

Adding Bonus Stats.

+200 Mana
+20 intelligence
+1 mana regen
+100 Vitality

“Stupid fucking system. I already have the goddamn class!”

Scanning current skills...

Generating new skills...

Multiple generated skills duplication error...

Attempting to find workaround...

Workaround found...

“Stop fucking ignoring me..”

Two new skills have been gained.

One skill has been upgraded.

Several skills have been removed due to redundancy.

“I’m going to destroy you...”

The following skills have been removed due to redundancy.

-[Create Skeletal Archer]
-[Create Skeletal Flyer]
-[Create Skeletal Guardian]
-[Create Skeletal Warrior]
-[Skeletal Renewal]
-[Bone Telekinesis]

Skills have been absorbed into the new skill [Skeleton Creation]

“I will rip your body into fucking shreds...”

The following skill has been upgraded:

[Minor Undead Modification] -> [Undead Modification]

“And if you don't have a body, I will fucking make one!”

You have gained the following new skill: [Corpse Explosion]

“When I do, I will shove your sorry artificial ass into it...”

Level up x 3 [Noble]

[Converging Mana] upgrades to [Mana Font]

“And then I will bend you over...”

Level up x 6 [Hero]

“And shove my massi--- wait, that's a unique skill? That's pretty good.”

[Skeletal Creation] Unique

Some enjoy playing with the flesh, but not you. You prefer to dig deep into the bones and create what you desire from it.

-All skeletal creations are available to you.

-Level depends on the quality and quantity of bones used.

What creations?

Current Skeletal Creation list: 2631

[Create Bone Dragon]

3712 Minimum Mana

[Create Bone knight]	1111 Minimum Mana
[Create Bone Worm]	1913 Minimum Mana
[Create Bone Dreadnought]	3119 Minimum Mana
[Create Bone Guardian]	1200 Minimum Mana
[Create Skeletal Guardian]	412 Minimum Mana

And the list continues on and on, giving me a minimum cost but no maximum. I also note the difference in Skeleton and Bone creations. Bone creations seem to be a stronger version of regular undead, but also costly to create. This actually looks pretty powerful if I actually have the mana and resources to create it.

[Mana Font] Rare

Your existence alone constantly attracts mana. All of your spells cost 20% less.

Frowning, I activate my [Advanced Mana Sense] and quickly notice mana seemingly flowing around me, towards my feet and up my body. A very interesting phenomenon. Useful too considering its percentile nature.

[Corpse Explosion] [Rare]

Target a corpse. The corpse will degrade its body and create a mana bomb at its location.

- Explosive strength varies with corpse type and level.
- Cost varies with corpse level
- Self-controlled undead cost 90% less

Hmmm, that could be pretty useful actually. Well, depending on how strong the explosion is normally.

[Undead Modification] [Rare]

Not all are happy with the mindless undead they create. Sometimes, they want to give some significant modifications, even going so far as minor sentience.

Ooooh, minor sentience? So I can make them think? Actually think? Though I should first see what modifications I can do to the body first.

Standing up from my crouching position, I wipe my face and begin to imagine giant [Bone Worms] burrowing underground before popping up and then exploding into a maelstrom of destruction.

The Gejan watch with bated breaths as they see Berosus stride through thousands of flying quills, explosive sacks of poisonous gas, and even a massive cloud of something so foul that all greenery around the impact location no longer exists. Only luck and possibly forethought allowing the commander to move unscathed.

Finally, as the gas settles into the ground, a cheer erupts from those present, only to stop immediately as they watch Quasi fall on his knees, hands touching the ground.

“What’s happening?” Jessica is the first one to ask. Her eyesight allows her to see Quasi, but not good enough to see what is happening.

“Is he hurt?” she asks again, fear and panic crossing her face.

“He is crying and yelling something. He does not look injured,” Tessa says while activating one of her scouting skills. One which allows her to see far distances as though they were close.

“Maybe it’s the poison. Maybe some of it got inside him?”

Her statement causes many to take a grim expression.

Well, except for two of them.

Zorren stares at the direction of the boss, his eyes steeled and angry. A perpetual frown on his face.

On the other hand, Darrow is smiling and nodding as though he understands exactly what’s happened.

“He is not injured, he is merely upset. Even I would be upset over that.”

His statement attracts all the eyes. They look at him, surprised. Darrow had been right about many things when concerning the commander. He had predicted that Berosus would be

defeated, that the Centaurs would fear the commander, and that Thorous would be saved. Out of everyone, he seems to know best what the commander thinks.

Silence descends into the clearing as they all look at Darrow, waiting for him to explain.

The silence extends for a half minutes before someone speaks up.

“Darrow.”

Darrow moves his gaze, latching onto Lilly who is looking up at him. And then he notices the stares pointed at him.

“What?” he asks confused. Taking a look at the expressions pointed his way.

