

Four days, one hour and thirty two minutes. The clock was only ticking closer to War Games, and the clock was ticking further towards four people getting screwed.

Scoops McGee paced around the cell, itching at his unkempt beard as he looked out the small window to the outside world. It was late, but that did nothing to halt the hustle and bustle of the London nightlife. His brows furrowed together. They were needing to do something soon at this rate.

“You ain’t heard a damn thing from your lawyer, yeah?” Scoops arched a brow.

Amber Mansley huffed as she heard the question. She rolled around in her bed, leaning upwards. *“I wish. I know he’s on his way, but I’ve got no idea where he’s at right now.”*

“Same story on my end,” Dickie Watson mumbled out, leaning further into the corner he sat in. *“I passed the story along to my contacts, but it’s been radio silence since. And I wouldn’t be surprised if they’re trying to delay us for as long as possible.”*

“Figures.” Scoops rolled his eyes, pounding on the wall of the prison.

Game Girl used the bars of the cell to make her way up, an uncharacteristically sullen look on her face as she glanced at Scoops. **“We’re not going to miss War Games, are we?”**

“No,” Scoops responded. **“Hell no. I didn’t draft this team and get us this far only for the lot of us to get locked away because the powers that be decided they’d frame all four of us.”**

“How did that title end up in your bag, anyway?” Dickie asked.

“You think I got a clue? I ain’t ever see that title in-person in my life, boah.”

“Couldn’t we skip the arguments for later and figure out... I dunno, a plan first?” Amber snapped at both of the men. *“Because I’m not sure if you people noticed, but I’ve got a date with that idiot Kline, and I plan on leaving him high and dry.”*

A moment of silence passed as Scoops glanced at the clock.

He grinned back to his teammates.

“The shifts are changing over.”

“They are?” Game Girl asked, looking around.

“Scoops and I were keeping track for the past few days,” Dickie mumbled back.

Scoops was silent, grabbing GG's attention with a wave. He pointed to all four of them, then out the window towards the side of the nearby curb. He nodded, and was relieved when she nodded back.

"Sooooo... what's all the sign language about?" Amber asked.

"Now?"

"Now."

The world lurched around them. The small, cramped confines of the prison cell was whisked away into the vibrant night as people had to leap out of the way of the four incoming travelers. Vertigo quickly settled in for most of the team, as they all quickly bent over except for Game Girl.

"I ain't ever gonna get used to that," Scoops mumbled.

Amber looked up at Game Girl, sputtering as she did so. *"You can teleport?"*

"You just now realized?!" Dickie asked incredulously.

"You think I pay attention to... ugh, never mind," Amber grunted as she forced herself back onto her feet. The four had freedom finally, but a fact quickly settled in as she glanced towards the others. *"What about our phones?"*

Scoops looked to GG. **"They oughta have some sort of evidence lockup. You know where you're going for that?"**

"Nope! But I'll try!"

POP! leaving the three alone for a few, long seconds. It didn't take long for Game Girl to come back, passing off each of their phones before handing Scoops the Heavymetalweight Championship as well.

"Good news and bad news. The good news is that it really didn't take me long to find the evidence room."

"And what's the bad news?" Dickie hesitantly pressed.

A moment of silence hung in the air as Game Girl shrugged.

"I think they've figured out that we've escaped."

Police sirens began to swallow the air as each of their stomachs lurched.

“We gotta move!” Scoops ordered. **“Now!”**

The four begin to book it down the cold London streets, dipping into a side alley as the blue lights bouncing off the walls grew brighter accompanied with the mocking siren.

“Hey!” Amber shouted out between breaths. **“If Princess Peach here can teleport can’t we just BAMF away somewhere?”**

Scoops shoots a look to GG who gives a concerned one back as they weave through the alleys.

“I can try,” she murmurs. **“But it’s complicated, I don’t know the area, like, at all.”**

“It’s worth the risk.” Dickie responds as the team stops, their back to a concrete wall as dogs begin to bark. GG exhales and concentrates and Fast Travels them out of the backs. Scoops doubles over, holding back vomit as they re-appear back on the street; they look up.

