

Arran, [Elite Mercenary Captain] of the Axelords, stops fondling a [Priestess]'s breasts when a loud explosion from outside rattles the room. His men, who are also in the midst of coitus, also stop. They look at him, and he frowns. The blast was big enough to possibly be an attack. Even if it wasn't...

"Axelords, arm up!" he shouts. He gets up off the woman and quickly starts getting dressed. As he does so, he looks at his [Mercenaries] and frowns. "Where the fuck is Bidnyk?"

"He chased one of them younger [Priestesses] outside," a [Mercenary] replies.

Arran scowls. "Damn him. Always running off."

The Axelords quickly dress, grab their weapons, and stream out of the main temple structure, ready for battle. Like a well-oiled machine, they take up a defensive formation on the porch

They expected [Bandits] or Monsters invading the temple grounds, or perhaps even another [Mercenary] company that got violent.

The situation before them though is completely unexpected.

"Bidnyk, what the fuck happened to our battlewagon?"

Bidnyk takes his eyes off Quasi to look up at his commander. He gulps and points. "He threw it at me!" the man exclaims.

"I was testing its structural integrity," the masked man interjects. "Don't blame me for the shitty construction. You really should test these sorts of things beforehand."

Arran frowns, observes Bidnyk, the strange masked man, and then the remnants of the wagon. He then looks down at the injured, young, half naked [Priestess] on the ground and then at the other [Priestesses] standing and watching nearby.

Arran lifts his battle axe over his shoulder and slowly walks down the stairs. He keeps his eyes on the masked man. If what Bidnyk says is true and the man had thrown the cart, then he is dangerous. The Battlewagon weighed over a thousand pounds. Throwing it hard enough to shatter it demonstrates either an incredible strength stat, or powerful skills.

Arran sizes up the man. A high strength stat always reveals itself in the body of people, but he is just too small. Larger muscles, bigger bodies, and other specifics. The masked man shows none of that. Which can only mean...

"You are a [Mage]." Arran states. "Why have you destroyed my Battlewagon?"

The masked man leans on one of the wooden supports of the stable.

“That, Arran, is a long story fraught with terrible happenstance and the totally inadequate governance of a dungeon. It begins in a bygone era, when times were simple and the booze flowed freely. My mother, a millionaire porn star, forgot to take her pill before shooting. It was that night that an accident happened, one that would go on to threaten the end of the world as we know it. And now, Arran, we stand in the middle of the story; except, you get to decide how it ends. So, I ask you, why did I destroy that,” the masked man seemed to almost cringe at the name, “Battlewagon? Once you decide the answer to that question, we should be able to come to a reasonable agreement.”

Arran tightens his grip on his axe. He glances at his men, all of which now look just as confused as he currently is.

“You’re nuts.”

The masked man chuckles. “Such a conclusion, while formed from most reasonable assumptions based on limited perception, may seem entirely correct, but also wrong from a deeper, analytical standpoint. For example, you think me mad, and I wholeheartedly concur; however, my madness is not due to a lapse in my mental faculties, but because I embraced it as part of myself to escape the unending ma-”

“Oh, just shut up,” Aaron finally interrupts, “I don’t care anymore. I’m just going to kill you then finish up my business here.”

“Hey! Wait! I haven’t even gotten to the good parts of my speech,” the masked man whines.

“What’s happening Jessica?” Nafissa asks.

She has been watching everything unfold, and the current situation leaves her both confused and worried.

Jessica sighs, “Nothing, my partner is being an idiot.”

Nafissa watches the [Elite Mercenary Captain] stroll toward the man Jessica called Bone. The captain looks dangerous; the stabby points on his steel plate armor and sharp edge of his large battle axe gleam in the sun. The Axelords paid a decent sum of money to be entertained by the [Priestesses]. If that fun gets interrupted, they would be justified in demanding a refund.

“Will he be okay?”

“The [Mercenary Elite Captain]? Probably not.”

Before Nafissa can correct Jessica, Bone raises his hand in the air. A cane whips through the air and lands in his hand. The man spins and twirls the cane experimentally, then, satisfied, saunters towards Arran.

The [Elite Mercenary Captain] frowns.

“Clearly, it seems that you, sir, would like to have a nice, manly tussle. And, as a [Gentleman], it would be impolite of me to refuse your invitation.”

Quasi stops ten feet in front of the Arran.

“This distance seems customary.” Quasi throws a coin to Jessica, “If my lady would do the honors.”

Arron’s company stands behind him on the steps of the Sanctuary. In his gut, Arran feels like he is walking into a trap. The man claims he is a [Gentleman], but Arran can neither confirm nor refute the statement, especially since he does not have any skill to check levels or classes.

Regardless, he is an [Elite Mercenary Captain], a second-tier class which can even compete against [Archknights] in single combat

With a short step, Arran bursts forward with practiced speed. He swings his ax while keeping his footing in place so as to be able to immediately react. Really, he is just doing a probing attack.

To his surprise, the masked man doesn’t attempt to dodge. Instead, he swings up his cane to block the attack. Arran commits to his strike, expecting to break the cane and the [Gentleman] behind it.

The two weapons impact each other... and nothing happens. No sound, no movement, no reverberations. Arran’s axe just lost all of its momentum.

