

The cool stone was the only thing that Brooks was able to feel as he woke up in a pitch black room. He couldn't see, nor could he really hear anything in the space he was in. It took him a moment to gather what few senses he could, as he sat up slowly. Under him was stone, to his side seemed to be a stone wall as well. Though, there was no stone above, behind, in front of, or on his right side. Wherever he was, the room at least had some space to it... maybe he was even outside propped against the side of a building... no, there wasn't enough breeze for that.

Lifting his right hand he snapped, a miniature spark appearing from his fingers before spreading out to form a little rectangle in front of him. The golden border showed him where a map would have been, yet all he could see was a black 'screen' that said no area map. The bunny sighing softly as he pulled his hand back, swiping it across the screen in the air as it switched to show his inventory. Which... was mostly empty.

"Oh come on, they took all of my gear? Not fair!" the bunny complained as he looked over what few things he had left. Most of it was just a replica of his actual gear, though without an item level and thus no bonuses provided from any of them. He huffed out, his finger playing across the screen as he started to switch between different menus and scroll through his inventory. He had a single healing item, a nice little cool refreshing bottle of potion, which tastes almost like sprite soda. The normal prisoner rags one might start with after being stripped of all their lovely gear and loot. And last but not least, he had a.. Simple stone. At least the description of the stone said it was a simple stone.

He got up slowly, feeling around as he steadied himself against the wall. His toes wiggled slightly on the stone floor, it was cold... almost like he was in a basement or a prison. He didn't do anything illegal recently... so that means he... he got kidnapped! It must have been those bandits that he was leveling up on earlier. The leader must have gotten a personal grudge after losing so many of his men... It's not brook's fault that the man hired such low leveled thugs to terrorize the people. Should have actually paid out some coin for a real thug or two.

With a smirk on his face, he twirled his arm slightly. "Well... guess that means i'll just have to find my loot and take out the boss." he said to himself, as he looked around the dark room. The only thing was... he would need to see before he could hit anyone. He only had one option, though he didn't really want to use it. The Wizard job.

He brought back up his character menu, which proudly stated his name, class, and job. Brooks, Hero, Brawler. He has been leveling up his brawler for quite some time, as he found it more fun to punch and kick his enemies instead of stabbing with a sword or a spear. Of course it had its downsides but to an acrobatic snow rabbit like him, well it was just perfectly fit for him. As for magic, he never really got the hang of chanting out spells while also making the hand motions and sometimes having to dodge attacks while keeping up the spell...

He really only knew a simple light spell... with a cure spell that took him about five minutes to cast. He was only a level 5 for the wizard job, and haven't gotten strong enough to class into a stronger warlock or summoner. Also, the change in job would lower his strength and dexterity stats, making him much more... vulnerable. He pouted, clicking on the menu that changed him into a wizard. There was a small flash around him, but as his gear was all gone... nothing much changed, maybe his muscles looked a tad smaller.

At the very least, he started to make the simple motions of his light spell. While more advanced magic would require a tool, massive movements, or a complex string of magical mumbo jumbo, the light spell simply had a Z with a finger, before saying light. With that done, a small ball of sunlight glow appeared where he had pointed and flew to stay over his head. That at least lit up the small room he was in.

It was like a jail cell, or at the very least an empty storage room in a basement. There was a single door not that far away from him, no windows that connected to the outside, and some parts of the stone wall and floor looked to be crumbling down and ruined. There were a few boxes, time worn and decayed. The door itself was a simple wooden door trimmed in some metal that looked like iron, and a small metal door hatch. The white rabbit brushing the side of his head as he looked around. "Wow... didn't know they gave me the penthouse. Guess i should thank them personally."

He went over to the door, surprisingly it wasn't locked as he pressed it open. The door swung out with a slight creak that echoed slightly throughout the small room. The light above him floated out just a foot, illuminating more of the dark stone hallway that stretched out towards his left. To the right was just another door, though this one had a padlock that currently was keeping the door shut. If he happened to have his gear he would have just used a lock pick or broken the door down with his hammer... this wasn't fair.

