watch it!" Silvia hissed back.

Suddenly something beeped in Silvia's pocket. She pulled out a small, triangular shaped hologram panel. *Barsy Cades* flickered along the outside of it.

"It's a call from Barsy." Silvia muttered, touching the middle of it, making a ripple-like circle spread out on the screen.

Barsy's face and torso appeared above it, only he was blurred and a glowing red. "Sam, I would use Silvia's plan. We don't need any more attention than what we've got." he said thoughtfully.

"But, we could be caught easier! We'll be so slow!" Sam hissed angrily, waving his arm.

"Not if you're quiet, Cords!" Barsy snapped with a clench of his teeth.

He then left from the triangle, making Silvia put it back in her pocket. "Right... let's go now." she ordered quietly.

They peered out of the alleyway and jogged across the isolated street over to the glowing pizza shop. Inside were two bronze and tall robots serving at the counter with several customers standing about, chatting mindlessly. Silvia glared at their cheeks, seeing their scar-less skin. She hated their freedom. Sam tugged on her, making the two sprint around to the back, where a door lay ajar. The glorious smell of chips and other fast-foods were lingering around in the cold air, sending a smile across Sam's desperate face.

"Right, you stay out here and keep watch. I'll get the food. Tell me if the sirens come." whispered Silvia.

Sam nodded reluctantly, backing up against the slimy, wet wall. With another weary stare, Silvia tip-toed quietly through the door to find herself in a small, polished room. Take-away pizzas stacked the many shelves and a drink machine stood nearby. It was roasting in the place, almost suffocating, which was probably to keep the precious pizzas warm. There was a solid, red hologram door just a metre away, which must have lead out to the counter. If it went up, Silvia knew she was in trouble.

Momentarily, Silvia had no idea that Daniel was going to one of the offices at the station to take a look at the monitors; the devices which tracked all crimes and scanned the metallic scars on cameras. When he entered, three officers were gawking and typing at flat, complicated-looking computers, most drinking coffee and nibbling on sandwiches. Dots, squares and other symbols indicated that all of the screens harboured some sort of map.

"Anything yet?" Daniel asked jadedly with scanning eyes, his arms behind his back.

"No... Nothing yet, sir." an officer replied nervously, staring into the computer for any sign of a crime.

Daniel waited a while, snatching someone's coffee off the counter and sipping on it slowly. Suddenly, something started repeatedly beeping on a different computer, making Daniel rush over to it straight away.

"What is it?" he asked quickly.

## Silvia Grey

"Err... oh, bingo! We have signs of Silvia Grey just on the outskirts of Neonia." the officer said nervously.

"Neonia is just outside the city's centerâ right, perfect! Excellent! Let's go now!" Daniel snapped.

"But, sir... She appears to be with someone. Yes, I have sightings on another Thief with her." the officer added, glaring at the computer in confusion.

Daniel glanced back into the computer, smiling suddenly. "Sam Cords... little brat brought a friend with her! She thinks she can hold up against us, as she always does." he sniggered.

"She's escaped us many times before on her own, sirâ and I think we have had Sam arrested many times before, too. These Thieves aren't really a laughing matter. You seem to forget." the officer warned, raising an eyebrow.

Daniel rolled his eyes through his yellow sunglasses. "Yeah? So what? We've handled the worst! We've had Silvia here loads of times, and she's the most wanted in the entire goddamn galaxy. I have money on that little bitch! Now go!" he yelped furiously.

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Sam was still keeping watch behind the wall. He started sweating, glancing around in the darkness for any signs of danger. He heard Silvia moaning about dropping a load of pizzas, followed by a complaint of having to bend down.

"Do you want the pepperoni or the margarita? There's lot's here." she whispered.

"Both." Sam hissed back.

"Ok... what drinks? There's a whole machine here." Silvia mumbled, sticking her head out from the door.

"Any! Just do it! I'm starving!" Sam snapped greedily, giving a click of his fingers.

Silvia gave an irritated nod, turning around to clutch five pizzas. She gazed over at the machine, but the drinks were a problem; she couldn't carry everything by herself. She set the pizzas down on the counter, looking at the drink machine with a raised eyebrow. How could she possibly do it without making any noise? She would have to smash the machine, take handful by handful of the remaining drinks, run out and give them to an annoying Sam, run back in and grab the pizzas, and then sprint for her life. She certainly knew there was a lot of noise involved in that. Coming to her senses, she knew she'd have to leave it.

"Hey... Hey, Sam I-"

She was stopped by the blaring sirens in the distance. They started getting gaudier, sending her into panic. Sam sprinted in and skidded on the floor, making a horrible screeching sound.

"Come on! We gotta get outta here! The sirens are coming! Obviously them damn mechanical stuffs they have!" he yelled.

The two bronze robots then burst through the hologram door on their wheels, staring at the two Thieves blankly with their sunglass-like eyes.

"Um... hi." Silvia muttered awkwardly, giving a nervous wave.

"PHONE THE POLICE." ordered one of the robots in its emotionless tone.

"We don't need any more trouble!" exclaimed Sam, jumping on one and kicking it over the counter through the door.

Silvia followed him, leaping on it and slicing its metal head off with her tail. The place fell into an uproar; all of the glasses and cutlery on the bar went skidding away with horrible loudness.

"Right! Let's get the hell outta here!" Sam yelled, as the customers screamed and sprinted out in horror.

Sam turned on his heel, dashing out through the back door. He climbed up a damp drainpipe rapidly, breathing heavily. Once he reached the soaking concrete of the roof, he sprinted across it on furious feet, followed by a massive jump onto another building's ledge, pulling himself up with a grunt. After she had sliced the head off the other robot, Silvia desperately sprinted out and clambered up the drainpipe furiously after a panting Sam.

"Sam! Sam, wait! The food, you idiot!" she called.

Sam managed to hear her. He dropped the pizzas on the ground and turned on his heel, leaping back across the building. Silvia managed to get to the top, her claws rasping the concrete like some frightened cat. Once she was about to pull herself up, she froze. She stared mindlessly at a blurry Sam in the distance, until she let out a groan of agony.

Her hand then slipped, forcing her to fall off the building limply. With all the strength she could find, she managed to grab the slimy pipe when she managed to see it. She felt extremely drained and bizarre all of a sudden. She clutched onto the drainpipe more tightly, but started to slide down it slowly. Exhaustion fell over her like a bag of bricks. She tried to climb back up, but the waves of drowsiness caught her more quickly. Her nails made an atrocious shrieking sound as she slid down, until finally, she slammed flat on the drizzly ground, knocked out. Sam had sprinted over, peering down the building with widened eyes.

"Silvia! Silvia! Can you hear me!?" he called desperately, glowering at her limp body in horror.

Suddenly, a hot laser just skimmed his arm. With a yelp of shock, he glanced over to see the shooter; Daniel. He went to shoot again, but Sam from leaped from the furious light. Before any more shots could be fired, he then turned on his heel and sprinted off the other direction. With a jump, he landed perfectly on the ground, racing off into the darkness.

"Shall I take her back to the station, sir?" asked an officer that had walked up to Daniel, who had followed Sam with his eyes.

"No... Go back and tell my nephew that I'll be at my apartment in the morning... he knows what I'm talking about." commanded Daniel slowly.

With a nervous glance, the officer jogged off to the car and left with the rest of the group. The rain leisurely got thicker, thumping down on Daniel as he gently picked Silvia up, bridal style. He set her in the back seat of a car, rubbing his hands in disgust.

"Ewww... Thieves... don't want to touch that toxic off of you." he muttered, peering around at an alleyway across the road.

## Silvia Grey

He saw a glimpse of Sam gazing round at him, not hesitating to fire another laser at the Thief. He, again, missed. Sam had flipped himself back onto the wall, his hand to his chest.

"I'll get you and your two friends! You just wait! You can't hide forever!" Daniel screamed at him, his gun in the air.

"You and your sirens won't ever get us!" Sam yelled back with a tremble in his voice.

Daniel simply smiled with a shake of his head, snubbing him completely. Breathing heavily, Sam clambered over a barbed fence at the back of the darkened alley, disappearing into a narrower gap to flee. At the same time, Daniel then sat himself into the car, hovering off with a successful and magnificent catch to rip information off.

## Chapter 4: An Illegal Love

### Chapter Four - An Illegal Love

Sam had made it back to Suburbia, almost crashing the bike on the way. Soon enough, he parked the incredibly rough bike at the dead-end of the graffiti alleyway. After falling the long height with the four pounds on the wall, he looked up, only to see a furious Sean and Barsy stand before him.

"It took you long enough, Cords!" snapped Barsy, as Sam got up from the ground.

"Ah... wellâ" started Sam, rubbing his hoody.

"So, where is the pizza?" asked Sean, gazing at his hands.

Sam bit his lip. "Well, you see-"

"I don't see anything in your hands. Don't tell me you dropped them." Sean growled.

"No, but-"

"What's wrong with you? You look like you've seen a ghost! Speak up, Cords!" Barsy announced, crossing his arms.

"Butâ that's the thing, I-"

"And where is Silvia?" asked Sean and Barsy together, glaring behind Sam.

"Shut-up and listen to me!" screamed Sam with a frantic wave of his arms.

The other two stopped at once. Sam sighed, his hands together. "... Daniel shot her and took her away... I tried to helpâ but he tried to shoot me as well. I couldn't get to her." he explained vaguely.

Sean's face went white, terror flooding him. "We've lost her... againâ" he whimpered.

"We'll get her back, Stars, ok? She should be fine." Barsy alleged, trying to be comforting.

"But, he'll probably take her to Trano! Oh, dear God... we'll never get her out of there... not in a million years would we ever get her off that planetâ we couldn't even possibly get there." Sean muttered worriedly.

"Wait... she still has the transmitter! We should call her!" exclaimed Sam excitedly, his hand dipping into his pocket.

Barsy smacked his hand down. "Wait! Give it time... We'll do that in, let's say... an hour's time. It's far too dangerous to risk calling her when she's with Daniel. You'll know what he'll do." he snapped.

"I know, I knowâ so... what do we do now then?" asked Sam, slumping down on a white chair.

"It's a waiting game now, Cords. That's the only optionâ the worst game in the world." sighed Barsy, sitting down on another chair.

## Silvia Grey

"I wonder what he's gonna do with her... hopefully Trano isn't yet within his reach yetâ€¦ what a crazy man he isâ€¦ and the man that runs Trano, too." Sam muttered, shrugging with a puzzled look on his face.

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Silvia could finally hear her own breathing. She slowly opened her stinging eyes and gazed around. Her vision was blurred, and she couldn't even make out where she was. Was she dead? She seemed to remember the horrid events of the night before, indicating that she had not yet entered hell or heaven yet. The last thing she saw was the wavering drainpipe and after that, she blacked-out. Or was that really the last thing that happened? Her vision then suddenly started to go back to normal. But, there was something very wrong; she felt the feeling of softness.

She expected a lumpy, hard bed with dull grey walls enclosing her and the nasty writing on the walls and the blue, transparent hologram door that locked her in to her tiny cell... but this? This was the complete opposite. She was lying on a soft, woolly bed with a window beaming right behind her. She could feel the balminess of the sun grinning down on her through it. She managed to sit upright, peering outside to see the cars of Arcadia hovering from place to place on the streets and the higher travel tubes.

*This has to be a dream. This has to be a dream. This has to be a dream,* Silvia replayed to herself. The tranquillity was disrupted by a sound; a door creaking. She spun her head around and saw, of all people, Daniel. Like a startled cat, Silvia leaped against the wall and curled her tail around herself, poising the tip at Daniel.

"Youâ€¦ you stay away from me!" she yelled in fear.

Daniel shook his head. "Silvia, Silvia, Silvia... come here." he ordered, grabbing her clawed hand.

She struggled for a few seconds, but then suddenly started to calm down with Daniel's surprisingly gentle touch. Her heavy breathing finally began to come to a halt.

"This... this is a dream, right?" she said to him.

"No... This is real. I'm off-duty for now." Daniel replied, smiling forcibly.

"Yeah, right. Your sarcasm's stale." Silvia snapped, thinking it was such nonsense.

"I left one of my officers in charge. But, your kin wouldn't know how Humans work anyway." Daniel jeered angrily.

Silvia gave a slow blink, ignoring his insult. "Why are you doing this? What exactly is going on? What happened? Why exactly are you being nice? Or acting?" she asked, as he took a bandage off her gloveless hand.

She never knew that some bloody cloth was wrapped around it. She must have got the horrible cut when she fell of the drainpipe. But, none of it mattered anymore because *Daniel* was being *nice* to her. Silvia knew very well that it was eerie. Humans couldn't get along with Thieves ever since the Calamity. In fact, Humans weren't allowed to be sent to prison. Only Thieves could commit to the darkness of the world.

"Humans can be nice, Silvia... but, I want you to meet someone for me." Daniel said, helping her up off the bed and slipping her other glove on.

All what Silvia could hear was lies pour out of his mouth. What could he possibly be up to now? But, she played along, smiling harmlessly.

"Um... who is this person?" she asked politely.

Daniel bit his lip. "He is, ah... he is... ah... well, he's someone I know who wants to see what it... it's like to be a... a Thief. Training you could sayâ maybe." he stammered, struggling.

Silvia blinked again, finding the excuse invalid. "Ah... I see... Where is he anyway?" she asked in suspicion.

"Inâ the living room." Daniel muttered.

Shock hit Silvia, but she wasn't sure if it was good or bad. "Living room? Where am I? What is this place?" she asked in astonishment, coming to a horrid realisation.

"My... apartment." replied Daniel, soon regretting it.

Silvia's eyes widened. She was in her worst enemy's apartment, with no back-up in God knows what part Arcadia City. But, Silvia decided not to take it as a bad thing. Besides, she could have possibly pocketed a thing or two while she was here. Maybe he even had good food. She glanced round, admiring the luxury of the room. The cream curtains were wavering from the soft breezes, showing a metal balcony on the far right of her. A huge TV was on the wall in front of her, and she was still lying on the soft, double bed.

"You're rich?" she asked nervously.

"I get paid well, Silvia. Any job that has to do with tormenting Thieves is honoured." Daniel said proudly with a smug look.

Silvia rolled her eyes, flouting his remark. "What is the name of the person you want me to meet?" she asked.

"Never mind that. He'll probably tell you. You two should hit it off, since you're both slackers." Daniel chuckled thoughtfully, watching Silvia trying to walk.

*Heâ and slacker*, she thought. Once she stood up, she just stumbled off her balance. Daniel, however, rushed over and caught her.

"Take it easy. I don't exactly want you in a broken condition." he said, helping her up.

She struggled to gain balance but, when she did, her thoughts on Daniel had started to mix, even though it could have well been a trap. *I ain't falling for anything he says. Dirty Humans*, she thought.

"Right, follow me, Saliva." Daniel ordered with a smirk.

Silvia glowered up at him. "*Silvia*." she growled.

"Whatever." Daniel muttered, as Silvia shot a vicious glance at him.

They ambled out the door and into a classy hallway. It was like a mini-mansion on how beautiful the apartment was. Silvia peered up at the pictures on the wall, some showing Daniel's family or pictures of holidays. She felt disgusted at how happy he was sometimes. Humans could have fun? It was hard to believe for Thieves, since they knew that Humans were strict and had *rules*.

## Silvia Grey

Soon, they entered through a wooden door near the end of the corridor. Here, was obviously the living room. The floor was a salve carpet, suiting the white hover-chairs that were placed near the massive TV. A whole side of the room was glass, showing a view of the gorgeous city. On the couch close to them was Max, who seemed to be unhappy with every channel.

"Ahem!" coughed Daniel.

Max groaned, glaring up at his uncle. "You don't seem to have her... Oh well, you tried. Good endeavour, Daniel." he sighed, continuing to flick through the channels with waves of his hand.

"She's behind me, Max." Daniel snapped angrily.

At that, Max turned off the TV and gazed at Silvia walking past Daniel. Silvia didn't seem to notice that his eyes widened. But by the horrendous look on Daniel's face, he had already noticed it. The vase beside him was becoming very optional to throw at his nephew.

"Before you two get comfortable," Daniel said, attempting to be calm. "I would like to speak to Max." he finished irritably.

Max got up and walked out, still gaping at Silvia romantically. Silvia ignored the Human, sitting down innocently and smiled up at Daniel, who stared at her nastily. He then slammed the door, leaving her in the room. And that's when glee hit the Boss Thief. She immediately got up and scanned around the living room for something to take. She caught sight of a silver and expensive-looking watch on the table, glistening its magnificence. And with no hesitations, she slipped it into her pocket, not having any idea of what was going on outside the door.

"Max! What the hell do you think you're doing!?" whispered Daniel furiously.

"She's so... prettyâ the pictures I see are always rough and blurred." replied Max, smiling romantically.

