

Chapter 2.70 Pork Chopped

Sally dove from atop the Eaglebear at the last moment, as a large figure landed atop the beast. She struck the floor hard and rolled awkwardly into the body of an inert golem. As she rose to her feet, she winced as a sharp pain ran up her left arm. Nothing a bit of regeneration wouldn't fix.

The pigman now stood on the crushed corpse of the Eaglebear. A wide grin across his face as he scratched at his chin. "Aw, I missed."

He was remarkably large, now that Sally could see him closer up - although how he had managed to get across the battlefield so quickly was something else. Perhaps fifteen feet tall and almost the same at the waist, his skin shone in the light of the day as if it was rubber. Oh, that was probably it. She narrowed her eyes.

"What's your name, rubber-pig?"

If he had intended to his nature, he didn't seem perturbed that she had been able to guess it. "Doinkus Maximus," he grinned, readying his large hammer.

"I don't... believe you." She sighed and plucked a skull from her belt. If he was indeed rubber, then it would make biting him difficult, and her zombie pals wouldn't be able to do much other than get in the way. She Commanded them to focus on the rest of the regiments, as they slowly passed by her like a tide.

Then, the Champion leaped into the air, far higher than someone his size should be able to. His hammer came down in a blaze of green light as Sally dove out of the way, the ground shattering and cracked behind her.

Even as she righted herself, he had begun a follow-up attack - a wide swing that clobbered several zombies and golems on the way to her. She crossed her arms and blocked it; the force sending her sliding backward across the floor by twenty feet. She growled and shook the stinging sensation from her arms.

"Oh? You're tougher than you look." Doinkus tilted his head and licked his lips. "You'll make a fine meal after all."

A volley of arrows bounced off of his back from the direction of Edward, giving credibility to the assumption he was rubberized. He ignored the attempted assault and crouched down, ready to pounce toward her. With a bounce, he was into the air again using the same attack as before.

Sally held position and threw out [Mortis Bomb] as he came down into her space. The blast slightly obscured his vision even if not doing much damage to him. Shards of rock bounced into the air as he struck nothing once more. He turned his head to the right and struck out with his fist, knocking one of the summoned zombies away. A sharp pain dug into his left knee as Sally zipped past.

“Nice try, little snack, but...” he began, before his brow furrowed. He tried to turn around, but his leg was sluggish and unresponsive.

“Oh, were you using that part of your knee?” Sally grinned and flicked her [Skeleton Key] around. Being able to pierce through nearly any defense had some benefits, like getting into the pesky joints and tendons that made the body move properly.

The pigman growled and went to swing forward, but their weapon was weighed down. He turned his head to see the second Eaglebear clambering atop the end of the hammer. “Get off, you-“ he paused and shot his glance back to Sally, but she wasn’t there anymore.

With a quick yell a blast wave shocked through the surrounding area, knocking back all the zombies and Golds in the area. As he made to swing for the persistent Eaglebear, a glimmering flash caught his peripheral and he swung the hammer back around in a blaze of bright green. He connected with the airborne sword and sent it flying off into the fray. Brief confusion painted his face before a second pain radiated in his right leg.

Sally slid away from him and twisted back up into a standing position as the Champion dropped to his knees. “I can’t think of any good pig puns, so uh... fuck you, piggie.” She flipped him off with both hands as she stuck her tongue out.

“You think this will stop me? Goodbye, ratmeat.”

“Ratmeat?” Sally pouted. That wasn’t particularly-

Doinkus opened his mouth wide and began to inhale the air, and then gradually it got even more powerful. The air whipped around Sally’s hair as she watched some of the inert corpses began to slide across the floor. Everything that got close to him flew up into his ever widening mouth, sucked straight into his stomach.

She rolled her eyes and tried to step away, but her feet started to slide towards the pigman instead. “Fine. If you’re going to play this game, I’ll join in.”

From her Inventory she started dropping the remaining spare weapons she had collected. As soon as they clattered onto the floor, they rose up into the air and flung themselves into the open mouth of the Champion. She was briefly amused that he seemed to have no issue in consuming these too, but even as she slid closer to him, she could see blood starting to run out from between his thick teeth.

