

## Chapter -42

“What the hell is this hallway?” I asked, walking along on the squishy floor, the bouncy motions of which were only exacerbated by my moon boots.

“It’s a rubber room,” Bee said, surprised.

“I was in a rubber room once,” I said.

“Was it full of rats?”

“What? No.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Although I guess Mike was a bit of a rat. In the sense that he used to chew wires and cables.”

“So...” Panda started, standing atop of Bee’s head and looking at the squishy hallway we moved down. “What do you think we’ll find? If it’s not a Boss, then what could it be?”

Then, within just a few moments, the hallway ended in a door.

“Huh,” I remarked.

I pulled open the door and a massive surge of wind from behind shoved us all through it.

We tumbled along hard stones, before I hit a wall, only for Bee to fly into me a moment later.

“Ow.”

Bee got up and looked around at where we’d ended up, only to make a strange noise.

“What is it?” I asked, looking around at the world upside-down.

Immediately I saw the two people in front of us. They looked like Roman Gods.

“Ah, crap, I think it still sent you to a Boss,” Panda commented. “Except the Boss is whoever is in the lead of this Event...”

The woman, Ophelia, lifted her arm, but the man, Logan, stopped her.

“You’re Gambit,” he said.

“Hi there,” I replied, still upside-down.

“I’ve heard much about you.”

“Really? I haven’t heard anything about you.”

“Indeed? My Sister and I are both well-known as the Saviors of Madeville.”

“Saviors?” I asked. “Is that why you’ve been killing people?”

Both of them had weapons hanging from simple holsters on their heroic-looking attire. The guns were highly-evolved, as they looked a far cry from the flintlocks that everyone except me had started with. As I’d seen in the brief view of them through the monitor earlier, they both clearly favored using their Class skills.

I quickly pulled my Looking Glass out, the woman tensing up, but the man once again halting her.

“We have only killed those who sought to hurt us.”

Level 10	'Logan Maximillian'	Player <sup>x</sup>
<p><i>“Yeah, I’m pretty great.”</i></p> <p><b>Class:</b> <i>Heroic Savior</i> <b>Main Attribute(s):</b> <i>Wisdom &amp; Strength</i></p> <p><i>Brought up in wealth, or at least what amounts to it in Madeville, Logan has a very high opinion of himself and his family.</i></p> <p><i>Once a quarterback for the ‘Madeville Trolls’ and a part-time model for a local mani-pedi store called ‘Nailed It’, it is clear that Logan was always destined for greatness. At least, he has always believed so. To him, the <b>GREAT GAME</b> is his chance to prove himself to the world.</i></p> <p><i>Like seemingly all fraternal twins, he has an unhealthy relationship with his sister, but don’t tell him we said that, it’s one of his triggers.</i></p> <p><i>He looks down upon you.</i></p>		

“Are you planning on hurting us?” he asked Bee and I.

“Not particularly,” I said, after noting that he also had an Evolved Class. ‘Heroic Savior’ did sound like a total goodie-two-shoes Class though, but, if game logic was anything to go by, that meant he’d be very difficult to kill. He basically radiated main-character energy.

“I don’t know,” Bee said. The woman, Ophelia, turned her menacing gaze on her. “It could be kind of fun two do a 2 v. 2 without Event weapons.”

Logan seemed to think about this for a moment. I spun around and got to my feet, taking the opportunity to scan his sister. Though I couldn’t tell how, I was fairly sure that Logan was inspecting Bee and I at the same time.

Level 10	'Ophelia Maximillian'	Player <sup>x</sup>
<p><i>“I always win.”</i></p> <p><b>Class:</b> <i>Spear Maiden</i></p> <p><b>Main Attribute(s):</b> <i>Defense, Intelligence, &amp; Athleticism</i></p> <p><i>Believe it or not, Ophelia is the black sheep of the Maximillian family, which, as you might imagine based on the name, is a family of people who think very highly of themselves. The reason why, is simply that she prefers junk food to caviar and foie gras. To her family, this is the behavior of a destitute.</i></p> <p><i>Before the GREAT GAME, she was the local Madeville Taekwondo champion. Granted, almost all tournaments she participated in were against literal kids and teenagers, but she didn't care, so long as she got to hurt people.</i></p> <p><i>She's not as attached to her brother as he is to her and believes that without him she'd go to much greater heights.</i></p> <p><i>She seems eager to fight you.</i></p>		

“They’re both Level 10,” I whispered to Bee.

Ophelia smiled. “We’ll destroy you.” Her voice wasn’t anything like what I’d guessed, as she had the kind of crackly tone of someone who smoked eight packets of cigarettes daily. Basically, she sounded like she was 62 years old. Meanwhile, her brother had the voice of a poser, with all its faux deep tones and odd inflections.

I looked them both up-and-down. Aside from the gaudy Roman armour, their physiques were sculpted like statues of warriors, with Ophelia’s arms and legs lined with lean muscle, while her brother had wide shoulders and thick arms and thighs. Both of them were at least six-feet tall, with Ophelia being the tallest of the two.

“You get to decide, Gambit,” Logan told me.

Rolling my neck and producing a series of satisfying pops, I said, “Fuck it, why not? Are we fighting to the death?”

Ophelia’s smile widened into a sadistic grin.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

“Let’s fak ‘em up!!” Brock yelled excitedly.

Panda crawled down from atop Bee’s head to sit on her shoulder. “You guys are morons.”

“On the count of three,” Logan started.

I squeezed the grip on Brock. It seemed that neither of the twins were going to use their guns, which meant they probably had a pretty formidable arsenal of skills.

