

REINCARNATED WITH THREE UNIQUE SKILLS

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Lenora Emberion



Ethan panted heavily, his breaths coming in ragged gasps as he struggled to regain his composure. Sweat streamed down his face, blurring his vision. The giant Toads and Serpents on the seventh floor had proved relentless, their monstrous forms overwhelming him. He was acutely aware of his own inadequacy in the face of their strength.

He activated his Appraisal skill:

[Fire Toad]

[Power Level: 6]

[Flame Serpent]

[Power Level: 5]

The dungeon's seventh floor was teeming with at least 10-20 of these beasts, their scales glinting ominously in the dim light. With his own level at just 4, Ethan realized that defeating them was beyond his current capabilities. Retreat was his only viable option. He needed a better strategy to overcome their defenses.

As he exited the dungeon, Ethan made his way through the bustling streets to the Hunter Guild, clutching a sack of valuable loot. The guild was alive with activity, filled with hunters trading stories of their recent exploits.

Melinda, the guild receptionist, greeted him with a hint of warmth in her otherwise stern demeanor. "Oh, hey, it's you again. Ethan, right?"

Ethan nodded. "Yeah, it's me, the rookie. I'm here to sell my loot. Can you check how much I can get for these?"

He laid out his extra skill books on the counter:

- Fire Toad's Leap - 3x
- Fire Toad's Resilience - 2x
- Flame Serpent's Resistance - 4x

Melinda examined the books, her stern expression shifting to one of surprise. "You managed to gather a lot for a rookie, Ethan. Great job! I never thought you had it in you."

Ethan accepted the praise with a modest smile, feeling a sense of accomplishment. Despite the challenges, it was a step forward. "Thanks, Melinda. I just need to get stronger. Those monsters on the 7th floor are tough."

Her expression turned serious again. "Take care, rookie. It's dangerous out there. Don't push yourself too hard."

With a nod, Ethan pocketed the near 400 silver coins that she handed him and left the guild. He decided to treat himself to a brief rest, savoring his small victory.

"Ring.... Riing"

Heading to the nearest tavern, Crescent Moon Tavern, Ethan entered to the chime of the welcome bell. He found a table near the window and sat down. A waiter soon approached, and Ethan ordered some wine and roasted beef while browsing the menu. The tavern was lively, filled with hunters engaged in animated conversations.

One hunter's voice cut through the din. "Hey, did you hear? A new S-rank hunter just joined the Hunter's Supreme Council."

"Yeah, I heard. Must be nice to be an S-rank hunter, right? Money, fame, beautiful women—they get everything they want," another hunter replied, his voice tinged with envy.

"Yeah! Will we ever be able to become S-rank hunters one day?" the first hunter mused, a dreamy look in his eyes.

Ethan listened, feeling a surge of determination. While he was far from reaching S-rank himself, their conversation reminded him of his own ambitions. He turned his attention back to his meal, contemplating his next move.

Just then, a tall girl with fiery red-hair approached him. "Hey Blacky, can I sit here?"

"Cough! Cough!"

Ethan nearly choked on his wine. "What did you say? Who is Blacky here?" he asked, locking eyes with her. Her fiery red eyes were captivating, burning with intensity and drawing him in. They were mesmerizing, unlike anything he had seen before.

The girl, with a mischievous grin, replied, "Who else, you of course. You have black hair, right? So, you're Blacky."

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "This girl is something else. Directly insulting my favorite black hair? She's got some guts." He decided to use Appraisal to gauge her strength, then deal with her accordingly.

[Name: Lenora Emberion]

[Age: 15]

[Level: 14]

[Affiliation: Arcadia Hunters Guild, Fire Crow Clan]

Impressed by her background, Ethan realized he should handle the situation with peace. "Haha, Sure, why not," he replied with a harmless smile. He need to cope with it. Who knows her protectors maybe hiding nearby?

Lenora cheerfully took a seat beside him, drawing curious glances from the other patrons. She ordered several dishes and wine, observing Ethan with interest.

He avoided meeting her gaze directly, uncomfortable with the tingling sensation her eyes invoked and keen to avoid any misunderstanding. She had this snake like charming eyes—like a medusa.

The silence between them grew awkward, prompting Lenora to break it. "What a bore! Hey, Blacky, why are you silent? Or are you upset because I called you by this name?"

Ethan looked up in confusion. "Who wouldn't be upset when you call him by a stupid name? Blacky? Am I some kind of dog or something?"

He took a deep breath to steady himself. "It's not that. I just wasn't expecting such a... direct nickname, by an unfamiliar person on top of that."

Lenora grinned and leaned forward. "Well, you better get used to it. I have a feeling we'll be seeing a lot of each other."

Her confidence was both intimidating and intriguing. "So, Lenora, why did you want to sit here? There seems to be a lot empty tables nearby.." Ethan asked casting a suspicious glance at her.

"Huh..." Lenora's eyebrows rose in surprise. "How did you know my name?"

Ethan began to sweat, realizing his slip of the tongue. "Uh, I just heard people's whispers about you. That's how I got to know your name." His excuse seemed plausible.

Lenora shrugged, taking a sip of her wine in an elegant manor. "I'm just looking for some fun and a good meal. You seemed interesting, so I thought I'd join you."

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "Interesting? How so?"

Lenora's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Let's just say I have a knack for spotting potential. And you... you have potential."

Ethan felt a mix of flattery and suspicion. "Thanks, I guess. But potential for what exactly?"

Her snake like eyes twinkled with playful glint and intrigue. "You'll find out soon enough. Just be ready."

Their conversation continued with light banter and playful teasing. He felt interesting to talk to her and they got to know each other better as the night wore on. Eventually, Ethan made his way back to his inn, reflecting on the unexpected encounter and the evening's events.