Daniel looked at him in disgust. "Right... don't you even remember why you're meeting her!?" he whispered furiously.

"To propose?" suggested Max stupidly.

"NO! You're going to get details off her!" Daniel jeered furiously.

"Like what?" asked Max in shock.

"Where her hideout is... I'll get more money for details." Daniel hissed, clenching his teeth.

"Wait... your making me your own little... *spy*?" Max hissed furiously.

"You've only caught that on now!?" Daniel screamed furiously.

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The two squabbled and squabbled for ages. Silvia peered at the door, wondering what the faint voices were arguing about. *Why should I be worried? Stupid Humans*, she then snapped in her mind. Her silver eyes locked onto the TV, yet the thought of what the quarrel was about still prodded her mind like an annoying child begging for sweets. She turned on the television with a wave of her hand, putting on something called

## Silvia Grey

"Crime Watchers". It showed two officers trying to keep a panicked Thief under control. The Thief then leaped on one of them and started attacking viciously, making Silvia giggle.

There was a sudden creak of the door, making Silvia give a glance back. Daniel and Max stood there, but she snubbed them completely. Then her shock finally slapped her. She glared back at them, noticing Daniel had a furious look in his face and Max was making a movement with his hand at his neck, clearly saying; *turn it off, turn it off, turn it off*.

"Turn it off." commanded Daniel angrily.

Silvia swished at the TV with her hand and it went black. Daniel, after wiping his face from any emotion, took a deep breath then paced out, leaving Silvia wondering even more on his strangeness. She glared at Max's emerald eyes, who had sat down beside Silvia with quivering hands. Silvia kept her eyes locked onto him like a loaded gun, waiting for some filthy move. But, what Max came out with sent astonishment through Silvia like one of Daniel's sudden smacks.

"So... how's it going?"

A look of disgust registered on Silvia's face. How could a Human be so casual around a Thief? It was impossible, wasn't it? Silvia slightly turned away, ignoring Max as best as she could. Max noticed her disgust, however, putting him into panic.

"Sorry." he whimpered nervously, looking away.

Silvia put her nose in the air. "I don't know you." she said simply, crossing her arms with a flick of her tail.

Max shrugged. "Yes... but I know you more than you think." he replied.

Silvia grunted, knowing that her "bad" fame has got her known all over the place. She felt proud at the thought, but was dragged back down to misery when Max's eyes beckoned her back to him.

"Ok... Daniel wants us to get to know each other." he soon said, obviously not liking her silence.

"Oh, really?" Silvia asked sarcastically, flicking her tail once again.

Max gawked at it in horror, slowly putting his eyes back onto Silvia's. Silvia noticed his look, irritating her already.

"What?" she snapped, raising an eyebrow.

"Your tail... it's pretty scary up close." Max breathed, trying to be calm.

"I won't attack you with itâ haha, yet." Silvia muttered with a small smile, shrugging slightly.

"Oh, haha, yet? Whaddya mean?" Max asked anxiously, darting his eyes away.

Silvia raised an eyebrow, ignoring him once again. "Err... why did Daniel pick you to see me?" she asked blankly.

"Oh, well, you seeâ he is a friend of my dad's and-"

## Silvia Grey

Max stopped dead. Silvia glared at him with a puzzled look. She knew he was deep in thought. But, what about? What happened? Silvia wanted to ask, but she was much too busy on the concept of Daniel.

"And?" Silvia asked.

Max finally broke out of his trance. "And... I had to stay with him for a while. That's it. Yup, that's all. He's doing work and he kinda wanted to involve me in it, too." he replied, smiling awkwardly.

"Ah... I see." Silvia muttered slowly, sick of lies already.

She just wanted to leave the place. What were Sean and the others doing? She wondered if they would even rescue her at any time. She had the feeling that Daniel was just threatening to put her on Trano. He could have been ordering a car right now for her. Max was still thumping her mind though. There was something different about this Human boy. Something Silvia could not figure out. Everything Daniel and Max had told her should have been lies; she could almost sense it. But why were they lying? As she snubbed Max's staring once again, she settled down to watch TV, pondering on what the three boys were doing at the minute in her hideout.

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Sam was boiling with rage and impatience. "Barsy Cades! It's been two hours and we *still* haven't called Silvia! Our boss, may I remind you!" he screeched furiously.

There was a clanging in the kitchen. "I know, Sam!" Barsy's voice came. "But... I'm sort of worried if we call her at the wrong time." he continued, pacing out of the kitchen with a can of coke.

Sean paced over to them miserably. "Please, Barsy... I'm worried about her... I don't want her to go onto Trano. Is it ok? None of us do." he said quietly.

Barsy glared at Sean in sorrow, biting his lip. Sean knew it was hard to get Barsy's sympathy, but he had succeeded into doing the difficult task. Barsy glared back over at a raging Sam, whose green eyes bulging from ire. With a sigh, Barsy then spoke up.

"Oh... all right. We'll call her then. In fifteen minutes."

## Chapter 5: Failure of Information

### Chapter Five - Failure of Information

Silvia and Max had not spoken to each other at all. The situation was too awkward for Silvia. All they had done was watch TV. She noticed that Max's eyes kept shooting glances at her. She didn't really mind, however. She was actually rather fond of it. She knew she could easily manipulate the Human boy into doing anything she wanted. Daniel, however, was another problem she had to face. She knew his eyes and ears were scanning them relentlessly, but she could not for the life of her figure out what he was after.

Speaking of which, the not so focused Daniel was busy sorting out criminal records in the kitchen. He didn't very much like leaving his nephew alone with such a "dangerous creature", but he wanted the cash to swallow him up when he was finished. However, Daniel also had a problem; he had not expected Max to develop a crush. A "horrible and illegal" crush. As much as he hated the thought of the two together, he knew he had some sort of advantage. Maybe Max could pull off some sly move and get Silvia to fall hopelessly into his armsâ but then Daniel came to his realisation. It was *Max* who was, quite frankly, a loser. And it was *Silvia* who was, quite frankly, a manipulative genius. So, the Arcadian Chief decided to get on with other things.

Silvia, on the other hand, was growing more and more content watching the TV in Daniel's apartment. It was like using him, which was a real treat to Silvia. Max, however, felt extremely uncomfortable, at least that's what Silvia could pick up. She felt that he just didn't know what to say. He seemed to be more concentrated on her tail, fearing that she might hit him with it if he said something wrong.

"You *do* know that Daniel wants us to get to know each other, right?" Max asked suddenly, glaring at her tensely.

Silvia rolled her eyes. "Yes... you said that. But I'd like to know why." Silvia groaned, not taking her eyes off the TV.

Now, Max knew he was really stuck. What answer in mind could he use to confirm that? With no other obligations, he knew Daniel was the one to answer.

"I'll be right back." he muttered awkwardly, standing up to leave the room.

Silvia flouted him completely once again, trying to remain focused on the TV. As Max paced down the corridor, he had to give out a few rough breaths from the pressure of it all. Daniel immediately lifted his head up and stopped typing on a panel once his nephew appeared. Max leant on the wall of the kitchen coolly, trying to act as calm as possible.

"Sup?" he said, breathing heavily.

Daniel sneered slightly. "What do you want, Max?" he asked in suspicion.

Max shrugged slightly, looking away. "Silvia isn't exactly the talkative type, is she?"

"Haha! She doesn't shut-up if you ask me! Are you saying she's actually being quiet for once?"

"She's awkward,"

"She's a Thief, and she is certainly fond of writing on walls so don't give her a spray-can at any costs,"

"What can I say to her, Daniel? She basically just asked; *why does Daniel want us to know each other well?* What the heck do you say to that!?"

Daniel stayed silent. After a while, Max noticed he went white. Max simply stood there, waiting for a reply and darting his eyes to the hologram clock above the cupboards. When Daniel finally gave his answer, it automatically made Max cringe his heart out.

"Ah... just say... for workâ forâ you know, fun?"

Max glared at him for a while, nodding very slowly. He turned on his heel and sauntered away as leisurely as a snail in a garden. Daniel then drooped his head down again and continued typing on the panel, mumbling some curses under his breath. Max had paced back into the living room and sat down beside Silvia, who frowned at his casualness.

"So... give me an answer." she then demanded.

"For workâ and fun?" Max whimpered quickly.

Silvia finally looked away from the TV, a sneer curling on her lip. "Then why did you choose me... for fun?" she asked.

"Butâ But, I didn't choose you!" Max yelped.

Silvia could almost feel Daniel's emerald eyes burn down the corridor on her. She was completely confused by the situation, and Max was giving her no clues on what Daniel was up to.

"Daniel... chose you." Max finished, panting in anger.

"Why did he choose me?" Silvia carelessly, turning her head to the TV again.

The Human boy was getting on her nerves now. But, even though she was snubbing him as hard as he could, his actions were getting more and more interesting. Max stood up, straightened his shirt and paced out into the kitchen once again, arms crossed.

"What now?" Daniel asked innocently with a smile, continuing to type.

"She wants to know *why* you chose her to be my *friend*." Max barked.

Daniel's smile wiped off his face like a cleaning cloth. A look of ire spread over his face, forcing him to take a breath. "Just... say... I thought that you are the most... suitable? Different experience? Something like that?" he suggested, pulling out a pistol from the counter drawer.

Max took a step back, his hands slight raised in alarm. "What are you doing?" he asked, raising an eyebrow as Daniel pointed the gun down the corridor.

"Nothing... nothing... just trying to make it that she DOESN'T EXIST!" he screamed furiously, clutching the gun tightly and forcing a smile.

Max had his jade eyes widened in astonishment. He kept his hands up, walking backwards down the corridor. His eyes were still locked onto a fuming Daniel, as he slowly made his way back into the living room. Silvia darted her eyes up to him, sighing in boredom.

"Are you ok?" she asked tonelessly.

Max jumped in shock. "Yes! Fine, fine!" he exclaimed, sitting down beside a frowning Silvia again. "Daniel thought you were *suitable* for me." he said suddenly, trembling.

"Ah... I see." Silvia muttered, still unconvinced.

She was praying and praying to God that she would soon escape somehow, or that Daniel would be merciful enough to throw her back onto the streets. She even found herself coming to the thought that she'd much rather kiss Daniel than have to endure Max's clumsiness. And, just like a miracle, something began to bleep furiously in Silvia's pocket.

"Whatâ what's that?" asked Max in fear, glaring at her.

Silvia knew she had to act quickly. Max liked her; she had picked it up. Hopefully she could use his naÃvetÃs to force him to keep secrets. She turned to him and clutched his shoulders immediately as the transmitter bleeped again.

"Promise me you won't tell Daniel about this." Silver whispered, her silver eyes glinting.

Max nodded rapidly, shaking slightly. With a weary look, Silvia then slid her hand in her pocket and took the transmitter out. She tapped the middle of it, making the usual ripple go across the screen. Suddenly, Barsy appeared on it, red and blurry like always.

"Barsy! Oh, thank God!" Silvia gasped, her hand to her chest.

"Where are you?" asked Barsy, breathing heavily.

"In Daniel's apartment." Silvia whispered, gapping down the corridor.

"What!? Get out of there!" Barsy shouted, his teeth clenched.

"Ssh! Barsy, be quiet! Daniel's just down the hall!" Silvia whispered, ignoring that Max watched them with such curiosity.

"Get out of there as soon as possibleâ we need you back! Suburbia will go insane if they don't know what you're at!" Barsy hissed. "Meet us at the hideout. We'll be waiting. Sean is worried sick about you." he added, disappearing within a flash.

Silvia glared down the corridor, hoping Daniel's ears were attending something else. Max knew that the "hideout" was one of Daniel's many goals straight away, but how could he even ask a Boss Thief about her precious hideaway? Silvia, however, was more focused on getting out of the apartment. She slid the transmitter back in her pocket and looked as though she was about to faint. She gave a sharp glance at Max, who was obviously waiting for her to say something.

"Please don't tell Daniel." Silvia simply gasped, panting.

Max smiled warmly. "I won't. I promise that." he muttered in concern.

Silvia's silvery eyes clashed with his emerald ones, forcing her to not realise that he was reaching for her hand. Before Silvia recognized that his skin was on hers, the door swung open to reveal Daniel.

"Max, I-"

Daniel glared at them in shock, giving a filthy look to their hands. "I told you not to propose!" he yelled furiously, his lips pursed.

Max's jaw dropped in time with Silvia's. "I'm not proposing! Are you crazy!?" Max cried, his hands flying back to himself.

Silvia had no choice but to signal for help. She glared at Daniel desperately, mouthing the words; *put me back on the streets or I'll kill you. Daniel gawked at her in ire, but knew he had no gun to put her down. Silvia knew he was allowed to do it, since she had over one-thousand crimes, but why wouldn't he? Daniel, however, knew that she was basically a pile of cash sitting on his couch. He wiped the glare off his face and put his hands together, sighing. Max had shuffled away from Silvia, trying to not get Daniel angered furthermore.*

"So," Daniel started. "Does anyone want a drink or something?" he asked awkwardly.

Silvia immediately turned her attention. "Yes, coke." she demanded.

Daniel shot her a filthy look. "Fine. Coke for Miss Primadonna." he snapped irritably.

Silvia glared at him, sick of his usual attitude. She knew the only way to get out of here was to pass the barricade, which was Daniel. She also knew he was up to something dirty and cruel like he always was. Manipulation and confusion was now her only key if she wanted smoothness.

"Hey!" she announced. "You were being very nice to me and now you're just the same as usual." she whimpered in despair.

Max threw a look of concern at Daniel, who Daniel simply goggled at her and raised an eyebrow. Forcing them the best she could, small tears dribbled from Silvia's eyes as she gazed up at Daniel, where she stood up. Daniel, on the other hand, was starting to panic. Silvia knew it by his dumb look, forcing her to hide her snigger. Daniel, surprisingly, then paced over to her and moved her onto the seat as gently as he could. He was about to say something, but Silvia butted herself in.

"And you are-are a p-policeman. Y-You aren't s-supposed to make a-anyone c-c-cry!" she wept pathetically, shaking her head.

Daniel squinted. "If it's the way the thing goes I sort of have to..." he muttered suddenly, looking away from her.

Somehow, Silvia was making it work. She knew Daniel was not the easiest victim, however. The suspicion coursing through his face signalled to her that she had to try harder. Max still stood nearby, envy growing on his face.

"Um... Daniel that's... that's my spot on the couch." Max murmured in spite.

"I want to talk to Silvia alone. Go to your room." Daniel ordered simply.

Max let his fury race through him. He opened his mouth to talk, but Daniel's look told him to close it. He then spun on his heel, marching out of the room with the door slamming behind him. There were some pounding footsteps, and *wham*; another door was slammed. Daniel shook his head in irritation, turning back to look at Silvia. However, a huge grin was spread across her face at his off-guard state.

## Silvia Grey

"You faking little *bitch!*" Daniel growled loudly, his teeth clenched.

Knowing that his guard wasn't as high, Silvia then wacked him off the seat with her tail and smashed a part of the glass wall. Swiftly, she got ready to leap out until Daniel sprung up and clutched her tail. Silvia found herself thrashing off the floor just before she could leap out to freedom. Daniel then pulled her over to him and clasped her by the neck, holding her forcefully against the wall.

Silvia clogged brutally, clutching his wrists in attempt of escape. "What-are-you-doing?" she choked.

"You are going to tell me all your little secrets, missy! And you are also going to include your little hiding spot or I swear I'll kill right now, even though you're worth thousands!" Daniel screamed with rage, his eyes glinting maliciously.

"Let me down first!" Silvia bawled, struggling.

"Not until you tell me where the hideout is!" Daniel shouted.

Silvia couldn't bear his yapping anymore. She dug her nails deep into Daniel's hand, forcing him to lose his grip. He blared out in agony, clutching his now crimson hand with manic whimpers. Silvia took gasps of breath, stumbling slightly as her fingertips tried to soothe her neck. She darted her eyes to the broken glass wall, rapidly leaping out if it with no other thoughts.

Daniel had picked himself up, leaping over to the broken wall to glare down the head-wrecking height to watch the Thief fall. Silvia had gotten into a skydive pose, so she fell along with the shards of deadly glass and landed perfectly on the ground. Silvia forgot about the Thieves' ability to survive skyscraper height. It was if she was a robot. She glared up at Daniel, who was a dot in the distance, and then saluted him with a smile before sprinting off. Everyone around her, however, scowled at her with widened eyes and fled in terror.

She didn't care about them, or if they phoned the Police. Her silvery eyes then locked onto a teenager on a tidy and silver motorbike hovering past. Suburbia was too far to run to for that matter, so she leapt for the boy, knocking him off with a vicious push and a growl.

"Filthy Humans!" she spat before zooming off into the alleys.

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Daniel glared at her escape. He knew he was too late to do anything. All he could do was mutter to himself.