“Isn’t it cheating if you use your hammer, when they’re not using their weapons?” Bee whispered.

“Fuck ‘em,” I replied.

“Three!” Logan then yelled and his sister launched forward, conjuring spears in the air.

“Hah! I knew they were faking it!” Panda yelled, as Bee activated her Beetle Brawn, before sending forward a Bolt aimed at Logan’s throat.

“Sacred Barrier!” the Heroic Savior yelled, forming the same holy bubble I’d seen on the cameras. Bee’s attack was immediately repelled.

“*.interrupt()*!” I shout, aiming my hand at him, while charging forward with Brock held at the ready.

Suddenly a spear from the right slapped against the side of my head harmlessly, before it was reflected back at Ophelia, who was in the middle of stabbing another golden spear into Bee’s curled-up backplates, only for it to be rebounded by her thick carapace.

“Watch out!” Logan yelled to his sister, but the spear went straight through her neck and impaled her against the wall, where it held her aloft by its buried tip.

Bee didn’t waste a second and went on the offensive, “Beetle Blast!”

The thin needle dug into Ophelia’s forehead.

A second later her head blew up.

Logan let out a scream of despair, just in time for me to land a hit with Brock.

**BONK!**

His body was sent straight through the stone floor, his screaming voice immediately extinguished.

Blue particles from Ophelia’s weapon began flowing into Brock, perhaps because Bee didn’t have a weapon of her own.

“Eh... that was kind of easy, wasn’t it?” I said.

“You just got lucky!” Panda scolded me. “You’d be dead right now if your random reflect hadn’t triggered! Pay more attention, you absolute shit-for-brains!”

“Pandamonium!” Bee said loudly, making the Panda on her shoulder freeze up. “Do not speak to Gambit like that!”

“Fine! But you guys got lucky! That’s all!”

“*Brock thinks pretty-boy didn’t die,*” my hammer said.

Given that no blue particles were flowing my way through the floor, I was inclined to agree with him.

“I wonder where he went?” Bee said.

<b>Weaponlution — Level 13</b>		
<b>Blunt</b> +50% Impact -100% All Other Damage Types	<b>Purple+</b>  <u>Purple<sup>2</sup></u>	<b>Instant Delivery</b> +Double Trouble’s 2nd strike hits immediately

“‘Purple+’ is back...” I groaned.

“They really want you to pick it,” Panda remarked.

I selected ‘Instant Delivery’ instead, as it was clearly the superior choice. Nothing visually happened to Brock, although he did make a weird sound.

<b>Congratulations! You have unlocked an achievement!</b> <small>x</small>
<b>‘Hero Slayer’</b> <b>Killed a ‘Morally Good’ Player!</b>
<i>You fought and killed one of the most popular and renowned Players in your region. This is unlikely to garner you much favor from other Players, especially the thousands of people who were saved by their actions before the first <b>EVENT</b>.</i>  <i>This is, however, a great start to your villain origin story. And as you know from any WWE match, a Hero’s story doesn’t sell unless there is a Heel for them to direct their righteous fury at.</i>

**Reward:** ‘*unHero Plugin*’

“I got an achievement,” I told Bee, then said, “*I wished you could have a look.*”

“I wanna be a villain as well,” she said. “It sounds fun.”

“Right now you’re just the henchman,” Panda remarked dryly.

“Doesn’t that mean I get killed off immediately?”

“I’m promoting you to Co-Villain,” I joked.

“I don’t think that’ll increase the survival rate,” she replied.

“Hmm.”

“I also got an achievement by the way. It’s kind of mean. Look.”

**Congratulations! You have unlocked an achievement!** x

‘*Revenge of the Nerd*’

**Killed a popular Player!**

*You fought and killed a popular Player, motivated by nothing but your inferiority complex.*

*But that’s okay, the Broadcast Department says it’s good for the show... or at least it would’ve been, if you hadn’t destroyed the Broadcast’s signal in your area... Thanks for that, by the way. We’ve had to fire a lot of people because of your actions, and now their kids will die of starvation.*

*Have this, I guess.*

**Reward:** ‘*Nerdy Spectacles*’

As we both clicked away our pop-ups, their rewards manifested in the air. Big chunky glasses with circular frames fell into Bee’s hands, while a hefty battery-like Plugin fell into mine.

Before I could inspect mine, Bee showed me her new glasses. “They’re actually really good!”

**‘Nerdy Spectacles’** x

<p><i>All you need now is a sweater your grandmother knitted and socks in sandals.</i></p> <p><i>Unlocks the ability to use ‘Appraisal’ on other Players to see their Status screen.</i></p> <p><i>Bet you like that, Nerd.</i></p>
<p><b>Weight: 1.3 Pandas</b></p>

“What the hell, that’s actually really good.”

“I take offense to being called a nerd though!” Bee exclaimed, pointing a finger at the ceiling. “I was clearly an Emo before I became a Beetle!”

“Does it matter what people call you?” I asked.

Bee gave me a very serious look. “Of course it does! Why else would I dye my hair and wear black clothes!?”

A sound of tearing fabric came from nearby, as a hole in the fabric of reality was torn open.

“Ah, shit, the Glitch Hunter is still after us,” I groaned.

“Let’s get out of here!” Panda urged.

Though I wasn’t one to run away from a fight, I was reminded of how he had survived being torn in half and how he had almost killed Bee with some sort of projectile reflection like mine. It was possible that my new Plugin held an ability to deal with him inside it, but there was no time to check.

I took Bee by the hand.

“Let’s go!”