Just as a small precaution he opened back up his map screen, but yet again he was met with a 'no area map' message. Just meant he would have to look around for a map of the location before he would be able to do any planning, and hopefully he would find wherever they were keeping his inventory before he ran into an enemy as a mage. His light didn't really help him sneak, so he would just have to risk it.

He made his way through the stone hallway, which stretched out unendingly into the darkness. Each step echoed softly off the stone walls as the bunny made his way through the corridor. The torches on the wall, while unlit, did give the entire place a generic evil lair dungeon feeling and well, normally that would be right up brook's alley. Finally he came to a door on his left hand side, and while it was locked, it did look a little off its hinges.

"Alright, you can do this. Just a simple punch or two and you'll get it." the rabbit said to hype himself up as he swung for the door. Thunk. "Oooowwww. Ooww. ouchie! Oww!" the rabbit

whined as he rubbed over his fist, as he hopped back and forth to distract himself from the stinging pain. A little yellow bar appeared above the door, stating the obvious.

Old Rusty Door

Level 1

Hp 5/5

He didn't even do a single damage to the door! Instead it seemed more like the door did recoil damage! At least, the stinging pain in his arm made it likely despite his health bar was clearly at full. He shook his hand as the pain finally subsided and he glanced back over the door. "Alright, you can do this... maybe a simple fire spell. Just a tiny little flame... just a... little... tiny... spell." he pepped himself up, or at least tried to as he lifted his hands to prepare his magic.

The spell was a simple one, a small blast of fire which would burn the door and have it crumple away to ash. He just had to flick his fingers a few times, chanted in the language of flames. "Vilsoran, ala-a, vous!" It was short, but sweet. The space between his fingers ignited, small flames gathered in his palms as he shoved them forwards towards the door.

Fwosh

The flames shot out like cannon fire, having billowed against it and towards the sides. The wooden door was seared, and small flickering flames resided within the wood as it slowly burnt to a cripse. The spell itself only did 2 damage, leaving the door with 3 health points, but the burn damage chipped away. To the rabbits surprise, even the stone to the side of the door seemed to have been caught on fire. Though, walls were clearly unbreakable and thus he didn't see an hp bar for them.

Eventually the door broke with the cascade of snaps and splintering wood. It fell to the floor and burned for a few moments before fading away to a simple pile of ash. "That... wasn't as hard as I thought it might be." Brook said to himself as he took a step into the room, the little light flew ahead and settled itself into the center of the room. Illuminating the small almost storage closet like room for the rabbit.

The room itself was mainly empty, a few kegs that was the size of brook stood along the walls. They were packed at least two high, sometimes three high. There was one or two in the center, next to a few crates and barrels, most likely the herbs or hops used in which ever beverage that was brewed in the kegs. Of course, it wasn't all that much help to the rabbit and also a common sight in dungeons. Why was it all evil lairs decided the drink of choice would be some kind of ale or mead?

He walked into the room a bit more, taking the full room in to see if there was anything that might be of use. While a mead would give him str, it would take away from his magical

potential and then he would be well and truly screwed. Of course even if he could find a ladle or something, he could use it as a makeshift weapon until he could get to some actual loot. Wherever that might be. As he searched he was able to find a few things scattered about the room. The first was a simple pair of gauntlets that were hidden under one of the loose stone tiles. The second was a bottle of booze, and while he didn't care to use it he did store it into his pocket. The entire bottle of liquid simply disappeared without a simple bulge as it was transferred to his 'inventory'. And the last item was a simple broom, which while it might have been of shoddy make it was classified as a spear.

Now, if he was lucky enough to find a lightsource that wasn't his spell, then he would be able to switch either to a lancer class or possibly even the brawler class. Then again, the gauntlets he found looked to be more like an armor and less like a weapon for his class. He sighed softly, "And to think... I would have been able to breeze through this little dungeon if I have just found my weapon of choice." he whined, yet that didn't stop him from having equipped the gauntlets without a seconds pause. That one armor point could be a matter of life and death, it could possibly give him one last action! That one action could be all the difference.

