

# Chapter 1

I stood at the window overlooking my guild hall's courtyard. I glanced at my player screen and saw that only seven players of the guild were online at the moment. It was to be expected with school starting back up. I glanced through the list and saw that two of them were the hardcore life skillers. It was a bit disappointing since I wanted to go raiding, but I guess it is what it is. I had nothing against them, but I avoided anything that worked on life skills like the plague. I thought they were avidly tedious. But this was one of the most hardcore PvXs guilds in the game, so I took anybody who could show that they had what it takes to join us.

"Pyro has been trying to rally a few of the bigger guilds to try to jump us. He apparently didn't like the fact that you ganked some of his boys." My second in command's voice tore me from my thoughts. I looked over at him and saw that he was wearing a tuxedo he bought off the premium shop. Looks, however, can be deceiving. While he was wearing a tuxedo, it was actually high-level gear that had been transmogrified. A specially made plate armor, to be exact. One of the best that can be found in the game.

Alexios here was one of the best elemental warriors in the North American servers. Hell, I would even be willing to bet that he was one of the best in the world. Well, that was saying something considering the difficulty of the class and how much work it took to get to that level. With help from yours truly, of course, though, I wouldn't ever hold that against him. "Pyro can kiss my ass. You Pk newbies, when I'm around, I'm going to flag up and beat the shit out of you." I explained as I walked over to the couch and sat down.

If there was one thing I couldn't stand, it was killing low-level players for fun and harassing new players. "Yeah, I know. It's still bothersome that he is trying to rally the other guilds. We may be strong, but the top three may be enough to topple us if we are not careful." Alexios crossed his tan arms and stared at me from behind his black sunglasses.

I crossed my legs and tucked my long black hair behind my ear. "I'm not worried about them. Pyro has to convince them to join him. But the leaders fear us. As long as we stay strong, we should be able to keep them down." I leaned back and spread my arms across the leather couch, enjoying how it felt. It was a premium item that I bought. It served no real purpose than to just look pretty and be a comfy place to sit.

"That is true. I guess it helps to have the Demon King as our leader." He flashed a broad smile, revealing a set of perfect white teeth.

I scoffed at him and gestured dismissively. "Shut up. Besides, I'm a fucking queen." Well, I didn't really see myself as such. I only earned that title by soloing the Demon King world boss. I'm a bit of a shut-in, so I spent a lot of time studying and maximizing my skills to the utmost benefit. Since I was the first to solo the world boss, they rewarded me with a title, a unique race, and class to boot. Not that I'm complaining. It took me years to figure out how to make it and a lot of failed attempts. But as they say, it's not a sprint; it's a marathon.

"Yeah yeah yeah, rub it in our face, oh mighty one." His voice was filled to the brim with sarcasm, earning him a rightly earned pillow to the face, though it was thrown hard enough to shave a few points of health from him

"Ow, there is no need for violence, Nova." He rubbed his face, acting hurt, though I knew better. Those may just seem like a simple pair of sunglasses, but I knew it was a full helm hidden under a veil of magic.

"There is always a need for violence when it comes to you, Alexios," I replied as I sat back and crossed my legs once more.

He snickered as he threw the pillow back, which I easily caught, and made a quick gesture, opening up his HUD. "So anyway, outside of the Pyro situation. The only other thing I have to report to you is that training is going well. Our newest recruit, hanging\_with\_the\_gnomies," He stopped mid-sentence to clear his throat, trying not to laugh at the name. I, on the other hand, only rolled my eyes. "Is doing well. He has asked about how to properly spec in the flowing blade class."

Oh, that was a challenging class. I would easily rate that as one of the most complex classes in the game from the sheer amount of dedication it takes to master it. "What is his level now? What specialty is he going to take?" I opened up my menu and spawned in a simple green tea and a black coffee for Alexios. Though the cups they were in are rather expensive porcelain, with gold trimming. I consider these to be for special occasions, and briefing sessions were one of them. That, and I liked him enough to let him use them.

"He just broke level forty yesterday. As for his specialty, I'm not sure myself. I've seen him use a blink skill and true slash, so he may be trying to specialize in a heavy DPS build. More than likely for PVP." He replied as he reached forward to grab the small porcelain cup.