“Are we back at the jail!?”

“OI!” An officer shouts, **“Don’t move!”**

Several police begin to rush them as Scoops looks to GG. **“What the hell, Paige?!”**

“I said it was complicated! I’ll try again!”

With another *POP*, they disappear from sight. The team had reappeared in a setting unfamiliar with them but from the first look of their presence, the roof over their heads inside the tunnels suggested they were underground for the train vehicles passing through on the tracks below. The underground tunnels for the subways, a rite of passage to be used by those in London, and also easier travel made it a quick thought for Amber to look around who knew where she was from the sheer disgust.

“What the fuck?!” Amber screeched. The smell of the ruined walkways made her cover her nose but the team searched around in frantic perspectives to see if authorities were near. Scoops checked each way to scan for any signs.

“Keep moving.” Scoops said firmly.

“Where?” Game Girl tried to find a route but couldn’t. The scene was too chaotic with civilians walking around them in their own paths.

"The train. We have to take the train."

"Without a ticket?!" GG cried as Amber gave an irritated response of how many laws they've already broken. Scoops tried to maintain cordiality to make sure they were able to escape. On the other hand, Dickie noticed a train approaching and in the corner of his eye, to the right, a group of police officers were on patrol.

"Guys." Dickie yelled at the top of his lungs to gather their attention. He pointed to the empty tunnelway where the sound of the train was approaching. Amber, GG and Scoops all agreed, carrying the legendary item of the championship belt within their grasp, and quickly rushed to the opening doors unhatching for the new participants. Once they were all inside, the doors locked and the train was accelerating in the nick of time away from the police officers approaching the scene. **"That was close."**

"We're so screwed." Amber collapsed onto a seat and buried her face into her hands.

"We ain't dead yet," Scoops brushed the concern aside as he hid the title underneath his jacket. **"We just gotta try and get outta this damn city, and maybe we'll have a chance."**

Dickie stared out of the nearby window, brows furrowed. **"This sucks. I wish we had any maps of the subway. I don't remember it enough from bein' a kid."**

"Can't be that hard to get out of here, right?" GG tried to hold a smile. **"I mean, what. Are these people going to be at every exit out of here?"**

"You'd be surprised what the pigs can do."

"We're so SCREWED!" Amber groaned again, this time banging the back of her head into her seat.

The subway began to slow again as they neared to the next exit, and Dickie gazed ahead. Leading the way were a pair of constables that tried to look through the crowd.

"Shit. Hide."

Scoops cursed under his breath, holding Amber up by the arm as the four quickly began to cut their way back towards the end of the train.

"Watch it, old man!" Amber hissed quietly as they moved to the next carriage over.

When they came to a section of the train with no other passengers in sight, GG nodded to the others. **"I think we hide out in here."**

The others agreed as they took their positions, sandwiched in between the rows of seats. The train began to pick up and move again, the frantic movement only leading to the butterflies in their stomachs running rampant. Just one wrong move, and it was going to be a long trip back to jail...

"I'm too pretty to sit in jail for the rest of my life..." Amber whined in a hushed voice.

"Shhh! You're going to get them to come in here!"

"I can't help it! The sooner my lawyer gets back to me, the better!"

"Any chance the two of you can talk to either of your peoples?" Scoops asked hesitantly.

Dickie quickly flipped open his phone, swiping through numbers as he eventually settled on one. "Signal's spotty, but I think I can make this work..." He brought the phone up, waiting a brief moment before he began quietly speaking in Japanese to the other side.

Amber, meanwhile- "Heyyyy guys!" Had the front camera of her phone positioned in front of her face. "We're in a bit of a rough spot right now..."

"Oh, you're kidding me!" GG whispered incredulously.

"What? My fans need to know what's happening to us! They can, like, go fight the cops or something?"

"For fuck's sake..." Scoops groaned aloud.

"Listen, people! We've been falsely accused of theft, and that's like, no good. We've been stuck in jail for over a week now and we only barely just got out! If you wanna see us make it to War Games, like, call the Brits or something and *please* tell them to bug off, or whatever they say over here?"

