

Chapter Ten: Gisele's Transformation

Rachel's tail twitched against her thin blankets as her mind stirred, ears rising to their full length while she stretched with a low groan. Rolling from her side to her back, she smacked her lips before opening her eyes.

Nia's cheery voice greeted her. *"Morning! Heh, do you know you snore?!"*

"Mmh," Rachel groaned, reaching up to rub her eyes. ... *Nice joke*, she returned.

"Aww, be a little flustered," Nia grumbled. *"Jessy kind of breaths a bit loud."*

Mhm.

Glancing to her left, she caught Hayan on an armchair and Gisele on the back of it, both giving her bright smiles; if Rachel didn't know any better, she'd say that the little Sky Reaver was practically glowing with excitement. The only reason that came to mind was the fact they'd be potentially fighting monsters soon.

"Morning," she mumbled, ears curling a little to listen to everything close by.

Mason, Jessy, Fiona, and Nora were downstairs with her grandfather; they appeared to be having a lovely conversation. The fact the Fairy managed to get to the house during the day and her not waking up was a bit concerning to her, but that was only the start.

Rachel's lips tightened, shifting her position a bit while examining broken fragments of conversations around the Florida City area—she'd messed up, and not in a way she expected.

The President had given his address two hours ago, 6 P.M., explaining to the world what the U.S. government had discovered about the Crystal Event that had come alongside the magical change from The Oscillation.

He went over their various types, the dangers associated with them, and how they planned to combat it by bringing it into the private market. The organization structure had been elucidated by using Mythic as an example.

The issue—Rachel reached to her left to pick up her phone, pressing the button to turn it on—it was dead. She was supposed to get a call shortly after she'd gone to bed, utterly forgetting about the appointment, which wasn't like her.

True, she rarely used the device since Tom gave it to her and hadn't charged it for days, but she didn't even notice the battery was nearly depleted last night. One of the other group members must have filled in all the blanks, and if Rachel had to guess, it was probably Maria.

Breathing out a long sigh while covering her eyes with her arm, she pondered the mistake, but Nia was a little distracting.

"Oooh, you're in trouble!"

No ... I'm not, Rachel mumbled. *It just shows Grandpa wasn't wrong—there are issues with having multiple types of energy within my Lunar Pool that are around the same strength.*

"Fu-fu-fu ... You're just making excuses. I know your brain!"

... Maybe a little, she begrudgingly admitted, watching Hayan hop down to snuggle next to her. *It's still the likely cause—I slept for over ten hours, which isn't typical for me, and there's no reason why my mind and body did it. I wasn't super tired, and I'm not really that stressed—at least on the surface.*

"Hmm ... So, it kind of is the Lunar Energy that's messing with you?" Nia asked with a thoughtful tone. *"Oh! I've got it! The real moon was the real trigger that added the stress since the Flush and White Energy were competing heavily last night."*

Rachel's eyebrows pulled together as she reached over to pull Hayan up on her stomach to absently pet him; Gisele fluttered down to give her an excited squawk, but she was a little too occupied by Nia's shocking intelligence.

Actually ... That's pretty insightful, Nia.

"Mu-ha-ha-ha-ha! Aren't I smart?! I'm so smart! The most smartest, prettiest, and most powerful Living Denier to surface out of the abyssal realms of the underworld—oh, and I work so super hard that I can protect you even while you sleep!"

Heh, Rachel's stomach shook, making Hayan bob up and down with his jagged smile, praise be to Nia, the ultimate demonic piece of cursed gear that has ever seen the unholy realms of hades.

"Praise be to me!" Nia cheered. *"My darkness will consume you and swallow the world!"*

Huh ... Then where would you be? Rachel asked with a small smile.

"The fathomless reaches of—huh?! Oh, no ... Where would I be if I devoured the world ... gah, no ... I'd be alone in endless, cruel, empty space ... lost on the star strung trail of eternity until I got picked up by a shooting star to reach the distant corners of the unknown ... forced to travel into ceaseless antiquity..." She lamented in a dramatic voice.

It's a good thing I'll stop you, huh? Don't want that.