I bobbed my head as I considered it. DPS Flowing Blade class users were nightmares to deal with at high levels if you don't have any reliable form of CC. Doubly so if they get their awakening. "I can get behind that. I was looking to let some other players move up the ranks a bit, maybe open up trials for the Tempest and Wraith PvP squads." I pulled the cup to my face and inhaled the scent of the green tea. I knew it was fake, but it didn't change that this was some of the best stuff that I ever had.

"Yeah, we can do that. It would help bolster our might a little more. Though, why Wraith squad? He asked in between sips of his coffee.

"Wraith is my scalpel, Alexios. Once the others see that it is back to full power, it should do wonders to deter them quite a bit." I told him as I took a heavy swig of my tea, savoring its sweet flavor.

"That is a valid point. We have the gold to pay for training and for re-rolls if anyone wants to change their classes. We also have enough this quarter to increase everyone's wages slightly." He told me as he pulled his eyes away from the screen.

"Push it through. If we increase the paycheck, then we should be able to keep our turnover rate at the lower ranks low."

"Good, I think that covers it for our weekly meeting. So, tell me, Ms. Nova, how are you doing?" He asked as he dismissed his screen and sat back on the couch.

"I'm alright. Just living right now, I suppose." I replied with a shrug. I knew this was coming. Alexios was a close friend of mine and was my rock when I needed it the most. Sometimes, I almost envy the fact that he was already married. Almost.

"When was the last time that you left your house?" His eyebrow rose from under his sunglasses, and I could feel a piercing glare radiating from under the black slabs of glass.

"Erm, I don't know, a few days ago to get groceries," I told him, knowing damn good and well that it had been more than a few days.

"You need to get out more and stop loafing around as much as you have been lately." His words hit me like an arrow, and I chuckled nervously.

"Yeah yeah, I know. I'm not super worried about money at the moment, but I promise I'll get out more." I had yet to tell him about my inheritance from my parents passing away, but that's because I didn't want him to pity me. In reality, I lived off the few million credits sitting in my bank account, and the time that I spent off this game was usually spent exercising and studying class guides to further help boost my friends and guildmates.

Playing this godforsaken VRMMORPG is what kept me sane. Really, it had become a large part of my life, but that was okay. Many would say that I was wasting my life away, but I didn't mind. It was what made me happy and damn anyone else who tried to convince me otherwise. "So, how much longer are you going to be on for?" He asked, his words bringing me back to reality.

"Uh, seeing as how it's six-thirty, I'll be on for another seven hours or so. Should be enough time for me to sleep and get to work afterward." I really hated lying to him.

"Sweet, want to do some dueling and practice our combos?" He asked as he stood up and reached a hand out for me to take.

"Sure!" Since my class was the only one in existence, I have been theory crafting the various skills and racial skills at my disposal. It sucked, but I lived for the challenge. It's what kept me going.

## Chapter 2

We both teleported over to the Battle Ground. Well, what used to be a battleground. Though because of Rpers, it quickly devolved from an open area for fighting into an arena. A few of the hardcore Rpers even created some spectator stands for plenty of the players to observe the fights. It was a bit over the top, but that is Rp for you.

I silently crept along the side of some of the wooden spectator stands, hoping to lie low. It's not that I wasn't welcome here; it was quite the opposite. Sometimes I loved getting basked in the love and adoration, but a girl needed a break at times.

My short stint of silence was quickly shattered when I heard a voice call out. "Look! Its Nova! The Demon King." Ah fuck, here we go. Time to deal with the groupies.

I twisted my head and flashed a smile towards them, "Hello, Hello!"

A few players rushed towards me, some of which were lower level, and a few were high-end players. Most of the time, it was them barraging me with questions about gameplay and class specs. It was about sleeping together the rest of the time, which, my tendencies, didn't help there either.

My small crowd of groupies followed me over to my seat in the spectator stands, blowing up my ear, telling me all kinds of stories while Alexios slipped off into the shadows. I smiled and laughed while I watched my second in command abandon me to my fate. I swear I could be an actor. Did I feel bad about it? Nah, not really.

