

Theo popped back into existence beside Sally and was immediately impaled by a couple of swords not intended for him.

“Ack!” he said, as he died.

“Pup, you... I am totally desensitized to you dying now. I hope you're happy.” She glared down at his corpse, which didn't respond.

A pulse of energy and he appeared again.

“I think,” he began, slowly turning his head toward her. “I have reached the limit and circled back to being sane again.”

“Really?” She furrowed her brow. “You do realize you are saying that as you are baring all your teeth as if you didn't have lips?”

“I has lips?” He jumped away from her, tripping over his own dead body.

She sighed and look back at her opponent, who seemed just as tired of the oddball antics as she was getting. Getting the vampire immortality had seemed like an easy win condition at the start, where his power and inability to be destroyed turned any obstacle into just attrition at worst... but now he was being sloppy and falling down an exhaustive path that he hadn't gone down before.

“Oh! Let's play a game.” The vampire spun to regain his footing and then withdrew the small metal cube from his pocket. Without a chance for either of them to respond, he pitched it like a baseball toward the Seven.

“I don't know what you hope to-” he began, bringing a red sword in the way to deflect the small projectile. Then it expanded to the full size of Theo's metal coffin and slammed into the Reds leader, knocking him to the floor dazed.

[Meat Hook] zipped Sally over pronto and she slashed up his chest before digging [Skeleton Key] into Seven's heart.

“Not sure why I haven't done that before,” Theo murmured, shuffling over to his coffin. He laid against it, putting his arms around it. “I miss you sleep.”

“We're not done yet, pup. Four big bads for you to mash against, okay?” She scowled at him, but felt bad. It wasn't his fault. Well, part of it was.

She watched as a couple of men in suits sucker punched a distracted Seven in the kidney with knuckle dusters. Pained by the attack, he was tripped by the zombies crowding around. As the undead chewed and bit at him, the thugs started kicking him.

Humphrey was still in a duel with one, while the rest of her group was fending off the other two, but not making much progress. She watched and winced as one wound up a rail-shot, only for it to miss as Lucius vanished to become a shadow for Dent. The three of them, and apparently a Red Player, would be able to take one down on their own, but two was proving too much.

“C’mon pup, the family needs us.”

Chuck threw out another heal toward Dent. It was difficult getting eyes on him while so many zombies crowded the area. It did mean that he was less likely to be targeted, though, so he couldn’t complain.

He did raise an eyebrow to the side. “Everything alright, Lana?”

“Yeah.” She pulled a face and shrugged. “I’m not really strong ranged or melee, and I feel bad for not being more useful. My Ultimate, I’ve been saving for the right moment, but what if that passes?”

“It’s cliché,” Chuck said, with a glum smile. “But just go with your heart. Sally won’t hold it against you for staying back and keeping us safe. It’s... this kind of thing is more of an *Outsider* experience. Just hold tight and watch them wreak havoc.”

“Thanks, Chuck.” She smiled. “They certainly are something else.”

Humphrey grinned as he activated both his parrying abilities, stepping in close, within the range of all four swords. They came down on him and he reacted with unnatural, almost instant speed. Blocked and then lashed out with critical energy. Two bursts of blood from Seven’s torso, his arm removed, and then his head in quick succession - the Player not even having time to react to what had happened before he died.

“Four charges!” Theo called out as he ran up.

Sally grinned. For everything that had gone wrong, and for crazy they all were, they had whittled down the Sevens down to the last two. A cautious eye out to the Invasion progress and... the guards were still spawning, but the wall of undead were almost immediately killing them.

[Strength in Numbers] [196% Stat Bonus]

They’d even gained more than she started with, despite Seven cutting through swathes of them.

With the fighters in front of them waylaying any progress, and the zombie and vampire running from behind, the two Sevens growled. “So far, you have proven my point that Uniques much be eradicated. Look at your uncontested power.”

“Your flattery is weak compared to your hypocrisy,” Sally yelled back, sliding down an embankment of mud and almost tripping on a gravestone.

It always seemed to be the way with these types. They wanted all the power and control and would do anything to get it, even becoming what they truly hated. And for what? All Sally wanted was acceptance, and the power she accumulated along the way had mostly been luck or through hard work, rather than a concerted effort to achieve something. Other than survival, of course.

“Enough!” the Sevens shouted in unison. Closest to their approach, the four swords turned bright green before slashing out at ridiculous speeds. Dent blocked them, sliding back amongst a shower of sparks, before the attack refreshed immediately, striking him again.

Blood bursting from his chest, he staggered a few steps before dropping to the floor.

“Dent!” Sally shouted, her teeth then clenching together.

Chuck stood with a hand extended. It shook slightly, his muscles tensing and relaxing. It wasn't allowing him to target the swordsman, which meant only one thing. Dead.

“Hold firm and focus on the target,” he yelled out, voice calm despite the rising panic in his chest. They had come too far to falter now. What had started must be finished.

“How dare you?” Sally stomped towards him. “Turn and face your reckoning.”

“Oh?” The Seven with the green blades turned his head to greet the pair. “Just because you have killed five out of seven of us, doesn't mean you are closer to winning.”