"Damn Thievesâ!"

Max then came flying into the room on skidding feet, glaring at the wall in horror. "W-What happened?"

"Max... stay here. I'm going to get the Police ready. I've had enough of her!" Daniel ordered, hissing in pain at his hand.

Max glowered at the dribbles blood staining the floor, his mouth slightly open. He tilted his head to gape at Daniel, who had already exited with manic curses under his breath. Ignoring him, Max peered down the skyscraper from the broken glass, seeing that the officers had gathered around in an anxious group. No sooner, Daniel was amongst them and he certainly seemed to be raging. Max sighed, sitting down on the couch in misery.

## Silvia Grey

He felt as if he could have admitted anything to Silvia Grey right now. She was the most wanted Thief in the galaxy, but he never knew she looked like what she did, or even acted like what she did. She was different to Max. Daniel never had bothered to show him any pictures or recordings of her. And he certainly wasn't one for the news. School only could get blurry ones, which made everyone look like some ball of fuzz for some reason. With another breath, he gave a glance to the window, wondering if he could sneak out somehow.

## Chapter 6: Found, But Not Dangerous

### Chapter Six - Found, But Not Dangerous

Silvia sped through the streets as casually as she could, but people still ran in terror all over the place. She managed to ignore their taunts and made her way to Neonia; the streets of adverts and restaurants. For some reason now, she wished she hadn't of tried to escape through the glass. Was it a mistake? Her crimes were now becoming countless, meaning the price on her head was becoming countless, too. In concern, she sped off through Neonia with despair close behind her. Strangely enough, the thing on her mind was Max the Human. Max wasn't bitter, or judgemental like every other Human in the galaxy. What was so different about him? Maybe Daniel's poison hadn't reached him yet.

Her thoughts now lingered on the Arcadian chief and his outrageous plan to put her on Trano. She knew because of his slippery mouth that he was after moneyâ which was her. What kind of deal did he have going? Who was dealing with him? And why were they obligated to pay him money? It couldn't possibly get any worse from there.

Silvia made her trip to Suburbia, ignoring the nips from the glass shards. Some minutes later, the view of desolate and graffiti covered Suburbia came into view. It was quiet and dormant, only litter and bits of paper blew across the place. Some Thieves were wandering about with bags of stolen stuff, trying their best to cover their metallic scars with a bandana or something of the sort. With a sigh, Silvia arrived at the alleyway and gave the wall the usual taps with her nail, falling into the dark hole with a bored face. Once landed, she found herself gaping up at Sean, Bary and Sam, who gawked back at her in alarm.

"What?" she snapped miserably, standing up with rubs of her arms.

"Silvia," Bary started firmly. "It was on the fix... you leaping out of that window...? That was mad. If you hadn't landed right, you could have died." he muttered in despair.

"Daniel would have liked that." added Sam casually.

Sean elbowed him hard on the shoulder, giving a grunt. Silvia ignored the punch. She knew Sam was right anyway.

"Yeah?" Silvia said. "So what? It's not like I haven't been on the fix before and it's not like Daniel hasn't laughed at our misery before either." she sighed, slopping down on a hover chair.

"I know that Daniel... likes our misfortune but-but that? Tell us." Bary demanded suddenly.

"Tell you what?" asked Silvia, looking away from him.

"Tell us why you're so upset and what Daniel did to you in there. He was planning to take you to Trano, need I remind you. He's up to something." Bary barked.

Silvia knew she had no other choice but to tell them her thoughts. "Ok... if Daniel catches me I'm either dead or locked up in a cage for the rest of my life. You knowâ that's the worst thing about Thieves; they have eternal life. If you jump off a building you live, if you stay in a cell all your life, you live and... it's just not fair..." she wept, curling up in the chair.

## Silvia Grey

Sean glared at her, his arms folding. Sam gave his lip a bite as Barsy gave a look to Sean. Sean stepped forward, putting his hand on Silvia's shoulder.

"Silvia... we'll make sure you're not caught... I'll try, *they'll* even try." he muttered, letting Silvia hold his hand with a smile.

Barsy stepped out beside him. "I know what you're feeling, Silvia, but I need to know what Daniel did in there and what he said, how he acted... tell us everything."

Silvia glanced at him and sighed. She was in no state of mind to explain the events. But, she needed to, if she wanted all the help she could get. She turned on her seat, opening her mouth to explain the horrid events. She included Daniel's niceness, the money she was supposedly worth, Max's strange attempts and Daniel's mentioning of wanting her "details". A while later, she had finally finished.

"I think he was trying to get you to be like Humans." Sam mumbled thoughtfully, giving a shrug.

"No..." Barsy muttered, peering down.

"No? What else could it be, Smarties?" asked Sam irritably, his jade eyes squinted.

"Don't you see? He was being nice to Silvia, he let her be *alone* in his own living room, he gave her somewhere to sleep, he offered her a drink and when Silvia pretended to cry, he reacted to it! He's being manipulative. I knew he was smart but not that smart. He is obviously looking information or something off her!" Barsy exclaimed.

"You mean like... what she likes? Like, like what she doesn't like? Like, like... like if she has a boyfriend or something?" Sam asked with another shrug.

"It's Daniel," Barsy moaned. "I'm guessing he wants to know where we plan everything. He catches other Thieves easily because they sleep in an alleyway or in a dumpster or something. He can't find us and we can't allow him to. Silvia is too precious. She's Suburbia's leader and she is an inspiration for our species to not give up." Barsy snapped.

Silvia was surprised by his compliments, making her smile slightly. It went quiet for a while and, after looking at each other mysteriously, they just went to lie on their seats and watch TV. Sean cuddled up beside Silvia, his arms around her. Silvia gave him a peck on the cheek, but she knew she had nothing going on with Sean. Sometimes, however, she knew he thought he that he did.

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Meanwhile, Max was out on his red and flame printed hover-board, ignoring his uncle's strict orders. He knew Daniel was at the station, obviously working his head off and making sure his precious deal was still on. Max had the gut feeling that Daniel being out for Silvia was something very, very bad. He didn't want to see Silvia be sold over for money, or be tormented on Trano, or be shot in the head for that matter. He just had to get away from the apartment; it was shrouded with too many recent memories.

Wherever the path led him, Max hovered down it with a tedious expression. He passed Arcadia Park and Neonina, trying his best not to wander into a movie theatre or some expensive sweetshop. He passed the street of adverts, stopping at the sight in the distance. Miles down the road, was the path to Suburbia; the place he knew the A.P.D would not dare enter. The last time they did, they were nearly demolished. The police was to wait for a Thief to wander from their territory, and then snatch them up. Silvia was down there, Max knew, so

he decided to take the risk to find her. Before though, he had headed to a paint shop back in Neonia.

Parking his hover-board in the hologram capsules, he wandered in as innocently as he could. The shopkeeper was some elderly man, listening to music with wireless headphones. Max simply slipped by him and scanned the shelves. He looked and looked, hoping to find silver paint at a cheap price. He found a mere tiny tin of it at a bottom shelf, instantly picking it up and dawdling to the counter.

"Fifteen dollars, please." the man at the counter said tonelessly, his hand out.

Max anxiously handed him the notes, not bothering to wait for a holo-receipt. He wandered out, hopping on his hover-board until-

"Max!"

Max spun around, his eyes widened. "Cindy!?"

The girl who had ran over to him nodded, her blue eyes glinting. She seemed to like to twirl her pale, blonde hair about a lot, which touched her shoulders. Her outfit mainly consisted of yellow and denim, and a golden sun-printed hover-board was under her arm.

"What is little Max Polo doing here? I heard about the break-out of your apartment. Silvia Grey, wasn't it!?" Cindy exclaimed in her bossy tone.

Max nodded. "Yes, yeahâ but, but, Cindy, I'm kind of very busy right now, so if you don't mind-"

"Disgusting Thieves. Things should all be shot dead on sight. None of these laws, that's what I say. I see you have paint! Is that for art class? Yeah, I have none left. I came over to buy some. Maybe we could paint together some time?"

"Yes, Cindy, that's fine, but I've really gotta-"

"Ok, sounds good! I'll call you when I'm free, Max! See you later! Maybe we could order a pizza? Invite Henna and Mark, too? Sounds good! Ok, bye!"

Max gawked at her head into the shop, forgetting to park her board in the capsule. Quickly, and with the paint clasped in his hand, he sped off and found an alley close to him. Cindy was quite a concern with him when he thought about it. If there was someone who loathed Thieves more than Daniel, it was the rich, spoilt, snobby and frankly quite irritating, Cindy Sparks. But, with his thoughts turning to Silvia, he crept behind a dumpster and whipped his extremely thin phone out. Onto Google he went, searching images for Thieves' scars. Once he found a clear picture, he slowly started to paint the scars as best as he could onto his cheek with the paint. It took a while for him to get it right, but when he did, he knew he had to be careful.

He hovered out of the alley, keeping his hand over his cheek gently so no one could see the scars. He knew he couldn't risk being caught as some casual Thief. It took quite a long while, but graffiti-plastered Suburbia was reached down the long roads. Max's eyes darted around the place wearily, hoping no Thief would decide to approach him. Some were wandering about and chatting, ignoring Max completely. However, he was caught by surprise when a man approached him with a smile.

"Hey, newcomer." he sniggered, folding his arms.

Max glared up at the incredibly tall Thief. "Hey,"

Silvia Grey

"Where'd you get that hover-board? How'd you managed to steal something as sleek as that? The Humans love that stuff. You must have some skill!"

Max chuckled. "Haha, yes, I've practiced. Anyway, can I ask you a question?"

The man nodded. "Yeah, go on then,"

"Where can I find Silvia Grey around here?"

The man chortled. "Haha, no one knows where her hideout is around here. She's kind of secretive that way. Only three other Thieves know where it is. But, I'm sure you already know them, eh?"

Max clenched his teeth slightly, knowing he had no idea of who the three were. However, he forced a smirk, nodding slowly. The man simply shrugged and paced on, clambering up a wall and disappearing. Max hovered on anxiously, praying for no more encounters. There were many alleyways that Max wanted to go and explore in as he scanned around, but one had finally caught his attention; it was very narrow and small. He kept his eyes on it, almost finding it hard to make out.

It was so unnoticeable unless you were glaring at the same spot for ages. Max felt a curious urge to go and mosey down it. He was just about to reach the entrance, until-

WHAM.

The ground met his face before he could even think. His hover-board went thrashing away into the wall from the force, the crack almost making his ears bleed.

"Come on! I wanna fight, newcomer!"

Max peered up, seeing some woman with her fists in the air like a boxer. However, her eyes widened in horror once Max finally came into eye contact. She lowered her fists, her jaw dropped.

"Human." she simply hissed.

Max raised an eyebrow, only noticing his reflection in her metallic boots. The scars were smudged from the thrash, sending him into absolute panic. He started crawling backwards, whimpered insanely.

"Human," the woman repeated again. "H-Human. Human! We've got a Human over here! WE'VE GOT A HUMAN!"

Max shot himself up, ignoring his smashed hover-board and sprinting to the incredibly narrow alley. He dashed down it, dread filling him that it was a dead end. He noticed two bikes parked up, filling him with inquisitiveness. But there was no time to think of where they came from. He glared up at the sky in terror, whining like a mad dog. He could hear the voices and pounding of feet nearing, knowing he had done a stupid thing. From fury, he pounded the wall madly, stopping at his fourth punch. Just before the Thieves could sprint to the sound of his breathing, his feet fell.

Darkness surrounded him like a flash. Max fell the mysterious height, screaming in panic as the light closed ahead of him. He kept falling and falling with wet eyes from the whipping air, until-

BANG.

## Silvia Grey

The only sound was grunts and groans. Agony flooded Max's arms and legs. He didn't know where he had ended up, but he knew the ground was stiff and icy. Finally regaining some strength, he picked himself up. He coughed some dust from him, glaring around the newfound place. It was silent and quite nippy, but what captivated him were the graffiti walls. He glared at the gorgeous paint, running his hand over it from wonder. He noticed a thin TV, the hover chairs and a couch. But, no one was here.

"Hello?" he called out in concern.

No response. Max investigated the next room, only finding a few hammocks and magazines lying around. The stench of pizza also lingered in the air, driving him out. He wandered into the far room, seeing a mere kitchen with many strange tools plastering the place. He gazed at the fridge closely, noticing some carvings on it. *Grey, Stars, Cades, Cords* were all scribbled to the object with a knife. Joy hitting him, Max knew this *had* to be Silvia's hideout. But, he was stuck here. There was no way for him to get out. With a lurch of regret, Max headed back out to the main room, settling on the couch. Thankfully the place had full internet, so he flicked out his phone and locked his attention to YouTube.

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"You three boys ready?"

"You bet,"

"Ready to rob the hell out of this place?"

"Definitely,"

"Do you know what we're after?"

"Food, food and food,"

"Anything else?"

"Yes,"

"And what would that be?"

"E.E.L!"

"Which stands forâ !?"

"Enjoy Eternal Life!"

Using the top vents, Silvia and the three boys had made their way into a newly furnished shop which was to be opened for the first time tomorrow morning. Silvia had equipped her silver, sleeveless hoody, where she had now flicked her hood on and strapped a black bandana around her mouth. A spiky club lay in her hands, sniggers playing from her mouth. Bary was swinging a crowbar about, Sam had somehow gotten a thick plank of wood and Sean was tapping a metal bar while his foot anchored on top of a large radio, smirking.

"Right, play the music, Sean." Silvia ordered with a broad smile.

Sean used the heel of his trainer to press a button, where single beats started to play throughout the entire shop. Fanning out like a pack of prowling wolves, Silvia took the centre aisle, Sam the right, Barsy the left and Sean decided to clamber on top of the high shelves for a path. The music then became uplifting beats of hardstyle, leading the four Thieves to start dancing as they completely devastated anything fragile. Sam had scoped out a large trolley from the far side of the place, leaping into it and scooting around the place like some maniac.

Barsy was busy destroying some "thud-a-thief" game at the arcade section, growling at how "disrespectful" Humans were. Sam had unearthed him, however, leaping out of the trolley and whamming it right into Barsy. Screaming, Barsy found his crowbar flying from his hand and his back thrashing into the trolley.

"Sam! What are you doing!?" Barsy yelled, clutching the sides of the trolley for his life.

"Just a taxi drive!" Sam exclaimed in delight, sprinting faster with the trolley.

Sean had leaped from the higher shelves right into the spacious trolley; forcing the crisp packets he was holding to explode everywhere. Sam managed to catch some in his mouth, munching loudly as he started screaming with the joyous music. Silvia was busy smashing some claw machine, letting the dozens of teddies spill out onto the floor, all with money strapped to them. She swung her club about with manic whoops, pumping her fist to the music. She knew at the back of her mind that this was only going to worsen her situation if she was caught, but Sean had mentioned to let go of her concern. After all, Thieves didn't care about the rules.

"Silvia! Hop on!" Sam's voice called, making Silvia spin around.

She caught sight of the speeding trolley, where Sam had latched himself onto the back of it. With a smile, Silvia leaped onto the left side of it, screeching wildly with the music. Sean did the same, but Barsy was trying to keep himself steady so he didn't go soaring out of the speeding danger. Sam sent them everywhere around the shop, where they sprayed graffiti all over the shelves and walls, claspng food and stuffing it into them at the same time.

It was at least an hour later, and they were all stuffed to their eyes of junk food. Sam had cleared an entire shelf out for himself, using it as a bed. Barsy was lying on the floor, tinkering at some device he had managed to scope out. The music was now something from the 1960s (none of them having no clue of where it came from, but Barsy seemed to like it). Sean and Silvia swayed exaggeratedly together to the slow music, humming in each-other's faces as if they were drunk.

"Ahâ ı E.E.L is awesome." Sam had chuckled, carving his name to the shelf above him with a knife.

"It sure is." Barsy sighed with a beam, expecting his device closely.

"Surprised the alarm hasn't gone off yet." Sean announced, twirling Silvia around with the tune.

And, as if karma was too early, there was a horrible bleeping from a red light in the corner of the walls. Sam stopped immediately, giggling slightly. Barsy peered up, giving a groan.

"It's a new shop. Of-course the alarms are gonna be crap." he mumbled.

"The sirens will be here soon. Don't wanna be on the fix, either!" Sam chortled.

"Right, grab some food and let's just smash the door down." Silvia ordered, clambering out of the trolley.

## Silvia Grey

After grabbing sandwiches, sweets, crisps and almost everything under the sun, Silvia had smashed the glass door with her club, sprinting out and down a back alley. The three boys paced after her, their arms stuffed with stuff. The sirens went off in the distance soon after, making Barsy cringe.

"Quick! I'm not going to jail for something like this! Put the food in the bags and let's go!" he hissed, leaping onto the police bike Silvia had stolen.