“That should do,” she hummed with a small smile. And then she leaped into the air, fighting the powerful draw no more. She quickly flew through the air, straight into his darkened mouth, with her dagger in her hand.

[Eat Brains]

She burst from the top of his head, and the turbulent wind ceased. Dropping down from his deflating corpse, she gagged on the taste of it. “Like eating plasticine,” she spat. With a sigh, she stretched out. Imagine fishing for a crocodile and being surprised when it took your hand off. Seems Players weren’t the only ones who would underestimate them.

“All okay, Sally?” Edward called from the side.

She gave him a wave, and thumbs up, despite her arms aching. Nothing broken, but the force of his strikes probably tenderized her muscles. With a crack of her neck, she turned back to the battlefield. Thankfully, the Outsiders had stayed on target and hadn't come back to help her. Mutual trust.

Even with slowing, the two sides of the battle were progressing forward. The middle had paused due to her getting distracted, but now all the Golds there were stuck between the two growing prongs of the horde. From her side, the Players on their side were clearing up on the left side and making good progress.

“Hey, Dent!” She called and jogged over to him.

“Sally,” he nodded. “How goes the front?”

“Slow, but momentum is still on our side.” She stomped on the neck of a golem, trying to crawl after the human. “One Champ is down.”

“We grow closer to the final hour, then.” He looked around, sighing. “You've done well here. Didn't think much of your group back in the Forest, but you've achieved more than I could.”

“Don't beat yourself up.” She grinned. “Sometimes you need a Monster to fight a Monster, right?”

“Seems so.” He nodded, trying not to look at the amount of blood on her face.

She gestured towards the fray. “The middle is falling behind. Want to show me what the greatest swordsman in the System can do?”

Dent rubbed his stubbled chin. “You know what? You're on.” He turned his head back. “Carlie, you're in charge of the flank.”

Together, they ran back into the main fight.

Another wide snake weaved through the crowds of regiments at great speed, this one heading for Humphrey. A bright ivory color with red eyes, it opened its fanged maw wide as it burst from the crowd toward the Death Knight.

Bandages shot out and wrapped around the snout and chin of the creature. Humphrey slammed his sword into the ground sharp edge forwards and Norah pulled the large snake through it. The blade carved straight through the back of the snake's mouth and a good third of the way through the thick body before it fell down, slack.

The Death Knight withdrew his sword and flourished it in the air in front of the stunned regiments. “You are quite the delight to fight alongside,” he said as he grinned over his shoulder.

“Oh, please.” Norah feigned fanning herself. “It’s a delight to have a knight in shining armor to keep me safe.” With the click of her fingers, an orange light circled around Humphrey and he powered forward into the gathered combatants.

“Still keeping up?” Theo slid across the floor and flicked the blood from his blade as two figures slumped to the floor in his wake.

“I’m just glad I can’t throw up. Motion sickness is a new experience, that I don’t enjoy.” The crimson eyes in the vampire’s shadow shook around.

He grinned, exposing his fangs. “It’s rather fun, and I’ve certainly had my fill. Shame we can’t go all out yet.”

“This is you holding back?” A shadowed emoji that was indecipherable appeared beside Lucius.

Theo hummed to himself as he moved between zombies, trying to read how the battle was going. “Hmm? Yeah, some of it. Sally said to keep it easy in case we needed everything we had for Ruben.”

Lucius grabbed out at the legs of a golem, tripping them so the vampire could spin and lop their head off. “Even seeing you against the demons it frightens me how powerful you are.”

He shrugged at his shadow. “I don’t know sports, or what sports you even have here. But Sally holds the ball and my job is to make sure she can deliver it to the points-zone.”

“By decapitating everyone?”

Theo narrowed his eyes ahead. The regiments were shuffling and moving around and the Golemancer had his hand in the air.

“Champions are on the move. So, yes.” He turned to see if the rest of the gang had noticed, and his blood ran cold as he saw every golem in the area start to glow a bright amber.

Before he had the chance to open his mouth and yell, the pulse of scores of explosions rocked the area.