

“Jessica, Just [heal] it. I’ve already severed the nerves connecting its brain to the body. It can’t feel anything,” I explain, standing over a damaged Desbat as it fruitlessly attempts to open its mouth. Which I have Mule keeping firmly shut with his skeletal hand.

So early morning, I had decided to level a bit via killing things, which involved taking Jessica with me. Granted, I did debate about loaning the ring to Anathema, but then decided against it considering how uncomfortable Jessica is around her... I also can't trust Anathema to be civil.

Thus, we left the city early in the morning with all of my undead. We walked a good distance away and screamed loudly... which attracted a few of the desbats that, like the day before, were very easily taken down.

And then I had an idea.

“Look,” I point towards the Desbats head,” The monster isn’t in pain. Right now it’s only panicking because it doesn’t know what else to do. It can’t move its body and the only thing it can do is move its head, which is being held down.”

Jessica, wide eyed, stares down at the monster, its inhuman eyes looking everywhere in panic. Then her eyes move down the body towards several cuts, gashes, and punctures. She takes a deep breath and bites her lip.

“Fine,” she says, giving in, unwilling to argue with a [Hero].

With a trembling hand, she kneels down towards the monster's leg and focuses her mana.

“[Minor Heal].”

Quasi watches as her hands start to glow. He focuses on the matrices of mana that slowly mends the wound.

After a minute, Quasi speaks up.

“When you heal, do you know what your mana is doing? What’s going through your thoughts? What are you imagining?”

The light slightly dims before returning to normal as Jessica attempts to split her concentration, something Quasi does all the time since his [Bone Levitation] skill is actually a single target, albeit modified for his use.

"I... I just think of my mana flowing into the body." she says, her forehead wrinkling in concentration.

I scratch my chin in thought.

When she casts the [Minor Heal] spell, the mana is unfocussed and weak. But it then immediately picks up and becomes more concentrated and focussed, entering the wound fist before activating its healing effect. Such a change, I can only guess, is due to her goddess's blessing.

"I see... Well, I want you to try something different. Since you have the [Anatomy] skill," A *weirdass name for a skill*," I want you to imagine your mana, instead of dispersing over the wound, imagine it entering the deepest parts. Try to make it ignore the outer skin and only the inside first."

She slowly nods.

After a moment's pause, I notice a change in the flow of mana as it moves differently. Her energy flows out of her hands, traveling through skin, seeping deep within the wound, soliciting the inner cells to regenerate first. And then the mana changes again, not by her, but by the mark on her neck. The mana turns into strands, entering damaged areas, picking and choosing similar to how a surgeon might use his utensils to lower the damage he does to a body, so too does the mana pick and choose the worst parts.

The damaged wound starts to heal even faster, allowing the wound to fully heal in about five minutes.

Jessica drops down on the floor, breathing heavily, but a huge smile can be seen on her face.

"I did it," she says between deep breaths.

Giving her a minute, I look towards the leg which looks to be completely healed.

I turn to her, her eyes looking into my own. I return her smile.

And then I slice open the leg, recreating the wound once more.

Her eyes pop out in horror, unable to believe that I would destroy all her hard work.

"It's early morning and practice makes perfect." I say, a smile on my face while I twirl my bloody knife in the air.

Ignoring the constant shifts in Jessica's expression, my mind focuses back on the mark on her neck.

It's clearly improving the healing spell based on the individual's ability. Which is great because it can teach you to become a better healer... you just need to be able to sense it and copy the movements.

"Tell me when you recover. I have an idea to help you heal even faster." I say.

She frowns at me, displeased over the fresh wound. But, she inevitably nods. As she prepares to cast the spell again, I finally realize that Peter has disappeared again.

Returning to the city, I was met with a small army of armed [Guards], all eyeing my swarm of Desbats. Twenty of the flying things, all in perfectly mint condition thanks to a certain [Priestess].

If only her skills worked on the dead, then I could restart the heart and have living undead minions.

Landing my mounts down, I walk towards Jessica and pick her off one of my desbats. Throwing the sleeping and exhausted girl over my shoulder, I head towards Anathema's home, delighted in the fact that undead only decompose under sunlight.

Ignoring the confused looks of several children and adults, I walk up the stairs, entering Anathema's home that just so happens to have a conversation about me.

