

Reincarnated With A Summoning System

Chapter 51 - 51

This place feels like home the moment they walk in. It's fully furnished, and immaculately polished, but the wood work has the feeling of being lived in, not just being a public building for a Guild. That's the feeling they were going for.

There's a young Dwarven woman, perhaps still a girl, it's hard for Cain to tell, cleaning in the kitchen, and two young maids with Grey feathery wings on their backs and feathers in their hair, working near the entrance. The long round noses make Cain smile, these are Tengu, he is certain of it, even if their skin is not red.

"Did this location recently become available?" Cain asks, assuming the trio were sent here by the Property Manager to clean and maintain the building.

"No, the Dwarf is Tanya Southall and the two winged girls are Ciara and Clara. They're orphans that nobody would accept, as Tanya is a Duergar or Dark Dwarf, and most think the Twins are a form of demon. I've been letting them stay here, as they had a year long work contract, signed just before the last residents moved out five months ago." The Real Estate agent explains.

The building isn't massive, but it's very large. Ten bedrooms fill the second floor, along with two baths. The main floor has large common areas, plus a stocked library and an indoor swimming pool. There is a fancy dining room off the kitchen, which has magic run appliances, no hauling firewood here. The front yard has a collection of short flowery bushes Cain assumes are the Pixie bushes and two big Oak trees. The back is all fruit trees set on islands of manicured grass, with white stone pathways linking it all.

"Is there a basement?" Char asks. "I don't see much for storage rooms, but I saw servants halls hidden throughout the house."

"Yes, there are twenty small rooms downstairs, plus a lounge, forge room, alchemy labs, a second kitchen and the pantry below ground. Would you like to inspect?"

Twenty small rooms? How luxurious was the original owners life that they employed twenty servants?

The lounge has fine Dwarven couches and deep rugs, the secondary kitchen is covered in evidence of the last meal prepared, half cleared plates and all. Clearly cleaning upstairs in preparation for tenants took priority. They look into a few rooms, finding them like prison cells. Steel doors, bare stone walls and only two meters wide by three long with a bed against one wall and an armoire.

There's a large room at the far end of the basement, past the pantry that the agent recommends they not enter yet as it hasn't been cleaned, but Cain ducks his head inside after sending everyone else back upstairs. It was the old dungeon, signs of torture still mark the walls and floor, with associated apparatus still present.

Best leave that room alone until he can clean it himself. Cain bars the door and ties it shut with a length of rope from his inventory. That should dissuade the others for a few days.

Everyone is chatting happily upstairs about the history of the city. It seems this was a precinct guard house and prison when it was first built a few hundred years ago, then it was bought by a Noble, then later turned over to a guild when the nobles retreated to the inner city. Quite the past for what looks like a simple manor with a beautiful yard.

"Any objections to buying this place outright?" Cain asks the party.

"None." They all agree. "But we should find out the employment terms for Tanya, Ciara and Clara. It wouldn't do to miss payday."

The terms are, frankly, exploitative. They each get 2 silver coins a month plus room and board. 2 silver coins wouldn't even cover groceries in this city if they had to pay their own. Heck, the new shirt Mythryll bought today cost more than their combined months wages.

"Can we alter the arrangement?" Cain asks and he can see how nervous the twins hiding in the other room are.

"As new owners of the property, you'll need a fresh contract anyhow. Write your terms and I'll see that they agree to it." The agent smiles, producing fresh contracts from her inventory.

Misha pulls the old contract from Cain's hand, looking it over, then passing it around so everyone gets a good look at the existing terms.

Cain does some quick math in his head and writes a number on the fresh page, handing it to Misha who nods her agreement.

"Well, that settled, I'm sure they'll have no problems with their new contract. As you can see, they're dedicated workers and kept the house in great shape."

There's cheering from the other room when the Agent brings them the new contract and they all come in to thank the group.

"You have no idea how much this means to us. 25 silver a month is an employee craftsman's wage. It's uncommon for domestic staff to do so well." Tanya bows on behalf of the group and Elmira giggles.

Char pulls a coin from her inventory and passes it to the Dwarf, likely the oldest of the group. "Gather up what you need to stock the house as we'll be here for meals and the contract said you're our new chef."

Tanya is just staring at the gold coin, blinking slowly.

"Is it not enough? I thought it would get everything we need, the place looked fully furnished and equipped." Char says holding out another gold coin.

"Sorry Miss, I just got flustered there. I've never held so much money. One is more than enough." Tanya smiles "Best believe you'll be eating well if you're willing to pay like this."

They got about 10 gold coins between them from the dungeon today, not including the items they sold. Higher level adventurers really do live like kings, as the folk in the starting town told Cain.

The bow he bought also cost 10 Gold Coins, to many of those not entering the dungeon, the price of a simple gear upgrade would make up years of their wages.

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

Chapter 52 - 52

Everyone was so excited to finally have a home, well a Guild House to call home, in this world that they couldn't focus on anything else that afternoon. The entire day was spent wandering the shopping district around the inner walls, looking for personal items to add flavor to their new rooms. They found curtains and blankets, trinkets and wall hangings. Anything they felt might make their room more their own.

A trip to the Dwarven furniture maker got them a few new custom ordered sectional couches, as the existing ones all felt very small and formal, and they liked to just relax as one group. The Dwarf assured them that he could have the couches finished the next day, they could pick them up in the afternoon after they registered their guild and did a dungeon run, or more shopping.

It was too late in the day to register a guild, so they made an appointment for the morning and returned to their new Guild House for bedroom decorating. It would also be a load off their minds to transfer less used armor and clothing items to their closets, freeing up inventory space.

Tanya, the Guild House's own chef, has dinner waiting on them when they return. A fancy sort of meal she clearly put a lot of work into.

"Thank you Tanya. I hope you made enough for yourself and the twins, I saw your old contact and I'm afraid to ask just how poorly you were treated by the previous Guild." Char tells the Stout Dwarven girl.

"I'd already had dinner on the go for us, no worries Miss." Tanya replies.

"I'm Cain, this is Misha, Elmira, Mythryll and Char. No need for so much formality. As far as I'm concerned, as Guild House Employees, you're no different to the rest of us, just one big dysfunctional family."

"There's cuddles and honey too!" Elmira cheers, adding in the bits she feels are most important. Tanya chuckles at her priorities before returning to the kitchen to bring out pies.

"Dwarven house warming tradition. Beef and Ale pies. I made a sweet apple one too, for those with a taste for sugar."

They settle into their own rooms for the evening, even Vala was assigned a room, despite not needing to sleep, as the summoning magic didn't include such things. Instead of pretending to use it, she ended up sneaking into Cain's room and watching over him as the spell insisted was her duty.

Maybe they went a bit overboard in their enthusiasm. Those who don't sleep don't really need a bedroom.

At first light, Cain went to the bath marked 'Blokes', with a minotaur picture, while the others laughed at the carved image of a buxom mermaid on the other door marked 'Lasses'.

The bath was already drawn, and fresh warm towels set out. The maids must be mind readers, getting everything ready before first light, Cain decided. Not entirely impossible, given their Tengu heritage.

Their appointment at the Guild Hall was smooth and pain free. The 5 of them signed the Guild charter, with Cain appointed as Guild Master, and the Darklight Host was officially born.

Now when other transfers look at them using the system interface, they can be identified as Guild members, and the Guild Chat function was opened. Mythryll noticed right away that Tanya and the Twins could be reached through the Guild Chat, and were listed in the Guild Roster inside their interface as Guild Supporters.

"That's perfect, we can warn them when we'll be home and if we need anything. We can also transfer them money from the Guild Vault, but they don't have privileges to withdraw anything on their own." Mythryll narrates her findings.

"There, I put 5 Gold coins in the Vault, it'll cover their wages and any shopping we need them to do for a while." Cain informs her.

"Should we head into the Demon Dungeon again? I want to see if we can go straight to the exit to Karmazin City inside the Demon Realm. If we can, it will be a much faster way of getting around." Misha suggests.

Ah Karmazin City That sparkling mass of zero city planning. Cain wonders how Cixelcid is doing back there with his guild.

Going by apparent distance, it should only take about 4 hours to get to the spire that marked the zone by the other exit, so it would be an all day round trip to explore. But far less than the week they spent walking between the two cities, wandering through the Elven Forest.

As they worked their way through the ruins, they noticed the fights were getting easier the closer they got to the spire. The Demons near the previous entrance were fifteen levels lower than the ones by the Sunnybrook entrance, so it's a good sign this really is the same spot.

They're also collecting quite a few new demon forms for Cain's Golems, he's up to 73 now, aiming for 100 when Vala will get an upgrade to Greater Demon Companion.

"If we make a break for it after this patrol, we should be able to get quite a ways down this road. If I'm right, it will lead to the spot where we got our first demonic recipes and then the exit." Cain whispers, pointing down the road to their left.

As expected, the same group of demons is there, though not elite this time. They're quickly dispatched by the sheer number of summons in the party and everyone stops to catch their breath.

"Remind me to start a cardio workout when we get back." Misha wheezes, not for the first time.

"Well, we've got a house now, maybe we can find exercise bikes or something, start a group training regimen for days we have to run?" Mythryll suggests.

"The exit should be just up there. One more pull and we're done." Cain encourages everyone to get moving.

It is exactly as they remember it, the view out from inside is the same and everything. They don't want to exit back into that mess they ran away from though, so they start

making their way back towards the Sunnybrook exit, knowing they can return here anytime they want.

Clearing this area now is simple, with all the damage increase they've gained, single hits are killing the softer demons, and they're fighting at a moderate jog, taking breaks only to catch their breath.

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

Chapter 53 - 53

[Level Up]

Just before they reached the Sunnybrook portal, both Cain and Misha received a pleasant surprise. They'd reached Level 55.

They'd just finished putting down a small pack of Incubus, and were eager to head back to their new home anyhow, but now they had extra reason to celebrate. Every level after 50 was starting to take longer, they could easily kill the monsters in this area in large numbers, but the experience they were getting just wasn't enough for rapid leveling.

"Why don't we try heading towards those other ruins in the distance? Maybe they'll be a higher level area and we can get all the bonus experience for being lower level." Mythryll suggests. It's not a bad idea, and they might even find another portal, leading them to a new and higher level city.

Not that they are planning to abandon Sunnybrook any time soon, but higher level trade goods mean upgrades and faster leveling. Ever since he found out about the class change, it has fascinated Cain. What will he get to choose. Will he get to choose or will he have to wait more levels because of his overpowered hidden class? He's over halfway there now, he just needs to keep up the pace, and he's got the perfect group to do it with him.

The one thing his class lacks is ranged power. Despite his bow, the favor leans heavily to melee and single target. None of the demons they've faced so far have been strong casters, so he couldn't even switch his Nymphs for magic users if he wanted. They're kind of adorable in a rip your face off way though, maybe he can get another spell to make magical summons instead.

They've reached the exit and Cain is putting the summons, except Vala, away when Misha comes up with a great idea. In order to better learn the city, they should take a different way back every day. This is their new home, but they only know the main shopping district and a few basic locations inside the city.

They decide to go up and look at the Northwest dungeon, then come back down to the house through the crafting district. This logic leads them to checking out the smaller side streets in the way up, ducking through likely looking alleys and finding all sorts of hidden crafting shops.

Up ahead they can see flickering fire and hear clanging from an alley, so Cain decides to see what hidden blacksmith is in that dark tunnel between buildings. A small Dwarven woman, that seems entirely made of coal she's so soot covered is Forging what looks to be an axe head over a fire in a barrel.

There's personal belongings scattered everywhere, so it seems she lives in the alley, the first actual homelessness they've seen in Sunnybrook.

"Sorry if I disturbed you?" The child like voice says a a question. "There's a smithy on both sides though, and they're open."

"We just came to see what you're making. We're a new Guild in town and haven't had time to fully explore the city." Cain explains.

"Well, if you're needing a tour guide, I'm your girl. Just let me finish this axe head and put everything away." A tour guide would be useful. They have been having a great time alone, but they might be missing good things still, that a local could show them.

They all watch in fascination as the young Dwarf turns the axe head shaped chunk of metal into a magnificent, ornate battle axe, just waiting on its handle. Cain signals her to finish, and she produces a Black Ironwood handle, carefully carved already with designs of mountains and birds, and pounds it into place, locking it tight with the top spike and a bit of magic.

"Is that one of the branches from the tree by the Inn?" Elmira asks, startling the Dwarf who didn't notice her presence in Mythryll's hair.

"It is, but it's crafted now, you'll get nothing from robbing me." she says defensively.

"You misunderstand." Cain takes out his bow. "We found this being finished the other day, and the story about the tree was fascinating. You must be in favor of the Dryad, despite your situation."

"Aye, my father was a local Smith. Got killed at the start of the war when the Ogres breached the wall. Left me orphaned, but the Dryad gave me the favors he used to get."

The Dwarf says quietly, like she doesn't want the neighbors overhearing. "I'm Dimnys by the way. A level 20 warrior, and a skilled blacksmith."

"You're a transfer? I've never heard of someone coming in with parents." Char says startled, then quickly does a group introduction.

"Oh, no. Some of the locals get the system too, when they hit about 10 years old. I'm one of those. But I'm as good as a transfer, got an inventory and everything." The items around her are disappearing into it as she speaks.

"It's hard to level here though, I'm too weak to fight in the dungeons, and too poor to travel. Should be able to get an apartment again if I can sell this axe. But they keep kicking me out of the market. Local smiths don't like competition that isn't a Blacksmith Union member."

Cain gives the group a scheming look "Would you consider a Guild Contract? 25 silver a month plus room and board. We've got a small smithy room in the Guild House for you to work at and we'd supply your materials when we get them."

"How about we tour the city first and I'll think about it. If you seem decent we'll have the Agent draw up a contract. Her contracts are trustworthy."

"She did up the ones for the cook and maids at the house too." Cain agrees. "They're well written and fair Contracts."

Dimnys leads them on a short tour of the smithy areas, still covered in soot. When they get to a well, she rinses off, showing just how tattered and worn her clothes are.. But Cain has a solution to that.

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

Chapter 54 - 54

Cain goes through his inventory, full of chain and Brigandine pieces, many better than what he's currently wearing. He quickly swaps boots, pants and jacket, but not before removing Elmira's handkerchief nest.

The group looks at him a little oddly, changing his gear in the middle of the street, but it only takes a moment, and he's done before Dimnys is finished washing up. This new gear adds a fair bit more reduction to construct damage taken, and increases his attack and movement speed compared to the old set, but looks almost identical. The only real change is that he's now got a belt with many chrome reclining Succubus on it, and a

Bandana on his head, giving him a more leather club biker and less aspiring punk rock band vibe.

"Here, put these on, it's all armor I've grown out of, and it's all damaged, but it's still good." he says, handing it over plus a black tunic drop he got this afternoon.

"What's the deal mister? That's a lot of money to be throwing around." Dimnys says suspicious of his intentions.

"Just doing a good deed. It's quality armor, and you're in rags. Call it charity if you like, or Guild courtesy if you choose to join us later."

She didn't hesitate anymore, putting on the armor before he could change his mind. It's not a bad look on the little Dwarf. It's pretty similar to when Cain was wearing it, but with fewer spikes, and the pants fit tighter around the hips. The shirt, having come from an Incubus, has very few buttons, leaving her cleavage widely exposed but other than that it's fairly modest casual wear.

"Looking good Dimnys. We just need to find you a motorcycle and your makeover is complete." Cain smiles, getting a confused look from the Dwarf.

"Sorry, it's a two wheeled vehicle from my past life, the people who ride them like to dress in that fashion, for both style and protection in case of a crash at high speed." Now she understands.

"Up ahead here is the Northwest dungeon, or the Naga dungeon as most call it. It's a great spot for smiths, lots of metals and gems just lying on the ground. If you go in, grab what you can, the shops pay well for it." Everyone nods, committing her advice to memory.

They find five different cloth sellers, plus Tailoring materials dealers, a good smithy supply store, and some hidden gems of restaurants. It's a very productive tour of the city's west end.

"So how about it Dimnys, we're right next to the Real Estate Agent now, would you like to join our guild?"

"If I say no, are you taking the armor back?"

Cain smiles softly at her tone, knowing she's likely experienced being conned more than once. "No, it's yours either way."

"Then let's go sign a contract."

The Agent is a bit surprised to see them again so soon, but when she finds out it's to have her write up a guild contract for a crafter, she's all business. It's not until Dimnys says her name that the old elf recognizes the Dwarf in her new outfit.

"So, what are the terms?" The Agent asks.

"25 silver a month plus room and board, forfeit the partial month's unpaid wages if she leaves the Guild." Cain says.

"No dismissal penalty?"

"No, we're taking in a member that can craft, not a bonded servant." Cain shrugs and the Agent fills in the details, handing it to Dimnys to sign. She looks it over closely before signing and handing it back. Cain quickly puts his mark on and a message pops in all their interfaces

[Darklight Host has gained a new member]

[Dimnys has joined the Guild]

"Welcome to the Guild. Let's head home and we'll get you set up with a room and show you around." Misha smiles, while Char and Mythryll welcome her with a big hug.

"Master, my spell is having some sort of interaction with another skill. Would it be possible for you to dismiss and Summon me back?" Vala asks once they get to the Guild House. That shouldn't be a problem, skill use inside your own guild house doesn't raise alarms, so Cain dismisses and calls her back while Dimnys stares in shock.

"Your tank is a Summon?"

"Oh, she's not our tank." Char explains "Cain summons Cave Trolls for that. She's more of a support class.

Vala fades back into view, blurred like a Mirage. Slowly two distinct forms coalesce and stretch their arms like they'd been cramped.

"That's so much better." They say in stereo unison.

"Hey, there's 2 of me. And I can hear her think!" They both say together.

"Left first, then right." Cain says. "Tell me what happened."

"I was created after the spell was cast, so I wasn't copied. But every time your skill activated it tried to copy me again, but couldn't because I was already summoned, until it started to make me unstable." Vala says.

"But now the pressure is gone and I'm twice as good as before." The other Vala says.

"Well, this isn't going to be confusing at all." Dimnys says sarcastically.

"We don't have to stay together, if that helps?" Vala shrugs.

"I can't even tell them apart." Misha laughs. "Can the two of you tell each other apart?"

"Sure, I'm the first one summoned."

"And I'm her copy. If you change her equipment it changes mine."

"For now, you're the Vala twins. Let's show Dimnys around before thinking about this gives me an aneurysm." Cain insists.

First up were the main floor amenities, which thoroughly impressed the Dwarf, especially after meeting Tanya and hearing her glowing report of her new employers. A Dwarf's word is always trustworthy, she insisted. The upstairs bedrooms didn't impress her, so she put off picking anything, and they went to inspect the forge where she would be spending a lot of her time.

"Now these are rooms. Good solid stone. Old placement, none of that ridiculous sunlight. I'll take the one nearest the forge." Dimnys declares and the group can hear Tanya laughing from upstairs. Must be a Dwarf thing.

As it happened, the closest to the forge was Tanya's room, so Dimnys had to settle for the one across the hall.