"Hah," Nia snorted. *"To think such a simple Hare would have what it takes to step to the Mad Rabbit Nia! I will be awaiting your arrival to my throne room, but you must first prove your worthiness!"*

Rachel sat Hayan to the side, getting up with a low groan before stretching left and right, loosening her muscles with her pets watching. *Oh, no—not the endless hordes of minions. How will I ever reach you?*

"To think such weaklings would slow your progress! It is a million years too soon to..."

Know what, Rachel mused, vision turning to her duffle bag that she'd brought, I'm gonna throw you in the washer to see how you like it.

"Eh?!" Nia began to panic. *"I'm—I'm just joking with you! We were having fun—ha-ha-ha, umm, yeah, nice joke ... Rachel ... Rachel?!"*

She walked over and started getting out a few garments.

"Why do you need those?! You have me ... You don't hate me, right? I'll be quiet..."

Nia, Rachel giggled, I love you. I just thought you might like to test it out; do you know what an amusement park ride is?

"S-So you aren't going to replace me with those—those hideous clothes in your hands?" She asked defensively.

Rachel shook her head at how insecure Nia was but considering she'd learned humans sometimes change clothes multiple times a day, it wasn't an unfounded fear.

Can you tell me which clothes would do a better job of protecting me than you? She asked, looking down at her chest to examine the perfectly fitted white, orange, and pink cut-out cross-shaped halter-top bikini that had the x-section interlinked; it held Nia's little bunny flair that made her smile. Rachel had no doubt the glowing tattoo of the *Hare Majesty* design was present on her back.

Her earring burned, actually transferring a bit of the girl's fright to Rachel. *"Umm ... No, I'm really, really good at my job! Do you—not like the bikini? Did I do something wrong?"*

No, Rachel sighed, shaking her head. *Think about how I feel—look a little deeper*, she urged, shifting to her left to study the two cute bows Nia had tied on either side of her bikini bottoms.

“Umm ... oh ... You really do want to know if I’ll like it? You ... really do like me.”

Mhm. Rachel smiled while walking out of the room, motioning to her pets to follow. *I gotta say, it was a bit strange getting used to your, eh—personality, at the start, but I rather enjoy having you here now.*

“I ... I really like being wrapped around you,” she mumbled, squeezing her a little as if giving her a hug.

Rachel reached up to rub her earring with affection. *Let’s just make sure you never bond with Cahira or Maëlle—I like you just the way you are.*

“I like you, too ... so, umm ... this isn’t going to hurt or feel weird. Right?”

Rachel shrugged. *I don’t know; it’s worth giving a try.*

“I don’t get ... well, I don’t get dirty very easily ... I can clean myself.”

She stopped in front of the 2nd-floor washer for guests built into a closet-like space, opening the doors to give Nia a closer look. *It’s just to see if you’ll like it. I’ll put you through the quick wash and shower really fast. You’re not chickening out on me. Are you?* Rachel teased.

“Humph! I’m no chicken, and Scarlet had this one show called [Kill la Kill](#)—the Living Denier in there liked it. But ... But I’m Living Denier too, and I’m not scared of nothing! I’ll own this washer without getting a tear!”

Oh, big words!

“Throw me in; I’ll show you! Watch yourself, washer,” Nia released a dark chuckle.

“For today, you meet the abyssal lurker of the hidden supernova, Nia the terrible!”

It sounded like Nia was just throwing together words to make herself feel stronger.

Rachel chuckled as the bows around her waist, neck, hair, and back loosened, causing her bikini to fall off as the earring faded into light; she swiftly caught the items and dropped them in, leaving Rachel naked; no one was on the 2nd floor.

Starting the warm water and marking it as a small load and for a short rinse, Rachel walked to the nearby bathroom, going inside to freshen up.

Fiona, Nora, and Mason could hear her moving around and told her grandfather about it, knowing she was taking a shower since she’d turned on the water.

She cleaned her body and hair before getting out and drying off as Nia’s quick cycle finished. The five had remained below, so she walked out naked to check on the Living Denier.

Opening the lid as the spinning slowed, Rachel watched the two bikini pieces unstick themselves from the wall to flop to the bottom, expelling all the excess water.

