# GUY S. STANTON III

# AGENT
## in the
# DARK

# AGENT IN THE DARK

Book Four
of
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton III

# Words of Action

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*Dedicated to all those who,
when offered a second chance,
decided to take it and not look back.*

# Chapter One

# Hacker

The world was in chaos. Everything known and accepted was turned on its end and stirred around by an agent of unknown origin. The world order had fallen and in its place was strife and anarchy. The event had happened virtually overnight, but the planning of it had taken years and it was still uncertain who was to blame for it.

At first religious extremists had been blamed for the collapse of the world's leading countries, and many smaller

ones, but it soon became apparent that they were caught up in the grind like everyone else. They had been but the strings of implementation by a dark natured puppeteer, who had used them in order to wreck a greater harvest of utter destruction.

Someone or something wished to make the world over on their own terms, to pick winners and losers. The United States was such a loser. It all came about, when a massive global EM pulse took out all of the world's digital infrastructure. Virtually everything came to a standstill, as man's reliance on digital technology had dictated that he incorporate it in everything he made and now almost nothing worked.

Governments of developed nations weren't completely taken by surprise, as

they'd been expecting the occurrence of such a virtual reality attack at some point. Friend and foe relationships were dropped altogether overnight by the world's powers at be, in one communal massive need to restore order and balance.

Massive amounts of resources and troop deployments were expended in an effort to preserve the creations of mankind from the deprivations of man's own moral failures.

It was a grand effort that stretched across borders, as the world huddled together to repair itself from the mortal blow that had been dealt to it from an unseen hand. Through technological hurdles and acts of heroism on the ground world order was regained, before much lasting damage could occur

and more innocent blood was spilled.

As networks and systems came back online it was only to discover that an unbreakable Code was in control of everything and that whoever had wrote it had their own objectives and glory in mind. The world was wrestled to a standstill, as their systems were taken over by the Code that couldn't be shut off.

The Code was everywhere controlling everything, as in part, because during the massive global recovery all the safeguards were removed to speed up the process and the entire world had been linked. The Code took advantage of that linked status and wrote its way into every nook and cranny of the infrastructure still existing upon the face of the Earth.

Those who resisted and fought back against the Code's demands were punished ever so severely. The United States was such an entity. The Code controlled whether the lights came on, whether machines performed their duties, whether a million things got done. For its resistance the United States and other rebellious countries like it were plunged into a darkness they could not override or spend their way out of.

Currency was useless, with the only value left placed in something you could eat or something by which you could use to defend yourself. What factions of the military that managed to hold together in the face of complete lack of communication soon withdrew from the cities, which had become swirling nightmares of chaos, as people bit and

clawed with each other to survive on what scraps remained. People fled from the cities to rape the countryside only to be pushed back by those living in the country intent on protecting their own from destruction.

It was a war to survive and a travesty in the making. A once proud nation torn apart by envy and the lack of charity. It was an example that the world at large heeded by freely capitulating to the Code's requests.

A global network was created, by which all could access the Code to receive instruction, even education from the Code's masters. Some even began to worship the Code. The Code's grip upon the world seemed unshakable, until two years after its rise to power a new threat

to its global control emerged in the form of freelance hackers, who became known to the world and hated by the Code as, Code Breakers.

The Code had unwittingly exposed itself by installing a global network by which all could communicate with it and be instructed. The hackers moved about upon the Code's freely accessible network prying for secrets and ways by which to defeat it.

The masters of the Code declared war against this new threat and went all out in their extermination efforts to destroy these upstart freedom fighters. Thousands died in the effort to protect the heroes of their time. Exorbitant bounties were placed upon their heads so that even the closest of friends betrayed the freedom hackers, as few

could turn up the offers of relocation to the ultra-elite resort like communities being constructed for the Code's most ardent supporters.

Worldwide hackers were ripped from their communities and foully tortured, as examples to any who might be thinking of following in their steps in challenge-meant of the Code, as the law and dominant force of the new age. Still, some hackers survived and managed to chart their way through the labyrinth of the Code's digital pathways. Their continued existence poised, as if on the edge of a knife's blade that could cut them off at any moment. Such was the perilous life of a Code Breaker.

*New York City, (the parts still standing)*

Asia Smith glanced from one screen to the next in the abandoned apartment complex. She was farther into the Code's network than ever before, but something wasn't right. A door had just opened, actually a series of doors. It was almost, as if she was being funneled to a picked out destination within the Code's mainframe.

Time for a game change move before she was trapped. Her fingers clicked away bringing up various sub-routine menus and backdoor pathways before her link into the mainframe was fried. The Code was on to her and that was always the challenge, beating the Code at its own game was not easy.

The Code had an unfair advantage being on its own home turf, but she was human, which meant she could do the

unexpected. She saw the gap open and she was through it with her fingers moving unbelievably fast on the dual keyboards with unerrorable accuracy.

The Code had given her a false pathway to follow, but to do so it had to model itself off of a legit pathway. A pathway that was running parallel and representing a false shadow of itself, which meant there was connection between the two and she had just found it!

Her screens suddenly filled with streaming data. Oh God! She hoped her devices were according all of this! The Code was fighting her in earnest now, but there was nothing it could do but try to slow her down. She chopped away at the blocks the Code threw up, as her screens continued to fill with encrypted

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