He looked over the broom in his hand, sighing softly as the state screen was brought up before him. "This shoddy thing isn't even going to help me beat a single person, is it?" he said, his smile now a frown. The broom had the fragile quality, which meant that unlike a normal weapon it would be able to break if he were to miss an attack or attack too many times. On top of that, the broom only had an attack stat of 2, which was even worse than his current magical fire blast... even if it was faster. "Alright... guess it's an emergency broom." he muttered as it simply disappeared into the air and into his inventory.

He stepped back out of the room, the light illuminating everything picked back up to lazily float over his head. "Back into the hallway we go, hopefully we can come across something... worth it." he said to himself, almost to the light as the footsteps echoed around. Thankfully it wasn't that long until he came upon not only a set of two doors, but also a pair of stairs that led up to another locked door. "At least now I know a way out of here." he muttered, looking over the locked padlock. "If I had a lock pick... this would only take a simple class change."

Sadly there was no lockpick, and he didn't have his stone which would summon a merchant. Such a horrible day today was turning out to be, and to think last night was so... so... he paused and tried to think back on the day. The only parts of the day were when he was fighting the rogues and thieves for some level grinding... After that he went to return to the town but the rest of the night was at a lost. "Weird... did they drug me that bad? Guess I'll find out soon enough."

Having looked at both doors, he noticed each had a plaque on each. To the left was apparently the Storage room. While the door to his right was a Waste Room. He didn't want to go into the room on the right, so he took a peek under the door to the left. To his surprise, he saw someone's feet in the room. "*Ah! A villain! A lackey! Now I can take them out and.... Oh*

yeah... still only have magic... maybe I should be a bit stealthier." he thought, finger tapping against his soft cheek as he worked out how to get through this problem. He could surprise them with a spell... with the doors locked and no one down the hallway, he should be safe...

Well, time to go guns ablazing!

The Rabbit pressed his foot up against the door before rearing back and giving it a swift kick. It stung, he should have thought about how he was a mage right now and not a brawler, but too late! The door, which wasn't locked, swung open without much resistance, and soon slammed against the wall with a bang!

"Huh, what th-" The person in the room, a sleek black labrador with lovely emerald eyes, turned as the door opened. He dropped what was in his hands, something from an opened chest at his side.

"Vilsoran, alra-a, vous!" Brooks chanted as his fingers snapped and the fire ignited between them. Just like before he shoved his hands into the air before him, which gathered the flames within his palms before they shoot out at the unfortunate person that was in the line of fire.

The man was caught in the searing torrent that was the fire. Flames washed over his form, leaving his clothing and even his hair aflame. The spell itself didn't do enough damage to down the man, he was still up on his feet when the magic ended. Yet, he was missing a good four hp, as fire tends to deal more damage against living creatures, and had the burn debuff. Brooks smiled, his turn over, now it was the enemies turn to go for combat.

The thief, or at least that was the title that was right above the man, was wearing a travel cloak, and dark clothing. The cloak was currently in tatters, as well as what little remained was slowly being eaten by flames. He drew out a dagger from his belt, as well as a sword from within the chest. He wasn't about to be caught by some random person! "How did you even get past the lock?!" he demanded, lifting his blade and going for a slash across the rabbits chest!

Brooks grimaced as he was slashed, taking a total of 5 hit points out of his total 13. This is why he didn't like to be a mage character, the hero should never be a mage! They are way too brittle and their damage skills take way too long to learn. It's just dumb! As the turn order went back to the rabbit, he was gleeful to watch the flames rear to life yet again and take another hit point away from the thief. It took a few turns, but his natural scan ability finally kicked in, and he was able to see the thief had 6 health left. All he would have to do... is last... and he had roughly two turns to do it.

He lifted his hands, repeating the same spell he had used earlier, as another jet of flame washed over the thief. This time the fire only did 3 damage, leaving the thief at 3, yet the burn debuff was one of the few buffs that stacked. The flames on the thief were now much more

pronounced, dancing back and forth around the man as he batted at his cloak and pants to stop the flames. It didn't help, even as it switched over to his turn.

