

A [Soldier] rushes into the healer camp with an injured [soldier] whose got deep gashes across his side. The [Soldier], covered in sweat, cuts, and grime, plops the injured man on the table. Without a moment's glance, he rushes out of the [Priestesses] tent.

Watching as the [Soldier] runs back to the frontline, Jessica moves towards the injured body, becoming surprised that the man in question is actually still awake. His eyes look into hers, pleading for help.

Jessica moves her hand down and grabs a dagger from her waist. She slowly moves it towards the man and systematically cuts the clothing out of the way.

She stops, gasping at the surreal sight. The man's organs are hanging out from an opened belly, a wound her magic would have no ability to heal in time.

Saddened, she turns to the man, shaking her head, watching as the man realizes he will die soon.

The man starts to cry, his tears falling from his face as he opens his mouth and coughs up blood.

Jessica moves towards the man's head and places her hands on the man's disheveled head.

"[Calming Mind]," she says, activating a skill which helps the man relax, his tears stopping soon after as the pain subsides. A moment goes by and the body goes limp, her own tears falling on the man's forehead.

"May Eir guide you," she whispers, removing her bloody hands off the man's head, her mental strength all but spent.

Walking outside the tent, she finds several more tents like hers, all housing a [priestess] of Eir that await the injured from the frontline.

Turning to her right, she looks up at a young [Guard] who stands at the ready by her own tent.

"A soldier has died inside. Please remove his body," she orders, watching the man nod before entering her tent, carrying the bloody body out and towards a ditch already brimming with corpses.

Shaking her head, Jessica reenters the tent, taking a bloody rag and wiping her table clean... or as clean as she can. Sitting down on a chair, she hugs herself, trying to ignore the sounds of crying, screaming, and pain. So many have been lost today and all because of men who desire power.

Not even a minute passes as two soldiers enter her tent, carefully plopping down an injured woman in armor.

An armor signifying her as a [Lieutenant], a leader of [Soldiers].

Unlike before, one of the [Soldiers] does not leave the tent.

“Please help her,” the [soldier] says in a panicked voice, his body covered with injuries, some rather painful gashes, but he just looks at her, holding his [Lieutenants] hand while the woman lays unconscious on her table.

Standing up, Jessica moves towards the table, finding an unconscious redhead. From her body are several arrows Jutting out, most barely able to penetrate the steel armor, but one of them seems to have been a lucky strike which had gone under the armpit, bypassing the armor and puncturing a large vein.

“She helped us. She saved the entire company. Rode in on a horse, activated some skill, and we were able to outrun the enemy.” he explains in panic.

Jessica just nods, listening in while she slowly unstraps the women's armor.

“But she was hit. And when we made it to a safe position, she fell off her horse and was unconscious,” he says, watching Jessica as she removes the armor covering the armpit, revealing an arrow wound which had punctured the vein. Blood is still slowly leaking out.

Confused, Jessica moves her hand to the girl's throat, noticing that indeed, the woman does have a pulse. Looking down, she quickly opens a pocket of the women's armor, revealing an empty vial of **bloodgrass extract**, a powerful potion that when consumed, would force a body to produce blood, useful if you cannot deal with injuries at the immediate moment and do not want to be low on blood.

But such an extract is extremely expensive and is usually consumed in small drops.

She drank the whole thing... She knew she was bleeding out.

Moving quickly, Jessica moves her hand towards the injury, quickly activating her skill, her hands glowing lightly, her mana already very low, but she perseveres, passing out after an hour.

Waking up, Jessica opens her eyes, finding herself back on the leather covered stone bed, her body lacking any clothing whatsoever.

And then she screams, panicking, holding the leather blanket over her.

But nothing happens, nobody enters, and she slowly calms down realizing that nothing has happened. It was all a dream.

Taking a deep breath, Jessica gets out of bed and finds her clothing folded on a chair next to her bed.

Biting her lip, she walks towards the clothing, slowly putting them on, remembering how crazy the last several days have been. Summon a [Hero] and become his slave. Enter a forbidden area and find herself in a dungeon. A dungeon that does not act like a dungeon at all.

The dungeon should be creating monsters, spawning them and using them to kill invaders. It should be protecting itself from other sentient beings.

But instead, it does nothing while an entire race of weird lizard people live safely within... and the [Hero] is having sex with them.

Jessica stops, her pants halfway up to her waist. She frowns as she remembers what Quasi had said... about how he had sex with them.

A blush slowly creeps upon her face only to be suppressed down when she remembers her oath of chastity to Eir.

Sighing loudly, Jessica continues to dress herself, her mind moving towards yesterday and the so called **training** Quasi had made her do.