Rachel picked them up, but they began to glow once both parts were in her hand, and she straightened as she rose a bit off the ground, flats enclosing around her feet and pushing her up.

Nia’s giggling voice entered her head while the casual-style outfit fitted around her form. *“Swish-swish-swish, around, and around, and around we go! He-he-he, it’s so fun!”*

I’m glad you enjoyed it. Rachel mused.

“The slippery water passing through my threads tickles a bit, but I don’t have to do any work—like ... at all!” She gasped in astonishment. *“It does everything for me!”*

Yup, like a personal caretaker, huh? Rachel questioned, stepping back to examine the waterfall braids that her hair had been woven into. *And look at you, all ready to make us look pretty.*

"Yeah! We're super cute! Oh, let's go down and show Fiona; she hasn't seen me yet!"
Right. I'm sure she'll love you.

"Everyone loves my bright colors!"

Heading downstairs while laughing at Nia's cheers and explanation about how the washer treated her, she studied the five people in the living room as she entered.

Fiona was wearing a pretty yellow dress that fit her slim frame shockingly well; her wings were out, and Jessy seemed enchanted by the tiny girl.

Nora was an interesting case; her muscles didn't sound any different than a human, which meant she could basically mimic anything she consumed to a near-perfect degree.

Her current body was that of a fit high-schooler Cheetah Beastkin girl, and Rachel had to wonder if she could access the abilities, too. Her large, feline yellow eyes matched a portion of her long black hair, showing the cat markings. She was pretty, and standing next to Jessy made that all the more apparent.

"Poor Jessy..." Nia mumbled while reading Rachel's thoughts.

Mason wore a long black tank top that had been stretched over his large frame; he had matching gym shorts on, and Jessy was dressed up in a new blue skirt and blouse.

Her grandfather was passively listening to Fiona chatting about some of the songs she liked to cover when she came in, drawing everyone's attention.

"Fiona, Nora," Rachel gave them a sad smile. "I overslept. You have the details on the agent that's supposed to be meeting us?"

Fiona took one look at her and squealed. "Rachel—You're so cute!"

"We're super cute!" Nia chimed, practically jumping for joy. *"Praise us!"*

"Rachel," her grandfather gave her a thoughtful grin. "You didn't tell me you were planning on bringing over a few friends."

Mason chuckled. "Yeah, had me thinkin' we were getting jumped—the two of them just floated out of the sky!"

"Aren't they cute, though?" Jessy jumped in. "Fiona's so tiny and precious!"

Nora smirked, shooting a glare at her sister. "Yeah, well, say that when you're worried about a spider creeping up on your sister in the middle of the night to gobble her up, and the tiny part becomes a real problem."

"Nora!" Fiona growled, returning the look. "You said you wouldn't talk about that—spiders are like my worst enemy!"

Rachel laughed, her smile turning apologetic. "I can see it. Yeah, sorry, Grandpa, it kind of slipped my mind yesterday—in fact, a lot of things did," she mumbled, staring at her faintly glowing pink arm, indicating her current primary energy source. "There might be more to your theory on various lunar forces causing me issues."

Mason, Jessy, Nora, and Fiona's expressions said they weren't following, their focus darting between the two, but Fiona's attention shifted to her two pets as they came into the room, eyes beginning to sparkle as she hovered down to play with them; someone had obviously broken the news about them to her, and she seemed like a pet person.

"Is that so?" Her grandpa hummed. "Do you have a plan to deal with it?"

Rachel leaned up against the doorway and folded her arms, red four-leaf clover eyes following Fiona's descent. "Yeah, it's getting close to the point where I can summon my other two pets. I'm going to dump all the White Lunar energy and keep a small amount of the Coral to test it while trying to slowly build up my Flush Moon energy."

“What’s up?” Mason asked, but Rachel focused on her grandfather; it would become apparent as she went on.

“After tonight, I should only have about 8% White Moon, stay at my current 20% Coral Moon, and have 77% Flush Moon energy.”

Jessy’s brow creased. “Umm ... isn’t that 105%?”

Rachel nodded. “I have a skill that increases my cap; if it’s locked, then that reserve goes away. I managed to keep most of my Flush Energy from being in another world, but I replaced some of it with White Lunar Energy to test out all three. If the Flush Moon has the majority, then it should help stabilize things.”