"You rotten child, i'm going to take you down!" He went after the rabbit, this time he didn't just slash with the sword he looted, but he twirled to attack the rabbit with both of his blades. Each bit of cool steel dug into his flesh, and despite a little splatter of blood that disappeared into the air, he was seemingly unharmed after the attack. Yet, his hp bar did drop to 1 as he took 7 damage from the attack. He was now staggered slightly, rocking back and forth as he tried to keep himself up right. Now with the end of the thief's attack, the flames flickered back to life and consumed the man in their roaring fire. As the fire stacked, it was now reached 3 damage, leaving the thief with no hp left!

The man was still there, at least for a moment as the fire reared up yet again and consumed him. As the red bar for his hit points whittled down to nothing, he started to glow a soft golden. Brook's magic was now at work, as it coursed over and through the now tired and defeated man. It started to compress him, take his thoughts and his body. His form glowed brighter for just a moment before exploding into a small cascade of different sized golden orbs. The orbs scattered around the room, a few even ending up in the chest the man was looting before the fight.

Brook grinned as he reached down to the floor, picking up one of the golden orbs. There was about six around the room that he would have to collect. The one in his hand felt warm, and sent a small tingle down his arm as he held it closer to his face. "Heh, looks pretty delicious, almost like honey. Makes me want to try out the wizard class a bit more." he chuckled to himself, the golden ball in front of him shone and shimmered slightly.

With a simple flick the honey like orb was sent skyward, it gleamed in the magical light before falling right down onto Brook's tongue. The rabbit hummed softly as he lulled the gel like ball across his tongue, eyes closed. It was just as sweet as sugar candy, honey like, and felt like it might even have a gooey center. With a happy sigh he collected up the other balls of experience, and pressed them together. At first the gel like orbs pressed and squeezed against each other, but before long they absorbed one another until only a much bigger one resided within his hand.

With a happy rurr the rabbit swallowed the honeyed treat of exp down his gullet, his soft furry throat bulging just a tad as the treat made its way to his gut. He licked his lips, looking at the other translucent glowing orb in his hand. "Sweet, just like I- Urrraaappp..." The rabbit flushed as he belched, a hand reached up to cover his muzzle as he grumbled. "Sweets never did agree with me..." he grumbled as he slipped the other honey like treat into his maw as if he was a jawbreaker. He idly swished it around his maw, now he was ready to look at what loot was left about the room.

"It's annoying that enemies just don't drop what they are wearing... I would be so much richer in loot." the rabbit grumbled to himself as he sifted through the already open chest before him. Inside he found a bag filled with very, very shiny coins which he immediately tossed into the air; of course because said bag disappeared into his inventory. Then there was a collection of other fine goods that were not really anything special. A bag that would allow him to carry more... if his inventory even had a cap; a little statue of a panther god who had smoke coming off them; a ceremonial dagger that would cost a lot but had no damage value; and a little stone that the thief dropped. The stone itself was actually the best item he could have found. It was a special stone, a spell turned into rock.

At this level, he wasn't sure exactly what the spell might have been, he just didn't have the skills. Though, at the very least the crystal was a deep and vibrant green that shimmered in the light. Thus, it was most likely a healing crystal, or at the very least, something that would summon a barrage of plant life. It was most likely a fifty fifty chance, but it was one that he would make if he felt he had to... though he didn't want to waste the gem just yet. "Let's see if there is any tent or bed roll around here, I wouldn't mind taking a nap.... My head is kind of light." he mumbled to himself as he went to look around the rest of the room.

Now that he paid attention to it, the room was much more filled than what he first thought. There were shelves of goods lining the walls, padlocked trunks and chest store under them, in the middle of the room, and under some of the wall shelves. A small silver shimmer was on the floor, right by the chest that the thief had been, most likely an overworld item that wasn't hidden. There were a few torches along the walls, but only the one by the door was currently lit, most likely by the thief so they had light to steal. The rabbit tapped his toes on the floor, as he looked around he hummed to himself.

