

Camp BREATH



VİTALLITE: So save Really Fucking Bitchy Guy from The Beauty's pronoun factory by Tuesday, okay?

AIRBÔRN: and as for what you shouldn't be doing... this

AIRBÔRN: Don't talk to more than 1 person. I don't care who says words to you. As long as you only say words to one person while you're doing the challenge, you've got it.

The members of The Fridgelight Chews stand there, taking in the sudden limitation. None of them speak, of course, but it's still annoying to be limited in such a way, especially given their tendency for crude retorts. Not that any of them feel the need to give into the temptation yet. Spades turns to look at the rest of his crew, though he seems slightly disgruntled, and gestures for them to follow.

They continue into what seems to be a dining room, of sorts, gathering around the empty table. Spades deploys his Lead Pwnfridge and rummages through the freezer drawer, eventually pulling out a floorplan of sorts. It looks crumpled, probably from the aforementioned fact that it was shoved deep in there. He also pulls out a Red Sharpie, then storing the fridge away.

Rhombus peers over the floor plans with a confused expression though. He taps the paper and then puts his palm out, as if to ask why the hell Spades had printed floor plans for what seems to be Pronoun Factory. The only response he gets is an exaggerated eye roll, as Spades uncaps the Sharpie and marks down two locations for the crew to enter.

The plan is simple. They were shown that Really Fucking Bitchy Guy had been in some sort of massive hamster wheel, likely generating some form of electricity, so Spades figures that he's likely somewhere near the back of the factory. Clubs and Rhombus will break in the back of the

building with Club's numerous explosives. However, before they do that, Spades and Hearts will break in through the front door and tear things apart, distracting anyone else in the building.

The entirety of this plan, is of course, drawn onto the paper with iconography. Each member being named after a card suit does make it quite easy to draw plans after all. Spades nods, and each member nods in turn. Go time.

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2.2

The long elevator ride remained awkward, as all long elevator rides are, but as the doors opened, the true scale of the factory itself was seen. It wasn't just that the elevator opened into the factory, no, but that there was an entire underground complex dug out simply for the sake of building the large factory inside the open empty space. It alone was illuminated by large spotlights, the rest of the area drowning with darkness. A sharply lit face was built out of the front of the building, staring down upon anyone who dared to enter, yet the windows- standing in for the face's eyes- were clearly cracked. Was it an aesthetic choice? A statement? Or simply in a state of disrepair? It was impossible to tell.

It was far more intimidating than it had any right to be, and Spades scowled at it, showing what seemed to be a great amount of disdain for building. Hearts was the first to step out though, clearly knocking Spades out of whatever spiral of hate he had brewing for the building in his mind as his expression returned to a more neutral focus. His hands were clenched, but he needed to focus on what was at hand.

Spades stepped in line with Hearts, proceeding to walk towards the building, a long string of spotlighted spots leading up to the entrance. He turned back to check, and Rhombus and Clubs had already begun to walk towards the side of the building. He had handed off the blueprints for them to figure out where it was they were breaking in. Back to the task at hand though, as Spades approached the building the face upon the front seemed to look less and less intimidating. Not that he had been much intimidated in the first place, but now it seemed less and less like a statement of terror and more like the art of a child. It was pitiable how terrible it looked, even. It was only the sharp shadow that had left the original impression in the first place.

Hearts on the other hand had seemingly little to think of the place, or at least, that was what his face had said. He hadn't remembered much about his first and only visit to a Pronoun Factory, given it had been when he was young.

Enough diddy dallying, though. Spades walks straight up to the double front door, jiggling the doorknob- noticing that it is locked- and stepping aside to give Hearts space. Hearts puts a hand up to the door, pressing it to feel the resistance, smirking. Normally one might kick a door open, but instead he begins to crack his fingers, before reeling both fists back. Poundtime.

BAM. The door is practically blasted off of its hinges, flying across the room to crack into a tall pillar, clearly announcing their arrival to whoever was inside. For a factory, there was seemingly a lack of anyone in what seemed to be a large main room though. Instead, unorganized conveyor belts seemingly entered and exited through small holes in the room, carrying large sets of pronouns. It was then that an intercom had crackled to life.

THE BEAUTY: Well isn't this a surprise! I was wondering which of you buffoons would break in first.

THE BEAUTY: But I was waiting for you, of course! I have a vendetta to settle...

Hearts looks to Spades, but he's just scowling at the intercom.

THE BEAUTY: You didn't think I just told those hosts I was down here for no reason did you?

THE BEAUTY: You broke into my FACTORY a long while ago! That's unforgivable!

THE BEAUTY: And even worse, you STOLE that set of pronouns! Unregistered!

THE BEAUTY: Terrible, terrible.