A smile creeps along her face as she remembers how much progress she has made, how she'd been able to heal so much faster with his advice.

Once the last of her clothes are on her, she tiptoes outside of her room and heads toward the stairs. She takes a moment to marvel at the new leather and bone container on Mule's back.

It's rather weird. I was so afraid of these undead, of their green skeletal light... but the purple light seems so relaxing, strong... safe.

Shaking her head, she moves to the stairs and heads down. She finds the place relatively empty except for some dried meat on the table and the fruit juice the lizard people seem to have.

Taking a moment to eat her fill, Jessica walks outside and looks for any semblance of Quasi. She finds nobody, no doubt due to the confusing nature of the buildings, all of which look eerily similar with no signs stating directions.

Which, when you think about the fact that they live inside a dungeon, then the ability to write seems to be much less important.

Frowning, Jessica moves towards the stairs that twirl down. She heads to the center of the city; The location of the dungeon stone and the probable location where Quasi is most likely to be.

Moving through the streets, Aisha takes a left and then a right. She passes an ally before climbing onto a roof. Her eyes see nothing, but her senses allow her to pinpoint objects so long as light descends from the stalactite.

Aisha had learned to notice the moving light mana as it reflects off surfaces. She can visualize the strong bright impacts and imagine the structure it encompasses. The only thing stronger are living beings, and one of the two new friends Aisha had made are those with the strongest light.

Smiling, Aisha quickly Jumps from building to building, sliding off a roof, landing on the ground with a roll and quickly rushing towards the beacon in the distance.

“Jessica!” Aisha yells, running towards the light that is so familiar to her.

The humanoid light turns around and gets on one knee, its hands opening widely.

Jumping into Jessica’s arms, Aisha grabs hold of her neck and enjoys the comforts of embrace.

“Aisha,” Jessica starts, her arms around the young Gajan,” It’s nice to see you. How have you been?” She asks, holding the blind gejan affectionately.

Aisha returns the smile. Today is so much better, especially with a hug.

Jessica chuckles as the young gejan shoves her face into Jessica chest, eliciting a satisfying and muffled “good”.

Enamored, Jessica picks her up, holding her with both hands, watching closely as the Gajan moves her head away, taking a deep breath.

“Are we gonna play now, ” she asks with a smile, her voice high pitched but clearly not fully developed.

“Maybe, but I first need to find out where Quasi is, ” Jessica explains to Aisha.

Hearing the name of her other friend, her tail swishes in excitement but she forces a frown, a rather failed attempt.

“He said he is busy,” Aisha pouts, “he said he needs to train [soldiers],” she explains again, her pout barely visible while her tail swishes excitedly.

Lifting an eyebrow, Jessica smiles slyly. She remembers her days when she was a child. She'd get excited about amazing people and enjoy stories about Named beings or Diver teams. In Aisha's case, Quasi would probably be the equivalent of the same thing, except in the flesh.

“So where is he?” Jessica asks.

Aisha lifts her finger and points towards the wall.

“He's outside with a bunch of people,” she explains.

Nodding, Jessica strengthens her hold on Aisha and starts walking towards the direction she had been pointing.

“Then let's go find him.” Jessica says, eliciting a pout from Aisha.

“And maybe convince him to play with us.”

The pout quickly turns into a smile and then followed by a nod.

Watching the gejan child relax back into Jessica's arms, she increases her pace towards the wall, her own curiosity rising every step.

Shortly after Jessica makes it to the wall under Aisha's guidance, she walks up quite a bit of stairs and finds herself at the top of the wall where a plethora of children are watching curiously over.

The children give Jessica but a quick glance before returning their gaze outside the city.

Following their gaze, Jessica is quickly treated to an amazing sight of several hundred Gajan, training with bone weaponry... and getting yelled at by Quasi.

“Stop fucking getting hit! I gave you goddam shields,” he yells

“I don't fucking care if your scales are harder than the shield. Whacking each other with a piece of bone is not fighting! You need to learn to block or you are going to get killed by something that will penetrate those scales.”

The Gejan in question that are being yelled at are actually the [Gajan Guards], who have learned to fight from the **druella nest**, a caved area with swarms of low-level rat like enemies used to train young Gajan males into the guard class.

One of the males, sick and tired of getting yelled at, drops his shield and club. His scaled face hisses angrily, revealing his razor sharp teeth as his tail swishes predatorily.

Like the other males of his kinda, he is tall, strong, and covered in powerful scales.