Nora didn’t seem to want to butt into the conversation, remaining silent, but Fiona was more than willing to jump in. “Is the Coral Energy at 20% for a reason?”

“It is,” Rachel replied, chuckling as Fiona played with Hayan’s squishy form. “Mind if we talk in private about what’s up next?”

Her grandfather rose to his feet with a small smile. “I understand you have important business to handle with a Crystal in the area, as Fiona described. It is not something I am currently that familiar with, but if you wish to discuss it in private, then that is fine.”

“Thanks,” Rachel sighed, walking over to hug him. “... I’ll spend some time with you after dealing with this.”

“Heh,” he wrapped his arms around her, “no need to rush; I will be here when you return.”

Mason got to his feet, clearing his throat. “Hey, Rach ... *ahem*, I, umm ... I wondered if I could join you.”

Rachel lifted an eyebrow, pulling away from her grandfather. “You what?”

“Join you,” he mumbled with a half-shrug before scratching the back of his neck. “I think ... well, it might help. I talked to Jessy about it and, well—yeah, it might help,” he repeated.

She got that he was trying not to be blatantly obvious about there being something wrong with their grandfather in the room, but it just came out weird.

Rachel ran her hand through the back of her hair with a short sigh, minding the braids, and she wondered if this was what Fiona felt for her sister—no, she probably had a lot more reservations.

She wasn’t technically opposed to him joining; no, the issue was the legal issues that might bring. Figuring it was something they could discuss in a more private setting, she motioned for him to join her in one of the other entertainment rooms on the 1st floor.

“C’mon, I’ll hear you out; let’s go to one of the rooms with a couch.”

Jessy squeezed her cousin’s hand with a confident smile; she certainly had a lot more faith in his abilities than Rachel did, but she was comparing him to Hayan, which was kind of an insult to her little blob—she recognized that was kind of sad.

Her grandfather ruefully shook his head. “Mats work just as fine.”

“Maybe for you, Grandpa,” she returned with a grin, “but I enjoy sitting down and crossing my legs.”

“To each their own,” he sighed, returning to the third floor to focus on more meditation. “Jessy, would you like to join me?” He asked just before exiting.

The girl shot up with a bright smile. “Sure! I like the things you’ve shown me so far; it’s really relaxing.”

Rachel walked with Nora and Mason behind her, Fiona hovering overhead as they wove through the large mansion to its left side. Dropping into a couch with Mason across from her and Nora to her left, Fiona took the table, sitting on some stacked coasters.

“What’s up?” Fiona asked, kicking her dangling feet.

Rachel leaned against the side of the sofa, crossing her legs. “Alright, Mason, I’m gonna be honest with you. The creatures you killed on the other side probably weren’t the right ones that you were supposed to fight.”

“Wait ... you’re serious?” He mumbled, resting his elbows against his knees while leaning forward. “But ... those first ones were so strong, and didn’t the President say that we have to conquer the other side for them to close?”

Fiona released a low hum that sounded oddly musical from a person of her size. “True, but there are a lot of ways we can do that; I brought back some birds in one of our trips through one that told me a bunch about them—you know, what happened to that family?” She asked, glancing over at Rachel.

Nora was sitting back with her arms folded, still trying to get a grasp on them, and Nia was asking her to introduce her.

Rachel shifted a bit to pull her hair over her shoulder to stop sitting on it; it was still a bit out of habit to manage the long stuff. *Just give me a second, Nia.*

“Aww ... Fiona likes me, though...”

Ignoring the voice in her head, Rachel’s focus moved to Fiona for a moment as she responded before turning back to her cousin. “Uh ... Tom found other translators to help get more information out of them; I suspect they’re doing pretty good.”

“More translators, huh? That’s cool. I’m not the only one,” she mumbled.

“Mason,” Rachel continued, “there are a lot of creatures through these Crystals, but one of them is the designated target that we’re supposed to go up against; I don’t think it was those mushroom people, which means we have an even stronger foe that we’re up against, and I don’t know if you would help or not.”

