

Chapter -32

SKILL TRIGGER!

BIRTHDAY_SUIT is now in full effect!

I_CAN_FLY is now available!

“***I_CAN_FLY!***”

And here it is, folks!

The Insane Murder Machine’s famous ‘Pervert Glide’!

“She knows all your abilities!” Panda warned me.

“I doubt she knows about Brock’s new upgrades,” I said below my breath.

“*Fak ‘er up!!*”

As I glided down to the floor, avoiding the tall cactus, Riii sent her spectral hands after me. I immediately disengaged my wings, before she could hit me, and dropped under their noodle arms, which quickly bent to track me. I sprinted forward with the boost of my BIRTHDAY_SUIT and swung my Bonk Hammer at her from the right, the ethereal trail of ‘Ghost Strike’ following in its wake.

Instinctively, she brought out her idle arms to protect herself. The blue spirit-like limbs became physical as a shield.

BONK!

My three-headed balloon hammer bounded off the impossibly-sturdy barrier, but I couldn’t help but grin as the ‘Ghost Strike’ followed close behind the initial hit and went straight through the shield, smashing into the side of Announcer Riii’s frustrating face. The expression of shocked surprise that appeared for a nanosecond before she was sent flying away was priceless.

¿BONK?

It was a shame that my Punch.*harder*() was still on cooldown, because otherwise I was fairly sure that I’d have killed her right then and there. Nevertheless, the Fairyfly shot across the interior of the Commentary Booth, before her diminutive body crashed into part of the wall where monitors and screens were stacked closely together, their plastic frames stopping her abruptly.

I didn’t waste a second and loped towards her like a hawk ready to finish off its immobilized prey, but just as I got within ten feet, all her two-dozen arms punched out in a tangled united fist, striking me with such power that I was immediately shot out through the ceiling of the hive-like structure.

Everything went black for a couple seconds.

Wind rushed past my ears and my hair was ruffled aggressively, as I fell towards the middle of the amphitheater seating area.

“Gambit! Quick, you have to activate your Pervert Glide!”

“...Please don’t adopt their stupid name for it,” I groaned. “*I CAN FLY.*”

“You know, I still don’t get why you keep pronouncing the special characters, like Underscore and Dot and Dash...”

As I glided down to the ground below, which was about twenty yards away still, I saw Riii emerge from the perforated roof of the hive-looking Commentary Booth. She was using her spectral-blue arms to move, like some kind of fucked-up Daddy Long-Legs. The way her body sagged and her wings failed to work indicated that my hit had done far more damage than I’d thought. But, then again, Brock had something like 400% impact boost now, which, given my presumably-high strength attribute, probably resulted in some serious damage numbers.

Speaking of...

“Uh... where’s Brock?” I asked, looking around but not seeing him.

“Look up,” said Panda.

I craned my neck back and saw that the purple balloon hammer was floating down lazily from above, and somehow, despite its increased weight, managing to be more balloon than weapon.

“Watch out!” I heard Bee yell in the distance.

I turned around just in time to be bitch-slapped by a spectral hand in the side of my face and sent towards the ground like a missile.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck...!” I yelled, as I tumbled and spun, my wings unable to fully slow my descent.

With a loud *crash*, I collided chin-first with a row of the stone seating, skidding across and tearing skin with the world’s most painful friction burn.

As I came to a halt, it felt like I’d broken every bone in my body.

“...Ouch.”

Panda made a wincing sound as he saw me.

“How’d I look?” I asked, as I slowly pushed myself up.

“It’s... ehh... fine? Yep. Definitely, completely, 100% fine.”

I turned my head to look back at where I’d landed and the approaching Announcer, who was crawling down the cardboard scaffolding with her many spectral hands as legs. Bee was holding onto a support beam, while the whole structure was shaking violently.

The bench I had skidded along had a long bloodied and chunky trail, and the impact site was like a damn crater.

“That definitely should’ve killed me,” I said, touching my chin.

It was hard.

Like bone.

“Uh... Panda?”

“...Yea?”

“Where’s my chin?”

The plushie gestured around us vaguely.

“Goddamn,” I said.

“It looks really messed up.”

“In a good way?”

“Uhhh...”

“Goddamn,” I repeated.

Congratulations! You have unlocked an achievement! ^x
<i>‘I didn’t know it did that...’</i>
Reflected fall damage.
<i>Yeah, this definitely seems like an unintended use of ‘Reflective Shell’.</i>

Sooner or later, one of us will have to go have a talk to the System Moths about this spaghetti code they’ve cooked up.

Reward: ‘Spaghetti with Mothballs’

“Huh, it’s Moths who make the abilities and passives?” Panda remarked.

A second later another achievement popped:

Congratulations! You have unlocked an achievement! ^x

’15 Seconds of Fame’

Took part in an Interview.

I bet you feel like hot shit right now.

Well, everyone who watched it thought you were a moron.

We ran a poll even, and it came back with 93% saying ‘Yes, Gambit is a moron’.

Reward: Nothing. Fame is its own reward.

I took a deep breath and swiped the two screens away, not allowing them to get to me. A bowl of weird-looking spaghetti landed by my feet, but I picked it up and threw it in my inventory without inspecting it.

“Do you think it has been enough time for the interruption cooldown to have worn off?” I asked Panda.

“Most definitely. I think it was only something like 2 minutes long.”

I scanned the air and saw that Brock was still casually floating down to the ground. At this rate, I wouldn’t be able to reach him for another minute at least.

Riii was at the bottom of the scaffolding and thundering towards me on his two-dozen arms-turned-spiderly-legs. The sight filled me with dread, but I wasn’t gonna back down, no matter how much I hated spiders.

“I might have to use my fists for this,” I said.

“Listen, I don’t know how the health stuff works in this Great Game, but you’re looking like you have exactly 3.82% out of 100% HP left...”

“That’s very specific.”

“I honestly don’t understand how you’re standing.”

“Well, all my limbs are still attached.”

“Are you actually human?”

I turned to look at him. “Seriously? *You*’re asking *me* that?”

“Just ‘cause I’m a sentient teddy bear, I don’t get to question your humanity?”

I rolled my shoulders and squeezed my right fist with my left palm.

“Whatever, let’s do this.”

I WILL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB, YOU VILE CHEATER!!!

I strode towards her, ready to end this.