

HE WHO FIGHTS

— WITH —

# MONSTERS

BOOK THREE

SHIRTALOON

S H I R T A L O O N

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## HE WHO FIGHTS WITH MONSTERS THREE

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## A QUESTION YOU DON'T YET KNOW TO ASK

Jason Asano and his team of fellow adventurers were living in a houseboat literally made of clouds. At a marina in the city of Greenstone, it was moored amidst the pleasure craft of Greenstone's wealthy and aristocratic elite. The cloud house had been the much vied-for prize in the Reaper trials, a deadly contest in an otherworldly realm. Jason and his teammates had managed to beat out some of the finest young adventurers in the world.

Jason's team had no illusions that they were better than the many outstanding young people they had competed against, knowing that luck and circumstance played a large role in their victory. After a celebratory trip away where they consolidated their gains from the contest, their new objective was training. Their young team had experienced success but they had a long way to go, both as individuals and as a team.

Jason and his teammate Humphrey Geller were the first to rise each morning. Jason made the team breakfast while Humphrey plotted out the day's training. As the teams were magical beings, transformed by the essences they had all consumed, they were able to sustain themselves on spirit coins and go without food entirely. Humphrey liked the effect on morale and team cohesion that eating breakfast all together had, while Jason just liked breakfast.

When Emir Bahadir had presented Jason with the magical item that created the cloud house, he had warned that it would be something of a money pit. The cloud house was capable of reproducing all manner of amenities, from showers to ovens to



windows that could function like a telescope. In order to activate these functions, however, Jason needed to supply magical resources, usually in the form of magic quintessence gems. Water quintessence for bathroom amenities, fire, iron and glass for a stove and oven. Jason had already poured a small fortune into it.

The ability to call a grill right up out of the deck, the cloud-stuff the house was made of shifting to meet his needs made Jason think it was completely worth the cost. For someone for whom cooking was such an important part of his life, it was a delightful convenience.

“I love being rich,” Jason muttered happily as he flipped hotcakes on the grill.

“What was that?” Humphrey asked, looking up distractedly.

“Nothing,” Jason said, raising a clenched fist. “Seize the means of production!”

“What are you talking about?” Humphrey asked.

“Nothing, it’s fine,” Jason said, turning his attention back to the hotcakes.

“I’m a really hypocritical socialist,” he muttered to himself. “I like money way too much.”

They were out on the open deck, Jason working the grill as Humphrey sat at a nearby table, looking over the meticulous notes he had taken on the team’s training. Winter was pleasant in Greenstone, with mild temperatures and less mugginess pressing in from the wet jungle delta, magically sustained in the middle of a bone dry desert. The sky was a gorgeous, empty blue, with a crystal clarity to the winter air that even the brightest summer day couldn’t match.

“Looks like a nice one today,” Jason said, looking up.

“You’re right,” Humphrey said. “How about we do some outside training? Maybe focus on mobility training.”

“Works for me,” Jason said. “Did you schedule that match-up against Beth’s team?”

“It won’t be for a few days,” Humphrey said. “We aren’t the only ones in a training frenzy after the Reaper trials. The mirage chamber is heavily booked.”

Like everyone who safely returned from the Reaper trials, the Geller family teams had brought back a treasure-trove of awakening stones to unlock new magical abilities and complete their power sets. Danielle Geller had received the same forewarning as Jason had about the chance for unusual awakening stones. Most adventurers who faced the trails now had a Reaper ability in their repertoire, as every almost everyone who survived had been awarded an otherwise extremely rare awakening stone of the Reaper.

This included both Jason and Humphrey, with Jason having even picked up a second one. The rare stones didn’t awaken inherently more powerful abilities but having a little-known power in their toolkit could be a trump card for any adventurer.

This slew of new and little-seen powers had excited Jason and Humphrey’s teammate Clive. As an enthusiastic proponent of the Magic Society’s effort to catalogue all known powers, Clive and his dogged questions were now being actively avoided. He had also urged their teammate Belinda to shape-shift into Jason, in an attempt to replicate the interface power that allowed him to look at detailed descriptions of magical abilities. To his frustration, she always ended up with the wrong power and could only replicate Jason’s map ability.

“The map is a great power,” Jason had insisted when Clive had complained to him.

“Not for administrative purposes,” Clive had bemoaned.

“I think you and I look at the potential of magic powers in very different ways,” Jason told him.

Humphrey and Jason chatted while going about their morning tasks, until Jason spotted a familiar, but unexpected, figure. She was walking along the marina pier towards the houseboat.

“Humphrey,” Jason said. “Your ex is coming by.”

“My ex?” Humphrey asked. He spotted Gabrielle as she approached the houseboat.

Gabrielle Pellin was a priestess of the god of Knowledge, as well as Humphrey’s extremely beautiful ex-lover. Gabrielle and Jason had originally gotten along but she wasn’t the first person whose strong religious views had placed her in a position antagonistic to Jason.

Jason regretted the part that played in souring Humphrey’s relationship with her. He respected Humphrey for having the strength to end things with someone who stood out even in a world full of people made beautiful by magic. Jason doubted he could have made as mature a choice when he was seventeen.

Jason invited Gabrielle aboard. The open deck areas of the houseboat didn’t require the boat to take an aura imprint before granting access.

“Gabrielle,” Humphrey greeted, a complicated expression on his face.

“Hello Humphrey,” she said. Dressed in a plain version of the robes of her church, she was clearly trying to be stoic but couldn’t hide her tense body language. Steeling herself, she turned to Jason.

“The goddess has a new gift for you,” she said. “I’m here to deliver it.”

“Is it strippers?” Jason asked. “Not you; you’re too young. Other strippers, but roughly the same level of hotness.”

Humphrey and Gabrielle both gave him horrified looks.

“What?” he asked innocently.

“Ignore him,” Humphrey said.

“My lady wants me to tell you that objectification jokes are beneath you,” Gabrielle said to Jason.

“Yeah,” Jason said with a chuckle, “but you shouldn’t trust someone who doesn’t spend at least a little time in the gutter.”

“I very much disagree,” Gabrielle said.

“Colour me surprised. So, what does your boss have for me? I’ll admit I’m a little trepidatious, after the last time.”

Jason had made a deal with the goddess of Knowledge that she would give him a gift in return for not introducing his very poor grasp of the physicals sciences into this one. Her first attempt at a gift was received as poorly as Jason understood the gravity he had tried to explain to Clive.

“She recognised your concerns” Gabrielle said, clearly unhappy, “and has prepared a new gift you should find more palatable. You should know that this gift edges against the boundaries of her own rules. Consideration that you do not deserve.”

“What do you mean?”

Gabrielle opened her dimensional satchel and pulled out books, one after another, piling them on the table next to Humphrey’s notes.

“This knowledge is the answer to a question you don’t yet know to ask,” Gabrielle said as she continued taking out books. “This pushes the limits of what she is willing to do. Further, this knowledge is not of this world. She was reticent to give it to anyone, but you are not of this world either.”

“Not of this world?” Humphrey asked.

“The Builder cultists have been bestowed knowledge from beyond this reality,” Gabrielle said. “now that it is here, she is sharing it with you.”

“Ah,” Jason said. “I know she likes this world to develop knowledge for itself, which is why she offered to bribe me in the first place. The Builder cult doesn’t care about that, though, and now the genie’s out of the bottle.”

“What would a genie be doing in a bottle?” Humphrey asked.

“Wait, genies are a thing?” Jason asked. “Do they grant wishes?”

“No, that would be outrageous. Do they grant wishes where you come from?”

“Just in stories,” Jason said, then turned back to Gabrielle. “So, this knowledge is something that comes from the Builder?”

“Yes. Once the knowledge was known by someone in this world, it became part of the goddess. She personally transcribed these tomes for delivery to you.”

Humphrey’s eyes went wide.

“The goddess made these personally?”

“Yes,” Gabrielle confirmed as she took out a small wooden case. She opened it to reveal neat rows of recording crystals. “She also created these and the information contained within. She would have produced all these as skill books that you could absorb more quickly but knew you would reject them.”

“I would,” Jason said. “I won’t imprint things directly into my mind that came from sources I don’t entirely trust. So, what is all this knowledge?”

“The goddess recommends you turn to your friend Clive for assistance. She anticipates he will be quite enthusiastic.”

“He always is,” Jason said as he picked up a random book and opened it. It looked to be some kind of magical theory, at a level well above what he could parse at a glance. He closed the book and set it back down.

“Thank you,” he said. “I’m not really sure of the ramifications of this gift, but given the source, I expect it to be quite specifically useful.”

Gabrielle shook her head. “I am constantly at a loss as to why the goddess feels you warrant such consideration.”

“You and me both, sister. You want to stick around for pancakes?”

Gabrielle gave Humphrey an uncertain glance, then shook her head.

“I have further duties to attend to. I shall take my leave here.”



Rufus stirred back to consciousness under the effect of his mother Arabelle's potent healing magic. He was lying on the sandy shore of the island where the group of adventurers had confronted the Builder cultists. The last thing he remembered was challenging a cultist far more powerful than himself, then man who killed Farrah. He was had put everything into one great blow, which had been almost, but not quite enough. The last thing he remembered was falling unconscious, not expecting to ever wake up.

"We won, then?" he groaned.

"We were already on the way when we saw your field of darkness go up, and then that huge beam," his father said. "We finished off that silver-ranker but he was close to done when we found him. I pretty much poked him and he fell down dead."

Rufus closed his eyes and drew a sharp, ragged breath. The man—the inhuman thing—who killed Farrah was dead.

Gabriel gave him a proud smile, placing a warm hand on Rufus's shoulder. "You did it, son. Fantastic job."

"What your father means," Arabelle said with a pointed look at Gabriel, "is that you should never have confronted an enemy like that."

"Exactly," Gabriel said. "Terrible job, son. Don't do it again."

Arabelle shook her head at her menfolk. "I think it's time for another child, husband. A daughter, this time."

"I'd love a little girl," Gabriel said. "What essence should we give her? How about a whip essence? I saw a student at the academy doing some very interesting things with one just recently."

"I think you're skipping a little far ahead, dear."

"What about the cultists?" Rufus asked.

“A lot of them made it through the portals,” Callum said. Rufus hadn’t even realised he was there, which was normal for the stealthy adventurer.

“We got most of the leadership,” Callum continued. “The count came up with one silver-ranker less than my initial count, so they likely escaped amongst the lower-rank masses.”

“Prisoners?” Rufus asked.

“None,” Gabriel said. “The cultists did the usual self-detonating crystal star thing. Before they did that, though, they killed off the priests amongst them.”

“Killing their own allies,” Arabelle said, shaking her head. “I hate fighting zealots.”

“We have plenty of recordings of Purity’s clergy consorting with the cultists, though,” Callum said. “More than enough for the other churches to form an ecumenical council and forcibly investigate.”

Rufus pushed himself to his feet.

“So, what now?” he asked.

“Now we bring in everyone else. We need to identify the dead, see if it leads us to more cultists. Give the Magic Society a chance to figure out where these portals go. As for us, we can head back to the city.”



For Jason and his team, days of unrelenting training turned into weeks as their potential slowly transmuted into capability. This included regular practise against other teams in the mirage chamber. Beth Cavenish’s team was likewise improving rapidly, beating them less than half the time but with only five members to the six on Jason’s team.

Padma was a half disciple of Jason’s dead friend Farrah, with a team made up of Rufus’s juniors from the Remore Academy. They were interested in testing themselves against Jason, the person Rufus and Farrah had trained personally. At

first, their conflicts were one-sided in favour of the Remore Academy elites, but Jason's team advanced in leaps and bounds until they were winning as much as they lost.

Padma's team was standoffish at first, and all the more so after they rolled over Jason's team in their early encounters. They opened up as Jason and his team solidly proved their worth, although their draconian member remained stolid in his disdain for Humphrey and his dragon essence. Their shapeshifter, Natalie, struck up a friendship with Belinda who had only gained her powers and joined the team after the Reaper trials. Natalie was a valuable voice of experience for Belinda in the specialised area of shape-changing.

Padma's team leader, in the meantime, built up a rivalry with Valdis. Both were sword specialists with almost identical essence combinations, but they were very different swordsmen. Valdis had the classic combination of sword, swift and adept, which produced the master confluence. Each essence was common, but with legends like Rufus's grandfather using the combination, no one would look down on it. Valdis was very much a swordsman of that tradition; he had an array of special attacks that, at a glance, seemed very similar. It was a high-skill power set that lived or died on the user's grasp of nuance.

Lance, Padma's team leader, was an elf. His essences, which were sword, myriad and adept, also produced the master confluence. He possessed the elven aptitude for spells, rather than the special attacks in which humans specialised, resulting in a wholly different combat style from Valdis.

The elf could not match Valdis toe-to-toe, but he had no need to. He was far from weak in hand-to-hand combat but his powers gave him the freedom to fight at any range. Mixing spells into his swordsmanship, he could duplicate himself, conjure dancing blades to fight for him or fire waves of razor-sharp force from a distance.

Of the two swordsmen, the more experienced Valdis edged out his opponent more often than not, although Lance would score his own points as well.



Valdis and his team maintained a perfect record against Jason's in the mirage arena, although what began as a series of thrashings slowly became actual battles. To hear Valdis talk, however, enjoying post-fight drinks on the houseboat, anyone would think he was the one losing.

"Your team is terrible to fight against," he said to Jason. "You're running around like an invisible, teleporting plague while your familiar is trying to burn down our healer. Normally my job is to put down problems like that, but that damn woman is made of the wind. How does an immovable object move that quickly? That's not how immovable objects work."

"You do realise you won, right?" Jason asked him.

"She head-butted my sword! That shouldn't be possible. And what's with that woman who's everything? She had a wand in one hand and a shield in the other, which doesn't seem like something people should be allowed to do."

"I'm pretty sure that's not a rule."

