

# Reincarnated With A Summoning System

## Chapter 81 - 81

As soon as they leave the gates Cain brings out all his summons.

"No matter how many times I see it, that's always impressive." Char nods her head and looks over the summons.

"There's more of them now, did you get another spell?"

"No, I got to level 70 on the way back and Summon Supporter ranked up. So I added the Lamia Witch Doctors. You'll like them with the be Acid Rain spell, it's a beast on mana, and the new Supporters cast a Regeneration Hex that stacks up to be almost as good as your totem." Cain laughs. Char's mana totem is a Max level skill, with gear enhancing it, even two supporters aren't quite enough to match it.

Candia claps her hands in excitement. "I've heard about these, but I was out of town last time you fought. There's so many summons. This is going to be great."

An Ogre war horn sounds from the East side of town and the invading army starts charging towards the city as Elven arrows rain down on them. They don't seem as upset to see the Wrath Bringers as the Trolls, so they're not ganging up on them, but with eight of them now, they still block a lot of ground in the middle of the Ogre lines. Waves are crashing into the Ogres from Cain's left, sent by the swings of Candia's sword. The Witch Doctors have cast huge Poisoned Puddles turning the battlefield into a swamp for a stretch forty meters wide, and they're about to do it again, doubling the width.

While the Ogres are sinking into the toxic swamp, the defenders stand easily on top of it, not hindered in the least. The Acid Rain spell also doesn't affect the clothes of the Guild members, despite burning the skin off the Ogres all around them. The description says that it will increase in size as it levels up with use, but it's already a very large area for a spell. Cain isn't sure how the damage buff from his [Might of Many] ability applies to the acid rain, but it's doing a fine job of burning through Ogre skin whether it's being applied per hit or divided over the duration.

An Elven horn sounds in the East, calling for reinforcements already, so they start working their way through the Ogres, killing what's convenient instead of totally clearing out the ones on their side. Even if they leave some, there's still the city defense forces to deal with the rest.

Cain notices that his new Supporters rarely if ever cast a heal, but they do have a healing totem, which is convenient. A small but steady stream of regeneration. For their living tanks, who have equipment that adds points to healing received, the increased

number of small healing ticks simply floods them with excess healing faster than they're taking damage.

The East Gate signals that they've received the reinforcements that they needed, so the group slows their advance, clearing up the south side better than they were. The Guild notices that there are Ogre reinforcements in the distance, but they're not approaching. Maybe they don't want to waste forces on a well defended front?

That seems to be the case as they're moving west, past the beleaguered South forces. The Darklight Host has reached the end of the Southern Front and is working their way back West following the Ogre troops looking for their spot to join the battle when the retreat is sounded. With the signal given, the Ogres pull back, quickly vanishing into the distance.

The Guild circles the city, lending healing where needed and assessing the damage. The Ogre King didn't show this time, but the Phalanx formation was seen at the North Wall, indicating that the Elite troops were here. That's also where the worst of the casualties are, even when they were prepared the transfers and city guard had a hard time dealing with a shield wall of Ogres.

"That was intense." Mythryll sighs, looking around at the mess.

"No kidding, they don't often attack every wall at the same time. Maybe twice year maximum." Dimnys agrees.

"Well, let's all head home and look over today's drops." Misha says and Candia gives her an excellent attempt at puppy eyes, despite her vampire red irises.

"Yes, you're in. Come with us." the cleric laughs, knowing nobody will object.

[Darklight Host has gained a member]

[Candia has joined the Guild]

"Don't worry guys, only a few more hours and your deserter tags will wear off so we can add you too." Cain consoles Cixelcid and Lickity.

They're getting especially strange looks today, and Cain realizes that while he dismissed most of the summons, he forgot about the Supporters. They didn't set off the skill use alarm, but the presence of a pair of Lamia inside the city isn't something people see every day. That's good to know though, Supporters are close enough to party members that they don't trigger the protective spell.

After dinner the new Guild members are all added, and they're free to choose rooms. Both Vampires choose rooms in the basement, so Cain contacts the Dwarf they used

for the last round of renovations to do two more rooms, but Lickity takes a room up on the second floor with the other light loving Guild members.

"What are the chances we can go see Graska next?" Dimnys asks.

"I've got some recipes that need items that say they only come from there, and they should have more smithy materials that are hard to get here. It is the Dark Dwarven hometown after all."

"It's only ten levels above me, I don't see why we couldn't make our way there through the Demon Dungeon. Get you some new toys and maybe make some new items for our plate and chain armor wearing friends." Cain nods. Cixelcid is a plate wearer, but the Corsair is a leather wearing class with a very Pirate looking visual theme.

Kone, ever the intrepid explorer, decides to come with them, but the rest all opt out in favor of socializing with the new members and old friends or catching up on projects.

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

## Chapter 82 - 82

Once they get into the Dungeon, Cain checks the map he has, verifying landmarks against what's written.

"Looks like the map is correct, let's get a move on. The monsters are going to be tough as we get closer to the exit, ten levels higher than the Naga Raid, so try not to get hit." Cain smiles at his companions. Getting hit is never in the plan, that's what the summons are for.

They make their way carefully through the dungeon, making sure not to pull extra pack or patrols, which brings a sense of nostalgia for Cain. That's how they had to do it when they first entered the Demon Dungeon, because they were under leveled and the demons would attack the party members instead of the summons if they weren't careful.

"Why must there be so many Wrath Demons?" Kone complains softly, to not be heard by nearby demons. "They hit so hard."

"Yeah, my damage stacking ability only works well if we're constantly in combat, this sort of sneaky method cuts out a good portion of my damage, and we don't have the whole group together to make up for it. You're doing fine though, nobody is getting low on health or mana."

"I think it's just the stress of being the only Healer in the group getting to her. In the Raid she always has Misha." Dimnys suggests.

"Yeah, with her here I know I'm fine." Kone says and the Dark Elven Clerics Cain always picks a his Supporters give her a look as if to say "what are we then?"

"See, you've got two other healers here still. They just don't talk much. Now, let's get through these last couple of packs and make sure that gate we can see leads to Graska."

They dismiss all the summons except the Vala twins so that they'll appear to be a 5 person group when they exit and step through the gate. The sight in the other side is glorious, an entire city carved out of a mountain. Not inside the mountain, like Cain had seen in movies during his past life, but the city is the mountain. The outside is elaborate buildings of dark granite, huge tunnels head to a subterranean city center, and a second dungeon portal sits only a hundred meters away, enclosed in the same guarded compound.

"Who are you then?" The dark Dwarf guard asks when they appear. "I would have remembered a group like yours entering the dungeon."

"Just transfers looking for smithy materials." Cain answers and the guard nods, still suspicious of them.

"City entry fee is a silver per head, no matter which city you came from, and don't try to tell me you started your morning here." The Dwarf holds out an official coin pouch and points to a visitors register that looks to have been collecting dust. Clearly, they don't get many visitors through the dungeon, but they know it is possible.

Cain pays the five silver without complaint, not wanting trouble while they're here to buy supplies. That night be easier said than done though, he hasn't seen anyone but Dark Dwarves since they arrived. Dimnys fits right in, but the rest of them stand out like a sore thumb, all but Kone tower over the locals and their fashion is very different from what is common here.

"I think it's best if you book the hotel room." Cain stage whickers to Dimnys and one of the Dwarves walking by chuckles.

"Try the Stag Head near the market row gate. They're about the only one that serves human food." He says pointing towards a section of town a few hundred meters down the mountain. It's got all sorts of colorful cloth set up over the stalls, so it's likely where all the visitors go, and not the section up here by the dungeons, which looks very heavily guarded.

"What's Graska's local food like?" Cain asks, curious.

"We like meat, and whiskey, and potatoes soaked in Ale." The Dwarf shrugs.

"Where the nearest place to eat then? I'd love to give that a try." Cain smiles and the Dwarf wraps an arm around his waist.

"You just follow me son. We'll get you fed up good or my names not Ragnar." the Dwarf says, dragging them through an alley into a dimly lit basement pub full of Dwarven miners.

"Bertha, we've got a human in. Came through the Dungeon and wants to try Graska's favorite foods." Ragnar shouts into the back room where a wrinkled old Dwarven woman is cooking.

"You got money?" The old woman asks and Cain slaps a large Ruby he picked up in the Naga Raid onto the table.

"Will that do for the evening?" he asks and the woman's wrinkles almost disappear behind her smile.

"See that boys, he even knows how to properly pay for dinner. Drinks are on him." Bertha yells into the quiet room, which suddenly becomes much more lively.

There's pixies in the rafters, raining dust down on them when the Bartender returns with large mugs of what Cain assumes is Ale. He is wrong, only one is Ale, the one for Dimnys, who Bertha declares is still too young for the Whiskey which fills Cain's mug. Kone gets some sort of spiced milk drink she finds delicious if the happy sigh is anything to go by.

"Dwarven Ox milk with pixie honey and cinnamon is what we feed all the children." Ragnar tells Cain.

"Doesn't look like she minds." Cain says as Dimnys slams an empty mug down on the table, foam surrounding her mouth.

"Another if you would please." Dimnys says politely, looking longingly at her empty mug.

"Came from Elven territory did you? Their liquor doesn't sit as well in a Dwarven body." Rupert laughs as the little warrior downs another mug before sipping the third.

The meal consists of an entire roast, with potatoes boiled in honey mead with a side of bread and a large salad for Kone.

"I'm a transfer too, so I'm not totally vegetarian. But I thank you for thinking of me." Kone laughs, cutting off a side of roast to go with her salad and potatoes.

Halfway through the mug of whiskey, Cain needs a heal to keep going, and then another near the bottom.

"Forgive me for being a lightweight, but I had best stick to mead or Ale.." Cain hiccups while Ragnar and the miners cheer him on.

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

## Chapter 83 - 83

The tavern ends up being a speakeasy in the basement of the rooming house where Ragnar lives, their liquor homemade and untaxed. Bertha had extra rooms, so she asks for the Vala twins to help carry everyone upstairs, including a few trips with other residents who have passed out, and gets them settled for the night.

They meet back downstairs for breakfast the next day to help get themselves oriented and find out a bit more about the city. It turns out that the mountain is surrounded by light Fae territory, who embargo trade with the Dark Dwarves, so seeing an outside face is unusual. For that reason, they also don't accept outside coin, so all outside trade is done in goods and materials. This concerns Dimnys quite a bit, but Cain assures her he's brought a lot of Gems and such along that nobody needed so far in their crafting.

The Naga Raid contains a load of them, and they clear all the good stuff every run, but the designs they make only use one or two gems each, leaving a large stockpile. One that they now intend to use to trade for materials they do need.

"Ragnar, old friend. What is the mountain most in need of? I've got a pretty good selection, and I don't want to waste anyone's time bartering through items they can get locally." Dimnys asks when the Dwarf comes down for breakfast. Dwarven Ale and whiskey didn't seem to give anyone the sort of hangovers the Elven wines and liquors do.

"If you've got cloth and wool, it does well here. and gemstones. The mountain is rich in metals, but low on gems." He says after a moment's thought.

"Then we should do alright. There's a Naga Raid in Sunnybrook, on the east side of the beginners valley, that is loaded with gems." Dimnys explains and his eyes light up.

"You came that far? They'll appreciate it even more then. Furs and Leather we're good on. The other dungeon is a Beastkin dungeon, and there's leather and fur everywhere for the asking. It's a bit easier than the Demon Dungeon too, but a lot more crowded, like the dungeon was the middle of a city before everyone went feral."

More crowded than the Demon Dungeon? That ones already like being in a ruined city, with groups of demons on every block. They'll definitely have to check that out later, once Dimnys gets the materials they came here for.

"Care to lead us to the best places to find these items?" Cain says, setting their list and an amethyst down on the table.

"I reckon I could do that." Ragnar smiles, pocketing the stone. "The metal forges are above us a little, and inside the hill. We'll start there. Then the specialty leathers are down by the trade row, we'll do them last, grabbing everything else on the way." He's making little map notes on the sheet, planning his route for the day so nothing is wasted.

Soon after they leave the boarding house, Cain realizes what the strange looks are about. With the city under blockade, only authorized merchants with approved goods can get through easily. The average resident doesn't know you can go through the Demon Dungeon, not that the average resident could make it even if they tried, so the assumption is that they broke the Fae blockade by force. And anyone who both could and would do that is a very dangerous person.

The metal smiths are happy to do business with Dimnys though. A Dark Dwarf is welcome anywhere in town. They're so happy to talk with her that Cain sends up having to drag her away from the forge so that they can finish their shopping.

"We've got a list to fill remember? You can come back and visit tomorrow, and the day after that too if you like, but first let's fill the Guild bank with what we came here for." Cain tells the reluctant Smith, who keeps looking back until long after the forge is out of sight.

It is mid afternoon by the time they finish. Misha ordered a huge amount of leather, and every kind and quality imaginable is available here. With a little luck Kone will be getting a full new set of armor soon. The Guild Bank function in their interface makes moving items and gear between members simple no matter the distance. The text based Guild messages are a bit lacking in comparison, as you never know if your intended recipient has seen them unless they answer.