"We're not gonna make it to War Games, are we, Scoops?"

"Not a snowball's chance in Hell, at this rate."

"Aaaaand... send!" Amber grinned, sitting back against the wall and watching the views begin to roll in. "Oh, this is doing numbers, I should have done this first thing after we got out..."

The door to the carriage abruptly opened, causing each of their eyes to widen in horror. Dickie quickly hung up as a voice cut through the air.

“Right, you plonkers! The girl’s TikTok just told us exactly where you people are! You come out with your hands up, we’ll take you to the station, nice and easy! You make this hard on us, you’ll regret it!”

Three pairs of eyes slowly craned over towards Amber, who hesitantly waved back at them. She quietly mouthed, “What do we do?”

Dickie noticed the emergency brake above Scoops, catching his attention and pointing towards it. Scoops began to reach overhead for it...

“Have it your way...” the officer called out. “We’ll drag you out, the-”

SCRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRCH!

The horrible sound of nails on a chalkboard echoed through the tunnel as the subway began to screech to an abrupt halt. The officer fell right back on his ass alongside his fellow constables, giving Scoops enough time to get back onto his feet and throw a back elbow to break open the nearby window.

“Move out, folks!” he ordered as he hopped out of the slowed train.

GG Fast Traveled to the outside, and Dickie and Amber were quick to follow before the officers could follow. With a moment of time on their side, they began to run as fast as they could down the tunnels.

“Wuh... where to now?” GG asked between paces.

“Dunno... huff... how long... I can run for...” Scoops gasped out.

“Ugh, c’mon, old man! Aren’t you supposed to, like, lead us or something?” Amber rolled her eyes at him.

Dickie *tsked* loudly. “Focus, people!” His eyes craned through the dark passageways, until he found a hatch along the side of the tunnel. Freedom was promised to them, only if they could get through a swim. “Careful. Water’s gonna be cold.”

“We’re SWIMMING?!”

“Do you have a better idea, Mansley?”

"I... uhm... well... I just don't wanna ruin my clothes!"

"It's this or it's back to jail, you know."

Amber opened her mouth as if to reply, before responding with a grumble instead. Dickie took that as a sign of acknowledgment, throwing open the latch and opening the way into the River Thames.

"Swim down and out of London," Scoops ordered. **"We stick together, no matter what."**

And with that, all four members of the team dived inside to the dirty London river.

The frigid waters were trying to stick needles into their skin. Amber had to bite back the urge to scream out of shock in the depths. GG quickly grabbed her by the arm, guiding her along with Scoops and Dickie who led the way. Their long, fluid motions guided them to the surface, where they quickly broke for air.

They continued to kick and pedal along the waters, the tall London buildings beginning to give way to more open skies as sirens rang in the distance. A weight was beginning to leave the group's shoulders..

"Hey... can we rest...?" GG quickly asked, clutching at her chest.

"Off to the side then," Scoops nodded as the group broke off.

It took them a longer while than they'd wanted to admit. But the team made their way out of the Thames, sopping wet as they crawled up onto the concrete banks just on the outskirts of London.

Scoops got to his feet first, and took in the lot of them. Amber cringed, her blonde hair clinging to her face, her fingers dusting the river from her skin. Her mouth formed little *Ew's* and cringes, small little gags and little upheavals in distaste. GG crawled to her feet and breathed heavily. Dickie sat on the ground, his clothes stuck to him as he looked up at the rest of them.

"Right," Scoops nodded, **"We made it to the other side, but this ain't changing the fact that we need to get ourselves all the way out of London."**

"Obviously," Amber rung out her hair and then placed her hands on her hips.

"We might need the air to cool down, though," Game Girl looked above them, upon the streets over the banks. Blue flashes decorated the night sky, signaling that the patrols were still in a heated search for them. **"Amber, any luck getting your lawyer?"**

Amber sighed and pulled her phone out of her pocket. With an angry shout, “We just had to go for a swim! It’s fucking useless, there’s no way.”

Dickie, still sitting on the ground, narrowed his eyes towards something – or *someone* – on the street above them. “Oi,” he muttered under his breath and rolled upwards onto his feet. He began to walk away from the group, jogging up the small service steps on the side of the wall.