"Once she hit me with my own power. My own power! Being able to take on different roles is one thing, but none of those roles should be me!"

"Calm down," Sigrid told him. "You're spilling your drink."



In the wake of Reaper trials, the city of Greenstone had a relative flood of essences and awakening stones. The foreign adventurers largely took their gains and went home, but many locals had also participated. Most had never intended to vie for the ultimate prize but instead plundered the astral space for as much treasure as they could carry away. As a result, the market price of essences and stones reached an all-time low.

With so many essences and awakening stones entering the market, Greenstone's novice adventurer population was undergoing a surge. Families that previously could only dream

of having an adventurer in their ranks were pooling their resources to buy essence sets for their most promising young people. It made for a strong first step towards replenishing the numbers diminished by the losses of the disastrous expedition. The city's more powerful criminals were also taking the chance to add powerful henchmen to their rosters.

The ramifications of the expedition to the astral space that claimed so many adventurer lives were still being felt in the ongoing presence of the Adventure Society inquiry. The inquiry had begun with sweeping demotions, after which they had put the branch records through a sieve while so many adventurers were away at the Reaper trials. Once they returned, the inquiry commenced interviews, sometimes with individuals and other times with groups.

Finally, the Adventure Society had started re-evaluations, assessing the demoted adventurers one by one to reinstate their rank, confirm the demotion or even revoke their membership altogether. This brought a sense of hopefulness, but for most, their demotions were confirmed. When memberships were revoked, it was not a matter up for appeal. The lobbying to do so from certain sectors was swiftly and emphatically rebuffed.

Other concerns were at a level that iron-rankers like Jason and his team were uninvolved, although the team's connections kept them abreast of goings on. The Builder cult was on the back foot, at least locally. The cult had been purged from the city and, after several costly ambushes, had halted their supply raids in the delta. The escapees from the island raid were still at large, however. Stories rolled in of the cult's activities around the world and tension built as the city awaited the revelation of their next big move.

The church of Purity was under more scrutiny than any church would ordinarily have to tolerate. An ecumenical council of the other churches sanctioned them, launching a sweeping inquiry. Their temple was searched and all manner of materials seized. The church officially maintained that their members present at the island raid were a schism faction denounced by their god. Claims of a few isolated, bad apples

rang hollow, however, as similar revelations were made about the church of Purity all around the world.

Certain individuals stood out, either by their absence or the issues in which current events embroiled them. A number of key members of the church of Purity seemed to have vanished on 'previously scheduled sabbaticals.' These absentees included the church of Purity's Archbishop, Nicolas Hedron, Anisa Lasalle and almost the entire Lasalle family, who were some of the Purity church's strongest supporters. Those that remained claimed no knowledge of where their spiritual journeys had taken them.

Jason was especially delighted to hear about Lucian Lamprey scrambling to absolve himself. Lamprey's personal intervention in handing the star seed over to the church of Purity was suddenly the object of significant scrutiny.

The time-displaced priests Jason had released from the astral space during the Reaper trials were an unusual new presence in the city. Most were absorbed into their various churches, but the former members of the church of Purity were another matter, having been rejected by their now-former god. As Jason predicted, the Adventure Society had taken their disposition in hand. Given the troubles faced by the church that rejected them, the priests were a rather awkward presence within the city.

Those priests who had some of their powers gifted to them by their god had those powers revoked, which left them with dangerously imbalanced power. Those who had the greatest level of power and those who had many of their powers revoked suffered the worst. Until they replaced the missing powers they would all suffer, and their strength would never return to its previous level unless they found a new god to replace their missing abilities.

One group of the former purists dedicated themselves to regaining entry to the church of Purity. They were undaunted by the new revelations about their church, but their dedication was flatly rebuffed. A small number of these even turned to suicide in their despair, rather than be accept exclusion.

Others sought positions in other churches, many finding success. The rest eventually came to accept the need to start over and accepted new ordinary essences. With the market at record lows, the Adventure Society provided common essences for free as an act of mercy.

Whatever their situation and whatever their faith, every member now freed from the astral space had to decide on their own future. They had all been born before Greenstone was founded and needed to find a new way in what was, to them, a new world. Everyone they had known and loved was long gone. Most took passage to their homelands, even knowing that there was no one and nothing waiting for them.

The priests whose gods had welcomed them back at least had a path. Their churches placed them locally or sent them off to distant branches of their faith. Others, mostly former purists who came to accept their abandonment, decided to start over in Greenstone. They took the essences they were offered, even if they were cheap and less than ideal. Many, purist and otherwise, rejected their former faith with ferocity. They were filled with resentment at the gods who had sent them into that place and cost them everything and everyone they had known. They had a new attitude towards the gods that made Jason seem pious by comparison.

All the recovered clergy, excommunicated or not, had a variety of attitudes towards Jason. As he was the agent of their liberation, they were largely grateful, although to wildly varying degrees. Some felt that he only released them as an afterthought. Some even resented him for their current situation. Most were more gracious, however, often thanking him in person as he wandered about the Adventure Society campus. There was even a small contingent of the freed priests who viewed him as their saviour, especially after the gods had publicly appeared to thank him in person.

One day, Jason and his team returned from their training to find Rufus drinking out on the deck of the houseboat with Vincent, the Adventure Society official with the outrageous moustache. The pair had previously maintained a casual relationship, although not as much since Farrah's death.

Vincent's busy schedule and Rufus's driving obsession had left them seeing little of one another. After confronting Farrah's killer and being largely responsible for his death, Rufus was finally starting to move forward.

They were not alone. Gary and his friend Russel, an artificer from the Magic Society, sat with them.

"Jason," Vincent greeted. "Your reassessment interview with the Adventure Society has been scheduled. I thought I'd come and tell you in person."

"Alright," Jason said. "Any idea if I'll be getting my old rank back?"

"The issue is that you're very... loud for an iron-ranker," Vincent said. "They're going to want a display of humility."

"No worries," Jason. "No one's as good at being humble as me."

## LOOKING FORWARD

In the clinic waiting room, Jason chatted with Jory's assistant, Janice, until Jory emerged with a patient from the treatment rooms in the back.

"Jason." Jory greeted him cheerfully, after sending the patient on her way. "It's good to see you in person instead of just hearing you through your voice chat power. You know that weird message popping up to say you want to contact me can be disturbing, right?"

"Disturbing?"

"Remember the other day, you tried to contact me and I refused?"

"I figured you were busy with a patient."

"I was in the bath! It felt like you were watching me. It was creepy."

"Sometimes I just don't have time for a personal visit. The team's been busy with training."

"That much I know. I've barely seen Belinda, lately."

"Can you spare me a few minutes now?" Jason asked.

Jory glanced around the waiting room, which was around half full, then gave Janice a questioning glance.

"A few minutes shouldn't throw things too badly off," she said. "A *few* minutes."

"Come on," Jory said. "I'll make us some tea. Would you like one, Janice?"

“That would be lovely,” she said with a sweet smile.

Jory led Jason back into the room he and whatever Healer priest was on duty used to relax if things got too tense. It had a large cooler box and cupboards full of snacks and beverages. A large window looked out onto the courtyard where Jason, Rufus, Gary and Farrah used to train. Far from the dirt yard it was back then, now it was nicely tiled, with standing and wall planters adding pleasant greenery.

“We’ve come a long way,” Jory said, following Jason’s gaze. “It was only in the summer that you were hopelessly lost, madly training in a dirty back lot. Now this place is a thriving medical centre and you’re a big-time adventurer.”

“This is only the beginning,” Jason said. “Now I’m looking towards bronze rank. I think I can get there before I’ve been here a year. I definitely can, if the monster surge comes. All those monsters in that astral space sent my abilities shooting up. Same for everyone who doesn’t use monster cores.”

“I know,” Jory said. “Mine did the same. I’ve never had the money to go spending on monster cores and I’m definitely not interested in hunting for them.”

“You’ve got the skills,” Jason said, “but I think you’re in the right place. There’s plenty of us out there killing monsters. We need more people like you helping those who need it the most. I really admire you for that.”

“Thank you, Jason. That means a lot.”

“Also, I need forty gallons of crystal wash.”

“Wait, what? Forty gallons?”

“If I could get in it a barrel that would be good. Maybe one of those big kegs that Norwich uses in his brewery, the ones with the little tap. That would be convenient.”

“Are you insane? Are you trying to soak your whole houseboat in the stuff?”

“Actually, I kind of am,” Jason said. “Emir warned me that it would require certain additional materials, especially early

on, to fuel the various amenities. The cloud-stuff automatically cleans itself and anything in it. Have you ever noticed how you get out of the cloud bed feeling like you've just had a refreshing shower?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Jory said unconvincingly.

"Jory, we all know about you and Belinda."

"You do? I mean, what?"

"Jory, I'm connected to the houseboat. I know anyone who comes aboard and where they are at all times. Even if I didn't, Humphrey and I have been watching you sneak off in a dishevelled state every morning. I don't even know why you're hiding it. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I wouldn't want to impinge on her reputation."

"Jory, she's a convicted criminal."

"I was raised a certain way," Jory said defensively. "I was taught that there's a proper process to courting a lady."

"Why didn't you do that, then?"

"I was working up to it. Then she kind of grabbed me and dragged me off to her room."

"At least one of you is sensible," Jason said. "Anyway, the cloud beds. Like everything else on the houseboat, the cloud-stuff cleans whatever's in it. Unfortunately, the houseboat has used up whatever resources it started with for cleaning. Emir warned me that a lot of resources would need topping off early and now I need a bunch of purgation quintessence and a huge supply of crystal wash. Luckily, most of the Purity temple's assets were seized and Clive reckons he can get his hands on the quintessence I need. That just leaves the crystal wash."

"Jason, that amount is crazy. Forty gallons?"

"At least. Now, I know for a fact that you massively increased the production with all those fancy foreign nobles in town. I'm willing to bet you have a decent amount stockpiled away."



“I sold most of it,” Jory said. “Prince Valdis buys almost as much of the stuff as you.”

Jory looked at Jason’s annoying grin, scratching the back of his head absently as he let out a sigh.

“I can probably sort something out,” he conceded. “I’m going to repurpose the production space currently used on crystal wash for the lesser miracle potion, but I’m still sourcing the materials I need. That will be the engine to fund the clinic going forward. I suppose I could keep production of crystal wash up until then. I could have that much for you by the end of the month.”

“Thanks,” Jason said gratefully. “I’ll pay full price, instead of the usual mate’s rates. I’ll be taking up a good chunk of your production, after all.”

“That’s appreciated,” Jory said. “Getting the church of the Healer’s assistance has been great but we still run some tight margins. That miracle potion money will be coming in eventually, but I used the last of the leftover funding from the renovations to import all the materials.”

“Seems like the more money we make, the more we need, right?”

“No kidding,” Jory said. “Where are your costs coming in?”

“Aside from the gaping money chasm that is my cloud house? Preparing for bronze rank. I don’t know when I’ll be able to get back to a big city, so while I was away I picked up the materials to resummon my familiars at bronze. I thought I’d be flush with coin after auctioning off those essences but I’ve pretty much got it all earmarked for preparing new gear, the houseboat, summoning rituals, it just goes on and on.”

Jason let out a weary groan. “I should let you get back to it then. I need to go spend some more money.”

“You aren’t training today?” Jory asked.

“Humphrey and I are both having our rank reassessments at the Adventure Society this afternoon,” Jason said. “We decided to give the others a rest day. You should knock off

early, go see Belinda. In fact, the symphony is playing tonight. Take her and use my private viewing booth.”

“You have a private booth?”

“I go whenever I get the chance,” Jason said. “That hasn’t been as much as I’d like, lately. I’ll swing by and make sure they know to let you use it. You have a good suit, right Jory?”

“Uh…”

“Oh, dear,” Jason said, shaking his head. He took a carousel of recording crystals from his inventory, looking through them until he picked one out. He told Jory to stand still.

“What are you doing?” Jory asked as Jason moved slowly around him, waving the crystal up and down his body.

“This is a specialised recording crystal to take clothing measurements,” Jason told him. “I know a guy who’ll do a rush job for me without compromising quality. You’re lucky he’s actually my next stop.”

“You carry around a crystal specifically for clothing measurements?”

“A good adventurer is always prepared.”



“Mr Asano, welcome back.”

Gilbert lit up as Jason entered Gilbert’s Resilient Attire For the Discerning Gentleman. “Like all good adventurers, you have excellent timing,” Gilbert continued. “I was just having Emil take everything to the fitting room.”

“You’ve reached iron rank,” Jason said, shaking Gilbert’s hand. “Finally picked up that last essence.”

The punchy, middle-aged man had lost considerable weight and the hair was much thicker on his head.

“Yes, I finally went and did it,” Gilbert said. “All my cloth essence abilities hit bronze years ago but I was resistant to

more essences for a long time. Never seemed quite right to take essences that others could make use of to help people. Age and health are humbling, however, and with the market the way it is, right now, I took the opportunity. I've been absorbing monster cores but I'm still a long way from bronze and the extra years it will buy me."

Gilbert led Jason into the generous fitting room just as his assistant appeared, pushing a long rack of clothes from the back room on a wheeled trolley. As Emil departed to fetch the next one, Gilbert started showing Jason the outfits.

"Your winter wardrobe," Gilbert declared. "As requested, this is largely in the Vitesse style, with the flourishes we discussed previously."

Jason had long admired Emir's dress sense, which he discovered was largely down to Constance. She had been kind enough to consult when Jason decided to buy his clothes for the cooler months. Between her advice and Gilbert's expertise, Jason's winter wardrobe was sleek, fitted and sharp. The colours were more earthy and sober than local Greenstone fashion, which favoured explosions of bright hues.

"It was engaging to work with something different to the local palate," Gilbert said. "I am quite satisfied with the result."

"So you should be," Jason said with admiration. "You've outdone yourself, Bert."

