

## Chapter -60

**PLUGIN INSERTED.**

**Booting up ‘unHaunt’ protocol.**

*Installing...*

The sound of a default landline phone chime came from the Plugin and it made my whole upper body vibrate, rattling my teeth.

**PLUGIN INSTALLED.**

**‘unHaunt’ protocol now in effect!**

Panda was sitting with his face buried in his squishy hands, while Bee helped me with the new Plugin.

“Wait, I just had a thought,” she said, as she looked at me. “Won’t the effect hit me too?”

“Maybe it’s fine since the System doesn’t consider you a Player?”

“It doesn’t really matter, does it?” Panda said. “She’s already above 100% Insanity, not like she can become 200% Insane.”

“Have you forgotten that my Insanity Gauge is over the max?”

“Well, what do you think happens at 200%? I bet nothing. It clearly isn’t meant to even go above 100.”

“I wonder if I would transform again,” Bee said.

“... Yeah, let’s not try to experiment with that.”

“Such a killjoy,” I told him.

“Time to get a move on,” he then said. “Samantha might still be in here fighting the Boss.”

“I’m not done looking at my new items,” I told him stubbornly.

“Me neither!” Bee said. She had her Police Siren in hand. After a moment, she put it on top of her head and ran in a circle while making sounds like an ambulance.

“What was *that* for?” I asked, but then I inspected the item that lay by my feet.

**‘Police Siren’s Police Siren’**

x

<p><i>A Police Siren once belonging to the Police Siren.</i></p> <p><i>In order to unlock its power, you must put it on your head and enthusiastically say “Weewuu!”</i></p> <p><i>Yes, it’s being recorded.</i></p>
<p><b>Weight: 1 Panda</b></p>

“...Ah.”

With a sigh, I put the cone-shaped siren on top of my head and said, “Weewuu,” as unenthusiastically as I could manage.

Nothing happened.

“You have to put your soul into it!” Bee encouraged me.

“Are you f... ough, fine!”

I ran around like she’d done, doing a circle between the walls, while making the ambulance sound as loudly as I could.

When I stopped, I looked up at the ceiling and asked, “Is *that* good enough for you!?”

<p><b>Choose your reward!</b> <span style="float: right;">x</span></p>
<p><i>You will just do anything for a reward, won’t you?</i></p> <p><i>By the way, you won’t be getting any royalties from when we air this in front of untold trillions of viewers.</i></p> <p><i>Sucks to be you, I guess.</i></p>
<p>Pick one of the options:</p> <p>‘Dog.under( )’   ‘Weewuu’   ‘There’s No Escape’</p>

“Gambit, stop yelling at the ceiling,” Panda scolded me. “No one is listening, you just didn’t do it right the first time.”

“They’re definitely listening! They even said they have spy drones following us!”

“Where?” Bee asked. “I don’t see anything.”

“They probably made them invisible,” Panda guessed.

“I’m going to find it and destroy it,” I promised him.

“Sure, sure. Have fun chasing invisible drones.”

I huffed. “You’ll see.”

Then I inspected the options from the Police Siren.

<b>‘Dog.under()’</b>	x
<i>Ability</i>	
<i>Ever heard the saying: “Small dog big bark”?</i>	
<i>Release a loud bark that deals damage based on your Vitality Attribute multiplied with the number of Levels you are below your target.</i>	

<b>‘Weewuu’</b>	x
<i>Passive</i>	
<i>Just like painting red stripes or lightning bolts on a car makes it go faster, it is also important to not neglect the sound it makes.</i>	
<i>Now pretend you’re that car.</i>	
<i>While making sounds like an ambulance, you move 15% faster.</i>	

<b>‘There’s No Escape’</b>	x
<i>Ability</i>	
<i>Become your very own B-Movie Horror villain!</i>	

*Prevents a target from running away from you, bending reality such that all escape paths and doors lead back towards you.*

*Cooldown: 12 hours*

*Duration: 5 minutes*

“Definitely not picking ‘Weewuu’,” I groaned.

“Could take the last option and really lean into your new horror villain persona,” Panda joked.

“Good idea!”

“No, I—”

“Done!”

“Look what I picked!” Bee said before Panda could start complaining.

<b>‘Beetle Bomb’</b>	x
<i>Ability</i>	
<i>Bumbling Beetle Bombs blast brightly, blowing blazing black billowing blossoms!</i>	
<i>Create a ball of flechettes that grows in size and Mana cost for every second spent charging it. Once thrown, it will explode after 5 seconds or if struck.</i>	
<i>Mana Cost: 4 (+2 per second)</i>	

“Damn, that’s actually really cool,” I told her.

“It’s one less Mana to use than Blast, but two more than Bolt. It’s a good ability to have against groups, which I’ve been lacking.”

