

Reincarnated With A Summoning System

Chapter 31 - 31

Room Service dinner turns into room service drinks and a long night for everyone involved. Misha is the first one awake, waking Cain when she rolls over in bed.

"What time is it?" he asks, the curtains around the bed making everything dark.

"Sometime after noon, I think. Let's see if the others survived and get something to eat."

Char and Mythryll are cuddled together on the couch, which Cain just realized is a hide a bed type. The first of them he's seen in this world. Lickity is asleep in the good chair by the fireplace, looking quite comfortable, while Cixelcid is sprawled out on the rug.

"Maybe we should let them sleep?" Misha asks.

"No need, everyone but Lickity is awake, we just didn't want to open our eyes and face the hangover." Char whispers from the couch.

"In that case, I'll order breakfast in." Misha says softly.

Being the understanding and experienced hotel they are, the kitchen had no problem sending up breakfast for 6 in the middle of the afternoon. The smell of bacon finally roused Lickity, who stumbled around like a zombie until Cixelcid fed her a cup of coffee, saying that was her natural state in the mornings.

"So, I know Lickity has a shop to stock, and Cid has guild matters to attend, but what are the four of us going to do today?" Char smiles "We could take a quick quest from the Hall? They have a lot that should only take 3 or 4 hours, and it's a good chance to walk and talk."

Char is right, there are a huge number of random quests at the hall. Many simple like finding a few herbs. Some more dangerous like killing a bandit or wandering monster.

They decide on a level 40 fire Lizard quest. An alchemist needs 1 single hide from them, and they're found within an hours walk of the city. Just the sort of thing they need to pass their afternoon.

"So where all has everyone been since transferring in? I know a lot of transfers our level have been here for years." Cain asks.

"Personally I've only been from the starting Village here, stopping off at the ice caverns in between." He shrugs.

"I went east to the Elf forests before making it to the ice caverns. There's wisps and lots of cool stuff out there, plus the trees are huge." Mythryll smiles at the memory.

"The Spirit Folk race gets its own transfer point on the far side of the Elf forest. I spent a few years there, and then worked my way here. The Ice Caverns sounded too cold, so I didn't stop there, but there's a wilderness dungeon not far from there full of gargoyles. I spent a few months trying to tame one." Char laughs.

"I was stuck in that starting town for over a year, trying to get enough levels to leave. It was awful. But then Cain here showed up and in a few months I got 30 levels where the first 10 took me a year." Misha smiles and squeezes Cain's hand.

"So how long have you two been together?" Char asks.

"We first joined party 3 days after I arrived." Cain answers before realizing that's not what she meant at all.

"About 2 months." Misha answers for them both.

"That's sweet, I liked watching the local kids going on dates in the park my father built." she smiles sadly. "I wasn't allowed to date, not with an arranged marriage waiting."

"So you were from a wealthy family?" Mythryll asks, still taking in everything around them, enjoying the forest.

The Shaman laughs. "You could say that. I married an Emperor after all."

"Wait, An Emperor? I get the feeling we're all from different worlds to begin with. Misha didn't know about VR games, my world only had about 2 Emperors left, and their roles were ceremonial"

"What a strange thing. Who runs the nations then? The magistrate and Senate?" Char asks surprised.

"Pretty much. The system just kept getting more complex and corrupt every few decades." Cain tries thinking of a way to explain his world's politics and fails.

"So you were an Empress, in a palace, with your kids and the Emperor and servants and all?" Mythryll is intrigued by the Empress thing.

"As much as I hate to break up story time, we're here." Misha says, pointing at the fire Lizards.

They look like huge iguanas. The heads and tail shape are identical, just red. Cain calls out the full complement of his summons, nearly draining his mana, and Char sets out a mana and healing totem, slinging them over her shoulder.

These things are no joke. Their bites are taking chunks out of the Greater Golems. A few of them have been killed already, and the quest item obtained, but the tenacious lizards just won't let them leave.

"Mythryll, Blizzard please." Char calls, sending lightning at them with minimal effect. As fire Lizards, cold damage should hopefully be more effective.

The Blizzard is getting it done, the pack of fire Lizards is dead and the group rapidly retreats, talking animatedly about the viciousness of the Lizards.

"It's like they thought Golems are food, they were just ripping chunks off." Misha shudders.

"And then they called more over for dinner. Not even shocking them could deter them from attacking that golem." Mythryll laughs and the group moves into a discussion of the various strange fights they've had, lasting all the way back to the city walls.

"You all look pretty chipper, didn't find the fire Lizards?" The guard Sargeant asks at the city gates.

"Oh, we did find them. They ate the Golems. More than once." Cain laughs and the guard smiles.

"Welcome back. There will be fresh quests up in the morning if you're not feeling like fighting Zombies."

"Thank you so much!" Mythryll cheers. "It's good experience, but that place smells so bad."

"So, look for quests tomorrow instead of hitting the dungeon?" Misha asks hopefully.

Their return to the Hall is attracting attention, more than Cain would expect even with 3 beautiful ladies in his party.

"So tell us, who was the sacrificial chew toy?" One of the adventurers asks. "Surely you didn't make the ladies do it?"

"Of course not." Cain sounds a bit offended by the insinuation. "A true gentleman would never do such a thing. I summoned a golem for them to chew on while we completed the quest."

The Adventurers present raise their mugs in salute at the ingenuity and let the party go collect their hard earned quest reward.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 32 - 32

The Hall is a busy place first thing in the morning, as they soon discover. People are everywhere, picking up quests, bringing in supplies, a bit of everything.

"Hey, I found us the perfect quest!" Mythryll announces, weaving between everyone's legs to get back to her friends. "There's a group of Bandits that have been kidnapping girls and selling illegally imported pets."

"How is that perfect?" Misha asks.

"You see here, they're importing miniature snow leopards. They're small, like a bobcat, and totally adorable. Plus we're three of their prime targets, with only one escort. We won't even have to find them, just go to the area and they'll find us to take us to the kittens."

"Any plan with rescuing kittens is a good plan to me." Char agrees.

"Guess we're off then. Mythryll, go register that at the counter if you haven't already." Misha suggests and the Elf giggles.

"I can guarantee she did before returning. Let's get a move on. They're supposed to be between here and another village. We'll go there, like we're merchants, and then return this afternoon, looking through the surrounding area if they missed the first chance." Cain says, forming a plan.

The plan seems too simple to actually work, but two things are unending. Human Greed and Human Stupidity. These bandits have both in abundance, they even brought along one of the illegally imported cats to help entice in their victims.

"Welcome young ladies, might you be interested in purchasing a pet? They're beautiful, docile and easily tamed. Perfect for the home."

"I will need two, a male and a female." Char answers before he even finishes his sales pitch, making him smile an evil grin.

"Just a short distance this way ladies. The Caravan is resting here in the woods."

Certain something bad was about to happen to him, Cain brought out all his summons at a distance, where they wouldn't be seen and ordered them to guard the party. The

Golems and insects follow along at a distance, and in a stroke of brilliant luck, these wannabe zookeepers haven't even set scouts.

Cain knew things were going as expected when he felt the dart hit his neck and the world went blurry before fading entirely.

"Your guard is dead, surrender peacefully ladies and nobody else needs to get hurt. Damaged goods sell for less after all."

Misha was about to cast cure poison and make a smart remark when the Golems began to rampage. They had attacked the red flagged bandit that fired the dart, but the rest didn't recognize them as player summons and joined in the battle to protect the camp.

"Secure the girls and get rid of these things! " someone shouts and the girls find themselves pushed into one of the cages full of cats. Neither Char or Mythryll are particularly upset at this, and Misha relaxed when they threw Cain into the next cage where she could cure and heal him.

The fight is not going well for the bandits. The Wasps are hard to hit and both their mages were maimed by the Greater Golems. Char is cheering on the little gargoyles, much to their captors annoyance.

"They'll get you once they finish with us you ditz. Help out if you want to live." The closest one cajoled her, making her laugh.

"I feel quite safe in here with the kittens, thank you." She mocked, rattling the locked door.

A great cheer goes up as the last of the Greater Golems falls, and the bandits turn on the smaller targets. Cain winks at Misha and summons fresh Greater Golems into the woods and has them attack.

"Stop, let them fight." Misha whispers to Mythryll who is going to cast a Blizzard to help out. "If they notice it only hurts them we're in trouble. They don't know those are summons yet and they're higher level than us by a bunch."

The Elf giggles and the leader glares at the Healer who he thinks prevented the Elf from helping them.

"You'll pay for that once these monsters are cleared out missie." He growls.

"Fight hard or you'll lose." She smiles at the angry bandit leader.

"Crap, we're under attack. Those are player summons!" One of the bandits had finally noticed they're all orange flagged.

"Send a patrol into the woods, find the warlocks!" the leader has a solid plan, but he's mistaken the source of the summons, believing the man with these girls was dead. Most would be, but Cain has quite a lot of [HP] for his level.

Scattering his defense made things worse for the camp. Shouts come from everywhere, the Wasps keep darting in and out of the trees, attacking at random and the bandits have no healers left.

Soon the bandit camp is down to just the leader and a few strong henchmen, all heavily injured and facing a fresh set of Golems. They put up a valiant fight, but in the end they died without even knowing who was attacking them, or precisely why.

Cain sits up once he notices the fight has ended. "I guess we should collect our proof of completion, and all these adorable little fluff balls, so we can go home."

Not just him, but all four of them are covered in inquisitive kittens, looking for new people to play with.

"Hey, did you notice, these aren't miniature anything, they're just kittens. They'll grow up to full sized Snow Leopards." Mythryll notes, looking at one's description.

Cain picks one of the adorable creatures up to get a closer look when he's startled by a notification

[New Form Gained: Summon Lesser Golem Snow Leopard]

'Char is going to go ballistic.' He thinks to himself smiling and picking up the kitten.

"Ladies, get a wagon and let's get these kittens packed up. I'll drive it and you all can ride in the back with the cats if you like."

As it turns out, they had no horses, so the greater Golems are pulling the wagon to town.. Maybe the guards will let it slide as an exotic pet? Best not get his hopes up, but they've got every single furry creature in the vicinity inside the wagon and they're headed back to the city gates.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Chapter 33 - 33

"Welcome back!" The same guard Sargeant is on duty again today, greeting them as soon as they return. "Starting a petting zoo are we?"

"We could only wish. These are the illegally imported snow leopards we recovered for the Town Hall Quest. There's proof of kill for all the bandits that were at their camp too, but we didn't find any captive women." Misha tells him, trying to stand up from the mass of large kittens clinging to her.

"I'm sure they'll have a quest for the missing women eventually, it's a shame the cats can't be kept, I would like one myself." The Sargeant replies.

"They're not actually miniature leopards." Mythryll shakes her head. "They're kittens, they'll grow up to be full sized leopards."

"You see, now I want one even more. Who wouldn't want a huge fluffy cat?"

Char laughs and vigorously nods her agreement. When it comes to fluffy things, those two are definitely on the same page.

The response is so positive in town that the guard actually has to send an escort to prevent the kittens from being stolen from the wagon. Not even the huge, clawed forms of the Greater Golems is enough to deter the crowd from trying to pet the kittens.

"Okay, we have received proof of kill for the bandits, plus the recovered documents from the camp and the illegally imported animals." The Hall attendant says from behind her counter, kitten in her arms.

"Your reward is ready, please check the board if you would like to take another mission."

"Unfortunately I think we may have to bite the bullet and go dungeon crawling if we're going to keep up our rate of progression." Misha sighs.

"Yeah, even if we do a mission like that every day, it would take ten to get as much experience as from the dungeon, with all the buffs the party receives." Cain agrees.

"We will just have to suffer, then soak in a bath full of bubbles afterwards." Mythryll agrees. "In fact, we should get some now, so we have more when we need it."

The group heads out to the night market, looking for bubble bath and whatever else might help remove the scent of zombies. Unequipping armor and putting it back on removes scents, but doesn't do anything for the person underneath.

"Well look who we have here." Cain hears before Misha screams in pain. "It's the Healer with the legendary recipes. If you don't want your little boyfriend to die, you're going to do exactly as we say."

Cain considers taking out his summons, but using skills in town is a serious crime here. If he gets arrested before rescuing Misha, who knows what might happen to her. But Mythryll and Char have heard the scream too, and recognized it.

There's ten men in their group, all warriors, going by their armor and they've surrounded Misha.

"Don't do anything stupid lover boy. We're taking her now and you can have her back when we're done. If she's still alive that is." The disgusting man jokes.