Tessa sits at a table, her white scales are quite a bit darker as she struggles to eat her food, something that her mother is making extremely difficult for her to do.

"He was amazing in bed. No wonder you screamed so loud, I cannot think of any female who could stay silent at such a display," Anathema says with enthusiasm as she stands over her daughter.

Tessa's eyes roam away from her mother and land on the open doorway where Quasi stands. She freezes at the sight of him.

Her mother has yet to notice.

“Did he slam you into the wall as well? It was rather intoxicating as he held me at the stone, biting my tail while making me scream. Mhmmmm truly, I’ve never been mated properly before. Even your father couldn’t make me scream a fraction as loud.”

Anathema shakes her head, her mind thinking of the night before.

Tessa lowers her face, doing her best to avoid Quasi’s gaze. Ultimately failing as she peeks up, looking into his dazzling cocky smile as he also listens to Anathema’s praise over his sexual finesse.

“Ohh, he was so violent and brutal, especially when he came from behind!” Anathema hugs herself, a crazed glint in her eye.

“And then the pleasure came. I started screaming. Orgasm after orgasm came and went at constantly. By the end of it, I passed out next to him,” she says fondly and then frowns as Anathema notices her daughter shaking and breathing extremely hard. Her eyes finally turn to the home entrance.

Anathema notices Quasi, standing tall and handsome, Jessica passed out on his shoulder as he gives them a thumbs up.

She smiles, blushing slightly.

“Don’t mind me, I’m just slowly passing through,” Quasi says, walking towards the stairs and climbing up to his room.

As Quasi leaves, Tessa falls on the floor, twitching, her mother giving the girl a knowing look.

Entering his room, Quasi places Jessica on the bed, covering her with fur while he himself sits on a chair, mentally opening up the system.

Level Up X 22
You are now a level 43 [Necromancer].

Three skills awarded:

[Lightless Undead]: You are able to hide the mana glow of your undead at will.

[Minor Undead Modification]: You are able to make small changes to undead under your

control.

[Create Skeletal Guardian]: Create a [Skeletal Guardian] utilizing bones within the vicinity. Guardian stats are based on [Necromancer] level and bones used.

I leveled a lot today, mostly because I slaughtered over two hundred Desbats. Granted, I was aiming at about fifty... but I ended up testing out my other new ability, [Undead Enrage]. It's an impressive ability with a pretty shitty price tag.

[Undead Enrage]

Select one undead. Increase all physical stats by 100% to 300% based on degradation. When the effect ends, undead explodes.

The explosion was so loud that it called in a swarm of desbats. The only reason that I survived was because I had a small army of my own desbats fighting the new arrivals. By the time the numbers dwindled, Jessica was shaking in fear, my undead were severely damaged... and I gained several levels in both [Necromancer] and even my [Noble] class.

Level Up x 27

You are now a level 27 [Noble]

Two skills Awarded:

[Split Concentration]: When you need to think about several things at once, you do it significantly better than the average person.

Aura: **[Converging Mana]:** When activated and not moving, your spells will cost 20% less to cast.

Surprisingly, I gained [split concentration] mid battle when I was fighting the swarm. I was organizing a defensive perimeter with my undead, using them to distract the swarm while using my bones to puncture lungs. It was annoyingly difficult, until halfway through the fight when everything became easier. Like a switch had just activated in my brain.

I didn't know what happened until after the fight, but boy was it good timing.

Unfortunately, [Converging Mana] is an active skill, so I didn't get to use it until after the fight.

Regardless, I won and I got a bunch of levels. Though I wish my new [necromancer] skills were more useful.

[Lightless Undead] seems gimmicky unless I'm able to get something that can properly use stealth.

[Minor Undead Modification] is actually quite crap. When the system says minor, it really means minor. I created a horn on the Desbats head... and that's it. Nothing else. It's a pathetic skill whose only usefulness is to sharpen monster weapons like claws.

And then there's my third skill, which is both really awesome and extremely unwieldy.

The skill, [Create Skeletal Guardian], is amazing because it pools all of the bones in the vicinity to create a truck sized bone monstrosity with four legs and eight shieldlike arms. Overall, this thing is powerful, but it has an extremely huge weakness.