"Thank you, sir. With the mild winters here, mid-weight fabrics are perfect. Included, of course, are some subtle enchantments to maintain the comfort level whether the day trends hot or cool. Off course, there is a selection of outfits that trend one way or the other. I have included an array of winter colours in the Vitesse fashion, dark greens and burgundies, the expected blacks, greys and blues. Some very nice browns, dark and rich, as well as a deep caramel Miss Constance referred to as brandy. I've also included some lighter selections, of course, and the expected formal wear for various occasions.

Jason started putting the clothes away in his dimensional storage, opening the outfits tab of his inventory and placing each ensemble into its own set.

“Is there anything else I can do for you today?” Gilbert asked as Jason stowed one outfit after another.

“Actually yes,” Jason said. “A couple of things. One is rush job, just some basic formal wear for a friend that you can put on my tab.”

“You have his measurements?” Gilbert asked.

“Of course,” Jason said. “I picked up the crystal you suggested.”

“Very good.”

“The other job is non-urgent,” Jason said. “It’s time I started looking ahead and thinking about bronze rank. My combat robe is fantastic, but I will need to upgrade one I rank up.”

“Well-made adventuring garb is about matching material and craftsmanship to purpose,” Gilbert said. “You are wise to start thinking about it now, so we can put together exactly what you need.”

“Actually, there’s something I’ve been keeping up my sleeve for a long time,” Jason said.

He continued taking outfits off the racks and putting them away in his inventory as Emil hauled out more trolleys. Three were hanging racks while a fourth was a box trolley packed with underclothes and other sundry items.

“You got the love hearts on the boxer shorts just right,” Jason said as he rubbed the material between his fingers. “This texture is incredible. You were spot-on to suggest the mist valley silk.”

“I import a large supply each year,” Gilbert said. “I’ve found it to be an exceptional choice for underclothes with our particular winter climate.”

Jason started looping ties around his neck, tying the knot before adding one to each outfit. He matched the knot to the

outfit, whether a simple four-in-hand knot, a nice, clean Pratt knot or a bold, full Windsor. He even added a flamboyant trinity knot to a couple of the most outgoing outfits.

“I must confess, Mr Asano, I was uncertain about the noose but it does have a way of bringing an outfit together.”

“How many times, Bert? It’s a tie, not a noose.”

“I was concerned that your opponents might not see it that way should you find yourself in an unexpected engagement, Mr Asano. This shop provides *resilient* attire for the discerning gentleman, after all. I had an enchantment placed on the ties to prevent them from being used to choke you.”

“Very considerate, Bert.”

“Consideration is my watchword.”

“As it turns out, though, I don’t actually need to breathe.”

“Do you need to chant spells?” Gilbert asked.

“That’s a fair point,” Jason acknowledged.

After putting everything away, dark smoke manifested around him briefly before vanishing to reveal Jason in one of his new outfits. Looking himself over in a full-length mirror, he adjusted his tie slightly.

“I may not be an impartial judge, Mr Asano, but I would say you look very dapper.”

To Jason’s eye it had more of a gothic flair, compared to a suit from his old world, with the patterned embroidery of the vest and the flourishes on the long jacket that swept in at the waist before reaching down to mid-thigh. He gave a little shuffle, finding his movement utterly unimpeded. The shoes looked formal and stylish but felt like athletic footwear.

“Superlative, Bert. You’re a credit to your profession.”

“Thank you, Mr Asano.”

“I have meeting with the Adventure Society, so I think I’ll wear it out.”

“Of course. Before you go, Mr Asano, you mentioned having something up your sleeve?”

“Right, yes.” Jason said. He wandered over to a table at the side of the room and retrieved a large bolt of dark material from his inventory. “I’ve been holding onto this for a while. What do you make of it, Bert?”

Bert moved next to Jason and ran his finger lightly over the material. It was dark, matte and cool to the touch.

“Snakeskin,” he said. “Umbral snake, probably the mountain variety. Strong affinities for darkness and poison. Bronze rank, and it’s infused with some kind of odd magic. It almost feels intrinsic, rather than externally imposed, but...” Gilbert frowned. “Was this a familiar?”

“It was,” Jason said. “Is that a problem?”

“In terms of the value of the material, just the opposite,” Gilbert said. “My concerns are ethical. You don’t get familiars without essence users.”

“You’re aware of the people running around causing trouble in the astral spaces?”

“Cultists or something,” Gilbert’s assistant said from where he stood to the side. “It’s almost all anyone wants to talk about, these days.”

“Yes,” Gilbert said, giving his assistant a nod. “The competition held by the gold-ranker distracted people for a while—congratulations again, by the way—but they’re back to all this unnerving talk. Strange forces from beyond reality and the madmen that worship them. It’s as unpleasantly disconcerting as it is monotonous. Fear isn’t a look that matches any outfit to be found in this store.”

“Fear is to be expected,” Jason said. “The threat is real and it falls to more powerful people than us to stop it. About half a year ago, however, I ran across one of those cultists and he tried to kill me. After he died, his familiar tried to kill me too.”

He patted the material.

“This is its skin.”

“Good riddance, then,” Gilbert said. “We should see if we can’t make something of it to help you deal with more of them.”

“If the familiar was bronze-rank,” Emil said, “then the cultist must have been, as well, right?”

“That’s right,” Jason said.

“You’re only iron-rank, though,” Emil said.

“Back then, I wasn’t even that. Didn’t even have my first essence.”

“Then how did you beat them?” Emil asked.

“I got lucky,” Jason said. “Things that attack me have this way of ending up dead.”

“Do go on, Emil,” Gilbert said, dismissing his assistant.

“Yes, boss. Uh, can I ask you something before I go, Mr Asano?”

“Emil,” Gilbert admonished.

“It’s fine,” Jason said. “Go ahead, Emil.”

“Did all those gods really appear to thank you in person?”

“Gods turning up is hardly a big deal,” Jason said. “Spend some time at the Divine Square; they pop up with fair regularity. And I’d hardly call it ‘all those gods’ when it was barely a half-dozen.”

“Out with you,” Gilbert said, shooing his assistant out of the fitting room.

“He’ll be telling that story all over, Mr Asano. You’ve built up quite the reputation with recent events. A local boy, beating out all those fancy foreign adventurers? Princes and princesses, no less.”

“I’m not exactly local,” Jason said. “In fact, I’m about as far from local as it comes.”

“You’re a local now,” Gilbert said with a laugh. “You’ve been co-opted. Nothing earns good will like success.”

“So, this material is something you can work with?”

“I certainly can. If you’re willing to leave it with me I can investigate the best options.”

“Good, because it was a pretty big snake,” Jason said, taking out a second bolt of the material.

“Oh, my,” Gilbert said. “There’s certainly enough for two sets of armour here, probably three. Possibly even four, depending on how we use it. Were you looking at spares, or do you want something for your agile lady friend as well? This material should be useful for something that would suit her.”

Sophie, like Jason, used highly flexible armour made from trap weaver leather. Gilbert only catered to the discerning gentleman, but had a lady friend of his own. On Gilbert’s recommendation they had taken the trap weaver leather to Brenda’s Massacre Emporium, elsewhere in the trade hall.

“Sophie might want something that better combines flexibility and defence,” Jason said. “Stealth and poison doesn’t fit her power set.”

“Then would you like me to take the liberty of keeping an eye out for appropriate materials? I can have Brenda do the same.”

“That would be great,” Jason said. “For the whole team, in fact. How about I have them come in for a chat so you know what to look for?”

“A prescient idea, Mr Asano.”



## ADVENTURERS ARE PEOPLE TOO

Jason rode the elevating platform up through the Adventure Society administration building, arriving on the fifth floor. There was a new reception desk, installed as part of the changes implemented by the inquiry team. Behind the desk was a familiar face.

“Bert,” Jason greeted him. “They’ve moved you upstairs. Is it the new essences?”

“It is,” Albert said. “Getting the full set is the way off the bottom rung in the Adventure Society. Or anywhere else, for that matter. Seems the higher-ups liked that I didn’t let them take Miss Sophie away when she was locked up in the prison tower.”

“Miss Sophie and myself both appreciate it as well,” Jason said. “It’s nice to see integrity being rewarded.”

“Is that one of the suits Gilbert was making for you?” Albert asked.

“It certainly is.”

“Well, if you don’t mind me saying, Mr Asano, you’re looking quite sharp.”

“Thank you,” Jason said. “We have a saying where I come from: the suit makes the man. In a characteristic display of Bertinelli family excellence, your brother has made quite the man of me.”

“Thank you for saying, Mr Asano. You can go ahead and wait in the conference room.”

“I know the way. Thanks, Bert.”

Jason went through to the conference room and sat down to wait. In the meantime, he pulled out a hefty tome of magical theory, opening to where he had marked his place with a ribbon and started reading. It wasn't one of the new books Gabrielle had handed over, as they were too advanced, but a more foundational text he inherited from Farrah.

The books the goddess of Knowledge had delivered to him fell directly into Clive's field of astral magic, all focused on one specific aspect: dimensional transgression. Portals, teleportation and even the basic theories of passing between worlds. Clive had almost exploded with surprise when he first perused the books to glean their purpose.

“I don't know if this is enough to get you to your world or back,” Clive had excitedly told Jason, “but it gets us orders of magnitude closer.”

Clive had been spending every moment not training buried in the books. These books built on work he found amongst Landemere Vane's notes, seized back from the church of Purity.

Jason closed the book and put it away as the door opened to admit Elspeth Arella and Tabitha Gert, the stern-faced leader of the inquiry team. He stood up to greet them; Arella shook her head upon seeing that Jason had been sitting at the head of the table.

“Arella,” he said with a nod. “Interim Director.”

“Actually,” Gert said, “Director Arella has resumed her full duties as the inquiry comes towards a close. You may address me by my regular rank of Inspector.”

“Very well, Inspector,” Jason said.

Jason took in Gert at a glance, from the tightly bound hair and prim, plain clothes to the way her cold eyes surveyed her surroundings and seemed to find them wanting. Her resting expression exuded disapproval, as if she had a general expectation that the world at large would fail to live up to her standards.

Given his style of interpersonal relations, Jason had learned to swiftly assess how people would respond to his particular brand of provocative insouciance. He recognised immediately that the inspector was the kind of person with zero tolerance for the informal affability that was his strong suit. With people like that he would either crank it right up or dial it right back, depending on his needs. From everything he had heard, Tabitha Gert was a rigid, but even-handed woman, carrying out her job with stark professionalism. Since he felt that integrity was deserving of respect, he kept his normal inclinations subdued.

Gert waved Jason to one side of the table as she and Arella sat opposite.

“Mr Asano,” Gert began. “In the course of our inquiry into the general culture of this Adventure Society branch, your name has been appearing significantly more often than is appropriate for an iron-ranker. Which is to say, at all. Garnering the attention of the influential and powerful too soon in your career is an excellent way for that career to reach an early and ignominious end.”

“I agree,” Jason said. “All I can say in my defence is that I made what I felt to be the right choice at each stage. I recognise, of course, that such a direction often leads to places I never intended or wanted to go. I’m told that is a common situation for outworlders to find themselves in.”

Gert nodded, although even that affirming action somehow came across as disapproving.

“Your rank was reduced as part of the initial sweep of demotions,” Gert said. “From our brief initial assessments, your promotions had a smell of politics to them. That they were part of some kind of game Arella was playing.”

Arella remained silent and impassive, not reacting to the mention of her name or the postulation on her motives.

“I have no doubt that was a factor,” Jason said. “I like to think that my capabilities made it an easy pill to swallow, but naturally that is not an impartial opinion.”

“Do you think you deserve three stars, Mr Asano?” Gert asked.

“From what I’ve seen of the demands on adventurers, yes. At least at iron rank.”

“I’m inclined to agree,” Gert said, surprising Jason. She seemed built for delivering news you didn’t want to hear.

“I read your report of the contract surrounding the land in the forestry district. It was thorough and well-documented. I look very favourably on thorough reports. Delivering that report directly to the upper levels of the administration was also well-considered. Your handling of a politically delicate situation demonstrated sound judgement. You also took being excluded from a prestigious expedition with equanimity, putting your energy into completing contracts. At the iron-rank level, this is more than sufficient to warrant a three-star promotion.”

“I don’t imagine things are quite that simple, though,” Jason said.

“Indeed. Frankly, you have demonstrated a capability above your rank. The problem is that in doing so, you’ve demonstrated that you consider your actual rank to be below you. I am aware that you surround yourself with bronze, silver and even gold rankers, but you are not one of them. I have no doubt that you will climb higher, should you survive that long, but before restoring your promotion, I would like to see a demonstration that you understand that you are, for the moment, an iron-ranker.”

Jason nodded.

“I surmised that something like this would come up during the reassessment,” Jason said, “and I have given it some consideration. I think I have a proposal that will work for everyone involved.”

“And what is this proposal, Mr Asano?”

“A road contract,” he said.

“A punishment detail,” Gert mused. “Interesting.”

“My reputation is riding high, right now,” Jason said. “Ostensibly, I should be swimming in accolades. But if you assign me a punishment detail and I eat it without complaint, then it will be a public demonstration of my respect for the Adventure Society’s authority.”

“What’s in it for you?” Arella asked, speaking for the first time since entering the room.

“My team has been undergoing an intensive training period. Going out and facing some real-world challenges is exactly what we need right now. In my world they call it a shakedown cruise. It will allow me to show some humility, season my team and help some people along the way. A win all around, by my count.”

“A well-considered idea,” Gert said. “I approve.”

“I’ll be choosing your scheduled route,” Arella said. “You can expect a lot more trudging through the desert than nice delta towns.”

“That’s fine. I would appreciate if it included North East Quarry Village Four, if that’s possible. I made some friends there a while ago and it would be nice to check in.”