They start dragging her away, not realizing that the other two are also in the market tonight. Six men are dragging her away, while four move to surround Cain, who draws his sword.

"Feeling brave are you? We all know you're not a fighter, you just rely on those summons. You really think you can take on four of us at once?"

An alarm spell goes off and a red alarm light appears in the air. Someone has used a skill and triggered the towns warning alarms.

"Help! The kidnappers are using skills in town!" Cain shouts and attacks the man in front of him with a heavy sword blow. He's got to get through this group and to Misha so he can find out what happened.

The strength of his attack takes the warrior by surprise and he staggers back, giving Cain a chance to run through the encirclement. Misha is on the ground being kicked, the attacks must have auto activated her Arcane Armor. Knowing their party will soon be arrested if he does nothing, Cain decides to go all out and calls his summons, sending them to protect Misha.

Red alarm lights flash one after another as the warriors use skills to defend themselves, just as Cain hoped. If everyone is flagged for skill use, it will be up to the guard to determine what happened and who was justified.

Heavy footsteps are coming from every direction as more and more guards are called, and Misha realizes what Cain's plan is. She wears a [Tattered Noble Dress] from her inventory and pinches the bridge of her nose to make her eyes water as if she were crying.

"Help me, please help. I'm a cleric, I can't fight them off!" she yells and the guards move to surround her as Cain pulls his Golems back, dismissing the Greater Golems and the Wasps before the guards can see them.

"You, Summoner, dismiss your pets!" The guard calls. "Everyone else drop your weapons! Someone tell us what happened here." Both Cain and one of the thugs move

forward to talk, but the guard grabs the nearest person without a combat flag or skill use warning. Mythryll.

"You, girl, you must have seen it. Tell me what happened." He demands in a stern voice.

"Those warriors, they knew she was a crafter and they were going to have her craft them what they wanted after they had their way with her. They tried to drag her away, but her boyfriend started fighting, and then they used skills on him, and there were summons and fighting everywhere." Misha is talking so fast and panicked that the guard can barely follow along with what she's saying, a truly masterful performance.

"Alright, I've heard what I need. The truth spell determines no lie in her testimony. You're all going in for the night, skill use in town. If you can pay the fine, you two will be free in the morning. You lot though, this isn't your first offense. That's 12 months in the can for kidnapping.." This determination doesn't sit well with the warriors, who immediately grab Misha and try to run for it while most of their group attacks the guards.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Their detainee temporarily forgotten, the guards around Cain charge into the scrum to rescue their fellow guardsmen. Cain takes the opportunity to chase the warriors who took Misha, and the guards that are following them.

The running fight rounds a bend and the kidnappers hop a fence into the enclosure where the snow Leopard kittens are being held.

[Summon Lesser Golem: Snow Leopard] 10 more bobcat sized kittens aren't a noticeable addition to the mass of fur. But the way they attack is. Furry paws with razor sharp claws dig into the panicking warriors, who had not initially noticed the contents of the yard they entered.

Now, the kittens themselves should cause minimal damage to a level 40 warrior. But the Golems? They are deadly. The group is quickly mauled and 2 of the 6 are dead before the guards can rescue them. Cain quickly dismisses his Golems when they're well mixed with the real cats and goes to pick up Misha.

Both are still adorned with red lights above their head, indicating their previous skill usage that has not yet been dealt with, so Cain follows the guards politely, not wanting to incur further criminal charges.

Char meets them at the police station, letting them know 'the other party members are back at the inn' not referring by name to Mythryll, who gave the testimony against the kidnappers.

She is chased away and told that the fine for a first offense is 10 gold and a night in jail. Cain and Misha are taken to adjoining cells in the station, separated only by bars. The others, being repeat offenders, are taken directly to the jail house in handcuffs that prevent skill usage and equipping items.

The station guards are really quite polite, chatting with the pair and killing time until morning as neither can sleep after the day they've had.

The morning sees their fine paid, and a warning from the guards "Word has gotten all around town about the guildless tailor with legendary recipes. Don't accept any invites for anything, as many Rogues have a skill that can hide the real text of a notification, and if they trick her into a guild or contract they'll have the law on their side no matter what they do."

"It's what these thugs usually do. Promise to release their victims in the morning, but the notification is actually a servitude contract, either for goods or labor, that traps them to the guild for life." This is when both realized how lucky they were that Cid is a good guy. If he had taken advantage they'd be in a world of trouble already.

"How many do we need for a guild?" Misha asks.

"A minimum of 5, and a wholly owned property somewhere to serve as the guild house." the guard smiles. "I suspect you can afford that, if you can find 3 more people you trust. Don't forget, majority vote can change a Guild Master, who can then change guild contracts."

'Maybe this world is as corrupt as my old one', Cain thinks. 'It's just hidden from the rookies.'

There are a suspicious number of people hanging around the inn when they return, so instead of entering, they turn and walk away before being recognized.

Cain sends a message to Mythryll and Char to meet them at the pub by the city gates. It's empty, except for a dozen guards that just got off duty, so it's perfect to talk.

"So what's the plan? We're a bit under leveled, but it's time to be moving along." Mythryll asks.

"Yeah, preferably today. It's a shame about the room, but I'll send Cid a message that he and Lickity can use it until the time we've paid is up. I'm sure they'll appreciate that, even if Lickity is still pretending they're not a couple." Cain smiles.

Misha explains the guild solution, saying they just need to find one more trustworthy person. They all recognize they've been way too free with talking about their skills, gear and history, so finding one more person to trust could take a while after the incident last night.

"Better to learn slow than never." Char says with a chagrined frown, thinking of how many times she had learned that exact lesson in her past life, and yet forgotten it sometime after arriving here.

They ask the guards about the nearby towns, hoping to get some good news. Both of the big cities near here are full of level 60 sorts, they're informed. But the town on the far side of the western city by a day's walk has a level 55 dungeon that isn't too terribly hard, and beyond that are a number of level 50 wilderness dungeons and a collection of small towns.

The same is true of the city to the north, the difficulty of the village dungeons is lower than the big cities by a little bit. More people crowded the area around better dungeons, for the increased value of goods and the number of perks with money to spend. It was a self-perpetuating cycle, and inevitably if a new dungeon of high quality, or rare drops was found, a city would form around it.

They thank the guard and tell him the Northern city sounds auspicious, so they'll go there for the chili cooking festival that's about to start before deciding on a course of action. The half-drunken guards wish them well, and they head off to the north gates, in plain clothes not their armor, to try to be incognito.

A dress for Char had even been found by Mythryll last night. It's plain leather, with fur trim, but a knee-length dress that looks much less distinctive than her armor, letting her blend in with the huntsman and Spirit Folk locals.

After walking a few hours down the road out of the north gate, they decide to turn east, towards the Elf forest.. They don't know what they'll find before reaching there, a full week of walking if nothing is found in between, but if the other areas are heavily populated and well known, they wouldn't be able to hide there for long anyhow.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 35 - 35

They find a nice cave to shelter in the first day. It seems to have been some sort of monster lair in the past, but the scent is long faded.

"Well, that was less fun than expected. Getting chased out of town because we didn't keep quiet enough about our abilities." Misha sighs.

"But look at it this way, we get to go on an adventure. Sure, we might be sleeping in a cave tonight, but tomorrow we get to see somewhere new, with all new people, not sick in the same city for ages." Cain says longingly.

"He has a point." Char adds. "Something about being Spirit Folk makes me enjoy being in the woods, like I belong here. Plus it smells better than the city."

"Especially the city full of adventurers doing the undead dungeon and rarely bathing." Mythryll adds and everyone laughs at her scrunched up nose. "What? I've got a sensitive sense of smell."

They keep heading northeast in the morning, headed wherever they happen to go, when they come across a wilderness dungeon. Not all of these are explored, so they enter carefully, not knowing what level it is going to be.

The first pull is Imps, around level 50. Not bad for the group with all their extra summoned members. The Greater Golems are set to Shield Bearers and the Lesser Golems to gargoyles, their usual setup for dungeons. But with the addition of the Poisoned Wasps and the [Summon Cloning] Passive, it feels like they've brought an army to bring down this dungeon.

At first they go slow, but it's all Imps and other lesser demons they're already familiar with. The first boss changes the pattern up though. It's a Balrog, a 4 meter tall winged demon with a huge axe and a flaming whip.

"How do we fight that?" Mythryll asks. "My ice armor is weak against fire, and that whip looks really nasty."

"I will use the stone skin totem this fight too. With the extra duration it should be up enough to help." Char suggests "But if that hits us, it might be bad."

"How about 2 tanks stay back on defense and 2 go to the monster. Fight from behind the tanks as long as he doesn't do anything unexpected?"

"Yeah, that should work. Let's try that, call out anything new." Misha adds and gets herself psyched up for the fight.

As they feared, the whip targets them at range, while the Demon uses its axe to fend off the tanks in melee range. The tactic of using Golems to block the ranged attacks is working though, the whip hitting whichever is closest and being stopped by the Golems shields.

A furious Blizzard rages, courtesy of Mythryll, and lighting crackles in the air, but the boss is only slowly going down. The amount of damage it can take is insane, most bosses would be long gone by the time and this thing is only at half. By the time it finally drops, they're all struggling with mana, relying on regeneration to keep casting.

"Good thing we all picked mana regeneration items, that was intense." Misha says, collapsing on the floor for a breather.

"Difficult to navigate tricks are one thing, but there's something to be said for raw brute strength." Char agrees.

After a short break to recover mana and motivation, they move along, finding that the Imps have mostly given way to larger gargoyle type demons. Not difficult to fight, as they're not magic users, but so incredibly durable that it's slow going.

"At this rate, the final boss is just going to be a huge chunk of demonic steel we've got to whittle away." Mythryll complains.

She's not far from wrong. The final boss is a huge gargoyle. When it sees them it summons six smaller gargoyles, the size of the Lesser Golems, from the floor. It seems it's done preparing itself, as it then stomps the ground in challenge.

"Split again, two will tank the boss, everything else will kill the little Golems, we will attack the big one." Cain suggests.

"It's as good of as plan as any." Misha shrugs. "Let's do this."

The plan is going well, the little gargoyles are being destroyed at a decent rate, and are down for a couple of minutes before the boss calls in a fresh batch and they're forced to start the process over. Like the Dragon boss, this one has a wind attack that knocks you back into pools at the edge of the room.

"Don't panic, they're hot springs, I'm not taking any damage." Mythryll splutters, being the first one blown into a pool. That's good news, at least it's not something deadly like acid.

When the boss drops, the last of the small gargoyles crumble, leaving them alone in the room.

[Level Up]

While Mythryll and Char relax and Misha goes to check out the hot springs, Cain decides to check his status, and finally use up the points he's been saving. This dungeon showed him just how much mana he was lacking, so a few points went to bringing his STR to a nice even 100, which brought a [Damage Modifier Increased] notification, and the rest went into INT for extra mana.

The next few Levels, Cain decides, will be used to increase his CON, making his Golems more durable, reducing his mana usage and making them easier for Misha to heal with time released effects that are easier on her mana pool.

[Name] Cain

[Level] 48

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Skills]

[Summon Lesser Golem] lv4

[Summon Greater Golem] lv2

[Poison Arrow] lv4

[Exploding Arrow] lv2

[Light Foot] lv3

[Reinforce Construct] Passive

[Summon Insects] lv1

[Stats]

[STR] 100

[DEX] 45

[CON] 70

[INT] 50

[HP] 280

[MP] 250

"Hey guys, you've got to try this." Misha calls, and everyone turns to look. She's out of her armor, floating inside the hot springs pool in the corner of the boss room. It really looks relaxing.

"How long do we have in here before it resets or we're kicked out?" Cain asks.

"Once, a young Elven warrior with a broken leg, last of his party, took two weeks to make it to the exit. He had no regeneration or Healing potions left to fix himself, so he just crawled. Sleeping here overnight might not be a bad idea. Nobody can intrude on us, and it's safer than the outside, now that we've cleared out all the demons." Mythryll gives a long winded explanation.

That's all anyone needs to hear. The Golems are set as guards blocking the only door to the room, just in case something was missed, then armor is removed and it's hot springs time.

"Every dungeon should end like this." Misha sighs, sliding deeper into the hot water..
"Just a big bath, so you can go home clean and relaxed."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 36 - 36

Come morning they decide to move on. The hot spring was nice, but they all wanted to see more of the world they're in.