Sam clambered on after him, holding the bags to himself as if they were pieces of gold. Once Silvia and Sean had mounted the silver bike, they sped off through the clammy alleys, sniggering as they knew the A.P.D was too late to catch them. After a while (with a rather fun conversation on poisoning food on the way), the four had reached Suburbia. They ignored the usual Thieves who wandered about, heading down their usual alley without being caught. Once parking the bikes with silent sniggers, Silvia tapped the wall proudly, falling down the usual height after and landing into her precious hideout. But, something else caught her eye. It was like a stab; a shocking stab. She slowly peered over to the couch, and she was pretty sure the boys were doing the exact same. Max had turned his attention to them, sliding his phone away anxiously.

"Umâ ï hi?" he whimpered with a small wave.

Silvia was astounded. She couldn't find any words. She simply stuttered, pointing a shaky finger at him aimlessly. How could he have found her hideout? Of all people, why was it him? Sean had dropped his bag of food with the widening of his oceanic eyes, but Barsy remained blank. Sam, however, was trembling like an earthquake.

"Who-who-who is that!? Who is that, Silvia!?" he screeched, almost toppling over Barsy.

"I don't know, but whatever it is, it's a Human! Look! No scars! What the hell!?" Sean yelled, his fists starting to clench.

Barsy groaned. "Calm down, calm down... it's just a Human that somehow found our hideout. We can easily dispose of him without anyone knowing. I do have a few devices I'm willing to try." he sighed, staring at Sean irritably.

Silvia stepped forward, her mind still boggled. "I know this boy... I've seen him somewhere before, haven't I?" she said slowly.

Her voice rung like a wedding bell in Max's head, making him look up to make direct eye contact. He gazed at the love his life with a small blush, standing up immediately. He rubbed any dirt he could find off himself, giving a slow gulp.

"Uhâ ï hi, Silvia,"

"Max," Silvia said finally, some horror filling her. "Have any of the sirens followed you?"

"Max?" Sean barked in rage. "He's the one from the apartment you were telling us about! Silvia, he'll blab to the sirens!" he hissed in fear.

"Umâ ï sirens?" Max asked, confused.

Silvia had forgotten about Thief slang. "It's what we call the police." she mumbled.

## Silvia Grey

"Oh, well, for your information, I haven't said a word to Daniel about the transmitter. I told you I wouldn't, didn't I?" Max asked.

Silvia felt some more astonishment stumble onto her. "What? You... you didn't?" she breathed, as if about to laugh.

"Yes. A promise is a promise. No matter who it's with." Max sighed, giving a smile.

Silvia couldn't really find any words for the Human boy. She glared back to the three boys, who were all wearing a look of ire. Ignoring them, she turned back to Max. She already knew his naïvetés, so it was time to make him keep another promise. She smiled to herself, stepping forward with a swish of her tail.

"Well, now... Can you keep another one for me?" she asked, pretending to be nervous.

Max nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah, what is it?" he asked.

"Don't tell anyone about this place, please. It's kind of half what keeps me alive, haha." Silvia whispered with a giggle, winking.

Max nodded slowly with a chuckle, his awareness catching up with him at the three boys standing alert in the background. Silvia watched him for a while, finding his shy actions quite amusing. She could almost read his mind; he wanted a way out by the sight of him gazing at the ceiling.

"Now, ah, how do I get out of here?" Max asked expectantly, giving his lips a bite.

Silvia smiled warmly. "Over here. Follow me." she said, beckoning him back over to the dark space.

She stopped at a red button on a hologram panel, pointing at the space for Max to stand in. Max paced where she indicated with a shy glance at it, darting his eyes at Silvia as he stood still. With a small wave and a smirk, Silvia pressed it before he could manage to speak out. With a depressed look, Max then found the usual alleyway flash before him in seconds. He stood in the same stance for a few minutes, kicking the ground gently in melancholy. He glared back at the tip of the alley, gawking at his broken hover-board in concern. With an even more miserable look, he picked up his beloved item and dashed his way to the edge of Suburbia, hoping to the highest that no Thief would catch sight of him.

\*\*\*

Daniel was in his apartment, where he had been staring at two bots fix his glass wall for the past hour. He had heard of the break-in at the new shop near the edge of Neonía, but he had no idea that it was Silvia who had committed it. He had no concern for it, however, because Silvia was still that pile of cash he wanted to catch in her natural habitat; her hideout. He gave a groan at himself once watching the two bots leave emotionlessly.

"Talk about un-enthusiasm." he muttered to himself, shaking his head.

As he paced down the corridor for his coffee, there was a rapid bleeping from his bedroom. Immediately, he dashed in and snatched his phone off the bed. "Yes, yes? Have you found Max?" he asked worriedly.

"Yes, sir. He is just after exiting Suburbia's border."

Rage and astonishment smashed into Daniel. "Suburbia? *Suburbia*? What? What is he doing there? Have you got any earlier recordings? Answer me!" he hissed viciously.

## Silvia Grey

"No. I'm sorry, sir. Nothing. We were more focused on the shop's break-in a while ago,"

"I don't care about the shop. Just use the recordings and track the Thieves down and lock them-"

"It was Silvia Grey, sir."

Daniel stopped his ranting immediately. He peered into the air, rage coursing through him like a violent river. His hatred of Silvia was over the top from before. But, he still had to be aware that she was a ticket to satisfy his immense greed. Counting slowly in his head, he finally spoke again.

"Just pick up Max from wherever he is and *bring him to me.*"

\*\*\*

Max was still pacing around the streets in misery, having not much clue on where he was going anymore. He knew Suburbia was behind him, but he wasn't sure if he was in Neonia or another part of Arcadia. As his eyes drooped from exhaustion, a honk was heard in the distance, making him wake back up in shock. An A.P.D car was hovering towards him, sending him into terror. It obviously had something to do with his probably fuming uncle. With no other options, Max ran over to it, clutching his broken board more tightly.

"Max, Daniel told us to bring you home. You shouldn't be in Suburbia, anyway." an officer said sternly, parking alongside of him.

"I know. Sorry. Got carried away." Max snapped sceptically, clambering into the backseat.

But, as the car hovered on, Max knew it had to be a logical excuse to give to his uncle unless he wanted it to be a night full of scolding and banning of his items.

## Chapter 7: The Diary

### Chapter Seven - The Diary

"I don't trust that Human, Silvia." Sean barked, pacing up and down the hideout like a deranged creature.

Silvia sighed, knowing much too well that Sean hated Humans. She remembered the first time she met him in 2035, where he came stumbling to her feet, announcing that a gang of heavily "anti-Thief" Humans had tormented him with an electric chair. But, Silvia knew that there was something different about Max. Something too different for a Human. He was trustworthy, and she had to make Sean see that.

"I trust him." Silvia announced sternly, crossing her legs on the hover-seat.

Sean spun around to her. "Why?" he spat in ire.

"Well, for one, he never told Daniel about the transmitter,"

"Maybe he didn't or maybe he *did*... but, this is huge, Silvia! Not even another *Thief* knows where our hideout is!" Sean hissed, his fist in the air.

Silvia rolled her eyes. "Sean, just calm down, ok? We are all escape artists, eh? We'll find a way out of it if we get caught, right? Yes, we will." she said casually, turning her attention to the TV.

There was a clang from the kitchen. "And what happens if there is too many of them? The sirens?" Barys asked irritably, who had just entered the living room from the kitchen.

Silvia bit her lip, not thinking of some huge ambush before. "Err- "

"See? And if Daniel finds us we are so dead. You're the one he wants. Not sure why to be exact but he sure as hell won't stop until you're place permanently on Trano." Barys warned, sitting down on the couch with a can of coke.

Silvia sighed and ignored them all with her nose in the air. But, at the same time, she was in deep thought about how the secret of their precious home was in the hands of a Human; the supposed enemy. But, was Max really someone to fear? Should she have just killed him and hid his body somewhere on the streets? She didn't know, but she turned her mind off from it as Sean nestled in beside her with a comforting smile.

\*\*\*

After being dropped off in front of the apartment building, Max had forced his way into the glass elevator and finally came to Daniel's door. He stopped outside of it, fear striking through him. His hand slowly grabbed the handle, sweat making a torrent down his body. Daniel was no picnic when he was mad. He entered through the door miserably and peered up at Daniel, who was standing in the corridor with his arms crossed and his face in a furious frown.

"Max," Daniel began sternly. "Why where you in Suburbia?" he asked more wrathfully, gawking into Max's slightly bloodshot eyes.

Max could think of no logical excuse to give. He simply shrugged and looked as though he was about to cry; he was extremely worn-out and starving. Daniel, thankfully, had picked up his sense and sighed, unfolding his

arms.

"I bought a Chinese for us. Come and have some of it. You look hungry, you know that?" he said gently.

Max smiled, the smell of it already forcing saliva from his lips. "Thanks, Daniel..." he muttered, passing him and entering the kitchen.

Daniel followed him, giving a quick glance at the broken hover-board. Sitting down, they started the meal, an awkward silence between the two. Max ate sloppily, his eyes straining to stay open. Daniel watched him, almost ignoring the food at points from his actions. Once they had finished, Daniel abruptly repeated his question again.

"So, why were you in Suburbia?"

Max gaped at him nervously and stayed silent for a while. After gathering up his courage, he finally spoke out lines from his head.

"I'm sorry... I left the apartment because I didn't want to stay here and do... do nothing. After the break-out, I just had to go everywhere around Arcadia I could. I broke my board on the way though. I dropped it by accident. Do you think I could get it fixed?" Max whimpered in despair, quivering slightly.

He expected Daniel to scold him, but he was quite wrong; Daniel had said that he would take it to the repairs, that he could watch TV for an hour if he wished and then to go and get some rest. Max, this time, obeyed him and went straight to the living room, slouched onto the couch and turned on the TV, straining to catch every word of the show while Daniel began to sort out files. However, the phone rang from beside him, catching his attention. He gave it a puzzled glare, slowly picking it up.

"Hello?" Daniel asked casually.

"Hello, Mr. Polo. How's our little deal holding up, hm?"

Daniel laughed slightly. "The money is getting higher on her head. She just broke into a shop recently. Little git-"

"I don't care about her crimes, Daniel. I want to know her details. I want you to get her in her hideout. Just a little challenge for you so I can raise your cash, eh? Anyway, I have a little bit more of a task for you,"

"Like?"

"Are you aware of C.A.D? I'm sure you are. Also known as the Power of the Night? Well, I know it was originally a lab mistake. But, my scientists here have discovered that it makes Thieves more powerful either wayâ but, it only works on Boss Thieves. Silvia's a Boss Thief, right? You already know what I intend to do with her. So, I'm sending you a very special gun. It's a fine-looking gun. Once you get her, shoot her with it. If you do it successfully, I'll add onto your fortune."

Daniel smiled deviously to himself. "I won't let you down, sir,"

"Good."

The line then cut off. Daniel sniggered, knowing that he was going to be filthy rich once Silvia was in his clutches. He peered down the corridor, happy thoughts fuelling him for his nephew to get a better life in

Arcadia once he was swallowed in cashâ€¦ as well as power.

\*\*\*

After about an hour of watching the TV, Max knew it was time to get some rest. His incredibly droopy eyes already suggested this. He paced into to his room sluggishly, almost collapsing from tiredness. It was quite a small room with a rubicund and cosy-looking single bed on the right beside the small window. There was a desk with a flat laptop, hologram panels and a hovering red chair. The light crimson walls were covered in pictures and posters of Max's favourite bands, cars and sports. Everything else seemed to be red, too, as well as a comfy gaming chair with a flat TV, games, DVDs and magazines littering the stand.

Max staggered over to his chair, grabbing a flat, hologram panel with a transparent lock on it. He peered at the door and behind him nervously, then turning to the lock once again. He whispered, *A.P.D* into it, making it fly open. It was seemingly a diary. It had a tap keyboard at the bottom of it and hologram lines filled it. Max had not written anything into it before, so it lay on his desk to gather dust. But, he now decided to keep his deepest secrets in it. He felt somewhat silly and childish, but he was also forgetful, too. This would be a key to his memory. Leisurely, he stared typing.

*First Entry. Daniel never told me what Silvia Grey looked like. She was quite the chick to me, tail and all. Daniel wanted me to get info off her for some whacky reason; that failed, thank God. But, I did manage to find out where her hideout was. It was all an accident, since I was attacked by some random woman.*

*Hideout - Silvia's hideout, or hole, as Daniel likes to call it. Narrow Alleyway, about near the middle of Suburbia, hard to see, shining silver motorbike down it, Tap wall four times, fall down hole and you are there. Pretty cool inside. Don't know how it's managed though. Probably something to do with the guy who has way too many coke cans in the fridge.*

*My Crush? - I really do love Silvia. I can't help it though. The law is that Humans and Thieves are not allowed to bond. I don't even think it's biologically possible, since Thieves cause the darkness in this world. But, I was always different somehow. Humans are said to be proud to be Humans... but, I'm not. I have only met her twice but I would love to join her and be a Thief. I must be the first Human ever.*

*There'll Be a Next Time - I'm going to visit Silvia again whether the A.P.D like it or not... after school I think. Need an excuse for Cindy, Mark and Henna though. Cindy hates Thieves and is totally aware of them. She'll ask where I'm going most definitely.*

*The Transmitter - Still haven't told Daniel about Silvia's transmitter. Never am and never will. That's small, but if it makes her like me more, I'll do it.*

After putting his school time-table into it, Max stopped typing. He locked the diary, put it beside the laptop and fell into his bed, full of exhaustion. He gaped up at the twinkling stars littering the sky above Arcadia. His mind drifted to Silvia; he wondered what she was doing right now. *Probably loving life*, he thought. Without another word to himself, he fell asleep, evading into his dreams that would have been against the law.

\*\*\*

After a good night's sleep of such deep dreams (which Max blushed at), Max had woken up for dreaded school. He knew he had to think of an excuse for his friends to see Silvia again, because he always hung around and went to the shops to scavenge some food with them. After waking fully, he helped himself to a bowl of cereal and was delighted to see that Daniel had gotten his board fixed, flame tattoos and all. Once he got himself washed (his least favourite part) he sat down on the sofa, making sure the right school holobooks

were there. And, after the careless rush, he scoped out his dinner money and ambled silently into Daniel's room. Daniel was lying face-down on the pillow with his arms spread out like some sloppy star. He was obviously exhausted.

"Daniel... Daniel?" Max whispered.

"What?" Daniel muffled back.

"I'm heading out now." Max said quietly.

"Are you washed?"

"Yes,"

"School Stuff?"

"Yes,"

"Dinner Money?"

"Yes,"

"Board?"

"Yes and thanks for that." Max mumbled.

Daniel flipped his hand, indicating him to leave. After exiting the apartment building, he zoomed off on his board for school, which was in the centre of the vibrant Edua.

\*\*\*

In the hideout, Sean had awoken earlier than the others, being especially careful not wake Sam (it was possibly the world's worst thing to do). Seeing no one else was up, he crept out to get some breakfast. It was tight, as two officers had settled themselves in his chosen restaurant for a break in Neonia. Sean however, being a "professional", had managed to swipe some eggs, toast and juice from a back room. When he returned from his crime, Silvia and Barsy had awoken from their sleep.

"Got some breakfast." Sean muttered and shaking the bag.

"Good... I need some food. Starving for some reason." Barsy yawned, gazing at the bag longingly.

"We'll just leave some for Sam. We are certainly not waking *him* up." Sean added on, peeping back at the bedroom.

They settled down with the breakfast, chatting silently and keeping the TV at a low volume. Silvia had put on the fix, which was basically the news. It was simply a broadcast of recent Thieves who had been caught, which always bore the heads off them.

"Think about the poor Thieves," Sean mumbled. "Out there sleeping in a dumpster or under one. Two Thieves were found sleeping in an alleyway by the sirens quite recently. They were arrested obviously. Stupid scars on our cheeks give everything away." he groaned.

## Silvia Grey

"You think that's bad?" Barsity scoffed. "One was found on Christmas in the snow! The A.P.D found her but she had broken a leg... she obviously didn't die, but they took her and gave her a little box of hell to stay in. All comfy-cosy in Daniel's little Cell Room." he then snapped, finishing his toast.

Silvia didn't talk at all. She didn't very much like the concept of her own species being picked on by Humans, so she silently nibbled on some bacon. The two boys, however, chatted away until Sam had come in complaining about hunger. The subject changed when he had sat down, as he started asking about Max and the way he "held Arcadia's biggest secret in his filthy hands."

"Don't worry Sam," Silvia muttered. "If he told it would be on the fix or Daniel would come barging in... I don't really know how he found the place, but he did. And, well, we are just going to have to go on... evading the sirens, stealing food and drink... you know, the usual." she sighed disappointingly in attempt of cheering them up.