Arella looked slightly peeved at Jason welcoming her condition so readily.

“Are you sure you can get your team to eat being placed on punishment detail with you?” she asked.

“We’re already making plans,” Jason said. “If you don’t give us one, we’ll probably roam around clearing off adventure board notices anyway.”

“Very well,” Gert said. “You will be assigned a road contract. Contingent on it being carried out satisfactorily, your promotion will be reinstated on its completion.”

“Thank you, Inspector.”

“Thank me by doing your job and doing it well, Mr Asano. We are done here.”

She stood up and departed without a further word. Arella followed, giving Jason a complicated and assessing look.

“I’ll have the details sent to you before the road contracts go out at the start of the month,” she told him and likewise left the room.

Jason made his own way out, returning to the reception desk.

“How did you find the head of the inquiry team?” Albert asked when he paused for a chat.

“Disconcertingly agreeable,” Jason said.

Albert raised an eyebrow.

“That’s the first time I’ve heard someone call her that,” he said. “The Duke hates her more than he hates Arella.”

“Really?”

“Oh, yes. She’s completely rigid when it comes to Adventure Society rules and authority but has a complete disregard for anything else. Locals laws and authorities mean nothing to her. I’ve seen the Duke march in here more than once, only to leave more angry than he arrived.”

“Something worth knowing. Good looking out, Bert.”



Valdis informed Jason and his team that they would soon be returning to the Mirror Kingdom. The two teams arranged one final match in the Geller family mirage chamber. Jason and Humphrey gathered their team on the houseboat to discuss strategy.

“I really want to win, just once,” Neil said. “Send him off knowing that we can stand alongside the best.”

“That’s easier to plan than execute,” Humphrey said. “They’re all close to bronze-rank, more experienced and have been working as a team for much longer. They’ve been able to take apart every strategy we’ve attempted by staying calm and responding with tactics that make efficient use of their superior power and practised teamwork.”

“Then we disturb their calm,” Neil said. “Hamper their efficiency, disrupt their teamwork. Surely you have something, Jason? Disturbing people’s calm is your life’s work.”

“Well, I was thinking about something,” Jason said.

“Oh?” Humphrey prompted.

“We’ve been thinking about Valdis’s team the wrong way,” Jason said. “We’ve been strategising as if they were collections of power and skill sets.”

“You don’t think we should strategise around their powers?”

“Of course, but we also need to look at them as people. Think about Valdis. We’ve been thinking of him as a high-speed, high-impact melee attacker and using Sophie to contain him. Trying to take him out doesn’t make strategic sense. The effort to put him down would cost more than having him put down is worth, compared to Sophie bundling him up.”

“You think that’s wrong?” Sophie said.

“I do,” Jason said. “We haven’t been thinking about them as people. Valdis isn’t just a power set. He’s a prince of the Mirror Kingdom. The whole team was built around him, the shaft to his spearhead.”

“Oh,” Humphrey said, eyes wide as revelation dawned. “I get it. Disturb their calm.”

“Would you mind filling in the rest of us?” Neil asked.

“Strategically,” Humphrey explained, “their team is built around their healer, Sigrid. She facilitates and directs strategy. We’ve tried piling onto her multiple times but they have tried and tested strategies to defend against exactly that.”

“This isn’t new information,” Belinda said.

“The strategic core of the team is Sigrid,” Jason said, picking his explanation back up. “The political core, however, is Valdis. Prince of the Mirror Kingdom. He’s the reason their team exists and I promise you that in their heads, the central figure of the team isn’t Sigrid, but him. This is our last shot at beating them until we go to the Mirror Kingdom some day and

kick the snot out of them on their home turf. I'm willing to bet everything on the bottom line of Valdis's team being that he has to survive, whatever the cost."

"But this is a mirage chamber fight," Clive said. "He will survive."

"Yes," Humphrey said, "but those instincts have been ingrained for years. I can tell you right now, they were being prepared for Valdis's team before any of them ever received an essence."

"Exactly," Jason said. "That disparity between the actual core of their team, Sigrid, and the core that's been drilled into them, Valdis, is the gap in their armour. If we go all-in on Valdis, right out of the gate, I bet they'll do the one thing we haven't been able to force out of them. They'll make a tactical mistake. Even if it's just a fleeting moment before their discipline kicks back in, that moment is our small but critical window."

"So we feint on Valdis but actually move on Sigrid," Sophie said.

"Exactly," Jason said.

"We're going to have to really sell the feint," Humphrey said.

"That's well within our abilities," Jason said. "The advantage we have on them is versatility. We adapt faster than they do to changes in circumstance, so we can switch our entire tactical approach faster than they can react. So long as we can get them to make that mistake, we can capitalise before they can cover for it."

"You think we'll win like this?" Sophie asked.

"From just this, no," Jason said. "They've been training together for years. There's a good chance they'll regroup and retake their formation, even in the face of everything we throw at them."

"Then we need to figure out how to stop that," Neil said.



“No,” Jason said. “We try and stop them, because it would be suspicious if we didn’t, but we don’t succeed. We fight hard to keep them scattered that they instinctively clump up all the more. If they’re going to put so much effort into gathering together, it would be a waste not to use that against them. The advantage of never having our strategies work against them is that they haven’t seen them through to completion. It’s time we showed Valdis and his team some of the trump cards we’ve never had a chance to pull out before.”

## VALKYRIE

Valdis wildly fended off Humphrey's attacks. Behind him, Sigrid desperately healed their team members. Even using his smaller sword, Humphrey couldn't match Valdis's speed but his strength was overwhelming. Valdis was more of a highly mobile striker than a defender and could not meet the barrage of special attacks. This left him to a slow retreat as Sigrid fell back behind him.

In their previous encounters, Valdis had always ended up fighting Sophie while Humphrey used his heavy sword style to pressure the heavy defender from Valdis's team. He had dismissed Humphrey's swordsmanship as all power, no finesse.

Now Humphrey used his smaller sword, stylised as an angelic wing. Despite the embellishments it was still a practical, single-edged sabre, flashing out with more rapid attacks than Valdis had seen from Humphrey in the past. When he first moved to protect Sigrid, Valdis assumed his superior skills would compensate for being forced into holding his ground. Only now did he remember that Humphrey's mother was a famous swordswoman. Humphrey's swordsmanship was every bit as rigorously trained as his own.

If it were simply a duel, Valdis's mobility and experience at duels and lighter blades would have given him the edge. Forced to keep himself between Humphrey and Sigrid, however, the advantage fell to Humphrey, whose style was more suited to a standing clash. He pushed Valdis back step by step, with solid, unrelenting attacks.

While Valdis unquestionably had the stronger team, the one advantage Jason and his allies had was versatility. They had seen almost every trick Valdis and his highly efficient cohort had to offer, while they had more up their own sleeves. Their ability to surprise was what had forced Valdis into the position he was now in.

As the fight began, Sophie, who normally went after Valdis, had instead bolted away while the rest of her team had converged on him to sell the feint. Clive switch-teleporting her with the heavy defender guarding Sigrid was the signal to give up the feint and move on her instead.

The defender had not been worried. Displacing the defenders was a standard strategy he had faced before and his abilities included a rapid-movement power that allowed him to reposition as circumstances required. When he went to use it, however, he was yanked back like a dog trying to sprint but getting pulled up by the chain around his neck.

He turned to look at what had jerked him back. There was a crystal rod sticking out of the ground, with a force tether connecting it to him. He launched into a charging special attack. It bounced off a force field around the rod, although he felt the impact weaken the field. At first he failed to notice that another of his abilities suddenly became unavailable, as if he had used it as well.

He was human and had no shortage of special attacks, so when he started unleashing them, the force field quickly started to buckle. When the field finally gave out, the crystal rod exploded, blasting him backwards. He was far too tough for that much to stop him, although he certainly felt it. It was not his first experience with the armour-penetrating feel of resonating force damage.

He pushed himself swiftly to his feet, only then realising that for every attack he had used, another power had been expended, including his critical movement powers. He recalled it was the effect of a curse levied by the strange role-shifting woman on the enemy team. With a grimace, he started running back in the direction of the main battle, encumbered by his heavy armour.

Sigrid had suffered a near-fatal damage when Jason and his team had sprung their trap out of the feint against Valdis. As Jason predicted, her team had suffered a brief but critical moment of panic, leaving the slenderest of windows in which Sigrid was exposed to attack. Jason and his team had been primed for that moment, poised to switch gears the instant Valdis's team moved to protect him.

Sigrid had barely kept herself alive through the use of a potent self-heal that would not be available again for hours. Even then, she was badly hurt and even suffered some afflictions. Humphrey's spirit reaper attack had pounded down her personal shield, giving Jason the chance to throw quick spells her way before the shield snapped back up.

Both teams had six members, although their make-ups were very different. Compared to Jason's eclectic and versatile team, Valdis had a traditional healer and heavy defender. The rest of his team were mobile and attack-focused and they excelled in swift blitz tactics. Along with Valdis himself was a spearwoman who specialised in potent, charging strikes. Their ranged attackers were an archer using a mid-range skirmish style and a spell caster with the wind and needle essences.

Those three attackers found themselves in a fast-moving dance with Jason and Sophie, startled to find the pair more than holding their own against superior odds. Sophie was even faster than they were and apparently impervious to harm. She deflected projectiles with her bare hands, physical and magical alike. When they tried to catch her in area attacks, they hit empty air she had already vacated.

Like Valdis, the trio was startled by the skill of their enemy. While they were frustrated at the inability to inflict any real damage, they were relieved by her lack of powerful attacks. They turned their attention to Jason but found him just as much trouble. Their own shadows had come to life, draining their mana as Jason moved in and out of them at will. At any moment he could appear or disappear right next to them, slashing out with his black and red dagger or quickly chanting a spell on the move.

Although the reach of his dagger was short, Jason's deceptive style proved a tricky opponent. The darkness magic that made up his starlight cloak floated around him, shrouding his movements as a shadow arm snaked out, longer than even the spearwoman's lengthy weapon, to strike with his dagger. He wasn't landing critical hits but he didn't need to with the terrible afflictions his powers produced. Minor wounds left behind curses, poison and impossibly fast-acting flesh-eating disease.

Jason's powers favoured an extended fight, growing steadily more impactful as the fight was drawn out. The enemies' own shadows seemed to have turned against them, an intimate and unnerving form of attack. Jason's afflictions filled his enemies with a growing sense of dread carrying out their horrifying work on the adventurers' flesh. Sigrid's stream of healing held it at bay for a time, but she could not outpace the inexorable escalation of the afflictions. They continued to get worse while her mana was steadily depleted.

Between rapid-fire shadow jumps and raw speed, Jason and Sophie flickered around the trio of enemies like mating hummingbirds. Jason was more aggressive than his normal in and out style, his quick attacks left only superficial wounds but each one was a clock of doom counting down on his enemies. He even cast the odd spell in the direction of Valdis and the defender madly sprinting back towards the fight. It was only the efficient healing of Sigrid being spread around the battlefield that kept things under control, although she didn't have time to spare to cleanse the afflictions.

Jason's more aggressive approach left him more exposed, but he trusted Sophie to cover him. Every time their enemies thought they had pinned him down, suddenly Sophie was there. Most teams preferred a traditional, heavy defender but Sophie was demonstrating the true value of the mobile guardian archetype.

When all three of their enemies came too close together, Jason unleashed one of his trump cards—leeches spraying from a cut he sliced on his hand. That could well have spelled the end of the fight if not for Sigrid. Using another of her long

cooldown powers, every member of her team other than the distant defender gained a short-lived shield that exploded from inside them, blasting away the leeches covering their bodies.

Many of the leeches were destroyed on the spot, others scattered across the battlefield. Even the brief exposure left more afflictions behind but Jason was taken aback. Once he actually caught enemies out, the deployment of Team Colin, his leech swarm familiar, was normally the finisher. Never before had the swarm been so thoroughly and immediately countered.

With all their members caught up in fights, Valdis's team faced one more threat. Clive, Belinda and Neil were gathered behind a protective wall of summons and familiars, ready to attack. The bunker strategy was one of many the team had developed; it was a place for Belinda and Clive to launch control and attack powers from safety. It also freed up Neil to throw out shields and healing without the pressure Sigrid was being subjected to.

Neil had frequently sought out Sigrid for advice over the previous weeks. Their ability sets were similar and her experience was far more extensive than his. His ability to heal and shield his team was not far behind hers, but she did it while also serving as the tactical core of the team. Watching everything and directing her teammates with efficiency and precision, Neil could not help but admire the equanimity with which she directed her team, even as Humphrey pressed in on her.

Although Sigrid's team had been caught up in the strategy of their opponents and scattered, they were slowly but surely regrouping. Their discipline and experience showed as they returned to formation, even while caught up in their individual fights. If not for the dangerous spells pouring out of Clive, they might have turned the fight already. The need to shield her team was a key reason Sigrid was too busy to cleanse all the afflictions Jason had levied.

The minion wall made going after Clive, Belinda and Neil an infeasible option for Valdis's team until they had regained a semblance of order. The only attackers they could spare were

their own familiars and summons, which could do no more than initiate a distracting monster brawl.

On Jason's side was the ominous figure of Gordon, his third familiar. A disembodied cloak floating in the air, within which was a nebula-like cloud of blue and orange, in the shape of an eye. Drifting around the strange entity were blue and orange eyeball-patterned orbs that fired unrelenting beams of blue and orange energy onto the enemy minions.

Belinda, Clive and Humphrey's familiars were likewise present, along with Humphrey's summoned dragon-tooth warriors and Neil's summoned chrysalis golem. The golem looked like an ogre carved out of diamond. With every attack against it, a rune appeared on one of its many facets. Clive's tortoise familiar, Onslow, fired off elemental attacks from the magic runes on his shell as Clive periodically recharged them with his own mana. Onslow was back next to Clive, as was Belinda's lantern familiar that fired bolts of force at the enemy. Her second familiar, the illusory echo spirit, was dancing around the enemy familiars, distracting and baiting them.