“Dickie!” Scoops hiss-yelled at him. “We have a better chance if we stick together!”

A second later, however, Dickie waved at them and gestured for them to come up the stairs as well. Game Girl shrugged and followed, Scoops as well, and with a little stomp of her foot in frustration, her fist clenched around her unworking phone, Amber followed last. When they arrived at the top, Dickie was speaking to an older looking Japanese gentleman who looked just enough out of place for it to be odd, but not enough for it to be questioned.

“--he wasn’t kidding when Yosh said he really got you here that quickly.”

“おやぶんさん、あなたの位置情報サービスは、おっしゃる通り、とても役に立ちます。”
[Oyabun-san, your location services came in...as you say...clutch.]

“Don’t call me that,” Dickie snapped, eyes narrowing slightly. The man bowed just a little. Dickie looked at the van, and then looked at them. “These are some...friends...people I...well fine, whatever, I know them somehow. Don’t ask. Just get in the van and trust me, yeah?” He said, and then climbed into the backseat.

The others glanced at one another, and then jumped into the vehicle. The driver, another Japanese man, looked at them through the review mirror.

“Perv.” Amber sniped, tossing her wet hair behind her ear. Dickie slammed the door shut behind them and the driver immediately took off. They sat on the floor of the white van, super sketch, but super helpful. The blue lights flashed through the front windows of the vehicle, but nowhere else.

“Is this what I’m thinkin’ it is, boah?” Scoops, seated against the opposite side, asked Dickie.

“My people. Kobun, if we’re technical.” He reached up, grabbing a bag of boxes that happened to just be new phones that seemed to be commandeered from...somewhere. Amber took hers in glee – TikTok could *not* be stopped, that was for certain.

“おやぶん——” [Oyabun—]

“ここではありません。” [Not here.] Dickie snapped his head back and then shook his head with annoyance coating every feature of his face. “They’re gonna get us somewhere where we can rest and breathe for a second.”

“Where?” GG asked, looking pensively at her new phone as if it was going to bite at her.

“I dunno, I’m still learning Japanese but I’m pretty sure he said a hotel!”

It was decidedly **not** a hotel.

Roughly forty minutes later, the team rolled open the van door to find themselves in front of...



...and hotel.

Dickie grinned sheepishly as the team looked at him and he scratched the back of his head. “I mean. Okay, there is a hotel. And if I’m right, we have some fancy new—” one of the Japanese men in the vehicle handed him a new batch of little blue books, “passports for IDs. Apparently I am,” he skimmed through some of them and found his own. “I am Doug.” He looked at the man again. “Doug? Do I also have a fucking dog named Porkchop?”

“Yes.” The Japanese man deadpanned him.

“Christ.”

Scoops took one look in his passport and groaned aloud. “Harold? The fuck... that makes me sound way older than I am!”

Amber and Dickie shared a look with each other. “How do we tell him?”

“We don’t.”

GG, meanwhile, ignored the two as she looked at Scoops. “Can we preeeeeeeetty please play inside the park?”

“No.”

“C’mon!”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“We got War Games to worry about, girlie!” Scoops rolled his eyes. “Besides, don’t you think the people are gonna notice us there?”

...

A loud snuffle came from GG as her eyes began to tear up. Scoops’ face paled in recognition.

“W... Wait a minute...”

“It’s not like Amber’s lawyer is gonna be here immediately...” Dickie nervously coughed out.

“C’mon, old man! You don’t wanna make her cry, do you?”

Scoops, realizing he was outnumbered, finally sighed. “Fine. Just for a little bit since we’re already here.”

“Yay!” GG happily led the way inside the park as she pointed at the first thing inside. “Look! We get to ride the train to get inside!”

“We just rode a train not too long ago!”

“Not one as cool as this!” GG looks back at the train and back to Scoops, stars in her eyes. “That one’s made out of bricks, *Harold!*” :D

Scoops gives an eye roll, running a rough palm down his face as the group head into Legoland proper.

