

Chapter 2.64 Skip the Queue

Theo swung his Demon Killer blade through the air. “We could just cut their tongues out.”

“We aren’t barbarians, Theo,” Sally sighed and rubbed the bridge of her nose. “No mutilating the prisoners.”

The vampire pouted and looked off at the horizon, shielding his eyes.

“One of you must have teleports to the other side, right?” She kneeled down beside the Golden Players and scrunched her face up. “We’ll spare you if you hand us over all movement and communication items you have.”

“And we’ll kill you to check your Inventory if we think you’re lying.” Theo added.

“If we were wrong, then we will apologize and you can join us,” she jerked a thumb back at the zombified Players sauntering around.

[Endless Rest] put them away. Probably a good idea not to let them cook in the constant sunshine. She glanced over to see Humphrey and Norah talking, and she smiled. The Players began unequipping items and drawing things from their Inventories, putting them in a pile on the side under the watchful glare of the vampire.

“Hey, Theo.” She grinned and gestured to the rest of the Party with her eyebrows.

Theo tilted his head, and smiled. “Huh, who would’ve thought?”

“I would,” Lucius said from the partial shade of the abandoned sarcophagi. “Humphrey has a lot of great qualities.”

“What about you, Lucius?” Sally put her hands on her hips. “Any soft spots within you for a little romance?”

An emoji of a thinking face appeared beside him as he tilted his head. “Not particularly. I really enjoy having friends, and that makes me happy enough.”

She beamed at him, and her train of thoughts slid from the track and into a barn. “Oh! Theo, I have crabs!”

“What?” The vampire narrowed his eyes.

“*Zombie* crabs.”

“My response is still ‘what?’, but that makes slightly more sense.”

Sally rubbed her eye. “The fight where Lucius went against his boss, she was a demon that could summon giant-“

“-enemy crabs,” Theo finished, then whistled. “I missed all the fun, huh? Oh, I have about forty more daggers if you still needed?”

“Heck yes. Check this out.” She handed him over [Skeleton Key] watched his face, awaiting the change in his expression.

He puckered up his lips and then sucked at his teeth, eventually just exhaling and shaking his head. “Wow.”

“I know, right?” She took it back from him. “Plus, I glitched a skill and did so much damage the System had to confiscate it and give me Skill Reset points.”

Theo shook his head again. “Almost wish I hadn’t gone back now.”

“What about you?” Sally kneeled back down to start to scoop up all the discarded Player items. “Did you get another Class?”

“No, unfortunately not. Long story short, it just kept giving skills as if I had never reset. Essentially, I have the skills of a level twenty character.”

“Ass! So you have your first ultimate? *The most evillest finger gun?*”

He opened his mouth as if to argue, then decided it wasn’t worth the effort and nodded.

Sally picked up the last item and put it in her Inventory, giving the group of Players a glare as she stood back up. “I have a kind of ultimate too, so I’m not jealous.”

“Oh?” Theo raised his eyebrows and pushed his glasses up.

“You’ll have to wait and see!” She turned to the Death Knight and Mummy. “You two ready?” She grinned.

Between them all, they marched the Players back up into the pyramid and told them to wait there for two hours. Sally had been sure to remind them if any of them betrayed their trust, then she remembered their faces and would track them down and eat their brains. As scared of the dragon as they may be, the looming presence of the zombie’s sharp fangs was more convincing.

“We have three teleport points from here,” she grimaced as they stepped back out into the sunshine. “Bronze, Silver, and Gold. No points for guessing which areas of the Wastes they lead to.”

“Going straight for the dragon?” Theo raised an eyebrow.

Humphrey tilted his head. “It would be better if we were level twenty.”

“I don’t think we have the time,” Sally sighed. “We’ve worn out our welcome and Ruben will get more desperate to finish us off.”

“A dragon is a lot for just one Party, hun.” Norah rubbed her bandaged chin. “Do you have any other allies?”

Sally wiggled away from the direct question. “My thoughts are - go to the Bronze area, rescue Chuck and any other Players that want to revolt. Smash through Silvers doing the same, then Gold - and then by the time we get to Ruben we either have full stomachs or an army.”

After a moment of consideration, they each nodded, a thumbs up appearing beside Lucius.