A little while passed while I continued my masquerade until I saw a familiar form walking past the spectator stands. A small Dark Elf that I was all too familiar with. "Oi Rhylintra, get your cute ass over here!" I saw her face turn the color of a lobster as she gazed at me from the bottom of the spectator stands. She stared at me for a moment; her small face was twisted in surprise.

I pursed my lips and motioned with a clawed finger to come here. Her shocked expression quickly faded and became one of happiness. She walked over and sat down in front of me. Her long white hair was tied up into a bun, and she was wearing a beautiful silken outfit that I bought her. One that showed a fair amount of skin on the back but kept the front covered up. I reached out and wrapped my arms around her neck, and dragged her for a hug. "Oh, my sweet Rhyli, how I've missed you." I cooed into her ear as I pulled her into me. Well aware of the jealous glares sent her way, they all knew not to lay a hand on her.

Granted, she wasn't exactly a pushover; even so, what is mine is what is mine, and everyone knew it. With a burning glare, the crowd of groupies talked amongst themselves as they waited for my attention to come back to them. They would have to wait since I was with my sweet girl.

"I missed you too, Nova," Rhylintra told me as she placed a soft hand across mine and gave me a pat.

Even if I am promiscuous, my heart still belonged to Rhyli. She was fantastic, and even though this was just a game, I couldn't deny what she made me feel. Well, whoever it was, whether it was a guy or girl on the other side of the character. Not that I really cared. We all had our secrets to keep. I leaned forward and gave her a soft nibble on her pointed ear, and whispered quietly. "Come back with me to my guild hall after this. It's been a little while since we had some fun."

She nodded her head, and I could see her bite her lip, and I chuckled. I leaned forward, resting my head on top of hers, holding her close to me. Such a sweet girl. She acts all shy and innocent, but I knew what she was capable of. She was but a wolf in sheep's clothing. My little wolf. For a time, I ignored everyone else around me and watched a few of the player's fight. Watching how they moved and what combos they used. I liked to stay on top of things with this game, at least the PVP side; as for PvE, well, I wasn't as well versed in it. The most I knew were efficient farm spots and farming combos.

I sat back and rubbed Rhyli's hair for a bit as I let out a small yawn. I was a little tired, but I would persevere for a bit longer. Eventually, I was dragged back into conversations that I had no genuine interest in, which continued for quite a while until I saw anonymouse on the field. He was wearing the starter Shinobi outfit. Something that we often make fun of him for.

Across from him was another shinobi, who wore a blood-red headband and a demonic face mask. The style alone I recognized as belonging to Shadow's Intent. The best Shinobi in the western hemisphere. He was nothing short of a god, and I did everything I could to get him into my guild, but the Celestials have their grimy hands on him. But thankfully, my Shinobi was a few spots away from him on the leaderboard. Don't get me wrong, he was a damn good Shinobi, but he wasn't shadow.

The spectator stands quieted down as they realized two titans were about to clash, and I did too. I really enjoyed watching high-end players clash. I wrapped my arms tighter around my little Dark Elf and leaned forward, eager to see what was about to unfold.

I could hear them laughing and talking about combos while they circled each other, which made me happy. I enjoyed it when everyone worked together instead of being dicks and trying to one-up. I also knew that Shadow and Mouse happened to be fantastic friends, so it was par for the course with them. But eventually, they became silent and created some space between the two of them.

I held my breath as I waited, and for a few tense heartbeats, nothing happened until they both teleported out of view. A split second later, they both reappeared twenty feet into the air, their kunai interlocked and a torrent of sparks that rained onto the barren ground below. But just as soon as they appeared, they both vanished from sight once more, only to reappear on the ground staring at each other.

This time Mouse held two kamas in his hand and stood at the ready while Shadow held a Katana. Mouse was a heavy DPS ninja, while Shadow primarily focused on a steady hybrid

building that offered sustainability and survivability. Both so close in style, yet they were so far in skill.

Without a single pause, they both clashed again. This time Mouse started swinging both his kamas around in deadly arcs. His blades contacted Shadow's body before it quickly puffed into smoke and changed into a log that was quickly chopped into two.