The woods on their journey had a rather eerie feeling to Cain. Like he was being watched and judged. Both Mythryll and Char seemed not to notice though, and Misha was too taken in with every small creature they passed to notice much of anything else.

"How far are we from the Elven woods?" Cain finally asked, the creepy feeling getting to him.

"They officially start about 40 kilometers east of here, but you'll still find a lot of Elves and fairy folk in the area. Why do you ask?" Char answers with a confused look.

"Just feels like we're being watched, you know? Like something is hidden in the woods judging me."

"It's likely just the woods themselves. Nature magic effects the trees, making them sensitive to intruders and danger. You're not an elf, or any sort of Fae, so the woods are likely feeling cautious around you." Mythryll suggests, looking like she's trying to feel what he's feeling.

"Yeah, that's not reassuring at all." Misha laughs. "I feel something in the woods, but it doesn't feel dangerous, so I didn't worry about it. I've never really had a chance to just enjoy the small creatures before."

The feeling eventually passes and they continue down the path they're on until they find themselves on top of a short rise, entering a clearing in the woods, looking out over the afternoon sky.

"Hey, there's some sort of white stone thing over there. It looks like the ruins of an old city buried in the woods. You guys want to go exploring?" Mythryll asks, excited to see a new thing.

"Ruins are great habitats for squirrels and other small mammals, I say we go check it out." Misha seconds.

None of them yet realized just how distorted distances can seem when viewed from a ridgeline in the woods. They had barely made it to the bottom of the hill when night began to fall.

"Camping with no bath? We're truly roughing it now." Misha laughs. "We even found a bath in the dungeon."

"There's a river just fifty meters from here. Do you want to move camp closer, so you can swim either tonight or in the morning?" Char suggests, pointing into the moonlit darkness.

"How can you know that in the dark?" Misha questions her, accusingly.

"It's part of the Spirit Folk senses. Ancient forests are my races natural habitat, and in the forest we can instinctively find our way and sense disturbances like other people and rivers. The older the forest the better."

The decision is made to light torches and move camp. Once near the river bank, they start looking for a good spot. Not too close, but in sight of the water, with enough room to not damage the trees with a camp fire. Burning the forest down wouldn't end well for anyone.

They quickly find a good spot, and Cain finds a collection of broken branches and a dead fall tree at the edge of the clearing. Perfect. All he needs to do is just cut some logs.

Mythryll has a basic nature spell that can create a wind blade. It's not high damage, so she stopped using it in combat, but it's great for cutting logs to be split with an axe for firewood.

"Why so much firewood?" The Elf asks, seeing Cain still splitting wood.

"Some for later, when there's no good wood nearby, and some to leave here for the next lucky traveler, so they don't have to cut anything down." Cain smiles. It was a camping lesson he learned in summer camp when he was a little kid. Leave a bit of firewood in case the next person is lost or in need.

They've just stripped down to their swimsuits when the sensation of being watched comes again, and this time everyone feels it.

"Come on out. We can sense you, and we don't want to have to do anything drastic." Char says to the night air, preparing to cast lightning. An idea Cain thinks is terrible, given they're all wet and nearly naked in the river, but it's magic, they should be fine right?

"Don't shoot, I'm not hostile!" A tiny voice calls back. "My name is Elmira, we've been traveling the same direction all day."

"I knew I sensed something." Cain says. "Well come on out."

"I am out, look up." Elmira giggles.

Elmira is a pixie, about the height as his hand, with dragonfly wings and a cute green leaf dress. She's got a tiny dagger on both hips and is wearing black paint of some sort strategically smeared all over to break up her outline.

"A pixie Ranger?" Misha wonders "No, that's not right. Are you a pixie Rogue?"

"A pixie assassin actually. I used the random character creation and this is what I got. A tiny assassin in the middle of nowhere, that nobody will group with. I've been killing wandering monsters for eight years to get to level 42."

"Well, we will group with you." Misha insists. "You've seen us all in bikinis, how much more intimate can we get than that, right?"

Char laughs at her assessment. "Are you sure you didn't just want a flying type to disarm traps and scout for us?"

"It may have crossed my mind. Briefly. But how about it, Elmira did you say your name was? We're wandering the woods looking for fun new places. Why not join us?"

"I thought we were being more careful about new people?" Cain asks and Misha waves him off.

"No way can someone so cute be a bad person, it's simply not possible." Misha informs him.

"How about a trial run? I'll stay with you a while and prove I'm trustworthy. Just please don't chase me away. I hate when they chase me away with fire and sticks." Elmira asks and even Cain's heart softens.

"Alright, you're in." Mythryll decides for the group.. "Pixies and Elves have an affinity, I would be able to tell if she was a bad person I think."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 37 - 37

When the morning came, it was time to get moving again, but hopefully with a little inside information.

"Hey Elmira, what do you know about those ruins up ahead? We saw them in the distance, but are they empty? Is there a dungeon there?" Cain asks their tiny new compatriot, who has taken up residence in Mythryll's hair today.

Now, she did tidy it up into a fancy updo first, just one that conveniently made an excellent pixie sized chair.

"There's a small village. It's mostly Elves and Spirit Folk. There's fairies there too, and they're territorial, so I couldn't get in before. But with a group I'm sure it will be fine."

That doesn't sound too bad. But if there's no reason for them to stay, it's just a stop over to refill supplies.

"What about a dungeon?"

"It's evil Fae, but that's all I know. I could only listen from a distance."

"That's fine. As long as there is one we have a reason to visit and stay for a few days. We'd love to get at least 2 more of our party members to level 50 before we move on

again. If everyone was level 50 it would be great, but both you and Mythryll have a ways to go." Misha explains.

The little Pixie twitches at every animal noise in the forest and has retreated behind the Elf's hair more than once. Just how traumatic was life in the forest for this transfer?

Around noon they decide to take a short break. The sun directly overhead is cooking them, even with the shelter of the forest. Elmira knows a tree with good fruits nearby, so they stop there for their break, finding hundreds of mangoes in a giant tree, many already close to overripe.

"This is good fruit, I would think the fairies would have taken it though?" Misha asks, licking juice off her fingers.

"Pixies eat sugar, fairies eat insects." Mythryll informs them. "It's a common mistake, but it's the reason that people like fairies in the garden. They clear out the bugs and don't steal all the pollen to make honey."

"You make honey? You're definitely my friend now." Char exclaims.

"I mean, I can. But I've only ever made enough to get me through the winters." Elmira sounds concerned that her stash will be raided.

"Don't worry, little one. I won't let her steal your supplies. We can buy honey in town." Cain laughs.

As they're finishing their break, they are surrounded by some sort of arachnid monster. It's not quite a spider, but it's got 8 legs and a horse's neck and head. Plus, fangs with a mouth full of pointy teeth and antlers.

"You know, I was happier not knowing those things existed." Elmira tells the group. "I've been here for years and never seen anything like that."

Whatever they are, they're aggressive. Cain barely had time to call out his summons, making Elmira shriek and hide inside his coat, before they're at the group.

"Bloody oath, there's Poisoned Wasps now too? Kill them with fire!" she screams from her hiding spot.

"Relax Elmira, they're on our side, I'm a Summoner." Cain says, stroking the top of her head.

"They're allies? Sweet! Those things have almost killed me a bunch of times. The swarm effect leaves you nowhere to hide."

"There's 2 sizes of Golems too, see. Now, are you going to attack?" Cain asks.

"Just watch me." The pixie replies, throwing out shadow blades much like the Sorceress basic attack and lighting all the arachnid horrors up with a sparkling light that everyone would call [Fairie Fire] were she not a pixie. It doesn't do much damage, but it has a slowing effect and makes them really easy to target. It's like they actually draw attacks towards themselves.

The monsters are quickly dispatched and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Mutated spiders aren't anyone's favorite enemy.

Just before dusk they make it to the ruins, weaving their way through, following Elmira's directions to the village hidden inside.

"Greetings travelers. What brings you to our village?" The guard asks, looking over the group carefully, his gaze lingering in the pixie on Cain's shoulder epaulet.

"We wanted to see more of the world, and we saw the ruins from the top of a hill a day's walk away, so here we are. We heard you have a dungeon too? If it's near our level we'd like to explore it, see what we can find." Mythryll tells her fellow Elf.

"We do, it's level 50 creatures with higher level bosses. You're welcome to stay the night and try in the morning, the Inn is just over there, but be careful not to let the Pixie wander, this is the Fairies territory.

"We will keep that in mind, thank you." Mythryll waves a cheerful wave at him as they leave and Char gives the guard a dirty look for checking out the Elf's backside, before giving it a swat herself.

"Let's go." The shaman says "I'm hungry and we haven't tried this town's food yet."

The meal the restaurant at the inn serves is entirely vegetarian, but pretty good. It seems neither Elves or Spirit Folk usually eat meat, it's just the transfers that keep their palette.

"Oh, they brought me honey!" Elmira cheers, digging into it with a tiny chopstick. "This is good stuff too. The Bees must have been feeding in the fruit trees."

Cain is confused, isn't honey, honey? But Mythryll seems to understand. So Cain has learned a new bit of random trivia, the source affects the taste of the honey.

Before they sleep, Elmira insists on double checking every window, stuffing towels under the doors and locking the shutters. "The only way to be sure the fairies stay away." She insists, before hiding in Mythryll's hair to sleep.

Cain and Char both spend quite a while trying to get to sleep that night, the sight of the pixie sleeping in the Elf's hair is simply too adorable to let their minds relax into slumber.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 38 - 38

The anti Fairy measures seem to have worked. They made it through the night undisturbed at the very least. All the windows are locked, and the towels are still under the door.

When everyone is finally awake, Elmira does the ladies' hair, and everyone gets their armour on, ready to leave for the dungeon.

"Hey, did you sleep in your armour?" Cain asks Elmira.

"Sort of? This is the only outfit I own. Armour didn't really drop from the monsters in the forest."

"Oh, that will never do. Good gear is one of the most essential parts of getting ready for a dungeon run." Misha informs the tiny Pixie.

The group members search through their inventory for anything that might be helpful to the caster, finding a variety of items that might be useful.

"I've got a pair of rings with reduced Mana cost." Cain sets them out on the bed.

"I've got a necklace with mana regen," Misha adds.

"Leather boots and pants with increased spell damage? You don't use your daggers as much, do you?" Char sets them out with the rest of the gear.

"And finally, a leather jerkin that I didn't get time to trade in." Mythryll smiles. "It's got more mana regeneration on it, plus a healthy dose of defence."

"Oh, here's a pair of daggers for you." Cain laughs. "They are fairly low level but have a chance to poison on hit, a great compliment to your paralyze ability."

Elmira is so happy she's crying, flitting about from person to person, giving out hugs.

"Thank you guys so much. You have no idea how much this means to me. Eight years. Eight long years I barely survived out there and got two items. A single night in a real party, and I've got actual equipment."

"Well, put it on, and let's see how you look." Mythryll cheers.

"What do you mean? I look how I look."

"Your appearance will change with gear. Every piece looks different on every different race and class combination. So when you wear this, you'll have an entirely different outfit than you do now." Mythryll explains, bringing on another round of tearful hugs.

Elmira picks up and equips all the items laid out for her. All epic level trinkets and leather armour, better than most adventurers get as drops. The effect is fantastic. The tiny Pixie is now wearing pink Mary Janes with kitten heels and white bows on top, white tights and a pink and white lolita dress with a white ribbon in her hair.

"I thought she was supposed to be an assassin?" Mythryll asks, confused. "How is that an assassin?"

"Would you expect her to be out to kill you?" Cain laughs as Elmira twirls and giggles, checking out her new equipment.

"I mean, you've got a point. But still, it's not even leather armour." the Elf points out.

"Wait, I have a camouflage skill; I can do this!" Elmira says, her dress fading to a black and form-fitting short jerkin with leather pants and boots. "More what you expected?"

Everyone else nods. Yes, this is what they thought she would look like.

"Pixies get two appearances. At least Pixie assassins. Default and camouflage. Default is the pretty dress, and camouflage is this. She immediately changes back to the frilly Lolita dress and giggles.

"I always wanted dresses like this before I came here. Finally, I got one."

"I know it's rude to ask about the past, but how old were you when transferred?" Mythryll asks softly.

"I had just turned four. I should be twelve soon, but it's hard to keep track of time here. There is only one season in this forest."

Four? The system brought a four year old here? What was it thinking?

"It's a good thing you could even read the menu to choose," Cain says, thinking of all that could have gone wrong in that scenario.