"Look on the bright side, your door faces the forge door. If you leave them open you can see straight in. And likely feel the fires.." Misha consoles the little blacksmith.

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

Chapter 55 - 55

They gift their new Guild member the handful of blacksmith recipes they've gotten by chance, much to her delight. The only downer is that they lack materials.

In order to solve that dilemma, Cain proposes a solution. To take a list of needed items and go through the Naga dungeon a few times.

"I'll have to stay behind though." Dimnys says "I'm too low level, and if you enter with 6 or more it triggers the raid dungeon. It's already tougher than the demons, and the raid makes everything elite."

Nothing but elite groups to fight? That's practically paradise for them with the increased drop rates. We all share a happy glance, in agreement that the raid is the best choice.

"Oh, you're coming. Even if we need to put the Vala twins and the Treants on defense, we're definitely doing the raid." Char laughs.

"I could sit by the door then? If you kill everything in the area it should be fine and I can run out if there's danger? I couldn't come back in though."

"You'll understand our technique when we get inside. You'll be fine." Mythryll insists.
"Most dungeons I don't even get hit."

She's got a point, the Elf has an uncanny ability to be well away from anything dangerous.

Cain is about to go get the new couches when there is a knock at the door. Tanya dashes over to answer and an old Dwarf stands outside with a big smile.

"I've got your new furniture here, thought I'd bring it myself in case you needed a hand with the placement." The furniture maker says.

"Great idea. We've got more work for you too. We want 5 rooms decorated in the basement. The dwarves will let you know what they want, and there's a pair of Tengu twins here somewhere, then do one spare room."

"All work is good work. Let's get this couch placed." It's a three sided sectional with a pair of ottomans that turn it into a huge daybed if you push everything together. The cushions are the expected rich brown leather, but the trim is a mix of carved jadeite stone and metal. It's beautiful.

"The frame is a mix of stone and old growth Redwood, with no iron. It should be comfortable for every species to relax in." The old Dwarf says and takes his leave to go start planning the renovations.

The custom couch really went above and beyond their expectations. He's right too, there's just enough support to not get buried, but it's not so stiff as to feel solid, no matter who sits on it. Mythryll and Dimnys are out within minutes and only wake for dinner.

"It's a good couch." Mythryll gives it her seal approval, yawning as she heads for the dining room.

"You and the twins can come eat with the rest of us." Char insists to Tanya when she enters with the first dishes. "There's plenty of room, and we don't bite, I swear."

Dinner reminds Cain of a family reunion he once went to. A lot of people with one random thing in common all getting together. It's fun, he decides.

Morning comes and Cain knocks on doors to get everyone started, so they can do the Naga raid at a reasonable time today. He gets yelled at by every door but one, Misha's door sits open the bed already made.

He smells coffee, so he heads downstairs to see what breakfast looks like, only to find Misha did not actually wake up early. She's passed out on the oversized sectional with Ciara and Clara, using an open fairytale book as a pillow. Maybe the Dwarf put a sleeping spell on it? That's 5 now that have passed out on the couch the first day.

Dimnys is far from enthusiastic about today's plan, but having new armor and a large shield Char found, plus her newly made axe has given her enough confidence to at least enter the Naga Raid dungeon.

Once they're inside, she understands, this is no normal Guild. The raid allows between 6 and 10 party members. They've got 8 viable tanks between the Trolls and the Vala twins. Plus, the Vala twins Heal not just themselves, but a little bit towards the whole group.

A patrol of 6 Naga Warriors meets them just inside the door. As expected, they're all elites and level 70. It's a bigger level difference than they've faced before, but Cain is feeling hopeful. With double the buff from Vala, they're cutting through the Naga like they're equal leveled. As they've got as many Trolls as enemies, all the Treants are left behind to protect Dimnys. Mythryll has cast her clones, who have all summoned their Treants, so there is a small forest around the blacksmith.

"Guys wait, stop, help, I think I am gonna vomit." The Dwarf moans as the Naga Warriors die in rapid succession.

"What's wrong? Did something get through? You're at full health." Misha calls.

"Notifications. So many notifications. My head is spinning and they just keep coming." Dimnys wails.

For every 5 levels lower than the target you are, the experience gained doubles. Dimnys was 50 levels lower than the first Naga that died. Plus, there's over 50 members and constructs in their group, with the Golems, Wasps, Treants, Vala twins, Mythryll clones and party members. That's a 4 digit bonus tacked onto the modified experience gain. It will be a little bit before the unfortunate Dwarf stops being flooded with notifications.

[Guild Raid Quest: Terror of the Naga] complete Naga Raid within 3 hours.

Conditions: All Guild Raid Group. No Raid Member above level 60 at start of quest.

Grants individual quest completions [Iron Man: Naga] [Iron Man: Naga 2]

[Accept?] Y/N

"D, I've got good news and bad news." Cain smiles an evil grin.

"Good news?" Dimnys begs.

"You're about to get a lot of levels and an Ironman title."

"And the bad news?"

"There's going to be just a few more notifications."

Everyone gives Dimnys a look of sympathy. Iron Man quests spawn at random. If they turn it down they may never see it again. So they're going to try their best to get the coveted quest reward. And it's not going to be much fun for the Dwarf until the notifications slow down.

[Raid Group Quest Accepted]

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

Chapter 56 - 56

"We split the summons, 3 Trolls, 6 nymphs and a Vala twin to each side of the hallway." Cain declares. "We go when you're ready Misha."

"The timer started when we entered, let's do this." Misha agrees.

Mythryll orders a Treant to pick up Dimnys and shelter her, the Dwarf still dizzy from notifications. Even with two packs being fought at once, the Elite Naga are being torn apart by the party. The limited healing from the Vala twins is making life easy on Misha, she mostly only has to heal the tanks. Of course, with six of them, that's still quite a bit of work, but manageable. The first section is all Naga Warriors, but as they turn a corner in the path they're met with a flurry of water blades.

The Trolls move to block and charge their respective groups, while Cain adds the Naga shamans to his possible greater golem summons. They're accompanied by very short blue creatures with webbed hands and feet known as Merkin. The beasts seem to have

a real hatred for the Nymphs, chasing straight for them, but the Nymphs are up to the task, tearing into them with sharp branch like claws.

The Naga shamans are soft targets, even elite, and much higher level, the Trolls and spells have them dead in under a minute. They seem particularly vulnerable to Char's lightning, a common weakness for water element creatures.

Watching the Nymphs flip off the Merkin who make throat slitting gestures in return is a bit surreal. It's their first time here, it's not that he trained them to dislike each other. It's like they're rival sidekicks or mascots, off to the side of the larger creatures battles just going at it full force. Even the still dizzy Dimnys is laughing at their antics.

Misha's mana is still hovering around two thirds, so Cain keeps up this pace of pulling, not knowing how long the dungeon is, but knowing they're on a time restriction.

The Trolls smashed into yet another pack of Naga Warriors as the Merkin charged the Dark Nymphs. It was a lopsided battle, a single pack was all that separated them from the first boss. The Naga Prince as the name plate in their interfaces called it was over 5 meters tall, and stared down at them from atop a dias made of coral and colored pebbles.

Dimnys had gained over ten levels and the notifications had slowed to a manageable level, so she was back on foot, surrounded by Treants.

"D, you stay towards the edge of the dias, behind the pillar. That should keep you away from his attacks. Prince sounds like a combat type not a Caster, so the rest of us are all in. Misha you ready?" Cain fires out in rapid succession.

As soon as they attack the boss he calls out bodyguards. Two large Naga join the fight, one with a trident, one with a staff.

[New Form Gained: Greater Golem Naga Champion]

[New Form Gained: Greater Golem Naga Wave Mistress]

"Focus on killing the Caster" Cain calls. Wave mistress sounds ominous, like she might have area attacks that would put Dimnys in real danger. Until the Dwarven Smith gets a few more levels, she will still be very low on HP, and even the lightning armor Char cast on her might not be enough.

He plugs Poisoned multi shots into the Wave Mistress one after another, watching the health bar rapidly fade to red. Twice she almost manages an ability called [Crushing Wave] but the Vala twins interrupt it with Shield Bash.

The Caster gone, they can get to business, everyone goes back to focusing on the boss, while one Vala and a Troll plus the Wasps focus on the Champion. He's got a

huge damage output, having already killed one Troll despite Misha's healing. Even more than the boss is doing.

When the Prince gets to ten percent, the Champion enrages, chopping down the Troll in front of it and jumping in to save the boss. Elmira hits him with multiple thrown knives, finally getting a successful Paralyze effect, and the Champion is quickly killed, dying just before the Prince.

[Boss 1 of 3 Defeated]

[Level Up]

"Well that was rough. Next time we kill the Champion right after the Wave Mistress." Misha sighs.

The aftermath of the battle is an odd sight. Trolls and Dark Nymphs are scattered all over a lush green grassy knoll of Razor Grass effects, Shadow Field gives the air an evening feeling, and the scattered Treants make it feel like they're in a forest next to the beach. A very odd combination.

Ahead of them is a very different fight. Water walls being held up by casters block a valley at regular intervals, with spear equipped Warriors up on a ridge line with no obvious entry or exit. Are they meant to kill the casters with ranged attacks and just run through?

That gives Cain an idea. Why not try out his new Naga? He swaps the Trolls for Naga Wave Mistress and sends them to attack the casters holding up the barrier. As expected, the Spear Throwers can't get down to attack them. They're in bad shape before they kill the casters with their water magic, but they get the barrier down.

There's a handful of Warriors in the floor in the next room, which are rapidly obliterated by repeated uses of Crushing Wave. Cain chuckles, not having thought to tell some to hold off on that long cool down spell. This time they barely get the barrier open before succumbing to spear attacks.

The way through the first bit of the valley is now clear, but it brings a new question. Do they try to run through, or do they kill the Spear Throwing Naga?

They're on a timer, run through under the cover of Troll flesh it is, and then face whatever is at the other end. Dimnys is buried in a tangled mass of Treant limbs again and everyone else gets in a group between a circle of Cave Trolls. Then they run. Spears are starting to wear away at the Trolls health, but Misha has cast a long duration timed heal on them and they're holding up well.

It's when they reach the other end that they realize they've made a tactical blunder.. The second boss is right here, and the cliffs that the Spear Throwers were on all lead to this room.

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

Chapter 57 - 57

"Vala, split up, one of you to each side ramp. Take 2 Trolls each and split the Nymphs. Treants, hold the entry ramp with Dimnys, 2 Trolls and the Wasps will hold the boss while everyone else clears the side ramps one at a time." Cain calls out as everything attacks at once.

Most of the Spear Throwers made it off the ledges and into the room, but they were corralled before they could spread out. Vala's area attacks are doing well, the Leech effect giving a decent break to Misha, who is forced to heal all three fights at once.

The boss is called the Naga Blade Master. He's fast, and if the Trolls weren't so durable they'd all be in big trouble. But as it is, Misha's healing is keeping up. Cain is loading it up with poison every few seconds, slowly draining it, while the others have all picked one group of Spearmen to kill first. The area effects have the entire group very low, which will be a big relief.

This pull is a bit of a disaster, but it seems they'll survive. Then he sees the boss throw a huge knife at the Treants. No, not the trees, but the Dwarf hidden in them. The attack takes a heavy chunk of a Treants health, but it successfully intercepts and keeps Dimnys safe at the last second. That was too close for comfort.

The first side of the smaller Naga are dead, and the constructs attacking them switch to the boss, keeping it much busier and spreading its attacks between more targets. This gives Misha a moment to breathe and take in the fight.

Those sneaky thrown knives do way too much damage, but there doesn't seem to be a way to stop them.

The next one is blocked by Vala, who got the mental heads up at the last second from her clone.

Now they're making good headway through the second group, and the Boss health bar is turning yellow, indicating it's getting near half health. Misha is getting low on mana,

definitely below a third, when the second pack is cleared up. The Vala twins store their shields, switching to two handed swords for increased damage, and the resultant increased party healing, which seems to be enough to let Misha recover.

With just the boss doing damage now, Cain can Summon back damaged constructs without leaving areas exposed, and much less healing is needed to begin with, so Misha is slowly regaining mana as the boss drops toward one third health.

At one quarter the boss switched weapons on them, Matching the Vala twins and their two handed style. It's taking much more damage now, but it's chopping through Trolls every five seconds or so. That's slow enough for Cain. He can bring them all back every 25 or 30 seconds without any issues.

[Boss 2 of 3 Defeated]

[Level Up]

[Time Remaining 2 hours 3 minutes]

"Looks like there was side passage we were meant to take." Char says, pointing at a tunnel that opens onto the cliffs.

"We made good time though." Mythryll laughs.

"We will pick up all the crafting materials on the way out, just grab what's safe." Cain tells Dimnys, who is hungrily eyeing some ore on the ground.

It's like a kid in a candy store, watching her dart from location to location with her worn pickaxe, pulling up ores. But as always, they're still on the clock, so a few minutes rest and they're off again.

They only make it as far as the edge of the platform the boss was on before a horn sounds and a female voice echos through the whole shore front and canyon area.

"Kill Them All."

The exits are blocked off by water walls and Naga start coming through a group at a time. Every twenty or thirty seconds, another pack arrives. Sometimes doubling up, some easy ones giving them a quick breather.

After fifteen minutes or so, nothing arrives for twice as long as usual and the voice returns.

"Fine I'll do it myself."

A watery portal opens and a Huge Naga in a green toga steps through. The identification label says this is The Naga Queen.

She attacks as soon as she arrives, casting water blades into the Dark Nymphs causing mass casualties. The Trolls charge, interrupting her next cast and the battle is in full swing.

The Queen summons a set of portals and uses them to move around the room, appearing at random, casting more water blades on the nearest targets. The only solution they find is to leave Trolls all over the room. It hurts their damage rate, but it lets the Trolls take most of the water blades and pick up the Queen as soon as she appears.

"Half health. How's everyone holding up?" Cain calls out.

"Not dead yet." Char calls back and Misha laughs.

They're mentally and physically exhausted from chasing the boss around the oversized plateau room by the time it dies.

[Boss 3 of 3 Defeated]

[Level Up]

[Guild title Gained: Terror of the Naga]

[Quest Complete]

[Guild Quest Complete]

[Guild Level Up: Level 2]

[Quest Experience Gained]

[Level Up]

[Title Gained: Iron Triathlon]

Multiple item drop messages spam everyone's screen, blinding them. Now they know how Dimnys feels. Dimnys simply sits down to deal with the incoming messages, already used to the dizziness of contestant message spam.

"Sweet, I got Level 60 and 61 there." Char calls out bringing a round of celebratory hugs.

Cain checks his status screen:

[Name] Cain

[Level] 59

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats] +25

[STR] 100

[DEX] 45

[CON] 100

[INT] 50

[HP] 800

[MP] 250

So close to getting Level 60 and his next summoning spell, Cain is eager to go to another dungeon tomorrow, just one last push and he can see how the Summon Companion spell for his class compares to the Ancient quality Lesser Demonic Companion version.

Coming out takes longer than the raid, 4 hours are spent gathering crafting materials from the now deserted zone.. Nobody wants to waste the opportunity, as the Raid Dungeon material drops are much better than Dimnys had heard the dungeon materials were.

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

Chapter 58 - 58

Once they were all back at the Guild House it was time to sort and examine the loot.

"I got a [Book of Sundering Blow] Rank A Warrior and Berserker only." Char says.
"Then a bunch of armor and weapons."

She piles them in the floor by the couch for everyone to look through, but it's all got strange and mismatched stats.

"20 percent damage added to bows used within 2 yards? What sort of combat style is that?" Cain laughs.

"Do you have the ability to rework armor for new abilities?" he asks Dimnys.

"Yeah, it takes some work and materials, but I got lots of them today. I'll try to make something good out of whatever you guys discard. Each item can only be done once, but I can melt it down after if it's still no good." She replies, looking forward to getting to try out the Guild House forge.

"I got some recipes, including Legendary chain skirt and shirt I'll try to make for Char. The rest was all materials or trash." She finishes.

"I got a [Tome of the Naturalist]." Mythryll smiles. "It is a hand held item that adds nature damage and reduces casting cost of my nature spells." A round of cheering goes up for her upgrade.

"Just recipes and junk." Misha sighs.

"I did good this time. Skirt, shirt and leggings." Elmira smiles, putting them on. She looks like a tiny secretary in a leather pencil skirt in this armor.

"I got you a coat with added spell damage and reduced casting cost to go with that outfit Elmira." Cain hands her an item that adds a black leather blazer to the outfit.

"Then I got a Sword for Vala that adds 5 healing to party on hit. That should make Misha's life a little easier. Wait, here's some plate gloves. [Gloves of Blisters] adds a 10 percent chance to increase crafted item rarity by a random amount. That's good for Dimnys."

Dimnys looks at the gloves in awe. "These are amazing. If they take effect while making an epic pattern it will guarantee a Legendary Item without the expensive materials."

"Is that all from today?" Tanya, the cook asks, pointing at the pile of rejected equipment on the floor.

"Yeah, the stuff that none of us needed." Cain says.

"Might I have a piece? I swear it will be used for the Guild." She says she Misha laughs.

"Sure, grab what you want." She tells the Dwarf who grabs a pair of striped panties. [Lucky Striped Pants] adds 70 points to cooking skill when making desserts.

"Good find!" Elmira cheers, "How did we miss that?"

Given their oversight, they decide to comb through the discards, finding nothing else with a useful ability.

Dimnys heads downstairs with the discarded metal armors and weapons, trying for a lucky reforge. Misha goes through her new recipes and finds a good one for the Tengu Twins, who look like they're feeling left out.

[Guild Uniform] attires a guild Supporter in a uniform suiting their job that never gets dirty. Adds 20 percent to loyalty.

Not that they're having loyalty issues, they treated their supporters well, but new uniforms might be nice. Misha goes up to her room where she's got a table for Tailoring and makes 3 sets. Then as an after thought, she made 4 epic quality [Sweet Dreams Quilts] that make any surface a comfortable bed with perfect temperature control. 3 for the staff, 1 for the couch.

The Chef's jacket is white with Darklight Host written in purple on the pocket. The maid outfits are frilly purple cosplay type maid outfits with white aprons and the Guild name likewise written in purple meat their hearts. The twins are ecstatic, they never liked the dull and boring black maid outfits. But it's the magic blankets that cause the real emotion.

Their bedroom renovations are underway, but even the hard beds of the spare rooms aren't terrible, just cheap motel quality. With the magic blankets, they're actually luxurious.

Cain heads downstairs to see how Dimnys is doing with her efforts to reforge today's drops. The little Dwarf is whistling happily as she works in front of a blazing forge fire, The waves of heat pouring down the hall. Who needs central heat when you've got a blacksmith?

There's three piles of gear, the discards, a smaller one with strange modifiers, and two pieces set off to the side. Plate Greaves with damage reduction and increased attack speed, and a set of plate boots that added experience on kill.

"Looks like it's going well." He congratulates her as a legendary quality short sword makes its way to the smallest pile.

"Yeah, the increased drop rate from the [Iron Man Duo] title I got, plus the smithy gloves stack bonuses. It's working out really well, not only a few Legendary pieces, but better than expected stats, even if they're not really useful to anyone I know."

