

Dreams. Sometimes you have them, other times it's all blank. And usually, when you do have them, and if you realise it's a dream, you can have a lucid one. But, it is more likely you would awaken instead, at which point the dream will cease.

Jessica, tired and unmoving as she is, finds herself in a peculiar situation. She is attempting to figure out what is exactly happening to her. She is already certain that she's having a lucid dream. She's inside her church, sitting on a small blanket upon the floor while in the middle of praying to her goddess, Eir. A good dream, considering her last few had involved her childhood. Unfortunately, the dream became lucid once the music started playing. Beautiful, energetic, with a clearly manipulative and epic tone. The music continues throughout her surroundings, seemingly coming from everywhere.

She frowns, her brows coming together as she attempts to piece together her memories. She had heard the sounds of a pipe organ at one of the larger churches she'd visited. It was a massive instrument that took up a large portion of the church's main gathering room. The sound it created was sonorous. The [Musician Priest] was clearly of a high level, as his musical notes leapt perfectly from one sound to the next.

But that's where it all falls apart. The sound she hears right now is completely different. For one, it is much faster, stronger, and so much more energetic. Uplifting to the extent that she just wants to stand up and... fight...

...Why would she...

...Quasi!

Like a flick of a switch, Jessica opens her eyes and abruptly sits up. She ignores the balls of floating light dancing above her and instead immediately turns towards the source of the sound. Her jaw slackens at the mesmerizing sight. Quasi's hands move in a blur as he strikes an enormous violet piano, each keystroke sending a wave of sound through the chasm. She stands like all of the others. They gaze at him in complete revelry. Hues of purple mana stream from the instrument, each burst sending a wave of energy through her and others. Her exhaustion quickly disappears as her body fully wakes up. She continues to listen alongside everyone else.

Only after a couple minutes, he finishes his song and finally looks towards the crowd, each gazing at him with obvious interest. The [Necromancer] takes a deep breath with a smile on his face. He gets up off Joker and turns towards the crowd. He then bows.

"That song is called Dragonborn, and I think it fits you guys pretty well."

The piano turns into a glob of purple smoke before dispersing away.

“Anyhow, it's nice to have you all awake and relatively alive. We'll be departing soon, so go and prepare. [Captains], come to me. I need a report.” He turns to her, his eyes glowing a purple light, “You too, Jessica. I want you part of this meeting too.”

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“Commander, what was that?”

The first to speak is Darrow. He stands... taller, with a wide grin plastered on his face. His eyes are glinting with energy and interest.

“Piano,” Jessica voices out, her eyes glancing at the area where the instrument had been.

“A Concert Grand Piano to be exact. One of my new skills lets me create instruments, and thus, music.” Quasi explains.

“It's like singing, but with stuff, right?” Tessa asks with distracted interest. Her tail flickers behind her while her eyes roam Quasi's body.

Quasi raises an eyebrow.

“Huh, I just realized that I've not seen an instrument anywhere in the dungeon...” he says, scratching his perfectly smooth and clear chin.

“Centaur's have instruments, but nothing that big, and it's not very popular. It hurts our ears,” Alba exclaims quickly while trotting into the conversation with a smile on her face.

Quasi nods, “Makes sense. Centaur hearing is actually pretty amazing and I can see why it can be painful. How was my music?”

Alba smiles and licks her lips, “Sexy,” she says with a deep voice.

“Um... “ Quasi's bone gauntlet begins to glow a soft purple.

“Right... Anyways, Thorous, how are we doing on supplies?”

Thorous grunts, her scales seemingly shimmering in the artificial light. She had gained levels too, and possibly even a skill.

“We lost a great deal of food on the final push towards the boss. A lot of it fell off. So, we only have maybe seven cycles before we run out. I'm not sure if it would be worth going back for it though. We barely made it here, and that's mostly thanks to Jessica taking command.”

Quasi turns to Jessica who immediately blushes at his gaze. Her head drops down, her eyes boring holes into the ground. "Um. You were unconscious. I felt like I needed to do something."

"And you did!" Lilly comes from behind, her arms grabbing hold of Jessica in a practical deathgrip, "We lived because of you. You really took control!"

All eyes turn to Lilly, their gazes quickly swerve to her, and then behind her...

"What?" she asks after a moment. She follows the gaze of others and turns around, only to find her changed tail flicking in the air. Her tail is now over a dozen times longer and twice as thick as even the ones that the male Gejan have. Muscles can be seen flexing along the entire length of her tail. At the end of it is a spiked ball of condensed scales.

She flexes and moves the tail, the movement looks far too fluid for its length.

"Wow..." she exclaims in surprise.

Quasi shakes his head before focusing, "[Advanced Analyze]."

Lilly

Level 106 [Breaker]

Level 85 [Captain]

The smallest of the Gejan, Lilly is found to be both a great worker and loyal individual. Unfortunately, her short stature had made it impossible for her to attract the eye of any male.