Lilly kicks him in the shin, his leg flicks back and he falls on the floor surprised.

“The reason you dungbeetle. What is he fucking crying about? We’re all freaking worried,” She says with a glare, her fists raised and ready to pummel the man into the ground.

“Wait, wait, wait,” he says, quickly standing up,” I thought it was obvious.”

A Direpanther growls behind him, accompanied by a glare from Alba, Jessica, and Tessa.

Darrow sighs. He then straightens his posture, puts on a smile and points towards Quasi before they hurt him further.

“The commander is crying for a very simple reason,” he starts, swerving his finger towards the corpse of the boss, “The boss monster died too easily. Clearly, the commander is upset over how simple the fight had been. He probably had all these complicated plans made to deal with the boss, but in the end, it died with one strike.”

Darrow shakes his head with a frown,” Truly, I can only imagine the pain he must feel.”

Darrow takes a deep breath and looks to the others, All of who are giving him a look.

Confused, he opens his mouth to ask ‘*why*’ but is stopped as a petite white fist slams into his stomach.

His scales crack and the sheer force sends him flying. When he lands, he inadvertently hugs his stomach and moans in excruciating pain.

“Nice punch,” Alba says.

“Thank you,” Lilly replies with a smile.

“Should we go to Quasi now?” Jessica asks while pointing at Quasi who is now standing up.

An answer is given not by those living, but by the undead horde beginning to move.

A bonfire is burning, a massive one as monster meat cooks over it. The pit burns near the entrance of the fourth floor. The flames dancing mightily to the night sky as the Gejan talk and laugh with one another.

Quasi is, of course, the cook. Thus, he must prepare the meat. So he grabs his knife and begins skinning a monster known as a **artoran**, A weird raptor-like monster with thick fur. The monster has no arms and has feet reminiscent of a chicken but sports a rather vicious tooth filled head. Sharp teeth too.

With experienced movement, he opens its abdomen and begins to remove its insides. Once done, he orders the monster to stand on the fire pit.

“Is that really safe?” Jessica asks while pointing at the several various monsters standing over the fire, allowing their bodies to be cooked for consumption.

Quasi shrugs, “Well, undead aren’t alive and thus they don’t feel pain. I see no reason why I can’t use a bit of dark magic to help with cooking,” he says while grabbing a rag and wiping his hands.

Jessica looks uncomfortable and confused at what is being done. Using undead to cook. Her sisters at the Monastery would have very little positive to say about such a practice.

Regardless, she still takes the meat on her plate, walks towards a place to sit and savers every bite like everyone else is doing. Even Alda.

Wait...

“Alda, I thought your kind can’t eat meat?”

Alda finishes her bite and throws a piece to her awakened Direpanther which gobbles it up happily. The Direpanther is currently the only tamed monster she has brought. She pets the monster with a smile, “I’m a [Beastmistress] and one of the skills I have is [Racial Acquisition], which allows me to permanently borrow one of my friend’s traits. **Fang** here is giving me the ability to eat meat.”

Jessica looks towards **Fang**, slightly jealous of how little the monster eats. After only a couple pounds of meat, the Direpanther is content and happy.

Jessica looks to her right and the little spider ripping into his third ten-pound steak.

“Quasi was right Peter, you are quite a glutton.”

The spider in question wiggles one of its legs at her before going back to ripping into the meat. The sight confusing her so much considering Peter seems to refuse to increase in size unless absolutely necessary... or Quasi asks.

“Mmmm, that spider scares me. It’s the smartest monster I have ever seen and none of my skills seem to bother it at all. What is it?” Alba asks.

“Peter is a weaver,” Jessica says, scratching the spider on the head, “which are giant sentient spiders the size of buildings.”

“Really?” Alba asks unconvinced and confused.

“Yup, he can change his size.”

Alba opens her mouth to retort and explain monsters can’t do that, but stops to reconsider it as a possibility. After all, that would explain why Fang is so utterly afraid of the little guy.

Jessica takes another bite of her meat before swallowing it in guilty pleasure. Monster meat tended to be rather expensive and was never bought at the monastery. It was more of a fancy restaurant or a [Nobles] kind of food. Hunting monsters is dangerous work, thus prices tended to be far far more expensive.

Jessica takes a moment, contemplating her next question as her mind wanders towards Thorous who sits alone. The women had been unfocused and refused to speak ever since she was captured. She avoids everyone now and keeps to herself.

“Your thinking of the one named Thorous, right?”

Jessica frowns, “Is it that obvious?”

Alba nods, “Yea. She looks lost really. Lilly and Tessa told me about her situation and about if she likes him or not. I can relate to that a little. His presence seems to make me want him so bad. If I wasn’t such a high level, I think I would be rather obsessed with him.”

“You're not obsessed?”