"That's fine, we can sell the extras and cover the costs of the reforge out of the Guild Fund. Misha and the others agree we'll leave all the money in there from selling drop

items to pay for materials and buy necessities for Guild members. We get enough actual coin from the dungeons to cover daily spending."

"That would be awesome. Just leave any smithy materials you get in there too and I'll see if I can make good things. I'm not up for going into that place every day, even if it raises my level that fast."

Well, she did have to hide for almost all of the dungeon, and with the fast pulls of the Iron Man attempt it was much more stressful than usual.

"Me and Misha are almost to 60 now, I think we'll all take a break and do something fun after this, instead of wearing ourselves out grinding. We do parties every ten levels and we've always spent more on living comfortable than on gear upgrades, since we had an Iron Man title and the summons to defend us."

Dimnys grins at him "If you need to know the best spots for a date, let me know.. It's clear you've both got a thing for each other beyond friends with benefits."

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

Chapter 59 - 59

With Dimnys' advice in mind, Cain proposes a day off tomorrow. They haven't been keeping to much of a schedule anyhow. Not with all the commotion of creating a new Guild, and buying a house and whatnot.

Misha suggests her and Cain should go see the sights and visit the park. Mythryll and Elmira get easily convinced by Char to visit the wide variety of bakeries and sweets shops in the city, while Dimnys who suggested the whole day off, plans to spend it entirely in the forge, making new items and attempting to reforge their drops from today.

According to the Dwarf, that is what fun looks like, but they promise to bring her back some Ale she highly recommends and some sweets.

Cain struggles through his lifetime of memories for ideas and realizes he's never organized a proper date before. But as they head down towards the park, picnic basket on hand, courtesy of Tanya, a sign catches his eye. A local theater group is putting on a show "Queen Anne" There's no indication what it's about, but seeing a show seems like a good date idea.

He sends the boy to bring a ticket seller to the park they intend to have lunch in, asking for a private booth if they can get one at the last moment like this. For the silver coin Cain tipped him the boy is more than happy to fetch anyone they want.

"For this much money, I'd drag the producer herself to the park." the boy says running off to arrange them seats for the show.

Once they reach the park, they find a secluded corner, where the curving hedgerow makes a natural picnic area. Sheltered from the wind, but still mostly in the noontime sun. Tanya has packed them an assortment of sandwiches, cheese, fruits, chocolates and mulled wine, making for a much more luxurious luncheon than they were expecting.

The producer herself is who ends up coming with their tickets, a bit winded from the run, as the theater is on the East side, while the park Dimnys recommended is near the south gates. The distance is a blessing though, they've finished eating and are relaxing under a tree when the producer and publicity boy make it to the park.

"We thank you good sir and madam for your interest in our show. Though it's opening night, we do have a private balcony available." The producer says bowing. Money changes hands and the producer promises to have refreshments ready in their balcony room before the show.

Misha is excited to see a show, she always wanted to go see a theater show, but didn't live near one and had neither money nor time to travel just for the sake of seeing a play in her past life.

The show is described as a racy tale of the Elven Queen who conquered the entire woods and over the course of her long life took a hundred husbands. Both transfers chuckle at this description, wondering what they've signed up for, but Misha is undeterred. The description only makes the romance novel fan even more excited to see this show.

Meanwhile, Char, Mythryll and Elmira are on a sugar fuelled taste test of the city's culinary delights.

"I tell you, crepes are the best dessert." Char insists.

"Don't be ridiculous, crepes are good, but better than caramel toffee? I think not." Mythryll counters, a piece still in her mouth.

"Have you tried the pecan brittle? This stuff is amazing." Elmira giggles holding a small piece up and brushing crumbs off Mythryll's shoulder.

The trio has attracted a bit of a following, single men drawn to the lovely and elegant Elf and the Muscular Spirit Folk Shaman alike. And they're dressed to impress, in nearly matching green dresses, though Char's has chain mail on the short sleeves and a chain

belt with dangling leather straps adorned with beads. She also chose fur trimmed boots instead of the soft flats Mythryll did.

"I tell you, that is the perfect woman. I'm going to say hello." One young adventurer tells his friends.

"Better hope you're as slick as you claim or she'll crush you dude, look at the Guild Title, they can clear the Naga Raid in under 3 hours." His friend cautions.

"Those legs though. I don't care if she crushes me between them, I'll die happy." The smitten man sighs.

Char, with her superior hearing, catches most of the conversation and nudges Mythryll. "Want to have fun with some overgrown children?"

The Elf giggles and follows her lead, adding a bit of extra sway in her step. The looks she gets are amusing, and there's plenty of guards around to keep anyone from doing something stupid.

As they pass in front of the pair seated on a tavern patio, Char removes a walnut from the assortment of snacks and candy now filling her inventory and cracks it open in her hand, winking at the bar patrons.

"Would you like some freshly crushed nuts?" she asks the legs admirers sweetly, popping the walnut in her mouth. The patrons burst into laughter and slap the youngsters on the back cheerfully in consolation for their loss.

"Swing and a miss boys. Mindy, grab another round for our brave young friends here." One older Dwarf laughs as the three walk into a candy shop a few doors down.

Mid afternoon they've found every pastry, confectionary and assorted sweet they're likely to find, so they retire back to the Guild House for the evening.

The show is just starting, and Misha has gotten comfortable next to Cain on the couch in their balcony. He wraps an arm around her, his heart pounding in excitement, he's actually planned a successful date!

It's a historical play, but every bit as racy as the producer mentioned. In fact, the combination of the play itself and Misha fidgeting beside him is making it hard to focus on anything at all.

"That would be the life." Misha giggles at a scene where Queen Anne of the Elves defeats a challenging army then drags their Prince off to consummate their alliance marriage in the castle pool.

"I can't tell if you mean the conquering or the fawning Prince." Cain teases, stroking her thigh.

"The pool scene is the good part. Out in the open, where anyone could see you if they walked by at just the right time." Misha whispers, nipping at Cain's ear.

"We will have to come to the theater more often.." Is Cain's last coherent thought for a long while.

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

Chapter 60 - 60

"You're back late, we've all had dinner already. How was the picnic?" Dimnys asks when the two return to the Guild House.

"Excellent, we must thank Tanya for that. We went to watch a theater play afterwards. It was, how should I put it? Not what we were expecting, but it was a great show. We might have to go watch it again." Cain smiles, thinking about the day he's had.

"I've heard Queen Anne was chased out of the good theater in town because of its low quality, but maybe the stuffy nobles just didn't want to be reminded of the Harem Queen of the Elves, or the fact their families armies lost to her." Tanya says, coming in with snacks.

"So they donated a son to the cause?" Misha chuckles.

"In fact, the infamous pool scene is at the palace here at the top of the hill. You can see it from the east windows on the second floor." The Dwarfs eyes glint in amusement at the thought of the nobles embarrassed like that.

"How did the girls trip go? Did you find the good stuff?" Misha asks, setting down a cask of Dwarven Ale they picked up on the way back to the house after the show.

"We've got enough sugar to kill a pixie." Elmira laughs. "Seriously, I think we're everyone's new favorite customer in the confectionary stores and pastry bakeries."

"So are we going to try for level 60 tomorrow? If we can get Misha and Cain there I say we hold a big party at that pub down by the armor shop." Char points to show she means the one only a few blocks from the Guild House.

"Are you even up for a party tomorrow after that much sugar today?" Mythryll laughs. "I think the 'hair of the dog' rule only works for alcohol hangovers."

"I'm up for a party tomorrow!" Elmira cheers. "Party means cake, and I love cake."

Cain notices Vala sitting on the couch with an arm load of equipment. "What up with Vala?"

"It's all equipment for her, but you're the only one that can equip upgrades on her, she can't do it herself. She spent all day helping at the forge, we forgot to give her orders for the day." Dimnys explains.

Vala is so interactive and full of initiative during combat that they'd all totally forgot that she can't act outside her orders. The last thing she was instructed to do was head home, so that's where she stayed.

"Vala, where's your twin?" Misha asks, meaning the clone Cain's ability creates.

"Guarding the Master's bedroom. She enjoys hiding in his closet to observe him and guard his possessions." Okay, that's a bit weird, Misha thinks. She could just sit in the chair by the bed. But who is she to judge the Demon, right?

Cain equips the new gear onto Vala, finding she's gained a lot of damage and a five point increase to healing done to others. While that's not a lot, it's 5 points to everyone, each time she deals damage. Against big groups, that's almost as much as Misha's basic timed heal.

Dimnys begs out of going back to the Naga Raid, claiming mental health concerns, and the rest all agree she has a point, that was a pretty traumatic experience.

The rest head to the dungeon after breakfast the next day, wondering what the regular Naga dungeon is like. They'll get back to exploring the Demon Dungeon, and its multiple exits but for now, more experience is better, and they should still be very close to or below the Naga Dungeons level.

[Dungeon Option Available]

[Count Companions As Party Members?] Y/N

"Hey, I'm getting an option to count Vala as a party member when we enter. Maybe because the dungeon is a dual purpose, both regular and Raid? If we count her, we're at 7 members, more than enough to enable the raid again. If not, we're 5, enough for the regular dungeon." Cain tells the group, who stop short at this new information. Do they want to do the raid again? They got a lot of good stuff last time.

"Let's go hard mode again." Char smiles. "I've got a good feeling, and we can stock up on blacksmith supplies. Guild crafters get taxed ten percent into the Guild Vault when they sell items to merchants, so the more equipment she makes the better off we all are."

Cain selects 'Yes' to counting Vala as a party member and they step into the now familiar raid.

[Terror of the Naga] Guild Title active. Enemy damage done reduced by 10 percent.

"Now that's a bonus." Cain grins at the notification they all just received. Their efforts were more than worth the suffering. Assuming their unfortunate blacksmith mentally recovers.

After the first boss drops with much less drama than last time, they're faced with a decision. Do they go straight up the middle again? Or do they go down the path they missed and clear all the monsters from the dungeon? The third boss will call everything they missed in waves anyhow, so they don't miss out on experience either way.

"Let's go up the middle, but kill all the Spear Throwers as we go. That way we shouldn't get the chaos on the second boss." Mythryll suggests.

"Misha? You're the one that suffered most, your call." Cain says.

"With the ledges clear we should be fine. Let's go up the middle again." She sighs, not missing the suggestive glances straight ahead the others are giving her.

The Naga wither under the barrage of Arrows and spells, as Cain once again replaces the Trolls with Naga Wave Casters for this series of fights. When they get to the second boss they find that there are a few opponents in caves on the ledges that they missed, but the dozen Naga are quickly rounded up and slowly dispatched as the party focuses on the boss.

"Kill Them All" comes the expected enraged shout, and they start cutting down the waves of incoming monsters.

When the final boss drops they get an unexpected notification.

[Shorthanded Raider Achievement Earned] clear 2 consecutive matching raids more than 5 levels above the party's highest level member with only one Healer.

[No Guts, No Glory Achievement Earned] clear 2 consecutive matching raids more than 5 levels above the party's highest level member with no valid Tank.

[Elmira Has Received Spell Book Dark Shuriken] Grade A

[Char Has Received Spell Book Earth's Wrath] Grade A

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

Chapter 61 - 61

The entire group is in awe, not only of the achievements, but their rewards. They gained an entire extra level, as much as they did from the Iron Man quest completion.

"Dark Shuriken is pretty awesome." Elmira calls out, sending a wave of them across the room. "It creates up to twenty of them at a time and they do more damage than any of my other spells."

That makes sense, none of her other spells are Rank A. Another A Ranked spell in their group should be a noticeable damage increase, especially with the Magic Damage Aura that the Pixie has, and the Fae damage increase on bleeding targets from Cain's bow. At this point, adding warrior classes would actually be a loss, and the aura is one of the biggest reasons Cain hasn't switched the Dark Nymphs, who do Magic damage, for something more versatile.

Well, that and the fact they're kind of cute in their own way.

Char tries out [Earth's Wrath] and it creates a zone of pelting stones that lasts almost 30 seconds. While she's got the Rank S Channeled lightning as her main single target damage, this lasts longer than most of their fights, so it won't be a hindrance at all to cast at the start.

With all three damage dealers now having both a long duration area damage and a solid single target attack they're in very good shape. Mythryll's constant use of her Demonic Transformation Spell has gotten it to Level 4 of 5, one more and it will get the big bonus for a fully mastered skill. Each level has reduced the cooldown time, so she's hoping that at the final level she will be able to just keep it active the whole dungeon.

Learned Skills upgrade with use, while class skills upgrade with points for the basic classes. Since most classes only get a single skill every 10 levels at the most, the book skills are essential to make well rounded characters. A level 50 warrior with only Chop, Stomp, Slam, and Shield Bash isn't much of a warrior after all.

The extra Dark Damage the Demonic Transformation grants makes Mythryll's Vine Whip spell into a very effective single target attack, and the bonus applies to the attacks of her clones too.

Most of the party gained not just one level from this raid, but three. Cain takes a moment to look over his status before they head back to the Guild House to plan tonight's extra special party. If his calculation is right, not just him and Misha, but Elmira and Mythryll also should have made level 60 with the quest rewards at the end of the dungeon.

[Name] Cain

[Level] 62

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats] +40

[STR] 100

[DEX] 45

[CON] 100

[INT] 50

[HP] 800

[MP] 250

[New Spell]

[Summon Supporter] Lv1

Summons one human or demihuman Supporter from a basic or recorded profile.

There's a long list of options, it appears that every seemingly failed attempt was still recorded, waiting for use. All the basic race and class options, the Dark Elves he tried to record and many others. They should now have a flexible option for almost any situation.

"I got a Holy Lance!" Misha laughs. "That's three, count them, THREE attack options for me now."

She links the spell description for them all to read.

[Holy Lance] lv1

Does 90 light type magic damage to a single target.

"That's pretty good." Mythryll says, looking it over. If you use some of the points from your new levels to raise it up you should be able to do decent single target damage, as well as your Consecrated Ground area damage spell.

"I'm not sure about putting points into something other than Healing though." Misha sighs. "I am the only Healer after all."

"I could use the supporters to heal. I'm not sure if we can equip them, or how good they are though."

"Make one with fluffy ears." Char smiles and Mythryll nods her head rapidly.

Cain goes through the options and finds Catfolk Priestess as an option, one of the basic classes any transfer could have picked. They've yet to see one though, so maybe they start in a different zone, like the Fae races do?

A pair of identical Supporters appear, Level 62, in plain white Priestess Robes. They're both Calico patterned with furry, cat like faces and long tails. They've got the desired cat ears though. Cain notices Beast Kin is also an option, but he won't get to pick and customize appearance for the Supporters. There's a Werewolf race option too.

Cain missed out on so many parts of the character creation by simply picking random that he almost feels stupid for not at least looking first.

There is no option to gear them like with Vala, they simply have what they have. In this case starter gear. Cain decides to experiment later and see if the ones he recorded appear as they were found. With that in mind, he tries to copy Misha, something that never occurred to him before.

[Supporter Form Added]

So that means beyond the basic human cleric, he can copy something more about the transfers he meets. That's a good sign he can Summon Supporters with better gear.

They're not saying anything, so Cain gives an order. "Heal everyone to full." He commands them with a thought and they both cast area heals. They're roughly half the healing each that Misha is, so they are definitely in basic starter gear.

"Oh, that startled me." Char jumps back from petting their heads.

"Sorry, I wanted to see their reactions. They don't speak as far as I can tell, and they just follow orders, they're not as interactive as Vala here, at least not at level 1 of the spell." Cain explains.

The Vala twins are poking them in curiosity, circling around to get a better look, much like Char is doing now.

"Try another form, see if it's just because of the basic class template maybe?" Misha suggests, so Cain summons Dark Elf Clerics, with their black, cobweb pattern dresses and staves. They show up exactly as expected and look around, taking in the situation, but also don't speak. And they were constantly swearing at the group before.

"Hello." Mythryll smiles and waves at them, but they only respond with a basic nod.

"I guess they're going to need upgrading." Misha shrugs. "Can you do that now? Or do you need points?"

"My spells only upgrade with level increases, going by the description, level 70 gives me another Supporter and level 80 makes them advanced Supporters. Beyond that I don't know. My Greater Golems got a damage and durability increase this level though." Cain elaborates and Char frowns.

"That's a bit inconvenient, but as broken as your class is, it makes sense." Elmira giggles fluttering around his head.

"We should head back to the house. I'm sure everyone else is eager to know how the day went. And we need to order a LOT of cake.." Char laughs and waves them back towards the exit.

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

Chapter 62 - 62

The trip back to the Guild House is a cheerful one. The party stops in at a bakery both Char and Mythryll recommend and order 4 different cakes, all in the largest pan size he could manage and still have them ready for tonight.

"One for each of us that hit level 60 today." They tell the baker, who smiles in understanding.

"I will make sure they're worthy of the celebration." He assures them, before getting the address for the delivery. They're not going to hold the party at home, instead holding a party at a nearby hotel tavern. It's full of adventurers every day, and they'll understand about the need for a level 60 celebration, especially for four members the same day.

Everyone has been given the day off and invited to come along, though the Tengu are both nervous about being out in public, having been bullied in the past.

"Don't worry about it. We're all going to be there, and we're plenty strong. Nobody will do anything mean to you." Mythryll assures them, looking to Cain to back her up.

"How about we ask Vala to look out for you? They don't get drunk, so you don't need to worry about that, and you're guaranteed to have someone to walk you home if you want to leave early?" Cain suggests. The Demonic Companion is more than capable of eating, and Vala enjoys salty snacks, but she assured them that she doesn't process things the same way so she can't get drunk or drugged, short of an actual paralysis drug or Poison.

Once the words 'Open Bar' were mentioned both Tanya and Dimnys were all in on the party invitation. The barkeeper was more than willing to be their host for the night, bringing in a band in the middle of the week and even letting the groups staying in the Inn know that there would be a level 60 party for 4 transfers, with a prepaid bar tab. Eight gold coins bought out his stock, plus snacks for the evening, so it is a drink until it's gone sort of day.

The girls spend all afternoon picking outfits and getting ready, while Cain simply switches to his fancier pants and some black shoes with a silk shirt and heads to the barber for a trim.

Seven in the evening comes and dinner is finished, it's time to party. The delivery cart from the Bakery is out front when they arrive, and the baker himself is there, Ale in hand to welcome them at the door.

"The Ladies and Gentleman of the hour have arrived!" The singer on stage announces. "Mythryll, Misha, Elmira and Cain have all reached Level 60 today in the Naga Raid. They've bought out the bar, so everyone enjoy your evening."

They start in on a bouncy dance tune and everyone makes their way to the dance floor, many congratulations later. The [Terror of the Naga] Guild Title is the only title their Guild currently holds. So they've nothing to switch it out to, letting everyone in the bar who cares to check their interface know that they managed the fast clear achievement before they hit level 60. No small feat, and the reputation of the 'Darklight Host' Guild is soaring tonight.

The bartender and cake maker have decided to celebrate in waves. First up is the cake for Elmira. A sweet caramel fudge cake with caramel drizzle on chocolate icing. The cake takes an entire table by itself and cheers go up around the room in her honor.