Humphrey's dragon-tooth warriors were normally humanoid figures with bodies of ivory, decked out in conjured equipment provided by his personal space power, magic armoury. In this case, however, the summons were affected by the summoning die Jason had gifted to Humphrey that randomly affected the form of summoned creatures. What were normally three ivory soldiers were instead a trio of hulking bone gorillas, covered in heavy conjured armour. They even wielded hefty, iron-shod clubs.

The final member of the wall of minions was Stash, Humphrey's shape-shifting baby dragon. Stash took advantage of being versatile, like the team to which he belonged. He moved wildly through the brawling familiars and summons, his form rapidly shifting from one shape to another. One moment he was a resilient bark lurker, soaking up an attack aimed at the gorillas. The next he was a darting bird, quickly repositioning.

The summons and familiars on the Valdis's side were, like their owners, fast and attack-oriented. A werewolf-like

creature fought alongside a sleek metal humanoid figure that was covered in sharp edges. There was a ball of needles with chitinous spider legs and a scorpion that fired spines from its stinger. Floating amongst them was a small lantern, projecting shields to protect them. Their powerful attacks were blunted by the superior number of familiars and summons from Jason's team, making little headway beyond forcing Clive, Belinda and Neil to keep an eye on them.

The forces protected behind the minion melee were the key reason Valdis's team had not yet managed to regroup. Clive's offensive potential was primarily contained within in a single, potent spell, wrath of the magister. He could charge it up and unleash powerful attacks, on a one-minute cooldown. With Belinda's ability to reduce an ability's cooldown by that same amount, both with an ability and her tattoo, Clive unleashed a mana-hungry but incredibly potent series of attacks. As his mana pool was greater than any two of his teammates, however, he had the freedom to do so.

More than anything else on the battlefield, Sigrid was poised to respond to Clive's spell the best, throwing out her strongest shields to intercept. Even then, the spell burned through her protections, forcing Sigrid to follow up with her strongest heals. As with Jason unleashing Colin, it was only the consummate skill and power of Sigrid's healing and shielding that prevented the fight from already being over.

For a while, at least, Belinda's ability to loop Clive's potent spell was a defining force on the battlefield. She even copied the spell and cast it herself when he was done. It was another strategy they hadn't used against Valdis before and his team had no idea how long Clive and Belinda could maintain the barrage. They were too busy to do any more, however, and were forced to endure.

The failure of Jason's team to finish off Sigrid with their ambush was the defining point of the fight. There was no question that she was the most impactful person on the field. Standing bloodied and unbroken with her Valkyrie blond hair, her piercing blue eyes took in every part of the fight. She was the glue that held her team together in the wake of the enemy's



divide-and-conquer strategy; Sigrid was the critical factor in every part of the battlefield. Through the chaos, she fought desperately to bring her team back into order, barking out directions between spell chants. Their practised teamwork and extensive experience allowed them to make subtle moves to coordinate, even while caught up with more immediate concerns.

Jason's team had defined the pace of the fight, but the arrival of Valdis's defender turned the enemy's six-on-five advantage into an even fight. The defender's cooldowns were finally back up and he erupted into the battlefield at Sigrid's direction. Jason and Sophie were pushed back, Jason not daring to dive into the formation Valdis and his team were falling into. He recalled his familiar Shade's bodies to himself as Valdis started attacking them with disruptive-force special attacks.

The reformation of Valdis's team came as they realised that the spell barrage from Clive and Belinda was finally over. They had to seize the moment and turn the tide as Jason's attacks had placed them on a ticking clock. Jason's afflictions were past the point that Sigrid could eliminate them while still healing the team. They took one of their sweeping attack formations and moved on Clive, Belinda and Neil. If they could take out the healer along with Clive before his cooldowns ended, the fight would be over.

Valdis launched forward at the head of his team, flashing a triumphant grin at the chance to finally fight on his own terms. Then he saw an uncharacteristically hungry smile on Humphrey's face and concern flashed through his mind. Sigrid had also intuited that something was wrong but the warning to scatter came too late.

A crystal rod rose up from the ground in the space between the two teams. The air shimmered as tethers of force yanked Valdis's team towards Jason's. Then Jason's team vanished. Cold, dark energy flooded the area. The merest touch opened terrible wounds on Valdis's team as their flesh rotted away like it was recoiling.

Belinda's tether had brought both teams close enough for Neil to catch them all in the six-hour cooldown power he obtained from his reaper awakening stone. Reaper's redoubt placed his team safely in a dimensional space and flooded the area with death energy. Given that Valdis's team were all afflicted with Jason's necrosis-enhancing curse, Neil's ability was a finishing move that closed out the fight. In the strange, dark dimensional space of Neil's power, the team started receiving messages.

**You defeated [Valdis Volaire].**

**You defeated [Sigrid Freyn].**

As the most capable members of the team, Valdis and Sigrid had put themselves on the line to cover the others, making them the first to fall. The others soon followed and, moments later, awoke in the mirage chamber control room.

Valdis sat up on his platform, glancing between Sigrid and the still bodies of the enemy team still inside. He let out a relaxed laugh.

“That was unexpected,” Sigrid said.

“And just think, Sig,” Valdis told her. “You didn't want to make friends.”

## DEPARTURES

In the mirage chamber control room, Danielle Geller played the recording of the mirage chamber fight for the most prestigious guest ever to visit it. Together they watched the battle between Jason's team and that of Prince Valdis play out.

"They used my son's status against him," the Mirror King observed. "It seems your son has picked up your knack for spotting people's leverage points."

"No, he hasn't," Danielle said. "My Humphrey's a good boy."

"I see," the Mirror King said. "You teamed him up with someone who thinks more like you."

"The man is good at making friends," Danielle said. "Just ask your son."



Valdis was deeply regretting his insistence on joining Jason in drinking bronze-rank liquors. It was the farewell party for his team on Jason's houseboat and when he saw Jason drinking the higher-ranked stuff he had joined in over Jason's warnings. He didn't remember anything between that and the following morning waking up with a pounding headache and his father seated at the end of his bed. Now, a few hours later, his team were making final farewells on the deck of the houseboat, although Valdis wasn't saying or listening to anything as he struggled with a throbbing head and unruly stomach.

Valdis and his team were packed and ready to leave via portal, having spent the night in the houseboat after the raucous party. They had only travelled to Greenstone via boat originally because of the arrangements made by Emir. Emir liked big entrances, as evidenced by the grandiose arrival of his cloud ship days after Hester had quietly portalled him to the city.

There had also been the problem of actually opening a portal to Greenstone. Whatever other nuances a dimensional transport power might have, the universal requirement was that the person with the portal ability had to have visited the destination first. Most of the teams had been portalled as close to Greenstone as their people could reach that was also in the path of Emir's transport ships.

"It's for the best," Sigrid told Jason, nodding a head at Valdis. "If he was in a better state then he'd be making a last-minute attempt to poach your team members."

Valdis looked like he was going to say something, then like he was going to throw up, giving up on the former to avoid the latter.

"You're not going to make a recruiting pitch on his behalf?" Jason asked.

"My job, first and foremost," she said, "is to keep Valdis out of trouble. You are definitely trouble."

Jason laughed. "Next time we see you, we'll all be bronze rank. We might come visit that kingdom of yours and give you a chance for revenge in your local mirage chamber."

"You do remember that we repeatedly beat you, right?" Sigrid asked.

"You're only as good as your last fight," Jason said. "That makes us the winners, leaving you to return home in disgrace."

She shook her head. "I still can't fully parse you, Jason Asano. Are you a fool, a genius or a monster?"

"Yes," he said with an impish grin.

Suddenly every member of Valdis's team dropped to one knee, except for Valdis himself. Jason's own team followed a beat later, leaving Jason and Valdis the only ones on their feet. Jason turned around to find a man standing on the deck that he hadn't sensed, even through his connection to the boat. The man was dressed well but not extravagantly, looking to be somewhere in his late thirties with a neatly trimmed, blond beard.

His appearance was unremarkable, but his aura was something else entirely. It was not overwhelming, in fact, just the opposite. Jason could hardly tell where the man's aura stopped and the rest of the world began, as if the world itself was an extension of his power.

Another man walked across the cloud-stuff gangplank and onto the deck from the marina. His positioning and posture marked him as subordinate to the first man, despite his own powerful, gold-rank aura. He was glaring unhappily at Jason.

"You should kneel," he told Jason.

"Why?" Jason asked.

"To show your respect. You stand before the king."

"If there's mandatory kneeling, it's not respect that you're looking for. Also, *the* king? I mean, he's *a* king, I'll grant you. Certainly not my king, though."

"Do you even have monarchs where you come from?" the Mirror King asked. His voice was deep, rich and tinged with amusement.

"Kind of," Jason said. "We sort out our own business, but old folk like to have a royal or two floating about, so we borrow someone else's queen from time to time."

"You borrow a queen?"

"Yep," Jason said. "We pop her over, wheel her down the street so people can have a wave and then send her back. It works out for everyone."

"That's madness," the Mirror King's offsider said. "He's telling strange outworlder stories to disrespect you."

The Mirror King laughed. “What he’s doing is poking the nest to see how aggressive the wasps are. You remind me of Danielle Geller when she was young and precocious.”

“Thank you,” Jason said.

“You’ll have to forgive my friend Hastor,” the Mirror King said. “Among his varied and valuable roles is to be protocol officer, at which he very much excels.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.”

“Sadly,” the Mirror King continued, “the traits that makes him an excellent protocol officer serve him less well in more informal settings. If there isn’t a chart to seat everyone in the room by relative rank, he starts getting snippy.”

“Your Majesty!” Hastor protested.

At that moment, Valdis, who had been lurking behind Jason, lost his battle with his stomach. Lurching to the side of the deck, he vomited loudly over the side.

“Good thing I ranked up my poison-resist power,” Jason confided in the Mirror King. “It soaked up just the right amount of alcohol. Also, I apparently don’t have a stomach. I was going to ask my mate Clive about it—that’s Clive kneeling there—but I figured the answer would be pretty gross. Which may sound odd, coming from the guy with the flesh-rotting powers, but there you go.”

“It seems my son has learned a lesson about limitations,” the Mirror King said with a chuckle. “Those can be hard to find for princes.”

Valdis staggered forward to stand next to Jason.

“Dad,” Valdis croaked in greeting.

The Mirror King gave his son a wry smile.

“Having fun?”

Valdis let out a wordless groan and the Mirror King chuckled again.

“Thank you for putting up with my son, Mr Asano. I think it’s time to go.”

“No worries, Your Kingness. And you can call me Jason.”

The Mirror King grinned and threw an arm around his son’s shoulders, who groaned.

“Come along, boy; you can explain the state you’re in to your mother. If you would, Hastor?”

Hastor called up a portal that looked like a sheet of glass and the Mirror King marched his son to it. Just before he passed through, Valdis shared a put-upon look with a grinning Jason, departing with a wave. Once the king was gone, Jason and Valdis’s teams stood up, Sigrid politely moving to greet Hastor. The disgruntled look on Hastor’s face softened with their brief and formal, yet somehow still warm interaction.

“It’s good to see you, Father,” Sigrid said after her formal greeting.

“Wait, this guy’s your dad?”

“He is my father,” Sigrid confirmed.

“And he doesn’t get a hug? That’s cold.”

Sigrid chuckled, shaking her head.

“Thank you for the hospitality,” she said to Jason’s team. “I look forward to the next time we meet.”

She led the rest of her team through the portal, leaving only Hastor with Jason and his team.

“Thank you,” Hastor said, to Jason’s surprise. “While I cannot agree with your gross deficit in etiquette, the young prince doesn’t have a lot of friends who will stand beside him instead of kneel.”

Hastor didn’t wait for a response, stepping through his portal, which then vanished.

“That was unexpected,” Jason said. “So, Emir’s portal lady is Hester, and that guy’s portal guy was Hastor,” he mused. “Are portal powers a name thing?”

“Of course not,” Clive said. “You need to watch your decorum around royalty.”

“Do I?” Jason asked. “I was more thinking that I need to get powerful enough that they watch their decorum around me.”



Standing on the marina, Jason returned his houseboat made of clouds to the magic flask in which it was stored, the cloud-stuff snaking in like a genie going into a bottle. Once the cloud house was fully returned, Jason took a large brewer’s keg from his inventory.

There was a small tap, under which he placed the flask before opening it to letting crystal wash spill inside. Despite pouring out far more liquid than the flask should have been able to contain, it showed no signs of becoming full, taking the entire contents of the keg without even getting any heavier.

He didn’t restore the houseboat after emptying the keg as he was taking it with him on his team’s upcoming road contract. It would provide pleasant accommodation as they wandered around the desert, although this left Rufus and Gary, who had also been staying in the cloud house, without accommodations until they returned.

With the conflict with the Builder cult at an uneasy pause, Gary and Rufus turned to other endeavours. Gary would be rejoining Emir at Sky Scar Lake, while Rufus would lodge at the Geller Estate as he refocused his attention on his training academy annex project.

The fight against the Builder cult was at a lull after the raid on their island outpost. The Purity church was in something of a limbo while everyone waited for word from on high, be that the ecumenical council formed to investigate them or the gods themselves. In the meantime, the people from the church of Purity were comfortably but thoroughly detained under the authority of the ecumenical council.

Once Jason had drained the keg of crystal wash, restoring the cleaning functions of his magical abode, it was time to head out. It was a short walk from the marina to the loop line



station for Jason and his team, which carried them to the Adventure Society campus. Waiting for them outside the jobs hall was Humphrey's sister, Henrietta.

