

Shina is rather surprised how comfy and large the coach is. She had expected to be squished up against her team with little to no legroom, as had happened before, but no. She didn't notice from the outside, but the coach is both longer and wider than she's used before.

She sighs when her cousin starts bouncing the velvet cushioned seats with an idiotic grin on his face. Of all the people, why him? Why did the clan ask her to take him along? I mean, sure, he has a high level for his age and is surprisingly good in a fight, but he's also an ignoramus.

"Hey, hey, do we get snacks? Can we eat snacks here? I heard some carriages even have wine."

Shina groans aloud, eliciting chuckles from her team. She can already tell this is going to be a long ride.

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Two hours of ignoring Aiden pass by in a flash before her stoic reverie is interrupted with the coach doors opening. A masked man and woman climb in.

"Hey Jess, this is pretty roomy. Kinda feels like being in a limo," the man says while taking an empty seat.

"What's a limo?" the woman, provisionally Jess, asks while taking a seat next to him.

"Well, you know those shitty horseless carriages?"

"The ones you complain about."

"Yup. Well, imagine if the carriages were a little wider and much longer. That's a limo, which is what it feels like inside here. Though it could really use a jacuzzi. All limos need a jacuzzi! Anyways," the male turns to Shin and her team, "I'm guessing you guys are the Fire Spitters?"

Internally annoyed, Shina opens her mouth to correct the name, but...

"Yup, and we are the greatest fire team ever! We're going to burn that [Necromancer] to a crisp. So don't worry, we'll protect you!" Aiden practically yells out.

Shina covers her face, two parts angry, five parts annoyed, and six parts humiliated. The other team is individually stronger than her entire team, otherwise, a team of two would not be considered a silver rank.

"Really? That's perfect, kid. I was a bit afraid of fighting the [Necromancer], but with you leading the way, then I have nothing to fear!" the masked man says while raising his hand with his thumbs up.

Shina can hear Thresh snort and chuckle silently at his words. Dorris and Elly are giggling. Even the masked woman is shaking her head.

Aiden, flustered by the man's words, can't help but blush. It's clear to Shina that he was not expecting such a reaction.

Copying the man's hand movement, Aiden leans forward. "Hah. That [Necromancer] won't even know what hit 'em. He'll be cowering behind his undead when I start releasing my magic."

Aiden opens his palm, and without even opening his mouth, a [Flame Dart] pops into existence. He holds the spell in place without using it.

Fire magic in an enclosed space is generally a terrible idea. She opens her mouth to tell the idiot to stop but her mouth goes rigid as the masked man copies Aiden's movement, casting a [Flame Dart] above his palm.

From her side, she hears Dorris whisper [*Silent Casting*], a rare skill that takes a great deal of luck to obtain or, if the rumors are true, a vast amount of experience to learn.

"Well, I may not be as strong as you," Thresh snickers softly at the words, "but I think I can be of some help. I can't allow someone as strong as you to fight alone."

Shina has never seen Aiden smile so hard. Heck, it looks like the kid's face is going to break.

From the front of the carriage, a metal slider opens to reveal Ferris, their driver.

"Can you please stop using dangerous magic inside my coach? I'd rather not have to kick you all out when we haven't even left the city."

The two balls of fire wink out, which causes Ferris to grunt and close the metal slider.

"Hello," she quickly speaks before Aiden can start, "I am Shina of clan Flammenwerfer and the leader of the Flame spitters silver team. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"We're Marry Marrows," the masked woman speaks, "and we're also a silver ranked team."

She points to herself, "My name is Jess," she then points to the guy, "and this is the team leader, Bone."

"And I'm Aiden, the future greatest [Pyromancer] in all of Orbis!"

"Oh! Future Greatest. You sure you're up for the task?" Bone asks.

Aiden chuckles and Shina shakes her head. "Of course! My family is destined for greatness! My dad leads the Flammenwerfer clan and my older sister is Calidi, the **Scorching Star**. The strongest named diver in the whole world."

"Really? That's amazing!" Bone answers in a voice that is clearly fake but Aiden is too oblivious to notice.

"Right! You just wait, give me like, ten years and everyone will know my name."

Shina sighs. She leans forward and grabs Aiden by the ear before pulling him back into his seat. The kid was about to fall off his seat from leaning forward so far.

"Shina," he complains, but she gives him a glare which shuts him up.

"My apologies Bone, he can be a bit overenthusiastic. Anyways, I'd like to talk about the mission and to share some details regarding our teams."

Bone shrugs. "Go ahead. Ask away."

She clears her throat. "The mission, from what I understand, involves a possible confrontation with a [Necromancer]. Considering the undead were spotted in the Cerulean Forest, we may be dealing with a small army of undead."

Bone tilts his head. "Army? I don't think there are enough monsters and animals to raise an army. Maybe if villages are attacked, but if that were the case, then Elmherst would have already been attacked."

Shina nods, understanding the reasoning. Undead are usually slower than their living counterparts. Monsters and animals would keep their distance from the undead, making the creation of an army very difficult. But, there is a problem.

"That may not be the case. The Cerulean Forest was not a forest over a thousand years ago. It was, if reports are accurate, a large battleground where armies and monsters went to war. There may still be an army's worth of corpses there, buried and decayed."

