

Terrestrial Drive 3 | PREVIEW

Night has fallen on Zephyr City. The once busy streets have fallen quiet. The sounds of horns honking and chatter of pedestrians is replaced with the faint noise of engine roars from street racers in the night.

In an empty parking lot overlooked by an abandoned, rusty warehouse, a Shock Syndicate hatchback, decked out in blue pulsing underglow and a device protruding from the hood sits idle.

The Steel Bruiser rumbles up next to the Shock Syndicate hatchback. Pj rolls down the window, smirks, and revs the engine of his car.

Far off in the distance, a green beacon of light shoots off into the sky, and a pair of drones with starting lights mounted to the bottom fly in.

"Well well, it seems that Dragoon Storm decided to show itself..." The voice of Zapphina mockingly crackles through a loudspeaker on the drone.

"...your objective: race to the checkpoint you see up ahead. The only rule I have is that you reach it. Remember the wager: you win, you keep your little racing team. My minion wins, I get your team." Zapphina dryly explains.

The starting lights count down, the air tenses up, and all that can be heard is the rev of engines. Suddenly, the parking lot is soaked in a bright green light, and the two peel out of the lot and onto the city streets.

Pj and the Shock Syndicate hatchback zip down the streets of Zephyr city, dodging traffic through the corridors of parks and sleek skyscrapers. Pj takes a quick glance at the rearview mirror and sees that the hatchback is creeping up to him. With a smirk and a raise of his eyebrow, Pj flicks the steering wheel, aiming his car towards a dark alleyway just wide enough to fit his car through, and fires off some boost, pushing him into the lead.

Heading towards a bridge, the Shock Syndicate hatchback skids up into the side view mirror. The device on its hood begins to spark up, and a bolt of lightning-like energy crackles out from it. The dashboard on his car flickers on and off the engine cuts out, and green smoke erupts from the exhaust. Pj pulls the boost lever to his right.

But nothing happens. He pulls it again. But still nothing.

"W-what did he do?" Pj sputters. The street race rages on, with the Shock Syndicate hatchback behind him getting closer and closer.

The Shock Syndicate car begins to follow behind Pj, charge up some e-boost, and zips around Pj. The Steel Bruiser's engine cuts back on, and Pj puts the pedal to the metal.

The goal beacon inches closer and closer as the race rages on. Pj becomes anxious and sweaty, fearing

that he might lose, and lose his racing team while at it. He grips the boost lever hard, with his arm tensing up. He slams the boost lever back, with a firm THUNK echoing through the cabin of his car.

But nothing happens. Pj slams his fist down onto his car's horn, blaring off the Zephyr City skyscrapers.

The goal beacon is within an arm's reach, Pj and the Shock Syndicate car are neck-and-neck as they speed down a bridge, the air is electric with tension, Pj's heart is beating fast, city lights feel hazy and slightly blinding. With an enraged jerk of the Steel Bruiser's steering wheel, Pj slams the Shock Syndicate car into the guardrail on the left, with a shower of sparks raining down to the water below as it grinds along.

Pj then slips away from the Shock Syndicate hatchback, and hit the brakes as he slips into the goal beacon, with the tires of his car screaming as he comes to a stop. Moments later, a drone hovers right up to the driver's side door.

"You have done well, Pj. But that was just the qualifier...The real races will be happening all around you." Zapphina very dryly crackles through the speaker, as many goal beacons briefly flare on off in the distance.

"Bring 'em on! I'll fix up my boost system and show you the power of a champion racer!" Pj snaps back.

"Oh don't make me laugh." The voice of Zapphina sarcastically says from the speaker, before flying away.