Half an hour later is Mythryll's turn. Vanilla cake with an apple mousse layer in the middle and apple flavor frosting. The cake is amazingly good, and Cain makes a note to order this one again.

Misha gets angel food cake with strawberries and whipped cream, a true classic, and at the end of the procession comes Cain's 'cake' a special order from Misha that turns out to be one big Black Forest cake, with a hundred chocolate cupcakes with cherry filling and chocolate icing.

The joke is not lost on anyone from the group, and the bar full of drunks is more than happy to get cupcakes instead of cake slices. They can be handheld after all, so you don't need to put down your drink.

The sun is up before the bar runs out of everything and chases them all out. Not even a bottle of wine is left in their cellar, but the barkeeper assured Cain before the party that he could make arrangements to be restocked in time to open again the next afternoon.

They're all singing arm in arm, staggering back to the Guild House in the morning light, drawing amused glances from the City Guards, who are by now well aware that there was a party going on. The responses from the crowds going to work early are a bit more mixed, but since most of the vendors near the Guild House are Dwarven run weapons and armor shops, the closer they get to home, the more indulgent and amused the responses get. To the point they've got a couple of drunks singing songs with them by the time they reach home. The Dwarves do appreciate a good party.

"Thank you Gentlemen for the accompaniment. We are now home and wish you a good morning." a very drunk Tanya bows to them before burping and staggering to open the door.

The house is dark. Very Dark. The Tengu girls left just a little after midnight, citing their bedtime, and both Valas followed them back. They must have put up the blackout shades in every room of the house. Even in the morning light, the house is darker than the dimly lit pub they were partying in.

"Remind me when I'm sober, those girls deserve a tip." Misha slurs while Cain carries her to her room.

The curtains were closed, and the outside storm shutters too, making the room comfortably dark. Cain's room was on the north side of the house, and darker to begin with, he could barely see once the door was closed.

"Perfect." He thought to himself "System set an alarm for ten hours from now. Message: Tip Ciara and Clara."

[Alarm set]

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

Chapter 63 - 63

Getting out of bed was a sudden and unpleasant experience for everyone in the Darklight Host Guild House. Just before noon the attack alarms began to blare all over the city, and much to their misfortune, they weren't far from the wall.

"I could justify killing someone for waking me up at such an unholy hour." Dimnys complains. "What time is it anyways?"

"About 3 in the afternoon." Clara answers with a small smile. "I made breakfast today, because Tanya is still asleep. Nothing fixes the morning after quite like bacon grease and orange juice."

Soon, everyone is gathered around the table, drawn by the smell of food and coffee. The consensus is that the Ogres deserve exactly what they are about to get today, so they're going to go down to the mission hall and sign up for the city defense quest. After one more cup of coffee.

The hall is packed when they get there, mostly with angry and hungover transfers from last night's party. The Guild members get a great deal of positive attention when they enter, despite the state everyone is in. A lot of polite nods, and a few claps on the back and handshakes in thanks for hosting such an elaborate party.

"You going to give us the quest or are we going to raid them without a quest? Because something is going to die for that alarm." A large barbarian asks the much harassed clerk.

"Please, wait. The raid quest will be up soon. If you form groups now, we can save time." She shouts to be heard.

"Hey Darklight, send a raid invite! Let's get this done." the Barbarian insists and Cain sets loot to individual and hidden before sending an area invite.

[Raid Groups can have a maximum of 100 members]

What was that? In seconds the group was a hundred strong and more were complaining they couldn't get in.

"Start a second group, first raid is full." Cain calls just as the quest goes up.

"To the west gate! Quest is for the West Gate." Cain calls, leading everyone out the door.

They make an impressive sight, five wide and twenty deep as they jog through the streets to reach the gates. Most attacks only one or two guilds answer the call, but they've come out in full force today.

Two huge barbarians carrying shields flank Cain and the Vala twins in the front row, followed by eight tank spec warriors surrounding the rest of Darklight Host and two healers from the tank's guild.

At first the gate guard thinks this is it, and they're happy to see so many tanks and healers, but the procession keeps coming, rank on rank. The guard force hurries to put volleys of Arrows into the Ogres, as it's clear this raid is out for blood and not intending to wait for them to soften the targets.

The Barbarians are wondering what kind of tank a Puppet Master is, to be standing up front with them against Ogres, but once the Raid group clears the city guard, Cain calls his summons, choosing Dark Elf clerics as the Companion option.

"Now that's more like it!" the mountain of a fur clad Barbarian known as PussySlayer6969 calls. Huh, guess it wasn't prohibited by the system, just already taken.

The Ogres react with predictable hostility to the presence of the Cave Trolls, the only opponent close to their own size. Even with the height disadvantage, the Trolls most likely weigh more than the Ogres, given their ample builds.

A roar goes up from the transfers when the first handful of Ogres are knocked from their feet by Troll clubs. Most of the Ogres are level 50 or so, and these summons have a whole raid group worth of buffs on them.

Slayer, as he instructs everyone to call him, is making short work of his own opponents. The interface says he's level 73, and it seems he's got a skill that lets him use a heavy two handed axe in one hand while still holding a shield. It's knocking Ogres to the ground almost as well as the Troll Tanks, and doing even more damage.

The Tanks have made a defensive semi circle, protecting the casters and healers from retaliation while a Kaleidescape of spells land in the Ogre lines. The Raid party is only outnumbered 5 to 1, and the second raid group of a little over a dozen transfers is coming in from the flank.

Ogres are dropping at a rapid rate and a fresh volley of Arrows from the city guard is coming. The mission was to rout the attack, but it seems likely they will annihilate it at this rate.

Cain is still spreading explosive arrows around, getting the bleed effect to increase damage from Fae on as many targets as possible when the notification comes in.

[Quest Conditions Compete]

[Level Up]

Oh, yeah. There's a hundred transfers in his group, plus their summoned pets and elementals today. That's a serious experience bonus.

"Level UP!" The cheer sounds from various spots all over the Raid group and the Darklight Host party members all laugh. This should have been expected.

What few Ogres are left break and run at the cheer, but the raid doesn't show any mercy, cutting down every one they can.

"Problem Solved. Now turn off that siren and we can go see if that barkeeper has gotten any stock back in. First round is on me." Slayer shouts and the Raid group turns to go back into the city, leaving the guards in shock at the Massacre they just witnessed.

He does indeed have stock in, as promised. after a couple quick rounds the group breaks up and they all go back to their plans for the day before they were so rudely interrupted. Mostly sitting around their houses and hotel suites relaxing.

The Mission Hall is thoroughly confused about the day's events though. The clerk is trying to explain that a hundred and some adventurers just barged in and demanded the defense quest, but it sounds so far fetched that nobody believes her until the City Guards return and verify the odd sighting.. There were so many spell casters, they insist, that each one only had time for a couple spells before it was all over.

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

Chapter 64 - 64

The next morning begins with another attack alarm. Bright and early, just after the sun rises. The Ogres rarely do night raids, because their night vision isn't great compared to the Fae.

"What on Earth are the Ogres doing?" Mythryll shouts from her room, and Cain can hear Char laugh.

"Should we go deal with it again?" Cain calls to his guild members.

"I need raw iron for my crafting, if you're going, bring me with you." Dimnys helps from the kitchen to be heard over the siren. They really need to get a sound proofing spell cast on the house.

And so, for the second day on a row, they head to the mission hall annoyed. But this time they stop off at a magical renovations shop and order a sound deadening spell for the Guild House property. The staff there promises it will reduce the siren to a whisper and only needs refreshed once a year, a great deal in their minds.

Slayer and his guild of entirely tanks and two healers is already there, waiting on the quest, along with another small guild of casters with a Leech type tank.

"You want to lead the raid again, Darklight?" Slayer asks.

"Yeah, no problem. All you other casters, stay close too. Misha here has a very good area heal, but it's limited in radius. If you stick close you've got nothing to worry about." Cain explains.

"I've got a castable area buff." One of the warlocks adds. "Extra shadow damage on every hit, so if we can gather before the fight, that would be great."

This morning's attack is at the East Gate, clear across town, but that gives the raid group a moment to form a strategy more complex than 'smash them for waking us up again'. Like how they went into battle yesterday, the Trolls will take the center, flanked by the Barbarians and the Vala twins. They've got a lot of tanks, so the others will surround the casters, forming a wedge of open space for them to work while keeping everyone in range of the healers.

There will be no front and center attack today, instead they'll hit from the side, distracting the Ogre forces and leaving them vulnerable to the arrows of the defense force.

Simple, safe and efficient. So, of course that's not how things work out.

The Ogre King is at this battle, and their tactic has changed. this is no disorganized mob of Ogres, they've brought interlocking shields to form a Phalanx wall, as well as basic siege weaponry. The first round of Arrows mostly bounce off the shields, and a collection of Flaming projectiles come flying back at the Elves.

While they're still in flight, the wall starts moving forward, keeping their shield wall even and gap free.

"Go as planned, the Trolls will punch a hole in the shield wall from the side." Cain calls and the party rushes the Ogre army.

They're not only better equipped and trained, but better prepared. The shield wall smoothly bends to meet their charge, Spears poking over top from the second rank. The first area spells are on them, but their health is ticking back up every so often. They've brought healers.

The Troll charge is moderately effective, it doesn't carve a swathe like yesterday, but it does break the ranks of the shield wall letting the other tanks move forward and force a breach. The massive strength of the Trolls ten levels higher than the attacking ogres is keeping them from regrouping, the log sized clubs knocking shields aside and forcing their bearers to the side.

Seeing the difficulties, both Valas and the Barbarians push forward, getting behind the front rank of ogres to attack the Spearmen. The effect is immediate, the shield wall breaks as the defenders turn to avoid getting stabbed in the back, and the party forces their way inwards.

Spells are now landing effectively on unprotected ogres, Char's Channeled lightning wreaking havoc, as the damage is so much higher than whoever is healing the Ogres can deal with.

Without the shields to block spells, the tide turns rapidly and the ogres start falling at an increasing pace. Vala calls back that she's found the healers, so Cain sends all the Dark Nymphs to back her up, while Mythryll's Treants follow them into the fray.

They're Gnoll Shamans, she declares, dodging between huge Ogre legs. Most of the Dark Nymphs and all the Treants get caught up holding back ogres, but both Vala twins make their way through and begin hacking up the Shamans.

"Slayer, I'll send a summoned Healer with you, push through the hole the Nymphs are holding and help kill those healers, the mages can't see them to target through all this." Cain calls.

The Barbarian pushes through at a run, trusting the healers to keep him up, and not knowing that Vala is a Summon or that she self heals.

"Made it." The big man calls from the other side of the Ogres and the healing begins to noticeably drop.

Their efforts are paying off, as they've driven the flank so far back they're almost into the backs of the main wall, which is currently in melee combat with the city defenders.

The Trolls reinforce the Nymphs, creating a tunnel straight to the healers and spells begin to rain down among the Gnolls, ending the healing of the Ogre Forces on this flank.

A horn blows and the shield wall reforms in the reserves, while the front lines retreat back through the new defensive line, forming a box defense that is slowly backing towards the trees. It looks like this attack is almost over.

[Quest Condition Fulfilled]

The Ogres retreat and scene have a sigh of relief. This was not only a larger attack, but much different due to the organization. Like they were facing the actual army and not a disorganized militia.

"Well, that was intense." Slayer laughs, giving the summoned Dark Elven Cleric a lecherous look.

"How about you and me head back to the hotel for a little relaxation eh?" he asks the Dark Elf, who gives him a disgusted look that makes everyone else laugh.

"I would like to point out that the Dark Elf Cleric is a Summon. I'm not even sure you CAN lewd those Elves." Char laughs while the Barbarian looks embarrassed.

"I forgot. They're cute though." He shrugs, stowing his axe and surveying the carnage of the battlefield.

The Sunnybrook City defenders took heavy casualties today, Cain suspects the Guild might need to keep showing up to these attacks if they don't want the guard to fall.

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

- Chapter 65 - 65

Chapter 65 - 65

Dimnys is pulling a huge bag of Ogre armor and weapons back to the group after the fight, while Cain watches in confusion.

"Is there something wrong with your inventory?" he asks the struggling Dwarf, walking her way.

"Maximum weight capacity is related to strength. I loaded up so much armor off the Ogres that I maxed out." She giggles.

Cain grabs the bag and puts it in his inventory, noticing the weight capacity listing for the first time. He'd always worried about available spaces and not weight.

"Will it be enough for you to work with? It's an awful lot of iron." Mythryll asks, eyes vacant as she checks the drops she got today.

"I'll need more of the valuable ingredients, but this will do me for a long time. Dwarven Smiths can increase the quality of Iron with repeated Forging, but it condenses a lot of regular iron into enhanced magical ores." Dimnys explains.

"And you need then for higher quality recipes, but nobody sells the ones they make?" Cain guesses.

"Exactly right. It's so much work that you only do it if you need it." The Dwarf agrees.

They part ways with the rest of the Raid group after the clerics cast area heals all over the battlefield, saving who they can as the defenders clerics are working with hardly any mana, the battle having run them dry.

[Guild Reputation Increased, Sunnybrook: Friendly]

"Hey, that's pretty awesome, we got guild reputation to friendly with the city. I wonder if we get benefits?" Elmira asks.

Cain looks over the Guild menu, finding that Friendly doesn't do much, but if they get it to Revered or Legendary they'll get tax breaks and better prices from the city's merchants without haggling. Not a bad benefit, but a good reason to help out with city defense.

Just hopefully not so early in the morning next time.

They return to the Guild House and deposit all of the looted armor in the storage room beside the smithy, nearly filling it.

"Don't you worry, by the time I'm done there will only be a tenth that much, and in nice stackable ingots." Dimnys assures Cain, who can't help thinking that's still a huge amount of metal. Maybe she's got a minor hoarding problem from living on the streets? They've got space though, it should be fine.

"Well, you enjoy then. I'm going to go see how Misha is making out." Cain waves goodbye as Dimnys starts stoking up the forge to turn rough iron armor into enchanted ingots for weapon smithing.

The rest of the Guild is up in the living room, looking over a leather bound book from the library.

"We found a map of cities accessible through nearby portals in the Demon Dungeon." Char explains.

Here in Sunnybrook is a bit of a central hub, as there's 4 more exits nearby, and it's in the middle. We knew about Karmazin City already, but it's a lot lower level than we are now. Good for trade goods, but not fighting. There's also a level 80 area exit city called Peaceful River and one called Graska that's also in a level 80 area, but tagged as Dark Dwarf Territory.

The fifth is named as the city of changes, in a level 100 demon infested area, but the author wasn't strong enough to get there to verify if the destination is correct or what the city is like. So, all the book contains is hearsay from transfers who had supposedly come from there.

"We're not quite high enough level for going to any of them yet, but through the Demon Dungeon they're all day trips, so we will be able to go there when we need things. There's a basic map of the dungeon areas too." Misha points to a diagram on the page.

"Should we do a bit of exploring tomorrow? I've been dying to find the last twenty new types of demons to update Vala into her Greater Demon form." Cain suggests.

That gets everyone excited. They're not sure what Vala will look like as a greater Demon. Will she look the same? Will she be a huge monster they can only visit with in the dungeon or at home? How much more powerful will she get?

They relax in peace for the rest of the day, Cain and Misha going back to the park on the South side of town to watch the sunset through the trees. The park is specifically set up to create painting worthy views from a number of spots around the walking paths.

Tanya has prepared blueberry pancakes this morning, and for once this week there is no sign of Ogre attacks, they must be regrouping after the intense battle yesterday.

The grand plan is to head off towards the areas they haven't been in yet, all increasingly high level. That seems like their best bet to find new demons without going all the way past the Karmazin City exit and looking for lower level demons they haven't seen yet.

The gamble pays off, they're finding a lot of level 70 demons that have names starting in 'Greater'. They're almost copies of the lower level ones near Karmazin, but count as a new addition to Cain's collection. The numbers of demons in this region is also higher than usual, no more walking for blocks and hiding behind buildings, if the area wasn't ruined they'd think it was a fully inhabited city within the dungeon.

"I'm at 99 now." Cain says, looking at a pale skinned Wrath Demon, nearly 3 meters tall. He's alone, and elite, equipped with a shield and axe. But going by what happened last time, he will upgrade the second he is scanned, essentially becoming a Dungeon boss for them to fight in order to finish upgrading Vala.

"Do we pass, or use him to celebrate Vala becoming a Greater Demonic Companion?" Char asks the group with a smile.

"We're well known for our celebrations, I think it's only appropriate." Misha agrees.

They step out behind the Trolls and Cain scans the Demon to his repertoire.

[Form Gained: Greater Golem Elite Wrath Bringer]

[Quest Objective Completed: Gain Knowledge on 100 demons]

[Summon Lesser Demonic Companion] will be upgraded upon defeat of the targeted Demon.

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

Chapter 66 - 66

The Wrath Demon expands, his wings growing black and tattered, his face scarred and somehow even more angry looking. No longer is it an Elite Wrath Bringer, the title now says Avatar of Wrath.

[Form Requires Summon Elite Golem]

"Well it was worth a shot." Cain thinks to himself. This thing, half again as large as the Trolls with Plate Armor and a vicious looking axe would make an amazing Tank.

With a roar, that intimidating axe is covered in dark red fire and a red mist begins to form around the Avatar of Wrath.

"Careful, it's an Enrage effect." Vala calls, before the axe crashes down into a Troll. The hit takes a huge chunk out of its health and knocks The Troll over, another quickly taking its place.

Mythryll has shifted to her Demonic form and the Treants are doing their very best to restrain the Demon, but it keeps breaking the Vines with pure brute strength.

The commotion has brought over more demons from the surrounding areas so the Valas and the Dark Nymphs break off to deal with them.

"Full damage on the boss, Enrage effect is ending." Char calls, channeling her strongest lightning at the Avatar of Wrath.

Even with all their damage output focused on it, this Demon still isn't dying in any hurry. It gains life when it does damage, much like Vala, and it does a lot of damage. Cain has

instructed the Trolls to switch to defense when they're targeted, blocking as much as possible, but it still hits incredibly hard.

"Extras are down." Vala calls, returning to attack the Avatar of Wrath's back.

Slowly they bring the Wrath Demon down. At ten percent health it Enrages again in one last flurry of damage that drops all the Trolls twice before the Demon can finally be killed.

"Well, that would have sucked if we had a living party." Misha pants from the exertion of rapid spell casting. Mythryll and Char have slumped to the ground, while Elmira is snoring happily in Cain's pocket now that the fight is finally over.

It must be something about being a pixie, every time her mana gets low, she gets sleepy, and she's flat out of mana now and has been for a while. Not even the mana totem could keep anyone from running on empty, though it's filling them back up quickly now that the fight is over.

[Summon Lesser Demonic Companion] upgraded to [Summon Greater Demonic Companion] release and Summon Companion to begin upgrade.

"Vala, are we ready?" Cain asks, hoping they're still going to have Vala after the upgrade. It's not guaranteed, but it didn't say anything about changing or removing the gear, so he's hoping it's just an update for their loveable Demonic Companion.

