

For The Greater Good

Allison, known as *Void* to the people of Reverdrone, dodges the stray shards of shattered concrete, avoiding death by dropping to the floor. Her captain yells through the communication lines as the fight grows more intense. Allison cringes and moves to turn up the sound so she can hear.

Even though the entire mantra, *meaning*, of the Committee was to never harm, *peace over violence*, the fight had turned into *kill or be killed*. This was what people meant when they said *desperate*.

She flattens herself a wall, heart beating wildly. Someone steps in front of her, a point-seven pistol hung loosely in his hand as if he's used to such a position.

Reaper- an Anarchist. Quite the macabre codename, but a fitting one nonetheless. He holds the pistol up and aims, fingers steadily wrapped around the trigger, a smirk lining his mouth.

Allison panics, grabbing a knife from her belt-

The other Anarchist, *Mirage*- this one with a bird-shaped mask- seems to yank a rock out of nowhere and throws it towards Allison as he realises what she's about to do. Allison's eyes widen as she ducks, breathing heavily as it misses her by a hair. And then she remembers: it's an *illusion*. That's *Mirage's* entire schtick.

She curses herself, curses him, and then curses the fact that she has no idea where they are anymore. Screw her instincts!

"Void- VOID!" her captain's voice blares into her head, reverberating deep into her skull. "Can you hear me? Go for *Reaper*, we have *Mirage* in our sights." Allison rolls her eyes, but it'd be treason to ignore it, even if the Captain's orders are often questionable.

She turns, looks for *Reaper*, spots him and is about to lunge for the creepy guy when *Reaper* flickers and vanishes. *Mirage* grins as he turns around. "Ah, *Void*. *Hello!* I was wondering when the Committee's *hound* would turn up."

His voice was pure, liquid confidence, a drawling smirk slotted over his mouth. He was taunting her, that was clear.

"Do you know what your precious Committee does?"

Allison narrows her eyes.

"About how they preach their choir with morals they don't even act on?" *Mirage* snickers.

"As if you can talk," Allison says. "You don't even have morals. What they do is important. Serving the greater good. You're just- *evil*," she finishes, loosely, "and- and the Committee just wants what's best. For us."

"Dear *heavens*, don't tell me you've never thought about their... *heroic acts*."

Allison stiffens.

"They're hypocrites, damn it," *Mirage* says, snapping a little. "Can't you see that? We know you're smart, we've been watching. You are a plaything. *You are a scapegoat*. You are *expendable*."

"VOID? ARE YOU THERE?" her earpiece screeches. She taps it to turn the sound down, and then swallows.

"They're not- *hypocrites*, they save people, they..."

Her voice wavers, a traitorous level of uncertain.

Hypocrites.

Allie's words stutter out. Their motto- *peace over violence*- it's real. The Committee's entire meaning. This committee that just... kills people with powers. *Because!* Because the powerful people are *evil!* The Committee don't hurt any citizens, they...

The bank disaster. Heroes trying to kill Anarchists hit the bank. It was an *accident*, a one-time thing- but the Committee covered it up. Blamed it on some fire-powered supervillain who didn't even exist. If they did *that*, then who knew what they'd covered up before?

She wasn't going to betray something she'd known all her life-

Forty prisoners of the Committee executed- after the Anarchists refused to follow their demands, she remembers. She bites her lip.

"Not so innocent now, huh?" Mirage says bitinglly.

"That doesn't make *you* good."

"We're not trying to kill innocents. We're trying to break the Committee," Mirage says, shortly. "Accept the truth or continue trying to kill me. Reaper needs my help."

"Wh-What am I supposed to do if you're right?" Allison mumbles. "Just... *stop?*"

"You can join us," Mirage says, tone somewhat softer. "Look, kid. I admired the Committee once, too. But nothing's perfect, and the Committee is *far* from that."

Join them.

Join everything we've hated, cursed, fought for years.

"What do you choose? Yes or no?"

Allison swallows. Mirage surveys her coolly.

She gently reaches her hand up, curls her finger around her earpiece, and yanks it out.

"VOID? WHERE ARE YOU?" crackles the piece.

She holds it in her hand. And then drops it.

She crushes it underfoot, wires and sparks flying out, and then looks up at Mirage.

"Fine."