A bolt of hazy violet fell from the sky and only just barely missed Mouse, who vanished before appearing once his weapons crossed with his foes. It was amazing to watch, really, watching two of the best players of their class clash like this. If I remember correctly, Shadow only had two levels on Mouse. Two, but in this game, after level sixty, grinding takes ages to get anywhere. But each level counts.

This dancing game went on for quite a while since they both equally matched in their base form. But what I wanted to see was the clash in their awakening form. That is what sets apart the good players from the bad. The game uses an advanced algorithm that creates an awakened form based on how you used your class and what you specialize into. Some say that the options are nigh limitless since no one has ever seen another of the same awakening class, but who knows

After a few more brief clashes, they came to a pause, and I could hear the conversation as clear as day. "Not so bad, Mouse, not so bad. Maybe it's time we up our game, huh?"

Mouse nodded his head and pressed his two Kamas together. "That it is. Awaken Harbingers of Death."

Shadow stared at my Shinobi for a moment before he pulled his Katana back. "Awaken Hunllef." A brilliant display of light filled the arena before it faded away. Mouse stood with his twin Kamas, which had grown in size slightly. The blades were a putrescent green that seemed to leak off of the blade, leaving marks that sizzled away at the ground. On the other hand, Shadow still looked about the same but was covered in strange red energy that radiated off of him in waves.

They were both as still as statues before they vanished; this time, it was followed by a sonic boom before their blades clashed and magical energies started to radiate from the arena. This is what we all come here for. To watch the blood of the gods run free.

## Chapter 3

Watching those two fight was like watching a pair of gods duke it out. Strands of lightning mixed with shadow clone techniques filled the arena as the fighting only got fiercer. Swathes of land melted away as arcs of green light radiated from mouse and disintegrated everything it touched. They stood about even until I saw a mouse appear and drop to his knees for almost five minutes. "God fucking damn it." He cursed as he fell face forward.

Shadow appeared once more and flicked his blade, causing the layer of blood to paint the grass red before he sheathed it. "Was a good fight, mousey. Almost had me there."

Mouse's body vanished in a display of light before he reappeared once more across from Shadow. "Fucking hell, man, I almost had you."

Shadow chuckled and waved his hand dismissively, "Yeah, man, you are getting better; you'll be taking my spot for sure soon if you keep at it." As the two talked, I sat back as I thought over what I saw. Mouse did a fantastic job at fighting, but ninjas are a slippery bunch. I'd easily say that they are on the top of my shit list when it comes to fighting against. They were annoying as hell and dealt severe damage.

But I was glad to see that mouse was getting better. It would benefit the guild, after all. "Are you alright, Nova?" Rhyli's voice tore me from my thoughts, and I glanced in her direction. Her silver eyes bore into my causing my heart to jump in my chest. This damn Dark Elf, who gave her the right.

"Yeah! I was just lost in thought." I told her as I reached forward and laced my arms across her neck.

"Good, I was just checking." She purred back as she nestled herself against me. I really hated how she made me feel. I usually didn't do the whole love thing, but she understood how I was and worked with me. I mean, how much more could a girl ask for, right?

I nibbled at her ear and whispered quietly to her. "So, let's head back to my place. I have a few hours before I need to get off." I could see a wide grin grow across her face as she nodded my head, and I pulled back and grabbed her hand, and teleported back to my house.

I pressed my lips against hers once more as I wrapped my arms around her. With a spare hand, I ran my fingers through her silver hair and crooned softly in her ear. My body was still alight as the last vestiges of pleasure coursed through my body, causing my body to twitch intermittently.

I really enjoyed how realistic the game was. I could feel everything, even though I knew that it wasn't real.

I lay there for a moment, staring at the back of Rhyli's head as I tried to work through the flurry of emotion. I was in love with her, yet it wasn't a superficial emotion either. I wanted to know who she was in real life. I wanted to meet her, well, her or him, whoever it was

Almost as if she was aware of my thoughts, she turned around and placed her small hands on my cheeks. Her cute little button nose scrunched up as her soft gaze turned into a glare. "So when are you going to stop being dumb?"

A nervous chuckle escaped from my lips as I laced my arms around her waist. "Whatever do you mean?" If I played dumb, then maybe I would get out of this. Maybe.