He started by going up to the shelves, moving around one or two boxes on each as he searched them. Under normal conditions his hand would tingle or glow if there was anything important on the shelves, so he didn't have to spend time looking over every coil of rope and every bag of possible loot. The same worked whenever he walked around in towns, sometimes just finding a random potion or sword just hidden under a park bench, or in a random trash can. Sadly as he looked about the room he couldn't feel anything, nor find anything special. The few locked chest was something he might be able to come back and loot... but first he would need to find the keys for them. Which turned his attention to the shiny item spot on the ground. "Alright, you better be a key."

He reached down, plucking up the object. Thankfully it was a key, but at first he couldn't tell with how brightly it shone as he went about. The title for the key, as he looked at it's name, was "Padlock key" and then it disappeared into his inventory. As he went to leave the room, he turned back around to give the room just one more glance. "Goodbye loot... I shall be here for you soon. Please, don't forget me." he whispered as the door swung shut behind him. The rabbit making his way up the stairs to the locked door, in which the key for the padlock magically appeared in his hand as he went to open it.

Click.

“Oh thank god.”

He slowly swung the door open, he had to be careful not to be caught by whatever enemy or trap might be on the other side. The door swung open to a small kitchen, the floor was now a tiled stone, the walls were a smooth oaken wood. In the center of the kitchen was a large table, currently set up with dishes and platters for the next time they would cook or eat. The far side of the room had a counter that spread across the wall and wrapped around the far left wall until it stopped short. As the wall closest to him was taken up by a few large ovens, able to cook and feed a lot of people at once. Meanwhile the wall to his right was a simple wooden wall with two doors, the further one was a swinging door where the closer was a reinforced wooden door.

The rabbit let out a small whistle as he looked about the room, having licked his lips without thinking. “I wonder if they have any leftovers... I wouldn’t mind a snack or two to heal up.” he said to himself, he felt safe as not only did he see no one in the room, but heros always talked aloud and no one ever heard them... it was just one of their powers! Thus he slipped into the room, eyes wandered, first looking through the wooden door by him to see what seemed to be part of an outside garden. The door had a light that shimmered a mystic like purple and pink around the edges. This meant it was the end of an instance, or at least an early end that someone could take. Though, he would not leave without his gear! This must have been for those who couldn’t handle losing a few items.

But he was a hero!

A simple little dungeon like this! He wouldn’t have any problem at all! He would take back his loot, loot the fridge, go back to his chest, and then go enjoy the night with drinks! He went over to the counters, looking through them without a seconds thought of if it was wrong. After all, this was an evil lair, there is nothing wrong with taking from evil doers! Happening upon some cheese and bread, the rabbit sat at the table as he enjoyed the snack. Resting like this wouldn’t restore much health, but as he was a low level it fully recovered him to full. Red and blue lights that shimmered slightly, swirled around him as his hp bar refilled, he sighed in content.

After his snack the rabbit jumped back up to his feet, walking over to the swinging door. He pressed it open carefully, looking about into the room before him. It was a wide room, a counter was to his left set up like a bar counter. In front of him was a wide expanse with tables that filled most of it. It looked like a tavern or bar, which wasn’t the most surprising room to have within a lair. After all, got to keep the thugs and thieves happy when you’re an evil overlord.

Brook slipped into the room and looked about the tables. There were a few tables with empty cups and mugs, a few scattered plates, and silverware tossed aside. It seemed like just a

few hours ago they had a celebration, if not sooner, most likely when they captured such a famous hero such as himself. He did see two people who were fast asleep at one of the tables by the stairs up. Clearly this was a trap, they were simply there to wake the moment he walked by. This rabbit was too smart for something like that! He went over to one of the enemies, crouched down low so that they wouldn't notice him secretly having moved closer.

Despite not being a rogue class, Brook still got his backstab and sneak attack bonuses. The only difference would be if he was a thief, he would be able to silently take out sleeping or unconscious enemies while also dealing even more damage. He was only a wizard, with a strength of maybe four, but that didn't mean much when he would get about ten extra damage. So he twirled his arm yet again before throwing a punch that collided with the back of the man's head. That sent the thug's head right against the table with a clatter of now scattered mugs.