"Let's do this!" Vala cheers and Cain dismisses her before casting the newly updated [Greater Demonic Companion]

[Analyzing Existing Companion]

[Calculating Future Requirements]

[Completing Calibration]

"Okay, it looks like we are ready, we might need to Summon her twice though, if it's like last time. It sounds like the process is completed though." Cain says nervously.

Two figures appear when Cain casts the summoning, still pale skinned and winged, but taller in stature now, closer to 180cm with long black hair and bright green eyes, the pupils sideways slotted like a goat. The plates of the armor they're wearing is jet black and smooth, with an added jacket instead of the former spiky pauldrons.

Under the plates on their upper legs and knees seems to be skin tight leather pants, and the lower legs are covered by calf height black leather boots with Spiked heels and interlocking black steel armor plates.

The upper body still has a solid chest plate that only covers the ribs and up, but it's now smooth with an exaggerated bust and black chain mail underneath that stops just above the belt of their pants showing a hint of pale white stomach. A black leather biker jacket with Brigandine plate lining and smooth black armored gauntlets finishes the ensemble.

The pale face with long black hair and long back horns definitely belongs to Vala though, even if the horns now curl above her ears instead of being spiky.

Behind her flaps the familiar white leathery wings, now with black steel plates along the outer bones, formed to create sharp blades.

Cain checks the gear in his status screen, and it's still what Vala was wearing, the outfit just changed appearance.

"Vala, is that you?" Mythryll asks hopefully.

"The one and only. Well, two and only, since I've been cloned." The Demon laughs.

"So, how's the upgrade?" Misha smiles, glad to have her back, even if she's technically a Summon.

"Good, my damage and HP have doubled, my Wrath Aura gives twice the damage increase, and my self healing almost tripled. Other than that I'm still me, but better." Vala responds.

"Don't forget, we have [Hellfire] too." The other says, equipping her sword and shield. Flames flicker in an aura around her and her sword lights up with wicked looking dark red Demonic Fire.

"A flame shield and extra fire damage with a burn effect. I like it, we look extra cool with the Flaming sword." She declares with a giggle.

"Should we let you try it out?" Cain asks and the Vala twins smile before sneaking off to go attack a nearby patrol. That's definitely new, they couldn't, or wouldn't pick targets without a direct command before, it seems like now that they're Greater Demonic Companions they have the ability to make their own decisions.

The patrol is made up of 4 Incubi and a Lamia, the first snake woman they've seen, if you don't count the Naga, who are much more snake than person with their fully scaled bodies and cobra like heads. She's got dark purple scales, turning almost black on the under side and purple hair with dark Bronze colored skin and horns. Wearing a black sarong and bikini top, she's almost pretty. Only Cain's innate aversion to snakes prevents full marks.

[New Form Gained: Lesser Golem Lamia Scourge Caster]

"Watch out, the Lamia is a Caster." Cain calls, but didn't send any of the other summons to intervene yet, letting Vala show off her new abilities.

They both go for the Lamia, kicking the Incubi to the side and blocking the tail strike with a shield. The Lamia has a Spiked flail ball on a chain at the end of her tail, and the effect is savage. Cain is a bit shocked that this counts as a Lesser Golem, but maybe if he tries he'll get smaller and weaker ones?

The Scourge Caster rapidly swings her sword, throwing blades of Red energy at the Black clad demons to no avail, it scars their shields, but fails to overcome the new Hellfire flame barrier and they quickly overpower it, the scales offering little resistance against their blades, and the soft flesh even less.

When the Vala twins have finished the Incubi, they're still at full health, despite having faced a patrol a few levels higher than themselves.

"Hard to argue with those results." Char smiles.. "You've earned your Greater Demon moniker for certain."

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

Chapter 67 - 67

"Did you collect the Lamia form?" Char asks. "I've always wanted a pet snake."

"I did, they're a Lesser Golem, not a Greater Golem or Companion though, so they might be smaller and much weaker than the one Vala faced. They should still be Scourge Casters through, so magic damage and medium range."

"Well, bring them out and let's see." Char smiles happily. Cain frowns, knowing he's not going to get away without calling forth a lot of snake girls.

He was right, these ones are smaller, their torso even smaller than the group's diminutive Elven mage, but their body is over 6 meters long. Other than the size, they're pretty similar to the one Vala faced. Only with blades tipping their tails instead of a flail and in a variety of color combinations.

They're intensely fond of headpats too, and Char is soon swarmed in Golems looking for attention. They're actually rather adorable. But still snakes.

"It's a good thing she likes snakes, I can see from here how nervous Mythryll is." Vala whispers in Cain's ear. Yes, the Elf definitely likes snakes even less than he does, but once one comes up for headpats she begins to relax.

"Should we finish our run then? Or are we taking a cuddle break inside the dungeon?" Misha laughs.

"Dungeon first, pats later." Char agrees and Cain orders the Golems forward, keeping the Lamia for now to see how their damage compares to the Dark Nymphs.

They don't get the added damage granted only to Fae by a few of the group's abilities, but they do deal magic damage, so they don't lose out on too much. The ability to attack from a distance is a great benefit though. Twenty Nymphs surrounding one target makes it hard for them to do anything, but the Scourge Casters can send their blade attacks from 5 meters away, giving the Trolls lots of room to fight.

Cain decides to just keep fighting in this area until someone wants to go home or they gain another level, so they keep pulling packs, looking for new demons.

"There's more Lamia over there. Different looking ones too." Vala points out another group with two of the snake bodied demons in it.

[New Form Gained: Lesser Golem Lamia Warrior]

[New Form Gained: Lesser Golem Lamia Flame Caster]

"Another Caster. This one Flame." Cain tells the group and they launch their attack. The flame Caster ends up being much like the Scourge Caster, throwing fireballs from its blade. But it also gets off a single flame pillar before its untimely death at the hands of a Troll club.

[Level Up]

Cain checks his skills quickly, as he hasn't assigned points in a while

System Novel

[Name] Cain

[Level] 64

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats] +50->0

[STR] 100->125

[DEX] 45->70

[CON] 100

[INT] 50

[HP] 800

[MP] 250

There, that's better. More Dexterity will help his targeting and chance for critical hits, a fact he's been neglecting, and extra construct damage from the strength is always welcome.

Increasing DEX also increases run speed, a trivial matter most of the time, but now that his is at 70, the only one who might actually keep up with him at a run is Elmira. Pixies are very fast in flight.

"Is anyone else close to a level? We can stay a bit longer if you are, if not I think it's dinner time." Cain says.

Misha gives him a thumbs up that she's got her level, Char shakes her head, so he looks at Mythryll.

"I got one just before Vala upgraded." She says.

"Me too!" Elmira cheers.

"If you manage to find another 146 types of demons I can upgrade again. But I'm not sure that many actually exist." Vala shrugs.

"The system counts Lesser, Greater and Elite all separately, so as we level up it might be possible to find that many more." Cain says after thinking a while.

"I'll look forward to it then. Being called an Epic Demon would be too cool."

Tanya and Dimnys are waiting at the door to welcome them home tonight, both with excited looks on their faces.

"O M G! You guys match! Does that mean Vala got an upgrade? The new outfit looks awesome by the way." Dimnys gushes as they walk up the steps.

"Yep, I'm a Greater Demonic Companion now. All new wardrobe, plus all the fog from my mind is gone. It's like I can do anything I want, except maybe disobey orders. It's a good day to be Demon." Vala laughs at the Dwarfs enthusiasm.

"We were in there a lot longer than usual today, but it was so worth it." Mythryll agrees.

"If only this streak of useless, random items dropping would end." Misha sighs.

"I got some more recipes, but unless we all want to look like Cain and Vala, that doesn't help much. I've got to get to the point I can customize drop items with Tailoring like Dimnys does with armor."

Char laughs "I'll be fine, my armor gets personalized so much it's hard to recognize for anyone else inspecting my gear."

"Speaking of which, do you need a hand selling off the items that didn't turn out how you'd like?" Cain asks Dimnys.

"That would be great. With the Guild reputation you should get a good price for all the extras, and I might have some upgrades for you, Char and Vala.

"Fashion Show! Mythryll cheers and Elmira darts over to her shoulder with a piece of pecan brittle in her hands.

"Let's get this show rolling!" Elmira encourages them.

"Is this a thing in the Guild?" Dimnys asks quietly, making Cain laugh.

"Very much so. Nobody knows what new armor items will look like when equipped, so we all share in the excitement. It started with an embarrassing armor swap after visiting the Demon Dungeon the first time. I'll go first, what have you got?" Cain explains to her.

"Pants with mana Regen on hit and extra construct stamina? They're from the Ogre attack." She says tentatively, handing them over. They're acid wash denim jeans with a chain lining and artful rips.

"Not a bad look. I'm next.." Char says.

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

Chapter 68 - 68

"For Char, we have Legendary Gloves with 15 percent added lightning damage and mana Regen." The Gloves are fingerless, with soft leather palms with chain mail around the wrist and on the back of the hand.

"Also, a legendary helmet that adds 20 percent to totem effects and 20 lightning damage to attacks." The 'helmet' appears on Char as a single streak of blue paint, from above her eyebrow to the middle of her cheek.

"I never get over the equipped item effect Elmira giggles. A fancy helmet on one person becoming a streak of war paint on another is just freaky to watch."

"Oh I agree with you." Dimnys laughs, "But you should see people without the interface trying to wear drop items. Nothing is the right size, it's mostly crazy heavy and they just look ridiculous. It's much more fun to see."

"That's how they test children who are born here for the Interface after they hit puberty. If they have the ability, the item will equip and the interface will activate. If not they just look silly." Tanya explains from her spot by the dining room door.

"What item did you try?" Mythryll asks.

"A helmet. It fit me like a soup pot, made me think I'd gone blind." Tanya laughs.

"What about you?" The Elf asks Dimnys who holds up a worn pair of gloves.

"Someone discarded these in my alley, they looked warm, and when I put them on they equipped." She smiles down at the gloves, clearly they've been with her a while.

"I've repaired them so many times I'm not sure they'd survive another round, but they grant 5 smithy skill, so I used them forever."

"Moving on, I've got a chest plate and cloak that both reduce damage taken and increase healing done." Equipped, they're identical to what she was wearing, so that aspect of the spell hadn't changed. Both items are Legendary and Cain looks at them suspiciously. Is it his imagination, or is his Summon better geared than he is?

"Then we've got this shield that gives a chance to Enrage on block." Dimnys hands over the shield, which becomes a teardrop shaped black kite shield when equipped by Vala. That seals it, Vala is way better geared than him. But she also gets a way bigger damage buff, so Cain decides he shouldn't be too bitter.

The smithy equipment sorted and the impromptu fashion show finished, Cain, Dimnys and one of the Vala twins head out to sell the failed attempts to build up the Guild fund for precious materials.

The merchants along the route to the hall are much more polite now than when they first arrived, even Dimnys isn't getting dirty looks, and many of these smiths certainly know her.

"Benefits of being in a good Guild." She explains. "Even for a street kid, if you get taken in, you enjoy the reputation of the Guild tag, as long as you didn't do anything to them personally."

Cain nods, it was similar in his last life, get a good job and nobody cares about all those years they called you a slacker and a bum.

"Welcome to the drop item trade counter, what do you have for us today?" The clerk asks.

"All these epic and Legendary items. Most have been reforged already, trying for better stats." Cain explains. No need to tell her that there's a chance Dimnys can upgrade the quality in the process.

"We can take the reworked items at base price, unless something is particularly good. Give us a few minutes to go through it all."

Cain and Dimnys take a seat talking about the fun and amusing Stat combinations she found. Some were actually quite good, just not of use to them. Like the matched 5 piece set that all added damage done by a Barbarian wearing it. Cain decides to tell Slayer about that set and Dimnys laughs.

"What sort of idiot would name himself PussySlayer6969? But he seems to be alright, as long as he's not hitting on you."

'Yeah, what kind of idiot?' Cain thinks ruefully.

The total is deposited directly to their Guild funds, so they head back to the house where Dimnys heads to the forge, while Misha has locked herself in her room to Tailor. Char and Elmira are buried in books, while Mythryll is helping Misha.

This pattern repeats the next day, and the one after, before a bored Cain starts to wonder what he used to do for fun.

"I played virtual reality games all day, but now I'm basically living in one. What did I do between raids and dungeon grinds?" Cain wonders. That's it, He did random quest lines to kill time and build reputation. There's a mission hall here, he can take quests for Guild reputation. Cain takes the Vala twins with him and heads for the hall to see what fun today might bring.

Many of the quests need specific skills that Cain doesn't have, but there's one that catches his eye.

[Escort needed to depart from Sunnybrook asap. Two level 5 Elven Mages need to be transported quickly and in safety. Details upon signed contract. Pay 10 silver. Guild Reputation Gain High] It looks like just the sort of fun he's been looking for. He'll send a message to the others if it's going to take more than a day.

"Hello, clerk. I would like to take the escort quest for the level five Elves." Cain says.

"You understand that if either of the kids is hurt, your Guild will suffer a heavy reputation loss, right? If so, then sign here and we will send someone to bring the travelers."

The mission is to Karmazin City, to the Magic Academy. The details are eyes only, arranged by the hall, and the Hall Master burns the details sheet after Cain reads it.

Two Elven children with their parents arrive not long after, bags packed and both mothers saying tearful goodbyes as their kids head off on their super secret trip to boarding school.

"Did your Guild require use of our carriage, or do you have your own?" One of the fathers asks.

"No need, we have an alternate method of transportation. I can assure you, the kids will make their destination, safe and sound by tomorrow." Cain says with confidence.

Her father looks skeptical, but takes the adventurers word for it. Cain knows this will be relatively easy.. With his movement speed and the summons, he can be at the Karmazin City exit from the Demon Dungeon in under 2 hours, and the further they go, the easier it gets.

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

Chapter 69 - 69

Once the quest contract is signed the five of them start heading for the Demon Dungeon. At first, the kids think nothing of it, as they'll be headed west anyhow, but then they realize they're not headed for the gate.

"Excuse me, sir? Are you lost? The gate is four streets that way." The boy indicates the way out of town.

Vala smiles at him "We've got a faster way. If we use the Dungeon, we can get you to your destination just after lunch today. No need to camp out in the woods, or fear attacks by Ogres."

"Your friend is crazy." The little girl whispers to Cain.

"That might be true, but she's right. I'm a summoner, so I'm going to bring out some summons to protect you, and we'll jog over to the hidden exit. It's a secret of the Demon Dungeon, don't tell anyone." Cain whispers back.

The kids reluctantly follow them into the Dungeon where Cain calls out the full Host of his summons, including two Dark Elven Clerics for his Supporters.

"Darklight Host. I get it now." The little girl giggles.

"See, not too crazy. We even brought two healers." Vala laughs.

They dodge what groups they can, Lamia Carrying the small Elves quickly through the ruins, their serpentine bodies making easy work of the terrain. By the end of the first hour they're into level 30 and 40 demons, and the Trolls and Lamia can all kill most of them with a single attack, so they're moving along at a brisk walk, looking to get to the exit as efficiently as they can.

That still means killing quite a few demons though, and their charges are celebrating the rapid rise in levels. At first, in the level 60 area, they were getting levels every pack or two, causing the same sort of message overload dizziness that Dimnys suffered, but now it has slowed down as the demons are lower level, and they've been dodging as many as possible, not trying to power clear the zone.

"That's incredible. Not only are we already here before I even got hungry, I'm almost to level 23 just from the journey. The teachers will be overjoyed!" The Elven boy laughs as they make the exit and Cain sends the summons away.

"You can write your safe arrival messages for your parents now." Cain says once they exit into the city and find a nice picnic table to write on.

"We'll show you around the city a bit, it's not as organized as Sunnybrook, and then we'll bring you to the academy to get your teachers to sign off on the mission."

"Safe arrival messages? What are those?" The Elven girl asks.

"Just a note to let your mom know you made it here safely and that she doesn't need to worry." Cain explains.

"Good idea. You saw how my mom gets." The boy laughs and digs writing materials out of his school supplies.

"Dad said when we get here we're both changing our names, do we use the new name or the old one?" The Girl asks.

"Use the old one, but tell them you've safely made it to the military academy in Peaceful River. She will understand." Cain says after thinking for a moment. He's not sure what the big fuss is, but it might be better if everything was vague.

The notes are quickly written and sealed, and Cain begins to show them the sights of the town. The markets, the good sweets shops, a few good vendors. He wanted to introduce them to Lickity, but she's not at the market today. In fact, Cain isn't sure if she will still be in this city at all, she might have leveled up past it.

The Headmaster is startled to see the children when they arrive on campus. Either he wasn't expecting them so soon, or he'd didn't think they'd make it at all.

"Headmaster, I have two candidates here by the name of Marcus and Sandy, that I would love to enroll in your academy." Cain tells him, and the Headmaster smiles.

"Of course, right this way and we can do the paperwork." Cain signs off on new documents for the Elves, under their chosen new names with himself as guarantor. He also pays their school fees, simply because he's feeling generous and doesn't want whatever is going on with their families to affect them.

Official business done, he goes to look for Cixelcid and Lickity, only to find they're both out on quests. Lickity still usually runs her shop here in town he's told, but Cixelcid is far enough ahead in levels he needs to grind in the next city over, which is where he is now.

They take a message for him, and the old gloves Vala was wearing that give extra self healing. They're from the level 70 Naga Raid, they might be an upgrade for him still. If not, it's the thought that counts. The three of them sight see all day, getting a room in Karmazin for the night and head back first thing in the morning.

As soon as they return to Sunnybrook, the quest compete notification pops up and Cain smiles, before realizing that he had no way into the inner city noble district to give the parents the message.

Everyone at the Guild House is still absorbed in their own tasks, so he decides to take Vala on another adventure, returning to the mission hall.

There's a few servants with different nobles Livery hanging around when he gets there, abnormal for the mission hall, and the father who offered the carriage is waiting for his return.

"I heard you came back through the Demon Dungeon, might I ask, did they make it.

"Safe and sound. The children both wrote letters for their mothers before I left, would it be possible to deliver them in person?" Cain asks and Vala signals him that he's attracted attention from at least a few of the servants.

"Of course, they're having tea at a shop near the East Gates today.. You can deliver the message there, I am certain they will be overjoyed to know the children made it out safely."

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

Chapter 70 - 70

"Might I ask, what the reason was for the secrecy?" Vala asks, the first she's spoken in a while, and the Noble appears to have missed the presence of the two identical demons.

"The family faces hostile takeover, looking to claim our title by marrying off the next generation into their families. At level 5 and so young they can't do much to fight back, so we sent them to a safe place to get stronger. As long as they make level 30 before they return they should be fine. The nobles don't exactly grind levels in the dungeons or on the front lines."

They talk about noble politics while they walk and Cain learns a lot about the inner working of the city. Only a few titled families live in town, including those two, and everyone else wants a piece of the benefits granted to them. All fighting for wealth and power, but limited by their lack of title, as their families are many generations removed from the titled beginnings they trace their nobility to.

The two worried mothers smile when Cain enters and holds up messages with their family seals on them. He sets the letters in front of them without a word and lets them read.