"Nova, you love me. That much is written on your face. Why don't you just tell me what is on your mind right at this moment," she asked as her glare softened, and she leaned in and started nibbling at my neck. Small jolts of pleasure lingered with each brush of her lips, and my skin burned the second they moved, causing a breathless moan to be pushed from my throat.

Oh, she was dangerous. I pulled her into me and mashed my lips against hers once more, savoring her taste, trying to think through my words. Once I pulled away, I stared into her eyes and tried to calm my throbbing heart. "Yes, you are right. I want you, and it's something that I struggle with every day."

"So if you want me, why don't you do something about it?" She asked as she wiggled her eyebrows, and I giggled as I leaned in and kissed her again.

"What if I said I wanted you outside of this game?" I forced myself to ask what I knew would be the hardest question for me. But it was the same question that has been gnawing away at me for quite some time now.

Her eyes widened as she stared at me, clearly working through the implications of what I just said before that same confident smirk appeared on her face. "What if I said I would happily be on your doorstep in a second if you so asked?"

"Then I couldn't argue with the results. Would you like to meet up?" I asked as my heart throbbed all the harder. Why was I so nervous?

"Of course. We can meet up somewhere and see how things go, somewhere in the middle?"

I nodded my head as I tried to hold back the tears of happiness that were threatening to overwhelm me. "Yes! What city do you live in? I can come by, and we can meet up at a cafe or something?" I sat up, excited but then equally distraught. I had so much I needed to do before I met her.

"Yeah! I live in.." As Rhyli sat up, she paused mid-movement, her entire body freezing. I cursed my internet, thinking that maybe it crashed or something, but a quick glance showed I had 3ms. I waved my hand in front of her, calling her name. Yet, she didn't respond. As I went to stand up, the room exploded in a vibrant display of pixelated light. Everything vanished as gravity dug its claws into me, dragging me into the yawning chasm, all before I could even react.

When I awoke, it was with a throbbing headache. One that was so strong, I wanted to do nothing more than roll into a ball and vomit my guts out. I kept my eyes screwed shut as I tried to fight the pressure that was building behind my eyes. For what felt like an eternity, the pain was all that I knew.

Until it faded, allowing my thoughts to finally roam free. I rolled onto my back and stared at the ceiling above me. The stone was immaculately crafted, and not a single seam was visible. Golden laurels hung from the ceiling like vines and crossed one another as they traveled down

the length of the ceiling. Large chandeliers clad in radiant silver dressed with gold trimming hung in rhythmic intervals down the massive hall.

I sat up, my eyes moving down the stone grey pillar, which held a blank royal red tapestry with golden trim. Torches lined the pillars, supported by polished bronze, with flames that never seemed to flicker as they danced around, casting their rays of light. But my awe was quickly

struck down by the last thing I remembered. I was going to meet Rhyli, and I never got to know where she lived. Stupid game and cock blocking me.

Speaking of the game, I don't think I remember a zone like this. I attempted to toggle my menu only for nothing to happen. "What the fuck" I muttered to myself as I kept trying to toggle the menu. The first bits of panic filled my chest as I saw I could no longer activate anything. Not even the emergency eject button!

What the fuck was going on? Was this some in-game event? I didn't see an announcement or anything. I cursed to myself once more, then I stood up and looked around the hall to get my bearings. It wouldn't do me any good to panic. I had to approach this rationally. If I lost it, then I would slip up, and if I slipped up, then I could die. Keep a calm mind.

I took a step forward, and through autopilot, I attempted to summon my chain blades, only to see that I couldn't even do that. Which really annoyed me, but I would work with it. I had a few unarmed skills just for situations like this. I kept my eyes peeled as I took my first step down the hallway, unsure of what was to come. Yet, there wasn't even a single sound outside of the breaths that I took.

That was until a male voice tore through the air. "Ah, so you are awake."

I jumped back, entirely taken by surprise. Though by the time it took me to blink, a throne appeared in front of me. It stood at an easy ten meters in height and half that in its length. In the middle of it was a man lounging across it, though he seemed to be of average size.

Painted across his face was a smug grin that revealed pointed white teeth. His black hair looked to be only a few inches long, had a few spikes in there, and was brushed back. Though his most striking feature was his eyes. One was sea blue with hundreds of golden specks, while the other was emerald green that seemed to burn like a hungry fire. He straightened up and shifted his black tie, and crossed his legs as he regarded me. I could feel my skin crawl as his gaze traveled across me.

