

# Chapter 90: Infiltrating QuickLinks Logistics Pt.4

I watched Benjamin, the boss of QuickLinks Logistics, slowly change his expression from shock to terror. His gaze darted around the room but averted me or Thorne.

I exchanged glances with Thorne before we both pointed our weapons at him. We kept our distance as we didn't want any more surprises.

"Wait! I can give you—"

The electric sound of my railgun echoed throughout the room. Then once more.

+10 EXP
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*I have been slacking off recently and haven't been to the range... At least now, it should be over. Oh, and can't forget about loot. I definitely want to check out the chrome our samurai friend had.*

"It's over. Let's get out of here, and take a picture of Benjamin and bring his body," I said as I began cutting off the cybernetics I wanted to study from the samurai bodyguard.

Thorne knew what he was doing and grabbed the terminal on the desk along with the body as we made our exit. Once I spotted one of the wall terminals on the way out, I quickly notified Mark to retreat as well.

We made our back up through the elevator and stopped at the lobby of the main building. We activated our active camo as the door opened and placed his body down once we saw no one around.

We then pressed the button for the third floor where the sky bridge was. With the Nyes clearing our path, we managed to sneak past all the patrols. By the time I stepped on the sky bridge, I could see a commotion going on by the main building, with a large gathering of people.

Just as we made it halfway across the bridge, an explosion rang out from behind us, toward the main building. I looked up through the glass windows and found smoke coming from one of the floors above and kept moving.

*That was probably Mark...*

We continued our way back to where we had left Andrew and Peng and noticed many more patrols than when we had just left. They kept marching down the hallways and checking room to room and we gave them a wide berth.

As we slowly made our way down the stairs, we finally arrived at the hallway in front of the room where we had infiltrated.

A group of security guards blocked our way as they searched each room. They were getting closer to the room where our allies should be, so we readied ourselves to quietly take them out.

We loomed over them from behind as they opened the door to the room. I had a hand just inches away from the throat of the guard at the very back.

Just as I thought I had to make my move because there was no way they wouldn't see the cord sticking out from the window, they began to back out of the room.

"Clear, no one inside." The guard at the front yelled out.

"Well, yeah. This is like the third time we checked this floor. Shouldn't we search elsewhere?"

"You're paid to follow orders. Now let's go."

I froze and blinked at the unexpected turn of events as the man in front got further away from me. We waited until they turned the corner before we entered our room.

"Watch the door," I asked Thorne as we stepped in.

We deactivated our Shades upon entering and fortunately, someone was here as a familiar voice called out to us.

"Sir, you're back." I turned to the corner and found Andrew materializing, followed by the large fellow, Peng.

"Good work here..." I glanced at the two guards and scanned the area outside. "Who's watching outside?"

"I am, sir," Andrew said. "I'm keeping a watch from up here, but there don't seem to be any patrols outside. They're just keeping watch from the cameras, I think."

"Well, pack up. We're leaving as soon as—"

The sound of the door opening interrupted me as we both turned to find Thorne opening the door wide before closing it again.

A moment later, Mark deactivated his Shade and came into view.

"Okay, we're all set. Pack up and let's get out of here."

I moved over to the terminal to send out the news about our success and began our climb back down.

We followed the cord back to the wall and scaled our way up. There were sensors that detected anything moving past it, but with Mark blowing up the control room, there wasn't anyone left to receive the alerts. We smoothly climbed over to the other side where we had dug a hole previously, to keep the terminal that Leo and his team had wirelessly invaded their systems from.

Just as we retrieved the mini-fridge-sized terminal along with Brian from the hole, another loud explosion rang out around the corner, toward the front gate to the compound. A voice then rang out on a loudspeaker.

"Attention all QuickLinks Logistics personnel. I'm sure many of you already know, your leader, Benjamin Links, is dead. Our group, West Coast Agroindustry Alliance, has eliminated all of your company's assets in Can Sauce City as well. You have five minutes to unconditionally surrender."

I peeked out around the corner to take a look at the situation. The main gates were blown open, and several armored vehicles lined up outside the compound. Half a dozen large figures were standing around. One of them seemed to be the one speaking. He had a screen projected behind him, showcasing the image of the dead Benjamin we just parted with.

With the magnification of my Mirage Tech Clear-Sights, I could clearly make out that the figures were, in fact, people in power armor.

*One of those cost millions with their mini-nuclear power reactor. And another fortune for maintenance...It's the fighter jet's equivalent of urban combat.*

Having seen enough, I went back with my team and retreated from the area. We sent a message and found our Wraiths waiting for us a few streets over.

As soon as we got into the car, Thorne asked, "Those guys from the West Coast Agroindustry sure act fast...They could've lent us a hand earlier if they got all that firepower."