Thankfully, the others silently agreed with her. It went silent for a while; the only sound being a Human's monotone voice on the fix. Sean then raised his head, pursing his lips.

"What day is it?" he asked suddenly.

Silvia glared at him. "Monday." she jeered.

"Max would be at School,"

"Yes... and?"

"Daniel will be at work soon,"

"And?"

"To pass the time we could... sneak into his apartment..."

Barsity burst into laughter, almost choking on his bacon. Silvia gave a frown at Sean, knowing he was nuts. She had never actually attempted to break into her form foe's habitat, mainly because she didn't want to try it. But, now that she had been there, she knew all sorts of luxuries in his apartment were just waiting to be stolen. But, yet again, it was pure crazy. Silvia was crazy, too, but she had angered Daniel enough.

"Pfff," she sputtered overconfidently. "You don't even know where it is!"

"Yes, that's true. But, you do." Sean whispered, peering deeply into her silver eyes with a broad smile curled on his lips.

"Maybe," Silvia sighed. "But, I already stole his watch... look. We don't need to steal anymore from it. Poor Daniel probably can't even tell the time anymore." she sniggered, handing over the expensive watch from her pocket.

"Ah... you're afraid of being caught aren't you?" Sean asked, his beam even broader and handing it back.

Silvia knew he was half-right, but what happened to his protectiveness? "Why do you even want to go into his apartment?" she asked, looking away in shame.

"To pass the time, for fun and, most importantly, to ANNOY him." Sam interjected.

## Silvia Grey

It was a few minutes until Silvia finally decided. She knew she had to take her mind off Trano and the thought of being sold for thousands, most likely. With hesitation, she agreed to do a robbing of Daniel's precious apartment. Sean and Sam giggled in delight, but Barsy was frowning.

"No, no, no," he announced in his formal tone. "We could get caught and the last time I was caught, I was put in the Interview Room first, then the office to do Daniel's dirty file work for him and then I was put into my stupid Cell. I escaped five days later though because of an interview. It was a newcomer dude, and he had not much clue on what he was doing. I think he was fired to be honest." he groaned.

"So? You still escaped. Now, let's go!" Sam exclaimed eagerly, pointing at the space.

Barsy shook his head furiously, crossing his arms. Silvia, for once, was agreeing with Barsy in her head. Sean turned to her, an exasperated look on his face. "Silvia, you can lead us there, right?" he said.

"Sean! We can't just go out into public like that! Scars on our faces, remember?" Barsy hissed as if her were their father.

"We'll take the alleyways on the motorbike. We didn't get caught when we robbed the shop, did we?" Sean snapped.

"We won't all fit on the one motorbike." Barsy sniggered, shaking his head once again.

"You're losing horribly, Smarties, there's the police one, too." Sean chortled, folding his arms triumphantly.

Barsy waved his hand, followed by groan, indicating that he had given up. Silvia found it quite amusing when he eventually admitted defeat, which was actually quite rare.

"Right, let's go then. Time to rob us some Daniel things." Sean announced cheerfully with a clap of his hands, getting up and heading for the space.

The rest of them followed on quick feet. After zooming up and into the alleyway, Barsy and Sam mounted the police motorbike while Sean and Silvia clambered onto the silver one. Barsy had already taken his place, until Sam had come sprinting over. "I call driving!" he shouted, pushing Barsy off it.

"No, I'm driving!" yelled Barsy, getting up and shoving Sam away.

"Let Sam drive, Barsy. You should know the Cord guidelines by know." Silvia mumbled as she clung on to Sean, who had already proclaimed himself the driver.

Reluctantly, Barsy let Sam drive, knowing there was quite an immense risk of crashing. They sped off through the alleys, Silvia still pondering on whether this was the right way to let go of stress; a feeling she hardly ever felt.

## Chapter 8: Red-Handed

### Chapter Eight - Red-Handed

After a drive of bumping, yelling and almost getting caught, the four managed to make it to the right apartment building that Silvia had so reluctantly pointed out. They took the back passage, where a strong smell of cigarette smoke and laundry was lingering through the air. House-keeping bots were rushing here and there with baskets laundry, so Silvia knew it was safe enough, considering the amount of times Barsy had explained how they were programmed. Instead of going in through the place, they took the fire exit and started climbing up the long flight of creaking, metal steps. The building was like a skyscraper, so they were scaling for a while, until Silvia finally managed to remember Daniel's window, which was near the very top.

"We'll have to use the drain-pipe." Silvia hissed, seeing there was not much of the stairs left to reach it successfully.

"I'll go first," Sean sighed. He clambered up the drain-pipe as quickly as he could go, soon leering in through the window. "Coast is clear."

Silvia simply grumbled, sticking her metallic claws into the pipe. She swiftly scaled up it, soon prying the window open as silently as she could.

"Typical and pathetic," Barsy's voice called. "He forgot to lock the window." he groaned from below, shaking his head disapprovingly and peering up at them.

After Barsy and Sam had managed to get in with silent squabbles, they found themselves in Daniel's bedroom. Thieves were not used to such luxury, so Sean, Barsy and Sam found it truly fascinating. Silvia had already been here, so she simply folded her arms and sighed at the sight of it.

"Wow! Look at the size of that TV! Can we take it?" asked Sam, gazing at it with emerald eyes of hope and wonder.

"No, Sam! It's way too big! We've got one already anyway!" Barsy hissed with a shake of his head, pacing over to investigate Daniel's desk.

"Hey, look!" Sean announced. "He has a 2000-Maxmine monitor! Barsy, you could make this thing let us know if the sirens are around, right?" he exclaimed, holding up a thin, grey square.

"Of-course I could. That's all that I'm taking from here. Nothing else much anyway." Barsy snapped, snatching the detector and putting it in his jean pocket.

"Right, Barsy got the monitor thingy. We only get one thing each and then we leave, please. I'm not going to Trano today." Silvia commanded sternly.

Sean peered out through the bedroom door, tilting his head down the corridor quickly. "Yeah... he's definitely gone." he muttered to them.

"Prove it. Go and see if the door is locked." Barsy ordered.

Reluctantly, Sean tip-toed down the corridor and tried to open the door; the small clanging from the knob indicated it was most certainly locked.

"Ok. We're safe to take what we want. Go ahead, guys!" called Sean down the corridor.

The others dawdled out and started searching. Barsy stood waiting at the foot of Daniel's bedroom door, his arms crossed and tapping an imaginary watch at Sam. Ignoring him, Sam had found Max's bedroom and decided to take his GameZone-320. Unfortunately, he had tipped the games over, making a loud bashing noise. With an expression of worry and a wince, he closed the door behind him and waited with Barsy.

Sean had found one of his favourite movies on DVD and took it, hurrying Silvia on so he could watch it. Silvia had noticed Max's diary lying on the desk in his room, not knowing that Max was the owner. She wondered who owned this room. Daniel didn't have a son that she recalled of. It must have been some sort of relative. She recalled Max saying that his dad was only friends with Daniel. Ignoring the room as best she could she, instead, took three cans of cokes and biscuits from the wondrous kitchen.

"Right, we're all set." Silvia sighed.

She ambled back to the window, planted her foot on the sill and was about to leap out until-

"Ssh! Listen!" Sam hissed.

They glanced around, straining to hear any source of a noise. Silvia couldn't hear anything, assuming Sam was probably off into another world. But, that's when she heard the awful noise drill her ears; A.P.D sirens. Sean span around to the noise, clutching his movie more tightly.

"SON OF A BITCH!" he screamed in rage.

The four then furiously turned towards the window, about to leap out. Behind them, however, there was a bash. Suddenly, the door had burst open with an awfully boisterous wham, revealing Daniel and several officers standing in, their guns held up. In panic, Sean and Silvia had leapt out of the window and landed perfectly on the platform far below them. Barsy and Sam followed them on hurried feet, while Daniel sprinted to the edge with the other officers, shooting furiously down to them.

"Run! Down the stairs!" yelled Sean.

"No time!" Silvia screeched back, grabbing Sean, Barsy and Sam's hand.

She was forced to drop the biscuits and coke, but her freedom was more important. The three then leapt off the platform and fell down the devastating height like a bunch of skydivers. Daniel had already taken a step forward; he leapt down to the platform, slightly hurting his leg from a bad landing.

Once the four landed on the concrete ground after a few minutes, they ran for their lives towards their motorbikes. Daniel repeatedly shot at them, his fury over the limit. The Thieves had clambered onto the motorbikes, driving away with heavy pants. As Daniel took the last fire, his gun locked up. He banged at it furiously, glaring at Sam, who had stuck out his tongue at him.

"I *WILL* FIND YOU AND YOUR LITTLE HIDEOUT!" Daniel screamed at him, as Sam showed him the finger.

After that, Daniel threw his gun to the ground in fury, smashing the handle. With a few pants, he made his way back into the apartment, from the front doors locking every window, door and anything that could be a possible way in.

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"Great! Just great! They saw us! Are you happy, Sean!?" Barys shrieked furiously when they got back to the hideout.

"Well... at least we weren't arrested, Cades." Sean muttered, shrugging.

Everyone went silent. Silvia put a hand on her shoulder, not believing that she was but a mere inch from being caught once again. Daniel would have also probably taken the three boys in as well, and tormented them in all ways possible. She, once again, needed to change the subject.

"Right, let's... just sit and watch some TV and forget all about it, right? He still can't find us, ok?" she suggested.

Silently, and thankfully, the others agreed with her.

\*\*\*

After a long day of boredom, Max was leaving school, two of his friends pacing beside him silently. Max knew he had to bring his excuse up soon, or he would never hear the end of it from Cindy.

"Guys," he started. "I can't come to the ice cream parlour today." he mumbled, as they trekked through the gates.

"Why not?" Cindy's bossy voice butted in. "We always go every Monday... why, do you have a little surprise for me and don't want to show it?" she asked in a baby-talk tone, winking her azure eyes while at it.

Max winced slightly. "Err, no, Cindy. I can't come because I have to pick something up at a shop for Daniel. He also wants me back for some training on joining the A.P.D, too. I'm seventeen after all. Just like all of you." he stated awkwardly.

"I can't wait till I'm eighteen. I really want to try alcohol. My dad is so strict about all that stuff. I see fifteen-year olds gulping down that stuff!" warned Max's next friend, who was a gothic boy by the name of Mark Thomas, his pale eyes glinting.

"That's off-topic, Mark." Cindy snapped.

Mark shrugged. "Well, if you're going to the shop, make sure you don't run into any Thieves on the way. You heard about them robbing that new shop near Neonia."

Max sighed, already being aware of the happening. Suddenly, a dark-skinned and very pretty girl ran up behind them, her short, curly black hair bouncing on her shoulders.

"Max! Max!" she panted, running beside them.

"Hey, Henna." Max greeted unenthusiastically.

"Hey, d-did you hear about what happened at your uncle's apartment?" Henna asked, as Cindy started doing her hair.

Max shot a glower at her. "N-No. What happened?" he whimpered, his face full of horror.

## Silvia Grey

Henna held her chest from her pants. "God, I hate running. Anyway, these four Thieves broke in! One of them was, ah, Silvia Grey!" she announced, looking away slightly.

Max froze on the spot, astonishment flashing through him. The three glared at him in confusion, as he suddenly came back to reality once he noticed their stares.

"Ok, I'll have to make sure Daniel's ok then, guys. I'll see you guys on Wednesday. Staff day tomorrow, remember?" Max said simply, walking backwards away from them.

"Ok! Tell your uncle I said hi! Bye, Max!" called Cindy cheerfully as the three ambled the opposite direction.

Max shook his head from embarrassment, leapt on his board and hovered away towards Suburbia. What would he ever do if Cindy found out what he was at? She'd probably never speak to him again, and that was unusual, because Max knew she couldn't keep her mouth clamped for a few seconds. Mark was difficult to figure out; he wasn't a huge fan of Thieves like every other Human in the galaxy, but he never exactly had shown his hate either. Henna was even more so problematic to figure out; she hardly ever talked about anything. The only reason Max had met her was because he was shy like her, too.

His mind changed the subject as he descended deeper into Neonia; Silvia Grey had broken into his apartment. Has she done it on purpose? Max didn't know, but he could ask when he saw her again. It took him a while to find the alley like before, most likely because questions were swirling in his mind and Thieves were watching him with stabbing eyes from higher buildings. Some had started to make his way towards him, forcing Max into panic. He followed his usual path around, scanning desperately for the alley before they could reach him. Soon, he thankfully accomplished his mission and immediately sprinted down the place (careful not to drop his board). He reached the dead end, noticing that both motorbikes were gone. *Oh, no! please let someone be here. Please let it be Silvia*, he thought in horror.

He tapped the wall four times with quivering hands and then plunged down, screaming on the way. Again, he landed flat on his stomach and grunted in pain.

"Need to work on the landings." he growled to himself, coughing. He rolled over, gawking up at the dark hole in exhaustion.

"M-Max!?" a voice sounded. "What... what are you doing here? How did you find the hideout again? I didn't expect you to... to remember where this place was."

Max then stood up at that moment, spinning around to see Silvia standing there. She had her arms folded, and her lips were pursed in irritation. Max gulped, tugging on his red hood.

"I'm sorry for barging in," he started. "But, I just had to see you again, Silvia." He murmured, rubbing specks of dirt off himself.

Silvia rolled her eyes. "Why?" she barked.

"Because, I like you-I mean-ah! I don't mean like, *like*. I mean, you know, just like... um, like friends? Um, this-this is complicated." Max let out awkwardly.

Silvia dropped her jaw, widening her glinting eyes. "Friends? Just hang on a minute, Human. You must abide by the Human and Thief laws. Well, Humans must anyway. Thieves don't care about laws. But, I don't see how this is even possible. Humans are bred to hate Thieves and a Thief's instinct is to just hate Humans. But, you... you're a Human and you're just completely ignoring them? You like me? As a friend?" she asked in

awe.

"Um, well, yeah. I was always weird. That's pretty much it, I guess." Max mumbled, rubbing the back of his head nervously.

"Hehe, I like your style, Human." Silvia snickered joyfully, biting her lip with a grin.

"Haha, really?" Max chuckled, blushing slightly.

"Yeah," Silvia sighed. "A Human that is breaking the law. First time in ever. Ever since the calamity, Humans hated us. But, liking us? Wanting to hang out? That's meant to be weird and impossible for a Human, but for me, being a Thief of-course, is great." she announced calmly.

Max nodded eagerly. "Yeah, I get. Hey, are those other three here?"

"No. They went to get some lunch. They should be back in about half an hour if they don't get caught. So, Max, why *are* you here? Really."

"I had to see you again. I think we can be friends. I really want to know you. This crap about Human and Thieves... it's a bit sudden but I think that Humans and Thieves should live in... in peace. I used to want to be a part of the police force because of-um... well, it's just that it used to be my dream job, but I want to be with you-AH! I mean be *like* you. Yes, *like* you." Max muttered, getting slightly closer to Silvia.

Silvia gawped at him in amazement. She had been on Earth for over one-hundred years and not once did she ever come across something like this. Max, the Human boy, was different like she had predicted. But, there was no way Max could possibly achieve what he wanted; there was no more toxic left to turn Humans into B.B.Ds. It had been disposed of right after the calamity.

"This is strange," Silvia mumbled. "A *Human* that wants to be a *Thief*. Wow. You know you can't do that though, Max. Barsity says that you would have to breathe the toxic and then you would become one. He knows more of that than me. And, anyway, you certainly can't go into a science lab and do it. It doesn't exist anymore." she sighed, putting her hand on his shoulder.

Max agreed disappointingly, giving a shrug. Silvia glared at him for a while, wondering what to do with him. She couldn't just kick him out like last time; she knew she had grown some liking for him. Maybe, and just maybe, she could show him what it was like to be a Thief.

"So, what do you wanna do?" Max asked her.

"Well, how about I show you how to break the law?" Silvia sniggered mischievously.

Max's eyes widened. "What?"

"Come on. Be the first Human. No one will know,"

"How'd you figure?"

Silvia gave a slow blink before she spun around and ambled to the kitchen. She scavenged about a bit, until finally she salvaged a red bandana from under the sink. She paced back out with a warm smile, handing it to Max. Max, who was quite astounded by it, knew he was to slip it on. Once had had, Silvia bit her lip, staring at him in a rather judging way.

## Silvia Grey

"One more thing," she announced, flicking his crimson hood on. "There you go. No one will know you're a Human if we *do* get seen."

Max watched as she also put a silver bandana on along with flicking her grey hood up. Her cheeks curled to show her smile before she went sauntering back into the kitchen. This time, she reappeared with four cans of graffiti in her hand.

"Bary's experiments. Don't tell him I was at these, haha. These are neofittis. Basically, light up graffiti sprayers with a bit of a twist." Silvia giggled, handing the red and bronze one to Max.

"What's the twist?" Max asked, shoving them in his pocket.