Mason wouldn’t make eye contact, working around his jaw as he internalized her response. “Hmm ... I get that—I do,” he grumbled, shifting his head to the side, glaring at Hayan on the couch beside him, returning a challenging look. “I’m not as badass as I thought—still, I’d like to go into it with you to at least know what we’re up against because—well, what if I need to protect Jessy at some point, you know?”

Fiona and Nora’s eyes widened, and the Cheetah Beastkin wore a sweet smile. “Cute...”

Nia was in agreement. *“Yeah! Protect our sweet Jessy! Go! Go! Go!”* She cheered.

Rachel’s lips parted for a moment, tongue playing between two of her teeth as she thought on his declaration. She couldn’t really deny him after saying something like that; Mason’s cheeks were already red, and she was a bit impressed by her cousin. It wasn’t something she expected out of him.

“Uh ... if you stay with Fiona and make sure she’s okay, then that should be fine. We’ll take some sugar you can carry for her.”

“Aww,” Fiona gave him a sad chuckle. “You’re giving him sugar duty? Don’t worry, Mason,” she added, countenance brightening, “I bet you’ll go back to Jessy with some awesome story!”

Mason turned his gaze to Nora with a questioning look. “... What about her?”

“Me?” Nora gave him a disarming smile. “I’m probably more durable than all of you put together.”

Fiona rolled her eyes. “I wouldn’t put my money on it, Sis; Rachel’s got a lot more feats to back up that claim.”

Nora huffed. “I’m a super tanky and can turn into anything I eat.”

“Not like that!” Fiona chimed with a knowing grin. “You’re thin as paper like that; I could run circles around you, which is why you need to be really careful.”

Nora’s gaze rose to the ceiling while shaking her head. “Fi, if I need to, I can just turn back into a slime, and what are they going to do?”

“Uh ... zap or melt you—kind of like what I did to that one Slime I told you about,” Fiona shot back.

Nora lifted her hand in a questioning gesture. “And what monsters have your elemental powers? It would take a lot to do that anyway; you sure you have enough sugar crack in your system for that?” She asked with a smirk.

Obviously, the two had been having disagreements about her place in this.

Rachel slid past the subject before they could continue; Mason had retreated from the conversation entirely, vision darting between the banter.

“Alright, Fiona,” Rachel cut in, drawing the girl’s attention, “what’s happened while I was asleep?”

“Eh ... he-he-he, well, umm ... yeah, Tom and the President were a little worried when you didn’t answer, but when I got here and told them you were asleep—well, and that your phone was dead—yeah, they were a bit confused. You normally are super on point on a lot of things, but I guess that was the energy thing you mentioned.”

She released a low sigh, glaring at her glowing hair. “Yeah, that probably played a part. You told them about what we decided?”

“Oh, me? No, no, no!” Fiona snickered while adjusting her dress. “No, Maria handled all of that. Want me to update you on the current plan?”

Rachel’s head drooped as Nia started nagging her again. “... Umm, before that,” she gestured at herself, “I got this outfit from the Legend’s Quest...”

“Outfit?! OUTFIT?! Humph!” Nia shouted, falling into grumbling silence.

“... Excuse me, Nia,” Rachel sighed, “this Living Denier, or living outfit, is named Lunar Nia, and she wanted me to introduce you to her, and thank you for calling her...”

“Us!”

“... Us—cute. She’s been bouncing up and down in my head, trying to get me to say hello.”

“Oh?” Fiona smiled, floating over to scan Rachel’s blouse and skirt. “You really have a living outfit? That’s so cool; hello, Nia! I’m Fiona, and this is my sister Nora.”

Nora gave her a forced smile. “Eh ... hey, umm ... what exactly should I be—you know, looking at?”

“Me! Me! I’m right here!” Nia groaned.

Rachel reached up to rub her earring. “This is kind of the central part of Nia—at least, I think.”

“H-Hey ... no, that tickles!” Nia laughed. *“S-Stop it!”*

Her underwear tightened slightly underneath her clothes as Nia squirmed, causing Rachel to ease up her teasing. “Right. Well, now that that’s out of the way, what’s up? Did I miss any new information with the President’s address?”

