

S.P.E.C.T.O.R 360

Chapter 360: Disqualification cube

[Celebrityhunter69 (Earth): You agree with this ruling, Miss Hopkins?]

[CEOHopkins (Earth): I'm not particularly a fan of the ruling now, but I understand why it was given.]

[Phoenixempres (Fenix Nest): Face it, people, there is nothing you can do about it. Even if they did change the rules, it wouldn't be until after the match ends.]

[NonpareilRaphilia (Aaru): Can we shelve this conversation for later? The streamer is up to something.]

[[NOTIFICATION: Since you have been disqualified from the competition please travel to the designated area marked by the blue cube and wait for the match to end, after which you will be allowed to leave the sphere.]]

As the notification appeared, so too did a blue cube that was situated near the sphere hatchway that everyone entered through.

[Handsome3horns (Vinox 2): He's just heading for the disqualification cube. Nothing surprising about that.]

[NonpareilRaphilia (Aaru): Look closer. He may be heading in that general direction, but if I'm right, he will fly right past the disqualification cube.]

[Handsome3horns (Vinox 2): Really?]

[MertheadAnderson (Palaxia): I think she's right.]

[Noobkiller9000 (Earth): What's he planning to do? The sphere hatch is closed, and the notification says he can't leave until the match is over.]

[1000yearsofdeath (Earth): He could always go kill Prime and the pilot of that other mech, so the match ends faster. Kekeke.]

[Superior4horns (Vinox 3): While I'm fine with him killing Prime, I don't think the pilot of Speed Stone deserves that.]

"Activate drone cutting mode."



"That fucking useless piece of shit," Drot cursed angrily as he hit the armrest of the chair he had been sitting on, causing the female Scaulxun who knelt between his legs, sucking his cock to flinch slightly.

"Focus, you fucking slave, or do you want me to blow you out an airlock?" Drot angrily asked the

female Scaulxun before returning to the original topic and asking, "How the fuck did that stupid bastard mess this up? He had the perfect opportunity to ambush that brat, and he messed it up."

"His mech was severely outmatched," The other male Nagareen stated as he stared at Spector Unit 6 on the large holographic screen.

"That much is obvious, but why is his mech so good when he's from outside the known universe?" Drot asked.

The male Nagareen was about to reply when he suddenly got a notification on his uniband. As he checked the notification, his eyes widened in surprise before he made some hand gestures, causing a new holographic screen to appear showing a beautiful female Sirinian.

"What the fuck is this?" Diava asked in disgust before looking at the Male Nagareen and asking angrily, "Why the fuck did you answer my call when that idiot is having his cock sucked by some slut?"

"Why the fuck did you suddenly answer her call?" Drot asked angrily.

“Your instructions were to immediately answer your call regardless of what I was doing,” The male Nagareen answered Diava while ignoring Drot’s question.

“Did you seriously believe that I wanted you to answer it just when he was having his cocl sucked? Do you really believe I want to watch that?” Diava asked.

“I was only following orders. Also, I am unaware of what your tastes are, perhaps you are into watching slaves suck their owners off,” The male Nagareen replied.

“Why the fuck are you ignoring my question? You're my assistant?” Drot asked.

“Correct, I am your assistant; however, I am employed by the Bounty Hunter Guild, and Assistant Diava is the personal assistant of Vice Guild Master Rolvarud, who outranks you.”

“ENOUGH,” Diava snapped before giving Drot a disgusted look and ordering, “Get that tramp out of my sight”

“Get the fuck out of here,” Drot snapped at the female Scaulxun slave, who happily obeyed and hurried out of the room.

“What do you want?” Drot asked Diava in an annoyed tone.

“I would watch your tone of voice, Director Drot, as your ‘assistant’ just reminded you, I am the personnel assistant of Vice Guild Master Rolvarud,” Diava replied with a frown.

“His ‘assistant’, emphasis on ‘assistant’,” Drot replied before asking, “So what do you want?”

“I’m calling to ask you about that fucking shit show Excess Surplus just put on before getting stabbed in the back. I’m assuming he’s the one you sent to deal with that boy?” Diava replied before asking, “So tell me why you hired someone so useless.”

“What can I say? He promised me he could get the job done, and he failed. We didn’t expect his mech to be so powerful, even more so after finding out that it’s just another replica of the Black Knight,” Drot replied.

