

S.P.E.C.T.O.R 120

Chapter 120: Blind Fire

Several individuals didn't manage to find cover fast enough and were shot down by the invaders.

The three of them dropped to the floor behind the couch that Stacey and Susan had been sitting on while Susan asked in shock, "What the fuck is this?"

"Another gang must be conducting a raid on us," Joe replied as he grabbed his blaster from his holster.

"You think," Stacey replied sarcastically as she retrieved her own that Adam had given her back on his ship.

"Don't you guys have informants in other gangs to warn you about this shit?" Susan complained.

"Yeah, but they're not exactly high up in those gangs. If this were a spur-of-the-moment or secret attack that only the top gang members knew about, we wouldn't learn about it." Joe replied before he started returning fire while using the couch for cover.

By now, other patrons and eight sixers gang members who had found cover were also returning fire, causing the invaders to dive for cover before a firefight broke out.

"What are you doing?" Susan asked Stacey as she saw her using her uniband.

"Sending Adam a message," Stacey replied before she joined Joe and started firing at the invaders.

"Can I get a blaster, please?" Susan asked, feeling left out.

"Help yourself," Joe replied.

"Well, where is it?"

"Behind the bar."

"Oh great," Susan replied as she looked over at the bar that was several feet away. Several feet of open space that gave the invaders time to fill her with blaster holes.



[[*ALERT*]]

[[Missions Goal: Aborted.]]

[[Stream Title Updated: Save your employer.]]

[[Mission Parameters: Becky's, the location your employer is currently at has just been attacked by individuals wielding automatic blasters causing a firefight to break out that your employer is in the middle off.]]

[[Missions Goal: Return to Beck's ASAP and protect your employer as a bodyguard should.]]

[Netononato (Earth): Oh shit.]

[Whostolemyduck (Earth): Talk about timing, is this a coincidence?]

[1000yearsofdeath (Earth): What are you gonna do, streamer? Save the girl or catch the bad guy? Kekeke.]

"Fuck." Adam cursed as he watched Max Parks drive away in his expensive-looking hover car before he dashed towards the garage exit while saying.

"Spector, bring the bike around."

[[Affirmative]]

Out the front of the Skull Rose nightclub, the bouncers and patrons queuing to get in watched as a riderless hoverbike shot past them.

"Does Chuber do hoverbikes as automated taxis now?" One patron asked.

"No idea." Another replied with a shake of his head

As Adam rolled under the lowering garage door, the hoverbike came around the corner and stopped in front of him, allowing him to quickly climb on before he gunned the accelerator and shot off.

[StealthAssassin9 (Earth): Do hoverbikes normally have a self-driving function?]

[Beinglittleisnotadisadvantage (Strathorp 7): It's pretty common in taxis and other forms of public transport; however, hoverbikes don't normally.]

[Justiceistruth: (Earth): Is it self-driving if it's controlled by the AI?]

[AlamoMatador4thewin (Earth): Depends on whether you class an AI as a sentient being.]

[Beinglittleisnotadisadvantage (Strathorp 7): Please let's not get into the whole, is an AI sentient and therefore a living being topic.]

[Whostolemyduck (Earth): Why not?]

[Being little is not a disadvantage (Strathorp 7): Because it's been an ongoing discussion for decades, with many individuals siding both for and against it.]

"What happened?" Adam asked as he rode the hoverbike at high speed.

[[After your employer sent that concerning message in the chat I hacked into the security feed from Becky's and found armed assailants attacking the place.]]

[[I therefore deemed the active mission as less important and abandoned it before assigning the new mission.]]

"Who are the assailants?"

[[Insufficient data available to answer this question.]]

"What the fucks happening?" Adam cursed as the hoverbike shot along.



"DIE BITCHES!" A cry came as Jessie appeared from a door behind the bar, carrying an automatic blaster in each hand, before she started spraying blaster bolts at the invaders who ducked behind cover.

"HAHAHAHAHA." Jessie laughed madly with a huge grin on her face.

"She knows she's in a firefight, right?" Susan asked as she stared at the crazy woman.

"Oh yeah." Joe replied before continuing to fire his blaster while saying, "That girl loves a good fight."

"It's why the former leader forced her to take the position when she retired," Susan smirked as she fired her blaster.

"What?" Susan asked in surprise.