“This training is worthless!” He yells, walking towards Quasi,” why must we learn how your weak kind fight. Your kind use magic. We Gajan do not,” he continues, stopping twenty feet from Quasi,” the only reason we are even doing this training is because Anathema's has ordered us.” He seethes, glaring angrily at the human who sits relaxedly on a large stone extending from the ground.

Hearing his words, the other Gajan stop their training, including the entire hunting group as well as the younger untrained Gajan who wanted to join the expedition.

In total, about 350 Gajan stop and turn towards Quasi, unsure of his reaction.

A smile forms on Quasi's face, a smile similar to how a predator makes when pathetic prey think themselves stronger.

With a relaxed movement, Quasi grabs his staff and jumps off the rock, twirling the staff in his hands expertly as he makes his way towards the angry Gajan.

“Fine then, let me show you what my kind can do without magic,” Quasi says, bending his knees and taking on a defensive stance.

Without waiting a second, the [Gajan Guard], angry, extends his claws and rushes towards the human.

Quasi, lowers his stance, Jumps out of the way, dodging the clawed hand by mere centimeters.

Still smiling, Quasi weaves expertly around the Gajan, seemingly dancing, weaving through blows with the most minimal of movements, always centimeters from getting hit, but never actually making purchase.

Having seen the endurance of the scales, quasi changes his movement, twirling the staff in his hands, increasing its speed while still dodging the frustrated swipes of the Gajan who is starting to slow.

With a quick dodge, Quasi spins his body and slams his staff into the Gajans leg, creating a loud clang and dislocating the Gajans knee, forcing the four hundred pound Gajan to lose his footing.

Without breaking any momentum after his first strike, Quasi uses the impact to spin his staff the other direction, jumping into the air and slamming his staff on the Gajans back, forcing the lizard into the ground, cracking scales and internal bone.

The whole movement was so fast and precise that the Gajan did not even have time to scream before being struck unconscious.

Quasi stands back up, turning away from the unconscious Gajan and looks towards the others. All of the guards stand straighter, showing newfound respect towards the [Hero] who had just beaten down a level 63 so easily.

The hunting group just stares at him lustfully, especially considering that they are comprised primarily of females which find powerful males extremely attractive.

“Back to training,” Quasi yells, activating his [loud Voice] skill and making sure all of his people have heard.

At the sound of his voice, the Gejan immediately resume training, putting significantly more effort than before... especially the females.

Turning away from the Gajan army Quasi is training, he mentally calls up one of his Desbats, having it fly towards him. Once landed, Quasi mounts the undead and orders it to carry him to the wall where a group of fifty children talk excitedly, having watched the entire fight from start to finish.

Jessica watches as the undead latches onto the side of the wall, allowing him to dismount and walk up to her, a cocky grin on his face.

“Enjoy the fight?” Quasi asks.

A frown forms on Jessica's face as she looks towards the Gajan unconscious on the ground.

“Will he need healing?” She asks, ignoring Quasi’s question.

Taking a pause, he leans over the wall and looks towards the prone figure,” Nah, it would be best to let him heal naturally. He needs to learn his limits, otherwise he is going to be a liability for himself and those around him.”

Jessica slowly nods, understanding the situation, perfectly content to let the [Hero] handle everything.

“What happened?” Aisha asks confused.

“Quasi had a fight and won,” Jessica answers, tightening her hold on the young Gajan.

“Ohhhhh, so that was why he was moving so fast,” Aisha exclaims, having only seen the light of Quasi’s movement.

Before Aisha can say anymore, the sound of screaming children can be heard far down the wall, running directly towards Quasi.

“Crap,” Quasi calls out, quickly mounting his undead,” I will see you later.” He says, ordering his undead to fly.

“Jessica, make sure you go to the dungeon stone,” he yells, waving away.

At that moment, a large group of children start to whine, watching the [Hero] fly away.

Smiling, Jessica looks down, finding Aisha looking back at her, her gray eyes seeing nothing.

“Want to go visit the dungeon stone?” Jessica asks.

“Ok,” Aisha answers with a smile, laying her scaly head back down on Jessica’s chest.

Turning away from the training soldiers, Jessica heads down the stairs, towards the giant glowing stalagmite.

“So, you are admitting he is capable,” Anathema says, watching as Zorren uses a crystal to smooth out a massive bone club.

Sigh” As much as I hate to admit it, that... [Hero] knows what he is doing,” Zorren answers back, continuing to scrape the bone with care.

“Ohhhhh... how so?” Anathema says, amused, especially considering that Zorren very much disliked the idea of Quasi leading.

Zorren stops, placing down his piece of crystal,” He is showing impressive leadership, leadership equivalent of someone with a high level in a [Chieftain] class. He has already gained the respect of our people.”