Henrietta was a statuesque and handsome woman whose short-cropped hair swept back dramatically. In practical leathers and with a dimensional bag slung over her shoulder, she had the confident ease of an experienced adventurer. Her eyes were a bright shade of purple, a sure sign of a summoned familiar inhabiting them. Belinda's lantern familiar, Shimmer, was likewise subsumed into her eyes, turning them silver.

Henrietta was a minion specialist and Jason knew that she would have her three summoned familiars inside her body. Her fourth familiar was bonded to her like Stash was to Humphrey. It was a phoenix, the classic variety native to the desert. The magical bird was rare and elusive; people lived whole lives and died out in the desert without ever seeing one. It was a gorgeous creature with feathers like living fire, which stood out even when familiars were a common sight. As the phoenix could not disguise itself the way Stash could, Henrietta largely left the mystical bird to its own devices. She was always able to sense and communicate with it.

Summoned familiars had a number of practical advantages over bonded types, but the bond was not without its perks. A bonded familiar could be sensed at all times, while summoned familiars only could be while subsumed within the summoner, which was not a practical advantage. The closest Jason had to this was Shade and his three bodies. While Shade's other bodies were out and about, Jason could sense them so long as at least one copy of Shade took the place of his own shadow. It also helped make Shade a useful spy.

"I've already picked up the contract," Henrietta said. "Let's head out."

Every road contract consisted of a group of iron-rankers with a supervising bronze ranker. In the current, uncertain times, Henrietta had appointed herself to look after her brother and his team. Danielle had also made sure Henrietta had certain expensive magical consumables to use in a pinch.

The team turned around and headed back for the loop line. After leaving the station, they prepared to head out for the desert. Clive had arranged for a heavy-duty skimmer that could handle rocky terrain to be waiting for them at the edge of the delta. Skimmers specialised to sand were relatively cheap, but the magic that kept them aloft became less effective over a rugged, sweeping area. Knowing they would be ranging far and wide, Clive had requisitioned a more robust model designed for all kinds of terrain.

To get to the Magic Society outpost at the edge of the delta, the team deployed their various means of transport. After returning from the trip to Jayapura, the team had new transportation available to them.

Humphrey already had Stash, who would happily transform into a heidel that he could ride. Heidels were roughly the shape of horses and were domesticated for the same purposes, but they had scales instead of hair and two heads. Stash didn't like the colour of regular heidels, leaving Humphrey riding a bright pink animal.

Jason's familiar mount was Shade, who could also transform each of his three bodies into mounts due to Jason's dark rider power. As Jason found heidels creepy, Shade turned into a trio of horses. The hair of each horse was black, with white, glowing hooves, eyes and mane. White mist, shining against the black coat of the horses rose up from the hooves. Jason would have been satisfied so long as Shade didn't turn into a heidel, but was delighted with the glorious form he took.

“Looking sexy, Shade.”

“I believe,” Shade said, “that comment is inappropriate on numerous levels.”

With each of Shade's three bodies turning into a horse, Jason, Sophie and Belinda all had one to ride. Shade even manifested saddles, although with only a hand-grip strap on the saddle instead of reins, bit and bridle. Jason wasn't a great horseman but he knew how to ride, after family trips to his mother's cousin's farm as a kid. He was at least able to help get Sophie and Belinda get seated on their own horses.

Clive had purchased a floating disc during their trip away. It was much the same as the ones they had used in Jayapura, but could function in low-magic areas like Greenstone. As with most such cases, it could only be operated by someone with a special power to use magical tools. Neil had no such power and no shape-changing familiar. He ended up in a floating trolley, towed behind Clive by a magical tether.

“This doesn’t feel dignified,” Neil said as Clive pulled him along like a child in a trolley. He looked over at Henrietta who was riding a heidel-like construct creature, strangely crafted from what looked like folded paper. It would not hold up to the rigours of combat but could fold itself down small enough to carry in a pocket, like a two-headed origami horse.

“I should have bought one of those,” Neil lamented. He had seen them for sale in the Mystic Quarter in Jayapura but had balked at the price. Given the money he still had from the essence auctions, he was now regretting his own prudence.

“I watched the recording of your fight with that prince and his team,” Henrietta said as they rode through the city streets.

“What did you think?” Neil asked. “Beating that team is impressive, right?”

“Impressive?” Henrietta asked dismissively. “It was a travesty. You lined up your familiars and summons like they were bricks in a wall. Do you have any idea how much potential you squandered?”

As a specialist in using summons and familiars, Henrietta had found the tactics the team had used for theirs painful to look at.

“During this trip I’m going to drill you all until you stop wasting your familiars. Jason is the only one of you even starting to use his familiars properly and he still has a long way to go.”

“Thank you,” Jason said.

“I wouldn’t get too happy,” Henrietta said. “Your performance was only decent compared to the rest of this lot.”

You left one of your familiars standing around with the others, too. You'll be drilling as hard as anyone."

"I don't mind a bit of hard work," Jason said.

Henrietta grinned at him.

"You will when I'm done with you."

They were making their way down Broadstreet Boulevard, one of the main artery roads between the Island and Old City's north east gate when they all felt a surging aura. Looking in that direction, they could see rainbow light shining over the rooftops from several streets away.

"A manifestation," Henrietta said darkly. "Right in the middle of the city."

"Maybe it'll just be an awakening stone," Neil said.

"Not with light display of that size," Clive said. "That's a monster. Probably silver rank."

"Silver rank?" Neil said. "Do we go?"

"Of course we go," Jason said. "We're adventurers."

"I'm not," Belinda said. "I haven't had my assessment, yet. Does that mean I get to not go?"

Jason flashed her a grin. "No."

He urged his shadow horse to a gallop, roaring ahead of the group. Trailing behind him was the sound of hooves on the packed earth of the street, mixed with the sound of Shade's voice.

"I would like to remind you that I can talk. You could just ask me to go faster instead of digging in with your heels."

## NO POT OF GOLD

The people of Old City were reacting in one of two ways to the rainbow light shining in the air. Many were fleeing as fast as they could, rushing past Jason and his team as they rode towards the source of the commotion. Other members of the populace were trying to find a spot to watch from a safe distance. At worst, they would get to see some adventurers in action. Even better would be if it turned out to be an essence. Maybe they would even have a chance at grabbing it for themselves.

Jason and his team were not the only adventurers in the area to come running. There was another team of iron-rankers in full gear, plus a handful of people with iron and bronze-rank auras that, judging by their casual clothes, were just in the area on civilian business. Jason and his team dismounted their various means of transport.

“Once the monster manifests,” Henrietta said, “everyone follow my direction. If there are lower-rank secondary monsters I’ll have at least some of you on them. Otherwise I’ll put you on crowd-wrangling. The onlookers won’t be willing to go until things get dangerous, so we’ll need to keep them from panicking and trampling one another.”

The rainbow light was emerging from the ground. Chunks of street had broken apart and were floating in the air like dandelions on a breeze as the light rose up from the holes left behind. The assembled adventurers moved up to peer into the holes, seeing through the light that there was a good-sized space below.

“Some kind of hub for the water utility tunnels,” Clive said. He had withdrawn a stone tablet from his personal storage space to consult. The magical map etched into it shifted as he pushed his fingers across the surface of the tablet.

“That’s troubling,” Clive said after finding what he was looking for. “There’s a wastewater treatment hub right underneath here. It’s probably been damaged by a manifestation this strong.”

“You think that’s troubling?” Jason asked. “I think you’re missing the main point.”

“What do you mean?” Clive asked.

“Monsters take forms according to their environment, right?”

“Oh,” Clive said, realisation dawning.

“What is it?” Henrietta asked.

“There’s no pot of gold at the end of this rainbow,” Jason said, “I think we’re about to fight a poo monster.”

Even as he said it, filthy water started geysering up from the holes in the ground. The gathered crowd started recoiling loudly as gobbets of viscous water rained from the sky, bringing a terrible stench. Jason quickly pulled out his magic umbrella, protecting himself from the wastewater rain with the bubble that formed around him. Belinda and Sophie immediately ducked into the bubble with him as the others looked on in envy while they were rapidly drenched in filth.

“I think we might need another keg of crystal wash,” Jason said.

The splashing water did not lay inert after landing. Like a living creature, it crawled over the ground, buildings and even people it landed on, seeking to congeal into pools.

“The rain is the monster,” Henrietta called out. “Some kind of elemental.”

As the rain congealed into pools, the pools started radiating auras. The biggest pool was condensing a silver-rank aura, the smaller ones either bronze or iron.

“Start attacking if you have anything that will be effective,” Henrietta called out, not just for Jason’s team but all the assembled adventurers. “Anything explosive or any resonating-force powers will be most effective against a water-type elemental. Avoid ice or anything else water-based it can absorb unless you can freeze and shatter all at once.”

Elementals formed anywhere that the water was pooling, from the middle of the street to the flat rooftops and even on shopfront awnings. Globulous masses of thick, rancid liquid congealed into gelatinous chunks, until an accumulated pile started undulating in the direction of the closest living thing. They oozed across the ground, spilled over walls and tipped out of whatever container the wastewater had been accumulating in, splattering to the ground. Jason spotted one elemental secrete its way out of a fruit cart, flowing between the fruit like some unholy juice.

“Like a less-awful kale smoothie,” he muttered to himself.

Gordon, who inhabited Jason’s aura, was much easier to draw out than Colin, who lived his bloodstream. All Jason had to do was project his aura the right way for Gordon to appear at his side and soon blue and orange beams of force were gouging their way through elementals.

Jason’s afflictions would be worthless against the elementals’ own powers so he drew his sword, although he knew he would be more use directed elsewhere.

“I’ll be better off on crowd control,” he told Henrietta. “This is a bad match-up for me.”

Henrietta nodded.

“You know your team better than me,” she told him. “Set the roles.”

Jason had Sophie join him on crowd wrangling as her speed was more useful than her fists against the ambulatory sewerage monsters. The others he assigned to elemental hunting. Humphrey’s powerful attacks could smash an elemental apart, rendering the magically infused water inert once more. Clive had his legendary staff tucked under one arm

and his legendary wand in the other hand, blasting out force energy from both. Neil kept an eye on the whole field, shielding and healing anyone who needed it, from their own team to other adventurers and civilians. Belinda chained her force tether to collect elementals together where all the adventurers could lay on area attacks.

The other adventurers had also leapt into action as elementals emerged across the sprawling area of streets, alleys and rooftops where the wastewater rain had fallen. That included Henrietta, who called her familiars into play. She let out a breath that became a dervish of ash and cinders that charged into the liquid elementals, evaporating them into clouds of foul, choking steam.

Purple light poured out of Henrietta's eyes, from which manifested a huge, bizarre floating eye, held aloft by leathery wings on either side of the orb. It flew around projecting a beam of purple energy that blasted the elementals apart. The last familiar was a lantern emitting soft green light that healed any living thing it encountered. She sent it floating off in search of civilians caught up and isolated by elementals.

Even Henrietta's previously absent phoenix appeared, diving out of the sky like a burning spear. In a series of swooping strikes, it punched through elementals, their watery bodies exploding with sprays of filth and steam.

Having put her familiars to work, Henrietta employed a power not unlike Clive's ability to draw ritual circles. Hers, however, was specifically for summoning creatures. Where most people would have to lay out a circle of salt or other appropriate substance, she drew a simple magic circle in the air with her finger, which was traced out in silver-blue light. She was done in moments and the circle transmuted into a shimmering portal, through which came one summon after another.

The first was a crow made of golden fire, superficially similar to the phoenix but formed entirely from golden flames with burning red eyes. It soared out of the portal and joined the phoenix in its swooping strikes. Next through the portal was a winged centaur, clad in armour and carrying a shield and



lance. It galloped into the fray, smashing apart elementals with sweeping shield bashed and crashing blows from its own wings, used as bludgeons.

The third entity to come out looked like a strange, dark angel. It had no arms but four wings, two black and two white. Around it floated four disembodied hands. It flew into the air, looming over the chaos and sending out the floating hands. Where they touched an ally, the ally was healed. Where they touched an elemental, the elemental was desiccated. The hand would push into the elemental as it reduced down to a dry, hard nugget of waste before floating off again.

The final summon was a golem made of crude iron, glowing with internal heat. Similar to the forge golem Jason had seen Gary summon in the past, this furnace golem had flames behind the metal grill in its torso, rather than molten metal.

There was no shortage of elementals to go after, as more and more kept forming. The geysering wastewater continued unabated and the filth rain kept coming down. As some focused on eliminating the elementals as quickly as possible, Jason, Sophie and some of the other adventurers spread out to help people. The rain had come down farther afield than anyone had anticipated, seeping under doors and into the buildings around them.

After designating roles, Jason couldn't spare any more attention to what the rest of the team was doing. He used the voice chat to keep in touch, but mostly it was left clear for Humphrey, Clive, Belinda and Neil to coordinate.

It was his evolved map ability that he relied on the most; it now had the ability to pick out friends, enemies and neutrals. Jason ran around, with Gordon trailing behind. Jason kept one of Shade's bodies with him to communicate with the two he sent scouting. The mana-draining power of Shade's even turned out to be effective against the elementals, which were basically magically infused physical matter. Draining the magic out of them had a strongly deleterious impact on their integrity.

He fought elementals as he had to, his sword proving sufficiently effective. It was sufficient at least to extricate people from where they had been boxed up so he could find them a path out of the rain. He relied mostly on his familiars to begin with while he accumulated power on his sword until it was slicing through elementals at a blow.

People were scattered, panicking and making all the wrong decisions. Elementals came into their homes and businesses, and they ran exactly the wrong way. It was like herding cats in a thunderstorm.

With the spread of people and the rain coming down on a whole range of streets, alleys and buildings, Jason didn't always reach people in time. Some he found dead, drowned in viscous filth. He didn't have time to reflect on how inured he had become to death, but was already looking for the next person he could save.