Strength	132
Dexterity	28
Stamina	82
Perception	35
Endurance	26
Vitality	380
Mana	50
M/regen	0.5
Affinity	0
Intelligence	44
Willpower	221
Soul	143

**Major Strength Bloodline:** This individual gains three times as much strength per class bonus.

**Restricted Growth Bloodline:** This individual cannot grow any larger. Vitality is significantly increased.

**Bloodline Mutation:** Excess restricted growth is added to exterior Appendage.

**Compressed Muscles:** Due to [Restricted Growth], weight is increased significantly.

*Seriously? Shit like this can happen?*

“You have a bloodline mutation. No idea how that works, but it seems your tail is compensating for your restricted growth.”

Lilly begins wiggling her tail, flicking it. She giggles at the movement and the ease at which it moves under her control.

“Interesting. Looks useful too. We’re gonna need to test its full capabilities later, especially after you unlock your second tier class.”

Lilly nods slowly, barely even listening now.

“Speaking of second tier classes,” Quasi turns to Tessa, “You’re a level hundred four [Scout].”

Tessa’s eyes gaze upwards. She quickly wipes the drool off her face.

“Really? I leveled? But I didn’t do much.”

Quasi snorts, “Classes don’t just level from defeating a foe. Surviving works just as well.”

He turns and points towards the Gejan that stand ready and in formation to begin descending to the next floor. Zorren stands alongside them... glaring.

“We can talk while we move. It looks like our resident [Berserker] is getting impatient.”

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“So, Zorren, what’s the plan?” I ask while following the rather eager Gejan downward. His steps are quick and direct. His posture practically oozes anticipation.

He turns to me, a frown forming on his face, “What? You’re willing to ask questions now? What happened to limiting information?”

“Well, I’ve barely any bone to work with and my strongest minion exploded. As much as I would love to continue my ignorance to level faster, I don’t feel confident enough to react to every threat and keep my people alive.”

Zorren stares at me for a good ten seconds. Then I see the onset of a small smile forming on his face.

“The sixth floor is larger than any of the others. It is a place filled with miles of sand and only a couple of large rocky structures,” he frowns, “monsters roam the sands, both above ground and

under it. Most are several times larger than us and they are very aggressive. A lot of them spew acid and poison as well as a sticky substance.”

*Sand? A whole bunch of sand...shit.*

“A desert... fuck. Well, that's going to be annoying.” I say.

*Why did it have to be a desert? Ughhhh, this is going to be annoying. All that sand is going to go into places I really don't want it to go to. I can only imagine how easily the Gejan will adapt. Their bodies are stupidly perfect. Natural weapons like claws. Natural scale armor. Omnivores that could eat anything raw. Resistance to poisons. Mild regenerative properties. Night vision. Resistance to cold. Resistance to heat.*

I point at Zorren, “You fuckers are way too overpowered.”

Zorren gives me a confused look. “Huh?”

“Nothing. Nothing at all Mr. perfect. Just, ughhh, just give me details. Is there water on the floor? Do you know where we need to look? The Gejan town should be built on this floor. How far is the locati-,” my words are interrupted as a stream of heat passes through the tunnel.

“Fuck. This tunnel is too short!”

Zorren snorts and increases his pace.

“Dammit.”

I increase my pace and in less than a minute I begin to see light. A full minute later and we enter the sixth floor. It is here that I truly remember how much I hate sand. I can't exactly remember why, but I think it involves one of my former summonings...

Heat descends onto my shoulder and I immediately remove my cloak. The sun, or should I say the glowing crystal, feels exactly like an actual sun.

*Ughhhh, this is going to suck.*

Looking behind me, I watch as the Gejan stroll out into the sunlight. They immediately gaze upward, smiles on their faces as they compliment the nice temperature.

I groan and shake my head at the unfairness of it all.

I look out into the desert, finding only large rock formations in the distance. As I gaze at one weirdly shaped formation, a giant brown millipede a mile away rises out of the sand. Thousands of legs are wiggling erratically as the giant millipede the size of a train lands hard.

"Fuck." I say, watching as its body continues to come out of the ground. It is easily over 200 meters in length.

A second later, the ground next to the millipede explodes and a larger, pure white millipede the girth of a house bursts out and immediately jumps atop the smaller, train sized one.

"This must be the fantasy version of Australia."

I continue watching as the massive white behemoth wraps around the smaller one before slowly dragging it under the sand.

I blink.

"Fuck. I forgot to [Advanced Analyze] it."

I continue staring, but I see nor sense any movement. About a minute later and I feel a corpse show up a mile underground.

I turn to look at Zorren who gazes at me. A smile is on his snout. A very smug smile.

*This sucks...*

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Despite the monstrosities most likely living and waiting deep underground, Darrow was confident in his commander's leadership. Not a half cycle had gone by since an overwhelming number of enemies had perished at the commander's hands.

Granted, he did lose the undead named Berosus. A sacrifice that had clearly weakened the commander's capable strength significantly.

"Still..."

Darrow's gaze swerves from the commander and lands on the Undead known as Joker.