"I learned when I saw the screen. I don't think I knew before."

"Enough of that talk; let's see what the inn has for breakfast." Char changes the topic.

Breakfast turns out to be entirely vegetarian, as expected. But with a variety that surprised them all. Cain decides on a form of pancake stuffed with fruits, while Elmira goes for a small honey dish with a single blueberry in the middle. She squished the fruit into the honey and swirled it around with tiny chopsticks before wrapping up a bite.

Her happiness is infectious, and soon, everyone in the room is talking happily over their meals.

"Time to earn our keep," Mythryll says, hopping to her feet.

The group heads for the dungeon entrance, attracting attention along the way. Humans aren't familiar sights here, and there are two of them in the group.

"You sure you want to bring an evil Fae pet into the evil Fae dungeon?" The portal guard asks them.

"She's not a pet. Elmira is a transfer with terrible luck using the random character creation system." Cain informs him, garnering a look of pity.

"I'll let the fairies know so they don't attack her. Pixies are well known pranksters and assassins in this part of the world." Well, the class assignment she got fit her race at least, even if it was different from her temperament.

"So that's why everyone attacked me. They all thought I was evil." Elmira sighs, landing on Cain's shoulder to ride into the dungeon.

The entrance is dark, without the usual background light. Instead, the only light comes from glowing fungus on the walls. It smells like stone and not rot, which is a good sign to the group. The undead dungeon had a unique odour that they'd rather not experience again.

Elmira lights Fairie Fire in the air above them for better vision, and they begin to move forward, not knowing what to expect from this area. Cain realizes once again they have forgotten to ask essential questions. Like what they're going to be fighting.

The lights are bringing opponents to them, though.. First up being four grey-skinned Elves riding giant, black spiders.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 39 - 39

The spiders are much faster than expected, almost reaching the group before being intercepted by the Golems. Their jaws struggle to gain purchase on the shields of the Tank golems, but the scimitars of their riders have no problem digging severe wounds.

The Poison Wasps and the upgraded shadow blades of Elmira put a quick end to that. The Elves are exceptionally agile but no match for the fast moving Wasps. The shadow blades cut them down off their mounts, striking with much more impact than before, and they're quickly overwhelmed.

Char's lightning arcs between spiders, singing carapace and making their legs twitch. Within a minute, the spider riding elves have been eliminated.

"Did you see how strong my shadow blades are now? That was amazing! Plus, I can cast them over and over without running out of mana." Elmira is more than a little excited about her first victory with her new companions.

"You're a real magical powerhouse." Cain agrees. "Now, let's get moving and see what we get. And remember, your skills, gear and items you get are a secret from people who aren't in your party. We all got in trouble because we told the wrong people about good things we had."

It's probably best to get that out of the way early, knowing that Elmira is very much a little kid at heart, so discretion might not be her strong suit.

"Got it, boss! We can do this." Elmira cheers.

Two more pulls go smoothly, and then they get to a horde of tiny spiders, which completely ignore all attempts to contain them.

"Mythryll, blizzard, please." Char calls, "My lightning doesn't arc to enough targets to deal with this."

The blizzard spell rages, eliminating the tiny menaces in a moment, leaving Misha with the job of cleansing a load of poison stacks. Easily accomplished with her [Greater Cure Poison].

"Well, that was more annoying than expected. We really need more area of effect abilities." Misha sighs.

Cain was going all out with the exploding arrows and had a lot of summons, but against a hundred tiny spiders, it simply wasn't enough.

"I've got some points. Should I put them into [Shadow Field]? It says it does significant damage to an area." Elmira asks.

Mythryll ruffles her hair. "We don't want to tell you what abilities to pick, but you're right, we have a lot of single target damage, but not much for an area if we get groups of dozens of monsters."

"All done. I'll have an area damage effect that lasts 30 seconds every 30 seconds. Does that mean all the time?" The young Pixie asks, excited.

"It certainly does. That's a really short cooldown time for such a powerful spell." Cain agrees.

"We can tell party members our abilities, right? I forgot what the rule was." Elmira asks.

"Yeah, you can tell us this one time." Mythryll smiles.

"Pixies get reduced cooldown times. I can cast everything else immediately, one after another if I have mana."

"That's awesome. Now you can keep an area attack up all the time and target the things you want to get rid of the most." Char tells her, and the Pixie gets so excited Cain can feel his pocket vibrating.

The first boss is a caster in a black spider web pattern that Elmira is immediately jealous of, wanting it for herself. Two warriors flank the boss with twin swords.

"Until we know what she casts, standard attack pattern. Two tanks on her, one each on the warriors. Elmira, keep your area damage on the boss and attack whatever you think is essential." Cain is enjoying the pocket Pixie. They chat during fights, she tells him if he misses something moving, and he knows she will attack anything that comes near him because she's in his pocket.

"Let's do this. All full on mana." Misha calls out, and they move forward to engage the boss.

The boss is also a shadow type caster, using both shadow bolts and the same shadow field that Elmira does. The field seems to be focused on hitting Cain, either because of his total damage or because there are two party members at his location. Either way, it's a positive for the group, he's got a good movement skill, and most of his damage comes from the golems, so constantly moving instead of shooting isn't a significant loss.

"Cain, turn my way." Misha calls, "I can't see Elmira to heal her."

Cain laughs and executes a shuffle step out of the shadow field, bringing him to face the healer.

"Sorry about that, little one. I forgot she needed to see you in order to heal you."

"I'm okay, still a bit above half health," Elmira confirms, firing off more spells at the boss.

Both warriors fall at nearly the same time, the slender body of the boss being swarmed by Wasps and Lesser Golems. In fact, she's being hit so often she can't even cast anymore.

"Just let them do their thing. We can get back mana while the Summons finish the boss." Cain suggests, and everyone relaxes a little, letting the fight play out on its own.

"Hey, Elmira. Why do you hide inside Cain's pocket when there's fighting?" Misha asks.

"It feels safer in there. You know, he's got that heavy leather coat, with the metal inside and lots of pockets. Nobody else has pockets. If I just slip in there, I can't fall out, and the coat helps keep me hidden." the Pixie explains, watching the boss die.

[Level Up]

"Oh, I got two levels so far!" Elmira giggles. "You guys truly are good luck."

Cain looks over his status sheet, seeing that he's almost at 50, where he expects to get another upgrade to his Golems. They've been coming every ten levels so far.

[Name] Cain

[Level] 49

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats] +5

[STR] 100

[DEX] 45

[CON] 70

[INT] 50

[HP] 280

[MP] 250

His progression is coming along well. Another few days in here, and both him and Misha should reach level 50. Maybe even tomorrow.

"One more level to the next spell," Misha tells everyone.. "I hope it's something good."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 40 - 40

After the first boss, the spider riding Elves give way to more elf packs on foot. These are more tricky to deal with, as they're small and love to attack the most vulnerable among them instead of staying focused on the tank.

Elmira starts using the Shadow Field defensively. Casting it over the group as a form of concealment that helps deter attackers. Because it does damage, they are hesitant to enter the dimly lit area, keeping them away from the living group members.

The elf groups have also begun to come with healers and mages in their ranks. It feels more like they've gone to war with a Dark Elf village than a horde of monsters. It's an odd feeling for Cain, fighting against Elves. Especially with one in his group.

But they've reached a downwards curving ramp, taking them deeper into the dungeon, and gremlins and trolls are replacing the Elven defenders. The new creatures are vicious and don't speak an understandable language, making them much less disturbing to fight.

"Ah, it's good not to be insulted anymore." Mythryll laughs as they clear the first group of gremlins, led by a single giant cave troll. "Those Dark Elves have a filthy mind."

Cain is glad he's not fluent in elven. It was annoying enough, just with the things they called out in the common language transfers use. Cain wonders if it was his original language or if it was something he learned from the system. They're all from different places, but they're all using the same language, after all.

They've come to the second boss now, a massive rock colored troll shaman. He appears to be alone in the room. An oddity for a caster-type boss.

"I think he might be a summoner type." Cain cautions.

"Okay, keep the lesser golems around us to start then, until we find out what abilities this mountain of Troll has," Misha suggests, and they move forward to engage.

The boss greets them by setting out totems and then summoning up a group of Cave Trolls, as Cain had feared.

"Kill the totems first," Char calls. "They'll heal the summons and increase their armour."

"Elmira, you're on totem duty. I'll handle the summons as usual, and everyone else can deal with the boss."

Roles are now clear, and everyone gets to work. Elmira soon finds that the totems are easy to destroy and always appear at the boss Trolls side. So just leaving the Shadow Field up gets most of them, and she only has to adjust her tactic if the boss moves.

There are four summoned trolls, so two are being held back by the Lesser Golems that Cain is calling back regularly as they are demolished. The summoned trolls are dying at a reasonable pace, though. Their health is high, but they're vulnerable to Cain's Poisoned Arrow, and it's quickly eating their health.

Now down to two enemy summons to fight, Cain reassigned his Lesser Golems and turned his attention to the boss. It's a durable thing, as expected of a giant troll. And even the sustained attacks of the group are only slowly whittling away at its health.

After he got the "Modifiers Increased" message when his strength hit 100, Cain had been doing noticeably more damage, so he brings his Lesser Golems to the boss, leaving just the tanks and the Poisoned Wasps to deal with the summons. That makes a significant difference in how fast the boss is dying. The 300 percent damage bonus from that legendary necklace is no joke with this many summons.

The extra trolls succumb to the mass of attacks just before the boss, giving Cain a notification.

[New Form Gained: Summon Greater Golem Giant Cave Troll]

Cain looks it over, finding the Form has not only higher defence but higher damage reduction than his shield bearer type tanks. Wielding that giant club, it still probably does impressive damage too.

Cain quickly switches the option and summons a fresh set of tanks after warning the group what he's about to do. They're impressive, to say the least. Three meters tall and nearly 2 meters wide, with thick bodies and stumpy legs, they're strong enough to parry attacks from the boss with their club, and the impact of their blows makes its skin ripple. Cain might have gotten a perfect thing this time.

"Impressive," Mythryll notes. "Those new tanks are no joke. We need to find you stronger summons to fight if you're going to be able to keep stealing their forms for your own."

"I second that. The more summons, the better. These are taking so little damage that I could even cast a few shadow bolts without worrying about my mana." Misha adds.

After the second boss, the group comes to another change in targets, the Gremlins are gone, replaced by a form of black barked Treant, but the cave trolls remain. Large, but not as massive as the summons that Cain duplicated with his Summon Greater Golem spell. Their damage is impressive, staggering the trolls and breaking branches from the treants with heavy blows of their clubs.

In response, the tree monsters start summoning nymphs. Mostly grey, with black branch like limbs and twig like hair that makes a leafy cape down their backs. They're not large, no bigger than the diminutive Mythryll, but those branch like fingers are ripping pieces from his Golems.

The first group is cleared, and Cain gets another notice.

[Form Gained: Summon Lesser Golem Dark Nymph]

"Hey, I got the summoned nymph form for my Lesser Golems," Cain shouts in excitement, forgetting they're all standing right next to him.

"It will be hard to be cuter than the Gargoyles, but call them out and let's see them." Char laughs.

Ten small nymphs appear. Shorter than the ones they faced by a little, these ones barely make 140cm in height. They also have black togas on with a Vine belt instead of the leaf bikini of the ones they faced. Other than that, they are identical. The same Grey skin, the branch like arms fading to a black, bark texture skin and long, pointy twig fingers.

They've got Elfin faces with the same branch like hair, covered in an assortment of leaves, the varied colours making each one distinctive instead of them being identical like the gargoyles.

Cain's skill description says they're more easily damaged than the gargoyles, but with significantly more substantial damage and the ability to learn spells after level 100.. He reads it all to the group, which agrees to give them a try as they head for the end of the dungeon.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 41 - 41

The increased damage of the nymphs over the Gargoyles is immediately apparent. In the description, they should only have a slight base advantage, but with the faster attack speed and the modifiers, it adds up to almost twice as much total damage in the end.

The packs they fight are overwhelmed, falling before they can even mount a proper defence. The massive trolls don't look fast, but perhaps because of their size, they cover a lot of ground. Their attacks are slow, but their walking speed easily keeps pace with the group and the attacking nymphs.

A group of enemies sits in what looks to be the final boss room: a Dark Elf, a gheist, treant, rock troll and wisp.

They're not sure what to make of this group, but they step forward cautiously, trying to prepare for anything.

Bright light envelops them when they enter the room, transporting the party to a different space entirely.