"The Mission Hall Master is a genius. We would never have thought to hide them there, and they'll certainly get stronger stomachs in a place like that." One woman smiles. Once they're both done reading Vala picks up the letters and burns them to ash with Hellfire. Cain doesn't think anyone managed to sneak a look, but better safe than sorry.

"They'll return when they're ready, no need to worry about them for now." He assures their families.

On his way out of the Cafe he's 'befriended' by an obviously fake adventurer. He might have a system interface, but he doesn't use it. His armor doesn't have a mark on it and his shoes are polished.

"Tough mission today with these lovely ladies?" The man asks in a jovial voice.

"Not too bad." Cain shrugs, "Just a couple day trip."

"If it were me I'd have ditched the Noble brats in the woods." he says in a leading tone.

"Don't tell anyone, but I sold them to the Debtors Regiment in Peaceful Valley." Cain whispers. Debtors Regiment is what the locals call the conscripts, many who were jailed for unpaid taxes, who are forced to fight on the front lines in a city's defense force to clear their sentence. Sending kids there is a death sentence.

"Good on you then." The man chuckles and saunters away.

'Bunch of morons' Cain thinks to himself, headed back to the Guild House. But at least nobody will suspect the two posing as level 23 Elven siblings at the Magic Academy are the level 5 heir and heiress they're looking for.

A magic academy is a curious thing. The education plan lets the students learn spells as if they'd used a book drop. The kids that graduate have a wide of grade F and D magical skills in their repertoire, mostly non combat, making them ideal to run magic based businesses.

There's a rather ragged looking Spirit Folk kid with a cloth bag slung over their shoulder standing on the sidewalk outside the Guild House staring at the door when they come down the street. Cain stops Vala so they can see what is going on. The kid walks back and forth a few times, then stops at the end of the walk, getting a determined look, but stopping before taking a step into the property.

"You've got it kid, just have confidence in yourself." Cain says as he walks up.

"Thanks mister, but what if they turn me down?"

"Well, what do you want to ask? Maybe I can help." Cain smiles, realizing the kid doesn't know who he is. Cain looks them over using his interface.

[Name] Kone

[Level] 32

[Class] Druid

A Spirit Folk Druid? That explains the ragged appearance, Char has a very primal look as a Spirit Folk Shaman and druids are at least that level of isolated from modern civilization.

"Well, you see, I heard the Guild is all female and multi species friendly, so I wanted to apply, but I get so nervous about being rejected that I keep chickening out before I leave the sidewalk."

"There's one man in the Guild, but the rest is right. We've got humans, Elves, demons, pixies, Spirit Folk and Dwarves. We're members you see." Vala smiles at the Druid.

"Well now I've embarrassed myself. I'll just go, I think." Kone says dejected.

"No need for that, I'll put in a good word with the Guild Master for you." Vala laughs. "I'm sure they'll give you a chance."

"So, do you prefer combat, or do you have a trade skill?" Cain asks gently.

"Druids start with herbalism and alchemy, so I've been working on those. I just got here from the Elven Woods and I'm a bit under level, but I've got a pretty solid Bear Form for combat." She says gaining some confidence.

"Plus, of course I have Spirit Circle and Healing Factor maximized for the healing side of things."

Max looks over the basic templates for his summoned Companion and doesn't find any Druid, so it's an advanced class for sure, not one that gets healing late like Shaman. One of these days he's going to memorize those character creation options he promises himself.

"Healing and a bear form? That should be a pretty good combination. Sounds like you've been in the woods a while. Our Pixie, Elmira had that same problem. Why not come on and meet the Guild? It's time for lunch anyhow." Cain ushers the shy Druid in before she can think of a way to mount an objection.

"Everyone welcome Kone, a Spirit Folk Druid. She would like to audition for the Guild, so please make her feel at home." Cain calls loud enough the others should hear him, except maybe Dimnys in the Forge.

"Oh, but she's adorable. Can we keep her?" Char smiles as she comes down the stairs.

"That's the idea. Don't scare the poor girl away." Vala laughs. "Kone, this is Char, a Shaman. Forgive her abundance of mom energy, she loves meeting new people. Behind her, coming down the stairs is Mythryll, and that's Elmira riding on her shoulder. Misha, our Guild cleric is somewhere, likely in her room Tailoring, and Dimnys, a Dwarven warrior is probably in the Forge."

"We're not a huge Guild, but sometimes that's a good thing. The dining room is this way, and I can smell lunch already.." Cain ushers Kone through the door and asks Ciara and Clara to go get the remaining two, and tell them the Guild has a potential new member.

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

Chapter 71 - 71

In under a minute both remaining members have come to the dining room, drawn by either food or a new member to meet.

"Welcome, Kone was it?" Misha asks and the girl nods. "It would be great to have a secondary Healer in the Guild. We can't be everywhere at once after all."

"We will get you a bath after lunch, and some fresh clothes, we've got a stockpile of leather gear because only one of our members wears it." Misha adds as Tanya brings in plates of fettuccine in an Alfredo sauce with mushrooms and vegetables, along with garlic toast and salad.

"Is lunch the only meal of the day?" Kone asks looking at her heaping plate.

"Oh heavens no." Tanya laughs. "But some of the members just got back from a dungeon, and others have been working hard all morning, so I expected them to be hungry. We've got an ice magic powered freezing box if we need to store leftovers for snacks later."

"You went to the dungeon?" Misha asks confused, looking at Cain.

"Sort of. I took a mission to escort a couple kids, and the quickest way was through the Demon Dungeon to another exit." Cain shrugs.

"Just be safe. I'm sure you had the Vala twins with you, but a dungeon is a dungeon." Char admonishes.

"I always am." Cain smiles, thinking how even alone he's in a better position than most groups now that Vala can give commands to the summons and take initiative.

"You guys seem like a family." Kone laughs. "I would very much love to join you if you'll have me. Just name your trial and I'll be sure to complete it."

"We can go to the Real Estate Agent to draw up a contract if you like, or I can give you a guild invitation now with no terms. A lot of locals like the contracts, it gives them recourse if the Guild treats them badly or kicks them out for no reason." Cain explains.

"If you can guarantee me a fair chance at dropped items for my class, that's all I ask." Kone says and all the girls giggle.

"What's so funny?"

"Everyone else in the Guild has an Iron Man quest title that increases item drop rates for the group. Most of the gear has random or useless bonuses, but we get an awful lot of it." Cain explains.

"I've filled an entire spare bedroom, closet and all, with leather gear that needs reworking. I'm just now getting my Tailoring skill high enough to do it, and I don't want to waste epic items on failed attempts." Misha adds.

"All epic items? That's crazy. It's like you're some high end Raiding Guild." Kone says, eyes wide in shock.

"Well, most of it did come from the Naga Raid. The amount of leather items that dungeon drops is incredible." Mythryll agrees.

"We can take you there tomorrow, get you a few extra levels in a hurry." Cain smiles and Dimnys laughs.

"Just be sure to warn her about the notifications. So many new notifications the first time you guys brought me there."

Cain creates a Guild Contract from a template, a simple thing with the basic protections from forced third party contracts and such, which says she will get 25 silver a month plus free room and board, like every other Guild member. Then he adds a caveat that all drops will be fairly distributed, with those in need of the item getting priority.

"Now, if you trust my contract you can sign here and you'll officially be part of the Darklight Host." Cain says, sending the invitation.

Kone accepts the same second she sees the notification and her eyes go big. "I got money? But I didn't do anything, did I?"

"It's customary to read contracts before signing." Char says, Patting her head. "We all get a 25 silver a month allowance from the Guild fund, but most of us make way more than that anyhow."

"It protects you from forced contracts and gives you the right to stay and eat here at the Guild House for free too. Since I know you didn't read it at all." Char adds.

"All you can eat free food? That alone is a good enough selling point." Kone sighs and Elmira laughs.

"Since I'm in a Guild now, can I sell my potions? They wouldn't buy from me at the shops."

"Sell directly to the mission hall. They've got a set exchange rate from transfers, it's a discount rate, but they buy all sorts of things for the merchants and crafters to alter and sell." Misha suggests.

"But what do you need more money for in a hurry, maybe we can help?"

"To buy gear of course." Kone smiles "If I'm going to follow you somewhere dangerous I'll need gear."

"And nothing drops in the woods." Elmira finishes, having experienced the same thing.

"We'll set you up for free. The only condition is that you do a fashion show for the girls. They hold them every time they get a bunch of new gear, looking for casual wear." Cain tells their new Druid.

An hour later she's freshly washed and the entire Guild, including the elusive Tengu sisters are gathered for the 'Equipping of Kone' as Char has announced it. They've got a big pile of leather gear that gives either Healing Bonuses, Melee bonuses or both. Until Kone joined the group, most of this had been deemed useless, as leather wearing healers weren't anything they'd seen, much less leather wearing melee combat healers.

"As Guild Master, I claim the right to go first." Cain announces.

"I found a leather jerkin that adds to healing effects, leather pants that reduce casting cost and a belt that adds healing on hit, plus nature damage." Cain says, handing them over.

"Equip all at once to ensure your modesty" Mythryll giggles. "Trust me, trying on one piece at a time as Misha creates them is not suitable for public viewing."

The leather pants are Capri cut on Kone, open and laced up the sides. The jerkin is a bit short of reaching her waist, but is in a matching natural leather light brown.

"That's not bad. Add these boots that increase attack speed and this cotton tunic that adds a little mana regeneration." Mythryll hands over the pieces, which adds thigh high dark green leather boots and a medium green cotton tunic under her jerkin.

"Then gloves that also increase mana regeneration and attack speed." Char adds, and she gains soft looking natural leather gauntlets.

"And finally, a coat!" Elmira cheers. The coat is a full length duster style coat, in dark green Naga scales.

"And a hat, can't forget the hat." Elmira adds, setting it on her head. She equips it and it turns into a light brown leather cowboy hat. Not what anyone was expecting, but the hat adds a bunch of healing and spell cost reduction, so the hat stays.

"I've got jewelery for you, two rings that add healing and nature damage, and a necklace that adds a lot of mana regeneration." Misha hands over the last of the equipment.

Basic gear done, Cain excuses himself while the girls pick through items for fashion. They'll be a while.. A long while.

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

Chapter 72 - 72

"It's beautiful, thank you all." Kone says with tears in her eyes as Cain is leaving. "But I do feel like I'm in a Spaghetti Western."

Cain laughs. "We just need to change the duster. Or you could go around town without it and you'll look like the leading lady in the movie instead of the gunslinger."

"You know what those movies are?" Kone sounds shocked.

"Yeah, they were practically ancient where I came from, but I had seen a lot of them."

"That is awesome. If only I could get some pistols here." Kone says, making finger guns in a draw and shoot motion.

"I'll look next time I'm out, see if anyone has heard of them. Though I'm not sure you'll even be able to use them."

"I can use Hunter and Cleric basic type skill books, so I've got hope I can use them if they exist." Kone shrugs before Char drags her back to start looking for fashion items and shoos Cain away.

"You can see when we're done. The surprise will make it better." The Shaman assures him.

Nearly two hours later, an exhausted looking Druid finally emerges, looking like a Punk Rocker at prom. She's got black combat boots on with black stockings, A very dark red silk and lace bohemian skirt ending under a black and red leather overbust Corset. She's topped it with an Incubus leather jacket that fits two sizes too big when equipped and the girls have curled her Dark brown hair and done her makeup with bright red lips and smokey eyes.

"Did you escape, or did they wear themselves out?" Cain asks.

"I've got nine different casual outfits, I learned four new hairstyles, and I finally managed to get an outfit that almost feels like me again." She sighs wearily.

So this is her preferred style? Unique, but it looks good on her.

Kone gives a twirl "There's just something about the right skirt. I was hoping for brighter colors, But the only ones we could find came from the Demon Dungeon, and the options were limited. Misha says she'll make me more colors later, she's got the recipes.

"That's great. Nothing is better than finding the outfit that just makes you feel like you again." Cain agrees, thinking of how he picked his casual outfits to feel like a better version of himself.

"We will go to the Naga Raid tomorrow. We've got a unique way of doing it, so you'll be gaining a lot of levels at the start. We'll have a Summon carry you, as the notifications tend to make people dizzy." Cain informs her.

"Can we go shopping quickly? I want to get a present for the Guild. Chocolates or something." Kone tells him.

"Of course, we've got time before dinner." He smiles, then raises his voice to call out "Elmira, we need you for a bit."

The pixie comes flying around the corner at breakneck speed, her wings straining against the wind as she tries to stop herself, running into Cain anyhow.

"I heard something about chocolate? Leave it to me! Onwards noble steed." She calls, slipping into the pocket of Cain's jacket. One of the Vala twins follows them out with a knowing grin and they start walking their way towards the chocolate maker that Elmira recommends.

"Do we need chocolates, chocolate cake or chocolate candy?" Elmira asks seriously.

"Chocolate cake would be good. Celebrations mean cake, right?" Kone asks.

"In that case, we know a great baker." Cain laughs, telling the story of their level 60 party and the cakes that went with it.

As they approach the Bakery the smell of freshly baked chocolate goods fills their senses. They all follow their noses into the shop where the baker gets them cheerfully.

"Time for another party already?" he says hopefully.

"Just a small celebration. We've gained a member. Kone meet John, our very favorite baker." Cain introduces the pair.

Kone waves back without looking over, staring instead at a huge cake covered in chocolate flakes and cherry sauce. It's nearly half a meter across, a truly daunting task even for the Guild.

"Is that an enormous black forest cake?" Kone asks, eyes locked in on the chocolate covered frosting.

"It is, I sell them by the wedge during the day." John tells her, then looks at Cain "I need to bake another one for tomorrow don't I?"

"Sorry John, but we will need to Commandeer this cake." Cain laughs at the longing look Kone is giving it.

"Now ladies, we should get out of here before we miss dinner." Cain insists after paying for the cake. Plus a box of cream puffs, and some cinnamon rolls.

It only takes two more candy shops for them to make it home for dinner.

"In celebration of a new member. I bring to you chicken fingers and fries!" Tanya laughs, bringing out baskets of both and Kone cheers. She's an easy person to please in the kitchen, chocolate cake and chicken fingers are her favorite foods.

"As thanks for bringing me into your Guild family, I have brought a present." Kone announces, bringing out the cake after dinner.

"Oh, that's glorious. Excellent choice newbie!" Mythryll laughs.

"Let me guess, you brought Elmira and she led you straight to the very best cakes in town?" Misha adds with a big smile.

"She led me to candy shops and cinnamon buns too. Totally worth it." Kone declares, cutting into the cake.

The next morning is a different story. Everyone is all business. Dressed in their finest armors, and looking at a hearty breakfast with plenty of coffee to get the late movers motivated to head into the Naga Raid today. Even Dimnys has dragged herself away from the forge, the promise of multiple levels too much to resist.

While Kone is way below the level of the Raid, like Dimnys was the first time, the Dwarf is still quite a few levels lower than the other Guild members, being only level 48 to Cain's 64.. She worries that if she doesn't tag along now, the main group will get too high level for the dungeons she can come along to and she will be stuck slowly grinding levels again.

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

Chapter 73 - 73

They explain the finer details to Kone once they're in the dungeon.

"So you're telling me my only job is to try to remain conscious while the Treants carry me?"

"If you can manage more than that, feel free to cast some heals." Misha suggests.

"We'll be moving slower than usual, so we can collect materials as we go. It's not a full clear, but we can grab everything along our route. Now, is everyone ready?"

Mythryll has the Treants pick up Kone and gives him a thumbs up while everyone else just nods.

The first pull was a rough one for Dimnys last time, it's larger than usual, and the carried member is at their lowest level. The Trolls smash into Naga, taking multiple Spears, and Cain decides it might be fine to switch them out for this dungeon. Nothing else has as good of damage reduction, but the Elite Wrath Bringer has a shield, better damage and pretty good stats for a tank. The shield should make up the loss of damage reduction against flying Spears.

The Naga drop in rapid succession and Cain switches out the Trolls for the Elite Wrath Bringers. "They've got shields to deal with Spears and trident attacks." He explains and Misha smiles.

[Ability Book Received: Rend] Grade B Usable by Hunter. Melee attack that causes a bleed effect.

Well, that's really Cain's style, but would be a good skill for Kone in bear form. He'll give it to her later when she's not making pained noises and cussing at her interface.

Dimnys has gathered the gems in the wall near the door, so they start moving forward. The shields make a big difference, and the red haze in the Wrath Bringers swords gives self healing and a stacking Enrage buff. When it gets to twenty stacks their damage surges for a while before returning to normal. They're proving to be very versatile options as tanks, and the Lamia Scourge Casters are doing a great job of attacking without being in the way.

Even in their relaxed mood the dungeon is only a little slower than the first time. Though much of that is their increased levels, and the rest is mostly Vala's upgraded damage increase aura doubled up and not the change of summons.

The first boss turns out to be a joke today, the extra damage tearing the boss Naga apart in minutes.

Cain sends the Wrath Bringers forward in a circle, the Lamia Scourge Casters in the middle, throwing arcs of energy up to kill the Naga on the ledges. Cain can see Dimnys stagger now and then, so she's still getting multiple levels every boss.

She'll have another by the time the second boss drops, and the waves of Naga before the third boss usually makes up the majority of the dungeons residents the way they do it. They really do skip a lot going this way, only to fight it all in a hurry later.

As expected, the handful of Naga housing in caves up on the ledges rush them when they reach the second boss, meeting a pair of Wrath Bringers on either side. The wings seem to be a benefit here, the Naga can't see past the tanks as well with their wings spread, so they're not making much effort to attack anything behind the big demons.

Kone sounds like she's almost recovered just before the boss dies. Then the wave of incoming notifications comes again.

Misha lets out a laugh when she gets her notifications, then links her drop in party chat.

[Thorns of Retribution] Rank B Passive. Usable By Cleric. Heals all party members 10 percent of users damage taken.

"It's basically the mirror image of Vala's ability. Heal the group for part of the damage you take instead of do." Misha giggles.

"Good thing Kone has a bear form, I can't see you volunteering to let Naga stab you anytime soon." Mythryll laughs.

They wait a few minutes while Kone recovers from the flood of information. "Feeling better?" Cain asks, holding off on triggering the next waves of Naga.

"Yes, thank you. But so many notifications. Isn't there a way to mute them?" Kone complains.

"Not that we've found. But maybe?" Misha shrugs.

"Here, since you like notifications so much, have some more." Cain chuckles and hands over the [Rend] book.

"Oh, an attack skill! Why's there no mana cost? Is it because of the 3 second cooldown? Thank you so much." Kone gushes before learning the skill.

"I've got another for you." Misha says, handing over [Thorns of Retribution]. "That one will make you a better tank. 10 percent healing is the same as 10 percent damage reduction, plus it will heal everyone else."

Essentials now done, Vala steps off the platform and triggers the waves of Naga that lead up to the final boss. It's only a few seconds before Kone is feeling woozy again and falls into the branches of the waiting Treants.

Wave after wave arrives until Kone is begging for mercy. "Can't we just stop for a minute? There's so many monsters, I thought we weren't in a rush?"