It seemed like the geysering wastewater would never come to an end. More and more of the foul fluid poured into the sky, raining down to form yet more elementals. The smaller, iron rank ones coalesced first, followed by the larger bronze-rank ones. The adventurers had mostly cleared out the panicking innocents by the time the largest pool congealed into a towering silver-rank elemental. At the height of a two-storey building, it loomed over the adventurers battling its lesser kin. Fortunately, its formation finally saw the geyser of filth peter out.

More adventurers had arrived as the battle continued. Henrietta and the other bronze-rankers were gearing up to confront the giant elemental when the first silver-ranker arrived. With dark, waving hair, broad shoulders and huge hammer, he leapt from the roof of a nearby building. He had arrived after the filth rain stopped but was quickly coated in muck as great chunks exploded off the elemental with each swing of his giant hammer. It was a huge lump of metal, even the handle, but he waved it about as if it weighed no more than a stick.

The arrival of the silver ranker and the end of the rain forming new elementals signalled the turning point of the

fight. Each rank of adventurer turned to the matching rank of elementals, which were cleaned up in short order. In the wake of the battle, the adventurers gathered up, mostly covered in filth. A few had shielding abilities that protected them, while others were already using crystal wash or similar items to clean themselves. Jason tossed a bottle of crystal wash to the silver ranker who was now covered in muck.

“Thanks,” the adventurer said as he tipped the bottle over his head. This restored his square-jawed handsomeness and lustrous, wavy hair. “From that cloak you’re wearing, I’m guessing you’re the Jason Asano people have been talking about.”

“That’s me,” Jason said.

The adventurer looked over the team forming around Jason. His eyes fell on Sophie and Belinda.

“That would make one of you two Sophie Wexler?”

“Why would you have heard of me?” Sophie asked as she took one of the crystal wash bottles Jason was handing out.

“The Adventure Society director had a friend of mine following you around in secret for months. He was the one quietly intervening to help you avoid being caught. He wasn’t allowed to talk about it at the time, of course. A bit ethically shaky, but there you go.”

“I met him briefly,” Jason said.

“Oh, I know,” the adventurer said with a laugh. “You got him told off, so he hates you.”

Henrietta approached the group, nodding to the silver-rank adventurer.

“That was good timing, Bert.”

“Henry, it’s been a while,” the adventurer greeted back.

“Wait,” Jason said. “You’re Bertrand Bertinelli?”

“You can call me Bert,” Bertrand said.

“Wow,” Jason said. “You really are the handsome one.”

THE GLORY OF SUCCESS OR THE  
PRICE OF FAILURE

**B**ertrand was the ranking adventurer, which made reporting the elemental manifestation to the Adventure Society his responsibility. As he was a latecomer to the incident, Henrietta diligently filled in the blanks in his knowledge. The team was happy to leave sorting out the mess of the filth-coated streets to him. Civilian casualties needed to be tallied and reported and repairs and clean-up organised. Through some meteorological quirk of magic, it never rained in Greenstone. All the waste would need to be cleaned off before it dried into the walls. If nothing else, the untreated wastewater would pose a health risk if not dealt with.

Bertrand was commandeering the services of some of the other adventurers present as Jason's team left. Their travel contract fortuitously exempted them; they had a schedule to keep. They left the city and made their way along the coast road towards the northern edge of the delta.

"I've heard that given the events of recent months," Henrietta told them, "some of the more remote areas haven't been getting the attention they should. Not all of the villages were covered in the last two months by adventurers, which has apparently led to casualties from iron-rank monsters that have reached the berserk stage. Bronze-rank monsters that spawned in that period won't have reached that stage yet, so we can anticipate a higher-than-normal number of them on noticeboards."

"We're going to fight bronze-rank monsters?" Belinda asked. As the newest and only non-adventurer on their team,

her face reflected an understandable uncertainty.

“My role is primarily a supervisory one,” Henrietta said. “While with a less capable group the bronze ranker might engage in more active leadership, this is a chance for you to show not just ability but also judgement.”

“Meaning we choose whether to face off against a bronze-rank monster ourselves or turn to you,” Neil said.

“Precisely,” Henrietta said. “My role is to step in when I determine your ability or judgement has failed and the danger has become unacceptable.”

“If these remote areas we’ll be visiting have been this neglected,” Jason said, “then I imagine there have been messengers sent to lodge complaints.”

“There have,” Henrietta said.

“I’m willing to bet Arella picked out a route where we’ll be cleaning up messes for her, leaving us to face some unhappy townsfolk.”

“Assuming that’s all she does,” Neil said. “Her father’s a crime boss and she hates you, Asano. I’m more concerned she’ll try and have you bumped off out here, catching the rest of us in the middle.”

“Arella has a vested interest in keeping me alive, at this point,” Jason said. “She barely held onto her position and the support of the Remore family was a large part of that. Not to mention that Humphrey and Henrietta are with us. Their mother has not been happy with Arella since the expedition, and if Danielle suspected her of endangering her children, Arella might just be vanished and never be heard from again. That said, I’ve assumed Arella would make the smart choice before and paid the price for that assumption. It might not hurt to keep an extra eye out.”

“She won’t do anything,” Henrietta said. “My mother bullied her way into supervising the development of our schedule. She also provided Humphrey and myself with certain resources to rely on in critical moments.”

“Assuming no one else got the schedule and decided to bury Asano out in the desert,” Neil said. “Not everyone appreciates his cavalier disregard for rank and social standing. Even if he hadn’t ticked-off certain crime lords, which he has, Lucian Lamprey has well-known criminal connections. I also know for a fact that certain elders in the Mercer family really hate him.”

“What for?” Jason asked. “Are they still annoyed that I had the temerity to have a relationship with Cassandra?”

“It was never about you, Asano. It’s internal family politics. The Mercer family elders are used to being in charge and they weren’t happy when Lady Thalia came back to Greenstone from adventuring. She carved off a chunk of their influence just by turning up. They knew Thalia approved of you and Cassandra as a match, so they pushed the family to force you apart as a show of strength. They made a big deal of you not being good enough and Thalia not thinking of the family.”

“I see it,” Jason said. “They shoo me away from their precious scion because I’m some nobody, then suddenly I’m swanning about with visiting royalty, gold-rankers and even gods. Thalia looks prescient for championing me when I was a nobody and they look like fools for pushing away someone whose star is on the rise.”

“That’s basically it,” Neil said. “You don’t actually matter to them, but they resent you anyway.”

“Hold on, Asano,” Henrietta said. “You and Cassandra Mercer?”

“She and Jason were together for a while,” Humphrey said. “Until her family pushed her to end it.”

“Wow, Cassandra Mercer,” Henrietta said. “I’m envious.”

“Henry!” Humphrey said.

“What?” Henrietta asked. “Have you not seen Cassandra Mercer? She’s smart and fun and ridiculously gorgeous. Always was, even before she had essences.”

“You know her?” Jason asked.

“I did, before we both went off adventuring. Our mothers are friends and we’re the same age, so we drifted around the periphery of the same social events. Cassie liked them more than I did.”

Despite being the senior adventurer, Henrietta wasn’t amongst the older members of the group. She was twenty-one compared to Clive, who was at almost thirty, Jason at twenty-four, plus Sophie and Belinda, both about a year younger than Jason.

“How is any of that Mercer family business Asano’s fault?” Sophie asked. “They just tried to use and dismiss him and now they’re annoyed he’s successful?”

“This is one of the problems with aristocracy,” Jason said. “If you teach someone that everyone else only exists for their benefit, you can’t be surprised when they start using people as if they don’t matter.”

“As an aristocrat,” Humphrey said, “I think the issue is more nuanced than that.”

“Humphrey,” Sophie said. “Every problem Lindy and I ever had was something you never had to deal with, because you were born in a big estate. When Asano came along and gave me enough essences that I can be here today, that was something I never imagined having. Something incredible and life-changing. But for you, there was never any doubt that not only would you get essences, but you would have your pick.”

“Jason, have you been poisoning Sophie with your politics?” Humphrey asked.

“Humphrey, were you not listening?” Jason asked. “We know you’re one of the good ones. We’ve all seen how hard you work to deserve the things you have, but if you slacked off and did nothing, you’d still have them. The problem of aristocracy is that you get all the rewards and only earn them if you feel like it.”

“Things aren’t as simple as you make out,” Humphrey said.

“They never are,” Jason said. “That doesn’t obviate the fundamentals problems.”

“You seem to know a lot about Mercer family politics,” Henrietta said to Neil, sharply heading off the political discussion with a forceful change of topic.

“While we were doing all that training,” Neil said, following Henrietta’s lead, “I was finding the time when I could to take tea with Thadwick’s family. I think they like having someone who knows him to talk to. There aren’t a lot of those who don’t completely hate him.”

“I think more will hate him, by the time this all plays out,” Clive said.

“What do you mean?” Neil asked.

“I’m the closest thing we have to a star seed expert in Greenstone,” Clive said. “I was consulted as to Thadwick being seeded again when the Builder cult demonstrated so much insider knowledge of Mercer family operations during their supply raids. The thing is, the timeline from when Thadwick was retaken to when the raids began is too short for that to explain his behaviour. The seed would have needed longer to supplant his original personality to the point he gave up such important family secrets.”

“You’re suggesting Thadwick gave up the information voluntarily,” Jason said.

“That would make sense,” Neil said. “Thadwick’s family got awkward a couple of times when we were talking and I didn’t realise why at the time. If they already knew what you just told us, that explains a lot.”

“Of course I told them,” Clive said. “They deserved to know more than anyone.”

“You think he threw in with the cultists?” Belinda asked.

“Not even Thadwick would fall that low,” Jason said. “They already captured and implanted one of those things in him once. Even he wouldn’t be stupid enough to volunteer for another go around.”



“You think they just tortured the information out of him?” Henrietta said.

“It would make sense,” Humphrey said. “I don’t like to speak ill of a man probably in terrible circumstances, right now, but he seems like someone who would give up under interrogation rather quickly.”

“And so he should,” Jason said. “Everyone’s going to break eventually, so you might as well save yourself the torture. I would.”

“You’d give up information under torture?” Humphrey asked.

“Why wait for it to start?” Jason asked. “I’d give up under just the threat of torture. I don’t want to get tortured. I’d crack like an egg.”



They made their way along the coast road, afternoon closing in on evening as they got closer to the dividing line where the delta met the desert. The Magic Society maintained outposts at the edge of the delta where spirit coin shipments were inspected before being handed over from adventurer escorts to the Duke of Greenstone’s people for transport into the city. The plan was to stay at one of the outposts overnight before heading into the desert in the morning.

The team was riding in a heavy skimmer that floated smoothly over the road like a hovercraft. Larger and more expensive than skimmers they had used in the past, it was a big ten-seater. It used magic to prevent the rush of air propelling it forward to seeming loud to the passengers, allowing them to converse. They discussed the silver-rank elemental that had appeared in the city and whether it was a sign of the monster surge finally beginning.

“There are certainly indicators that it might be,” Clive said. “A monster surge is kind of like water building up behind a dam, except with magic. If too much builds up before being sluiced out—in the form of a monster surge—you end up with

some flooding when it finally does. The fact that so many subordinate monsters appeared alongside the silver-ranked one indicates that there's a significant build up. Being an elemental is another indicator. Elementals are basically just ordinary materials infused with magic, which is why so much material was left behind, even after all the elementals were looted and went up in rainbow smoke. That kind of monster manifestation is more common as magic builds up before a surge."

With both Neil and Jason on hand, plenty of looting went on in the wake of the elemental fight. Mostly it was water and corrupt quintessence, but there was also a corrupt essence from the largest elemental. That loot was Bertand's, given he killed it, and he was going to hand it over to the Adventure Society since it was on the restricted essence list.

"Does that mean there can be a dam break situation?" Jason asked. "I kind of assumed that was what the monster surges were."

"That sounds bad," Neil said.

"The monster surges are part of our world's natural magical cycles," Clive said. "That's why I compared them to a sluice being opened, because they are part of the normal functioning. A dam break would be such a mass of magic building up without release that, like a dam break, it would fundamentally damage the structure of the world. The dam, in this case, is the membrane between our physical reality and the astral. Permanent damage to that membrane would be very, very bad, yes."

"What would that look like?" Henrietta asked.

"I can't be sure," Clive said. "It would open our world up to astral forces from which it's normally protected, but the results of that are pure conjecture. The idea has been thrown around, but not in any serious capacity because it just shouldn't happen. The natural venting process of the monster surge would kick-in well before reaching that point. It would only be possible with some kind of outside intervention, but we're talking about a world-altering power scale. People have bandied around ideas about how that might work because

surges have been taking longer to arrive but that is conspiratorial rubbish. We don't even have the beginnings of the kind of astral magic that would take."

"Don't we?" Jason asked. "How's that extra reading I gave you going?"

"Jason, it's a big jump between some new revelations in astral magic and altering the magic of a whole world. It just isn't possible."

"Clive," Jason said. "A year ago I didn't know magic was real. The moment that I accepted that it was—really accepted that it was—I realised that there is no such thing as impossible."

Humphrey gave Jason an assessing look.

"I think I just came a little closer to figuring out how you think," he told Jason.

"I wouldn't try that, if I were you," Neil said. "Getting inside that mind is like putting your hand in the fire."

"Or a trap," Sophie added.

"You don't know that," Jason said. "Come, Neil, and bathe in the comforting warmth of my thoughts."

"I'd rather bathe in that turd elemental," Neil said. The group laughed at Jason's mock-hurt expression.

"You never answered the original question, Clive," Sophie said. "Do you think this is the start of a monster surge?"

"Maybe," Clive said. "Roaming around during a monster surge is like travelling in the astral space city where the Reaper trials were conducted. You won't go much more than an hour or two without some monster jumping you and we've been riding all afternoon without incident. This might be some kind of flare-up as a precursor to the surge, but those can happen weeks, even months ahead."