The masked man leans back and folds his legs, seemingly deep in thought.

She continues.

"Considering the possible threat, I believe it would be best for us to work together, even make up a plan for combat, especially if an army is involved."

"Hoh? You think you can fight an army?" Bone asks.

She nods. "My team specializes in using powerful, wide-area fire magic. The undead would burn up within seco-" she pauses as the masked man named Bone shakes his head.

"Unless you can create a pure flame as hot as a [Pyromancer], then I doubt your flames will be that effective."

"What?" she asks but the man raises his hand.

"Fire magic is very good against Zombie type undead. Those with flesh and blood will burn and stop functioning when the body gets too damaged, especially the brain. But, if what your research says is true, then the undead this [Necromancer] is going to summon will be of the skeletal archetype, which, depending on the specific summon, would be nigh immune to all but the hottest of flames."

Many years ago, when she was younger, Shina would have been angry to be called out. But now, when her and her team's lives are on the line, then emotions need to take a back seat.

"Even so, I still think it would be good to work together, to shore up any weaknesses and all."

"I can accept that."

Good.

"Well, I'll begin. I'm a [Flame Sorceress]. I specialize in fire magic and boosting the strength of fire magic. I can cast location-based boosts and even temporarily imbue weapons with fire."

She looks to her team, waiting for them to introduce themselves.

A short girl lazily waves her hand. "Hello. I'm Dorris. I'm just a typical [Fire Mage] like Aiden over there."

"Hey!" Aiden calls out.

A tall brunette covered in leather armor from neck to toe leans forward and unsheathes a heavily enchanted composite bow! "Names Elly. I'm a [Flame Archer]. I can make all of my arrows go boom."

Next to her, a large man with a fluffy mane that denotes him of the Lion-kin chuckles with sharp teeth. "I'm Thresh and I'm a [Flame Guard]," he says while thumping his chest armor. "I'm the frontline for the team and I'm practically immune to fire."

All eyes then turn to the last member, the one who is sitting in the corner with arms folded and hood down.

They wait, and he does not move. They can only hear soft breathing.

“Brando,” Thresh nudges the guy who refuses to wake up.

Shina shakes her head. “That’s Brando. He’s a Sloth-kin and a [Pyroblade]. He sleeps a lot, but he is probably the most dangerous of my whole team.”

Bando continues breathing softly, barely even moving with each breath.

Shina shifts her gaze from Brando onto the masked duo, waiting for them to answer.

Jess does a small bow. “I’m an [Archpriestess] of the goddess Eir.”

Thresh whistles in appreciation. “Damn, a tier two, and a healer. I guess that means I can be a bit careless then.”

“Thresh,” Shina warns him.

Thresh raises both hands. “Kidding, Kidding.”

She rolls her eyes and then looks to the final person.

Bone shifts in his seat. He raises his hand and touches the rim of his abnormally tall hat. He removes the hat and spins it down his arm before touching it to his chest. He bows. “ I am [Gentleman] Bone.”

Shina’s eyes go wide as every member of her team freezes and goes silent... except for one.

“[Gentleman]? That’s a class? What can it do?” Aiden asks possibly one of the most dangerous people in all of Camelot.

“Plenty of things, young Aiden. From cleaning to cooking to fighting, and even casting powerful spells. A [Gentleman] must know it all.”

Aiden frowns in confusion. “So, you can do everything then?”

“I strive to, but I could never be as good as the real thing. I can cast a simple [Flame Dart] spell, but I could never cast any of the more powerful spells that you could.”

Aiden smiles from the praise, but Shina can only gulp internally. Her [Mana sight] had shown that when Aiden and Bone created [Flame Dart], Bone’s was a flawless casting.

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I yawn as I look out the window, watching as the coach slowly exits Camelot. I glance around the coach. Most of the other team's members are keeping their distance except for the young man named Aiden, who is kept at bay by his cousin.

Damnit, I guess I'm going to need to keep my [Gentleman] class a secret too, at least until we are far from Camelot and nobody has experience with the Gentlemen's Guild. Really annoying, especially since Aiden is fun to talk to.

Sighing internally, I glance at Jessica who has already fallen asleep. I've yet to tell her about her mother, figuring it would be best to let the [Runesmith] tell her himself once we return.

I return my gaze back to the window and watch the carriage pass by onlookers at a high pace. The usual [Traders] or [Merchants] accompanied by [Guards] are the majority of those waiting in line.

Then I frown when I see a tall human and a dwarf standing in line wearing very mismatched clothes and armor while carrying packs filled to the brim with supplies.

I snort and look away from the window. I lean back into the comfy chair and close my eyes to try and get some sleep.

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In a freshly built tower, the patter of feet echo as a young girl runs through a hallway carrying a bottle. She dashes quickly with eyes closed as she jumps and maneuvers up the stairs, past tables, and chairs, and eventually arrives at a room with the sound of crying babies.

With a smile on her face, she approaches a crib, very recently made, housing the newest member of the family.

She leans over it, going up on her tippy toes and even pushing on the ground with her tail. Bottle in hand, she moves it to the baby's mouth. The baby, with a swishing foxtail, opens her mouth and accepts the nipple. The baby starts to drink and she then smiles.

"Hi," the girl says softly, opening up her cloudy eyes. "My name's Aisha. It's nice to meet you."