"Did you guys want to check out the Beastkin dungeon before we go back? It might be some easy experience." Cain suggests, eager to see what the zone is like.

"Sure, it's another area dungeon like the Demon Dungeon, so maybe it also leads to towns with exits?" Kone suggests.

"Either way, it's a new dungeon to explore. How about it Dimnys?"

She only ends up reluctantly agreeing because she doesn't want to get left out if they find something fun inside the dungeon. Mythryll told her the story of the time they found



a hot springs in a boss room and camped out for the night. That doesn't seem likely this time, but you never know.

"Be careful when you go in, they like to crowd the entrance. There's something wrong with the creatures in there. But the leather is our biggest export, so feel free to try your hand." says the dungeon guard when they approach.

"Did it have exits like the other one?" Dimnys asks and he shakes his head.

"Not that anyone has found."

"Mind if I activate some skills before we enter? Since they're known to crowd the entrance and we've got young ladies present." Cain asks with his best smile.

"Have at, if you think it will help." the Dwarf laughs then goes quiet when Cain calls the Wrath Bringers to lead the way into the Beastkin dungeon.

"That's some skill that a Puppet Master Gets.." Ragnar whistles in appreciation, waving goodbye as they exit.

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

## Chapter 84 - 84

The guard wasn't kidding about the residents of this dungeon. They have surrounded the entrance, red eyed and enraged, dozens of them attacking the Wrath Bringers the second they enter. Cain immediately calls forth the Lamia Scourge Casters and the Poisoned Wasps to push back enough space to let the others enter safely before calling out the two Dark Elven Clerics and the two Lamia Witch Doctors that make up his Supporter summons for the run.

The Beastkin are a few levels higher than Cain, but he's got more than sufficient buffs to put him on par with them and more. Realizing he's wasting chances to add to his summons, he gets to recording them as fast as he can before any of the species and class combinations present die out entirely. Once the area is finally clear, everyone takes a break to catch their breath and Cain checks his notifications.

[Summonable Companion Recorded]

[Summon Lesser Beastkin Companion 18/50]



Lesser Beastkin companion? That sounds a lot like a furry version of Vala. Did the ability that created her enable the creation of other types of companions? There is no way he's leaving without a new companion now.

"The Companion Creation ability that created Vala when I recorded 50 kinds of demons is active again. I'm at 18 out of 50 kinds of Beastkin towards creating another companion." He informs the others.

"Am I being replaced?" Vala asks sadly, hurting his heart to hear.

"No, this will be a Lesser Beastkin Companion, it's worded as an additional spell and not a different form of you." Cain says, making the Demonic twins smile.

"Will they be cuddly?"

"Maybe? The ability seemed to optimize the form based on what it calculated that I needed at the moment. You took the form of a Wrath Demon to give additional healing and a damage buff to the group. I don't know what it will decide we need this time, or what the companion will look like."

"I agree, it had better be cuddly. We've already got smooth and warm right here in Vala's wings." Dimnys laughs.

"We will find out soon, more are incoming."

It's like they've angered the entire dungeon, they just keep attacking, wave after wave of mindlessly enraged Beastkin.

[Summon Lesser Beastkin Companion 49/50]

"Next one will be fifty. But when I record it, the one I pick will likely become an Elite on the level of a dungeon boss. So be prepared and I'll try to pick something that won't be too insane as our opponent." Cain warns the others, still gathered around the entrance of the dungeon.

For a few minutes there are no new types, then a crocodile headed, axe wielding warrior arrives from one side. Perfect, that's the first one of that species they've seen, and it doesn't look like a Healer or spell Caster.

[Summon Lesser Beastkin Companion 50/50]

Kill Quest opponent to finalize creation.

The crocodile type Beastkin swells to 5 meters tall, larger than even the Wrath Bringers, who do not seem happy about that fact. He now shows as elite and not boss quality

though, so he only enhanced one stage and facing a boss level opponent last time was Cain's fault for picking an Elite opponent to complete the ability quest.

With a mighty roar the Elite monster slams its axe into the shield of a Wrath Bringer, pulling the huge Demon off balance before having to twist away from the incoming flaming swords of the party's tanks. Four have broken off to deal with this new opponent, while the others are dealing with the mass of Beastkin that just keeps coming. The Scourge Casters and Kone's bears hit half a dozen with every attack, and multiple area damage abilities are active, but it's just not enough to get ahead of the waves.

The Elite crocodile is not a fan of flaming swords it seems. The creature's skin is scorched and split, blood trickles from dozens of partially cauterized wounds and it is roaring in pain, bringing more forms of crocodile people into the fight.

"We've got to be doing something wrong. They'd have said if the whole fight was just defending the gate." Kone yells over the noise.

She's good a point, this is not at all normal. could it be because of his ability? Probably not, it started before he recorded a single Beastkin. But then what? The buildings around them are tall enough that the Wrath Bringers shouldn't be visible from any significant distance. Could it be that the smell of demons or maybe of a human is drawing them in? There's got to be an answer, but Cain just can't think of a way to find out what it is.

[Opponent Defeated. Quest Complete]

[Configuring Beastkin Companion]

[Configuration Complete. Summon Companion?] Y/N

Two matched figures fade into existence, far more beast than kin, like the vast majority of the opponents they've faced in here. They've got creamy white fur, fading to black at the muzzle and ears, plus on their hands and feet. Their heads are distinctly feline, and their bodies are covered in short creamy fur, with long, fluffy tails ending in a black tip. Seal Point pattern, Cain recalls this set of markings is called.

Their outfits are more fit for a belly dancer than an adventurer, with a short sleeved black silk top that only covers the upper arms to the breasts, stopping right underneath them, tied with a golden clasp. The calf length black skirts are split up both sides and attached to a golden belt, leaving both thighs bare. They're not wearing shoes, but their legs end in padded feline feet.

The effect is unexpected to say the very least, but both immediately take out a lute and start playing a mellow Song that calms the attackers and stops the incoming waves of Beastkin.

"That's a relief. Thank you both, what should we call you?" Cain says, taking the opportunity to pat both heads. Though they've got longer cream colored fur on top of their heads, giving the impression of a bob cut despite the fact they're fully furred, even the shorter fur of their ears is very soft.

"We like to be called Nemu." They both answer, then hiss at each other. "No I am Nemu. You can be something else." One insists.

"We're clones you silly Felian, of course we're both Nemu." the other argues. "How did you two solve this problem?" this is directed at one Vala twin, who has taken a short break to check out the new party member.

"We're the Vala twins." She shrugs and goes back to fighting.

"We can decide later. First, you play a jaunty tune to get things moving while I pacify the Feral Beastkin." The original Nemu instructs. The tune is an enhancement spell, increasing attack speed and dodge rate. The Felian Companions are bards by class, according to Cain's interface. They can use slings or daggers, but their primary role is to buff and debuff. The pacify effect is working very well, only a few opponents are coming at a time and the backlog is almost cleared up.

"So, tell your new friend Nemu something. Why would you bring thirty demons into a dungeon full of Beastkin? They can smell you from miles away.." the Felian Bard asks, tilting her head in confusion.

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

## Chapter 85 - 85

That was the problem? That they could smell the demons? Well, that's something he should have predicted.

"I may have forgotten about their sernse of smell?" Cain says as a question and Vala laughs at him while she fights.

"I think we've got what we need don't we? My inventory is getting full with all the fur and leather." Dimnys says, backing towards the gate.

"Yeah, we're done for the day, you girls follow Vala out and I'll be right behind you. Nemu, keep them pacified until everyone is out, you leave with me." Cain gives the exit instructions and Vala breaks free of combat to have the dungeon.

The rest quickly follow and Cain drags his new companions to the gate, ready to dismiss his summons.

"Master, aren't you going to dismiss us?" Nemu asks.

"No, I keep companions active, since they're intelligent. Now, off we go." Cain dismisses everyone but the companions and steps out of the dungeon, holding both Nemu's hand.

"Friend, you're a full time guard at this station, right?" Cain asks and the guard nods.

"12 hours a day, 4 days on, 4 off." He confirms.

"Excellent. Tell the next idiot that tries to enter with a Demon that he's an idiot. They can smell them from over a mile away and will attack constantly. We've been at the gate fighting since we entered." Cain complains.

"Got it. So I'll tell you tomorrow then?"

"Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow." Cain laughs and the group heads off to find Ragnar, or the boarding house, whichever comes first.

Ragnar ends up being only a block away, joining them once he's finished talking with his friend. "As lovely as they are, you know it's customary to leave the Beastkin inside the dungeon right?"

"It's an ability unique to my class. When conditions are right it generates twin companions based on what it thinks I need."

"And you needed scantily clad twin cat girls? I understand that feeling, but actually making them is going a bit far, don't you think?" Ragnar laughs.

"No, I needed Bards, and this is the Beastkin bard form it picked." Cain tries to make his new companions seem less like a nefarious plot on his part.

"Can they sing and play? The house could use some entertainers for the evening." Bertha startles them all, seeming to come out of nowhere.

"Indeed we can. The Lute, the Pan Flute, drums and the Harp. We even know a selection of Dwarven Bar Tunes." Nemu informs her proudly.

"In that case, how about you entertain tonight? The Boarding House has a lot of miners, but no musicians."

Within ten minutes of their arrival, the basement speakeasy begins to fill up with far more people than could possibly live at the house above, and not just men as the house holds. Word must have spread that they had live entertainment tonight.

"Thank you all for coming!" Nemu says happily when she comes up on the stage in the corner that normally serves as empty keg storage. The basement roof is high, and the timber thick, so the acoustics aren't too bad, even with the stone walls.

"Let's start out with a traditional favorite. Sweet Home In The Mountain." The Felian girls have taken out a lute and a drum for this number, an upbeat happy tune with an unmistakable rhythm Cain immediately recognizes from his past life. It truly is universally catchy he guesses.

After that they move into Copper Mine Road, and Free Purr, a favorite of the Felian race. As the night gets later and the patrons get drunker the music moves to bouncy dancing songs and then bawdy drinking songs.

"I met a girl in Stoneheim, I loved her all to bits. Every night I'd lay me head upon her mountainous tits." the whole bar sings along with the tune and Cain decides it might be best to move impressionable young minds to bed, only to find that Kone is asleep in the corner of the booth and Dimnys is also passed out with her head on the table. Cain had been passing on the rounds of whiskey shots, served in half full scotch glasses, but the Dwarf hasn't. Good thing Dwarven liquor doesn't give them hangovers.

An hour or so later the bards have moved into slower songs, winding down the night and the bar starts to empty.

"Now that is what I call a proper night at the tavern. If we were a legitimate business I'd ask you to stay and play every night." Bertha laughs.

"As it is, I'll be hiding the home brew and putting those empty kegs back on the stage as camouflage in case the tax collectors show up. See the stamps? It means the tax to the Brewers Union has been paid."

"I'm glad you had fun. Having these two around definitely made our night more interesting as well." Cain laughs, motioning towards the bards now sticky with spilled drinks after many rounds with the locals between songs and smelling of whiskey and high quality pipe tobacco.

Bertha leads all the girls who are still awake towards a private shower, while Cain carries Dimnys and Kone up to their beds, leaving one of the Vala twins with them while the other decides to read in his bedroom.

Being so close to the Forges, the Rooming House is always warm, but not normally as warm as Cain is the next morning. Plus something is heavy. He carefully opens his eyes to find black cloth covering his face.

One of the Nemu twins has curled up to sleep with him. Not as humans cuddle, but with the bottom half of her body flopped across his chest and the upper curled around his head and over his face, absorbing maximum body heat, as cats are fond of doing. If it weren't so hot in this room it would actually be very comfortable.

"Good morning Nemu. Have a good nap?" Cain laughs, knowing that the Companions created by the spell don't actually need to sleep. In fact, Vala uses the light of her sword's flame to read all night. She's developed quite the repertoire of literature in her memory.

"Yes, the nap was amazing, but I think the other Nemu did even better. She's got a Dwarf on one side and the Spirit Folk girl on the other, it seems pretty comfy to me."

They all go to the other room to wake the girls for breakfast, finding a purring Nemu being tightly cuddled by the two girls. Maybe it's better to just leave them be.. Cain has the original with him, so he can gear her without waking the others.

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

## Chapter 86 - 86

Nemu is a cloth wearer, and her debuff abilities use mana, though not much. What Cain has messaged Misha to look for, after explaining his new Companions, is anything with an increased chance for a debuff to take effect. Some creatures have natural resistance to magic, like they do to poison or elemental attacks.

The bards can not only pacify, but use an effect that slows or weakens the targets. It doesn't last long after they stop playing, so in practical use they can only create two effects between them, but the effects are incredible. Their motivational tune adds a third to their allies attack speed, not to be underestimated in this particular group, while the weaken drops enemy armor and strength by 20 percent.

Misha doesn't take long to find a set of clothes for Nemu, though Cain wishes that the base Stat modifiers weren't hidden by the system. It's hard to tell what sort of change they're having, other than the listed secondary bonuses.