The attack was a critical, but of course it was when he was the one attacking. The man before him didn't even wake as his hp went to zero in an instant. A soft golden light glowed around him before he too started to become naught but exp. This time Brook reached out one of his hands, the light the man became collected into the rabbit's hand. It traveled down his arm and right into his waiting maw. A golden stream of light that he drank down without a second thought. While doing it this way was silent; it was also a lot faster, and thus a lot less fun.

Brook licked his lips as the rest of the golden light disappeared in his waiting maw, looking over at the other man. Surprisingly, they have not yet moved, which is weird because normally if one enemy is attacked the others would proc. He shrugged, maybe they were asleep and he just thought too much into the trap.... Or maybe after he defeats the second one even more enemies would spawn and that's the trap! "I'll take my free exp... and continue on." he said with a cheeky attitude as he slipped past the second sleeping thug, making sure he didn't wake or defeat them.

The door he walked through led to another set of stairs which also went up. To their side was a little hall like space, which simply led to a storage closet under the stairs. He didn't find anything in the closet, but the small dark space did remind him that he had a little light floating above his head. Now that he was in a much brighter section of the dungeon he wouldn't need such a spell. "Alright, you're done here." he said, a hand wave was all that was required to actually dismiss the light. In which it faded away as if it never existed in the first place, leaving the hallway only illuminated by a single candle and the lights from the top of the stairs.

As he traveled up the stairs he found himself in a long hallway. To each of his sides were multiple sets of doors, stretching all the way to the end of the hall. "I wonder if each of these are a mini loot room." the rabbit said to himself as he went to the nearest room. Above the door was a plaque with the numbers two-two. He tilted his head as he tried the door, but it didn't open and seemed to just be forever locked. His magic didn't bring up a name for the door, so it must have been just for show. "So it's decoration? Wonder what kind of dungeon this is anyway... who has this many rooms in a lair."

Brook shook his head as he looked from door to door on his way. Each of the doors were without names, though the numbers ranged from two-one to two-five, and so on.. "This is gettting boorriinnng" he complained as he walked, arms crossed and a pout across his face. This dungeon only had a few fights, one of which he was able to slip past. Now he was just walking down what seemed to be a never ending hallway! His attention only sparking as he saw the room 2-7. This was the only room that not only had a name for the door, but there was also a padlock on the door. Brook felt almost like he was there before as he walked up to the door and looked over the padlock. His entire body tingled slightly. "Huh... this is weird.... This has to be a treasure room! Oooohhhh.... I have to beat the boss now!" he said with new enthusiasm!

With a skip in his step he went back down the hall, after all this was the only place he knew that he could go. The numbers of the rooms went up to two-seven and two-eight. It was then a door was at the very end of the hall, which opened to a tiny room with even more stairs. After he rolled his eyes, brook slipped up the stairs to the third floor of the lair. This floor had another hallway just like the rest, but much less doors. He only saw five, but the fifth drew his attention towards it. The fifth door didn't have a plaque with just another number. Instead it was an elegantly carved oak door with silver trimming. The plaque on the left stated that it was the boss's room, and the doorknob seemed to be a shiny silver as well.

"Alright, boss time... I got this." he said as he walked up towards the door. There was a moment's pause before he opened the door silently. Yet even though he tried to be silent, the man that was in the room was waiting for him, like most bosses. It was a fox. The person was wearing a fancy silken outfit colored brown and green. A golden pocket watch hung from his suit's pocket, a fancy hat sat upon his head, and within his hand was a dagger that had a single jewel in the hilt.

"You!" the fox claimed as he saw brooks. The man shot to his feet, a snarl on his face as he glared down the rabbit. "You're the one causing me all this trouble! I was just going to kick you out, but now... now I'm going to handle this myself!" he said, before brook could even start to think about what was just said the knife was flung across the room with surprising speed, and it caught brook in the shoulder.