He quickly backs up.

The masked man twirls his cane back to his side as though nothing has happened.

Arran looks at the cane; its construction is rather odd. The short crutch is made from segmented bone and then had a crystal mounted on it. From that initial strike, he confirmed it is enchanted and probably enhanced by a skill. The man’s claim of being a [Gentleman] is probably true. A [Gentleman]’s weapon is his cane, after all.

Still, dealing with skills and enchantments is rather simple. All you need to do is apply enough force to break whatever defense you are up against.

“[Burst Speed], [Whirling Strikes].”

Nafissa gazes in shock as Arran’s body blurs with motion, his axe flickers, striking a dozen times a second. Astoundingly, Bone casually moves his cane and intercepts every strike, completely stopping the axe on each contact.

The whole fight is uncanny. The only sounds Nafissa hears are Arran’s grunts and the scuffling of his feet. She sees his movement, the impressive, fully weighted strikes, but when the axe hits, the cane makes no sound.

“How is he doing that? What level of a [Gentleman] is he?”

Jessica folds her arms across her chest. “It’s not his [Gentleman] class, which is very low. The cane’s enchanted.”

“How can an enchantment be able to stop something like that?” Nafissa points.

Jessica flicks a strand of her hair behind her ear. “The cane is a Divine Rank item. I think he named it Mimir’s Spine.”

“Mimi- wait, divine rank? Does he have one of the seven divine items under his possession?”

Jessica tilts her head. “Seven? No, there are nine now... or was it ten? I can’t remember. I know this necklace is one of them and the cane is another. I think Quasi said he created two.”

Nafissa glances at Jessica. “Who is Quasi?”

Jessica stiffens. “Oops.”

Arran, after his dozens of failed strikes, disengages from combat. He pants hard. His hand would be shaking if not for the fact he had not felt any vibrations from the impacts. The foe in front of him had barely even moved. He had only twisted his right arm slightly so as to block all of his strikes. Other than that, the masked man has yet to even flinch.

At this rate, Arran may run out of stamina before whatever skill or enchant is being used runs out.

“Was that it? You know you should really put some more effort into those strikes. I didn’t even feel anything.”

Arran frowns and grinds his teeth. He could use a far more powerful skill, but considering twenty-seven of his attacks failed, it will probably be a waste.

“Axelords, surround him.”

The [Mercenaries] fan out and circle Bone.

“Really now. Twelve against me. That doesn’t seem fair at all.”

The hairs on Arran’s back stand on end at the contempt behind those words. He ignores the feeling and raises his weapon.

“Attack to kill,” he orders, “and use skills. [Dismembering Slash]!”

“[Power Strike]!” “[Anvil Smash]!” “[Stonebreaker Slash]!” “[Brazen Blow]!”

Skills and more skills are activated as the mercenaries charge for the kill...

The masked man smiles under his mask as he raises the cane to his chest. Both hands cover up the crystal sphere. He then drops the cane downward towards the stone walkway, “[Kinetic Release],”

“At least, not for you.”

Jessica hears Quasi’s invocation and yells, “[Mass Holy Barrier]!” Mana erupts from her body and bathes each [Priestess] in a cocoon of holy light.

When the cane stabs the ground, the world bursts into sound and chaos. The earth shatters and breaks as a wave of pure force spreads out in front of the [Hero] and pulverizes everything in its way. The [Mercenaries] don’t fare much better than the stone and are tossed aside like ragdolls. Men fly head over heel through the air, landing dozens of meters away. The group laid shattered and broken, completely and utterly defeated.

As for the [Priestesses], they remain unharmed. The barrier protected them, though they are still a bit shaken.

Quasi takes a look at his cane and frowns.

[Divine]

Mimir's Spine

This cane was created with the spine of the [Demigod] Mimir by a [Grand Anarcho-Artificer]. This artifact has retained Mimir's ability to store vast amounts of energy, while also holding methods of utilizing it.

Passive: Absorb all incident kinetic energy and store it into this cane. [0 Joules of energy stored]

Ability: [Kinetic Release] - Release all stored energy in the desired direction.

Ability: [Kinetic Freeze] - Absorb all kinetic energy from the target. (Cooldown: 109 days)

"Oops, I think I had it charged a bit beforehand. Welp, that's not good."

"Quasi! You destroyed everything!" a voice yells out.

The [Hero] and [Gentleman] sees Jessica glaring murderously at him while pointing at the surroundings. The temple grounds, buildings, and other things have pieces of stone broken through the walls. With one ability, he had accidentally destroyed Jessica's home, the place where she had grown up and spent most of her life.

"I plead the fifth."

"Quasi!" she screams in unbridled fury as the bracelet on her wrist begins to glow. Mana coalesces to the location, preparing to summon something the [Hero] absolutely does not want to deal with right now.

Not a moment later and the doors from the temple burst open as a tall gangly man dressed in an embroidered Cassock runs out of the building.

"What in blazes is happening here!?" he bellows.

Jessica, still in a rage, swerves to look at the person who just walked out. Her scrutiny falls on the man. The bracelet stops glowing and the hot anger she was feeling is immediately replaced with a cold and vengeful fury.