“Let’s get this party started then,” Sally grinned.

“You’re back, Edward?” The robed figure looked away from the ledger.

“It was *inevitable*,” the demon grinned. “You heard the report from Claw?”

“Indeed... you struck at the leader and then ran away?”

Edward deflated and rolled his bright blue eyes. “I used my debilitating attack, yes, then withdrew as I was in the midst of the rest of them. They’re all as bright as a box of rocks, but they’ll follow the zombie girl into death. Without her, I’m sure Claw can mop up the rest.”

“Yes, well...” the figure slowly turned a large page. “Ruben will expect you to bend the knee and explain yourself, lest he change your respawn point to above a pit of lava. I wouldn’t bother him until the Party has been apprehended, however.”

“I didn’t intend to.” Edward bowed to hide his grin, and then continued down the corridor, his bright eyes illuminating the gloom.

“Hey, who the fuck are you?” An angered voice drew the attention of the Party as they completed their teleportation.

Sally spun around. They appeared to be in some kind of room specifically for receiving teleporting Players - circle of magic etched into the ground on the floor below them that was indented in the center of wooden walkways. A high ceiling of white panels and rich wood held a simple candelabra that illuminated the place. On one of the walkways, a man in a Silver tabard seemed unhappy with their entrance.

He stepped forward and placed a hand on the hilt of his sword - and then Theo was beside him. The vampire whispered something in the man’s ear and his eyes widened. After a moment of consideration, the guard withdrew his sword sharply and stuck it through his own neck, dropping to the floor in gurgling panic.

“*Theo!*” Sally gasped. “You didn’t even let me eat him.”

The vampire shrugged, an impassive look on his face. “He’s not quite dead yet.”

She hopped over. [Eat Brains]. “Alright, you’re forgiven.”

Norah leaned in closer to Humphrey. “Have they always been this cold bloodied?”

The Death Knight grinned. "Theo used to be a normal human, and the first thing he asked Sally to do was murder some Players because they were in his way. If anything, he is a lot worse than she is."

"They're definitely quite the pair," the Mummy nodded.

Sally grabbed onto his arm as he pulled her up to the walkway proper. "I feel like this is going to be a near constant bloodbath."

"Don't threaten me with a good time," Theo grinned, exposing his fangs.

"I think I heard something in here."

The Party turned towards the double doors as the sound of footsteps drew closer. With a crash, they swung open as three more guards stepped in, all wearing Silver tabards.

Bandages shoot across the room and wrapped around two of them, encircling their faces and necks. Dark mirrored strands grabbed out at the third as Lucius shadowed Norah.

Theo and Sally ran around the corner of the walkway and finished the debilitated Players off.

"I feel like," she wiped the gore from her mouth, "we'll have a hard time gathering allies if we kill everyone we meet."

"Valid," Theo shrugged. "I feel like we'd kill a lot fewer people if they didn't attack us first."

"Just let me wow them with my charms first before assuming they're aggressive." She shot him some finger guns and winked.

The vampire looked over at the Death Knight slowly, who just shrugged.

After gathering, the Party began down the hallway. The wooden floorboard creaked beneath them, and the drab paintings along the walls were unimpressive. Although this was the Bronze inhabited area, it looked like Silver Players ran the place as an authority. At the end of the hall was a smaller room, a desk and a handful of chairs, the only furniture. Atop the plain desk was a ledger, most likely for recording who went in and out of the portal.

Theo ran his eyes over it as the zombie strode over to the door outwards.

Norah tilted her head. "Uh, hun?"

Sally burst through the door and stepped into the street, hands on hips and intending to charisma the heck out of any Player nearby.

Of which there was quite a lot of them. Two wagons were being pushed down the road, each with a group of Bronze and a single Silver in. Another two pairs of Silvers looked to be patrolling the opposite direction. A group of Bronze Players were sitting at a table across the street and eating. Maybe twenty-five to thirty in total, that she could immediately see.

As one, they all stopped what they were doing and looked over at her.

Still inside the building, Norah pointed at the wall, and Humphrey groaned. Three posters, almost familiar, were pinned to a noticeboard where they had walked past.

Wanted, it read, *Dead At All Costs. Promotion to Gold guaranteed.*

In the middle of the bold statements was a picture of Sally.