No matter what items they change on Nemu, it only adds varying colors of metal bangles at her wrists, without any change to her actual outfit. The same sort of thing happened with Vala, gear appearance was gear appearance. Though he did expect it to change the actual default outfit to a new one, not just add a single set of accessories.

The three of them head out into the city for a quick exploration while the others sleep. The copies of the companions will keep the girls safe and let them know when they wake up.

The friendly greetings of the patrons from the speakeasy are helping to break the ice, cutting down the number of suspicious looks they're receiving compared to yesterday. Cain finds the city is actually very warm and welcoming once you get past that hardened exterior.

They find the trade hall within twenty minutes and step into line to trade some of yesterday's leather drops that nobody had a recipe for, leaving a small stack of them in the now crowded Guild Bank. Cain gets a couple kegs of local mead and a small one of whiskey in exchange, along with a collection of smithy, alchemy and Tailoring tools. Such items wear out with use, so they might as well stock up while spending time in the city that specializes in them.

Misha and Lickity demand more of the Tailoring tools the moment he adds them to the Guild bank, saying they're much higher quality than the ones available locally. The Elven craftsmen only sell the good stuff to Elven nobles. The counter staff have no problem with this, happily asking him to browse the goods on display while they go fetch the items.

Off in a corner, buried among the mining equipment, the bonus on a set of legendary Brigandine pants catches Cain's eye.

[Earth Movers Boon] doubles construct damage when underground or in a dungeon.

"They catch your eye? They're popular with the Earth Mages, we keep a good stock of lower quality ones too if you like. A local Smith got a lucky roll and these came out with the legendary quality upgrade and perfect construct damage added. Only, with the blockade, none of the miners are willing to spend so much on equipment to help their Earth Golems dig." The clerk tells him, coming back with his order.

"Are there more pieces to the set? Maybe chest boots and gloves?" Cain says hopefully.

"It's a two piece set, pants and boots, as that's all miners usually wear at work. But we've got some quality boots too, and more affordable pants." The Dwarf informs him.

"How much for the pants, and the highest bonus boots you've got? My class uses summons for combat you see, and those stacking bonuses are amazing for me."

The man with his tangled black beard whoops in joy. "I'll bring you the best of the best a Dwarf can make if you've got the coin." He declares running into the back room.



Cain sorts through his items, seeing that most of the expendable items are already gone. He sends a Guild message asking for high quality and magical cloth, any sort will do, explaining he needs it to trade for new equipment here and will reimburse the cost. Looking at their listed prices, it's best to trade. The price of quality cloth is ten times as high here as it is in Sunnybrook, which has a large number of textile mills.

If his goal was to get rich, simply standing here and trading items back and forth would do it in a day. Why nobody else is doing it baffles Cain, at least until he realizes he hasn't seen a single other transfer anywhere in this city. He asks about it and finds out that Dark Dwarves, like the Dark Elves, aren't a transfer race, all the ones you see with an interface were born here. So without transfers in the city, they truly are embargoed.

They also caution him to be discrete trading foreign goods, as the Light Fae forces might attack him, or flag his Guild as enemies if they find out, which would be very bad for the members home in Sunnybrook on the other side of the beginners valley. That in mind, Cain asks for a private room to trade in goods that didn't come from the local dungeon, away from any potential informants and prying eyes who might cause trouble over his new gear.

"Here you go sir. The Legendary pants, as well as a pair of epic boots with a near perfect roll for construct damage as well as casting cost reduction." The clerk says returning with his manager just after Cixelcid transfers twenty bolts of high end Elven Spell Silk into the Guild bank.

"So, what might an adventurer such as yourself have in his inventory that would call for a private room, even after trading so much to us?" The manager asks intrigued.

Cain sets a bolt of Spell Silk on the table between them with a smile and the man gasps. This material is ridiculously expensive even in Sunnybrook, but Lickity can create it out of standard silk with a few materials and time.

"I've got a few more of them to make up the total cost of the items, but I thought it would be best if the rest of the building didn't see this." Cain explains.

"Wise choice, if the embargo knew you had brought this to the city they would declare war on both you and your Guild. Many of our Tailoring recipes require enchanted Silk, but we have no Silk at all. The silk worms live in the forest below the mountain and they block us from getting anywhere near them."

"How many bolts of the silk for the two items?" Cain asks, getting down to business.

"Three will do, but we can work a deal if you've got more.." The merchant smiles, stroking his prodigious beard.

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

## Chapter 87 - 87

"What sort of deal? I don't want to end up in real trouble with the Light Fae, after all, I've got some in my Guild, and they're living in an Elven city. Having them face repercussions would be a major problem." Cain explains.

"I understand you came from across the valley through the dungeon. Any cloth you trade will go directly to the royal family's tailors anonymously. Just name your price."

"Give me a moment to ask my Guild what they need and I'll let you know." Cain replies.

[Did you make the Spell Silk Lickity? If so, what do you want for it?] Cain sends a message to the Guild and waits for a response.

[I did, and I've got more if you need. Find me recipes for leather, we're short on leather armor recipes but have lots of materials] Lickity sends back a few seconds later.

"I'll need all the high quality leather armor recipes I can buy." Cain responds.

"We've no shortage of those, Do you have one or two more bolts of cloth?" The manager asks.

"You misunderstand. I would like a copy of Every high quality leather recipe you have. I have seventeen more bolts of the Spell Silk to trade." Cain says seriously.

"Would you like a smithy in the heart of the mountain with that? I'm not certain our entire stock of recipes is worth that much, but I'll get you what we have." The manager says with a rueful laugh.

He leaves and comes back with a stack of books. Twelve epic and three legendary leather recipes. That should be enough to keep Lickity happy and busy for a while.

"We've got second copies of the epic books, but legendary Tailoring recipes are hard to come by even for us." The Dwarf explains.

"If a second copy of the epic recipes could be included I would call that more than fair trade price." Cain agrees. He's definitely overcharging these unfortunate Dwarves, but the extra books can go to Misha and cut back on arguments within the Guild.

"You've got a deal." He goes to get the rest of the books and Cain places all twenty bolts of cloth on the table.

"That's a magnificent sight. The royal family will thank you. Or would if they knew it was you who provided them. It's been a pleasure doing business." He says handing over the books, which Cain adds to the Guild bank with a smile before heading to the door.

"I told you he'd accept the price in uncut gems with a little persuasion." Cain says to Vala, equipping his new gear with a big smile.

"Excellent negotiating boss." Nemu giggles, checking out his backside. "These ones look just like the other ones though. But with more pockets."

She's right, they're black leather cargo pants with layered metal plates inside. They're pretty comfortable though.

They return to the Rooming House just as the rest of the party starts dragging themselves out of bed. According to Kone, it's far too comfortable to get out of bed, but she's getting hungry. She should be, it's almost noon.

"You understand we're taking turns right?" The Nemu that went with Cain says to her twin. "You're definitely not hogging the warmth every morning. Master gets out of bed way too early."

Kone and Dimnys laugh, knowing that they're usually out of bed at the same time, but not having the heart to tell the nap loving Felian.

"What is the plan for the day? Trading items, or have we finished?" Dimnys asks.

"We're done. I took care of it this morning, and even found some equipment made for Earth Mage miners that adds to construct damage, so I've gotten a nice little buff." an extra 175 percent of Construct damage to be precise, and not base damage, so the difference will be very clear the next time they enter the dungeon.

"Good, you're still here." The trade hall manager calls running through the house towards them on stumpy legs "I've just returned from the Royal Palace and they have a request for you. They'd like your Guild to mediate a meeting with the Fae Alliance that has the mountain under siege."

Cain looks around to his party members, who don't seem to have an issue with the idea. "I don't see why not. Lead the way manager."

"Oh, thank you. With an impartial third party maybe it won't devolve into violence again. I don't know what proposal they will put forth this time, but it's usually offensive enough that it turns into a brawl." The merchant explains, leading them down the mountain towards the main gates.

"Should we arrive as we are, or with a show of force to let everyone know we can enforce our opinions, should things get ugly?" Cain asks.

"The Fae Alliance brought ten Stone Trolls, The King will bring ten Frost Giant Warriors. If you can do something similar, feel free, if not, just do the best you can on short notice. You're just there to referee anyhow." The manager shrugs to show he doesn't expect them to actually do much but help calm the arguments.

Cain records the Frost Giants and Stone Trolls as he passes, both of which are Greater Golem Summons for him, before stopping short of the meeting to Summon his Eight Wrath Bringers, ordering them to stand by in a group to one side, between the guardians of both parties.

"Greetings mediator." The Fae Alliance starts before halting, flustered as she takes in their odd grouping. A human, a Dark Dwarf, a Spirit Folk child, two Wrath Demons and two Felian women.

"I must say, that's not what I expected when he said he'd found a neutral Guild to mediate." The Spirit Folk Elder says, still looking at them strangely.

"We get that a lot. We've got Elves and Vampires in our ranks too, though not present in the city." Cain smiles.

"As promised, they're not aligned with the mountain, their Guild is registered in Sunnybrook in the far east." The advisor next to the Dwarven King says in a curt tone.

"They will do. Let us begin." The Fae Alliance group says formally, taking their seats around the table.. This meeting might be many things, but it won't be boring.

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

## Chapter 88 - 88

"I can sense by the atmosphere that the Fae Alliance has something important to say. Shall we have them open today's proceedings?" Cain says to break up the glares.

"As our mediator may not know, Graska is the furthest Northern city within the Fae controlled western territory. With the Ogres having won the long war against the Trolls and beginning to move south to annex more territory, the Fae Alliance requires a defensible front line staging area. So again we have come here to request you peacefully relinquish control of the city."

The entire Darklight Host contingent facepalms as one.

"Now listen here you Fairy bugging little punk." The Dwarven King begins before Cain steps forward to stop the argument.

"Clearly you already knew that approach was not going to work. Do you have an alternate suggestion, or would you prefer for me to come up with something?" Cain insists of the Fae Alliance representative.

"It's perfectly reasonable, all other cities in the area have joined under control of the council, except these stubborn Dwarves." the representative counters.

"Let me see if I can explain the problem in a different way, and one of your advisors can then relate it to you. Young Fairy advisor, what might your name be?" Cain asks of the fairy on the representative's shoulder.

"I am Nimuet, young Human Advisor." The fairy answers with a grin.

"Well met Nimuet, I'm called Cain. The way the Dwarves are understanding your proposal is like this. Say a group of Pixies and their friends came to your garden and demanded you turn it over to their control. You could stay, but an army of pixies would make all the decisions." yes, going by the enraged look on the Fairy's face that explanation got through.

"That's totally different. Pixies would be everywhere, trampling the garden, getting in the way. Plus, what do Pixies know of running a garden anyhow?" Nimuet shouts in their high pitched voice.

"To Dwarves, the mountain is their Garden." Cain explains and the Fae Alliance group huddles up to talk while Nimuet goes on an anti Pixie rant.

"So there's no way we will be allowed in?" The negotiator asks after they finish their conversation. If 'give us your territory because we want it' us the extent of their willingness to consider alternatives, the word Alliance might not have any bearing on how things are run in the Fae Alliance.

"Have you considered cooperation? Asking them for shelter for your armies as you prepare to fight, and fighting beside their armies against your common enemy, that being the Ogres? It's working out East, everyone gets together and fights when the Ogres attack Sunnybrook." Kone says, hoping that a different voice might help.

"You trust Dwarves with battle tactics?" One of the advisors asks disdainfully.

"Have you looked at our Guild? Everyone makes the decisions they need to." Vala laughs, flapping her wings for balance and reminding the two groups that she's a Demon.

"We could let them camp in the barracks at the bottom of the mountain, but only on the North Side, I don't trust them behind me in battle." The Dwarven King concedes. "And they'd have to drop the embargo."

"If you would just join the Alliance the embargo would end today. Why should we let goods go to a city that is not part of the Alliance?"

Cain is beginning to understand just how deeply the two groups despise each other. It's like trying to mediate an argument between toddlers over a toy.

"It's alright if you want to keep the embargo, we've got enough food, leather and metal to last a hundred lifetimes. How's your army holding out?" The Dwarven King asks in a Teasing voice.

"You know very well how it's going." The negotiator snaps back.

Finally a chance to accomplish something. "How about a trade deal? Certainly both sides can agree to that. Trading items you've got an excess of with each other. It doesn't break the embargo if it's directly between the two governments." Cain suggests and Vala does her best not to laugh at that logic.

"We could hold it right here this afternoon. No coin needed, just trading merchandise. I can even attend with a standard price book from both sides to mediate exchanges."

They both begrudgingly agree to the exchange, as their forces need what the other has, and the meeting breaks up to reconvene in four hours.

"Not only did nobody die, they didn't even throw a punch. You're a miracle worker." the Trade hall manager gushes in appreciation.

"Even better, they've agreed to hold a trade of goods between factions. The King's party has gone to collect leather and either metal ingots or weapons."

This trade fair might just be the most awkward thing Cain has ever encountered. Both sides have brought appraisers, as well as the Darklight Guild, who has a copy of the valuation books from both factions. The goods are clearly what the other party needs, but they don't want to seem too eager and tip their hand as to how desperate their situation really is.