Fiona floated around her ear with a curious crease to her eyes. “Eh ... I was wondering when you got a piercing in your ear—I like it, though. Umm...”

Nora was the one to pipe up, though, drawing her sister's gaze. "In short, Fiona was told that the agent dude would be here at night because he was getting last-minute instruction and was bringing some people to train—or something like that."

"Yes," Fiona mumbled, continuing once she finished, "but a lot of new stuff came out. For one, the Crystal acts as a vaccination device; it grants immunities to different pathogens within the Crystals and sterilizes them when they're brought through, but they can be studied on the other side. So, no need for hazmat suits or the fear of people bringing back a super virus."

Mason nodded with an impressed look. "Wow, I didn't even think about that when I went through; it even makes you immune to like—the cold and stuff?"

Fiona shrugged. "I mean, I guess? The report online just showed that there weren't any concerns about that kind of stuff. Uh ... Maria was going to handle all the insurance stuff, too. There's going to be a strict guideline for the guilds people create, and recruits have to pass the proper tests proving they're capable—stuff that doesn't really apply to us," she snickered.

"All high and mighty," Nora mused. "You were crying to me about falling behind everyone since you didn't go on that one mythic trip or whatever it was."

"Legend Quest," Fiona groaned. "I mean, yeah, you got new awesome items and everything, Rachel! When can I go on one with them?"

"Hey," Rachel held up her hands defensively, "I can't..."

She paused, ears standing on end as gasps were heard around Florida City.

"Uh-oh," Fiona hissed, studying Rachel's expression. "That doesn't look good—How bad is it?"

"Hmm?" Nora and Mason responded in unison.

Rachel was focused on hundreds of voices, all talking about the same thing, and the number was rising by the second.

"Is that—is The Oscillation happening again?"

"Why are we trapped?"

"Didn't the President say this is one of those reverse attacks?"

"Get in the car, kids! Quick, Joy, grab the 72-hour kits!"

"No, Greg—we can't leave ... The President said it a few hours ago..."

"Dammit! Get the shotgun from upstairs; I'll open the safe..."

"Daddy ... you're scaring me..."

All across Florida City, Demi and humans were beginning to panic. A boat ran into the barrier, and just like what Tom had told her when they went to the other planet, it was teleported to the other side, smashing through an empty house and causing panic in the surrounding residence.

It didn't take her long to filter through the noise to find the Gateway Administration Division's representatives; they were five miles out, and judging by the distance from the edge to the crystal, she determined that everything within seven miles was locked off from Earth.

She remembered what this event was called from Clay's explanation, and her countenance darkened. "It's a Crystal Break—We're being invaded."

"What does that mean?" Mason mumbled.

Fiona groaned, running her fingers through her shimmering green hair. "Jumping witches in a pot ... that's not good. Have you found the agents?"

"Oh," Nora leaned forward with a bright smile, "does that mean we're going? I get to see what these monsters look like?"

Rachel got to her feet; Gisele and Hayan were more than ready by the confidence they held. “It means a change in plans—Mason,” she said with a deep frown, “you need to stay here.”

Mason grimaced, vision falling to the table, but he slowly nodded. “... To protect Grandpa and Jessy. Right?”

Fiona’s lips tightened, making an agreeing note in her throat. “Mmh—yeah, that’s a good plan. The chaos could cause a lot more people to attack other people.”

“Are we going?” Nora chimed, excitedly getting to her feet.

“Nora...” Fiona glared at her.

The Cheetah-girl spread her arms. “What, Fi?! I’m super hungry—sooh-ho-ho hungry!” She moaned, rubbing her stomach with a mournful look.

Rachel motioned for them to go to the door leading into the center yard. “I’ve found the agents we’re supposed to be with—kind of crazy, but it seems Serah and Bree were actually brought on,” she said with a grin; she was beginning to feel the pulse in her body.

Checking her *Rabbit Gang* Skill, she discovered it would still be another seven minutes before she could summon her two extra blobs. “How’s your sugar levels, Fiona?”

“134%!” She replied. “I’m ready to go! Oh, am I flying us there?”

“That would be the quickest route,” Rachel nodded, opening the door.