[Party fulfills the requirement: Five Fae Elements. The next area is unlocked. Rewards are granted.]

Five Fae elements? Cain has no idea what that means.

"Elf, Magic, Spirit, Nature and Elemental. The party members and summons." Char informs him when he looks to her for advice.

There are no monsters in this room, only a collection of carved wooden boxes. One with each of their likeness on it.

They decide to all go at once to maximize the excitement.

[Char Has Received A Spell Book]

[Elmira Has Received An Aura Book]

[Misha Has Received An Ability Book]

[Mythryll Has Received A Spell Book]

[Cain Has Received An Ability Book]

The entire group is speechless. 5 books at once? That sort of reward is unheard of.

Char looks over her reward, finding a [Channeled Lightning] spell. It's single target, but continues to hit until she stops channeling, an S Ranked attack ability.

Elmira receives an A Ranked aura ability [Pixie Dust] that increases magic damage done by all party members in the area. Convenient even for Cain, as the nymph damage is listed as magical damage in the skill description.

Misha gets [Blessing of Life] a passive that reduces the casting cost of her healing spells. S Ranked, it is a significant decrease in her mana usage. A thought that brings out a little happy dance from the overworked cleric.

Mythryll gains [Elfin Mirage] an A Ranked spell that creates duplicates of herself that cast the nature spells she knows. Vine Whip, Guardian Tree and Entanglement. Seeing how useful this can be, she puts a few more saved skill points into Vine Whip.

Cain gets a strange ability [Growth of Knowledge] an S Ranked Passive whose only description is "Allows user to increase knowledge with focused intent."

"Well, isn't that incredibly vague." Misha laughs, but Elmira looks like she has an idea what this ability might be.

"What if it lets Cain learn new forms for his summons by just focusing on the target? Don't you think that might be what it means?" The diminutive Pixie suggests.

"Once we get out of here, we will have to try on the next thing we want to have as a Summon." Cain says. "Until then, it's an S Ranked skill, it's nice just seeing it there."

[Participants will be ejected in 30 seconds] a notification comes in, and the group prepares for battle, instead finding themselves standing in an empty building on the edge of the village.

"Oh, ejected ejected." Elmira says with a giggle. "Better put the summons away unless you want to get in trouble."

Cain gets on it quickly, knowing there are people around, and Giant Cave Trolls aren't exactly stealthy.

"Got ejected did you?" a passerby asks, seeing them come from the building, looking around to get their bearings.

"Yeah, what happened? There was a notification then we're here." Mythryll adlibs.

"Happens to everyone, just a 'You are not worthy.' And then you find yourself somewhere in the village. One unfortunate fellow ended up in the soup when his party was sent to the hotel kitchen."

"It sure is the fast way to get out of the dungeon though." Char laughs, making the fellow smile.

"Glad you're all safe, it can be dangerous in there. Myself, I prefer staying up here in town." He waves as he goes about his business.

The fairies are no longer giving Elmira threatening looks, now giving her sad glances as if she were a pitiful existence instead.

"You know, I almost preferred it when they hated me." She says sadly at the looks from a group of garden fairies.

"At least you don't have to worry about getting attacked at night anymore, and you can sit in Mythryll's hair instead of hiding." Cain jokes, making the pixie immediately take to the air to hop on to the Elf's shoulder, half buried in her tousled hair.

The Adventurers at the restaurant in the Inn welcome them back with cheers and a round of drinks. The first time you get sent back by the dungeon is a local rite of passage, and they're told to go write their names inside the building where they reappeared, pointing at the kitchen and the big pot with the name Thenassil on it.

"That was his first displacement. Most times you will show up near where you did the first time, so he walks out now." The chef laughs. "Good thing too, unwashed Elf is a terrible soup flavor."

A few more groups filter in during the afternoon, all having been displaced to their usual spots. Misha wants to check out the village tomorrow, see what new things they might have. Many of the townsfolk have high quality clothes, so she's hoping to get a recipe or two. She says she'll just buy outfits if she can't find recipes, but she needs some of the local fashion.

With the huge experience bonus from the dungeon quest, both Cain and Misha think they might make 50 with another run, so they're not in any hurry tomorrow, agreeing with Mythryll that a celebration is in order.

Every tenth level gives a class ability until level 100 when they either keep getting stronger or you can choose an advanced class. So the levels ending in zeros are much like birthdays according to her. A notion that both Char and Elmira wholeheartedly agree with, on the condition that there is cake.

Even the kitchen staff agrees that leveling milestones should be celebrated, and that they'd happily make cake with just a few hours notice.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 42 - 42

When morning comes, Misha drags everyone out of bed bright and early to check out the market.

"You know it's open all day, right? They're not going anywhere. In fact, they live here." Char complains about being forced to function so early. She's got very little motivation to do anything at all until Mythryll mentions trying more items from their breakfast buffet.

The thought of food is all it takes to get everyone motivated and dressed, but Misha's constant poking if they close their eyes helps too.

"So first, food. Then fancy clothes, and maybe afterwards look for hot springs?" Cain suggests. There's a shower in their hotel room, but that hot spring tub was terrific.

"Sounds like a whole day to me." Mythryll agrees.

Today they try out a mix of French Toast, which they're informed is made without eggs, plus more fruits they can't identify, and blueberry almond milk milkshakes for breakfast. Because, why not?

Right in the middle of trying out new Elven fashions, the early groups begin to return from the dungeon, and the town is in an uproar. The dungeon didn't end in the transport room anymore. Instead, there is a treant boss where it should be and a bunch more monsters leading up to an Ogre boss.

With this news, they decide to cut their shopping trip short and see for themselves. They meet up with the crew from dinner last night when they reach the lineup at the portal.

"Couldn't resist cutting your vacation day short, eh?" The warrior chuckles.

"Don't blame you. How often does a dungeon get more bosses?"

Cain tries to use his new skill on the very first boss, thinking a caster-type boss might be pretty awesome.

[Requires Summon Epic Companion]

'Darn, I just need a higher-level summoning ability to make a boss into a summoned creature.' Cain thinks out loud.

The Dark Nymphs, with the help of Elmira's new magic damage enhancement aura, destroy the additional warriors. Even from the disadvantage of being slightly lower level, this is a fast-paced run.

Cain tries again on the Dark Elf priestesses a few pulls later.

[Requires Summon Supporter. Available at level 60]

"I can add the Dark Elven forces to my potential summons once I hit level 60!" Cain calls to the group.

"How great would that be? An extra warrior, or mage or rogue, whenever we needed one?" Char wonders out loud. "I wonder if we can dress them up since they'll be elves?"

Cain is about to say they're not dolls, but as a summons, is there really that much difference from a living, moving doll?

"We will have to see." is all he can tell the excited Shaman for now. Making both Mythryll and Misha, who have both been the target of her ministrations, giggle.

The Gremlins at the bottom of the ramp added to the selections for Lesser Golems, but the trolls all say, "Already known." The only thing that Cain can think of is that they must be too closely related to the trolls he's already using.

The Treant boss is massive, standing in a domed room a hundred meters across; its branches fill the roof.

"Watch out for vines, branches and whatever lives in the tree?" Mythryll asks, staring at the ancient-looking boss.

They send the golems forward first to see the reaction. Vines whip out, smacking into all four tanks and two of the lesser golems. That's good news; it's only got six vine attacks at a time unless it's holding back. Tree branches smash into the ground all around the room but can't reach the very edges where the party is hiding while the golems tear up the boss.

They're not doing much themselves, unwilling to risk getting 'squashed like a bug' as Elmira put it, so the fight becomes to watch the golems fight while the boss is out of range for most of the group's spells. Forty yards to the trunk is a bit too far, but any closer and they can get hit.

They eventually run out of patience, though. It is working, but with the run time and constant dying, it's slow. Now, they're doing a dance of sorts. Watch the roof for incoming attacks, watch the floor for vine attacks and step to the side when either comes.

It looks silly, but it is effective.

"Hey, I got a legendary drop from that boss!" Char cheers when it drops.

[Archmage Crown] adds 5 mana per second

"With this added to my gear, I should be able to sustain that new channelled lightning ability." she smiles, the crown turning into a leather dangly hair accessory with beads and bones on it.

As they step out of the room, they immediately feel small. The groups in front of them are all ogres and trolls. Cain tries the trolls again and gets the usual 'Already Known' message, but the Ogres add an option to his Greater Golem.

He doesn't plan to switch, though; the ogres are the cannon fodder of the group.

Being big is both an advantage and a disadvantage. They've got strength and reach, but Wasps and Dark Nymphs can more easily swarm them.

Ogre Mages are added to the Greater Golem ranks, though they're awful mages. They can cast fireballs. That's it. Fireball.

At the end of the dungeon is an Ogre boss. He's enormous, with an axe in one hand, a staff in the other and two heads. He wears what looks like a flattened frying pan as armour and a loincloth. He is the first Ogre they have seen with armour in this dungeon, though.

"You guys stay here; I'll try to use the Golems to turn him away," Cain says, rushing forward with his golems.

He instructs the Wasps to sting the heads, making the boss flail its arms around and block its vision. When the Troll tanks get behind it, they start taking turns bashing it until it turns around in anger, one head still watching the wasps and the staff holding arm trying to hit them.

From there on, it's smooth fighting. The staff side throws fireballs around, doing decent amounts of damage, but Misha quickly heals it. Cain's poison arrows seem adequate, but with so many attacks going in, it's hard to tell what is doing anything.

The Ogre drops with a tremendous crash, raising a cloud of dust, and they all breathe a sigh of relief.

[Level Up]

"And that's 50," Cain and Misha say at the same time.

[Summon Greater Golem] advanced to level 3 Defense Modifier Increased

[Summon Lesser Golem] has reached maximum at level 5

Cain summons a fresh set of both golems, finding he's got 12 Dark Nymphs now instead of 10, with his Summon doubling skill, and 6 Trolls instead of 4. A veritable army of Dark Fae.

"I got [Sanctified Ground] an area of attack damage skill!" Misha cheers. That's what she's been waiting for this whole time.. A proper damage skill that comes from being a cleric.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 43 - 43

The party returns to the Inn triumphant that night. They might not have gotten all the shopping they wanted completed, but the day was even better for it. The level up has everyone in great spirits. Even Char got a level up today. Being a few levels ahead of her party members, the changes came more slowly, being higher level than most of the monsters gives a bit less experience every fight.

"Chef, can we get cake baked for tonight? Two members hit level 50." Cain calls into the kitchen.

"The Puppet Master and the Cleric? Sure, I can theme a cake around that. It'll be ready after dinner, dear."

"And do you know where we might find a hot spring, or public bath? It's become a party ritual of sorts to help relax." Misha adds hopefully.

"There's a public hot spring in the north side of the village. If you don't have a bathing suit they sell them near the entrance, no full nudity in the public pool. I know how frisky young folk can get." The chef chuckles.

Elmira doesn't understand the appeal of a hot springs, but comes along willingly anyhow, not wanting to be separated from her new friends. Once they get to the springs though, with the steam rising and air currents to float in, she's in paradise. Her wings barely need to work and she's still floating around in the warm, damp air.

The pixie is a bit concerned about actuality getting in the water, as she can't swim and doesn't know how her wings will do if wet, but eventually decides that using Mythryll is a step ladder is a good compromise. The elf lowers her shoulders just below the water, and Elmira climbs down her hair to settle into the shallow water on top of Mythryll's collar bone.

She discovers that her wings indeed won't work well in the water, but a quick flap once they're clear and she can skim across the top. Plans are made to teach her to swim another day, but now they're all just enjoying a good soak along with a handful of amused Elves.

Conversation in the hot springs turns to the news from the next city, a 2 day walk away. It seems they have an Ogre problem. Enough of one that they're offering a pretty substantial quest reward to any transfer willing to help. They've been at war with a nearby Ogre camp for most of a year, stuck in a stalemate.

The group all talks it over and decides to head up in a couple days. They want to get a few more items from this dungeon first. It has dropped some crafting recipes, but only one of them epic, a set of cloth gloves. Misha is hoping to get a few more in elven fashions, and some levels for Elmira and Mythryll who are a few levels behind. With each level taking much more experience than the one before it, getting them nearly caught up shouldn't be too much of a problem.

"Doesn't it take weeks to get every level once you're near level 50 though?" Elmira asks and the others share a conspiratorial glance.

"There's a trick to speed it up a little. We will show you next time we're in the dungeon." Cain assures the pixie.