Other than raw materials, the two most common requests are alchemy potions and non iron weapons. Many Fae are sensitive to the metal and the Dark Dwarves make a great number of magical weapons from enchanted bronze, brass and mythrill.

The Fae Alliance is severely short on weapons of all sorts, even more than they're short on manpower to deal with the Ogres. They eventually convince the Dwarves to trade

them a half dozen siege Cannons which look like they'd be good against Ogres, but hard to aim.

"Is there an Ogre King out west here like there is attacking Sunnybrook?" Cain asks, trying to break the tension.

"Not that we've seen, but there are 13 of them in total, they're like regional chiefs. With the victory over the Trolls the Ogres now control almost all of the Northern valley, so they're likely too busy to accompany the attacking forces." The Fae Ambassador replies, frowning at the thought of facing an Ogre King.

"How does Sunnybrook deal with extra intelligent Ogres using military tactics?" The Dark Dwarven King asks Cain, eyes glinting with the desire to hear a good battle tale.

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

## Chapter 89 - 89

"Dealing with the Phalanx formation of the Elite Ogres isn't easy. Elven arrows can't penetrate the thick shields, even with strong abilities, so almost all of the defensive fire gets rejected. The defenders at Sunnybrook do use defensive siege weapons, but the most effective way we've found of countering the Elite Force is the Ogres is distracting them."

"Distracting a Phalanx of Elite Ogres? If that was so easy, we wouldn't have so many problems with them." The Fae Alliance emissary laughs scornfully.

"As you may, or may not already know, the Puppet Master Class is a summoning class. One of the creatures I can Summon are Rock Trolls. The very sight of them enrages the Ogre forces, so if we attack from the side of the Phalanx, large sections will turn to face us and break ranks. Once the shield wall is broken the Elven defenders have a much easier time with them." Cain explains.

"Real Rock Trolls? Or just something that looks like them?" The Dark Dwarven King asks, intrigued.

Cain dismisses the Wrath Bringers and summons Rock Trolls in their place, with a darker gray skin than the Stone Trolls of the Fae Alliance, and both larger and heavier set in stature, they're unmistakable as a different breed of Troll.



"Now that's a thing of beauty. Just look at them, bloody enormous they are." The King laughs, but the Fae Alliance don't seem to share in the humor.

"Why did you start with Demons if you had perfectly good Fae options to Summon?" Nimuet the fairy asks.

Cain adds him to the Summon list, finding that Fairy Wind Mage is a Lesser Golem Summon and not a Companion, so they are not a race transfers can get, while Pixie is.

"If things turned ugly right at the start, I wanted it to be clear who was attacking who. No rumor mongers giving ambiguous descriptions. With giants Demons and Trolls present, the stories descriptions should have been very clear if things could not be decided with words."

"That's a good idea. Can you do any others?" Nimuet asks.

"I can do a fair number of other forms, as well as some small creatures with a separate spell." Cain shrugs.

"Are you mighty enough to Summon a Fairie to fight alongside you?" Another choice asks Cain, and a Fairy Girl with cute pink and white wings comes into sight.

[Summon Lesser Golem Form Added: Fairy Arcane Princess]

"Would you like to see a few of my smaller summons? They're really quite adorable." Cain smiles at the Fairie Princess.

"Yes, let's see how your summoning skills are. A few Trolls would hardly swing a battle."

Not entirely true with the amount of added toughness and damage Cain has stacked into them, making each a party of Trolls in their own right, but Cain feels like having a bit of fun, not arguing. So he sets his Lesser Golem to Fairy Arcane Princess and brings a dozen pink and white winged tiny flying creatures to his side. Each is an almost exact replica of the one in front of him, even the facial features are nearly exact, close enough they could be twins.

"What do you think, Princess? Aren't my summons absolutely adorable? I'm very proud of these ones, the pink and white is just the cutest thing ever. Almost as lovely as your own." Cain manages to say with a straight face while the girls send him 'WTF are you doing?' type text messages in friends chat and try to hide their horror.

"You've made your point, you can stop picking on the Princess now. A dozen Fairy warriors would be pretty impressive though." Nimuet laughs and Cain dismisses the Fairies.

"If we're done bickering, we can get to the trading, yes? I'd like to get done before dinner time." The Dwarven King says, trying to hide his amusement.

With the tension broken between the groups for the moment, the rest of the afternoon goes smoothly. All three groups check their valuation books for every item and then a price is agreed, and a final quantity for the trade is decided once all the values are set, trading directly items for items, with a heavy bias towards weapons and armor coming from the Dwarves, but a wide variety of goods from the Fae Alliance.

"I'm glad we could work that out. I'll be happy to mediate again if I'm still in town, but for tonight we should get these young ladies home to eat and sleep." Cain tells both leaders with a bow and the Dwarven king nods in agreement.

"Settle in well then, I take it you didn't have too many problems finding a hotel?"

"We actually never made it that far. A friendly Matron of a Rooming House took us in just after we arrived in town and we've been staying there." Dimnys giggles.

"Ah, old Bertha then. That's what the messenger was on about. Don't let her friendly face fool you, she's a tough customer that one. My very own Aunt." The advisor with the King laughs.

"Oh, should we tell her you'll be along for dinner then? I'm sure she'll be happy to see family and there's always enough to eat." Kone says innocently and the Advisor panicks.

"Dug your own grave boy, now go say hello to your Aunt with these fine adventurers." The King declares, clapping him on the back.

The Fae Alliance members say their goodbyes and take their leave, hauling away a wagon train full of goods, while the Dwarven side has already hauled their gains into the mountain.

"I'll call on you again if we need, but I think maybe, just maybe you made them see a bit of sense." The King nods before heading back into the city.

"You know, he's pretty relaxed for Royalty. But I'm more interested in why you're afraid of Bertha." Dimnys says, looking pointedly at the dejected advisor.

"First off, that old woman is the world's biggest bully. Secondly, she's been pushing me to get married for almost eighty years now so that she can pass on the Rooming House to my children. I'm the only child of her sister, and she lost all her sons in battle, so there's nobody else left to keep it in the direct family line." The Advisor sighs.

"I'm sure it'll be fine. A few suggestions about wanting grandchildren is the right of the older generation." Dimnys says with an air of wisdom beyond her years.

They've underestimated the Matron though. There's no fewer than 6 potential suitors waiting for her nephew when they arrive, all amply endowed in the typically stout way of the Dark Dwarven women, all with careers of their own and amused looks in their eyes at the newly arrived bachelor.

"Sit him at the center table ladies. He's not running away without saying a proper hello to his last living family." Bertha laughs, bringing out mugs of whiskey for the Dwarves.. He's in for a long night, but he seems to have hit it off with a particularly buxom leather worker's daughter, so maybe old Bertha will get those grandchildren he insists she's after.

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

## Chapter 90 - 90

The next morning after breakfast Cain decides it's time to go back to the Beastkin dungeon. Dimnys plans to stay here in town and talk shop with the blacksmiths, but Kone wants to come along and see if they can get to a hundred forms of Beastkin and upgrade Nemu. Vala became a better fighter, with a doubled intensity damage increase aura. But Nemu is a bard, and none of them are sure what will happen if she evolves.

Dimnys and Ragnar are out in a hurry, off to discuss something smithy related. Dimnys has a few techniques and materials not available here, and Ragnar thinks it will be well received by the others.

Kone has developed a theory that the design of Companions is a much desire as requirement. After all, just look at the ones Cain has gotten so far. Demons and Felians, but both beautiful women. So her theory is that if she focuses hard enough during the transition to a Greatest Beastkin Companion, she can influence the process to give Nemu an even fluffier tail.

There's a twisted logic behind that, and Cain can't say for certain that she's wrong. So the only thing left to do is test the theory out in person.

The Dwarf at the guard station near the dungeons laughs when he sees the party again. "Aye, idiot! You know they can smell demons from miles away right?" The guard shouts in a serious tone before returning to laughter.

"Thanks! This time it's actually the plan though. We're going to try to speed clear the area and get an entire level today." Cain laughs back and the guard shakes his head.

"An entire level above 70 in a day? I'll give you this, you're an ambitious one. Good luck, and keep the little ladies safe."

Cain mentally adds up all the allies that will be in the dungeon with them. Him and Kone, 4 companions, 4 supporters, 20 Poisoned Wasps, 12 Lesser Golems and 8 Greater Golems. An even thousand percent experience bonus. Good thing they packed a heavy lunch, courtesy of Bertha. Cain isn't going to want to leave this paradise of constant experience gains.

They Summon the Greater Golems as Wrath Bringers again before stepping into the Dungeon, this time summoning the other Golems and Wasps intermingled with the creatures at the door instead of clearing the area first.

Nemu is casting increases to their attack speed and slowing the enemy, but not using pacify today, so the enemies are a constant stream. The experience gains are incredible as usual, and they're also still finding new patterns of Feral Beastkin on a fairly regular basis. The packs near the door today aren't the same as what was standing here last time.

There's a swamp to the south of the portal, according to Vala and Nemu who can both smell it, so they start fighting their way towards it and away from the entry. They're not getting many amphibian type Beastkin here by the entry, and Cain is eager to find more new species as fast as possible.

Some of them aren't adding to his companions list at all though. They've found Lamia Kin who added to his Supporter options, more bestial Lamia Kin who are Companions and very Similar looking Naga Kin who are a Lesser Golem type. Power doesn't seem to be the difference, as the Naga kin were no weaker than the Lamia Kin, but the Lamia Kin could speak. So perhaps the difference between Golem and the others is intelligence, with Fairies being the very upper range of Golem with their ability to speak, but rather primitive thought processes that remind Cain of a very smart dog. Under the influence of the dungeon though, the Beastkin are all rabidly violent so it's hard to tell.

On the other hand, Supporter versus Companion is easy to determine, only certain forms of Beastkin are available to transfers. If a transfer can pick that form, it's a Supporter, if not, it falls under Companion.

As they get to the edge of the swamp the number of new species picks back up to every second or third group. Frogs, geckos, crocodiles, snakes and Turtles form the bestial side of dozens of different Beastkin species.

[Level Up]

[Cain Has reached level 72]

Kone smiles upon seeing the message, that's half their goal for the day down. She herself is very close to reaching her second level of the day, but she's getting even more additional experience for her lower level, so the gap is slowly closing between the two of them. Not that she will fully catch up anytime soon, but she doesn't feel so under leveled anymore.

Cain is very excited when an Elite Snapping Turtle Kin with a heavy shield is saved as a Greater Golem. They'll make an excellent Tank, even the combined might of the party had a hard time breaching their defenses and they're bigger than the Trolls, when you account for their large shell. Cain sees more varieties of Turtles coming and wonders if its possible to teach the lesser Golems Kung Fu, but knows Kone and his companions wouldn't get the reference.

The swamp doesn't seem to have as many residents as the city by the gate, and the new species starts slowing down just after Cain reaches 90 total.

"Should we stick it out here, or head to whatever is creating that light?" Cain asks Kone, pointing towards what looks like fire reflected in the clouds.

"It doesn't seem to be spreading, or smoking, so maybe it is a town? We can try that for sure." Kone nods her head and looks for a good way out of the swampy area without getting soaked.

The group moves back the way they came, and then skirts the East side of the swamp, where a dark and dense forest meets with the wet marsh and more scattered vegetation. The scrub and bushes at the edge of the forest are a pain to move though, literally, as they've got sharp Thorns, so the group moves further in past the tree line, finding new species of Wolf and Spider Kin.

That's good news to Cain, they're almost to their goal now. But the further they try to go, the higher the level of their opponents gets.

"I think we're going to have to try for the last few on our way back to the gate. These are up to level 85 now, if we push any further we might get ourselves trapped and surrounded by Beastkin we can't kill quickly." Cain says quietly to Kone.

"Might as well, it's not like we can take a proper meal break in here either, and it's already been quite a while."

They have no way of telling time precisely in here, but by Cain's best estimate it's been 6 hours or more, and they've only managed to snack on the meals packed for them between fights. They're not starving, but sitting down to dinner sounds really good right now.

[Summon Greater Beastkin Companion 99/100]

The notification comes as Cain records a spider like creature with a human upper torso at the front and a black spider body with a red hourglass marking on his back. He is massive, over 4 meters tall thanks to his long spider legs. Kone is having troubles with the poison he's shooting out, so Cain resorts to swapping his Greater Golems whenever too many of them get Poisoned, saving her a lot of mana and effort.

The Druid version of cleansing takes far more mana than Cure Poison does, but also works on minor curses and is a class ability instead of a book learned skill.

"Okay, next one is the big one. I also have a theory that the enemy we pick to fight for the upgrade matters, so let's find a good one." Cain tells Kone.

"You want a good fight? We'll give you a good fight.." Comes a voice from the shadows and five Dark Furred Felians come out.

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

## Chapter 91 - 91

Four are Felian Shadow Assassins, which Cain has already recorded. The fifth though, is called a Felian War Singer, and Cain knows they have found the perfect opponent.

"Give me a moment and I will enhance you to make up for our extra numbers." Cain smiles at the War Singer and Kone frowns. Picking the strongest, sanest unknown enemy they've seen so far was not the plan.

