

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 11: The Dungeon Entrance

The air grew heavier as we descended deeper into the dungeon.

The dim light from the outside world faded behind us, leaving only the faint glow of bioluminescent moss clinging to the walls.

Shadows danced with every step, the silence broken only by the soft scrape of boots against stone and the occasional drip of water echoing in the distance.

Tobias led the way, his claymore resting on his shoulder, his movements steady and deliberate.

Behind him, Lily moved with a predator's grace, her bow held loosely but ready to draw at a moment's notice.

Marcus slipped into the darkness ahead, scouting silently like a ghost.

I stuck close to Evelyn, who held her staff with a firm grip, her silver hair catching the faint light.

Every so often, she'd glance at me, her expression unreadable.

The tunnel finally opened into a larger chamber.

It was wide, the ceiling high enough to vanish into the shadows.

Crude torches mounted on the walls flickered, casting a dim, uneven light.

"Goblin territory," Tobias muttered, stopping us with a raised hand.

Marcus emerged from the shadows ahead, his expression grim.

"Four scouts, two warriors," he said quietly. "They're guarding the entrance to the next tunnel."

Tobias nodded, his jaw tightening.

“We take them out fast and quiet. Lily, you and Marcus handle the scouts. I’ll deal with the warriors. Allen, stay back with Evelyn and be ready to use your lightning if things go south.”

I nodded.

Lily smirked, drawing an arrow from her quiver.

“This’ll be over in seconds.”

Marcus grinned.

“I’ll bet you a round at the tavern I take down more than you.”

“You’re on,” Lily said, her eyes narrowing as she took aim.

Before I could blink, her first arrow was loosed, striking a goblin scout in the eye.

The creature fell with a muffled gurgle, its body crumpling to the ground.

Marcus darted forward, his daggers flashing in the torchlight.

He moved like a shadow, slicing through another goblin before it could react.

The remaining scouts barely had time to raise an alarm before they too were dispatched, one by Lily’s arrow, the other by Marcus’s blade.

Tobias surged forward, his claymore cleaving through the air with a terrifying force.

One of the goblin warriors tried to raise its crude axe, but it was too slow.

Tobias’s blade struck true, cutting the creature down in a single blow.

The second warrior roared, charging at Tobias with surprising speed.

For a moment, I thought it might actually land a hit.

“Allen!” Tobias barked.

I reacted instinctively, raising my hand and summoning a surge of lightning.

It crackled to life, the raw energy dancing along my fingers before arcing toward the goblin.

The bolt struck the creature square in the chest, leaving a wide hole on its chest, sending it flying backward with a pained shriek.

It hit the ground hard and didn't get back up.

The silence that followed was deafening.

"Nice shot," Tobias said, giving me a curt nod as he wiped his blade on the goblin's tattered armor.

I let out a shaky breath, my hand still tingling from the discharge.

"You've got potential, newbie," Marcus said, clapping me on the back. "Not bad for your first time."

"Don't get cocky," Lily added, though her tone was more teasing than critical. "That was just a simple warm-up."

Evelyn approached the fallen goblins, her expression solemn.

She knelt beside one of the bodies, murmuring a quiet prayer under her breath.

She sure is an odd one.

"Let's move," Tobias said, his voice firm. "The real fight is further in."

We regrouped and pressed on, the tension in the air growing with each step.

The deeper we went, the more the dungeon seemed to close in around us.

A flicker of satisfaction passed through me.

Every fight, every step forward, was a step closer to my goal.

The next section of the dungeon loomed ahead, a narrow tunnel that twisted and turned like a coiled snake.

From somewhere deep within, faint echoes of guttural growls reached our ears.

"They know we're coming," Tobias said grimly.

“Good,” Marcus replied, twirling one of his daggers. “Let them come.”

As we moved into the tunnel, the air grew colder, the faint glow of the moss casting eerie shadows on the walls.

My grip on my dagger tightened, my pulse quickening.