

Chapter -86

Bee shared her appraisal of Logan as he fled down the street. We were flying above all the traffic lights and streetlamps for now, but in only a couple minutes my longboard would be ready to deploy and we’d catch up to him.

Level 15	'Logan Maximillian'	Player ^x
<p><i>“I’ll ... kill you!”</i></p> <p>Class: <i>Corrupted Savior</i></p> <p>Main Attribute(s): <i>Dexterity & Athleticism</i></p> <p><i>Logan was a fraternal twin, who had an unhealthy relationship with his sister. Then she died, thanks to you. He really didn’t realize the favor you did for him and instead swore eternal vengeance.</i></p> <p><i>All of that is par for the course in the GREAT GAME. But he was apparently more serious than we thought, as he leaned into his Envy Demon Benefactor with rapturous glee, becoming the foul little gremlin you’re now looking at. And all for the sake of obtaining the power to defeat you.</i></p> <p><i>Those subservient to the Envy Demons of the Nasty Neighborhood are irritating little shits that are notoriously-difficult to kill. Also, don’t get hit by his special attack, since it leaves you with an incurable disease that will liquify your insides unless your Vitality is high enough. We really don’t like Envy Demons around here, so I’ll tell you how to cure it: kill him with fire and then rub the ashy remains onto your body.</i></p> <p><i>In case it wasn’t obvious, he really truly hates you.</i></p>		

Encouraged by the prompt, the achievement from the Dark Theater finally arrived, sending its reward directly into my hand. It was a leathery square cut out of Louie’s wing.

Congratulations! You have unlocked an achievement! ^x
<i>‘The Dark Theater First Clear’</i>

Cleared <i>The Dark Theater</i> for the first time.
<i>You honestly didn't contribute much to the clearing of the Dungeon, other than being a brief distraction when the boss beat you up.</i>
<i>Granted, it was pretty fun to watch, but pull your own weight next time, lazybones.</i>
Reward: ‘ <i>Nightwing Wing</i> ’

I inspected the object in my hand.

‘<i>Nightwing Wing</i>’ x
<i>I think you know what you have to do.</i>
<i>Batwing jerky!</i>
Weight: 1 Panda

With a sigh I began to bite into the leathery wing, really grinding my teeth to pull off chunks that I quickly swallowed. It was like trying to devour a leather couch... And all the while, Logan was outpacing us.

“Sorry, I can’t go any faster!” Bee apologized, as she sensed my frustration.

“It’s okay, just give it one more minute and I’ll take over,” I promised her.

With the last chunk of the wing down my gullet and nothing but regret as my stomach protested about the meal, the screen I’d been waiting for popped up. I quickly looked through the options to see if any of them were useful in the moment.

Choose your reward! x
<i>While you pick the hairs out of your teeth, have a look at the following skills.</i>

Pick one of the options:

‘**[Night Protocol]**’ | ‘Nyctophilia’ | ‘Nightwing Special’

‘**[Night Protocol]**’

x

Passive

This description cannot be read during the day.

‘**Nyctophilia**’

x

Passive

You’re mysterious. You wear all black. You thrive in the dark of night. You’re also probably kind of cringe.

All Attributes are increased by 25% when you are immersed in darkness, but you take 75% more damage while standing in any source of light.

Night Vision not included!

‘**Nightwing Special**’

x

Ability

Embrace your inner wrestler and throw your own safety to the wind by using your entire body as a projectile. Just keep in mind that this Ability doesn’t magically make you stronger than you are, so be careful where you aim.

Manifest a pair of dark wings and send yourself flying feet-first towards any target of your choice. The max distance is proportional to your Athleticism score.

This ability cannot be used while standing in a source of light.

“They’re all pretty bad,” I muttered. “Having them be dark or night themed really reduces their usefulness...”

“I guess you should pick ‘Nightwing Special’,” Panda told me.

“I’ll leave the decision until night-time,” I said, wanting to know what the ‘[Night Protocol]’ did.

“You can do that?” Bee asked, surprised.

“If you minimize the screens, they go to the side of your vision like annoying pop-up ads.”

“Your skateboard is ready,” Panda said.

“Finally. Bee, set me down.”

She quickly took us towards the ground and I could tell that she was pretty exhausted from carrying me for just the few minutes we’d been going.

“Skater Boy!” I said, summoning the longboard and getting on. “Bee, get on my back.”

She didn’t seem to question me and climbed on, wrapping her arms around my neck, while I held her legs under my arms. Panda scooted to the side on my shoulder of bit to make room for her, and Lordie began an uncomfortable purring that rattled my eyes in their sockets.

“*Can Brock sit on your left shoulder to complete the set?*” the purple gauntlet asked.

“You’re staying where you are, because I’m about to give Logan another smackdown,” I said, then kicked off from the ground.

BAD CATCHPHRASE!

You have taken 1 point of damage.

“Ow. How is that a catchphrase!?”

Despite my human-shaped backpack, I was able to balance on the board with ease, as I rolled through the street. I used the ominous furrow in the ground to ramp up speed, hopping out of it as we neared the one-way street Logan had veered down.

The creepy bastard was running with a strange gait, thanks to his malformed body, but it seemed he had a lot of points in Athleticism or some kind of unique passive, because he was moving pretty fast.

We flew through the air after I bounced off the hood of a Lexus with smashed windows, and I flicked my right foot in a way that made the entire longboard spin beneath me with my left heel as its axis.

[WICKED!] exclaimed the board, when I landed the trick and we picked up a lot of speed.

Fortunately, the Nasty Concoction only affected my movement speed, but not that of any abilities I used, and the distance between us and the beacon was shrinking with every second.

I slid around the left-going corner at the end of the one-way street, grinding asphalt on the side of the board and eliciting an excited squeal from Bee.

“There he is!” she then shouted, pointing ahead of us.

“It looks like he’s heading for a Dungeon,” Panda remarked, as he noticed the Veterinarian’s Clinic the Corrupted Savior was beelining towards.

Sensing us on his trail, Logan spun around and fired his rifle-arm at us, but I easily dodged it by shifting my weight to the side. He fired another some seconds later that went wide, but I overreacted and hopped onto the roof of a school bus, which lay on its side next to a smash street lamp. It gave him just enough time to hop through the doors, before I could reach him.

In the distance I saw three Players working together, coasting towards us on a surfboard that created its own waves. It was clear that there were still a lot of people who wanted to join in on the manhunt.

I came to a screeching halt in front of the Clinic’s automatic glass doors, but, like with the Police Headquarters, it was impossible to see inside.

“Inspect it before you enter!” Panda told me, but I ignored him and barged through the door, the glass panels quickly opening for me. Bee was still on my back, but didn’t protest my reckless decision.

WARNING!

Now entering level 16 Challenge Dungeon ‘The Hospital Rooms (East Wing)’!