[Summon Greater Beastkin Companions Recorded 100/100 Defeat Opponent to complete Quest]

The War Singer was already Elite, and grows an extra foot taller, the name tag becoming ringed in Gold and Purple, denoting an Epic Quality monster, and the Dark furred cat in a white outfit that closely matches the style of the one Nemu wears lets out an impressive roar, enraging her companions and surrounding them with an aura of Red Light.

They charge with amazing speed, claws digging deep into the shields and flesh of the Wrath Bringers. The group is on them in seconds, and two of the Greater Golem tanks move to attack the War Singer, hoping to interrupt her song with a shield slam. But the Felian is too nimble to land a solid hit and keeps her song going.

Cain's lightning Arrows are having better luck though, arcing between all five targets and quickly burning away the health of the Shadow Assassins. Once her support is

gone, the War Singer is in trouble. There's too many summons to escape, and Cain has learned that firing Lightning Arrows at her feet will still trigger the lightning to Arc onto her, no matter how far she moves away in that split second.

In the end she falls to the sword of a Wrath Bringer with a mournful wail and the Quest is complete.

[Quest Complete]

[Level Up]

[Configuring Greater Companion]

[Configuration Complete. Dismiss Lesser Companion to Finalize Changes]

"This is it, the moment of truth. Any idea what you want to be?" Cain asks Nemu.

"I want to be her. That advanced form of the Felian Bard." Nemu says resolutely.

"Think Fluffy Tail. Fluffy furry thoughts." Kone mutters to herself as Cain dismisses and calls back Nemu.

Bonus! The Companion came back as Nemu, it at least something very close to Nemu. Same Fur Pattern, same size, fluffier tail and longer body fur though. Same outfit, but with more embroidery and longer sleeves.

Cain notices the gear she was wearing has been returned to his inventory though, which is a bit odd. Maybe the change moved her from cloth wearer to something else?

"Nemu is that still you?" Kone asks.

"It's still us, but better." Nemu answers, hugging the Spirit Folk Druid tight. Kone buries her face in the Felians fur with a sigh.

"You're so soft now, I'll never want to get out of bed." Kone's appraisal of what is important in a Summon makes Cain chuckle.

"So what changes did you get?" he asks the other one, who is watching the interaction with a smile.

"It made me an improved bard like I wanted, though not quite like the War Singer. The result is a little odd though. In cloth, I can sing songs to regenerate mana and remove negative effects. In leather I can sing of agility and stealth. In heavy armor the song is of War and damage. That's in addition to the bard abilities I can still use with an instrument in my hands." Nemu explains.



Cain checks her description, hoping for the ability to quick change gear, but sees nothing.

"I can hold onto one set in addition to what I'm wearing. I've got a small inventory that will only accept a preset gear selection." Nemu explains helpfully.

"Alright, then first up, your cloth armor back. That one should be very useful, as we're always happy to have more mana. Acid Rain is terrible for my mana pool." Cain turns over the equipment and Nemu's appearance becomes a flashier version of her original.

Kone steps back to admire the effect when Nemu's clothing changes under her hug. "Oh, that's not bad. Let's see what she looks like in plate though, it's such a change I'm not sure it will look good.

Cain finds some reasonably appropriate plate armor and makes a set to turn over. The effect is not at all what they were expecting.

Nemu is stunning in a black silk evening gown, still split up both thighs, but now covering her torso. Silver armor plates cover her shoulders and across her upper back, flowing to elegant points at their ends with loose, mostly transparent black sleeves hung from them. An intricately decorated silver plate brassiere makes up the top of the dress, extending to the shoulder plates but leaving her cleavage visible and silver metal loops cover the silk of the torso over the dress like a functional decoration. Her upper arms and thighs both have metal armor covering them with intricate patterns of Lions in battle engraved into them. The lower arms and legs are left bare except for silver bangles at the wrists and ankles.

Cain marvels at the design, the dress reminds him of something a lady would wear to a gala or other such event, sleek and elegant, but the plates and linked armor Corset suggests that she's well prepared for battle. Nemu will likely fill the speakeasy over capacity tonight in that outfit.

There's really no time to admire her though, as the enemies are still coming. Not as frequently here in the forest, but enough that it's constantly keeping them in preparation for the next battle.

They work their way towards the exit again, having Nemu play a song to pacify and limit the number of enraged monsters coming for them. It works well, and in half an hour they've made it out to the guard station in Graska.

"Now that's a sight for sore eyes. Your young Felian friend looks better every time I see her." The guard tells Cain in a stage whisper.

"She'll be singing tonight if you know the place. Likely until the small hours of the morning." Cain tells him and the guard laughs.

"I'll go home and change after my shift then. Bertha would have my hide if I tried to enter in a Guards uniform." The Dwarf claps Cain on the back and they start walking towards the Rooming House, wondering how Dimnys did today.

"Oh, I got a book!" Kone says, going through her inventory with a smile.

[Animal Companion] Druid exclusive. Summons one Predator type wild animal to accompany the Druid.

"But the great question is, will it be Fluffy?" Cain teases her and both sets of twins laugh.

"Jokes on you. I get to pick from a list. Hey, what's a Giant Lynx?"

"Fluffy. It is all the Fluffy." Cain responds seriously and Kone returns back to the secure area around the dungeons.

"Sorry, I got a new summoning ability and I really want to try it right now." Kone tells the old guard, who nods his head in understanding.

"Go ahead girl, let's see it then."

As the name implies, it's a Lynx but nearly the size of a small bear, well over a hundred kilos. It's got long Fluffy fur, huge paws and long black tufts of fur sticking up from its massive ears.

"Now that's a house cat. Warning artifact says it's not a threat, so you can bring it with you if you like. Heck you could likely ride it if you wanted to.." The guard laughs and waves goodbye as Kone hops on top to rejoin the group.

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

## Chapter 92 - 92

Dimnys, Ragnar and Bertha are stunned to see the giant cat coming their way carrying the Druid. It's definitely not a sight you would expect to see every day.

"I feel like I'm being replaced, was I not Fluffy enough?" Nemu asks Cain.

"Never underestimate her love for soft things, Kone will likely want one of you on either side of her come bedtime." Cain laughs and Kone looks intrigued at the idea of being buried in warm fluff.

"I don't know if it's a good idea to put that thing in the stables. Might eat the horses."  
Bertha frowns.

"Don't worry, it's a Summoning Spell. I can release it for the afternoon and call it back to my side at bedtime." Kone assures her and the Matron laughs.

"Alright then, get yourselves cleaned up for dinner. Will our extra fancy looking bards be entertaining tonight?"

"I plan on it. I got an upgrade today too, and it should have improved my singing voice."  
Nemu practically purrs in anticipation.

To say the place is full is an understatement. Everyone who makes the list as trustworthy is here, from the guard at the dungeons to the King's advisor and the Leatherworker lady that Bertha set him up with the other day. They seem to be still getting along, and she's clearly smitten with him, so the man's bachelor days are definitely numbered.

A hooded figure sneaks in from upstairs and enters the kitchen, just as Nemu begins her introduction and first song, so Cain gets up to make sure nothing bad is about to happen. Bertha waves him off, knowing who the hooded Dwarf is, and the mesmerizing voice of Nemu fills the speakeasy. To say her voice got better is an understatement. Even her regular singing borders on a bard's spell, and the crowd is entranced.

Cain's party is sitting with Ragnar, a very elderly blacksmith Cain hasn't caught the name of and the guard from the Dungeon entrance. Cain is sitting in the back with a Vala twin on each knee to make space in the booth and their table is drawing envious glances from all over. Kone is drinking spiced milk, as is the blacksmith, though he looks like he's still stout enough he could knock back Dwarven Ale with the best of them despite his age. Ragnar and Dimnys have cut back on the Whiskey tonight in favor of gallons of honey mead, citing problems remembering the last performance.

Cain has decided that the stomach of a Dwarf is in fact a magical artifact. Because there's no way a body that size should be able to contain that amount of alcohol. The Dwarves burst into laughter when he informs them of his idea, saying it's perfectly natural for a Dwarf to be able to drink, but Kone and Vala seem to think he's on to something. Most of the Fae races have some magical aspect to their nature, and while some would dispute if the Dwarves are really Fae, their drinking abilities suggest they are indeed magical creatures.

"So, Dimnys did you find out anything interesting today during your trip to the blacksmiths?" Cain asks the little Dwarf who looks ready to burst with excitement.

"We spent all day mixing Elven and Dwarven smithy reagents to create better versions of magical steel. I think we've got three new mixes that are nearly perfect, we just need time to craft them into items and see what the result will be. If we're right they might

make an item just as good as using rare metals without all the expense. Since the city now has a trade agreement with the Fae Alliance on at least a basic level, that could serve us very well the next time they come begging for weapons."

She's got a point, high end magical weapons are in demand everywhere in this world. Or at least in what is known as the Beginner Valley in this world. Having more of them in circulation would help everyone, not just the smiths making them. The odd politics and home towns of the valley have the Dwarves on the west and Elves in the east with humans in between and very little trade between them, so mixing materials like this is quite uncommon.

"So what's the plan for tomorrow then?" Kone asks.

"We could go watch them work, or see what there is to find in the city. They've got an excellent selection of foods and things made of fur." Cain suggests and the conversation turns to Kone's new pet while the Nemu girls move the night into more energetic dancing songs.

For a while the conversation is entirely drowned out in the noise of the crowd, so Cain brings the girls up to dance, carrying the reluctant Kone who insists she doesn't know how. It's not hard to follow though, barroom dancing isn't nearly as formal and structured as ballroom dancing, just try to keep with the rhythm, and she soon picks it up.

As they dance Cain notices the hooded Dwarf again, hiding in the shadows but this time catches a glimpse of his face. The Dark Dwarven King has come to watch the festivities. It's a shame he can't join in, but it is a speakeasy after all, he wouldn't want to cause a scandal if the Dwarven nobles are like others Cain has heard of, or read about in stories during his past life.

He keeps out of sight the rest of the night, but Cain notices him leaving early in the morning when the Felian girls are finally finished singing and it's time to carry the last remaining patrons to more comfortable positions before Bertha closes up the bar.

Dwarves seem remarkably casual about where they sleep, or perhaps the pub is a sacred location in their culture, but nobody seems to have a problem with sleeping off a night of drinking on the floor of a tavern. Bertha even keeps blankets behind the bar for them, and brings them out once the patrons that stayed are laid out in rows in the floor to avoid waking up with cramped legs and sore backs.

Cain's joking prediction to Nemu at the start of the night, that she was far from redundant proved entirely accurate too. Not just one, but both Felians are sharing the bed with the girls and Kone's Giant Lynx tonight in a huge pile of fur and flesh. Lynx in the middle and Nemu twins to the outside with the non furry girls sandwiched in the middle.. At least he knows they're safe, overseen by the three guardians who don't actually need to sleep and just enjoy the warmth.

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

## Chapter 93 - 93

The sight of the pile that is Kone, Dimnys and the furry summons has Bertha laughing loud enough to wake Cain up the next morning.

"Come on down sleepy heads. Ragnar is in a hurry to get to the smithy and your breakfast is getting cold." He can hear her laugh, so he pulls himself to his feet and equips a casual outfit for the day.

Maybe Kone will want to go shopping, because Cain is looking for a good excuse to try out the street food here in Graska. It's just not the same going alone, and Vala will eat basically anything without complaints. He's not sure how refined the tastes of the Nemu twins are though.

Since all the other residents are physical laborers, breakfast here is a heavy affair, plenty of energy for the day. Cain and Kone decline a packed lunch, saying they'll find a place to eat in the city, but both Ragnar and Dimnys ask for double. Swinging a smithy hammer all day takes a lot of energy, and they don't want to waste time resting when they could be smithing. There's new things to make.

"Must be a Dwarf thing." Kone whispers to Cain, making him chuckle.

"Whole race of workaholics I tell you." He agrees with a smile, loud enough for the others to hear, raising their mugs in a toast to hard work.

"What's up first? Head down to the market and see what we find, then work up to the smithy area for lunch and see how Dimnys is doing?" Kone suggests and they head off down the hill.

"Not working today?" The dungeon zone guard asks as the six of them walk by.

"Resupply day, and we've got to see the sights of Graska. Any suggestions?" Cain asks.

"Well, since you've got the ladies with you, there's the candy makers by the big green tent down there. And then head over to the next street and you'll find day rent artisan booths headed into the mountain. Never know what you'll see, as they only rent for one day when they've got something new to sell. At the end of the street is the carnival and water park. If you've got swim suits you might like that. Volcanic hot springs, great for the skin." The Dwarf lists off an itinerary, pointing in the directions they'll need to go.

"That sounds like a good way to spend the morning. Thanks for that." Cain waves to the guard and off they go.

Getting to the candy maker was easy, but after that the crowds really started to pick up. Not only that, but Nemu gets regularly intercepted by friendly shop keepers and Tradesmen who rented day stalls along the street. There's just something about her that screams 'be my friend' to the Dark Dwarves. No way are they getting to the carnival by lunch. In fact even if they just walked the distance it would be a stretch. Distances inside the mountain are deceiving.