While they head back to the hotel, Cain thinks about the sight their mismatched group must present to everyone else. A Spirit Folk Shaman in furs and natural leather, a Cleric in her white robes, an Elven mage in an elegant icy white ball gown and cloak with a pixie on her shoulder and a large human man in black leather pants and boots with a black leather jacket. In his old life it would look like the crowd at a cosplay convention. But here, only the fact they have humans among them draws attention.

The kitchen made good on their promise to bake a cake. The dining hall is decorated with 'Happy 50', there's a three tier cake with figures in their likeness on the top, and a whole room full of Elves waiting to congratulate them. after level 50 you're higher level than most of the monsters in the surrounding forest as well as the dungeon.

Cain suspects they're just bored and need a reason to celebrate, but any excuse for cake is a good excuse, according to Misha. They end up drinking and dancing until the small hours of the morning. Even the normally straight laced Char is in full party mode.

"So what's the secret technique?" Elmira asks the next afternoon when they reach the dungeon.

"Not a technique, we've got a hidden experience bonus that's a really big secret though. We couldn't mention it in public at the hot springs. But you should get a level or maybe two every day." Mythryll explains to the pixie in Cain's pocket.

It's become her favorite spot to fight from. It's like a tutorial, Elmira decides. Being in the pocket takes you where you need to be safely, and the bow literally makes arrows pointing at what you're supposed to attack. It's much more relaxing than being chased around the forest all those years.

If only the pocket didn't have a zipper. It scratches and it tries to bend her wings when she gets in.

"Do you have a clean handkerchief I could borrow?" Elmira asks and Misha pulls out a bit of cloth.

"It might be a bit big for you though," the Healer giggles looking at the cloth in the Pixies hand.

"Nope, just right." She declares, pinning it at the top and pulling it around and under herself to hang over the bottom of her chosen nest, fully blocking the zippers of the pocket.

"It's like fighting from bed!" Mythryll cheers. "Just fold it a couple times and it'll be like a pillow to lean forward on."

Adjustments are made and soon the Pixie has a suitably comfortable nest with minimal chance of bending a wing trying to enter.. Cain just resigns himself to removing the coat every day instead of unequipping it, as that would remove the carefully built nest.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 44 - 44

It only takes three days of dungeon runs to get both Mythryll and Elmira to level 50. That was the minimum safe level to visit the war-torn city nearby, according to the villagers.

Both were very impressed with their Level 50 upgrades. Mythryll got a [Razor Grass] spell that creates a carpet of long grass with sharp edges that easily slices through enemies while folding gently around allies. Between that and her Guardian Tree that gained a second tree at level 50, she can make the battlefield look like a somewhat comforting place to be if you ignore the deadly Vine Whips, that is.

Her clones are no slouch either. They don't seem to gain her gear bonuses, though, as the difference in Vine strength is noticeable. Still, they do a very healthy amount of damage, and three Razor Grass spells together cover a considerable area.

Elmira got a class passive ability called [Successful Abduction] that lets her make herself and one target she is touching gain stealth, becoming mostly invisible and silent. Stealth isn't quite as good as true invisibility, but it's plenty for their purposes, letting her and Cain scout ahead without the creatures in the dungeon noticing.

Every visit, the layout is a little different, and this lets them find patrols or pull other targets in safety. If you get too close, sharp senses like those of the Dark Elves or guards on alert will still notice you, but it's available all the time, which is well worth the trade-off.

A second level 50 party is thrown for the Elf and Pixie pair, and plans are made to leave the next day after picking up supplies. Misha got a few more recipes in the past few days, including Legendary lingerie that any female class can equip. They are missing a few ingredients to create it, though, things they're hoping to find in the city. After the suggestive outfits of the Demon Dungeon, Cain can't wait to find out what the Dark Elven dungeon considered Legendary undergarments.

They have also decided to create a guild before leaving this isolated little village hidden deep in the woods. The only problem they have found is that they can't decide upon a name. Not a single member of their party is any good at coming up with names for things. Misha and Char even used their own names for their characters when summoned here.

The hotel pub goes all out offering to help. Hundreds of bad ideas get thrown around. Still, the consensus by the time they retreat to their room for the night, worn out by the dungeon run and then an entire afternoon and night of partying, is that it must include something about their oddball group. The fact they have four different species deserves a note, the townsfolk insist.

As far as the group, they think that something about the amount of summons deserves mention, but they keep getting stuck on raiders or horde to describe their vast numbers. Char suggests "The Duality Union," but Misha thinks it's too wordy and vague. Mythryll thinks calling the Guild "Vortex" might be good, for the way they draw all sorts in.

It gets no objections, so Cain tries.

[Name Already In Use]

"Well, Vortex is out. Name already in use. What else do we have?"

Both Misha and Mythryll note that while they're all very different, they're all transfers. And that they all prefer the woods to anywhere else. A few variations involving Fae Woods and Elven Forest come up in the conversation but don't seem right.

"I don't want it to seem like we're a group only for fae since we might want to bring people other than party members into the guild eventually. We can reserve the guild name anytime, but we need a place that can be a Guild House to form a Guild officially. We should ask about that when we reach the city."

"Since our group triples in size when we go to battle, how about we call ourselves The Host. Or something along those lines?" Mythryll suggests.

"That's not bad." Misha agrees, but it needs something more. "The Transferred Host? Summoned Host?"

"Elemental Host? The Darklight Host?" Elmira adds.

"Darklight Host isn't too bad." Cain agrees. "We've got a whole range of personalities; we Summon Fae Folk that are considered both light and dark. I like it."

The name is tentatively agreed upon, with no better options presenting themselves, so Cain writes it down in case they forget in the morning when they're sober.

They make a round of the shops the following day, packing meals, snacks, a few potions and some crafting materials Misha thinks she might need later. It only takes a few hours to get what they need and head to the edge of the ruins.

They are extra cautious moving down the path towards the city, as there have been reports of Ogre raiding parties in the area. It's a bit eerie, travelling down the central path between the town and its closest city. There are no signs of monsters or wildlife, probably all scared off by the fighting or eaten. There are also no other travellers or recent evidence of merchant caravans. If they hadn't gotten reliable information that this overgrown path was the correct way, they would have thought they'd gotten lost in the woods.

Near nightfall, it becomes apparent they are indeed headed in the correct direction. The sounds of fighting and war horns start in the distance; an Ogre raid on the city must be happening now. Cain leads the group forward as fast as they dare run through the twilight-darkened woods, hoping to get a jump on the ogres and get into the city before they're locked out after the battle.

The sight is magnificent when they reach the cleared areas around the city. The walls are a tangle of white wood vines with Golden symbols carved in them, reflecting the late afternoon light. Lines of Silver shielded warriors block access to the rank upon rank of archers in the field, while mages look down from their perches atop the walls.

Opposite them, a horde of massive bodies carrying a mismatch of weapons and shields roars their anger, almost drowning out the horns of the Elven army.. Cain and his companions are well behind the Ogre lines and off to one side, slightly away from the battle, but the Elven Army is in front of the city gates, so they'll have to go right through it if they want shelter for the night.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 45 - 45

"I don't see an option but straight through." Misha sighs. "This is going to suck."

"We will wait until the first volleys of Arrows land, and then we will charge. Mythryll, drop Razor Grass well into their ranks, and your clones should follow your lead. Elmira put a shadow field on top of us. It's getting dark, and Ogre's eyesight isn't good. It might keep them from noticing we're behind the summons."

Plan now prepared, they begin to sneak into a range of the Ogres just before the Elven artillery barrage starts. It's not just the archers; they've got some sort of siege weapon behind the walls, too. One that hurls fiery boulders. They explode when they hit the ground, and Cain discovers the wooden projectiles are filled with flammable liquid, sending fire and splinters everywhere.

The Ogres charge the Elven lines, covering the distance between them in seconds. This is the group's cue to move. The artillery has ended, so they attack the back ranks of the Ogres. Six massive trolls are rampaging through the Ogres back lines, knocking unsuspecting monsters to the ground where Dark Nymphs and Poisoned Wasps swarm them.

It doesn't take long for the Ogres to realize they're being attacked from two directions, turning a section of their back rows to face the second thread. This is both good and bad for them. It lets them square up with the Trolls instead of being clubbed unconscious, but it turns their backs on the Elven archers. Most have stored their bows and pulled swords, but a few lines keep up the ranged attacks.

Char's chain lightning has an incredible effect; there are targets everywhere for it to arc to. Cain set the Elves as battle allies in their party options, so only direct attacks will hit them, letting them use their area effects like Razor Grass, Blizzard and Consecrated Ground freely. It also stops the summons from attacking the Elves, which would end badly for the party.

"Low on mana." Misha and Char call at the same time.

"Mythryll, back them up, retreat a little until your mana recovers. I'll stay here with Elmira until then; I've got enough mana to bring back the summons when they die for now." Cain calls.

The ladies drop back, and the Pixie activates Stealth on herself and Cain with her [Successful Abduction] skill. The Ogres, vision dimmed by the shadow field, aren't even looking their way anymore and focusing entirely on the Trolls, their natural rivals and their biggest perceived threat.

Cain can hear the happy shouts from the Elves in the area, seeing the Ogres distracted by a fist of Trolls that keep regenerating when killed. They can barely see the Dark Nymphs and Wasps through the mass of Ogre flesh, but it's enough to let them know what is happening. They've received reinforcements from their Dark Kin.

They manage to punch through to the Elven lines not long after the casters return with full mana. The barrage of area effects drives the Ogres back, letting the group meet with the Elven army.

"It's good to have you. I'm assuming the army of Dark Fae are yours?" The nearest Elven Officer huffs, taking a chance to catch his breath.

"Yeah, the Wasps too. I'll have the Trolls hold the line while you regroup." Cain tells him.

The Elf blows a horn in three quick notes, and the Elven warriors nearby fall back as the summons charge forward. It has given the Elves enough time to catch their breath and receive some healing. Both Misha and the Elven forces have area heal spells out, slowly bringing the warriors back to maximum capacity. Cain summons back the depleted ranks of the Nymphs as the Trolls are about to die, and they hold the Ogres at bay for the few seconds needed for the Trolls to return to their positions.

The Elves rejoin this side of the battle, chopping Ogres down while the Trolls block as many attacks as possible, keeping their allies from being hit.

The Ogre's leader roars a retreat, sending them all into a run back for the trees, clearly trying to avoid artillery fire on their way out.

"You saved a lot of lives today, adventurers. What do we call your merry little group?" The Elven officer asks.

"You can call us the Darklight Host. We'll register as a proper guild as soon as we find a suitable guild house and a registration office." Mythryll smiles.

"You'll need five members in attendance to create a guild, though. There are more transfers in town; we can help you find someone if you need."

"We're set. Pocket Pixie." Cain says, pointing at Elmira.

"Oh. Didn't see you there. What sort of crap luck do you need to have to get started as a Pixie? They transfer in at random in a level 30 monster-filled wilderness. If the beasts don't get them, the local fairies usually do." The man sighs, shaking his head.

"Well, we saved one, so that's a start. It's getting dark. Is there a good Inn nearby?" Cain tells the bleak-looking officer.

"Preferably one big room with a hot tub," Mythryll adds. "Or a nearby bath would work, I guess."

The guard officer laughs and points to a spot just inside the gates. "There's a traveller's Inn there. It's got showers in the room and Natural Hot Springs downstairs. Tell the humans which is which; they're separate baths."

They'll need the advice too. The signs are written in elvish, giving no further clues as to who goes where. Plus, there are three doors, further reducing their odds.

"Gentlemen, Mixed Bathing, Women." Mythryll reads, pointing at the doors.

"Perfect. Let's go check in and grab some towels. I stink of battle and Troll blood." Elmira declares. "Onward noble steed. To the counter!"

They're all laughing too hard to speak when they reach the front desk, drawing confused looks from the evening clerk.

"A room for five if you've got.. And extra towels for the baths?" Cain asks, being the first to regain his composure.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 46 - 46

The innkeeper smiles at this friendly looking bunch of transfers, wondering why they're in such a good mood after the battle. "Did you get something good from the Ogres? I saw you come in with the soldiers, so you must have just arrived in town."

"Nothing good from the Ogres. Just joking around and happy to see a proper bath after the trip up from the ruins today." Misha answers with a smile, still trying not to laugh at the Pixies antics.

"That's a shame. I hear quite a few adventurers get good things from the Ogre hordes."

"Oh? What sort of items? Most of us could use new weapons at this point, and Elmira here could use almost everything, we had to dress her in our spare gear when she joined the group." Char tells the clerk.