An annoyed frown forms on Zorren’s face,” Especially the females.”

Anathema snorts loudly, suppressing a laugh, getting an annoyed glare from Zorren in return.

“I’m serious, its like he is using a skill on them. The males have come to me. Me of all people, complaining that the females are ignoring them.”

Zorren shakes his head,” The hell am I supposed to do about that.”

Anathema laughs, enjoyed the annoyed and confused expression on Zorren’s face.

“Oh, it's not a skill. You should know that Gajan females are attracted to strong males. Our instincts are telling us that he has massive potential, and each time he proves it, we get more and more turned on, wanting to carry his egg.”

Zorren shakes his head, grabbing another piece of a crystal shard, working on the bone once more, a rather slow process due to his lack of a usable arm.

“ Tell me Anathema, what is the [soldier] class?”

A confused look forms on Anathemas face, her scales crunching up on her forehead,” I may have heard of the class, but I don't remember too well what it is for. Why are you asking?

“I am asking because your [Hero] has forced more than half the Gajan to pickup that class.”

“What?” Anathema says, getting angry for the first time.

“Yes, after the training, he told them to take up the [soldier] class.” Zorren reiterates.

Anathema’s tail swishes, showing her teeth,” Does that idiot not realize that more classes will make it harder to level? It is best to only have one class, otherwise you are weakening yourself.”

Clank

Zorrens crystal shard breaks, a piece of it falling on the floor. Frowning, he grabs another shard, continuing his work on the bone,” Maybe... but I don't think he would weaken the Gajan unless there are benefits to be made.”

Anathema's face softens slightly, having realized that the damage has already been done, and that there is little she can do to attempt to fix the problem.

Sigh” Your right, might as well let him have his way. Not like I can get angry at him, especially considering how he was in bed.”

Clank

Zorrens crystal breaks, his hand shakes, and then relaxes as he grabs another crystal, a frown clearly on his face. But he stays silent.

“How will he handle the dungeon boss?” Anathema asks, changing the conversation.” It is rather difficult to kill that thing. We usually lose people every time we fight.”

“He won't,” Zorren answers quickly,” he asked me to kill it, saying that he would rather not lose any Gajan to it unless it is absolutely necessary.”

“Oh? And you think you can kill it on your own?” Anathema asks, folding her arms across her chest.

Zorren stops scraping, putting the piece of sharp crystal with the used pile and stand up from his seat.

His good hand grabs the bone handle and picks it up, test swinging the 200 pounds easily with one hand,” Fighting monsters is much easier than fighting someone who can bury you into the ground.” he says, giving Anathema an annoyed look before setting the bone back on the table.

“Did he tell you when he said he will leave?” Anathema asks, watching as Zorren walks towards his bed, sitting down, contemplating the battle he will soon need to fight.

“At cycles start..”

Noticing that the conversation has ended, Anathema leaves, allowing him to mentally prepare while she heads towards her home... contemplating on sneaking into Quasi's room.

Walking closer to the dungeon stone, the first thing I notice is the the lack of guards.

Normally, two [Gajen Guards] would be stationed near the stone, standing strong and tall to protect it from wandering curious children.

But today, no guards can be seen, more than likely being trained by Quasi for his army.

An army. In only a few days he is already building an army.

Tightening my hold on Aisha, who elicits a soft coo in response, I step forward and extend my hand, placing it upon the dungeon stone, a sense of excitement washing over me.

Congratulations!

[Priestess] class has increased to level 46

Skill [Minor Heal] has been upgraded to skill [Heal]

New skill awarded.

You have gained the Skill [Anesthetic touch]

Requirements Met. Attempting to upgrade class [Priestess] to class [Medic]

.....Upgrade Failed. Entity Eir has restricted class change.

Class upgrade Cancelled.

The words flow into my mind, an ethereal thing considering all I am doing is placing my hand upon a stone.

Shaking my head, I remove my hand, staring at the stone in bewilderment.

For some people it could take years to gain six levels, especially if the class is of a higher level.

A frown forms on my face.

I've heard of class restrictions, of classes unable to be obtained due to a devotion of a god. But I did not think it would happen to me.

And what is that [medic] class? I've never heard of it before.

"Jessica,"

Getting out of my thoughts, I look down, being met with Aisha's concerned gaze.

I smile towards the child, tightening my hold on her.

What is it with children to put me in such a good mood?

“Can we go play now,” Aisha asks, her tail swishing back and forth.

I nod, slowly walking away from the stone. My worries and thoughts fading away as I focus on what's important at this moment..

“Yea... lets go play.”