They end up at a Diner along the way for lunch, hunger getting the better of them. The waitress suggests they hire a carriage to get to the smithy, they're quick and they don't get stopped by admirers, like the ones currently looking in the window, and the ones that kept coming up to flirt with the girls while they shopped. Much to their annoyance.

"I tell you, it's hard to be beautiful." Nemu giggles, waving down a carriage drawn by a large white Dwarven Goat. The driver points out at least a dozen more attractions that they really should see before leaving town, stops they never would have noticed if it hadn't been pointed out, but makes excellent time to the smithy district.

Thanking him and paying for the trip, they get off a block from the smithy Dimnys is supposed to be at, due to a large crowd gathered out front watching. The smithy is open to the street, letting the hot air escape instead of being trapped by walls, but it also serves as a great way for curious Dwarves to watch each other work.

"Look at that hammering. I've not seen a finer rhythm in years."

"I wonder if she's interested in statue carvers? I've got a Grandson just her age."

It seems Dimnys is popular among the crowd, and Cain soon sees why. She's working in cargo pants and a leather apron over her tank top, sweating in the heat of the forge with heavily muscled arms on full display. The Dwarven equivalent of a pinup girl.

Ragnar waves them forward when he notices them and holds up an axe, still warm from the forge, made of shining metal in a light blue color. The detail is incredible, and Cain realizes that the design is actually magical runes worked into the head of the axe and down the handle.

"Now that's some fine work. I take it that's the new alloy you were so excited to try?" he asks the burly Smith.

"Aye, this is the one. A true thing of beauty. Stronger than Steel, lighter than Mythril. But the girl is working on one more change she thinks might be better. Something incredibly strong, but it's a bit strange, once it cools, no amount of heating or hammering will get it to change shape, so it's got to be done in one single go, keeping it glowing and soft from the forge once it's mixed."

Sounds like Adamantium to Cain, based on his extensive past life knowledge of super heroes. If these Dwarves can make that, there's no telling how nearly invincible their army could become.

"How did you come up with something like that anyhow?" Vala asks, watching Dimnys work.

"Pure accident. We were smelting some of the new failed alloys into a scrap ingot and ended up with this. So we made some more and kept it hot enough to try to make a Hammer Pick out of it. One piece with a hollow handle to put the weight at the end like it should be. Better than an axe to test the durability of the new metal." An old Dwarf explains. He must be the owner of this smithy.

"What are the chances I can steal your Smith as my apprentice? I know how Guild contracts can be." The old man asks.

"She's got no quota or restrictions from the Guild, only the base tax that gets transferred to us when she makes a sale, so it's up to her. She seems to like it here though, so she might pick a part time schedule and keep adventuring to build up her level." Cain shrugs, not sure what Dimnys might decide.

"Can your Guild sell outside the city?" The Smith asks with a wink and Cain smiles.

"We're based in Sunnybrook in the East Side of the Valley. They've got a very good weapon and armor market, for Elves that is. I think we might be able to sell a piece or two." The old Dwarf bursts into laughter and claps Cain on the back.

"I like you boy. You'd have made a right proper Dwarf."

A third Dwarf, one in a business suit comes up as they're talking and hands Vala a business card. "I am Grout. A Real Estate Agent. I heard your friend say you're all from out East, and I've got a proposition for you. If your Guild Master would like to buy a secondary Guild House here in Graska I can get you a great deal on it, and I'll even install a transfer circle free of charge."

"What's a transfer circle? Does it bring in transfers?" Vala asks confused.

"Oh no, it's Earth Magic that works with the system to allow Guild Members to rapid travel between Guild Houses. A Dark Dwarven Specialty you'll not find anywhere else on the continent. Not even outside the valley." He says proudly.

"Second Guild House you say? We will come see what you've got later today. I'm Cain, the Guild Master of the Darklight Host." The two shake hands.

"Your transfer circles intrigue me, moving members between cities as they level up is one of the greatest challenges of a Guild here in the valley."



They agree to meet after dinner, and everyone goes back to watching Dimnys, who is now etching runes into the Hammer Pick in preparation for the quench that will finalize the design in this new metal.

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

## Chapter 94 - 94

The new metal used for the hammer is incredible. It's got similar weight to steel, which is excellent when trying to balance a weapon using existing designs. It's also proving completely indestructible. Not even magical fire has left a mark on it. After a series of tests it is declared just as good as a Mythrill hammer, but much easier to get materials for, if they can trade with Sunnybrook.

That's great news to Dimnys, who can simply ask a Guild member to buy what she needs the next time they're out.

After dinner comes the fun part of the day, they're going to look at Guild Houses. Cain thinks back to when he traded the bolts of cloth and the Trade House asked if he'd like a Mansion in the Smithy District with that, so that's where they're starting.

The trade house will cover the coin, while Cain Pays with goods, which he's gathered plenty of over the last few trips to the Beastkin dungeon, even though he's deposited the crafting materials in the Guild bank. Lickity has restocked the spell silk too, which might prove very useful.

"Might as well start here near the forge, as this will be a crafting house for the Guild." Cain tells the Real Estate Agent who looks shocked.

"Alright, they're quite expensive though, especially a house big enough to qualify as a Guild House. The minimum standard is room to sleep twenty. Ten bedrooms with bunk beds satisfies the system, so that's the smallest we can go." The Real Estate Agent informs them and Cain nods his agreement.

Just four short blocks away, tucked into a dead end street and backing onto the wall of the mountain is a large building that looks to be a run down former hotel. The tavern sign still swings from one chain at the door.

"I know it's not traditional, but it has a good sized forge and kitchen, plus twenty rooms, so it can be made a Guild House, even with the tavern reopened if your wish." He takes them through and the buildings finish is in very rough shape, having been abandoned

for a number of years. But the stone structure is sound, the roof seems good and the basement level is a whole other story.

The basement's stone walls are solid, the forge is large and vented to the back yard with a huge roll door. The kitchen is all stone and stainless steel, with a walk in fridge and freezer that operate off Ice magic and activate right away when Cain feeds them mana. It has everything a commercial kitchen could need, plus there are no houses nearby, only businesses. Nobody to complain about forge noise.

Every location they scout afterwards, Dimnys compares to the first location. So Cain decides that is the spot for them. He just wants to talk to the neighbors first.

The first they talk to is a smithy supply shop. He is a friend of Ragnar and recognizes the Guild from the other night at Bertha's. All good signs. He says there used to be a road where his shop is now, but the city remodeled, leaving the tavern hidden down a dead end street until business died enough that the owner simply bought a new place and left this one behind.

The other side is not a business, like they'd expected. It's an orphanage. Kids everywhere and it's likely louder than the forge. They seem to be taking decent care of the children, and as Dimnys says, that gives them a steady supply of errand runners. Need something? Send the orphans to get it for a few coins. They'll thank you for the work.

None of them had anything bad to say about the other businesses in the area, so the deal is settled. They purchase their second Guild House and pay to have a team fully renovate the place. It's expected to take a week, but that's not a problem for them, Bertha is happy to put them up, and the basement doesn't need anything done, so Dimnys can move her workspace to the larger forge in their new basement instead of the little shop they were using today.

The Real Estate Agent provides them with the items for the transfer circles and Cain puts one in the Guild bank before deciding where to put the one here in Graska. The yard is tempting for the extra space, but it's not secure and he doesn't want people sneaking into the Sunnybrook Guild House.

After a bit of searching, they find that the house has a safe room. Solid walls, heavy lockable door, hidden away behind the forge. The Guild discusses it for a while and decides that's likely the best spot they'll find, even if it was intended to keep valuable items the smith had created. Sunnybrook will likewise be placing theirs in the basement, in the storage room at the end of the hall. It's also a good secure location without windows that you'll need to pass an entire Guild to get to from the outside.

The first person through after the transfer circles are placed the next morning is Lickity. She was so eager to see what a city made out of a mountain liked like that she couldn't

even wait for the Guild House to be renovated. Of course, everyone else followed, their curiosity getting the better of them, leaving only the staff at home in Sunnybrook.

They must have been hitting the Naga dungeon fairly regularly, they've all gained at least one level since Cain came to Graska, not an easy feat without the huge experience buff he grants.

Candia, their new Vampire Corsair is the second most excited to be here. She's a Jewel crafter, and this city is known for their exquisite quality tools and a shortage of gem stones, which they have collected in abundance from the Nagas.

The smithy supply next door carries a range of tools for setting gems and engraving, so Dimnys leads her there right away while everyone else explores the new house.

The craftsmen are already here, tearing down the damaged wall board and replacing it, or repairing what was there using Earth Magic, depending how bad it was.. The actual clean out and repairs are only gong to take two days, but all the furniture needs repair or refinishing and that's going to take the rest of the week, according to the Trade Hall manager who scheduled the crews.

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

## **Chapter 95 - 95**

The Guild all splits up to visit the various parts of the city they're most excited to see, while Cain stays behind to help oversee the construction with Vala and try to find household workers for the Guild House.

The Orphanage provided the guides to show everyone around today, and Cain suspects that's the best spot to start looking for workers. He will need a few extra here he thinks, in case they want to open the tavern.

There's space suitable for employee rooms in the basement, 5 large bedrooms in total with a living room, that looks to have been the owner's suite when it was a hotel. That's plenty for their purposes. A cook and two maids does the job in Sunnybrook, so if they add a bartender to the list it's just about right. The Dwarves pay their staff better than the Elves, so it's possible none of them will live in the suite, but it's a fair walk to the nearest houses.

"Welcome to Graska Orphanage and staffing service Guild Master. How can we help you today?" The Orphanage Matron greets him when he enters and a few of the older kids he met yesterday wave.

"The Guild House will be renovated soon, so I'll be needing staff. A cook, two maids and a bartender that can serve as a general purpose helper when the tavern isn't open. Or the maids can work the bar if that works with their schedule. I'm not a staffing expert."

In fact, he hardly understood workplace shift rotations in his last life, much less how to build a full crew to run a Guild House and Tavern. The other house just came with all the people they needed.

"Will you be opening a Rooming House?" The Matron asks and Cain shakes his head.

"No, we just noticed there's no good place nearby to get a drink, and the house is still set up with a tavern. Earning enough to pay the staff and taxes is all we're after, the rooms will be for the Guild members and employees."

According to her, all the ladies in her Orphanage have learned to cook and clean, but they're still young, so the Matron suggests hiring a head of staff and three girls to take turns at all the jobs. She sends a runner to go find another of the employees and he comes back with a one armed older Dwarven fellow everyone welcomes as Gramps.

"I was the bartender when that place first opened. Been a bit down on my luck due to the bad arm, but I can still pour Ale with the best of them and whip these younguns into shape." He assures Cain with a smile, stroking his prodigious white beard.

Dwarves live a long time, so he's surely got enough experience to tend a bar. The kids like him, so he shouldn't be too bad of a person, all that Cain wants to know is if he's a good worker and honest.

"I'll want you to be the head of staff for the Guild House, managing the shifts, keeping the place stocked with food and drinks and anything else we might need. You'll have access to a good bit of Guild money though, so I need to know you're honest. Got any former employers or reputable locals who can vouch for you?"

"Bertha will tell you for sure. Worked for her almost twenty years, handyman at the Rooming House."

"That's good enough for me. Bertha's word is solid." Cain nods.

"Pick three girls to do what needs done for the Guild House and Tavern, ones that can all work well together. We've got the suite downstairs for staff if anyone wants to stay there and we don't need drama and rivalries if we can avoid them."

Two of his choices are already showing the Guild members around, so he will inform them they've been hired full time when they get back. The last is a taller and narrower than average Dwarven girl. Narrow isn't really a word you associate with Dwarves. Athletic sure, but not anything resembling slender. She's almost human in proportion though, if that human was a professional bodybuilder with thick hips and a heavy chest.

He briefly wonders if Dwarven women have chronic back problems, or if that's just a human thing.

Triss is happy to have the full time work, she's nearly aged out of the Orphanage without finding a good job, one of the oldest here. The Matron is very good at placement, but the Dwarves keep saying she's too spindly to hire.

"Well, let's head over and show you to your room. It's right next door so no need to pack this very instant." Cain says leading the way.

Gramps already knows the owner's suite as he calls it from working here before. Triss seems impressed at the accommodations under the dusty drop cloths, especially the living room with the sturdy padded chairs and full bookshelves the previous owner never emptied. She gets right to work cleaning the basement while Gramps goes up to greet the renovation crew and give them a few pointers on changes to the upstairs bedrooms.

They decide its better to replace the upstairs furniture with all new instead of waiting a week to save a few coins. The old ones will be donated to the Orphanage, whose furniture sees a lot of wear and tear. The bar has been structurally fixed, and the furniture there was still serviceable, so Gramps calls it good and asks permission to use items from the Guild bank to decorate.

They're going to have themselves a Darklight Host themed bar. Odds and ends from every Fae species they've met so far, plus a half dozen different dungeons, decorates the place by the time the others return, loaded up with their haul for the day, and carrying massive bags of takeout food, since they haven't done any grocery shopping yet.. The place just instantly feels like home the way it's decorated, even though it's clearly the inside of a Dwarven Pub, and Gramps is basking in the glory of a job well done.