"They're corpos. They won't do anything out of goodwill. You can't really blame them for that. They held up their end of the bargain at least and held back the other members of the High Gate group that QuickLinks was part of from interfering. It's already nice of them to handle the cleanup operation for us."

"...So, what next?"

"Even if they take care of the cleanup for us, we should stay around just in case."

We drove around and deployed a normal drone that flew out of the car. It approached where the power armors were. The drone was the civilian kind that was easily detectable, so we sent a message to them ahead of time. They didn't exactly respond, but seeing they hadn't shot it down, it was probably okay.

The people in power armor didn't have to wait long because a few minutes after their speech, several grenades were lobbed over the walls toward them. The flash of light and buzzing noise allowed me to easily identify them as EMP grenades.

Loud gunshots immediately followed, and multiple small explosions could be heard.

*That sounds like an HMG loaded with explosive rounds...*

My optics swiftly changed to infrared mode as the smoke blocked any visibility. It allowed me to see the large figures of the power armors adeptly maneuver around and bring out weapons of their own.

The powerful sound of a projective violently breaking through the sound barrier was transmitted through the drone as I watched one of the people in power armor fire off his weapon. Whatever he fired, it bore a hole through the wall, landing right on his targets.

As the smoke cleared, I zoomed in on the weapon. It was slender and long. I could recognize the brand from the label that showed off the name Premier Arms.

*That's a nasty railgun alright.*

The others held similar weapons and continuously fired into the compound. Their weapon was connected to their armor, which was likely what enabled them to fire without concern for power consumption and heat management.

Their vehicles remained motionless the entire time, and they seemed to have taken no damage from the attacks, either. Three of the power armors soon stepped forward into the compound after expending hundreds of railgun rounds that decimated much of the walls.

The drone couldn't get too close without losing connection from the E-Dome, but we could make out dozens of people in the parking lot outside. Many of them had their hands up in surrender, while a few appeared to be running toward the back and attempting to escape.

"You see the footage, right? Drive over there and capture them," I commanded.

*The more decisive this ended, the faster this war will officially end.*

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### **Joey Moretti - Authentic Corp**

Inside the office in NLA somewhere, a bald man sat by his desk, talking with the projection of a man with a full beard.

"Sir, are you sure we shouldn't intervene if they need assistance?"

"Follow your orders, captain. Standby until I give the word."

“Yes, sir!”

The projection soon disappeared as Joey ended the call, only to be replaced with yet another one. However, in the new call, there was more than just one person on it. The projection was much more comprehensive, displaying an entire meeting room where the seats around the oval table were filled with representatives from various corporations within the West Coast Agroindustry Alliance.

An old man with long white hair that flowed all the way down to his shoulders nodded toward Joey and cleared his throat.

“Now that we are all here, we will start our meeting about dealing with QuickLinks Logistics. Our latest member will be taking charge of this operation, so I’ll let them explain the operation.”

Everyone’s gaze drew toward the girl off in one corner of the table.

“Greetings everyone, my name is Claire and—”

While the girl was giving her presentation, Joey received a private message.

\*Joey, are you sure we want to go through with this attack and entrust this so-called Halls Corporation to take over the route? Those guys at High Gate won’t stay quiet after this.\*

Joey looked up across the table at the person who had sent the message before compiling his response.

\*Yes, it’s about time we took action or else we’ll start stagnating and fall behind them. With that said, we’re only providing support once they have proven themselves with the success of their decapitation strike.\*

\*I see. It won’t be easy though...That old weasel, Benjamin, has escaped our attacks so many times with the help of that bodyguard, Larson. Then the High Gate people just keep funding their reconstruction after every attack and we’re back to square one.\*

\*The Halls Corporation has a more delicate touch that may work. Just have your people in position around the Can Sauce City area and be on the lookout for any reaction from the High Gate Group.\*

The presentation by Claire, the representative from Halls Corporation, soon finished along with the Q&A session while Joey was busy organizing his forces.

It didn’t even take a full day until he received a message about the successful assassination of Benjamin Links. He immediately spread the news to his allies and gave out the order for his own forces to take action.

Once that was completed, he placed a call to the friend he had incidentally met not too long ago.

“Rollo, my friend. Congratulations on the success of your operation.”

“Thank you. The forces from your alliance seem to be impressive as well. I don’t think we’ll have a turn after this.”

“Ha, they may be well-equipped, but they are mainly there for the initial surprise attack. They’ll be needed to keep our rival group in check once they try to respond.”

“I see... Well, I’ll be around Miles High until this settles, then.”

“Very brave of you to be in the front line...When you have the time, let us schedule a meeting with the rest of the alliance. There is much to discuss.”