Gisele darted past her, doing a swift arc in the air once making it to the yard; Rachel, Fiona, and Nora froze as a bright white glow illuminated the Sky Reaver.

The System instantly notified Rachel of what was happening to the bird; the requirements had been met, and Gisele was turning from a baby Sky Reaver to a baby Lunar Phoenix.

They watched in stunned silence as her wings grew, bone receded, and frills puffed out; she was a dazzling shade of white and a mix of green and blues. Her transformation made her look between some [fantasy bird](#) and a [Resplendent Quetzal](#).

Once it finished, Gisele flapped down to the floorboards ahead of them, puffing her chest out with a lovely sing-songy tone to her cry; she was slightly smaller but far more eye-catching. She’d become a Mythic Pet.

Gisele - Lunar Phoenix: Gains a 50% damage output and boost to her skills while under direct moonlight; type of energy changes her attack style.

Moon Fire (Beam) I: (*Cooldown: 2 Minutes; Cost: N/A; Duration: 3 Second; Range: 5 Meters*) Create an energy-based ray of pure lunar fire from her mouth; increases damage the longer the beam is in use.

Moon Fire (Rake) I: (*Cooldown: 45 Seconds; Cost: N/A; Duration: N/A; Range: Contact*) Lights Gisele’s talons with Moon Fire that deals physical-type lunar fire damage that has a chance to light the target ablaze.

Resurrection: (*Cooldown: 7 Nights; Cost: Gisele’s Feather; Duration: N/A; Range: N/A*) If Gisele dies, after 7 nights, Gisele will be resurrected in a blaze of Moon Fire.

Blazing Glory: (*Cooldown: 14 Nights; Cost: Destroys Gisele and Drops a Feather; Duration: 5 minutes; Range: 2 meters*) Engulfed in radiant Moon Fire, Gisele shoots toward her foe as the phoenix she is, exploding into a combustion of unified Lunar

and Fire-based Elemental Damage, leaving behind a blaze that will continue to spread for 5 minutes before dissipating. All that is left behind is a single feather.

Lunar Glory: (***Cooldown:** 14 Nights; **Cost:** Destroys Gisele and Drops a Feather; **Duration:** 3 Minutes; **Range:** 50 Meters*) *Blaze like the moon, becoming a beacon of Lunar Energy of whichever type she last absorbed, granting Rachel access to a limited-range lunar object that acts like the Lunar body she bonded with.*

Rachel was blown away by the sudden transformation, but Gisele held her majestic head high, waiting for praise. Hayan was hopping around her in fascination.

“W-What just happened?” Nova mumbled. “Did—it just turn into some magical bird that’s going to carry you?”

“Woah,” Fiona rushed forward. “What’s your name—Gisele? That’s so pretty!”

Gisele’s pride turned to shock as she hopped back, releasing a few chirps and causing Fiona to giggle.

“Mhm! I can understand you ... Woah, woah, woah!”

Rachel watched in utter confusion as Gisele hopped over with tears in her eyes, chirping a few times while puffing up her feathers.

Fiona’s brow furrowed, folding her arms and nodding while listening to the bird.

“Mhm—oh, wow ... That must have been tough ... A strange rabbit? Huh ... he was dancing and talking gibberish? He made things float, and ... Aww,” she turned to glare at Rachel. “You need to be nicer to Gisele; she’s trying so hard to be useful and impress you!”

“I ... we’ll have to go over all of that later—I think the monsters are breaking out of the club because there’s a lot of panic from people running out. We need to go grab Bree, Serah, and Jim, the guy that’s training them before going down that rabbit hole,” Rachel mumbled, knowing Gisele probably met Moongmor.

She’d been so distracted by Gisele, she couldn’t fully appreciate the shimmering night; sure enough, there was a massive dome reaching high into the sky and utterly blocking them from the rest of Earth. It was kill or be killed at this point; they were on the defensive.

Fiona’s lips pursed to the side, green glow increasing as butterflies filled Rachel’s stomach and they were lifted into the air. “I get it,” she mumbled, pulling a flustered Hayan and Gisele along with them, “but seriously, Gisele’s got a pretty incredible story that we need to go over ... a LOT happened when you were down in that labyrinth.”