"Mostly magical weapons. They seem to collect them, so there's more than normal dropping when they die."

"We will have to check on the daily quests then. But back to the important topics, do you have a party sized room? Or enough rooms for us?" Mythryll asks.

"We have three options, depending on your preferences. We have single rooms, but you could go two to a bunk to save money. We have common party rooms, where there are futons laid out in the side rooms. They're really quite comfortable. And then there's the Imperial suite. It has only one massive bed, but futons can be added. It also has a private hot spring and courtyard. It's expensive, but for a group that isn't shy around each other, it could be an option."

The words private hot springs and courtyard are enough to sell it to Misha. Everyone knows how she loves to relax in the hot water. The clerk shows them the Imperial Suite, and he's right, there is an entire side room that could have been a second bedroom. They're informed that it actually is, but the Imperial family's custom is to make servants sleep on the bare floor, so it isn't normally equipped with them.

"If you can bring two futons to the second bedroom, I think we can work out sleeping arrangements from there." Cain smiles at the Elf and hands over a stack of coins to pay for the room, thinking back to how he was once called strange for spending so much on luxury hotels instead of equipment.

All things considered though, it wasn't any more expensive than everyone getting their own rooms. You just needed a sharing is caring type attitude.

There is even a luxurious, silk lined, small cushioned bed in the corner of the room on a stand. To Cain, it's obviously a cat bed. But to Elmira, it just needs a few blankets from her inventory and it's Perfect.

"This is so much better than the hot springs in the ruins. Public Pools are overrated." Misha sighs, leaning against Cain in the hot springs.

"The courtyard is beautiful too. I don't recognize a bunch of these plants, but it's almost as good as being back in the forest." Mythryll heaps praise upon the choice of hotel.

The design is even pixie friendly, with a shallow side pool, only a few cm deep that Elmira can sit down and relax in. A first for her, but she's quickly understanding why the upgrades are worth it.

"Do we want to do the dungeon tomorrow, see what it's like? Or should we sign up to go out when the next Ogre raid happens? The villagers said there was a pretty good quest reward for killing them." Cain asks as everyone relaxes in the courtyard.

"Let's try out the dungeon. With the Iron Man titles, we have had such good luck with dungeon drops, maybe we'll get something good." Misha suggests.

"Do we know what it is? If it smells bad I'm totally up for fighting Ogres instead." Mythryll teases, scrunching up her face like she smells something awful.

"I'm told it's demons. But I don't know what kind." Cain shrugs. "Maybe we can find you another one piece bathing suit."

Mythryll laughs, making Misha giggle. "I don't know if that could properly be called a bathing suit. But it was definitely unique."

"You just want to lewd the Elf." Misha teases, sticking her tongue out and the newer arrivals look a bit confused as to what they're talking about.

"It was labeled a [Strappy Demonic One Piece]. So we thought it was a bathing suit. It ended up being a body harness made of leather straps." Cain explains and Char's eyes light up with mischief.

"Well, I guess we'll have to just try our luck inside the Demon Dungeon then." She says, managing to keep a straight face. For a few seconds anyhow, before bursting into laughter.

The staff brings them in a late dinner and they all get somewhat dressed. The hotel has bath robes that any transfer can wear, a true luxury, so that's their option for dinner wear. They get settled in around the low table and Char starts cutting up berries for Elmira. Having someone else to baby also helps distract her from Mythryll, who usually becomes the outlet for her mom type energy. Not that the Elf actually minds being looked after.

The Spirit Folk Shaman is so much bigger than the Elf that they really do look like a mother daughter pair from behind. Cain thinks it's adorable, and he's waiting to see how

their relationship progresses. They'd make a great couple, he thinks. But that doesn't seem to be the dynamic they're aiming for.

Char has cut Elmira's dinner up into bite sized bits, before drizzling honey on top and the little Pixie is ecstatic, talking about receiving gourmet service while the big Shaman gives her an indulgent look and Mythryll giggles.

"Nobody tell her. Let Char enjoy the little things." Cain thinks to himself and gives Misha a wink.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 47 - 47

No decision was made about sleeping arrangements in the end, and they all woke up at first light in the huge bed. Even Elmira moved her bed from the corner table to the thick headboard.

"Just 5 more minutes." Misha mumbles as Cain tries to extract himself from the tangle of pajama clad limbs. He turns to Char for assistance, only to find she's in a similar position, Mythryll is sleeping sideways in the bed, hugging her midsection like a pillow. The two share a silent laugh at the deep sleepers and relax to wait for everyone to get up.

"So, what's for breakfast?" Elmira asks once everyone is finally up "Because I'm going to need a lot of energy if I'm going to face demons all day long."

The hotel here actually has a pixie specific breakfast. Today it is tiny crepes with mixed fruit and whipped cream. These city Elves don't seem as strictly vegan as the ones in the ruins. Unless the whipped cream isn't real cream, but Cain can't tell the difference.

The city walls seem quiet, so they head straight for the dungeon, following the directions given by the hotel staff. There's only a few groups in line, looking at their party with a mix of envy and confusion. They're all well geared, and they have a good variety of classes, but some of the other parties have realized they don't have an obvious Tank in the group.

"Maybe the big guy is an avoidance type tank?" The groups in line wonder. Except for the few so consumed with jealousy at the number of beauties in the group that they can't focus on anything else. This is how it always ends for them. Some groups and guilds are almost all women, and guys like them can't get a girlfriend for their second life in a row.

"Hey, doesn't that spire look familiar?" Mythryll says, pointing at the horizon. It does. That spire, or one just like it, was in the middle of the previous Demon Dungeon they entered. Is this just a higher level area of the same zone?

On their second pull, when they face a very familiar looking group of scantily clad Succubus, they're sure. They're in the same place. [Strappy Demonic One Piece] has dropped again. But this time at legendary quality with 8 percent reduced casting cost and a 15 percent spell damage increase.

Char checks it out and then compares it to what she's currently wearing with a frown. She's got a lower level Legendary under garment layer on already, that looks like a fur trimmed bikini top. But it gives mana recovery and 10 percent spell damage, so she would have to tweak her gear to get it just right again.

"We can decide later," Misha laughs and links an item in the text based party chat they rarely use. "I got the recipe."

For some reason, this news doesn't brighten the look on Mythryll's face. Cain guesses she's not over the embarrassing moment from the first time she tried it on like a bathing suit.

Cain has been adding everything he can to his available Summon lists. He's gained 49 total demonic forms now, and they're about to face a Shadow Skipper demon pack. He has a good feeling about hitting 50 types of demons, like he will get something great.

Using Elmira's [Successful Abduction] skill they sneak forward in stealth and Cain gathers the fiftieth demon form for his collection.

[Achievement Unlocked: Demon Collector] defeat current target to obtain reward.

When the achievement comes up, the pack goes from being normal Shadow Skippers to elite and immediately attacks.

"Crap, I got an achievement for 50 types of demons and this happened." Cain calls out the emergency attack.

Shadow Skippers, like their name suggests can blink between shadows, attacking from many angles unexpectedly. An elite pack of them is bad news.

Misha responds by casting Consecrated Ground under the main group's feet, the light from the spell stopping sneak attacks by the Shadow Skippers. Elmira flickers from his pocket to Mythryll's shoulder to get away from incoming attacks, but Cain is blocked off from the others, being hard pressed to defend himself while his summons try to fight their way through.

A troll manages to stagger back one of the elite Shadow Skippers and Cain takes his opportunity to retreat. Firing poison arrows up into the demons while he rolls between the Trolls feet towards the circle of light. They're fast though, one demon striking out with a spear and pinning him to the ground. A multi shot makes it drop the weapon and Cain struggles to his feet.

These demons are unusually focused on Cain himself, chasing him all over the ruined building they were in, so he can avoid making them swarm his companions. First one, then a second drops to a furious Blizzard, Mythryll is in her Demon Transformation, trying to get every last bit of damage output she can. Char finally gets one stunned with her channeled lightning, its resistance failing it.

Once the demon is on the ground it is quickly bludgeoned and clawed to death by the summons, unable to parry or evade strikes as it had been.

With the final demon of the pack dead, the notification returns.

[Please Spin or Select Quest Reward]

Gatcha again? Well it did give him this amazing class. But Cain thinks he should look over the rewards first. If he picks, it's a single piece of Legendary Demon themed gear.

The visible spots on the spin wheel show a unique Lesser Golem form, a hood that increases Summon Damage, a Shield that reduces damage taken by 30 percent and one marked "???" in the Purple of an epic item.

"Do I trust my luck and go for the random selection spin for the reward?" Cain asks the group for a second opinion. There is a good demonic bow in there that increases construct damage by 90. So it wouldn't be a total waste to just take the guaranteed prize.

"You're a lucky broken character. I say spin." Misha tells him after a moments consideration.

"Full Send!" Elmira shouts from Mythryll's shoulder, which he takes as a vote for spinning.

Mythryll looks to Char, who pokes her cheeks with a smile. "Might as well spin it. Mythryll doesn't want to risk giving the wrong advice, so she's staying neutral."

Cain firmly selects the spin option, and the wheel in front of him starts rotating at incredible speed. At first nothing can be seen, but as it slows he can make out a few things. Construct forms and related gear seem to be the majority of the slots. Some Lesser, some Greater, and a few marked "Decorative Skin".. Which could be almost anything as Cain isn't sure how they work.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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As the wheel begins to slow to a stop, Cain realizes it's going to land on one of the "???" marked tiles. But a strange one, instead of the markings being a color like blue or purple, they're a tarnished Bronze color. That's not a quality Cain has ever seen before, or even heard of.

The pointer settles to a stop, not even bumping the edge of the spot and an announcement appears on his screen.

[Ancient Reward Box Gained]

"It's an ancient reward box?" he says tentatively to the group, looking at the box in his hands. It doesn't look like much, just a worn old wooden box with tarnished hinges, but the description makes it sound impressive.

"Well, open it. The suspense is killing me." Elmira laughs, her pixie voice making the laughter sound like tinkling bells.

[Ancient Spell Gained]

[Summon Lesser Demonic Companion] learned. Will upgrade to Greater Demonic Companion when 100 demonic summons are known.

Cain linked the description and mentally prepared himself to Summon his new Demonic Companion. Would this be like his Lesser Golems? Just a small combatant? The word Companion makes it sound like there might be more to it.

[Companion Generating]

[Assessing Requirements]

[Demonic Companion Created]

The Demon fades into being. Black hair with pale skin and almost see through fleshy wings showing visible veins like a bat. 170cm tall, plus her long black horns. Well muscled and in her underwear. Definitely in her underwear. Boxer briefs and a sports bra to be exact, in plain black cotton.

"That's umm, interesting? Why is the Summon naked? That's never happened before." Misha struggles to express her surprise, but nobody else has managed to speak at all.

"Greetings Master." The Demon bows to Cain "I am Vala, your Summoned Demonic Companion."

"The Summon speaks!" Mythryll gasps.

"Of course I speak. What sort of Companion can't communicate?" Vala sounds confused.

"Vala, could you tell me a bit about yourself and your abilities? The spell wasn't very descriptive." Cain asks the scantily clad Demon, trying to understand just what he summoned.

"The Companion spell creates a lifelong assistant based on your current and predicted needs. You can equip me as you see fit and I will return with the same equipment every time I am summoned. Once you have amassed 100 different Demonic Summons I will be upgraded to a Greater Demon."

"Okay, so you were created in your underwear so I could equip you with what I needed? What abilities do you have and what can you use?"

"My apologies. I am a Wrath Demon. Skilled in close combat and capable of wearing the heaviest of plate armors, or even chain mail if desired. The abilities generated were [Damage Leech] which will grant a portion of my damage as healing to the party, and [Demonic Wrath] which will increase the damage of party members and constructs."

Cain is fairly sure that when those abilities were first created, they didn't have a Puppet Master in mind. That's just ridiculously awesome.

"You were created to Heal? Was my healing deemed insufficient?" Misha asks in a dangerous tone.

"Output wasn't considered. Only 1 of the 43 current members and constructs in the party can Heal, so a companion with a group Healing ability was deemed essential. The next priority was damage output as a large number of durable Tank type members were found. So a damage increase aura was generated, which required the Wrath Demon form." Vala replies happily, looking to be praised for her useful existence.

"Well, the spell was correct. Misha is overworked being the only Healer, and you can never go wrong with more damage. But I should find you gear before I get yelled at for letting you stand around in your underwear." Cain laughs.