Aboard the train made for children, 3 of 4 sit uncomfortably as they slowly make their way down the tracks looking at the nearby sights the park has to offer. Colorful statues, a castle made of Lego bricks, even the bushes were made from plastic. GG sits buzzing in her seat gawking at everything she passes and excitedly pointing them out to Dickie who gives a forced grin accompanied by the same pleasant “Hmm!” Over and over, while Scoops sits with his arms folded like a grumpy old man while Amber gets accustomed to the first Android phone she’s ever touched.

“OHMYGOODNESS!!!” GG gasps in glee turning back to Scoops. **“THEY’VE GOT A RIDE WHERE YOU SHOOT LASERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”**

“... Girl, you can already shoot lasers!”

Dickie double takes. **“She can?”**

“Why the hell would you wanna shoot fake lasers on some damn ride for babies?”

“Because it’ll be fun, Scoops! C’mon, stop being a stick in the mud.”

“Yeah, Scoops.” Amber snickers, her eyes not leaving her phone. **“Quit being a bad dad.”**

“She ain’t my daughter.” He hisses before looking at GG. **“I’m too big for the ride, Paige, I’m sorry.”**

GG sulks turning around in a huff, Dickie rolls his neck and leans in. **“I’ll go in with you.”**

Game Girl lights up once more and hugs Dickie’s side who puts up his hands uncomfortably.

The train slows to halt with a “Choo-Choo” to GG’s glee as the team hop off, Scoops struggles to wedge himself out. They head over to the ride, Amber trails behind busy on her phone, Scoops looks back at her.

“You calling your lawyer?”

He gets a thumbs up in return without looking up. Scoops’ head is on a swivel; looking around at each and every person as he looks to GG hopping and Dickie shuffling behind her. As the pair get in line, Scoops heads off to a stand and pays for a drink. Amber gets close to Scoops, talking to her phone as she does. Scoops takes a sip and looks to her.

“You ain’t on that clock app again are you?”

Amber looks at him in confusion. **“TikTok? No, don’t worry, I learned my lesson.”** Scoops nods, somewhat relieved as Amber turns the screen to him with a smile. **“I’m live on Insta!”**

His face drops as he looks around once more and spots two officers heading directly toward them, he looks around again and spots more. **"Goddammit."** He hurls the plastic cup to the ground and grabs Amber's wrist.

"What the hell, man!"

Scoops ignores her, hurrying Mansley towards GG and Dickie, pushing families out of his way as he rushes the barricade and hops over, Amber in tow. **"GG, Dickie, we gotta go now!"**

"B-but the ride!" :(

"No time!" He looks back at the encroaching officers and pushes the group deeper into the depths of ride. Dickie begins walking and glares at Scoops.

"They found us?"

"Yup."

"Amber went live?"

"Yup."

"OI!" An officer shouts and the group speeds off; into the darkness while the police take chase.

Inside the dark exterior, glow in the dark paint is the only light as the team hurries their way through. Hisses of steam go off as they run past cardboard cutouts of ghouls, the heavy footfall of several cops following them as they turn into unknown corridors.

At each turn, they get stopped by police, and are backed into a corner. Scoops wipes his brow before spotting a fire exit and bursting his way through for his team to follow outside where they end up at the field behind Legoland.

Along with several police cars waiting for them, armed officers pointing guns at them. The group slowly raises their hands as they step onto the grass. Scoops lets out a sigh. **"Well... Shit."**

"Get down on the ground!" One of the officers barks.

The others look to Scoops; he hesitantly nods his head to go along with the order.

"Hey." GG whispers trying to comfort him. **"We tried."**

Before they could kneel, the sound of a helicopter approaching breaks the showdown as it touches down onto the grass and a man in a suit hops off storming over to the cops.

“Mark Nester, attorney at law, don’t you put a hand on my clients!”

There’s a beat before Amber exclaims, **“Fuck yeah, Mark!”**

Mark yells legislation towards the, now befuddled, police and the situation suddenly dissolves before their eyes. Scoops coughs a laugh looking at his teammates. **“I’d say we just found our ride to War Games. And it’s time we shove this title right up the Trillionaires’ asses.”**