“Just don’t over-exhaust yourself again,” Panda told her. “If Gambit hadn’t saved you, you would’ve died.”

“I didn’t realize I could go into negative Mana,” she replied.

“I wouldn’t have expected that either,” I said.

“Well, now you know you can, so be careful.”

Getting back to my feet, I began moving towards the exit out of the holding cells. Bee quickly followed after me. It was hard to tell how seriously injured I was, except for the missing right arm of course, because the squishy and soft insides of the Carapace Suit was fitting me so well and applying pressure in all the right spots that I didn’t notice my broken ribs that much, nor the many other parts of my body that were probably pretty damaged.

“What are you gonna do if you can’t get a Full Recovery from the Dungeon?” Panda asked, reading my thoughts.

“I’ll improvise.”

**BAD CATCHPHRASE!**  
**You have taken 1 point of damage.**

“Ow. What the fuck! That’s not even a catchphrase!”

Panda sniffed the air strangely. “You’re smelling like you have 49.87320013% health points left.”

“How many health points do you have?” Bee asked. “I have 6, although I’m not exactly sure what 6 means in terms of health.”

“I’ve got no clue how many I have,” I told her, “But the Attribute on my Status screen says *‘Isn’t It Great?’*, which I think means it’s a decent amount?”

“You should probably put more points into Vitality,” Panda told Bee.

“I want more Intelligence!”

“Going for the Glass Cannon setup? I can respect that.”

“No,” Panda said, “Stop respecting it and actually tell her to not be so reckless! She’ll die from one hit of any Boss I’m pretty sure!”

I ignored him and looked at the threshold out of the holding cell hallway. Bee and I shared a glance, before we crossed it together.

As we came out into the Police Headquarters’ lobby, we both released a sigh of relief. Then I looked around and saw that several Police Fiends lay dead here, their bodies crushed, torn apart, severed, or full of holes and wounds. The lobby had a smooth floor that looked like marble, with a large metal counter that separated a small office area. There was a big hole in this counter and what

looked like a trail of destruction through the office space, with desks thrown aside with their PCs, monitors, and chairs. More of the dead Fiends lay in that path, as well as a couple bigger versions that wore something like SWAT attire.

“There’s no exit,” Bee said.

She was looking at where the normal entrance to the station would’ve been, but instead it was just a wall of glass with the tapestry of screaming faces beyond, which demarcated the boundary of the Dungeon.

After looking around for a bit, we didn’t find any other way to go but through the ruined office. As we walked past one of the bodies of the SWAT Fiends, I asked Bee to inspect it.

Level 18	'SWAT Fiend'	Enemy <sup>x</sup>
<p><i>“Protesting is a crime punishable by lethal force!”</i></p> <p><i>The older cousins of the Police Fiend, these bad boys are both stronger and sturdier, with a riot shield fused to one arm and a baton-maul to the other. But don't be fooled by their tanky appearances, because they will still bash your head in if given the chance.</i></p> <p><i>The main difference between these guys and the Police Fiends is that these guys won't switch off their body-cams. No, they'll keep the footage of curbstomping you and pass it around to their coworkers, while laughing about how you're pissing yourself as you convulse from head trauma.</i></p> <p><i>Speaking of head-trauma, these guys also have pretty messed-up lid-popped-off heads that they occasionally use offensively. So, watch out! Staring at what's spewing out from there is like looking at the sun, but instead of going blind you become insane!</i></p>		

“They sound like the ones that came after Gambit, when he attacked the Mayor.”

“I outran them pretty easily,” I replied.

“Yeah, but when they caught up to you on the roof of the Asylum, they *really* let you have it.”

I chuckled. “I was pissing blood for a week.”

Bee frowned. “The police really beat you up?”

“Of course. Wasn’t the first time either.”

“That’s awful.”

“They had it out for me, I swear.”

“They had it out for you because you were committing petty crime and then tried to kill the Mayor!”

“That’s just a convenient cover-up for the truth!”

“Gambit, let’s not do this right now.”

“You’re right! Why complain about it, when I can go face the Police Chief himself!”

I ran through the ruined office, coming out into a new hallway with a few toilets and more dead Fiends that Samantha must’ve killed. At the end of it lay another small office, which looked like a tornado had gone through it, and from its exit was a long hallway with no enemies, neither dead nor living, which led to what seemed to be a shooting range, based on the signs.

As Bee ran to catch up, she asked breathlessly, “Did you see the photographs and paintings in the office? They’re really sick!”

“Sick good or sick bad?” I asked.

“A mix, though mostly bad. They were really grotesque.”

We slowed down as we came to the end of the hall, where an unnatural darkness awaited us. I couldn’t hear any sounds through it, but I had a gut feeling that Samantha was probably on the other side fighting the boss of the Police Headquarters. One of the people who had royally fucked up my life: Liam Johnson, the Chief of Castleburg’s Police.