6!

The red number of a critical hit flashed over the rabbit as he already lost almost half his health, having 8 left. "A battle starting with a surprise crit? That's just not nice!" he whined softly as he took just a moment to take in the situation. The room looked to be about an office, which was a little new for an evil villains main lair room. The boss seemed to be rich, cha-ching. He was stuck as a class he wasn't only under leveled in, but had next to no offensive capabilities. The boss was a few levels higher than him. And based on the jeweled dagger... the boss had money. Sweet. Sweet. Loot.

“Time to beat a boss!” Brook said happily. He hopped into the air before he crouched into a ready stance that a boxer would normally take. He was still a wizard, but old habits were hard to break. “Vilsoran, alra-a, vous!” he called out, as the flames flickered between his hands yet again. This time though, his target didn’t just stand still. The fox jumped out of the way, or at least tried to as part of his outfit and arm was still caught within the jet of flame. Due to the partial dodge the attack only did about 2 damage, but the flames still was caught on the fox’s clothing and thus would deal constant burn damage.

“Oh you annoying brat. I should have never let you in here!” the fox growled as he drew a fancy looking rapier from a belt on his side. The blade was a beautiful silver like material, possibly moonstone, and had an almost golden like handle that twisted around to guard the hand. The fox was quick on his feet and within a moment was next to the rabbit. He made a few quick jabs, each of them connecting against brook, two in the arms and one in the chest. Little yellow ones popped out of the air after each attack, at least the hits were low damaging. He took a step back to dodge any possible attack as he got ready for his next strike.

Brooks grimaced as he was stabbed, taking a step back just from the pain as he tried to clear his head. Down to five hit points, this wasn’t the best of fights but he could do it. He remembered the potion in his pockets, taking out what to the fox would look like just a can of soda. “Alrighty, guess i should deal first.” he said. There was a small hiss as he cracked the can open, before he chugged the soda in one go and tossed the can aside. He grinned as a red and blue light covered him for a moment before all of his cuts and bruises were suddenly gone. “Time for the real fight!”

The fox didn’t move right away, he was waiting to see what other crazy thing the rabbit might do. The thought he would just drink a soda in the middle of a battle baffled him, what else would he try to do?

Brook’s was confused at first when the fox didn’t attack, but then he remembered that wizards generally have that special ability to use an item and attack on their turn. Or, in some rare cases, use two items. His spell wasn’t ready to be used yet, so instead he decided he would just attack in this case. He jumped towards the fox, throwing a punch for the fox’s gut. He did connect, but the fox managed to twack the side of his head with the blade, both of the attacks only caused one damage.

Fox, head of lair, boss.

Hp 20/23

The fox flinched as the fire on his coat seemed to grow hotter for just a moment. He patted at the flames, but not before they burned him a good deal. He huffed, this brat was a very big thorn in his side. He stepped into the rabbit’s range again, stabbing another three quick times. The fox himself wasn’t good at magic, though he had someone who was downstairs. All he had to do was tire the brat out and then he would be fine.

Brook, hero of the land, hero
Hp: 10/14

Brook shook his head as he recovered from the small shock of pain that panged through his body after the last attack. He cast the fire spell again, now that he had it recharged, it would allow him to get in some extra damage. This time it seemed the fox didn't expect it, the flames caught him right in the bulk of it to deal 4 damage. And now, when the burn damage would flare up again, it would be 3 again! This was going to be a piece of cake!

The fox growled louder as the flames licked at his body. The few dying embers on his coat and fur suddenly caught aflame again! The flames burned ever hotter than last time, which caused the fox to go down to a nice 14 hp... not that he was aware of such a thing. He pulled a bottle out of his suit, and used his teeth to pull the cork out of it. As he did the flames of his coat started to stream into the bottle, being absorbed into it. Soon he just had a bottle of swirled fire, and he held it up to the rabbit. "This is where magic gets you! nowhere!"