“You really are an idiot. Have either of you even looked at Xer-verse recently?” Diava asked.

“No, why?” Drot asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Because Lord Malacoss, you know the same Lord Malacoss who rules Deverinian Nine, is suggesting that the ‘Black Knight replieca’ as you called it is actually the original Black Knight from the Siege of Fenix Nest.”

“What?” Drot asked in surprise as the other male Nagareen also showed a shocked look before going to check Xer-verse.

“Exactly as I said,” Diava replied before continuing, “If Lord Malacoss is correct and that brat's mech is the original Black Knight, then that makes this whole situation far more complicated. You are to report to the guild headquarters immediately.”

“What? Why? We are about to arrive at the Felidae Galaxy jump gate.”

“How did an idiot like you become a director? Whose ass did you eat?” Diava asked in disbelief.

“You!” Drot replied in anger; however, Diava just ignored him and continued as if she didn’t hear him.

“Do you even understand the value of that mech if it’s the original Black Knight? And also its mothership? Vice Guild Master Rolvarud has taken a personal interest in this matter after learning this knowledge and has ordered you to report to the guild headquarters in order to brief him on everything you know about the mech, its mothership and that brat, IN PERSON.”

As she finished speaking, Diava ended the holocal, causing the large holographic screen to disappear.

“Alter course,” Drot said angrily as he shot the male Nagareen a scowl.

“We will have to wait until we arrive at the Felidae Galaxy jump gate before dialling the closest gate to the guild headquarters.”

“Fine, now get the fuck out of here and send that bitch back in.”



“And with Spector Unit Six heading for the disqualification cube, we will focus on the two remaining competitors, Black Prime, who is in first place and Speed Stone, who is in second,” Honcho said to the audience as the feed switched to show Speed Stone attacking the undead aliens.

“Err, no, he’s not,” Raella remarked as she looked at the holographic screen that followed Spector Unit 6.

While the feed generally only showed the viewers one camera feed from the match, the broadcasting booth that Honcho, Dulaebella and Raella occupied had extra holographic screens that continuously focused on and followed one specific mech, though the one following Excess Surplus now only showed the floating remains of the mech.

The one showing Spector Unit 6, however, showed how it was travelling past the disqualification cube and heading for the location where the sphere’s hatch was located.

“What do you mean?” Honcho asked as he looked over at Spector Unit 6’s feed before asking, “Where is it going? It can’t leave the sphere.”

“It looks like it wants to leave the sphere, but the hatch is sealed and locked,” Dulaebella said in confusion.

As the feed once again switched back to Spector Unit 6, everyone watching saw the eight drones fly ahead towards the sphere’s hatch before a red beam of energy erupted from each of them and began cutting into the hatchway.

“What the heck!” Honcho said in shock as they all witnessed the drones start to move slowly sideways in a circular motion as they cut through the hatch.

“Is he trying to slice open the sphere’s hatchway?” Dulaebella asked in shock.

“Is that even possible?” Raella replied.

“I don’t know, it depends on what the sphere is made of and how thick the hatch is,” Dulaebella replied.



“What on Dun Daruhm is he doing?” Director Opealbeard asked in shock as he observed Spector Unit 6’s actions.

“I believe he is trying to cut his way out of the sphere,” Maiya remarked with interest.

“I can see that, but why? “If this keeps up, he’s going to destroy the sphere’s hatchway,” Director Opealbeard said in realisation before turning to an assistant and ordering, “Open the hatch immediately.”

“At once, director,” the assistant replied.

“Why is he so desperate to get out that he can’t wait till the match ends?” Director Opealbeard asked.

“I’m guessing because he pissed off that the bounty hunter guild didn’t listen to his warning,” Maiya replied before adding as an afterthought, “Or maybe he’s pissed off at you because he was disqualified.”

“What?” Director Opealbeard replied with concern as some sweat appeared on his face.

“Relax, director, I’m just kidding. It’s definitely because of the bounty hunters... Probably.”

“Can you sound any more uncertain?”

“I can’t read minds, director, and I’m not Oracle Andromeda, who can predict the future.”

“Why isn’t the hatch open yet?” Director Opealbeard asked angrily.

“We are trying, director, but all we are getting are error messages. We think that Spector Unit 6’s drones damaged it when they started cutting into it.”

“Fuck, couldn’t he have just asked to be let out instead of cutting his way out?”