“Oh, I am very obsessed. I doubt I can ever find someone who can work me like him.”

Jessica blushes profusely and takes quick peaks towards Quasi, only blushing further as she watches Quasi clean his knife with a rag.

“Ha, I bet you like him too. Too bad you made that oath or whatever it is.”

Jessica shakes her head, annoyed that she allowed herself to begin feeling... like that.

“Um, any ideas on how to help Thorous?” she asks but only gets a shrug in reply.

“I’m the worst to ask. Though if you are really so worried, why not just ask the Patriarch to do something about it?”

Jessica is about to retort but stops as the realization strikes her. Quasi would know what to do...

“Thank you,” Jessica says as she places her plate on the side and stands up. She walks to Quasi who is in the middle of skinning.

“Um, I wanted to talk to you,” she starts.

Quasi continues skinning.

“Ask away,” he says without stopping.

“Well, it's about Thorous. Could you, um, I don't know. Talk to her?”

Quasi stops cutting. He blinks up at her.

“Shit, I completely fucking forgot,” he says and stands up while handing her the bloody knife.

“Thorous, Thorous, Thorous, we need to talk.”

Thorous looks up to find Quasi walking towards her.

“Nope, stop looking away. That’s bad.”

He walks up to her and frowns as he watches Thorous avoiding eye contact by staring at the ground.

“You know, you look like a depressed puppy. A whiny, bored, depressed puppy that needs to go to the vet because it ate something it shouldn't.”

She doesn't move or react.

“What it ate was poop. And not just any poop either. Oh no, that puppy got the giant shitty motherlode of bad poop.”

He pauses as he notices a movement. Her leg shifts slightly, a sign that she is listening and probably confused.

“Well, what do you have to say for yourself,” Quasi says, smiling confidently with his arms crossed while positioning his legs so that her eyes have something to stare at.

“I'm sorry for being weak.” she answers softly.

Quasi raises his voice.

“Weak! You better be sorry about being fucking weak. But that's not the biggest problem, the one that actually pisses me off.”

She stays silent.

“You walked into a fucking trap and got captured Thorous,” Quasi's words echo now. So much so that the conversations behind him die down.

“I'm Sorry.”

“For what Thorous? What are you sorry for? **Tell me!**”

His voice is loud and powerful, so much so that his words cause Thorous to breathe hard.

She opens her mouth, “I-I-I Don't know,” she stutters.

“Really? You don't know if my presence is manipulating you? If my shitty aura is making every fucking women want to ride me? If you may or may not be manipulated?”

She balls her fist.

“I'll leave.” she says in a whisper.

But it gets drowned out by Quasi's loud voice.

“And what the fuck will that accomplish? Will you know if you were manipulated by me if you leave? Will you be able to overcome that trap you went into because you left?”

Finally, the tears begin, they fall on the ground. Nothing like full on crying, but a noticeable amount.

Quasi lifts his hand, stopping Jessica and some of the others from coming closer. They had seen the tears and wanted to help- to comfort the crying Gejan.

Quasi stands there, giving her a moment to cry. But not too long. Afterall, people are most susceptible to change when they are most anguished. It is here, at the lowest point of a person's life, the tipping point between despair and hope. A point in which everything can change in a heartbeat.

“Well?”

She takes a breath, the tears still falling but a bit less.

“W-what sh-ould I d-o?” she asks.

Quasi smiles.

“Get stronger. Much stronger. I’m not talking about a couple dozen levels either. I’m talking about getting the power to overwhelm anything and everything.”

Quasi moves his hand under her chin and lifts her head. He finds her scale covered face in tears. The liquid dripping down the cracks of her face.

“You, Thorous, need to become strong enough to not only survive a trap, but to dismember the entire forest for even having one.”

He leans forward, eyes glowing a powerful purple.

“Only with that kind of power will you truly know your feelings.”

His lips touch hers, her eyes going wide in surprise.

He moves away and turns around. He begins walking.

His smile turns into a frown as he looks at everyone staring in his direction. Most smiling, especially Darrow. A big goofy one on his face.

But then he sees the girls.

“What the hell are you ladies staring at. Thorous is crying behind me and you all are doing nothing. How can you four be so insensitive.”

Tessa, Lilly, Jessica, and Alba open their mouths to retort but stop as he gives them a wink before increasing his pace towards his former seat.

Deciding not to say anything, they run to Thorous while Quasi sighs over his slowly growing erection.

“I shouldn’t have fucking kissed her,” he says while shaking his head and quickly finding his seat, “a fucking kiss gets my hormones going. Fucking stupid,” he says before turning towards the corpse on the ground.

The corpse moves slightly. None of which is from his control.

Confused, Quasi lifts a bit of the skin for a moment.

Several glowing red eyes meet his own.

He lowers the skin back down just as slowly.

“And now I’ve seen everything.”