"After the second boss, everything you haven't killed in the raid charges you. There's no stopping them or slowing down their arrivals. You just fight them until they're all gone."

"You're secretly enjoying this aren't you?" Dimnys asks the rest of the group, who are all grinning at Kone's misfortune.

"Oh, it's not a secret." Char tells the Dwarven Smith. "But we're also helping her in a significant way, so we don't really feel bad about it."

The final boss arrives with her usual announcement, only to die moments later under an onslaught of Spells. The welcoming Raid for their new member is finally finished, and not a moment too soon as far as Kone is concerned.

"Hey, I got a skill book! and a Rank A book too." Dimnys shouts out while doing a little happy dance.

[Crushing Blow] Rank A. Usable by Warrior. Requires axe or mace.

"That's a pretty solid skill. Now that your level is getting up, you should be able to actually fight it out the next dungeon you enter." Misha congratulates her.

"Yep, up to 57 now, I got 9 whole levels this dungeon." Dimnys says proudly, as if she didn't hide in the Treants the whole dungeon.

"9? I got 16, my head is still spinning. Every time I closed a notification I'd get 4 more about picking options from other notifications I hadn't checked yet." Kone sighs.

"I'm well into level 68 now, one more dungeon and I'll be at level 70 I think." Char smiles.

"Well, it is still early in the day. Lunch and then we do it again?" Elmira suggests from her favorite pocket in Cain's coat. With her relatively new [Dark Shuriken] skill, being in the pocket doesn't even affect her damage output. Instead of throwing knives, she just spam casts the Shuriken spell, which creates the same number of Blades no matter how many targets are present.

"No time like the present. And then we can organize a level 70 party." Mythryll laughs.

"I'll warn the bartender." Misha nods, getting ready to walk back to the exit.

"I'm not getting out of this am I?" Kone giggles.. "Fine, let's eat."

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

Chapter 74 - 74

Lunch is a short affair, everyone eating up while Misha heads over to the nearby Inn to book a party, while Char heads to the baker for cakes. After all, while she's hitting 70, Kone will hit both 40 and 50, and Dimnys will also reach 50 and probably 60. She can't be leaving anyone out.

The baker is more than happy to make cakes, asking a few details about each person they're being made for, so he can personalize them. He assures Char that the eight hours before the party begins is more than enough time for three cakes and the Shaman hurries back to where the group has ordered lunch from a local diner. Both her and Misha arrive just in time for the food to be served.

"Now, you need to understand, when we throw a party, we go all out. We've bought out the bar starting at sunset tonight, and we'll drink until sun up or until they run out. There will be cake, and food, and likely a hundred more adventurers." Cain explains as they head for the Naga Raid's entrance.

Since Dimnys can offer real assistance now they have gained an extra warrior in the group, even Kone is able to make an effort, now that the notifications aren't as severe. She is only throwing out sporadic heals in between waves of notifications, but all heals are good heals.

Char reaches level 70 just after the second boss, gaining an ability called [Chain Heal]. It is much like her chain lightning, only it arcs a healing lightning between up to 10 injured party members, possibly returning to a target if it didn't fully heal them.

It's the final drop that stuns everyone though. They all get an announcement, covering up the notifications on their screen.

[Cain Has Received Class Exclusive Ancient Drop]

[Book of Might Of Many] Has dropped.

[Might of Many] Puppet Master exclusive. Passive. Attacks deal 20 percent of the combined damage done by users constructs in the last 30 seconds as additional physical damage.

"That's just sick and wrong." Misha gasps.

"Who even created a skill like that? That should not be allowed. And it's a passive." Mythryll complains.

"If it was for any other class, I wouldn't mind, but seriously? If it was for Mythryll it wouldn't be so bad." Elmira agrees.

"You need better archery skills now." Char laughs, the only one to see the humor in the situation. Indeed he does, with that big of a Modifier, he is in desperate need of multi target or area damage attack skills. Multi shot is one thing, but a bigger Exploding shot or a rain of Arrows would be incredible. In the Naga dungeon the enemies are so big that he rarely gets to hit more than two or three with an Exploding Shot.

"Oh, under that huge, obnoxious notification, I got something too." Misha cheers.

[Blessed Life] Rank S. Usable by Cleric. Increases healing by 50 percent.

"Okay, I feel bad for overshadowing that. 50 percent more healing? You might just be the best Healer in the city right now, regardless of Level." Cain says.

"I was told as a kid that the Iron Man title made Legendary Heroes out of regular Guilds. Now I think I know what they meant." Dimnys nods sagely.

"We got, what 4 different skills in a day? 2 of them S Ranked?" Kone says, trying to recall everything that happened while she was semi conscious trying to overcome the incoming barrage of notifications during the first dungeon.

"6 skills I think. I got Crushing Blow and Stone Form. You got Rend and Thorns Healy thing. Then Misha and Cain both got those S Ranked skills." Dimnys says.

"You held out on a book drop? You're supposed to say something so we can all cheer." Elmira pouts.

"Sorry, it was in the first dungeon sometime, I didn't notice until I checked my inventory just now." Dimnys apologies, offering the pixie caramel as a consolation. At first it didn't look like she was going to be forgiven so easily, but it's a really good caramel candy, and Elmira is easily bribed.

"We need more members if we're going to keep going like this. We'll flood the market with gear drops trying to sell it all." Misha frowns, not wanting to take a hit on the price.

"And that's if they'll even buy so much, they looked pretty overwhelmed the last time we were in trading gear." Dimnys shrugs

"Once you've tried to rework the ones with strange stats, I can take them to Karmazin City and sell a bunch more there. Spreading the wealth between cities should reduce suspicion and problems for us. We can also melt down some of the metal equipment into high quality ingots." Cain agrees

"Hate to break up the planning, but I need advice type help." Kone says.

"I've got two paths here. One leads to clones like Mythryll has that can use my abilities, with deduced damage, but the other leads to a super durable bear spec tank form. What do I do?"

"Whatever you like, really. We've got a varied enough group so far that we can let everyone pick their preferred route. So if you want to be a Healer in the back, you can have clones to help or become the bear for you. If you want to be extra tanky you can do that instead. No pressure, we've got more healers and more tanks." Cain explains.

"Then I want clones. You get all the cool summons, and Mythryll gets those two copies of herself plus the trees. I want to be like that. Using my skills to keep myself safe." Kone says firmly, he eyes glazed over as she selects her desired skill tree.

Seconds later two full grown Grizzly bears join the group and Kone giggles. "Look, I'm both the tank and the Healer!"

"You guys are the weirdest Guild members ever, you know that?" Dimnys laughs.

"We do know, but it's great fun isn't it?" Char laughs.

"Now, let's go home and prepare for our party. We've got three members level birthdays to celebrate tonight." Cain suggests, ushering everyone out of the dungeon.

"Does that mean I finally get an excuse to try on the very best of those outfits you all made me wear?" Kone laughs.

"Not just can you, you're expected to. Can't look ragged for what is basically your own birthday party.." Misha teases her as they head to the house.

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

Chapter 75 - 75

Everyone is looking their very finest when they arrive at the Inn for their party. The local adventurers cheer their arrival, congratulating the three on their advancements.

"That's the whole guild now!" The singer of the band calls out between songs. "You might now know it from their reputation, but this is the entirety of the Darklight Host. Not only are they a top local Raiding Guild, but they do it all short handed!"

The cheers are mixed with hearty laughter, as everyone present knows of the large numbers of summons that their Guild deploys for combat, making their team grossly outnumber any standard party.

"So, little Druid, what path did you head down?" A big hunter asks Kone.

"I went down the Nature's Allies path. I got a skill book called Rend for the bear form, but didn't want to be a tank." Kone smiles.

"Rend is a good one. I got it at level 55, made me a great melee fighter. I'm surprised you didn't go full healing spec though. You're just a little bit of a thing."

"Druids start out in the woods, like pixies do. So I picked up bear form at the start and kind of enjoyed it. It would be a shame to abandon it once I got a skill book for combat, so I went down the path that would let me do both."

"You hear that Gents? The Druid actually used their brain to pick their skill tree!" Someone calls from the back and a drunken cheer is raised.

"So tell us, how good is the skill book drop rate, running with an Iron Man titled Guild?" A young looking Elven woman from the local guard force asks Misha.

"About one for every twenty levels gained? Yeah, that's about right. If your squad gains forty levels in the Raid, you can pretty much expect two books to drop. Whether they're useful to your build or not is another question." Misha laughs.

The surrounding adventurers get a wistful look. "It's about one every fifty levels for the rest of us scrubs. If a whole party of five gets ten levels grinding in the dungeon, someone will likely get a skill."

Misha downplayed their drop rate to avoid causing jealousy and anger. They're actually getting books about twice that fast, one every ten combined levels, enough that their whole guild has gotten multiple highly ranked and useful skills by level 60, instead of hoping for one each, or buying the most basic of skill books from vendors for exorbitant prices.

That's the route most take, save as much money as possible and buy skills, or grind enough for tuition and spend multiple years in an academy learning those same basic skills. But the gamer spirit is strong with most of the transfers, they'd rather grind and

buy than spend years of their second life in school. They almost all did that in their first life, after all.

"Well, if it's one every twenty, Young Dimnys here should have gained a book too. Or did the luck go to one of the others?" A red faced, red bearded Dwarven Smith asks. Cain recognizes this one, he was the guy whose smithy Dimnys was working behind when they met her.

"I got a book of Crushing Blow and one of Stone Skin since you saw me last, old man. It's been over thirty levels after all." She laughs and the man raises his tankard in salute before collapsing into his chair.

Cain sees an interesting thing spread out on a table, a group has a proper map. He walks over to discretely examine it, only to find it's not fully detailed, just a map that has been drawn by a newer adventurer like them.

Place names are still simple, Transfer Village, Karmazin City, Elven woods with very few details filled in. Though most have the type of dungeon indicated. They're adding the area around Sunnybrook now, and Cain heads over to help them out a bit.

"There's a river, follows the bottom of the mountain range you've drawn there, and right about here there's a village in a ruined city, with a dungeon that holds Dark Fae and spiders." Cain says helpfully.

"Excellent, thank you. We found out something interesting from a higher level group. The whole rookie area is a valley within a massive mountain range. there's only one way in and out that anyone knows of, and barely anyone who leaves comes back. That's why nobody knows that the wider world looks like. The rumor is that whatever Divine Being causes the transfers protects us in here until level 100. If you reach it while in here, you're transferred to the path through the mountains immediately."

Now that's interesting. Cain hadn't met anyone who personally met a very high level player. Forget after they leave the zone, transfers rarely return to the lower level towns, so even getting news a few levels ahead of you is difficult. They have the Dark Dwarf Territory marked on the map, at the very west side, where the Elven forest and its mostly unknown contents mark the East.

Walking there on foot would take well over a month, maybe two weeks if you were in a carriage. They don't have Graska, the Dark Dwarven city that can be accessed through the Demon Dungeon placed on the map though. They do have Peaceful River though, about three days walk north of Karmazin, or about the same northwest of Sunnybrook, near an area marked level 80 and left blank.

That's the best map Cain has seen so far, so he asks permission to copy it out onto a piece of paper. Char comes over and adds her insights to the map, adding a place

called Spirit Village into the eastern edge of the Elven Forest, and a place called Arrival Town, where the Elven transfers show up.

The places transfers arrive have a very lame theme going on, Cain thinks, the most basic of names, all to do with transfers, or the species that shows up there. But then, a lot of the little farming villages marked on the map aren't even named by their occupants. Instead they're just considered part of a Lord or Guild's land.

But he doesn't see anything resembling the level 100 area in the Demon Dungeon that should have a city in it, if the rumors recorded by the writer of the book he found are correct. They should be, everything else was as the book predicted it would be.

But that's a problem for later.. Tonight he's got a very drunk Guild to escort home.

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

Chapter 76 - 76

Cain and Char, the only two who even somewhat behaved themselves last night are the first ones up, but the Tengu twins, who are not fans of parties, have made pancakes. Tanya is still asleep after enjoying as she called it 'a beer soaked slobber knocker', or in Cain's parlance, a bar fight over the virtues of willowy Elven women versus stout Dwarven women between the ladies of the entertainment district and the ladies of the smithy district.

Now the Dwarves might not have won the argument, but they did win the fight.

The damage had shut the party down somewhat early, at about three in the morning, but the consensus was that it would be spoken of for many months to come. The assembled adventurers had happily paid for the damages afterwards, though they themselves had little to do with the fight. A very drunken server from a nearby tavern had suggested the Dwarves not bother dressing up for the men when Elves were around and things just went downhill from there.

Misha comes down before the first round of pancakes are cold, and the rest trickle in slowly afterwards, Kone casting a heal on Tanya and Dimnys as they enter, removing any remaining scratches and bruises from their faces.

"The Druid version of healing also cures hangovers if anyone else needs it." Kone laughs, but everyone else smiles and waves off her assistance.

"We're good, we learned our lesson last time. Stay somewhere near your limits when drinking at a leveling party." Cain explains.

"If everyone wants to spend the day crafting, I can head out tonight and vendor everything that's no good, or not useful to us. I'll take a trip to Karmazin City too, spread out the sales so it doesn't cause problems here in Sunnybrook." Cain says.

The pieces have levels, not as a requirement, but to indicate how much of a hidden Stat bonus they give, along with the listed buffs. Selling these level 65 items from the Naga Raid in the mostly level 45 to 55 Karmazin City should bring them a pretty good price, given how much harder they are to come by there.

"I've got three times as much as yesterday's drops already finished." Misha says and Dimnys nods in agreement.

"So you're saying you will transfer them over and I can leave now, then deal with the rest tomorrow?" They both nod absently, looking over the items in their inventory for modification.

"Excellent. I'll be off then." Cain stands, having finished his breakfast, and the Vala twins join him.

"Take me with you too. I've never been to whatchamacallit city." Kone says around bites of pancake.

"How long will it take?" She asks, her plate now clean, but her face covered in pancake bits and syrup she's trying to wipe away.

"Through the Demon Dungeon, we will be there by lunch, it's only a couple hours. If we went on foot down the road, it would be three to five days, depending on the weather and monster attacks."

"That's a much better way to get around. Let's do it that way for sure." Kone agrees, but Cain can see she's at least a bit excited to try out her new [Nature's Allies] skill. Cain is too, it will be interesting to see if her passive that gives healing when damaged will apply to the Bears or if it only affects herself.

The two crafters pass over their items to be traded, filling Cain's inventory, while Kone runs downstairs to a spare room to collect the alchemy project she's been working on. Her skill just recently got high enough to make greater mana potions, and she can't wait to see if they sell for decent money. In fact, just going to the Karmazin market is exciting for her, having never been to an open air market, or Karmazin for that matter.

"Alright, we're off. Are we bringing a pocket pixie, or are you staying here to relax?" Cain asks Elmira.

"I'm making Pixie honey today, so Tanya can see how it tastes in honey cake."

"A noble pursuit for certain." Char laughs from the kitchen where she's returning her breakfast dishes.

Cain and his little company head out for the dungeon, stopping a few times to say hello to local merchants and patrons of the Inn.

"I'm just noticing, this guild is really, really popular isn't it?" Kone whispers to him.

"Because of the city defense actions mostly. Keeping the Ogres out of the city is priority one, and the summons do a really good job of it. When we all get close to level 100 and start thinking of leaving town I'll be sure to find some lower level Guild members to take over the house and keep up our reputation and City defense efforts. It would be a shame to just abandon our Guild House when we level up like so many have before us."

"You've got a point. We could even recruit from lower level areas and drag them through the raid like you did for me and Dimnys, get them up to acceptable and then let them take over when we move on. But isn't level 100 a long time to stay in one city?" Kone asks.

"Well, there's a secret to the Demon Dungeon, it's all one big Dungeon, not multiple small ones at every city. So we can enter from Sunnybrook and find every level of demons from 30 to 100. It might make for long trips, getting to the ones we actually want, but we can easily return home in a few hours when we're done."

This new bit of information keeps Kone's mind occupied until they reach the entrance. "Where else can it go?" She finally asks.

"Karmazin, Peaceful River and Graska for sure, plus there's rumors of a level 100 town that can be accessed too. There should also be at least one or two more exits in the far north and south of the transfer valley, but maybe not. At least, I don't know where they are, and the maps I've seen don't have those areas filled in."

"It's like the Demon world is a scaled down overlay of the outside world. Maybe it was meant to be a travel solution before being corrupted? From what I've heard from you guys and the other transfers a lot of dungeons hold corrupted versions of the outside species."

Now that's food for thought. Cain never thought of it that way, but she's right. Some species are naturally aggressive or hold grudges against the transfers species, but inside the dungeons something is different about them.. Even the surprisingly cuddly Lamia Scourge Casters and the Vala twins, who currently look deep in thought, silently taking in the conversation, are friendly and intelligent, much different in personality than the demons in the dungeon.

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

Chapter 77 - 77

The trip is short and uneventful, mostly spent attacking random Demon patrols to test out the strength of the bears. They can use not only [Rend] and the passive [Thorns of Retribution], but they can also use the instant cast area heal [Spirit Circle]. The only thing it seems they can't do is use the longer cast of Healing Factor, which makes up the vast majority of Kone's healing potential.

Spirit Circle is a decent sized area, but the healing output is fairly sad, no better than Char's healing totem was at that level. But with three of them active it adds up to enough to deal with everything they come across, with Kone mostly watching the fight and cheering on her protectors.

Kone does gain a level she was close to achieving by the time they make it to the Karmazin City exit, so the time spent wasn't purely for entertainment.

The city is in an uproar when they arrive, market stalls have been destroyed and there are shouts of fighting in the streets as multiple Guilds fight it out in public.

[Guard Zone Inactive. Guild War In Progress] comes the notification.

"Stay close to me. I'm twenty levels higher than most of the transfers here, so they'll see by name tag in Black, as much higher level. Or at least purple for ten levels above. That should help keep you safe."

"Where are we going?" Kone asks, confused by Cain's sense of purpose in this chaos.

"To find my friends, Lickity and Cixelcid. Hopefully they're alright, but Lickity is a tailor and likely to be in that crowded market when the fighting broke out." Cain tells her, jogging that way with everyone else following them.

The crowd parts at the dangerous looking group, the black armored demons and large figure of Cain, running mostly unimpeded through the market with Kone huddled in the middle. There is heavy fighting near where Lickity usually sets up her stall, so Cain turns the group that way, throwing combatants out of the way until they can see a group of five backed up against the wall that separates the noise of the market from the nearby houses.

It's Cixelcid and Lickity, with two others Cain only vaguely recognizes and Red Beard, the Guild Master, only none of them have Guild tags anymore. Instead they've got a red

X where the Guild name usually shows, the mark of a deserter, someone who broke their Guild Contract in the last 24 hours.

"Form up, Kone in the middle." Cain calls out and brings forth his Greater Golems in their Wrath Bringer Forms. The pale winged demons stand well above the crowd, with Flaming swords and large shields. Their presence causes the attackers to retreat a ways, reconsidering their targets.

Kone has called forth her Bears to join Vala and the Wrath Bringers on the front line, creating a circle of protection around the rest of the group.