Silvia gave a twirl of her silver and blue one before answering. "You'll see. It's pretty awesome. We'll be the first Thieves-umâ | I mean, *I'll* be the first Thief to use them."

Max gave a smile before she led him to the space, where she tapped the button and was sucked up through the darkness. No sooner, the alley flashed before them in seconds. Max mounted his hover-board, Silvia quite taking a liking to its flame tattoos.

"How are you going to get to wherever we're going?" Max asked.

Silvia sniggered. "The rooftops, of-course. Keep up, Human."

Max gawked at her clamber up a drainpipe in the corner, only realising that she wasn't joking. He zoomed out of the alley as swiftly as he could, keeping his eye on Silvia as she raced along the top of the buildings. He wondered how she could possibly be so agile with a metal tail, but it probably was because it was lightweight if she could even have it. Dashing forward, Max followed the sound of her footsteps around alleys and roads, trying his best to not get attention from Humans that could have been nearby. The place seemed empty, thankfully.

"Max!" Silvia called down as she scaled a wall. "Hover-boards can go along walls! Something those makers didn't tell you, eh!? Just keep your force forward and you'll be defying gravity in no time!"

Max raised his eyebrows, quite fearful at the thought of it. If he fell off a building that was too high for Human tastes, he knew it be the end. After all, he had to remember he wasn't a Thief. But, with a heavy breath, he forced his weight forward on the board, building up his momentum rapidly. Silvia sniggered as she kept vaulting and leaping over buildings, waiting for him to catch up. Max, on the other hand, was flooded with bliss.

His board was sending him up a building like some gliding spider, forcing him to whoop in joy. As he reached the top, he did a quick spin before landing and raced over to Silvia, who was sprinting madly. Max slowed down to glide along with her, the both of them smiling relentlessly. Silvia, however, decided to shock him for fun.

"There's a jump ahead! Get ready!"

Max darted his eyes around, seeing a huge leap to a lower building. Silvia dashed on ahead, taking a massive jump. She kicked the air as she fell, finally doing a tumble and flicking up to a snobby posture. Max followed her on his board, trying to remain balanced in the air. *If Daniel knew what I was doingâ |* he thought as he fell. And, with a gentle thud, he met Silvia again on the lower building. But, before he could even get a word in, she sprinted on and dove through a dark falcate hole in the ground, disappearing. Max anxiously peered

down, wondering where she could have gone.

"It's ok, Max! Just stay on your board so you don't break your neck!"

And, with no more words spoken, Max found himself in an underground parking lot. It was desolate and chilly, a smell of tobacco wafting up their noses. Silvia glared around her, folding her arms with a smile. She turned to Max, pulling out her two neofittis.

"This is underneath Suburbia. It was a parking lot, until 2050 when we took over Suburbia. No more cars, no more Humans. No Thief actually bothered to come down here, except if they'd kidnapped some Human and-ah-I'll not go into details."

Max drew out his neofittis, as Silvia led him towards a dull wall. She shook her silver furiously, soon spraying the letters; *SG* in a typical-graffiti look. She gazed at it glow a gorgeous silver, where it soon started to release heaps of glitter into the air. It ran along the place like a smooth river of silver, Max dipping his hand in it as it swirled past.

"Try one. Write something on the wall." Silvia ordered, nodding her head to the wall.

Max nervously stepped forward, shaking his can slowly. Silvia noticed he seemed to be deep in thought. Couldn't he just have written his initials or something? Finally, Max started writing in his surprisingly neat handwriting. After a few seconds, the word; *freedom*, was glowing a vigorous red on the wall. But, instead of glitter coming out of it, holograms sprouted around the whole region, all reading the same word.

"Wow, Barys sure is good." Max mumbled, his eyes broadened.

Silvia nodded, knowing that much too well. "Right, let's go mad, shall we?" she then asked, sprinting off to another wall.

The two had pirouetted around like some hyper kids, spraying anything and everything they could see that was dull and lifeless. The once cynical area was now being swallowed by lights of neon bronze, red, silver and blue as well as being swamped with holograms, glitter and random messages they scribbled. Silvia knew that Max seemed to be having the time of his life, by the sounds of his random guffawing and singing. Silvia had to calm him down before the cans were empty.

"Haha, I don't care!" Max had announced.

Silvia simply beamed, feeling more and more closer to the Human boy. She felt that she didn't want to lose Max, but that was only what she could decipher in her maze of a mind. As the two began to get hyper again, they ended up twirling towards each-other like a bunch of ballet dancers, until they finally bashed into each-other. Silvia's face was right in Max's, his hands ending up being wrapped around her waist from the force. Silvia gaped at him in alarm, her silver eyes clashing with his emerald ones illicitly. At least, that's how Silvia saw it. But, she never followed rules anyway. It was against the law for a Human to be with a Thief, and it seemed to be the only rule Thieves abided by.

Slowly, she led Max away from her, blushing slightly. Max averted his eyes away, scratching the back of his neck and pacing to fetch his hover-board. Silvia gave a swish of her tail, sighing at the same time. She knew Max would have to go back at some point; the Humans would know he'd gone missing. And she certainly didn't want to get caught with him by the sirens.

## Silvia Grey

With no other words leaping from their mouth, Silvia led Max back to the hideout as quickly as she could, still pondering on how to ask him to leave. Any other time, she would have snapped or barked at him, but a sudden feeling of manners had washed over her. Max had done nothing wrong. Why had she been so bitter towards him in the past? But then again, she had only known the boy for a mere day or so.

Once Max had handed her back the bandana, she simply flung it to the far side of the room along with her own. She flicked her hood down, snatching his neofittis off him and trying to put them in the exact same position Barsy had left them. After giving her hands a rub, she ambled back out to Max, who was kicking at the ground pathetically.

"Um," Silvia began. "Have you ever slept in a hammock?"

Max shook his head. "No, never."

Silvia smiled broadly, taking his hand. "Come in and try it."

Max gave one of his usual shrugs, following after her. Silvia didn't know what had come across her, but there was a voice prodding at the back of her mind to not let Max leave her.

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Sean, Barsy and Sam had fumbled up when getting their meal. Sean had ended up screaming at the sight of a Human catch sight of them in a back room where the deliveries where, Barsy simply stood with a frown and Sam had decided to sing some hardstyle song far too loudly. Once they had escaped without any A.P.D catching sight of them, they clambered on their bikes and sped off to Suburbia.

"We were slower than we thought, haha!" Sam chanted happily as Barsy nearly fell off the bike.

"Well, if it weren't for Sean screaming and you singing, we'd have it eaten by now!" Barsy groaned irritably, hanging on for grim death.

Once they reached the dead end of the alley, they leapt off the bikes and tapped the wall, falling and landing perfectly on the ground like some prowling cats as usual. As they all stood up, Sam had started tapping Barsy repeatedly on the shoulder.

"What, what, what, Sam? What?" Barsy groaned, his chocolate eyes twitching.

"Um, where did that come from?" Sam asked, pointing at Max's hover-board.

"I don't know... Silvia probably stole it or something while we were gone." Barsy snapped, pacing away.

"No," Sean started. "That looks familiar to me. Wait a minuteâ hey, that's Max's! That Human boy that was here!" Sean gasped, going pale.

The three boys glared around them, but Silvia and Max were not in sight. Barsy had pointed towards the hammock room, whispering for them to check it. Slowly, they made their way into the tiny place, clamping their mouths at the sight. In the same hammock, Silvia and Max were sound asleep, Silvia's tail dangling lazy onto the ground.

"Should we wake them up?" Sam hissed in disgust.

## Silvia Grey

"No," Barsy barked quietly. "Let's leave them there for a while. They look happy enough. You know how Silvia hates Humans. She wouldn't do this if he wasn't trustworthy. There's something about him obviously,"

"Well for some reason, I *still* don't trust him, Cades! This, this *thing* right here, has *got* to be a hologram!" Sean hissed viciously, his teeth clenched.

"Aw... now the eggs and bread are going to go to waste. Damn it." Sam groaned in despair, gazing at the bag longingly that he was holding.

Suddenly, something started ringing from Max's pocket. Sam whammed into Barsy in shock as Sean sprinted out of the room, seizing Barsy's arm like some maniac and dragging him with him.

"Huh? Oh, no!" groaned Max, pulling out the phone and leaning up.

Silvia was awoken by his action, her eyes droopy. "What's wrong?" she yawned, stretching her claw-like nails.

"It's Daniel. He's probably wondering where I am." Max mumbled, holding the phone to his ear.

Silvia nodded slowly, quite disappointed that he was still staying with her enemy. Did Max ever see his parents at all? She felt quite sorry for Max, having to put up with a man like Daniel.

"Oh, you're still staying with Daniel?" she asked, rubbing at her tail.

Max nodded smoothly, going slightly pale as he answered the phone. "Hello?" he then said timidly.

"*Max!*" Daniel's voice blared viciously. "Where are you!? You certainly aren't at the ice cream parlour anyway! You better have a good excuse this time, young man!"

"Oh," Max said weakly. "I'm at Arcadia Park. Just decided to go for a walk, haha. The ice cream I had was pretty big, haha." he lied awkwardly.

"Oh... well, stay aware of Thieves, ok? I'll be home at twelve. That's in the middle in the night if you can't process that. There's food in the fridge and the key is with the receptionist. Do your homework! See you, Max. I'm just arresting this little-OW!-"

Daniel was the cut off, making Max groan. "Well, I'm safe for now." he mumbled.

Silvia giggled and clambered off the shaky hammock, quite thankful that he was to stay longer.

"Those neofittis were cool. Barsy should make things like that more often." Max sighed, giving a smile.

Silvia nodded, knowing Barsy had all kinds of contraptions hidden within the kitchen. Max followed her on quick feet to the main room, only screech in alarm when he saw Barsy running out from the kitchen with a glare of fury.

"YOU USED MY NEOFITTIS!? Silvia! They take months to finish!" he roared with his finger in the air.

Sam was attached to his leg, begging him for food with manic whimpers. Max glared at Sam, noticing him glance over at the TV. Max followed where he peered at, only putting him in fury. His console lay there and a bunch of his games were scattered around it.

"Hey! They're mine! I want it back!" Max barked angrily.

Sam nodded irritably, letting go of Bary's leg and slouching down on the couch. Sean had groaned loudly from the kitchen and stomped into the room, handing Max the movie he had stolen.

"Might as well have it back." Sean jeered, sneering.

"Thank you," Max snapped, pursing his lips. "I just heard today that you broke into Daniel's apartment a few hours ago. Some guts you all have."

"Yesâ so?" Bary said matter-of-factly. "We're B.B.Ds, or Thieves as you Humans call us. Expect the unexpected." he snapped, walking past him.

Silvia could only laugh at the four of them. "Max, they're not going to harm you when I'm here." she chuckled, smiling.

Sean gave a devilish glare. "Great! You have a boyfriend now, eh!" he yelled, his hands in the air.

Silvia had to hide her crimson cheeks. "N-No! He's just a friend, Sean. He promised to keep our secret, remember?" she said loudly, waving her hands in panic at him.

"Yeah, well, he better leave now. Or I'll be making him." Sean snapped, eyeing Max suspiciously.

Max smiled up at him, giving a shrug. Silvia didn't want Max to leave just yet, but she didn't want Sean to go down for his murder, either. She turned to Max, smiling weakly.

"Sean's right... you should go. You can see us again tomorrow, though. If you can, of-course." she mumbled, not being able to mask the tone of sorrow in her voice.

Max nodded and paced over to the space, grabbing his hover-board as slowly as he could managed. Silvia watched him in panic, ignoring Sean's scanning eyes. Before he could press the button, she had rushed over and hugged him tightly, thoughts swirling more savagely in her mind at the move.

"Thank you for not telling about the hideoutâ or the transmitter for that matter." she whispered in his ear.

Max smiled at her and then, when Silvia had finally let him go, pressed the button and zoomed off, finding himself in the alleyway once more.

Silvia put a hand to her shoulder, not very sure on what to do. She turned around, only to see Sean open-mouthed. His sharp eyes were squinted slightly, his lip being tortured by his nibbling teeth as he did so. Silvia knew she couldn't lose Sean; that was one of the biggest mistakes she could ever make in her eternal life. She simply sighed, making Sean fold his arms in fury. She dawdled over to him gradually, gawping into his deep, oceanic eyes with concern. It was never in her system to make Sean upset. She had never done it before and now, all of a sudden, when a Human had stepped into their lives, she had stabbed him right in the heart. She found herself hugging him tightly, her tail drooping.

"You're still my friend, aren't you, Stars?" she whimpered, as a single tear drew from her eye.

"I'm more than that, Silvia." Sean whispered, hugging her back.

Silvia Grey

Barsy glared at them sadly, taking a small sip of his can of coke. Sam turned to him, one of his eyebrows raised in confusion.

"You're still my friend as well, right, Cades?" he asked.

Barsy sniggered. "Maybe." he mumbled, slurping more of the coke.

"What do you mean? Barsy? Barsy? Cades? Cades? Smarties? Barsy? Barsy Cades? What do you mean?"

Barsy walked past him with a shake of his head, frowning at a gullible, yet still smiling, Sam.

## Chapter 9: Food, Flirting and Friendship

### Chapter Nine - Food, Flirting and Friendship

Max eventually got home past the stalking Thieves, stomping up the stairs in exhaustion and, to his shock, finding Cindy outside his apartment. She also looked quite tired, her blue eyes drooping. Max only realised he was holding his console, games and DVD, which was obviously going to look odd.

"Cindy? What... what are you doing here?" Max asked with a slight tremble.

"My dad is busy tonight. He's doing the weather and some other news reports. Working backstage, too, you know? Oh, and my mum. She's on a plane to England. You know, science stuff." Cindy replied lazily, giving a yawn.

By *science stuff*, Max knew that any scientist's job was to simply experiment horribly on Thieves. Animal testing had been kicked out decades and decades ago, so Thieves were to fill in the form. Max nodded slightly at her, wanting more information.

"My dad told me to stay with one of my friends, but Mark was away to his aunt's house in Richeon. That's on the far side of Arcadia, and I'm certainly not spending an hour to get there. Henna wasn't at home, for some strange reason. So, here was the only option." Cindy added, twiddling her thumbs. "What are you doing with all that stuff?"

"Oh, these things got a bit faulty so I took them to the repairs."

Cindy nodded, waving her hand in agreement.

"Um... ok. Well, if you're gonna stay, I'll just have to phone Daniel up and tell him." Max muttered in annoyance, quite disappointed at her having to stay.

He dialled Daniel, only noticing that Cindy was glaring at him in a rather flirty way. He was snapped out of her daze when Daniel finally spoke up.

"Daniel... is it ok if Cindy stays over? Her dad's busy and her mum is in England doing your favourite work,"

"That's fine, Max. Don't get up to anything with her or you're grounded." came Daniel's exhausted, yet still snappy, voice.

"I won't, my God. Bye." Max said shortly, hanging up.

He turned to Cindy, who was trying to flex her bust at him. Max went pale, rushing past her. "Um, well, come on in." he said nervously, opening the door as quickly as he could.

They entered Max's room, Max trying his best not to gape at Cindy attempting to show her figure. Ignoring her, he put aside his board and pulled out a small role of red from under his bed. Once he had positioned it, it bounced out into comfy-looking, soft, red sleeping bag, pillow and all.

"Well, we've still got time to waste. What do you want to do now?" asked Max, rubbing his hands.

"Maybe we could, hm, make out on that bed for a while?" Cindy asked, putting her arms around Max's neck.

Max felt a horrid lurch in his stomach. "How about homework? I've got lots of it, haha. Well... come on." he whimpered, gently shoving Cindy away and power-walking away into the living room.

**What felt like hours later for a traumatised** Max, he and Cindy had finally finished their homework and had settled down with the TV. Cindy had insisted of going to the cinema to see the latest movie she kept blabbering about, but Max had refused one too many times (he would rather go with a random Thief off the street at this point).

"Hey, Max, do you have a thermometer?" Cindy asked suddenly, while in the middle of typing on a panel she had brought with her.

"Why a thermometer?" asked Max.

"Because I forgot about my double maths! Damn it!" she snapped angrily.

"Thermometers are so old. Why, what did he give you?" asked Max, glancing at Cindy's panel.

"The arts of old mathematics! Boring, as usual! There's no point in that stuff! No one's going to use it anymore!" Cindy cried stridently, shaking her head.

"Well, I think there's one in my room under the TV set. Go have a look." Max muttered, flicking his hand to change the channel.

With a smile, Cindy got up and left the room. She paced back into Max's bedroom, scanning around for any sign of a thermometer. After thumping her head off the stand with a groan, she stood up growling at herself. Her eyes darted around for any sign of it on his desk, but something else had caught her eye; the diary. She took a quick glance behind her, her eyes glinting with curiosity.

