

Chapter -97

“Well, I’m off,” said Chris.

He was holding the object that manifested thanks to him activating the ability he picked from eating the Unicorn Liver. The wooden unicorn head of the hobby-horse reared up as he kicked off from the ground and began running, quickly picking up speed, while a faint rainbow trail followed behind him.

Unbeknownst to Chris, the hobby-horse unicorn was screaming like a banshee non-stop.

“I wish I’d gotten that instead of the longboard,” I said with a frown.

Bee gave me a stink-eye.

“If I get another fusion gum, I’m combining ‘.unicorn()’ with ‘Skater Boy’,” I promised.

“Speaking of, your Skateboard is off cooldown,” Panda told me. “We should probably get to the Mayor’s house, before more people like Matthew Twine show up.”

“I wonder why the Agents haven’t shown up again,” Bee mused. “You think all the people who want Gambit dead are politely taking turns?”

“That would make the Ants next in line, I think,” I replied.

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” Panda commented.

“What about whatever decision the Adjudicator made about jurisdiction before the first Event?” Bee reminded him.

“The Adjudicator made it clear that his primary concern is fairness. This probably extends to the Agencies. My guess is that they are not allowed to work together nor interfere with each other. If the REPD Agents aren’t chasing us, it’s probably because another Agency is in this area, ready to jump us. Basically, let’s get to the Mayor’s house, instead of standing in the open where we’re easy targets.”

“So long as they won’t interfere with my revenge, then I don’t care. They’ll all die anyway.”

I brought out the longboard and did a stationary ollie to get some momentum started.

[*BRUTAL!*]

“It’s a fucking ollie...” I muttered and pushed myself forward.

While rolling down the street, Bee came flying down next to me and held on to my right shoulder to leech off my speed.

“How many Agencies are actually after you?” she asked.

“Err...” I started, but had no idea, truth be told.

“It’s a lot,” Panda answered. “The REPD, of course. The Child Protective Services Ants, the Broadcast Spiders, Announcer Riii’s fans, maybe the Ambusher Mantids, oh and those terrifying Glitch-Hunters. Besides them, I’m sure Miranda isn’t happy about being outbid and you’ll probably get a visit from her next ‘Good Boy’. And let’s not forget Twine and the Maximillians’ adoring fans.”

“Put like that, it’s quite a lot actually...” I remarked.

“You do have quite the power to make enemies,” he replied.

“Judge a man by the enemies he makes,” Bee mused.

“I must be pretty strong then,” I determined.

I hopped over a limousine flipped onto its roof, spinning the board below me, while Panda sat on my left shoulder, Lordie was on my head, and Bee had an iron-grip on my other shoulder.

[*SHREDDING!*]

I landed on the side of the wheels and skidded along them, tearing down the street faster than should be possible. Around us were limousines, Hummers, and armored vehicles, either just parked in the middle of the road or tossed aside by something powerful, like whatever had flipped the limousine.

There were no signs of either Humanbus or Metro Train, but that didn’t mean this area didn’t have its own World Bosses. The buildings around here, were, like the vehicles, quite ostentatious, or, put more plainly, they belonged to the upper crust of fucks, chief amongst which was of course the Mayor. His mansion lay at the heart of the area and exemplified everything wrong with this part of the city.

With a hop and half spin, I got the board back onto its wheels, with the mouth at the front letting out a drawn-out [*WHEEEW!*]

Bee let go of my shoulder and started lifting up into the air, retaining the momentum she’d borrowed from me, while I slalomed around the abandoned and overturned cars.

The moment I passed another limousine, a dark shape leapt out at me and I instinctively ducked with my board still rolling, while sending my right fist up into the bottom of its jaw.

“*Boom!*” said Brock, while a crack of static electricity filled the air.

I spun the longboard and skidded to a halt, wanting to inspect whatever I’d just killed.

“Watch out!” Bee yelled, and I hopped back a step with my board, just as a silver dagger moved past my face.

Four Moth Missiles struck the hooded figure a second later, the first two dealing enough damage to kill it.

I got off the board and looked around, seeing ten more similar figures approaching from the shadows of the many vehicles.

“Have we walked into a cult meeting?” I asked.

The figures were all identical: crimson hooded robes covering their features, with their faces totally obscured by darkness, and silver weapons in their hands, like daggers, shortswords, claws, and such.

As Bee came over to where I’d stopped, she hovered in the air above, rotating to get an overview.

“They’re very weak, but don’t let their weapons hurt you!” she said, sharing the appraisal of one.

Level 7	‘Cult Member’	Enemy ^x
<p><i>“We are the Cult!”</i></p> <p><i>If you couldn’t tell, these guys belong to ‘The Cult’, which is a Cult that does Culty things in a very occult manner, involving blood and silver and phrases like, “I love not having to think for myself!”</i></p> <p><i>It should come as no surprise that this cult was formed of all the rich people with too much money and too little personality. Until the GREAT GAME, this was really nothing more than excuse for kinky orgies and getting together every Thursday and Sunday evening for Culty barbeque.</i></p> <p><i>Now they all serve a true Cult of blood and silver, and their weapons have true power, unlike the blunt props they used to carry on them.</i></p> <p><i>Guess who their leader is.</i></p>		

“Their leader has to be Mayor Noah Sullivan!” I exclaimed, immediately leaping for the nearest one.

Bee began to fire off Beetle Bolts from her raised vantage, each shot leading to a kill. My punches were also devastating them with every hit.

“They’re too weak!” I complained, as I kicked one in the face with my soft Schmonic Boot, still managing to shatter his skull despite the significantly-lowered damage that the Boots caused my kicks to inflict.

With the last of the Cultists dead on the road, bodies crushed and pierced, a few wisps of Leftovers drew my attention.

‘Cultist Robes’ x
<i>The crimson hooded robes of a Cult Member.</i>
<i>Wearing these robes makes you able to blend in with other members of The Cult.</i>
Weight: 1 Panda

“Why would we want to fit in with the Cult...?” I muttered.

“We should take them, just in case,” Bee said.

After looting all the bodies, we had a total of twelve Game Coins that we split between us, as well as three robes.

We continued more cautiously as we headed to the Mayor’s Mansion, passing by a park with a little pond that was deeply-familiar to me, since I’d spent two nights in the bushes, stalking my prey from there. We didn’t see any of the Cult Members, which made me wonder if we’d killed all the ones that’d come out of the dungeon that was sure to be inside the Mayor’s house.

Around here, all the buildings were the type to start at the low double-digit millions. But no matter how much money each of the former residents of this area had spent on their fancy houses, they all looked as though they were designed by the same guy.

“Money really *doesn’t* equal taste,” Bee remarked in disdain, as she saw a fountain in someone’s driveway, and a gold-plated scooter in another’s garage.

A few moments later, we drew up to the Mayor’s Mansion. It was the biggest one in the area. As we came to the metal gates, which were left open, a large manicured garden greeted us. A gravel road snaked through the garden and up to the front door, but *something* made me stop right before the gate threshold.

“*Inspect*,” I said, my hand pointed at the open air.

DUNGEON ‘The Cultist Mansion’ SNEAK-PEEK:

Recommended Player level: 12

Average Player level: 4

Players inside: 2

Player deaths: 23

Enemies slain: 9

Bosses slain: 0

“How did you know this was the entrance?” Panda asked me.

“Lucky guess,” I replied with a shrug.

Bee alighted next to me.

“Are we going in?”

“Of course.”

“We should put the robes on,” she said. “It’s a waste of time to fight the cultists.”

She was right, but that didn’t mean I liked wearing red.

“Fine,” I said with a sigh. “Let’s go find out where the Mayor is.”