Much like the day they met Elmira, gear is collected to be passed over. Plate boots, pants, chest and gauntlets at epic quality are all found, as they haven't cleared their

inventory in a while. A two handed sword, a Shield that reduces damage taken by 20 percent and a Legendary spear also make the cut. Vala can't equip accessories of any kind, but still, she is pretty well geared.

Red Plates that just cover the upper torso, thighs, gloves and lower legs over black form fitting light chain mail body suit is the appearance she gets, the equipped helmet becoming just a golden ring around the base of one tall black horn.

Vala's feet are cloven hoofed, so the boots are more of a shin guard, but overall, the visual is of a deadly, heavily armored Demon Warrior.

"Now that you look the part of a Wrathful warrior, I should ask: How big is the damage increase aura you give?" Cain wonders, checking his new Companion for missing essentials.

"Fifty percent of modified damage as a bonus." Vala shrugs. "It will go up if I'm promoted to a Greater Demon, and again if you keep me beyond first class change."

Char laughs "She says that as if it might not be enough. Your ability is very good Miss Vala."

"There's no need to call me Miss. Summoned Companions are on par with slaves." Vala shrugs.

"Actually, going through the records embedded in the Ancient Spell, this is only the second time a Companion other than a Succubus was created, so maybe that was just a peculiarity of the previous users."

"What abilities does a Wrath Demon have? Beyond those created for the summoning spell." Mythryll asks, trying not to laugh at Vala's disdainful tone as she speaks about the previous users of the Demon Companion spell.

"We can sense emotions and vaguely predict what will please and anger others. It helps create and satisfy Wrath. That plus enhanced combat ability are the essentials of the Wrath Demons."

"That sounds fun! Do me. What would make me happy?" Elmira giggles.

"You want to snuggle in a pocket?" Vala says uncertainly. "I think that's what I'm sensing."

Elmira cheers and claps, but the others look around in apprehension. That's a dangerous ability used correctly. Plus, who wants their secret desires known, except maybe the pixie who requires so very little to make her happy.

Cain strokes Vala's horn and smiles. "It's good to meet you Vala. How about we test out your new abilities on some unsuspecting lust demons?"

Proper introductions and socializing can wait until tonight when they're finished inside the dungeon.. As long as it doesn't set off the city alarms, Cain intends to keep Vala around full time.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Vala turns out to be incredibly skilled with the spear and shield fighting style. She's even got attack skills that send red bolts and arcs of energy out from her spear. The legendary quality spear has a minor bleed effect on it, but against the larger groups it gives a noticeable amount of returned healing.

Misha might have felt her position was threatened, but it's not the level of healing that will replace a cleric in the group. It is enough that she can relax though. The slow damage of the demons aura effects and the few area spells the group faces is mostly covered, so she can focus on healing the Tank Trolls.

They're getting replaced frequently anyhow, as the cripple type debuff is reducing their [HP] cap every time they're hit, but Cain can't keep up with constantly replacing them without taking breaks, so they get some healing, or curse removals and switch out on small groups to keep the problem dispersed.

During their exploration they learn something very valuable. To the summons, Vala counts as an extension of Cain. So she can take half the force off to clear easy groups and command the Golems without Cain being present or in sight. This greatly increases their clear speed, two nearby groups get cleared at once without overcrowding.

It's hard to find a place in the ruins that 6 huge Trolls is a dozen nymphs can fight. Splitting up just makes sense. If the Supporter Cain gets at level 60 has the same ability, they will be able to clear easier areas in three separate groups.

"Vala, circle behind those elite chimera and drive them this way. Once they're trapped they should be easy to finish off." Cain calls out. They were on their way out planning to sort their drops after dinner, but this patrol of elite Chimera caught them. They're incredibly poisonous, so fighting them is a cautious affair.

Misha is casting almost as many cure poison spells as heals, trying to keep the Trolls alive, but it's working. The chimeras are trapped between the two groups, and with their backs turned on one group or the other they're taking huge amounts of damage.

"Good Work everyone." Misha sighs as the last is about to die.

[Level Up]

This level will be enough stored points to bring Cain's CON to the 100 point mark, where STR got a Modifier increase, and Cain is excited to see what happens.

System Novel

[Name] Cain

[Level] 54

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats] +30-->0

[STR] 100

[DEX] 45

[CON] 70-->100

[INT] 50

[HP] 280-->800

[MP] 250

That's far beyond his expectations. As he went from 99 to 100 CON, his [HP] went from 396 to 800, the bonus doubling the amount he got per point. Now his constructs will be extra tough. That should be a big relief to the group. Cain decides it will be more fun to let them realize on their own, so he keeps quiet about it for now, but Vala has noticed her HP drastically increasing.

"Congratulations on the Level Up Master!" Vala cheers. "The extra HP from your increase made a big difference, it must have changed your per point Modifier."

It's getting late in the day, and everyone wanted to explore the city, so they carefully head back to the entrance, laughing and telling jokes. Cain isn't sure if Vala is going to

activate the skill detection alarm or not, so everyone is prepared to apologize to the guard on duty if necessary.

The rest of the summons are dismissed and they step out into the sunlight, looking at the fading sun in front of them. Much to their relief, no alarms are raised and no extra attention is drawn by their appearance. They do get a fair bit of attention, but that's down to their party members themselves, not anything they've done.

This city, called Sunnybrook by the locals, has a strange but functional layout, it's almost perfectly circular. The outer city, as they call it, has 6 gates. One large main gate and five single wagon sized side gates. The West gate and Northwest Gate have roads that lead straight to the city's two dungeons. The west dungeon, that they just came from, is near the inner city walls. The Northwest dungeon they haven't had time to ask about yet, is said to be near the outer wall, in the slums of the city.

By Cain's reckoning, it's still a pretty decent neighborhood, but to the Elves, it's beyond unacceptable and embarrassing. The further you are from the dungeons, the nicer the homes and businesses become. They came in the Eastern gate yesterday, and their hotel is one of the best in the outer town.

The inner city is fully walled with only one main gate in the east wall, which also holds the largest outer gate. It is the city's Noble district, unless you've got a title, you'll be stopped at the inner city gate and turned away. In the case the war with the Ogres breaches the outer city, this gives the Nobles a second line of defense.

The shopping and market district makes a full circle around the inner wall, with random stores scattered elsewhere in the city for convenience or practicality. Most of the crafting is done on the West side by the dungeons, keeping all the noise, smells and soot contained, but leading to the neighborhood's poor reputation.

There are a number of blacksmiths and tailors to repair gear in the area around the west dungeon, plus food stands. Most are little better than carts, just tiny restaurant stands with a half dozen chairs lined up along a counter, but the food is pretty good. Cain leads everyone to the smell of a noodle stand and they plan their excursion.

A blacksmith and Bowyer are a must. Both for upgrades and to unload drops. They get a crazy number of high rarity items, but ones that actually have useful stats for their party members are few and far between. There seems to be no rhyme or reason what bonuses and stats appear on what items. That didn't make the others any less valuable to those with worse luck in the dungeons though.

Cain could use a new bow and sword, and Char wants a Warhammer. But first, they need to sort out any upgrades they might have gotten. Most of it is no better than what they're wearing, but a single set of plate gloves that Mythryll got grabs her attention.

"Increases self healing by 10 points. And you self heal a little with every strike, so these might be much better for you. They've even got some damage reduction on them." The Elf says, still looking over the description as she passes them to Vala.. When worn they look identical to the others, perhaps it's an oddity to the Summon that they only get one appearance for plate armor? The whims of the system are beyond any of their understanding.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 50 - 50

They end up going to the Dungeon Services building, as the Sunnybrook town council has named it, to trade in gear. At some point in the past they'd gotten fed up with dishonest merchants and decided it would be best to hire impartial appraisers to buy items from the dungeon at a fair price, who then resold them to merchants and local vendors.

The locals say it's been a blessing, because groups used to take their loot to other cities to sell, leaving them with very little in the market other than locally produced items. And without the influx of dungeon items for smiths and Tailors to modify, hoping for better stats, getting raw materials for every item proved difficult.

Misha thinks she will be getting the modification skill around level 60, as the time she spends on Tailoring is limited, but after that things will get easier for the group's cloth and leather wearers.

Cain finds an impressive new bow, locally crafted from the trees of the Elven Forest. It's a modern style compound bow, not something he would expect to see here, in an almost black color with wood grains running down the length. Looking at it through the system interface, it adds a substantial amount of nature damage plus a mild bleed that makes the target take increased damage from Fae.

Both the Nymphs and Trolls he uses count as Fae, as do all three of the group's damage dealers.

"Bowyer, how did you make this bow? The effect is incredible." He asks the merchant after buying it. No need to risk him increasing the asking price by seeming too eager.

"There's a Black Ironwood tree over by the east gate Stables, do you know the place?" Cain nods that he does, it's in sight of their hotel room window.

"The Dryad that lives there blesses the trees in the area, and the Fairies living in the branches soak it in magic. Every once in a while it will drop a branch that the Dryad gives to a craftsman she's on good terms with, and they all create weapons with unique and powerful Fae related enchantments."

"That's excellent luck for you. I congratulate you on creating this masterpiece. I will treasure it." Cain tells the Bowyer before following the others to a blacksmith that caught Elmira's attention.

It's got a set of throwing knives in the window. They automatically return to their owner, and inflict a [Slow] debuff on hit. She insists that she is capable of throwing them from her chosen pocket, so Char is sent in to negotiate. She's the better choice, Elmira insists, because the shop has Fairies in the back garden. If he's friendly with the Fairies, he likely views the Pixies as Dark Fae, which would make getting a good deal almost impossible.

Char gets them without any issues, and for cheaper than expected. Something about her calm and collected presence lends itself well to negotiations.

A few more items are collected, including the crafting materials to make the lingerie drop they got in the ruins, and they decide its time to start looking for a Guild House.

With a guild membership, you can disable third party contracts with members, which reduces the motivation for those who abduct crafters, trying to force them into sweat shop level work contracts.

It also shows you're not alone, that you'll have backup if something happens, which is a decent safety measure all by itself, with the guild alert feature in the interface. A feature that's also very convenient when you find a rare material that takes skill to collect and need to call in a guild member to help.

The property manager is an ancient looking Elven noble woman. Given her appearance, she might have watched every single building in this city be built, which would be a huge benefit for a real estate agent.

"Greetings, what can I help you find?" The ancient lady asks politely.

"We are looking for a guild house. The location in town isn't too vital, and it doesn't have to be huge, as we're a small guild, but we would like it to be comfortable, with all the little luxuries that make coming home enjoyable." Cain smiles at her, assuming she will understand what he means.

"So, a natural spring, Pixie bushes, 6 or more bedrooms and a training room, plus a modern kitchen? Would you like that furnished or unfurnished? I have an arrangement with the local furniture makers to buy from them at reasonable prices if there's something specific you need."

"What exactly is a Pixie Bush?" Misha asks and the real estate agent laughs.

"It's what the Elves call the Everbloom Bush. It flowers and produces pollen all year round, so Pixies can make honey every day." Elmira's eyes light up at this, she's never heard of such a wonderful thing, but it's definitely an essential item now that she does know it exists.

"That would be great." Misha nods, thinking if there is anything else they should require. "If you have anything like that, we would love to see it."

"Of course dear. The South side of the city has a lot of that type of property. Most were made before the nobles walled themselves in, so there's no shortage of oversized houses and villas around. The war has also seen a lot of guilds move their home base to somewhere easier to bring recruits. We're not on the main trade paths, and the Ogres blockade the roads."

The first property they view is a villa, it has got everything they wanted, including two big indoor hot tubs and access to the stream that runs through the south side of the city, but it just didn't feel right.

The second is massive, better suited to a Guild of fifty than a Guild of under ten. Even if they all took two rooms the building would feel empty.

Two more villas go by, just not quite what they're looking for, when the Real Estate agent suggests going over to a spot by the Southwest Gate. Not into what the Elves consider the bad part of town, but close. Which is convenient for the aspiring guild. It's closer to both the dungeons and the crafters, saving a fifteen minute walk that many of the other properties would have added.

There's also a small market nearby, where they can see low level local crafters selling all sorts of goods, from clothing to dishes and furniture.

"The furniture maker I work with is that old Dwarf over there. It's a bit of a secret, but you look like an open minded bunch that won't care if your couch is Elven made." The agent waves towards a short, bearded man who gives a blink and a nod in return.

"Good furniture is good furniture.." Cain agrees.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.