“But that's a perfect score?” Theo furrowed his brow.

Seven's eyes dulled and he tensed ready to burst towards them. As he launched forward, Sally withdrew a crossbow to fire at him. Swords cross in front of his face to deflect it, and then when he lowered them, the vampire was no longer standing beside Sally.

The green swords slashed out.

On the other side, the second Seven had engaged the others. Humphrey blocked the sword swings and kept him engaged in melee. Norah weaved her imbued bandages around and tried to trip his legs. Lucius was not present, probably shadowing someone - as Jane sat near the back, only sending buffs out to the Mummy and trying to not look like a target.

Sally rolled across the floor, blood running down her legs. The shield had stopped most of it, but some of the damage made it through. Now she had even more mud in her hair, and was even angrier. Theo appeared beside Seven and started flickering around with [Novice Strike] and [Sanguine Weapon]. Another two blades of dark shadow accompanied him, with the Shade causing the attacks to be a constant flurry.

This time, he was quick enough to get some strikes in.

The blades created small punctures as the red armor became dented, and the man's attention went solely to trying to deflect all of the leveled attacks. “Stay still, pesky wasp,” he growled.

Sally risked a glance back at Chuck to see how he was doing. Stoic and focused. He really had grown to be strong, even if he was putting on an act. Of course, they both knew he had a resurrection save in his back pocket, which only worked on Dent, probably. It just meant doing without him for the rest of the fight, in case he died again.

[Mortis Bomb] went out and struck Seven on the legs. He was too armored for it to damage him, but it still hit and brought up a couple of zombies. The Invasion looked to be petering out now; the zombies mopping up the last of the groups. If things weren't so dangerous currently, it would have been nice to join in on that buffet.

A small pyramid burst up, knocking the other Seven forward and into Humphrey's sword. It scratched along his armor and drew a line of crimson across his face before he could regain his positioning.

"Clearly I've been going about this all wrong," he grunted, his eyes darting between the Outsiders wildly. "I had hoped to save some trump cards for the Architect, but you all need to perish."

A burst of blue appeared around the Death Knight's legs as ethereal chains held him in place. Seven turned and a semi-circle wall of flames broke contact with Norah, burning away any of the encroaching bandages. Seven turned and held out a hand towards his twin, who was struggling to keep up with the vampire.

The two remaining Sevens merged together in a flash of bright light, briefly stunning everyone - especially the vampire, who hissed at the piercing illumination.

[Hell Shield]
[Reducing Pattern]
[Expanse]

Seven activated several abilities in a chain. Around his body, an oval-shaped shield of energy sprung into place. The air crackled and buzzed before the dirt surrounding him flattened and started to burn away. A couple of zombies caught in the area started to decay, turning to ash as if their atoms were being stripped off.

"You may not approach. The area will keep expanding until everything is consumed." He grinned, a drop of blood running down the side of his face.

"Nuts to this," Sally growled. She was thankful, at least, that she didn't have to tell any of her goofballs not to approach. They could see what it did to the zombies and would no doubt have the same effect on them. The fire wall had extinguished, but Humphrey appeared to be stuck in place still.

With a crack, the area of the ability increased by another foot, consuming more munched foliage and spent corpses. It seemed to be emerging like a large donut from the man, rather than a dome. Time to test that theory.

"Norah, up!" she yelled over to the Mummy. There was more than one way to skin an avoidant Player.

Norah's bandages wrapped around Sally and flung her high into the air.

She spun in the air and cast [Ruin] directly below Seven. As the damage pulsed through the circular area of red light, his shield started to flicker and diminish.

“Fool!” he laughed, “Now you’re just easier to hit.”

Sally fell, headfirst, with the staff pointed like a spear.

Lana held her hand out and cast her Ultimate at Seven. [Premature End]

Seven held his hand up and fired the rail-shot straight toward her, as his floating swords raised up to catch her fall on their pointed ends.

The shot struck her shield, bursting it into fragments, as a line of blood went into the air from her left arm. Sally threw down the staff, a trail of green flame behind it. The next few steps were a blur of movements.

Her staff struck the remaining shield, the dagger piercing and bursting his defenses. [Mortis Bomb] went out to strike Seven in the face, blinding him. Before Sally landed, Theo [Blood Shift]ed just below her. He struck the blades, getting ran through and bending them away from her as she landed atop him, impaling him instead of herself.

With a raised fist full of anger and crackling energy, Sally punched a hole through the vampire’s abdomen, reaching through his suspended body. Her open palm went against the shocked head of the dazed Seven.

[Brain Drain]

A loud burst shredded the man, pulping his skull and exploding most of his chest. Buckled and bent red armor leaked with dark crimson as the three collapsed down into the mud. His held skills sparked and faded away.

Sally raised from the floor, breathing heavily and clutching at her injured arm. Theo reappeared beside her and sighed, immediately sitting on the floor.

She looked around at the scores of corpses, alongside the zombies still milling around. The *Outsiders* came over, with Chuck in tow.

“Looks like Blue team wins,” she said with an exhausted grin.

Right before a light blue glow appeared to their side.