"Cid, what in the world is going on?" Cain calls, instructing his summons only to attack those who attack the group.

"Hostile takeover of the Guild. They got the fifty percent support to oust Red Beard, and demanded new contracts requiring that the Guild crafters turn all items they create over to the Guild bank so the combat members can pick through them for what they want, free of charge. Red Beard was kicked, and we all quit, so they flagged us deserters and declared war. Which brought declarations from our allies, and their allies, and then everyone who wanted one of our crafters in their Guild." Cixelcid tried to explain the city wide destruction.

"Should we go rescue the others?" Kone asks.

"They've all found protectors. Well, the ones that aren't dead. There's one group still in trouble though, the Guild they wanted to go to is also mostly life skills." Red Beard explains.

Cain calls out the horde of Lamia and gestures for Red Beard to get moving. "Let's go rescue your friends. The faster we can settle this down the better. How long will the declaration of war last?"

"Because it's on deserters, just until our flags wear off. 21 more hours." Lickity pants, not used to running long distances. Cain has a Lamia pick her up, which makes Cixelcid laugh at her plight, but the tailor looks relieved.

"Where's Stubbs? Or is he not with you in this?" Cain asks.

"He should be with the group we're heading to. He's still visible in my friends list, so he's not dead." Red Beard confirms.

This group is in even more trouble than the first group was, and the attackers fly into a rage when they see Red Beard.

"Get the traitor! We'll make him pay for every copper he let those selfish bums horde." Someone shouts as they turn to attack the group. The someone turns out to be a

Paladin Tank named Sera0h. Cain isn't sure how you pronounce that, but the guys abilities are the real deal. He's level 64 and has multiple high level skills at his disposal.

He goes straight for the Healer, using a blink step to appear in front of Kone, slashing hard at her neck, missing when Cain knocks her to the ground with a shoulder check. One of the Vala twins steps back to engage him, driving him back towards the outer lines of the group with a flurry of attacks.

"What was that? I almost lost my head!" Kone calls out, distressed.

"We've got you. Just focus on healing. Blink Step has a ten minute cool down time and we'll be right beside you." Cixelcid assures her.

Sera0h has his back turned, dealing with the Vala twins, so Cain fires a Multi Shot volley into his back. The arrows punch clear through his armor, then him inside, to dent the front plate. His life bar tanks in an instant and goes Grey, the opposing tank is dead.

This is enough to break the will of the others, who immediately flee, leaving behind the injured, as well as two fallen members other than the Paladin.

"Did we get here in time?" Red Beard asks.

"As close a could be hoped. We lost five of the Guild in the attack though." Stubbs says stepping forward, his name tag also showing the Red X of a deserter.

The Paladin Cain dropped was the leader of the rebellion, and as word spread of his demise the fighting died down, stopping completely within a few hours, while Cain and his companions waited in silence on the front lawn of the Golden Hammer Guild House in case they were attacked again.

Eventually they decided that no more enemies were coming that night that might try to burn the house down, so they retired inside to explain the day's events in better detail.

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

Chapter 78 - 78

"So, they were upset about the number of high level recipes that dropped, and the fact the life skills members were getting rich without them?" Kone asks confused after Red Beard explains the situation.

"More or less. They felt that since the recipes and materials come from the dungeon that they should get the items for free once they are created. The crafters felt that since they go in the dungeons with a party to collect their own materials for items they sell, that if the others wanted free stuff they should at least provide the materials to create it. Then everything spiraled out of control, leading to me being voted out as leader and kicked from the Guild. You saw the rest, it all happened in a couple hours."

"Okay, I understand now. We equip members with drop items, but Mythryll said when she wanted that fancy robe that they had to go hunt for and buy the materials. What you wanted sounds fair. When I create potions I'd at least like materials back, or something to compensate so I could replace them." Kone nods her head in agreement with Red Beard and his life skill members.

"So what's next?" Cain asks.

"Me and Lickity are moving on, we're both leveled out here in Karmazin. I think Red Beard and Stubbs want to stay with the Golden Hammer Guild once their deserter tag wears off." Cixelcid says.

"We've set up a Guild House over in Sunnybrook, Lots of rooms available, with free food and loads of crafting materials if you want to join us." Cain shares a smile with his friend Cixelcid.

"Are you just as broken as ever?" Lickity jokes and Kone almost chokes on her tongue in amusement.

"You have no idea. It just keeps getting more and more ridiculous. He got a passive that adds a portion of his summons damage to his own attacks. You saw what a single Multi Shot did to that Paladin once his Golems had been doing damage for a while." Kone informs her.

"Speaking of which, I need to check the vendor here since you've got an academy in Karmazin. I need multi target or area attack archery skills." Cain tells the others.

"You'll want [Lightning Arrow] which is usually in stock. It creates a chain lightning on impact, up to 5 targets, and it works with multi shot. The base damage is terrible, but with your gear and that Ability, you should be able to turn it into something worthwhile." Cixelcid suggests.

"You could switch to swords and go with [Cleave]. It creates an Arc of energy like my basic attack and can hit a lot of targets." Lickity suggests.

"With the summons we've got too many in melee most of the time. Ranged is better if I can." Cain frowns, trying to come up with a good solution.

"If you're rich, there's a Shaman skill of [Acid Rain] that might still be at the market. It's a huge area of effect, low damage, long duration. You could use Shaman and Hunter books, correct? " Red Beard asks.

"Yeah, I can use shaman books. I wonder if they are still open after all that?"

"They'll be closed for the night, it's getting late, but if you go to the hall first thing you can sell items at a discount instead of in the market and see what they've got for books. If you trade straight across you'll get a better price."

"Stay here the night and go in the morning. Trying to get an Inn now will be a nightmare, everyone is flagged from combat for the night, so they won't want to let you in, plus most of them are trashed from the Guild War." Stubbs suggests.

"I'll thank you for your hospitality then."

They end up chatting half the night, and Cain wakes up, still in the corner of the sectional couch with a sleeping Kone's head in his lap and the ever vigilant Vala twins on either side of them.

Cixelcid and Lickity have taken up positions on the thick rug and wake not long afterwards, ready to face the day.

"It might still be dangerous to travel around with a deserter tag." Lickity sighs.

"You'll be fine, just stick by me and Vala and nobody will bother you. Plus, we can head out after we finish our book shopping and I sell these items I came here to dispose of. Don't worry though Lickity, Misha keeps the good stuff, so if you need anything to upgrade, she's got you covered. We've got more plate armor too, Cid."

"Where did you meet the twins? It's awesome too see more demons around, I don't feel so out of place with someone else who got transferred as demons." Lickity asks.

"Are you telling her or am I?" Vala laughs.

"One hundred percent you are." Cain replies with a straight face.

"You see, the reason we're identical twins, in identical armor, is because we're clones. Cloned by a passive skill that affects Cain's Summons. [Summon Greater Demonic Companion] to be precise." Vala explains, while Cixelcid and Lickity look shocked.

"Vala is a Summon? How is that even possible? Summons don't usually have any sort of intelligence or ability to act independently. You've got to tell them to do everything from moving to what to attack. And I've never heard one speak before now." Lickity blurts out once she recovers her wits a little.

"It was listed as an Ancient quality spell. First Lesser, where they were halfway between the normal Summon and where they are now, and then Greater, where they're basically transfers that rely on me to pick their gear." Cain shrugs, unsure how to explain the marvel that is Vala.

"How many of them are you up to now?" Cixelcid asks, curious.

"The Greater Golems, the Lesser Golems, the Wasps, two supporters and The Vala twins for now. But supposedly after level 100 I should be able to get Epic quality summons. When I try to record creatures as new forms for my summons, most boss monsters count as Epic Summons I can't use yet. But next level, level 70, I'll get two more Supporters." Cain explains.

"What are supporters?" Lickity asks.

Cain records both her and Cixelcid into his Supporter data and summons a pair of Lickity clones. They look just like her, outfit and all.

"They're a slightly lower spec version of the transfer classes. I can copy the appearance, but not the gear. After a bit of experimenting, we found that a copy of a transfer can use their class innate skills, though not ones they learned from books. So these will have the max level basic attack that Lickity chose, but not the amulet and rings that add damage to it." Cain says before dismissing them.

"Wait, you could have three of me, with six bears? Or All the Mythryll's? That would be so many mages." Kone giggles.

"Her clones are from a book skill, I'm pretty sure." Cain replies with a laugh, dampening her enthusiasm. Having 12 copies of Mythryll from his Supporters cloning themselves would be pretty awesome though. Plus, it would be so many Treants.

"Well boo to you then Good Sir." Kone responds, sticking her tongue out.

"Enough of the side track, we should get your tasks finished and get out of town. Lickity will be a priority target for most of the local Guilds now, and she can't join yours until later today. I don't want to bring a Raiding Guild down on the Golden Hammer Life Skills Guild after all." Cixelcid assures in a serious voice.

"Good point, let's head out, and make sure we're seen at least headed into the market, so they know we're not at the Guild House."

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

Chapter 79 - 79

Their group draws a lot of attention as they pass through the market headed for the hall to trade their items and buy books. Lickity is a local celebrity, partially due to the fashion forced upon her by the Succubus class, and partially due to her high quality items, while Cixelcid is popular for leading runs through the dungeon to level up transfers.

After yesterday's events, and now seeing them without Guild protection, it's causing a lot of curiosity, especially about who they've got with them as protectors. Cixelcid is known to be level 61, about ready to move on from Karmazin City anyhow, but the Human man and twin demons with him are even higher level. Did he call in reinforcements from another city?

"Greetings, and welcome to the Karmazin Trade hall. How may I help you today?" The demoness working the counter asks, having been hastily reassigned from the back rooms when the manager saw multiple demons coming in with a group.

"We have a large number of level 65 magical and epic items to trade, plus a couple of Legendary ones. We would like to purchase a number of skill books and trade the rest for coin or other useful items." Cain explains and the young Demoness' eyes light up.

"They're on commission." Lickity whispers trying to hold in her laughter.

"First up, I heard you've got [Acid Rain] and [Lightning Arrow] books. If you've got two of the Acid Rain books I'll take both. One lightning Arrow is fine. Plus two copies of [Cleave] if you've got it in a ranger compatible book." Cain lists the essentials of what they need so far.

"Let me check on Acid Rain. We might only have the one, it is an A Ranked book, even if it costs so much mana very few care to use it." The counter clerk says, running to the back room and returning with an arm load of books before anyone can come steal her spot and her sale.

"Yes, we've got everything you need. What do you have in trade?" she asks, placing them in a locked box under the counter.

Cain guesses the value of the items he has, based on the value of them in Sunnybrook and puts down all the blue quality magical items, plus half the epic items.

"We can start with this, and I will add what you need to get to the value of my necessary purchases, then we can move on to the rest." The clerk is all business, checking stats against a book and sorting items on a big table behind her before calling over an appraiser to verify.

"You're still a bit short of what we'll need for the books, Grade A skills are precious." The Appraiser says in a conciliatory tone and Cain puts two more epic cloth items on the counter. The man looks them over with a nod and brings out a parchment, using a spell to add the details of their trade before passing it over for Cain's signature.

It all looks in order, so Cain signs and the clerk passes over the book, bouncing happily in her seat.

"No wonder everyone likes you. You do deals worth more than the Guild house just to clear out everyone's inventory." Kone laughs and the appraiser looks shocked.

"Alright, now into the good part." Cain says and the appraiser stops walking away to look at him instead.

"I would like a set of jewelry that increases smithy skill. Another set that increases Tailoring, and to take a look at any Area Attack, Bleed or Poison type skills you have for Rangers and Shamans. Plus anything at all you have for Clerics." Cain instructs, setting the rest of the epic items on the counter along with the few legendary items deemed irredeemably bad or useless to the Guild by Misha and Dimnys.

The appraiser waves for the clerk to get a move on while he examines the trade items.

"All we have for bleed and Poison is [Poison Arrow], if you need it. You bought the Shaman Area attack books we had already. We've got two [Critical Healing] and one [Blind] spell book that can be used by Cleric though. They're all Rank D, but they're cleric books." The clerk says, wondering if someone that powerful will still need cleric books that can be learned at the academy.

"I have Poisoned Arrows already, but I'll take all the cleric books. How are we looking on price?"

"Over 80 percent of this batches price remains. Would you like anything else?" The appraiser asks hopefully.

"Books for mage, rogue and warrior." Cain says firmly and the clerk looks sad.

"We, uh, we sold out of them yesterday, with the Guild war and all."

That makes sense, the most popular classes bought out everything before the huge battle and recruitment.

"Do you have the gold to cover the remainder? The other members will have to do their shopping later." Cain sighs.

"We do, with all the book sales yesterday we're still very well stocked on Gold." The clerk confirms, and a notification pops up asking Cain if he'd like to accept a large sum directly to the Guild Bank, which he confirms.

"Thank you for your business!" The Demonic clerk waves happily as the group stands up to clear the counter for the next group in line, who is staring at them in awe.

"Here, Cleave and Critical Healing for you. Cleave, Acid Rain and Lightning Arrow for me." Cain says, Passing over the books for Kone before using his own and putting the rest in the Guild bank with a note about what was already spent on who, so someone could sort out the distribution of funds. Misha is good at that, maybe she would do it before he had to beg, Cain hoped.

"I can use your Cleave skill." Vala says softly so the others don't hear and Cain smiles. That's exactly what he was hoping for. If his other melee summons can do the same it will be incredible.

"Oh, Cleave is a passive in bear form." Kone exclaims a bit louder than intended then covers her mouth.

"Good find young Druid.." Cixelcid congratulates her, Patting her head.

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

Chapter 80 - 80

"Well, now that you've bought a young service industry worker a new house, should we get going?" Lickity asks, looking around at all the stunned faces that watched their transaction while waiting for a counter.

"Yes, let's head out. We've spent enough time in Karmazin for the day." Cain agrees, leading them all towards the Demon Dungeon.

They manage to escape attention a few blocks from the Hall, and they don't see anyone who recognizes them until they've safely entered the dungeon. A small blessing for their escape plan. If nobody knows how they left, anyone who wants to find them will have to search the woods to see what way they went.

The demons around the Karmazin entrance are a bit low leveled for the group, but Cain is getting anxious to reach level 70, so they decide to clear out everything they find, even if it takes all day to get back to Sunnybrook.

Their luck isn't bad, Cain finds 8 new Demon variants on the way, and he's only a few percent away when they reach the Sunnybrook Exit.

"If we kill a few more packs I'll be level 60." Kone says hopefully.

"Might as well, I just got 63." Cixelcid shrugs.

"No more hunting Succubus though. It's just wrong feeling, killing my own kind, even if they've all gone crazy." Lickity shudders.

"I'm glad we are all in agreement. We'll go until I get 70 and Kone gets 60 and then we'll head back to the gate."

"I think we can skip this birthday party though. A party a riot and then another party is just too busy of a week for me." Kone laughs, drawing the attention of some nearby gargoyles.

Cain drops an Acid Rain on them, frowning at his mana pool. It's a hundred mana a cast, but lasts a minute and follows him around. With the benefit of the added damage from his Golems it's a really good spell for moving through a dungeon quickly, but he needs to change a few items to recover a bit more mana without Char and her mana totem, unless he swaps his Dark Elf Cleric Companions out for Shamans.

"That's level 60!" Kone cheers a few packs later, making Cain look at his progress bar. 99.998% completed. One more kill should do it.

There's an Elite Lamia Witch Doctor ahead, a variant he hasn't seen before. Perfect to celebrate his level.

[Summon Supporter Form Added: Lamia Witch Doctor]

She's a Supporter? Does that mean that Lamia is a possible Transfer option with the random chance? He knows Witch Doctor is a class option, he saw one in Sunnybrook, from the Spirit Folk race, it's an advanced form of the Shaman class, and one of the likely options for Char to see when she reaches level 100, since she focused on support skills.

[Level Up]

The notification comes as the first Demon in the pack falls, and they quickly finish up the rest, the Poison Puddle created by the Witch Doctor doing significant area damage to the group, even with multiple copies of Kone's Spirit Circle up.

[Summon Greater Golem] has reached maximum level. Summons 4 Greater Golems of the chosen type. Increased damage done versus Rank 4.

[Summon Supporter] has reached level 2. Two supporters available. Next rank increases Supporter abilities.

[Please Choose Second Supporter Type]

'Well that's easy, I'll just use the Witch Doctor, she goes well with all the other Lamia.' Cain thinks.

"You've got a snake girl fetish don't you?" Lickity asks, seeing the two new Supporters appear.

"There's an awful lot of them." Cixelcid agrees, petting the head of a Scourge Caster that has wrapped around his leg looking for attention.

"It's not like that. They're Witch Doctors, that advanced Shaman class. But Lamia is the only species I've scanned them in, I wasn't close enough to add the Spirit Folk one I saw last week." Cain protests.

"Whatever you say my friend. They're pretty adorable though." Cixelcid laughs.

They've just set foot in the city when the attack alarms begin to blare, calling for all available Adventurers to assist with a huge Ogre attack from all four sides of the city.

"Welcome to Sunnybrook. Home to Elves, organized streets, and Ogre attacks. We should go take care of that, I'll message the others." Cain laughs, realizing his efforts to get to level 70 in the dungeon were unnecessary, he'd get a half level or more from today's attack.

"Cid and Lickity? What are you two doing here? And guildless?" Misha exclaims when they all meet up to go fight the Ogres. The City guard in charge of assignments says they're the only guild tasked to the south gate, but they should be fine, it's lower density than the other sides, and they're infamously strong.

"Our Guild recruited too many warriors instead of crafters and they staged a hostile takeover. Karmazin City is in shambles right now, half of what wasn't damaged in the fighting was set on fire." Lickity explains, with just a hint of exaggeration.

"We're here to join you lot. You know, farm dungeons, craft shiny things, live the easy life." Cain laughs.

"You've got a point. After everything was sorted, the poorest of us, who bought himself a lot of books, still made over five hundred Gold from today's deposit into the Guild

bank. If we didn't want to rush we could live in luxury right here without doing anything else." Misha points out and most of the others nod.

She's got a point, they've been rushing through the levels so fast under Cain's experience buff that they haven't even had time to relax and enjoy the scenery. Maybe they don't all want to get to level 100 right away and change classes, leaving this valley behind. Change is overrated.

"Since you're about to be members of the Darklight Host, it's only right you get to join us in action." Char laughs, and a soft voice comes from behind them all.

"Are you still recruiting?"

"If you're a good fit personality wise, we certainly are." Cain smiles. "How about you introduce yourself to the Guild? We're all here right now."

"Hi, I'm Candia, a level 54 Vampire Corsair. I use swords and water magic with a limited range as a close quarters damage type fighter. As a vampire I self heal a little bit, so I'm easy to bring along, plus I'm an enchanter, who can make magical jewelry. Well, sort of. I don't really have any good recipes."

"Welcome Candia!" Elmira cheers and they all take turns introducing themselves. The Vala twins just introduce themselves as Level 70 Wrath Demons, but Candia doesn't question the lack of information.

"Now, let's get to work.." Cain sighs, making the rest giggle.

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