"Whispering password. Damn." she muttered angrily to herself as she inspected it.

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Silvia had kept watching Sean carefully. He had kept leaving the hideout and coming back again in a matter of seconds. It was as if he had gone insane. He paced around nervously, peering at the ground with sweat drooling from his head. Silvia had finally had enough of him when she raised her voice.

"How about we all go out and watch a movie tonight?" she asked, picking at her nails.

"Hello!? Is Silvia Grey still Silvia Grey? Public is not an option!" Barsity's voice called from the kitchen.

"I know! But there is an outside cinema today I think. Behind the Metroplex!" Silvia called back.

"Oh, seems fair enough then, but where do we sit without being seen, eh?" Barsity asked, popping his head from the kitchen.

"At the back. Remember that little garden and the bush? We can sit behind it or in that tree. It's up a hill near Arcadia Park. The Humans won't see us." Silvia said simply.

"Oh yeah," Sean began, listening to his music on one of the hover chairs. "I remember that place! That's where Sam lost the goddamn car!" he blared furiously.

## Silvia Grey

"Don't bring that upâ!" groaned Sam, picking at some doughnuts in a huge box.

Silvia only realised how incredibly lazy her band of hooligans were, except for Barsy of course. She wanted to keep her infamous reputation up, but without being planted onto Trano for eternity while doing so.

"What time does the movie start at anyway?" asked Sean.

"*How To Be Human* starts at nine, I think. It's a comedy." Silvia muttered.

"Well, what do you want to do till then?" asked Sam, his mouth full of doughnut.

"Pizza? Me and Silvia will go and get some." Sean sighed, putting his arm around Silvia.

Silvia nodded reluctantly, soon finding herself back into the alley. She and Sean mounted the silver bike she had stolen, speeding off without another word. Sean suggested they take the usual place in Neonia, but Silvia didn't care much. She merely nodded with a sigh, thinking about how she said she wanted to leave. She still did. Trano and Arcadia were not options she wanted to stick with. She wanted to go to Solarous; a dream-world for every Thief in existence. Some had managed to steal "the special car" Barsy had spoken about and headed there with no hesitations. Because of the heightened skills, Thieves littered the entire Milky Way, which was like an outburst of mating rats for Humans.

And then there was Max to think about. She couldn't just leave him. He needed her. Or was it the other way around? She didn't know at the moment, because thinking about love was a lot of hard work. Soon, once Sean had parked the bike along an alley, the two clambered off in silence. They gaped longingly at the glowing pizza shop ahead of them.

"Right, Sean, monitors. Daniel has monitors. This needs to be quick, quiet and, above all, *stealthy*. I'm not in the mood for running." Silvia muttered.

"I know, I know," Sean groaned irritably, waving his arm. "There's quite a lot of a people in there today,"

"Take the back room. There'll be a hologram door and a dumpster." Silvia whispered, just about to step onto the street.

But, Sean had seized her arm and dragged her back in with him. "Watch out!" he hissed.

Silvia felt herself going flying back into the alley, only to glare up and see two officers across the street.

"Damn it. What are they doing here?" she groaned, peering at the two enforcers pacing towards the restaurant.

"Wellâ! this is certainly going to be hard." Sean sighed, putting his hands on his hips.

Silvia would not let her mind be occupied to by something else than this. "Right, I'll stay here and keep an eye on these two, you get over that road and into the back. There'll be a counter with a small fridge, ok?" she ordered.

Sean agreed silently, sprinted over the road and into the alleyway as discreetly as he could. He thumbed up before disappearing through the back door. Silvia simply nodded, watching the officers chat away. She wished Sean would hurry up because, by the looks of them, they would be going back for a break any minute. Her impatience got the better of her. Without thinking, she pulled out a transmitter and contacted Sean. He appeared on the triangle and, looking furious.

"What!?" he hissed.

"Hurry up, set your transmitter on the counter and I'll tell you if those sirens are near you." she whispered.

There was a slight click and a sighing Sean then disappeared from the triangle. The officers stayed where they were, but Sean was struggling. He had four pizzas in one hand and four drinks in the other, his greediness swamping him. Surely he would drop something and be caught red-handed? Panic struck him violently. He had only one option. He set down the drinks and ran rapidly across the road with the pizzas, trying his hardest not to even let out a breath.

"Are you ok?" asked Silvia, snatching them off him.

"Yes. I just need to get the drinks and my transmitter. Keep an eye out for me." he said glancing at the officers, who were still chatting mindlessly.

"Just be careful, Stars." whispered Silvia.

Sean nodded with a smirk and ran back across the road. He hurried into the back, slipped the transmitter in his jean pocket and clutched the drinks. Silvia leant against the wall, wondering what the enforcers could be possibly talking about. However, horror filled her when they stopped their chatting. They both gave a glance down the street and then at each-other before pacing down the path towards Sean. Sean had only stepped out of the door when Silvia indicated with her hands to go back into the room, her teeth nibbling her lip furiously. Sean, thankfully, managed to see this and backed off. The officers were getting to close too close to him for Silvia's tastes.

She watched them like a lurking cat preparing to bounce, hoping to the highest that they would wander by him. For her shock, they instead sauntered into the back, their pistols slowly hovering to their sides. *They must have heard him*, Silvia thought anxiously.

Scared out of her wits, she rapidly sprinted over and leaped onto an officers back, catching sight of a terrified Sean in the back room.

"It's Silvia! Contain her, and Daniel will put our wages up for sure!" the other enforcer squealed.

He drew out his gun with a smile, but Sean seized his neck and thrashed him into the wall with a brutal force, knocking him out. Silvia was thrown to the wall by final officer, who cursing and mocking her viciously, only to then be knocked out by a punch of Sean's tightly clenched fist.

"Let's get out of here." he hissed.

With their pizza, drinks and transmitter, they zoomed off on the silver motorbike and to the hideout, hearing the sirens blare furiously in the distance.

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Max and Cindy had had enough of the TV and, eventually Cindy had convinced Max to see a movie, considering there was not much else on their hands to do.

"There's an outside one, you know." Max murmured as they counted their money.

"No... I would rather have an inside one. Don't want to risk any filthy Thieves coming in and spoiling the entire film." Cindy said worriedly, biting her lip.

"Um, ok then." Max breathed, counting dollars on the kitchen table.

Cindy gawked at Max counting in intolerance. Max could see her from the corner of his eye, horror filling him that she had started twirling her hair again, as well as loosening her yellow jacket.

"Max, do you like me?" she asked quickly.

Max looked at her, confused. "As a friend of-course." he replied quietly, peering at the money again. Cindy gave a grunt and shuffled in her seat.

Max knew she was aggravated about him not giving the wanted attention, but what was new for her? Cindy was the popular one at school and was bathed in attention and money growing up. But, to break the silence, he decided to dig into her thoughts.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked carelessly, giving a quick look.

"No, no. Not at all, Max." Cindy said, forcing a smile.

"Right, that's good thenâ anything you wanna talk about?"

"Hmâ do you ever think that B.B.Ds will one day be successfully eradicated?"

Max opened his mouth, a little startled at the question. "Umâ no,"

"Why?"

"Because there's loads of them. And they'll keep growing. Who knows? Thieves might one day dominate the planet?"

Cindy banged her fist off the table. "How could you say that so casually!?" she hissed.

Max shrugged, slipping the dollars in his pocket. He wished Daniel was here to break the awkwardness. But, that might have been bad, too, because Daniel was rather fond of Cindy considering her loathing of Thieves and dream to be an A.P.D officer. Max kept his mouth shut, not noticing Cindy slide his hand onto his leg. Max looked down on her dainty hand for a few seconds, until she started to go further up his thigh. Max smacked her hand away, his mouth open.

"What are you doing!?" he snapped.

Cindy chuckled, winking. "Making moments."

Max gaped at her as she kept giggling, twirling her hair around. He didn't ever have much of a thing for Cindy. Maybe he would have, if she ever decided to keep her hands to herself and shut-up about Thieves.

## Chapter 10: Secret Revealed

### Chapter Ten - Secret Revealed

Silvia and Sean had managed to get back, they had talked about what happened while eating for at least half an hour. Barsy was expectantly furious, Sam was worried, Sean was still in shock and Silvia was all three.

"I wonder what they were doing there... They should be up near the centre of Arcadia with a car. They can't just walk around without a vehicle." Sam said, glaring at a petrified Sean.

He simply wouldn't share his thought, and Barsy had simply kept repeating, "I told you so," in his cocky tone. Silvia shrugged him off and curled up beside Sean on the hover seat, leaning her head on his shoulder with her arms around him. Soon enough, the two fell asleep, Barsy and Sam still chatting worriedly to each-other, which soon turned into an argument about the movie. Silvia could only hear them faintly, but an hour passed when she and Sean had woke up properly. Silvia opened her eyes lazily, rubbing Sean's hand. She gave a glare around, but it was too quiet. Barsy and Sam were not even in the room.

"Where's Barsy and Sam?" Silvia yawned, stretching her arms.

"Probably away stealing something or Sam could have just been pissed off about Barsy... or somehow it could have been the other way round." Sean drowsed after, kissing her cheek.

Silvia awkwardly sat there as he did, letting it fall silent for a while. After some minutes of discreetness, Sean spoke about a topic that Silvia simply shivered at.

"We definitely can't let Daniel find you now." he had muttered.

Silvia nodded, the thought of entering Trano making her feel small and weak. She never wanted to end up there, but the way she was acting was just getting her steps and steps closer. Soon, Barsy and Sam arrived, a bag of steaming food with them. After they had ate and watched some television, they started discussing the cinema soon after.

"I say we distract the guy at the bar and then take what we can." suggested Sean.

Sam nodded but Barsy, obviously, disagreed. "We are only after a Chinese! We don't need any more food!" he yelled angrily.

"Food is life." Sam chanted, punching the air.

"Barsy, are you a Thief or not?" asked Sean irritably.

"Of-course I am! If I were a Human, I wouldn't even be here, Stars." Barsy groaned.

"THEN ACT LIKE ONE!" screeched Sean.

"I can't help it if my personality stayed the same." Barsy muttered.

There was a small silence. Silvia glared at Barsy, thinking that she knew everything about him. How could his personality not have been changed during experimentation? Every Thief knew that they were completely different as a Human, but didn't know how they were different. Barsy, strangely, had remembered something.

## Silvia Grey

"What? Your personality stayed the same?" Silvia gasped in shock.

"Yes. I'm not sure why, but I remember that when I woke up, they muttered things like 'half toxic and stuff. Gussed I was one last to turn, eh? I'm not half Human, though or anything. I am full Thief. It's just that I have the same personality. That's all.'" Barsy muttered inadequately.

"Disappointingly." muttered Sean so Barsy couldn't hear.

"Right... well let's head over now. We can get the stuff while it's still fresh." Sam said irritably.

With a press of the button, they were again in the alleyway with Barsy complaining about everything. They clambered on their bikes, zooming out of Suburbia and to the outskirts of Neonia. Soon, once outside the massive Metroplex, Barsy had managed to distract the barman (by throwing a coin across the room) and then swiped a large box of popcorn. The garden they had spoken of was quite high above where the cars would hover, in- fact; it was on a small hill. They silently made their path over a metal fence and onto the grass, creeping up it. There was a large bush and a single tree, which held a security camera. Silvia easily took care of it swiping it with her tail, where Sean caught it and flung it away. Once nodding at each-other, Silvia made herself comfortable in the tree with Barsy, and Sean and Sam sat close to the bush.

More and more Cars had hovered in with couples and families. Silvia had once wondered what it would be like to have a brother or sister, or someone to even love. But, Sean and the boys had fulfilled that for her. Sean was like a brother to her, except her wanted a lot more than to hug Silvia. Barsy was like the know-at-all part of her family and Sam was like an irritating little brother due to his childish personality. This brought her to the topic of being a Human. But Thieves' memories of being a Human were wiped in experimentation.

"You ok?" Barsy asked, rubbing her shoulder.

Silvia hadn't realised her gaze disappeared into mid-air. "Um, fine. Thanks, Barsy."

Barsy smiled, kissing her hand as he offered popcorn. Once taking some, they watched the film intently, Silvia being completely unaware that Max was inside the Metroplex.

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Cindy had rushed Max out once the film was over, not wanting to be stuck in the massive crowds. When they did get home, they spent half an hour at the TV. Max wondered how Cindy could keep her attention on films so much. Soon enough (after flicking through every channel aimlessly), the two grew tired and ambled to the bedroom, where Max knew Cindy wanted more than sleep. As she settled down on the sleeping bag, Max took a quick text down in his diary, hoping Cindy wouldn't notice.

*Haha! - Met Silvia. Used some of those neofittis things and it was so awesome. Can't wait to see her again. I think I'm getting somewhere with her at this point.*

Suddenly the door knocked, making Max rush immediately to answer it. Cindy had turned around too, but noticed the diary lying wide open.

"Surely Max wouldn't mind if I had a look." she muttered to herself and she started reading.

She noticed the first page, her eyes squinting. Surely it wasn't what it really said. Soon, she was almost crying with fury. She noticed another secret; the location of Silvia's hideout. She read it over repeatedly, almost smashing it in fury. *How could Max keep something like this!?* she screamed in her head. As she heard Max

pacing back, she immediately sneaked away from the diary and slumped down onto the gaming chair. She watched as Daniel trudged past with black shadows under his eyes. He was almost like a zombie. Max was following him on quick feet, his hands together. They had walked into the kitchen and started talking, Cindy listening eagerly.

"What happened?" asked Max in horror.

"There was a major break out in the Cell Roomâ thirty Thieves managed to get outâ damn, I'm just so exhaustedâ!" Daniel said in a hoarse voice.

"How'd they escape?" asked Max curiously, yet quite happy about it.

"No one knows. Some people say a Thief sneaked in and freed them. Impossible if you ask me. I was told to go home and get rest by the... the president and... well... he put my second-in-command in charge." he replied, while rubbing his forehead.

"You were fired!? And the president came over!?" gasped Max in shock.

"Of-course the President came over... Thieves are a very dangerous matter, Max! It was a like a conspiracy! And no, no! Of-course I wasn't fired! I just needed some rest that's all. Tomorrow I'll be on from twelve A.M to three in the morning, so I need sleep. You hit bed too, Max. Oh and how was the cinema?" he asked quickly.

"Oh it was great. Pretty good movie." Max replied, wanting to leave.

Daniel nodded as he stood up, watching him walk over to the door.

"Are you sure you're ok?" Max added as he reached the door.

"Yes, yes. Now, go on Max, you and Cindy need sleep and so do I." Daniel jeered, giving Max a hug and then strolling away into his bedroom.

With a sigh, Max walked into his own bedroom, seeing that Cindy was asleep. But, he noticed that she was shaking. Maybes she was just cold? Max ignored her, desperate for some sleep instead of a conversation. He closed his diary over, setting it on the window sill and gazing out to the stars, hoping to the highest that Silvia may come to *him* someday.

## Chapter 11: Starlight Glasshouse

### Chapter Eleven - Starlight Glasshouse

"News update. A bounty hunter has approached the A.P.D, demanding to Chief Daniel Polo about the price he wants for the live capture of notorious Thief, Silvia Grey. Mr. Polo has offered half a million dollars for Grey alive and a bonus of five-hundred if he can find details of her disreputably hidden hideout. The bounty hunter, who has come from planet Technox, has accepted the job and is now on the hunt for infamous Silvia Grey around every inch of Arcadia. Will our streets ever be safe from the B.B.D terror? Stay tuned for more and rememberâ !! *Sparks* told you first."

The three boys had glared at Silvia once they turned news off from the TV. Silvia simply sighed, fidgeting at her sharp nails. She wasn't surprised that a bounty hunter had finally come to try and track her down. She had actually been waiting for it, as it only gave her another chance to murder someone. Lawrence Sparks, famous Arcadian news and weatherman, had mentioned that the hunter had come from Technox; a planet Silvia had never heard of. Bary had already started explaining.

"Technox is a deadly planet with very few Thieves on it. The Humans there are highly trained in weaponry and combat, as well as use of technology. There's only a few-thousand Thieves on it from what I hearâ ! but that's not the point, Silvia. Daniel wants you for money and he wants the details, too. Obviously some kind of deal he's got going on Trano. Probably with Conrad Glaxesâ ! ewâ ! what a horrible man. Thinking about him gives me the creeps."

Silvia had certainly heard of Conrad Glaxes, but all she knew was that he owned Trano. Many Thieves complained about him day in and day out, but she had no idea what he could be possibly looking for in her.

"What's so bad about Conrad?" she asked Bary.

"He runs Trano and owns it. There's a clue. I've just heard that he tortures Thieves until they request to die, and he does all these wacky experiments on them to try and come up with schemes to wipe us all out. Some people say he's trying to take over the galaxy. That includes Humans. Not really right up here." Bary said, prodding his head.