Spades is done with this shit. He pulls out his CAST IRON HORSE PITCHER and begins to head over to one of the conveyor belts- he's going to smash the everliving hell of the place. Hearts is still confused, but follows suit, given their original goal was to simply distract this "Beauty" guy.

THE BEAUTY: So so so ANGRY!

THE BEAUTY: It's not going to be that easy, though! This is why I lured you here in the first place!

Before he can get over to a conveyor belt to smash the hell out of it, a large buzzer sounds from the intercom, followed by disgusting laughter. The pronouns on the belt in front of him begin to make mechanical clicks and hums. What the hell?

THE BEAUTY: Did you think this was a NORMAL Pronoun Factory still?

The BEAUTY: No no, I've UPGRADED MY PRODUCTION LINE! This is now my MECHANIZED PRONOUNS OF DESTRUCTION FACTORY of course! Hahahahaha!

Robotic limbs shoot out of each set of pronouns, each one suddenly taking common fighting stances. This might be harder to deal with than they thought.

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2.3

Tap. Tap. Tap. Rhombus's shoes clack, waiting. He keeps checking his watch, wanting to get into the action. It's already been a solid ten minutes. He regrets not asking to be moved to front duty, but someone had to make sure Clubs stayed on track. On that note, Clubs has just about finished rigging the explosives against the spot of the wall that seemed weakest in the blueprints.

They both move back to the detonator sitting a good distance away. They're just a minute away now. Clubs itches to detonate it immediately, but still keeps himself in check. On the other hand, Rhombus looks around to distract himself from the waiting. The seemingly large empty area around the factory itself was somewhat built like a massive parking lot, yet there was seemingly no way to actually drive down here. There weren't even any cars around the building. He wondered if there was some sort of entrance, off in the darkness, but it was too unclear to tell.

He shrugs the thought off, though. It's not his concern, so he checks his watch again, and it's finally time. He pats Clubs on the back, who looks equally relieved to stop waiting. He wastes no time in pushing the rather stereotypically-cartoonish detonator down, and-

BOOM. The wall the explosives had been placed against crumbled, smoke and dust kicked in the air now obscuring the new entrance. They wait a moment before entering, noticing they had sort of... broken one of the many hamster wheels in the room, along with whoever was on it. Clubs is momentarily worried, but quickly realizes the remains seem to be from an object, so it doesn't actually matter.

More importantly though, they both realized there were actually quite a few people stuck back here on these hamster wheels, probably having been trapped here. They all look shocked at the sudden hole in the wall, before beginning to jump off of their wheels and begin to run out. Shit, where's RFBG(Really Fucking Bitchy Guy) then? It'd be hard to tell with the crowd of random background characters running around normally, or at least it is for Clubs, but Rhombus is already so tall that it doesn't make much difference.

RFBG is running, along with the rest of the randoms, to the new exit. Rhombus waits just until RFBG is next to them, and picks the little angry guy up.

RFBG: WHAT- OH GOD- WHAT THE FUCK!
RFBG: SHIT SHIT SHIT. WHY ME? LET GO!

He freaks the fuck out in his grasp, but he decides now is the time to use his voice, telling RFBG that he has to take him to the new BLOOD/BREATH hosts for a challenge. He figures this might get him to come along, given his mentioned hovering around the competition. It does get him to stop thrashing around, but he still practically yells every word.

RFBG: OH SHIT. THERE'S A NEW SEASON? WAIT, ISN'T THAT LIKE, TWO ASPECTS THOUGH? HUH.
RFBG: OKAY FUCK FUCK FINE. I'LL COOPERATE.
RFBG: BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE HELPING ME ESCAPE.
RFBG: CAN YOU LET THE FUCK GO OF ME THOUGH? YOU DIDN'T NEED TO PICK ME UP YOU COULD'VE JUST FUCKING CALLED OUT TO ME LIKE A REGULAR PERSON.

He rolls his eyes, but sets him down. RFBG and Clubs look at each other. Clubs waves, and RFBG gives a nod, before looking back at Rhombus.

RFBG: OKAY. SO. YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE NEW HOST? HOSTS? CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT SHIT???

Rhombus scoffs, not feeling like explaining the season(s). The hosts will probably talk to him about it anyway. He says he'll just bring him to the elevator, though it might be crowded if the rest of the people who just ran out found it first. He's not really sure if there's another exit, but there probably is somewhere.

RFBG: FUCKING ALRIGHT, FINE THEN.

Rhombus begins to walk with RFBG walking behind him, but then notices Clubs isn't following. He looks back, but Clubs is already gone, seemingly. Not his problem, though. He continues walking.