The legs are fucking slow. Seriously, I walk faster than it. It's only good for protecting a location, and would have been great against the swarm, if it didn't cost my entire mana pool to create. And yes, I am including my staff.

In other words, I can't cast the spell without the staff.

Slightly Upset, I open my robe and take out a sharp piece of bone, smiling at the new skill I gained yesterday.

[Enhanced Structural Enchantments]: Enchanted Items are more durable.
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A nice skill that makes anything I enchant harder. It would be very useful if I can figure out a way to enchant my undead.

Too bad the only enchantment I know is [Bloodletting], which I got from copying and disenchanting the dagger. It also seems like metal holds enchantments much better than bone. Which comes to the biggest annoyance of mine. The dagger is literally the only piece of metal I have. I saw the cultists had a bunch of daggers, lots of chains, a few swords here and there, and what do I do? I get rid of them because they didn't seem magical. I thought the bodies would be more useful considering that in a world of skills and levels, good blacksmiths probably pump out basic weapons like that all the time for cheap, and corpses seemed like a more useful commodity for a necromancer.

Unfortunately, it looks like bones are cheap and I'm not going to see more metal for a long, long time. I would leave the dungeon, grab the metal, and come back, but I think it's a bad idea. That message telling me when I entered the dungeon that I would be getting an experience bonus until I left? Yeah, I'm not giving the boost up. These people have been doing fine without metal anyways.

I shouldn't dwell on it too much.

I exhale. "Time to work," I say, calling Mule inside. With a casual mental activation, all of the bones I use for weaponry fly next to me, a pile of 68 niceley sharpened daggers. I pick one up and start activating my [Enchant]: [Bloodletting] skill, hoping to gain two more levels to increase my [Enchanter] class from 28 to 30.

This will take a while.

Thorous stands tall, her red scales glinting in the reflective light as she looks towards her entire hunting group. They look at her, confused on why she had called up a meeting.

Her gaze, strong and confident, scans through over 80 people, all with a rather interesting range in classes, though still quite low compared to her own.

"Alright," she says, her voice not too loud, but not so soft that it wouldn't be heard, "I'm sure many of you are curious as to why I called all of you here, especially at such a time."

Many nod, others swish their tails in agitation, but most just seem curious.

Thorous, still standing tall, opens her mouth, "Anathema plans to send another force of our people towards the sixth floor," she explains watching the reactions of the Gajen.

A rather mixed reaction. Some are fearful, others are confused, but quite a few of them are excited.

"The plan is to leave within a few cycles... I will be leaving with the group."

And then the crowd gasps, their tails swishing in panic as that means the hunting group will be left without a leader.

"Why must you go?" a Gejan asks.

"Does Anathema not think of the consequences," another yells out

"We cannot allow this," another states.

More questions and statements, interjections at her leaving rise out from the group... which only makes thorous angry.

“SHUT IT,” she growls, quickly silencing the group,” I will be leaving and at least twenty of you will be leaving with me. If you have a problem, then explain to Anathema, because thirty hunters is more than enough to feed the city.”

All of them go silent, upset, but the sheer mention of Anathema raises a sense of dread, fear, and respect.

Finding that the group have started to calm down, she walks forward, gazing into the eyes of the hunting group,” The trip will be dangerous, so I won’t force you to go, but I need twenty of you. Five [Trackers], Five [Scouts], and Ten others with a combat class,” she explains.

None step forward, all showing fear and uncertainty. Many of the hunting group have already figured out that the group they sent before has yet to return. They fear the danger.

And they would be right to do so.

“Will it be just us?” one of the female Gejan asks.

Thorous shakes her head,” No, we will be going with a large group of [Guards] and Zorren.”

At the mention of the guards and Zorren, three people step forward, willing to risk their lives, only because they will be traveling with those who have experience.

Finding that only three people stepped forward, Thorous sigh’s, unhappy that so many of her hunters were actually such cowards.

Shaking her head, Thorous decides to pick and choose, but is stopped as the same female speaks up.

“Will the [Hero] be going with us,” she asks, her small frame hiding her relatively large strength stat.

“Yes, he will be leading the entire group.”

And then to her complete and utter surprise, every female steps forward.