I felt like an ant under his gaze. "Who are you?" I asked as I crossed my arms and stared at him, careful not to appear threatening. I didn't have my weapons, so I was at a distinct disadvantage.

He brought an arm up to his chin as he rested it against the armrest of the throne that looked as if it had shrunk to accommodate him. The smug grin that adorned his face only seemed to turn more so. "I? I am Veradiel. Lord of Chaos."

I regarded him for a moment as I registered his words. He was more than likely a god-like character, though it was strange since there weren't many god-like beings in Aeternum. "I see. Well, Veradiel, what do you want with me?" I asked as I crossed my arms. I suppose I should be angry that I was here, but at the moment, I was more curious than anything.

He tilted his head as he began bobbing his foot. His freshly polished shoes seemed to glow in the light that radiated from the room. "What do I want? That is too broad of a question. The better thing to ask is, what do I want at this moment." His eyes flickered, and for a moment, I felt like a sheep under the gaze of a wolf. I took a step back, and something told me that if he were to attack me, I wouldn't survive.

He stared at me for a moment longer. Whatever I wanted to say was caught in my throat by the sheer power that seemed to radiate off of him. Not even the Demon King had that sort of strength and it was beyond a max-level NPC. "However, to answer your question, I come with an offer for you, Ms. Nova, if you are interested in hearing it.

## Chapter 4

I gazed up at the lord of Chaos as I weighed his words. He had an offer for me? I crossed my arms and shifted the weight on my hips. "What would that be?"

His throne shrank a bit, and he threw his legs over the side of it and lounged across it. "I pulled some strings, and I have decided that I want you to come into my world."

His words struck me like a truck, and I gazed at him. The way he spoke made me feel like this was something more than just a game. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said. Tell me, Ms. Samantha, what do you think Aeternum is?" The hair on my arms rose slightly, and fear coursed through my veins a bit. How did he know my name? I clamped down the emotions that tried to fire out at him.

"Aeternum is a VRMMORPG. One of the most advanced ones on the market, and also the most popular." I didn't hesitate to repeat what I usually told people. After all, this was just a game, right?

"Almost. On the outside, you are entirely right. However, it's more than that. It's a game crafted by various gods from a multitude of worlds. We sort through the player base and pick out people." How he said, it made it seem as if it wasn't that big of a deal.

"So you kidnap them? Isn't that a little too much?" I asked as I backed away and jumped when I felt a wall behind me. In fact, it seemed as if all the walls were slowly inching forward. My heart throbbed in my chest as I waited for him to reply. I wish I could spawn in my weapon, but at the moment, I was trapped.

"No, nothing like that. Everyone who goes leaves on their own accord; we do nothing to influence that. We simply give them a choice, and if they don't want it, we wipe their memories. Which is why you are here today. I'm here to offer you a spot in my world." He crossed his hands behind his head as he stared up at the ceiling.

So I was selected because I was one of the best players in the world? I mean, I was flattered. But there were so many questions that I wanted to be answered, but I was still skeptical. "Wait, you really expect me to just believe that you can just transport people to a new world and that you are actually a god?"

The Lord of Chaos turned his head and looked at me. His iris flickered strangely in the torchlight. "I have nothing to prove to a mortal. But yes, that is the offer that's on the table."

"Okay, so I suppose the next question I should ask is, what do you want me to do in your world?" I only asked out of principle since I was still a tad bit skeptical. I mean, I was still in a game at this very moment, so maybe it was just a new zone or something of the sort.

"Anything you want, really. Make a kingdom, living as a hermit. Be a battle junkie. The world is your oyster; you just have to make the best out of it." The being turned his head away from me and went back to staring at the ceiling once more.

"That's odd. Aren't you a lord of Chaos? Don't you want to me burn down cities? Kill armies? Kidnap princes?"