Brook shook his head, that just wasn't fair! He bit his lip, curious what he was going to do. He needed something to help against that bottle... or at the very least deal more damage. As he thought he hopped close to the gloating fox and punched him in the gut, dealing two damage as he hopped back to where he started. At least he had time to think.

The fox, now at 12 hp, growled out. "Damn it! Stop doing that!" he stomped his foot as he leaned into his attack. A special move, which while it only had one thrust did a whopping five damage even without a crit. Brook flew onto his ass, causing him to lose a turn as the fox then took another three quick jabs as his opponent got up off the flow. "Now you're going to sleep, and then I might see about making you into something useful for my business!"

Brook just got to his feet, now at three hp again and out of healing items. "This... isn't looking good." He mumbled to himself as he stood to his feet. He was swaying back and forth, a clear sign that he was low on hp and might be in a bit of a pickle. "What to do... what to do..." he asked himself. The question was clear but he wasn't sure exactly what could win this fight. He would deal about another 3 damage with his spell, but with this low hp he wouldn't be able to win...

Then he remembered.

"OH! THAT!" the rabbit said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the emerald gemstone that had magic stored within it. "Alrighty, i hope this works!" Brooks treated the gem almost like he pulled the pin on a grenade. He pressed a part of the gem which then glowed with a bright flash and tossed it towards the fox before he threw himself on the ground. If it was a healing item, it would heal him regardless of where it was. If it was an attack.....

There was a slight explosion as the gem sprung to life. It was a bit of magical force, that shot out with a spray of vines that latched onto the surrounding location. They dug into the walls, floors, ceiling, and even the table as they latched around. Then they enclosed on themselves and caught the fox in their hold. What was left was a pod that constricted on itself multiple times. Each squeeze only did two to three damage, but it was just enough to bring the fox to a single hit point left. After the magic faded away the vines, and even the gem, simply vanished in a soft green light.

The fox was still standing, but Brook still had that special wizard ability. The rabbit jumped right in front of the fox who seemed like he was about to fall off his feet. "Alright! Another boss down!" he exclaimed as he reared back his fist and threw a punch at the tired and weakened fox. He didn't even need his magic as his fist did everything that he needed it to. It sent the fox flying back against the wall, with a single one that popped right above him. Despite that, the hit point bar for the fox reached zero, and cracked.

Of course there was an after battle cutscene. The fox was sent flying back through the fancy window that was right behind his desk. His body glowing in a golden light as he fell. It didn't show the fox when he hit the ground outside of the lair, but it did show as Brook went up to the window, a single key happened to have been caught by some of the glass. The rabbit took the key, looked out the window, and then raised his arms in a victory pose.

With the cutscene over the exp from the boss simply swirled around the rabbit. A bright, shiny gold light that filled the room with bright colours and shadows. He had leveled up, and felt not only stronger but like he could use a new spell. "Yesh! Maybe now I can use the wizard class more... maybe." he said to himself as he looked down at the key in his hand. The key had the title Treasure Room Key, which was all the rabbit had to know before he ran back down to the second floor.

The key appeared in his hand before he even reached the door, a huge grin on his face as he unlocked the padlock. "Loot the treasure. Go to an inn. Get some celebratory drinks. Then go and learn my new magic." he said to himself, already having a goal in mind for what to do next. The door swung open and hit the wall with a small thud, but it was fine. The rabbit looked about the room with glee.

What he saw though...

The room seemed to be a regular inn room. There was a bed, a table for one to keep their belongings, a little bathroom to the side. Though, what confused the rabbit more was that all of his gear was currently scattered about the room. His hammer was half in the ceiling and the hilt hung down. His gloves were strewn across a few bottles of... what smelled like mead. The bed was piled up with money, his currently empty money pouch was on the floor next to it. He looked about the room... utter shock on his face.

Until he remembered that last night he celebrated his victory over the forest thieves with a few drinks.... That became a few more... and then a few more. He must have gotten drunk and that's why he woke up in the basement.

"Oh... um... whoops.... Well.... A free room for a hero such as myself! Heh...heh...heh.." he gulped... at least the boss wouldn't be a problem and yell at him... right.

Right?