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2.4

Metal clashes on metal, as Spades slams another pronoun leaping at him. Turns out the bots are made of some seemingly cheaper metal- so destroying them isn't so much a problem, but rather the masses of them swarming at both him and Hearts. He's got his own blunt weapon, but Hearts is starting to look a little worse for wear. It turns out punching metal still hurts, even if you're leaving dents.

THE BEAUTY: WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO QUIT?

THE BEAUTY: You're leaving a MESS all over my FACTORY!

THE BEAUTY: Well, the pronouns can clean it! But still! That's wasted time!

THE BEAUTY: Time to bring out the BIG ONE!

The conveyor belts suddenly stop producing waves of pronouns, which Spades is slightly grateful for. Of course the idiot couldn't tell they were getting worn down. He looks at his weapon though, realizing how dented it is. Shit. That's annoying.

He doesn't have much time to pay attention to it though, when a door near the back of the room SLAMS open, much akin to when they broke in. Unlike when they broke in though, the door is still left on its hinges. Standing in the doorway is clearly a pronoun unlike any other.

ANY: HEEEEEEEEEEY!

ANY: MY BOSS IS QUITE ANNOYED WITH YOU BEATING UP ALL THE SMALL PRONOUNS!

ANY: SO I'M HERE TO BEAT THE FUCK OUT OF YOU!

Shit. Spades recognizes this guy too.

ANY: JACK JACK JACK!

ANY: HOW'S YOUR stolen property TREATING YOU!

He yells back that his 'stolen property' has been working just fine, thank you very fucking much, before realizing he did in fact just speak. He groans, angrily. Might as well roll with it.

ANY: REALLY? I DIDN'T THINK YOU REALLY FIT WITH IT!

How can a fucking 'Any' pronoun be this god damn- he sighs. He snaps back that she might as well come over and just find out how well it fucking fits!

ANY: DON'T MIND IF I DO!

ANY and Spades begin to circle- before pouncing at each other. Frankly Hearts isn't quite sure what's going on with Spades and this guy, but he doesn't give much of a shit, so he runs in as well.

Spades manages to avoid a few punches- but realizes a larger problem quickly when he swings his own weapon at it. The Iron Cast Horse Pitcher simply bounces off of their shell, which he hadn't expected, getting him knocked backwards onto his ass. Hearts takes the moment to charge ANY, picking him up and ramming him into a wall. It struggles for a moment as he attempts to punch the shit out of her, but he hits Hearts with a strong metal kick, causing him to let go.

Spades had already gotten up though, and during the time ANY was busy, pulled out his Grudgeslammer from his fridge, and ran over to swing it at them, but it calmly dodged the heavy hammer, punching Spades right in the gut- fuck- he falls over again.

ANY: DON'T YOU GET IT YET?

ANY: YOU AREN'T WINNING THIS SHIT, PAL!

Spades tells him to go to hell.

ANY: WHATEVER! I'M GOING TO SAVOR BEATING THE-

THE BEAUTY: Stop playing around! JUST FINISH THE JOB!

ANY: SIIIIIGH. WHATEVER THEN!

Hearts tries to punch him again, but ANY is seemingly ready for it this time, punching him harder than she did before, and he lays against a conveyor belt. Fuck.

ANY: ANY FINAL WORDS THEN, PEPPER?

Spades scoffs. Being beaten by this guy is annoying to him. Is this really how he goes out? He didn't expect the entire robot army though, much less did he expect that ANY was a robot when they met, originally. Regardless though, he has nothing to say to that fucker. ANY slowly walks towards him, and he prepares himself to at least try and fight back, but then the intercom cracks back on, distracting the both of them.

THE BEAUTY: -up! OW! Hey! Stop That!

THE BEAUTY: If you do that ONE MORE TIME, I'll- AH!

ANY: WAIT WHAT IS- OH FUuuuuuuuuuu.

There's a large bang, before ANY falls over, seemingly... deactivated? Spades isn't questioning it though. He stands up carefully, leaning on his Grudgeslammer, limping over, and SWINGS the thing over his head and onto ANY. His metal body is heavily dented by it. He gives ANY a few more good swings though before feeling sure enough to stop.

He looks over at Hearts, concerned. He looks a little dented, and he's passed out. How strong were those punches? Was ANY holding back the first few? What the hell happened on the intercom? Well, he might get an answer to the last one, because it crackles on again, revealing a familiar voice. It's just Clubs. He says hello to Spades, reporting that he sort of beat up The Beauty and found the force shut-down button. They found the angry guy and Rhombus is taking him to the hosts now.

Spades nods, thinking there's probably a camera for him to be seen on, and so Clubs says he's gonna come down and help out. The intercom turns off. Spades sighs at the lingering pain he has, but begins to walk over to Hearts. He just hopes he doesn't have to drag the big guy to the elevator.

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