
Subject: What heck: moohack... does rengaurd stop this?

Posted by [Rex](#) on Tue, 13 Apr 2004 08:59:54 GMT

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OMG TwI\$Ta !!! I got m0000 v6.9. !!

Rex is hacking reality now!!!

OMG I'm feeling like Neo in the Matrix now!!!!

OMG does this mean there are also Agents???

OMG OMG NO!!!!

Rex wakes up and sees a girl sitting in front of him.

Mysterious Women: As you can see, we've had our eye on you for some time now, Rex.

She opens a file. Paper rattle marks the silence as she flips several pages. Rex cannot tell if she is looking at the file or at him.

Mysterious Women: It seems that you have been living two lives. In one life, you are G. Cruz, program writer for a respectable software company. You have a social security number, you pay your taxes and you help your friends with moderating some Renegade servers.

The pages continue to turn.

Mysterious Women: The other life is lived in computers where you go by the cheater alias m00-Rex, and are guilty of virtually every Renegade crime we have a law for, including the unauthorized use of the RG Masterservers for removal of the anti-m00hack protection.

Rex feels himself sinking into a pit of shit.

Mysterious Women: One of these, lives has a future. One of them does not.

She closes the file.

Mysterious Women: I'm going to be as forthcoming as I can be, Rex. You are here because we need your help.

She removes her sunglasses; her eyes are an unnatural ice-blue.

Rex: OMG...

Mysterious Women: What?

Rex: Put those glasses back your face is so...

Mysterious Women: WHAT?

*Mysterious Women slaps Rex in his face.

Then she puts her glasses back on.

Rex: Aw!

* Mysterious Women thinks "Bastard".

Mysterious Women: Anyway... We know that you have been contacted by a certain individual. A man who calls himself Alkaline. Whatever you think you know about this man is irrelevant to the fact that he is wanted for acts of terrorism in more servers than any other man in the world. He is considered by many admins to be the worst cheater alive.

She leans closer.

Rex: OMG!

Mysterious Women: Yeah, it's bad!

Rex: No, I mean your boobs! They are huge!

Mysterious Women: Fuck you, Rex!

Mysterious Women: My colleagues believe that I am wasting my time with you and I'm actually thinking the same now. It is obvious that you aren't an intelligent man, Rex, but I believe you are ready to put your past mistakes behind you and get on with your life.

Rex tries to match his stare.

Mysterious Women: We are willing to wipe the slate clean, to give you a fresh start and all we are asking in return is your cooperation in bringing a known cheater to justice.

Rex nods to himself.

Rex Yeah. Wow. That sounds like a real good deal. But I think I have a better one. How about I give you the finger...

Rex does.

Rex: And you can cram that file up your Secret Service sphincter.

Some other Agents get in the room.

Mysterious Women: You disappoint me, Rex. You ain't seen nothing yet. The irony of your situation is that you have no choice.

Rex: You can't scare me with this Renegade crap. I know my rights. I want my P2P call!

Mysterious Women smiles.

Mysterious Women: And tell me, Rex, what good is a P2P call good for if you are unable to speak?

* Mysterious Women sets mode: +m

The question unnerves Rex and strangely, he begins to feel the muscles in his jaw tighten.

The standing agents snicker, watching Rex' confusion grow into panic.

Rex feels his lips grow soft and sticky as they slowly seal shut, melding into each other until all trace of his mouth is gone.

Wild with fear, he lunges for the door, but the agents restrain him holding him in the chair.

Mysterious Women: You are going to help us, Rex, whether you want to or not.

To be continued...