"She used to get into a fight with a different gang each week and dragged the eighty sixers in with her. It got to the point where too many members were getting injured or dying. In the end, the former leader gave Jessie an ultimatum: become the leader and calm down or leave the gang." Joe explained.

"Jessie loved the gang as she grew up in it, so she reluctantly accepted the position, who knew she would be such a good leader when she focused on it."

"HAHAHAHA." Jessie laughed crazily as she continued to spray blaster bolts in the invaders' general direction until her automatic blasters suddenly stopped.

"Eh!" Jessie responded in confusion as she looked at her automatic blasters, realising she had drained their energy cells.

As she looked up from her now-empty automatic blasters, Jessie saw the invaders looking at her angrily as they started to raise their own.

"Shit." Jessie cursed as she dove for cover behind the bar just as the invaders concentrated their fire on where she had just been standing and turned the door into a melting pile of scrap.

"JESSIE" Susan shouted from her cover behind the couch.

"WHAT?" Jessie yelled back as she reloaded her automatic blasters.

"THROUGH ME A BLASTER."

"WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ONE? WHAT SORT OF A GANG MEMBER DOESN'T CARRY A BLASTER ON THEM?"

"BECAUSE UP UNTIL TWO DAYS AGO I WASN'T A GANG MEMBER."

"WELL, YOU ARE NOW, SO ONCE WE'VE TAUGHT THESE BASTARDS A LESSON, COME SEE ME ABOUT A BLASTER, FOR NOW USE THIS." As Jessie finished replying, Susan saw something much larger than an ordinary blaster come flying over the top of the bar in her general direction.

She barely managed to reach out and grab it before realising what it actually was.

"I ASKED FOR A BLASTER, NOT A SCATTERGUN," Susan complained as she stared down at the large weapon that had a pump handle underneath that was used to intensify the next shot it fired.

"STOP COMPLAINING, THE ONLY BLASTER I HAVE ON ME IS MINE AND YOU'RE NOT USING THAT, SO SHUT UP AND USE THE DAMN THING," Jessie shouted back.

Susan grumbled before she primed the scattergun by pumping the handle underneath it and heard a humming sound coming from inside it.

She moved to crouch next to Stacey, who was still firing her blaster, before she aimed the scattergun over the couch, taking aim before pulling the trigger.

Hundreds of tiny blaster bolts erupted from the scattergun's end and spread out in a cone shape in front of her while the recoil from the build-up energy being expelled threw her backwards onto her back, making her groan, while over the invader's side, she heard someone screaming in pain.

"Nice shot," Stacey said as she ducked back down behind cover and looked at her friend with a grin.

"I hit someone?" Susan asked in surprise.

"Yup, took one of those bastard arms clean off."

Susan smiled in triumph and pride as she got up and pumped the handle again before taking another shot, though she managed to stay upright this time.

"I like this thing," Susan said.

"IF YOU MANAGE TO KILL ONE OF THOSE BASTARDS YOU CAN KEEP IT," Jessie shouted over the bar before she stood back up and began to unload with her twin automatic blasters again.

"OK!" Susan said happily as she started to rapidly fire the scattergun at the invaders, who once again dived for cover because of the vicious assault of the two beauties.

The invaders held their automatic blasters over the top or around the side of the cover where they were each hiding behind before firing randomly and hoping to hit someone.

"BLIND FIRE," Joe yelled, causing them all to duck behind their cover again and fire their own weapons blindly.

For the next few minutes, all anyone did was fire blindly from behind cover as the occasional shout of pain or collapsing body sounded from both sides.



"Update," Adam said as his hoverbike pulled up outside Becky's, where he found several people fleeing from the brothel and the bodies of the girls who had watched the door unmoving on the ground.

[AlamoMatador4thewin (Earth): Are they dead? Fuck.]

[Superior4horns (Vinox 3): Doesn't look good.]

[Superhearofangirl (Earth): Bastards.]

[[The eighty sixers are currently engaging in a blind firefight inside Becky's with the invaders. Several individuals on both sides have been injured or killed.]]

"And Stacey?" Adam asked as he climbed off the hoverbike before opening the compartment and retrieving his blaster and beam sabre.

[[Stacey Sinclair appears to currently be unharmed and is engaging in the blind fire exchange.]]

"Good," Adam said in relief as he hurried towards Becky's with his blaster in one hand and his force staff in the other.