Silvia winced slightly, quite disturbed that she now had to worry about Max's romance, Daniel's mysterious deal and a determined bounty hunter from Technox. Again, she needed to take her mind off it and get back to B.B.D business.

"What do you guys wanna do now?" she asked.

"Let's get drunk." Sam said with a dumb smile.

Bary rolled his eyes. "No. I refuse,"

"I agree with Bary for once." Silvia sighed, snickering at the puzzled look on Bary's face.

They all then went back to normal. Sam watched some violent film on the TV, Sean had lay down on the couch with some music and Bary was tinkering in the kitchen. Silvia simply sat, giving her tail a frantic swish as she pondered on how to be random. For some reason, she wanted to annoy someone. Daniel was a good option, but Bary seemed to be the closet. She got up on her feet, ambling into Bary with an acquitted stare.

Silvia Grey

"What ya doin'?" she chanted happily.

Barsy gave her a stare of suspicion. "You know what I'm doing, Grey,"

"Yeah, but what contraption are you working on this time?"

"A coke that will turn Thieves hyperactive and even speedier, but make Humans dizzy and disorientated. It works because of how different our biology is."

Silvia nodded slowly, her mind shifting to her tail. "By any chance do you think you could upgrade my tail, Cades?"

A wide smile then sprawled on Barsy's face as he turned around. "Sounds like a challenge. What exactly do you want done to it?"

Silvia thought for a while. She knew Barsy could invent almost anything from everything. The bounty hunter was bad news, and she knew she needed a good elevation to surpass the events that may come.

"Could you make it poisonous?"

"Well, I could certainly go out and steal some chemicals from some shop in Neonia. Then blend them together so your tail can act like a scorpion's venom. However, since your tail is connected to your tailbone as well as parts of your spine, I'll have to inject it into your neck,"

"I've been through worse. Ok, there's something for you to do,"

"Aha. And what about me?"

Silvia frowned at him. "You don't need anything from me."

Barsy smiled mischievously. "No, I don't need it. But I certainly do want it right now. I've been a bit lonely."

Silvia raised an eyebrow at him, only to feel him thrust her into his chest and plant his lips onto her own. Silvia didn't take it as a surprise, however. Barsy was quite known for being the catch around Suburbia, but he never really acknowledged it. Once he was done, Silvia simply gaped up at him emotionlessly.

"Don't tell Stars." Barsy mumbled, peering around the door to make sure he hadn't heard.

"Hey, Silviaaaa!" Sam's cheery voice signalled. "Can I have a kiss!?"

Barsy had face palmed as Silvia frowned even more. Sean couldn't hear any of it, considering his blasting music and closed eyes. Silvia had ambled out to Sam, where had put on the most innocent smile he could.

"I'll tell Stars you kissed Cades if you don't kiss me." he giggled.

Silvia simply just clutched his cheeks and snogged him, letting go as quickly as she could. *At least my mind is more of regret than fear now*, she mumbled in her thoughts. Sam sighed blissfully, slopping back onto the chair with a broad grin. Barsy had entered the room, a leather backpack on his back.

"I'm going to do some shoplifting in Neonia for your tail, Silvia. Wanna come?" he asked.

Silvia shook her head, a very different idea coming to her mind. "No thanks. Be safe, Cades."

Barsy simply shrugged, pacing over to the space and thumping the button to disappear. There was no motorbike starting, so he was obviously going to free-run his way there. Silvia now knew what she wanted to do. She turned to glare at Sean, who had now fallen into a deep sleep. Sam gaped up at her, tugging her on her arm like a child.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Sam, promise me you won't tell Sean that I'm going to see Max."

Sam widened his eyes. "What? Silvia, why?"

"Because that Human boy needs me. And like you say, he has our secret in his hands, eh?"

Sam nodded, reluctantly agreeing. He made his promise as Silvia wandered away to the space, pressing the button and disappearing. The alley flashed in front of her and the heat was beaming on her already. It got surprisingly warm and dry all of a sudden. Once figuring that taking a bike to a school would look silly, she decided to clamber up the pipe and run her way to Edua. She had only ever been twice, considering that Barsy wanted to get some cheap lab equipment from the schools. But, Edua was more of an open and hard-to-hide in area, regarding that it was where all the schools and universities were seated. It was also very clean and eco-friendly, so Silvia didn't like it too much.

She sprinted across the buildings, quickly making her way out of Suburbia. Neonia was next to pass, which would certainly take a while. Some travel tubes went right past buildings, so she had to avoid being seen by the mindless Humans that would hover on by in their fancy cars. The noises of the place bustled into her ears as she kept traversing and scaling. The thousands of hover engines all mashing together was the typical traffic in Arcadia, and the immense chatting from the streets didn't have many conversations that would interest her. The smells of hot dog stands or coffee shops would make anyone drool, however. Far in the distance, she could see the green space of Edua, where most buildings were strangely white or glassy.

Half an hour passed, and soon Silvia had leapt off the last building of Neonia and into the province of Edua. She landed on the lush grass, creeping behind a bush to stay hidden. There was a large school in front of her, but was it Max's? She didn't have much of a clue, but the time for the student's to leave was drawing near. She waited patiently for the digital bell to sound off, and when it did, the whole place burst into life. The pupils had sprinted out with bags of money, all chanting about going to cafes and sweet shops in Neonia. Silvia kept her eye out for Max, but it was quite hard. She saw a girl in mostly yellow stomp down the steps, and she was seemingly very angry about something. Once she disappeared, three other pupils paced a few metres behind her. One was Max himself, wearing his usual red. Mark and Henna were there, too, but Silvia didn't know who they were.

"What's Cindy angry about?" she heard Henna say.

"I actually have no clue. When she woke up this morning, she didn't speak to me at all. She didn't eat or anything. She just packed up and left. Daniel was asking the same thing."

*He's still staying with Daniel?* Silvia thought irritably.

"Haha, very unlike Cindy to not talk to *you*." Mark chortled, folding his arms.

"I know." Max said simply, shrugging.

Silvia Grey

"Well, me and Mark are gonna hit Caf  Neon in Neonia. Wanna come?"

"Yeah, sure."

Silvia clenched her teeth, knowing she had to Max's attention somehow. She glared around, searching for anything that would work. She snatched a pebble from the ground, aiming it carefully at Max's head. And with a powerful fling, she managed to hit him. Max grunted slightly, turning around to catch sight of Silvia beckoning him over. Max smiled broadly, putting one finger up to tell her to wait.

"Uh, guys," Max said to Mark and Henna. "I forgot. I have to phone Daniel about something. Go on without out and I'll meet you there. Save a seat."

Mark and Henna nodded, only to shrug at each-other and then pace off to Neonia. Max sauntered over to the bush, hoping no one was watching him. Silvia stood up past the tree, smirking at him.

"Nice to see you, Human." she giggled.

"Hey, what are you doing in Edua? This is risky business, Silvia!" Max hissed.

"I just wanted to check in on how you were doing." Silvia mumbled shrugging.

"Well, I'm happy to see you. But, well, one of my friends have been acting funny ever since last night and I'm kinda confused,"

"Ah, is that the blonde girl your two friends called Cindy?"

Max nodded, scratching the back of his neck. "Yeah, even Daniel noticed it,"

"When are you gonna move away from Daniel? It's a risk for me to ever come see you,"

"My dad is getting busier than, ah, what I want. Daniel just keeps offering me to stay. Don't worry, I don't choose to stay with him. It's kind of awkward."

Silvia nodded, understanding partially. "So, do you wanna do anything now?"

"Can't. I promised Mark and Henna I'd meet them. But, you've got a transmitter, right? Give me your code and I'll contact you through it later."

Silvia simply nodded without much choice. "01999."

Once Max had scribbled it down onto his phone, he told Silvia to hide around Neonia until he called. Silvia nodded, watching him jog off. She then sighed, slopping down onto the grass from boredom. She knew she had to keep Max safe. He was different; a Human that liked Thieves. She also was quite fond of him in a ways she couldn't understand, one which Sean would never accept. With another breath, she stood up and strolled towards a drainpipe. Once clambering up it and leaping over a few buildings, she found a nice space to relax on, high above the streets and not near many travel tubes. She lay down on her back, letting the sun embrace her with its kindling warmth until Max would decide to phone her.

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"Mark! Henna! Wait for me!" Max called, just appearing around the corner to the vibrant Caf  Neon.

Mark and Henna had spun around, waiting impatiently for Max to enter with them. When he did, they chose a few hover seats close to the window, deciding what to get. Henna simply scoped through the menu, making Mark roll his pale eyes.

"Henna, we're only getting a snack."

Henna shifted her eyes around to him. "You know I don't eat the school's food. It's disgusting so I'm pretty hungry right now." she mumbled.

Max knew Henna was somewhat right about the food. It was rather processed and the canteen was much too small for his tastes. When Henna finally decided on a burger, the three headed up to pay the bored-looking shopkeeper. As Max took his change, Henna had clutched his shoulder and quavered him rapidly.

"Max! Max! Look who it is!" she hissed.

Max glared over to who she was looking at, but he did not recognise the man sipping on some coffee in the far corner.

"Who is it?" Max asked, as Henna dragged him back over to their table.

"That's Lancer Aztrox!" Henna whispered once Mark had sat down with an ice cream.

"My God, Max, of all people I would have guessed you knew who Lancer Aztrox was." Mark sighed.

"What? Why? Who is he?" Max asked.

"He's a horrible man." Henna barked, until Mark butted in.

"Henna, he kills Thieves for money. So what? That's good."

Henna kept her mouth shut, nibbling at her burger slowly.

"Wait," Max said. "Is that the bounty hunter my uncle was dealing with? The one from Technox?"

Mark and Henna nodded at the same time. Max bit his lip, peering back over at the man, who seemed to be in his thirties or so. He was quite serious-looking and rather tall. He had dual blaster calibres strapped to his waist, and he wore some black jacket and shirt with metal boots that seemingly attached to his trousers as they went up. His grey eyes were sharp and his brown hair was gelled neatly, but he was much more focused on the hologram newspaper he was reading.

"Soâ he's out for Silvia then?" Max mumbled, turning back to Henna and Mark.

"You bet he is. And he won't stop." Mark said, his ice cream already near done. "My dad's a soldier and fights in those wars across the galaxy against Thieves. He supports the likes of him."

Max gulped, knowing Mark was being brought up to destroy Thieves like he was. Except Mark would be travelling around and murdering them, and Max would stay in Arcadia to wipe out the ones here. Henna was quite sceptical about it all. She never spoke much of her ideal careers or her parents, but Max knew they were both doctors working in Medicana, which was the smallest part of Arcadia.

"What would you like to do when you grow up, Henna?" Max asked her.

"Umâ ! I haven't really thought about it. Maybe an artist or something? I dunno." she grumbled, picking bits of the bap off the burger.

Max nodded slowly, announcing he was ready to go. Once Mark and Henna had finished, they ambled away from the cafÃ© and to the board park, where their hover-boards were stashed. Mark pulled out his black one with skull tattoos littering it, while Henna appeared from the corner with a baby blue one spattered in bubbles. Max announced he was going back to Daniel, so Henna and Mark simply scooted off the other direction. Once hovering on his board, Max pulled out his phone and entered the code, hoping to the dearest that Silvia would pick up.

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Silvia awoke from her heated nap, instantly pulling out her transmitter and tapping the centre of it. An audio of Max's voice appeared instead of his torso, so she simply had to listen to what he was saying.

"Right, we can meet somewhere now." Max said.

Silvia thought for a while. She had not considered it all the way through, and she simply had to hide from the public. But, a place soon came to her mind as she stared across the way to Neonia.

"Do you know where Starlight Glasshouse is?"

"Yeahâ ! you wanna go there? But, Silviaâ ! your metallic scars. You can't just waltz on in there. It's a huge attraction among Humans. I don't even think I'm old enough to go."

Silvia smiled to herself. "Just meet me at the side alley."

Once Max had cut off, Silvia sighed to herself. She had been to Starlight Glasshouse once, but she loved every bit of it. Sean had taken her there on some kind of date (he wouldn't admit it) and the top of the place where he had shown her was truly captivating. Quickly, she made her way down buildings and pipes, only to leap her way across to the far side of Neonia. Soon, as the sun started to set, Silvia had managed to set her eyes on the majestic building, which was half made of shining glass. It took yet another while to reach the place, but once she had leaped off a building and straight the bottom of an alley, she caught sight of Max waiting across the street. Like a darting mouse, she made her way over and into a more shaded part.

"Nice to see you." Max said, parking his board at the wall.

"You, too, Maxy." Silvia sniggered.

"So what is it you wanna show me?"

Silvia pointed to the top of the building. "Can you climb?"

Max's face wiped to a pale colour. "Errâ ! I'm afraid of heights to be honest."

"Aw, that's cute." Silvia giggled, leading him up a stairwell at the side.

They kept clambering for a while, entirely in silence as it grew darker. The neon lights were beginning to come out of hiding, and some of the clubs had already started booming their music. Sirens went off into the distance, but it was no longer much of a surprise. It took a while to get Max to climb a drainpipe, announcing he would have to vomit his fears out later. Silvia let him go first in case he fell, carelessly alleging that she'd

catch him. More steps were to be climbed up the huge building, and it was rather risky since the glass would easily reveal them to the Humans inside. Silvia scanned around for a vent high up in the wall. When she caught sight of the gleaming metal it harboured, she beckoned Max to head for that direction. It was awkward, since Silvia had to shuffle past him and then open the vent with her incredibly strong nails. She simply flung the entrance away, hearing the faint clang on the ground soon after.

Max clambered in first, silently going through the one-way system and waiting for Silvia to catch up. Soon enough, another entrance came into view and with a clang and a curse under her breath, Silvia had led Max into the most phenomenal room she had ever been in. It was dark; the only lights were the ones the stars beamed through. The whole place was shaped like a circle, and comfy, red seats aligned the whole outside of it. There was a large and bubbling Jacuzzi in the centre, the water in it glowing neon blue. A whole table packed of fresh food was near the automatic door and the ceiling was a glass orb, showing the majestic Arcadian sky.

"Wow!" Max gasped, his jaw dropped.

Silvia had locked the door, hoping no Humans would show up just yet to spoil the fun. Max had immediately dashed over to the table, indulging himself to all the foods his hands could maintain. Silvia wasn't up for food, so she simply sat herself on the outlining couches, crossing her legs.

"How'd you know about this place?" Max asked as he turned to her.

"Well, Sean took me here in mid-2050. You know, right after the Thieves took over Suburbia? But, then again, you weren't alive by that time,"

"Yeah, I know, but we studied it at school,"

"Oh, well, that's it really. He took me here for a celebration. This place just doesn't change."

Max nodded slowly, taking some cupcakes off the table and pacing over to her. He offered them, but Silvia just waved her hand, shaking her head. With a shrug, Max sat beside her, his eyes twinkling with the stars. Silvia bit her lip, wondering what to talk about. But, her mind was shrouded with Daniel and his ticking bomb to just find her off-guard. When would Max finally move away from him? And what was Max to do if he liked Thieves? She turned her head to him, sighing.

"Max," she said firmly, waiting for him to look at her. "You realise the galaxy won't accept a Human who likes Thieves. They'll think there's something wrong with you. They might make you one of us."

Max smiled. "That's what I want-"

"No," Silvia barked, a little angrily. "I mean! they'll treat you like us. You'll be called scum and you'll be in cage no matter where you go. The galaxy will hate you. There's only one safe place for Thieves, and that's Solarous,"

"Well, let's go to Solarous. Together,"

"I can't. The car that gets you there is beyond reach,"

"Daniel has one! I think."

Silvia gaped at him disbelievingly. "I expected so. But, would you really wanna risk that?"

## Silvia Grey

Max smiled more broadly. "Yeahâ for you. You can take those three boys with you, too. We'll just escape our lives."

Silvia sighed heavily, flowing her eyes back to the magnificent stars. Could she steal Daniel's car and escape to Solarous away from Conrad Glaxes and the bounty hunter? It seemed just right at the tip of her dagger-like nails, but it instead would end up in a pitfall of loss. Max was overly hopeful, and she knew that terribly. Quickly, she decided to change the subject.

"We better get going."

Max nodded reluctantly, followed by the clambering of the vents and the long walk down the stairs. Once the safety of the ground was reached, Max had unearthed his board and looked to Silvia, who was smiling weakly.

"It was nice to see you again. Think we could do it again?" Max asked.

"Surely, but this time you can go hunting for me." Silvia giggled, rubbing his shoulder.

Once the busy streets were reached, Max had mounted his board and sped off with a wave, leaving Silvia in the shadows. She sighed to herself once again, turning to climb up a drainpipe. But, what came before she could even think about touching it was much too sudden and agonising for her head to handle.

BANG.

Silvia Grey

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