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

## **Chapter 96 - 96**

After dinner and introducing the rest of the Guild to the wonders of Dwarven liquor, everyone heads back to Sunnybrook. Coming to visit is only as far as a room in the basement now, so there's really no reason not to sleep in their own beds. Plus the bedrooms here aren't ready yet.

Even Dimnys heads back, pointing out that her room is only one room away from either forge now. In the back of the Graska forge through the storage room, and across the hall from the forge in Sunnybrook. Ragnar travels through the circle with a hint of envy, seeing that his new friend has not one but two forges available.

"One for working and one for prepping metal." Dimnys laughs and he grins at her. The two of them have come to an agreement to work together. Ragnar will be her assistant and shop for her materials when needed in exchange for a percentage off the smithy items they sell. Cain worked up an official employee contract for him over drinks, so he can be sure he's going to get what they agreed on.

Another bit of good news, when a local guild employee withdraws Guild funds, the system does it in local currency instead of the generic coins that the transfers and others with a system get. Now, that's not a big thing in most places, but Graska is different. This bit of information means they don't need to worry about trading for coin, they can just sell and deposit to the Guild Bank automatically everywhere they go in the future.

Cain and Kone have just arrived back in Graska this morning, intending to get a day in grinding in the Beastkin dungeon, while the others intend to do the Naga Raid along with a smaller guild from Sunnybrook. Ragnar is a bit bummed out that Dimnys won't be in the forge until lunchtime, but he understands the need to go gather gems and reagents they've mostly used up in their testing. Until she returns he is starting to prep and purify raw ore ingots into magical metals in preparation for the weeks work, the forge already hot and loud when Cain and Kone arrive.

Triss is with an Earth Mage when they come upstairs to grab some Honey Mead for the day. Gramps got the brilliant idea to enchant their employee areas as employee only. The spell will stop anyone not a member or registered employee from going beyond the tavern. A great way to keep the house secure once they're operating.

Triss also has an idea, suggested to her by Bertha. Like how the burly Matron sells bootleg liquor, they too can have a little something on the side to bring patrons in. Not wanting someone to cut into her business, Bertha had suggested local goods from Sunnybrook. The rules don't prohibit a Guild from selling their gains directly to whoever they want, so if a guild member placed say, some fine cloth, or delicacies from the Elven city for sale behind the bar in the tavern they wouldn't actually be breaking any laws.

With the Guild House they're also now considered Graska locals, so it wouldn't violate the letter of the embargo either, and the Fae Alliance is a big fan of exactly following rules. Which is a large part of why the Dark Dwarves won't join them.

They're working out an arrangement for things locals might want that would be easy to get in Sunnybrook when Tanya comes running out of the circle room and stops dead upon seeing the massive kitchen here.



"I'm really in Graska. No, wait, there's an important message. A huge Ogre army is attacking and everyone else is already inside the Naga Raid. All four big guilds are there today and the city came begging for any members we have left." She pants, still looking around the kitchen in awe.

That could be bad. Without the Guilds the city Defense will take a lot of casualties.

"What did the attack look like?" Cain asks, hoping she knows.

"They said it's only in the East, but it's all in a Phalanx. That's all they said." Tanya shrugs, looking through the cupboards and opening the massive fridge and freezer.

"You can cook here if you like. There's the three girls already working here, but the upstairs is under renovation still for another few days." Cain says and Tanya smiles. This might work out well for him, staff being able to move back and forth through the circle will allow them to add extra hands for parties without hiring a load of new faces they will need to let into the secure areas.

Cain and Kone head back to talk to the city officials in Sunnybrook, while Tanya sits down with Triss to discuss the weekly menu, already having decided to make good use of this kitchen big enough for both of them to work at the same time without even crossing paths away from the walk in fridges.

It's only been a few minutes, but the officials are looking panicky when Cain and Kone come out with Vala and Nemu following them. They sent a message to the Guild, informing them of the situation, and they sent back that they'll need another four hours or so to finish the clear safely. They're plenty strong, but nobody wants to get swarmed without the mass of Summons as their first line of defense, so they clear almost everything as they go. Better safe than sorry.

At the gates they call out the summons and assess what they have available. There's a group of Three Clerics off to one side, looking nervous, so Cain sends Kone to go fetch them. Slayer is here with just two rogues and a Mage. They come over the moment they see the Rock Trolls Cain has called to distract the Phalanx.

"It's really good to see you again. Thought you might have left us for good." Slayer calls as they approach.

"Is good to be back. Hopefully today we can deal with this upstart Ogre King and chase him back into the North valley." Cain says, hoping to see more transfers. There's two more groups of ten or so towards the flanks, and they look organized so that's a start, but the force is less than a quarter of the usual turnout, and none of the higher level transfers are here except Cain and Slayer.

Seeing that they'll have nothing else to work with, Cain changes his Supporters. Trying to clone Vala just brings up a [Companion Already Known] message, but he can clone



Cixelcid, who also heals the group a little due to his equipment and a skill, but doesn't give the additional damage buff. Or he could copy Char, who has the best Totems and good AoE damage.

At level 80 his Supporters are set to become Advanced Supporters, but Cain isn't quite there yet, so balancing what he can with class skills only is a challenge.

The final suggestion comes from Kone, who wants to see more Bears. So Cain makes two copies of her and two of Char, giving them four bears and a bunch of Totems in addition to the actual Supporters.

"That's so weird, I can actually feel that I've been cloned. I can't control them or anything, but I can feel that they exist." Kone giggles, petting the bears one after another.

"Game faces on, it's almost time to attack.." Cain smiles at the Druid and turns back to the Ogre lines.

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

## **- Chapter 97 - 97**

### **Chapter 97 - 97**

The waiting game isn't going to last long with the Trolls present, angering the Ogres, so Cain leads the center group of transfers into battle.

All the support classes are in the middle of the group, with The Vala twins on the left, and Slayer plus his rogues on the right.

Both copies of Nemu are singing songs of war, increasing damage done, while they play spells to increase attack speed and damage. The sight of this central group, singing as they go into battle is helping the defenders morale, and the Phalanx of Ogres is seemingly much more disorganized than before.

The first wave of attacks from the Lamia Scourge Casters Cain is using as Lesser Golems cuts into the feet and faces of the shield wall, anywhere they can find a potential gap. It's enough to weaken their balance before the buffed up Trolls smash into the Phalanx and the defenses crumble.

Now that they've knocked a hole in the shields the Lamia are dealing significant damage to the Ogres trying to reform their lines. Horns are sounding and reinforcements are running their way, but the brutal attack, combined with how fast Cain's [Might of Many]

buff is adding damage to his lightning Arrows and [Acid Rain] is causing all attempts to reform the shield wall to arrive heavily wounded.

"Close up ranks, we're going to push forward, see if we can totally break the Phalanx from the back side." Cain calls and the fighters on their flanks as well as the Lesser Golems form a double circle around the healers and support classes.

One of the Nemu girls has switched to playing a slowing effect that is preventing the Ogres in the area from effectively defending themselves, and the area around them begins to clear from the deaths caused by Acid Rain. With their shields up to stop the rain, the Ogres can't move quickly enough to Parry, with them down the rain kills them.

Lightning is everywhere, both from Cain and from the Char based supporters. Two copies of her most excellent mana totem have everyone at almost full mana all the time.

The Ogres are trying to get the transfers to pull back, attacking the group from behind as they move towards what looks like the command section of the Ogre Army. They're fully surrounded now, with nowhere to go, but the casualty rate is incredible. Usually they would retreat when they've suffered about a quarter of an area's numbers in casualties, but Cain estimates that they're getting closer to half in the zone around him and still haven't tried to run.

Instead they're all moving to protect that one command group. Hopefully the Ogre King is in there, because Cain has one last trick left. All fight long, he's been casting Acid Rain centered on himself, protecting the group and damaging mostly the Ogres closest to them. But he doesn't have to. Now he casts it on the Ogre command group in the distance and fires a series of [multi shot] Lightning Arrows in their direction, hoping it will Arc to their Commander and take him out.

The leaders are visibly falling under the surprise attack, bolstered by 30 seconds worth of damage from the summons that have been doing their very best for a long time now. Time seems irrelevant when they're so heavily engaged in combat, but it's certainly been more than an hour they've been working to take down these Elite Ogres.

The horns of retreat begin to sound from the flanks, but it's too late for the center. The Trolls are into the shield wall around the command group and Cain can see an Ogre in a fancy outfit with a golden crown on his head.

That's exactly what he's been waiting for. He multi shots Poison Arrows into the Ogre King until his mana hits redline. The poison ticks are steadily dropping his health and there's no Ogre Shamans left alive to cure him.

He dies with a thunderous roar, charging the Trolls and every Ogre in the area loses their focus. Some fight, some run. Some want so badly to escape that they knock their comrades to the ground as they flee. It's an absolute Rout.

The best their group can do in the light of this chaos is simply hold their position, waiting for things to settle. But as the mass of bodies begins to clear, they see friendly faces, the earliest Guilds to enter the Naga Raid today had already returned and joined the fight behind them, Crushing the Ogres as they tried to defend their King from assassination.

As they're celebrating, more and more Guilds come out into the battlefield to celebrate the demise of the Ogre King. Their greatest wish is that this will be enough to move the Ogre attacks back towards the fortified cities in the north instead of continuing to target them way out East at the gateway to the Elven Forests.

One of the city's archivists has a spell that creates an excellent painting of a scene, so the entire Darklight Host, now returned from the Naga Raid, along with the Clerics they met today and the small Guild led by Slayer, or PussySlayer6969 as he's formally known, have gathered around the fallen Ogre King to have their image recorded for posterity.

With the official business out of the way, Misha has begun chatting with the other Clerics, while Mythryll and Elmira are getting to convince Slayer and his Guild that honey cake is actually the greatest food ever invented. The sight is making all the city officials laugh, but Cain notices someone is missing.

"Has anyone seen Char?" he asks and Candia points over towards where Kone is sitting in the grass. Oh, that makes sense, she's under the Giant Lynx, surrounded by bears with a Nemu in her arms, fast asleep and smiling. If anyone loves fluff more than Kone, it is definitely Char.

The mayor has announced a grand feast on the City Square, which Cain fully intends to attend, if he can wrangle up his Guild. Now Candia, Lickity and Cixelcid have all disappeared. Oh, they're over with the group from the north wing, playing tag with the Lamias.

Cain is beginning to understand how the serious Guild Masters feel. It's almost impossible to get anything organized with a group this large unless you all have a good means of communication.

[Guild Alert from Guild Master Cain] Celebration Feast at the City Square in one hour.

That should do it.

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

## Chapter 98 - 98

A celebration feast brings out all the vendors in Sunnybrook, perfect for the Guild, as they need Elven made items and local specialties to sell at the tavern in Graska once it opens.

They all take different routes to the City Square, agreeing to meet up there at the table the Mayor has informed them will be reserved for their Guild. They're moving in pairs, so they can watch both sides of the street for things they might want, and it's taking longer than expected. There's just so many items made of enchanted wood that you can't get in Graska, plus loads of fancy cloth, blankets, cushions and other luxuries.

Having the Giant Lynx with them isn't helping either. Every child they pass wants to meet it and pet it and never let go. Mostly they're just letting the children play with it in the middle of the road while they explore the shops and temporary stalls along their route.

Kone considered dismissing it, but with it pulling all the kids in, it also draws their parents into the street and makes the shops less crowded.

By the time they all reach the Square, their combined efforts have mostly filled the Guild Bank and Gramps is celebrating the plethora of cushions, adding the cheap ones to chairs and making a pile of them by the fireplace for a group to relax, drink and smoke by the fire in luxury. Dwarven furniture is usually made of hardwood or stone, not exactly the most plush and comfortable, but they're used to it.

He insists they've got the finest decorated tavern in Graska now, and he's looking forward to opening it in a couple days. The Guild can't wait to see the Dwarves reaction to what must look like a pirate's den by now, with the colorful cushions and wide variety of wall decorations.

The feast is amazing, but stuffy. Not nearly as lively as the liquor laden Dwarven celebrations. More noble speeches of gratitude, awards and toasts.

The award was a quest reward though, and it gave everyone a load of experience, which was likely more appreciated by the transfers than any physical object could have been. Darklight Host made out the best, getting a special Guild wide award and title for killing the Ogre King, as well as gaining three new Elven Clerics for the Guild, at Misha's recommendation.

[Guild Title: Ogre's Bane] gained

[Alina has joined the Guild]

[Nathaniel has joined the Guild]

[Ohla has joined the Guild]

Now, their Guild might be really Healer heavy at the moment, but that's hardly a bad thing. Plus, Ohla is more interested in being a merchant than a raid Healer, and she's volunteered to help Gramps with the tavern, selling the items brought from Sunnybrook.