Joker's head swerves, its hollow purple glowing eyes turn to him.

Darrow quickly looks away. His scales feel heavier all of a sudden. He gulps quickly and attempts to keep his tail from wrapping around his leg.

Darrow is not the type to be scared. He does not fear pain, nor does he fear a dangerous enemy. But since he had obtained the skill [Danger Sense], it had been constantly going off whenever he is nearby the undead named Joker. To him, it feels like the undead is constantly planning and preparing the most efficient way to end his life.

Such fear is only increased by the fact that he knows he cannot win if a fight had broken loose. He had dueled Thorous, and she had trounced him every time... and... she has yet to defeat Joker.

“Stupid skill,” he frowns, gazing towards the commander who is also frowning. The commander’s eyes are glued down into the sand, seemingly seeing something that others cannot.

The Commander smiles, “Fuck yea. New skill!... aaaannnnnd shit, we have company.”

The commander quickly points, “**Get ready for combat. Seven truck sized monsters are burrowing underground to our location. [Captains] at the front. All others, stay in the back but be ready.**”

Darrow instinctively starts running towards the direction that the commander points. He unlatches his scale sword and pavis shield and takes up a defensive stance. Taking a quick look around, he finds that the other [Captains] are in position near him. Each of them are ready to react.

After a moment, the sand begins to rumble.

“Um,” Darrow begins, his [Danger Sense] going off constantly. The sands start shifting even faster, “What’s a truck?”

Not a second later and the ground explodes in a cloud of sand. Giant white monstrosities reveal themselves with hundreds of legs and massive pincers. One of them notices Darrow and immediately rushes him.

“[Unyielding Wall], [Stance of the Giant],” Darrow calls out as the sand under his feet seemingly hardens. He strengthens the grip on his shield and bends his legs.

The monster slams into Darrow with enough force to crush stone. Darrow holds still. His skill is fully active and is allowing him to be unmovable for as long as his body holds. The impact had not only been stopped, but it seems that Darrow is far sturdier than the monster.



Darrow grunts as he lifts his shield to the side. Green liquid drips off the shield and onto the sand with a hiss. He takes a look at what remains of the monster. There is no longer any semblance of a head. All that is left is a shattered internal structure and a broken exoskeleton. The brain, if there was one, cannot be seen.

All eyes are on Darrow now. Each person is staring at him in disbelief.

And then a scream goes off as eyes turn towards the other six monsters. Joker's arm is more than halfway inside one of the large monsters head. It screams in excruciating pain.

Joker immediately hops off, quickly jumping on the body of another, the undead's blade flickers, cutting deep gashes into the exoskeleton wherever he moves. The other monster attempts to follow, but Joker moves extremely fast. He uses the bodies of the others for positioning while always attacking from blind spots and on the move.

Darrow looks behind himself and finds the Commander sitting on the sand. His legs are crossed and eyes are closed.

Darrow's gaze turns towards Joker- no, not Joker. The Commander has taken full control. It is his mind that now compels the undead. It is the Commander who is single handedly fighting six giant monstrosities which are doing everything in their power to just keep track... but they are failing even that. Each movement is calculated, manipulative, and always creating a desired response. It is not a battle of only martial skill, but a tactical game against an opponent that had lost before the battle had even begun.

The [Captains] and all of the Gejan watch with reverence as the monsters are cut down slowly but surely. The first monster falls in about a minute due to the excessive bleeding from the multitudes of wounds. Another falls thirty seconds after.

And then the commander backs off. Joker's body jumps and accelerates away from the remaining monsters. It runs and stops next to Quasi's position. Quasi opens his eyes, his head swerving towards Joker and frowning at the sizzling acid that has dissolved a significant portion of Joker's arms.

The Commander turns towards the monsters which are attempting to get their wits together.

"Alright. That looks like it's it for me. Jessica, let's see what you can do." he says while looking at the [Archpriestess] behind him.

She nods and raises her hand.

"[Summon Angel][Mage Archetype]"

Above her, existence trembles for but a moment before an angel with four wings forms into this plane of existence. The angel wears a golden robe while carrying a staff in one hand. Its gaze turns towards Quasi.

“No, Attack them. Destroy them all!” Jessica yells with an aura focused glare.

The [Mage Angel] glances and notices the monsters.

“Yes, mistress,” it replies while pointing its staff.

“[Maximize Magic], [Extend Magic], [Quicken Spell],” the angel voices loudly. Its mana begins to release from its body in droves. The angel raises its staff higher.

“[Lightning Vortex].”

From the [Mage Angel’s] staff, a powerful glow commences as static electricity quickly forms above the confused monsters. The air crackles for but a moment before several dozen deafening strikes of lightning fall upon the monster. Explosions of flesh and acidic blood burst from the monster after each strike. After ten seconds, none of the monsters are still alive. Burning chitin and the bodies of monsters with huge gaping holes across their flesh is all that remains.

Quasi stares at the carnage with his jaw hanging open.