For the first time, the being let out a small chuckle. It sounded like thousands of soft bells that rang at once. But it wasn't unpleasant. It was just something I wasn't prepared for. "No, nothing like that. I don't know where you mortals get the idea that I am the embodiment of destruction. I'm a god of unpredictable predictability. Every breath that's taken could alter the world in a small way, causing the world to diverge from a set path. Each gust of wind has the power to change the course of history, and that is what I represent, yet people associate me with carnage."

I held my tongue as I listened to him speak. It was an outlook on Chaos that I was ashamed to say that I believed in.

I always thought that Chaos was just complete pandemonium, yet as he spoke, it made a bit of sense, as did his request. "So you just want me to exist so I can alter the world as I go? There are no grand plans?"

"Exactly. I'm not like the other gods who would bring you over to be a demon king or hero or even to save the world. Nope, I just want you to exist and do whatever you please. Every action you take will be of use to me. Even if you decide you want to just retire and live a quiet life." He bounced his feet, much like a small child, as I thought it over.

So he was offering me a chance to go to a new world and do anything I wanted. I didn't have to worry about saving it or destroying it, and all I had to do was exist. "How do I know that this is real and not a part of the game?"

"You don't. You are taking a leap of faith, and that is exactly what I want you to do." I bit my lip as the offer became more and more enticing. He was giving me a chance to escape from my dull life. The only saving grace was this game, my guild, my friends, and most of all Rhyli.

"What about my friends? My guild? What would happen to them if I took your offer?"

"They would forget about you. Your guild would still exist, with your second in command taking over. Everything would go on as usual." Ouch, that response hurt far more than it should have. I also didn't have to ask about her. His response left little to the imagination.

My class? My race? My equipment? What will happen to all of that?" Next to my friends, this was important to me. I knew that it was just a game, but I've spent years of my life getting all of this, and I've poured blood, sweat, and tears into getting all of it.

"Sadly, I can't let you take any of that. However, I can imbue key parts of your race and class into you while you are transmigrating. I will also let you keep your demon king title since nobody else has done what you did." I nodded my head while I seriously considered it. The only thing that was stopping me was the thought of Rhyli. I loved her, but the prospect of going to a new world was enticing.

"I have a few more questions for you. Is there anyone else like me there? Also, can I have a human form but still keep my race traits?" I asked as I worked out a plan. My mind was already getting made up, and I couldn't let love distract me from what was a genuinely life-changing choice.

Not in this world. You are the first. As for the next question, yes. I was initially going to make you human since they are the dominant life forms on the planet. If you choose to go, check your status screen, and you will see a few small tidbits that should help you out with the rest. Any other questions for me?" His voice seemed a little more excited than before as he sat up and faced me.

"What will happen to my actual body?" That was a pressing question to ask since currently, as far as I know, I was still logged into a VR machine.

"Your body will be broken down during the transmigration and altered since I have to change a few things about you to make you compatible with the world." A part of me shivered at the thought, but I decided I shouldn't dwell too much on it.

"Alright, I think that about sums things up. If I decide to take your offer, will I at least get some clothing? I'd hate to be left naked in the woods somewhere. Oh, and what about a name? Do I get to choose one, or will it leave me with my real one?" I asked as my plans formed in my mind. It was going to be tough, and it would tear me apart emotionally, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I wanted it. I was going to sit here, wasting away playing a game otherwise. I wasn't even sure if Rhyli and I would last together.

"Sure. I can give you some basic clothes, as for a name. Well, what do you want it to be?" He asked as he sat up further, clearly interested in the conversation. We both knew he had me, and the offer was just far too good to pass up.

"Nova Aldrnari works," I told him as I steeled my heart and held back the sorrow that threatened to drown me.

"So be it. Anything else I can do for you?" He stood up and walked down the flight of stairs that were clad in a red carpet.

I thought it over once more. I wanted to ask him if I could bring Rhyli, but I knew I couldn't. It wasn't my place to make that kind of choice for her life. I shook my head, and he stopped at the foot of the staircase.

"Good. I will be looking forward to seeing what you do. Good luck Ms. Nova." He waved his hand, and darkness encompassed my vision. The last thought I had was that of Rhyli. I hope she will be okay. Actually, I knew she would be okay, and she would forget me. That last thought drove a small dagger through my heart just as the last bit of darkness consumed my vision.

## Chapter 5 -rework chapter/Heavy revision on stat sheet