All three were born and raised in Sunnybrook, but they went to the academy in Karmazin City as kids to learn the essential spells. Cixelcid promises to drag them along into the raid as much as he can, so Cain decides he will do the same, bringing Ohla into the Dungeon in the mornings before the tavern opens to keep her advancing and not just retiring to be a merchant at such a young age.

Well, relatively young. She's significantly older than Cain himself, but Elves grow up much more slowly than humans. The System also makes things strange, as gaining levels extends your lifespan. The way that Ohla explains it, once you reach adulthood, every level seems to reset you to your last apparent birthday.

So a steady grind through the levels for humans can keep them looking youthful a long time, as long as they can get a level within a year of the last one. Still, as most in the beginners valley never make it to level 80, instead settling into a life here, Elves still live hundreds of years longer than humans.

It's after midnight before they retire to the Guild House for the night. Alina and Nathaniel both pick rooms on the second floor in Sunnybrook, but Ohla is holding out to be the first full time resident in Graska. Other than maybe Cain, as the remodel included a suite for the Guild Master, and he might end up spending most of his time there. Gramps has been left in charge of the interior decorating crews.

Kone, while she prefers to do dungeons with Cain, also prefers the sunlight of her room in Sunnybrook. She is both Spirit Folk and a Druid after all, and the Graska Guild House is inside a mountain, surrounded by rock and forge fire.

The transfer circle makes things seamless for them. The next mornings breakfast for both houses is all cooked in the Graska kitchen, while daily snacks and packed lunches are done in the Sunnybrook house. Giving Tanya access to Graska and its specialties also changed the menu. More mead and ale flavored meats and spiced potatoes, along with the fruits, pastries and roasted nuts of Elven breakfast cuisine.

The happiest of them all this morning has to be Elmira. There's Dwarven honey mead at breakfast today, and if she drinks any faster she's likely to down herself in the bowl of sweet liquor.

"Ohla and Kone, you're with me today. We'll hit up the Beastkin dungeon this morning unless anyone else wants to come?" Cain calls.

"We're good. Going to visit the Naga Raid with Slayer and his Guild again today, they've got a couple members almost to 70 and we're looking forward to the party afterwards." Cixelcid smiles. Forget taking life seriously, the Guild is going to have to watch out for becoming cake addicted drunkards.

"Misha upgraded our gear last night, so I'm all ready to go." Ohla smiles and Kone laughs.

"Trust me, you're in no way ready for what's about to happen. Just stay in position and trust the summons to protect you. The smell of demons draws Beastkin from all over the dungeon towards wherever we are. It's hectic, but you don't even have to walk around." Kone informs her.

Instead of the Dark Elven Clerics today, Cain opts for more copies of Kone, but keeps the Witch Doctors he usually summons as the other pair. The Poison Puddles they cast, plus the mana Totems are the perfect balance of support and area damage for this type of dungeon.

They seem to like Ohla too, patting her head like everyone does to the Lamia Lesser Golems.

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

## Chapter 99 - 99

They wave goodbye to today's guard stationed at the Dungeon entrance and step inside, the Wrath Bringers pushing the opponents near the entry back with their huge shields. Cain summons the rest of his compliment of defenders and Ohla lets out a sigh of relief, then a squeak of alarm.

The Witch Doctors have coiled their bodies around her creating a protective barrier of Lamia flesh chest high. Ohla doesn't seem to be good with snakes though. Call it exposure therapy, they'll never hurt a party member and nothing can hurt her in their nest. They must have assumed she was afraid of the dungeon, not the giant snake women.

Cain hopes the level 80 upgrade to his Supporters will let them talk, it would make life much easier. If it lets then use the non class skills of the forms he's recorded it will be even better. They're currently lacking, even the appearance is off. He cloned Kone, but

the supporters have a more plain outfit, less expressive faces and of course they're silent. That suggests to Cain he's too low of level and they're incomplete.

A lot of things about his class are strange that way. Most advanced classes get a load of useful skills right away, with options for more beginning in the first few levels. Cain had to wait until level 60 to get his third class skill, and it still doesn't feel like it's complete.

The thought belatedly crossed his mind that perhaps it's waiting for him to be ready, bringing his status points up enough to actually use all of the skills the class should have. But that would only make sense if this is a class from the level 300 class change, when the basic classes would get to pick an upgraded class for a second time. The freshly arrived advanced class transfers also get to pick a new class at level 100, a reward of sorts for winning the gamble on the random class selection according to the Dwarves in Graska. But they have rumors that the classes available are limited because most don't meet the qualifications for some of the options at level 100, since they're upgrading so much earlier than usual.

The morning's work has been good to them all, and when they are about to leave for lunch Cain gets a long awaited notice.

[Level Up]

Cain checks his status screen quickly to verify what he remembered before allocating status points to reach another milestone.

[Name] Cain

[Level] 75

[Class] Puppet Master

[Race] Human

[Stats]+10 ->0

[STR] 125

[DEX] 90->100

[CON] 100

[INT] 75

[HP] 800



[MP] 375

[Notice: Beginning From DEX 100 Golems Gain Attack Speed and Movement Speed from DEX]

What? That's amazing. Now Cain feels a bit silly for adding the extra strength, he could have gotten this bonus earlier. Plus, does that mean they're going to gain mana and Spell Power once he gets to 100 INT? Only 5 more levels and he will find out.

[New Skill Available: Summon Lesser Bodyguard] Rogue Type <Golems> only.

Hey, a new Summon! A base of two Bodyguards, that must be Rogues, picked from his Golem Options. No hints as to whether they increase in numbers or just in quality with levels, or when.

He's found a great number of Rogues, but all the very best were Supporter Types. He could do Lamia or Naga Assassins. He has Golem type versions of both of them. Or maybe the Dread Spiders. They were a pain to fight with their webs and Poisoned Spears. Human upper bodies with the bodies of spiders. They're Greater Golems, but too squishy to be tanks, so he's never used them. Maybe they'll be decent as Lesser Bodyguards?

"I got a new skill for level 75. Bodyguards that have to be Rogue type Golems. Any preference ladies?" He asks Kone and Ohla.

"Please not more snakes." The cleric begs, still surrounded by Lamia bodies as she has been all morning.

"And none of those super creepy dolls either." Kone says, referring to the Clay Golems.

"Are we good with spiders? They'll be good for crowd control, and they might be cute." Cain shrugs.

"Let's see then first before I judge." Kone laughs and Cain summons them.

With his ability doubling their numbers, they're four Child sized versions of the ones they fought in the Forests of this dungeon. With the Spider bodies they still stand nearly Cain's height unless they crouch, but the humanoid torso is smaller than Kone's, wearing white silk vests that match their hair and carrying wicked looking barbed Spears.

As soon as they arrive they start firing webs at the attacking Beastkin and throwing their Poisoned Spears, that vanish after impact and return to their hands. It might be a skill, but it's a pretty cool trick.

With the black bodies and shockingly white hair framing almost Elven faces they are actually pretty cute in Cain's estimation. Cain hopes the others don't react too badly, he'd like to keep using these.

With the immediate area cleared and Nemu playing a pacify type song, they retreat out of the dungeon for the day and Cain releases all of the summons except Vala and Nemu.

"Well, what do you think of the new Bodyguards? Not bad, right?" he asks hopefully.

"Not bad at all. They aren't Fluffy, but they're a bit cute, and the webs are amazing. The bears don't get stuck in them at all, but they're hard for enemies to escape." Kone agrees.

"I once had a pet tarantula, they're a bit like that, but much bigger, and not so furry." Ohla smiles, clearly thinking of her pet.

It's settled then. The Bodyguards are going to be Dread Spiders. How close are you to level 70 Kone? We've been in the dungeons a lot, you should be almost there."

"A quarter of a level, I should get it in tomorrow morning's visit without any trouble. I got over a level today." She smiles and Ohla gets a vacant look as she examined her character sheet.

"I got just over two levels today. Experience in a high level dungeon is insane. If it's going to be like that, I can live with the plethora of snakes." The cleric says in awe.

"Lamia, they're Lamia. I helps if you think of them that way, they're just cuddly, not at all mean.." Kone giggles.

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

## **Chapter 100 - 100**

Gramps has serious connections among the Dwarves. When they return to the house for lunch, the last of the furniture is being brought upstairs by the workers, days ahead of schedule. He says none of the rooms match, they're all in different themes, but that's perfect for Cain. Guild members staying here can pick one that suits their personality.

Ohla is so excited she can barely eat her lunch, eager to get upstairs and pick out her new room. Cain is intrigued too, there's also a Guild Master Suite here that they

renovated without telling him what it will look like, and he's curious to see what they've done with the place.

Eager to get a head start, the two of them sneak upstairs while everyone else is still eating lunch, using the old servants stairs so they can start at the end of the hallway and end up in the Guild Master's suite.

The first two rooms they find are white marble themed, with green or blue accent colors. Then white oak, pink marble, black granite. Mostly stone floors and king sized beds with exquisite solid wood furniture, until they get to the last five rooms. Two standard rooms except with bunk beds, then the final two and the Guild Masters suite.

The last one on the left is themed like the captains quarters of a Spanish Galleon or similar style sailing ship. The room on the right is all padded red leather and black wood. Very cliché bondage dungeon style. Just looking at it makes Ohla blush.

"Alright, the moment of truth. Let's see the Guild Master's suite." Cain laughs, closing the door to the leather bound room behind him.

The door opens to a sitting room. Thick fur rugs cover granite floors, dark stained bookshelves line the walls except the far end where a comfortable looking chair sits behind a black jade desk with a map of the valley carved in the top and then covered in what looks like glass. Behind the chair a set of double doors open onto a balcony that overlooks the back yard. Mostly though, the view from inside is of the solid stone mountain face, must be a Dwarven thing.

In the middle of the room two heavy leather couches in the Dwarven fashion sit facing each other along with two thick recliners around a low table. Beside each chair is a round stand Cain can't immediately identify, until it dawns on him that they're ornate ashtrays with storage for pipes, cigars and tobacco

Only one door exits the room, leading to a bedroom more at home in a harem drama than a Dwarven capital. Persian Style Rugs on the floor, drapes over the walls in bright red and gold with gossamer curtains over a massive bed along the far wall. Instead of a couch there is a large pile of cushions with a low table, and the final touch, a hot tub steams away in the corner, big enough for six comfortably. Magical lamps in stained glass fixtures give the room a comfortably dim glow, despite the absence of windows.

Ohla is running her fingers over the cloth hung from the wall and discovers a small walk in closet and ensuite bathroom as all the rooms have, except with just a small shower instead of a tub and shower. Without knowing it is there, few would find it hidden behind the curtains.

"I can't tell if he knows you too well, or if the old man is messing with you." Ohla laughs, taking the decor in while Cain stands speechless.

"Casablanca, maybe Arabian Nights? I like it. Remember the honeymoon suite with the hot tub? This is way better." comes Misha's voice from behind them as they're still absorbing all that is this room.

"You recognize this? It reminds me of the Imperial wives suite in Sunnybrook." Ohla says, impressed and Cain chuckles.

"Both of those stories are about something similar to what you're thinking." Cain says and the inquisitive Elf goes to check the water temperature in the hot tub.

"Not bad, but we should get a garden pool built out back. Natural ponds are better than hot water to relax in." She smiles.

"How do you like it son? The boys noticed you've always got the four pretty women with you, so they did you up something special." Gramps asks, stroking his beard in victory.

Cain can see where the misunderstanding comes from. Even if Vala and Nemu are summons, that's not obvious to others, and they're almost always with him. Speaking of which, the Nemu twins, in opposite outfits, a feat Cain didn't know was possible as they're clones, are relaxing on the cushions, looking perfectly at home in this exotic room.

"We love it. Good job Gramps." Nemu gives it her seal of approval and Vala relaxes next to her.

"She's right, it's pretty comfortable. We should stay here." The Demonic Companion agrees.

"You heard them. Good job." Cain sighs, shaking his head.

Gramps has deliveries coming in all afternoon and evening, getting the house stocked up and the tavern ready to open. The girls are going shopping in Graska this afternoon, looking for the perfect outfit for tonight's party they say. Cain, Cixelcid and the newly arrived cleric Nathaniel are going to make a bunch of deliveries around the Dwarven district of Sunnybrook, delivering high quality goods the locals have asked Dimnys for after finding out she had a way to Graska.

It's not that they lack the skills to make them, but the materials simply weren't available in Sunnybrook. By the time they finish they've become great friends, sharing tales of their adventures and of romantic misadventures. Nathaniel is Alina's little brother, and he wanted to be a doctor before his interface awakened, so he picked cleric. Alina simply didn't like the idea of being hit so she wanted to heal. She loves being in dungeons though, and always drags him along.

They're all from Lesser noble families in the Inner City, and they went to the academy with Ohla. She picked cleric because her friends did, but actually wanted to travel as a

merchant, she likes bookkeeping and haggling for goods far too much for a nobles child, according to Nathaniel.

They're not snobby about their heritage like many from the Inner walls though, their time at the academy cured that and they haven't been back long enough to forget.

Before the evening party they make a quick visit back to Graska to get a cask of Dwarven Whiskey for the celebrants.. Five gallons should be enough for everyone to get a taste or two.

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