"So, it's just another monster manifestation?" Sophie asked.

“I know it feels like it means something because the monster appeared in the city, but that is just us ascribing meaning that isn’t there. To a monster manifestation, the city means nothing. It’s no more or less likely to appear in a city as anywhere else, but when it appears in the city instead of the wilderness, it feels different to us. That’s why the inclination is to see it as somehow different, when it isn’t. Being a silver-rank manifestation just adds to that. They do happen here, albeit rarely.”

“How long can it take between surges?” Belinda asked. “What’s the record?”

“Just under fourteen years,” Clive said. “That was a famously bad one. It’s over twelve and counting, this time.”

“Maybe I’m just overthinking it,” Humphrey said. “With everything that’s happening with the Builder cult and the church of Purity, I can’t help but feel all this is building up to something. Something bigger than what we’ve seen.”

“Let’s hope not,” Henrietta said. “You know that not everywhere has managed to stop the cult of the Builder. Most of the big places found and shut them down, but there have been towns and rural areas wiped out when the local astral spaces were ripped off the side of our world. My team scouted one out before we split up to go protect our hometowns. The outskirts were devastated, like a hurricane had passed through. The actual area itself was worse. There was nothing left. No plants, no building, no life. Just a huge, gaping hole in the landscape.”

“How big an area?” Neil asked.

“The size of a lake,” Henrietta said. “A big one. You’ve all heard of the legend of Sky Scar Lake? That a god made it to punish some sinners that were living there? That’s what it was like, as if some god came down and scooped the land out.”

“That’s horrifying,” Belinda said.

“Mostly it’s been small places,” Henrietta said. “Rural areas or even wilderness where there aren’t enough, if any, adventurers to find and stop them. Word came in just

yesterday of a city of twelve thousand people being lost. It's the biggest so far, and no one thinks the cultists are done."

"I didn't realise things were so bad," Neil said.

"You have to realise that Greenstone isn't a priority compared to the rest of the world," Henrietta said. "You're only seeing the periphery of a larger conflict. The cult has been largely blunted here and there's only so much more damage they can do."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Clive said. "We know from Jason's familiar that some people stayed behind when the astral space was resealed. Emir and his people have been looking for a way back inside."

Jason stayed quiet. He had put the issue of getting back inside the astral space to Shade, who had said it was a possibility, but not yet. The astral space had originally been stabilised by Shade's former summoner, who used his own essence abilities as a foundation for much of the infrastructure. That meant installing his own familiar as an administrator and building the archway portals based on his teleportation ability, path of shadows.

Shade had postulated that once Jason's own path of shadows power reached bronze rank and could open portals, then between it, Shade's own knowledge of the infrastructure and a sufficiently skilled astral magic specialist, it might be possible to send people back into the astral space. Jason had, thus far, not shared this with anyone, as there were no guarantees. Opening his mouth now would just put a target on his back as the cult tried to kill him off before he ranked his power up.



"Coming back here is a risk," Timos said.

"Our situation is desperate," Zato said.

Zato was the last silver-ranker left in the Builder cult's local forces. Tasked with leading the evacuation when their

island stronghold was invaded, he was able to escape with a good number of their people. None of his fellow silver-rankers made it through, however, leaving him in the position of leadership. They had decamped to the former Vane Estate, along with the church of Purity members working directly with them.

“They know we’ve used this place in the past,” Timos said.

“Our people still embedded in Greenstone, what few we have, confirmed that they already checked this place and believe we abandoned it,” Zato said.

“And if they decided to check again, having smoked us from our last hiding hole?”

“Then the consequences will still be less severe than continued failure. The astral space Bahadir’s people opened up is our last chance to prove ourselves to the leadership. Have you seen what they do to those who prove themselves more liability than asset?”

“Recycling,” Timos said with a shudder. “I haven’t seen it myself, but I’ve heard stories.”

“We both have star seeds within us,” Zato said. “There’s no running or hiding. Only the glory of success or the price of failure. We need the infrastructure we left hidden here if we’re going to claim that astral space.”

They had arrived in what was once the underground ritual room of Landemere Vane and were working to create the portal that they needed. All the former contents had been stripped out, even the plaster on the walls and the wood on the floor, revealing hewn stone. Moulded into the stone of the floor was a breathtakingly intricate magical circle made of brass. They had created it by carving channels into the stone floor and pouring in molten metal. At the centre of the circle was a crude archway made of piled bricks, each of which had glyphs carved into every visible side.

“Our people inside the astral space have successfully planted the beacon,” Zato said. “As soon as we detected it, we were able to target it and start establishing the astral bridge.

Once it's complete and the portal opens, everyone goes through."

"Everyone?" Timos asked.

"When the Builder claims the disconnected astral space, we shall be there, triumphantly arriving with the latest addition to his world. In any case, you do not want to be left here. Did you see the final estimations of how destructive claiming that astral space would be?"

"Not the final ones," Timos said. "I knew its unusual nature made it different. Last I heard was that it would devastate Greenstone."

"The knowledge used to secure that astral space to this world was obtained by the Reaper from the Builder himself," Zato said. "Breaking those bonds will have a terrifying backlash. We need to take all our people, if only because Greenstone and everything else within a hundred kilometres of Sky Scar Lake will cease to exist."

Timos's past was littered with the dead he left behind him, yet that level of destruction gave even him pause.

"How many people will that kill?" he asked.

"Does it matter?" Zato asked.

"I suppose not," Timos said. His flash of compassion was a flickering candle flame, quickly snuffed out. "Can we leave Thadwick behind?"

## ADEQUATE

The low, blocky building of desert stone contained little more than hard cots. Jason took one look at the spartan dormitory of the Magic Society outpost and marched back outside. There was plenty of flat, if rather rocky, open space and he pulled out his cloud flask.

He chose the adaptive version of the cloud house and mist started spilling out of the flask. It formed into five small buildings in a ring, similar on the outside to the dormitories and connected by covered walkways. Inside the cloud house was a very different story, however, with the soft, luxurious cloud-stuff interiors to which they had all become accustomed.

“This is very indulgent,” Henrietta said after her first night in the cloud house. Three of the five buildings were bedrooms, while the last two had a kitchen and dining room in one and a lounge with bar in the other.

“You’re free to pitch a tent outside, if you think this’ll make you soft,” Jason told her.

“It’s my responsibility to remain with the team,” she said hastily.

“We can expect to have a lot of work,” Henrietta said after they set off the next morning. Their planned route was to move north, checking in on the villages along the coast before turning deep inland and working their way back south, and then taking the river back to the city.

“The further we go, the more we should find overloaded adventure board notices,” Henrietta warned. “In some



instances, I'll be splitting the team into two groups to cover more than one notice at a time, but no more than two. We want to keep at least some safety in numbers."

"There's a village on our list today," Jason said. "Last time I saw it, it was a complete ruin. It'll be good to see it rebuilt."

"What happened to it?" Belinda asked. "Storm, or monster attack?"

"A tidal troll," Jason said, "although it looked like a hurricane had passed through. This was just before Clive and I caught you and Sophie. Humphrey and Neil were off on the expedition and I took the contract alone. It was my first solo bronze-rank monster, as well as the first one I fought on purpose."

"You took down a tidal troll alone?" Henrietta asked. "They're tough and strong, even for bronze rank monsters. Humphrey and his might essence will be close to silver rank before he can match it."

"They're slow, though," Jason said. "Big, slow and no weird powers. That made it the perfect enemy for me. Lots of surface area for Colin to latch onto."

"I can see that," Henrietta said. "If you were going slow and steady with the afflictions, though, it must have been hard to keep it out of the water."

"It wasn't what you'd call a fast mover," Jason said. "By the time it ran for the ocean it was too late. I used my execute to close it out before the troll crossed the beach."

"You're the first focused affliction specialist I've met," Henrietta said. "All the others were wide-area types. Very good at weeding out the weaklings and softening up the main opposition. They're very popular on teams, which they have to be. They're great openers, but not great closers. Better against large numbers of weaker enemies."

"That's the opposite of you," Humphrey said to Jason.

"I can see the appeal." Jason said. "Just blanketing an area in afflictions would be nice. I was really envious when Beth Cavendish showed off powers like that. I was hoping to pick

some up myself. I have to work to get people afflicted, and a lot of the time its better just to stab them in the neck and move on.”

“You need to get out of that habit,” Henrietta said. “The higher rank you get to, the less stabbing someone with a weapon becomes viable. A silver-ranker will pull your knife out of her throat and stab you right back with it. If you don’t have strength like Humphrey or passively add damage to your attacks like Sophie, ordinary attacks will be worthless. People get far too tough at higher rank and monsters are even worse. If you stab someone and want it to accomplish anything, there has to be a special attack to go with it.”

“Loading enemies up with afflictions at this rank feels pointless a lot of the time,” Jason said. “It doesn’t seem worth the effort when one good knife strike will get the job done.”

“That’s the wrong attitude,” Humphrey said. “The habits we ingrain now are the habits that define us in the future. You need to fight now the way you will then.”

“That makes sense,” Jason said. “I need to use those abilities to rank them up anyway.”

“Maybe ranking your affliction powers will give you some area effects,” Humphrey said to Jason.

“Not that I could find, when Clive and I looked through the Magic Society records,” Jason said. “It turns out my shadow teleport opens up portals, starting at bronze-rank, though. My range will be much shorter than Hester’s, and it won’t be able to transport people higher than bronze rank, but it’s still awesome.”

“My teleport will be long-range and let me take people with me at bronze,” Humphrey said.

“My personal space power, rune gate, also creates a portal at bronze,” Clive added.

“Hold on,” Henrietta said. “I knew about Humphrey’s power, but your team will have three portal users?”

“Mine’s technically not a portal,” Humphrey said.

“That doesn’t matter,” Henrietta said. “I thought it was bad enough when four of you had personal storage powers, but three portals? And you, Clive, getting both in the same power? Most teams would kill to get a portal user on their team.”

“Don’t tell Emir,” Jason said. “He’s already trying to poach Clive as it is.”

“You’re in demand,” Belinda said to Clive. “You should negotiate for a bigger cut of the loot.”

“The question,” Clive said, “was whether Jason’s powers would gain some wide-area effects. There are a lot of gaps in the Magic Society’s knowledge regarding Jason’s abilities. His familiars are unusual, of course, but that’s true of many adventurers. He’s not the only adventurer to have an apocalypse beast familiar.”

“He’s not?” Humphrey asked.

“No,” Clive said. “There’s an active adventurer with another swarm-type apocalypse beast. Desolation locusts, they’re called. It’s not Jason’s familiar powers I’m thinking about, though. Many focused affliction specialists find their abilities adding wide-area aspects somewhere around the silver or gold level. Out of Jason’s sin and doom essence powers, the Magic Society only has records of what one of them does beyond bronze rank. I’m looking forward to filling those gaps as he ranks up.”

“The sin essence is extremely rare,” Jason said, “and apparently not popular, for a legendary essence.”

“It does take a particular kind of arrogance to absorb the essence of defying the gods into your soul,” Neil said.

“I don’t see it that way,” Jason said. “The sin essence isn’t about defying gods.”

“Then what is it about?” Neil asked. “Because it really seems like it is.”

“It’s about the nature of sin,” Jason said. “A sin is a transgression against a set of rules.”

“Exactly,” Neil said. “Rules set down by the gods.”

“But those rules are arbitrary,” Jason said. “Each god had their own set of sins. For Knowledge, lying is a sin, but for Deception, or even the Merchant, lying is a part of their core practices. Each god has their own set of rules.”

“So?” Neil asked.

“So, I don’t think the sin essence is about violating rules of the gods. Not for me, at least. Maybe it works that way for some others.”

“It definitely does,” Clive said. “I’ve seen some of the combinations in the Magic Society records.”

“Anyway,” Jason said, “it doesn’t work like that for me. My sin essence, I’m pretty sure, is about having my own rules that others transgress.”

“Oh, so you’re not violating the rules of the gods,” Neil said. “You’re positioning yourself alongside them. Let me retract what I said about your breathtaking arrogance.”



The trickiest part of the adventure board notices in coastal villages was the preponderance of ocean monsters. Clive’s air bubble ritual was fine for slow underwater travel, but wouldn’t hold up to combat. Knowing their route through the coastal villages would cause this issue, the team had picked up a supply of water-breathing potions from Jory before they left.

They were saving the potions for when they needed the whole team. They resolved most of the notices by relying on Jason’s magic umbrella, while his necklace of the deep was handed over to Humphrey.

**Item: [Necklace of the Deep] (iron rank, uncommon)**

*A necklace containing the power of the deep ocean giants (jewellery, necklace).*

**Effect: Ignore the effects of high pressure and pressure variance**

**Effect: Breathe water.**

**Effect: Your weight is increased. You cannot use iron-rank weight reduction abilities or items.**

Jason's bubble, and the magic umbrella that created it, were quite stable and handled underwater contact with no issues. As the umbrella floated over his head by itself, it left both of his hands free, and the bubble of air meant his movements weren't slowed down by water resistance. The biggest impediment to his combat power was the inability to pull out Colin, who couldn't handle the salty water. The intangible Shade and Gordon handled it just fine, however.

The necklace didn't have the same effect of freeing up movement, but it offered the secure footing of extra weight and Humphrey's superhuman strength did the rest.

The pair emerged from the ocean after taking out a crab monster that was impacting the village's seabed trawling operations. The water quintessence that formed along the coast north and south of the delta was the bulk of a village's earnings. Their teammates were waiting for them on the shore.

"You should try going without your umbrella," Clive suggested. "Getting past the drowning reflex is a good way to break the breathing habit."

"He's only iron rank," Henrietta said. "He'll drown."

"He's an outworlder," Clive said. "His body got a head start on the magic transition."

"I take it you've all had the talk, then," Henrietta said.

"The talk?" Jason asked.

"The 'we're all turning into wet, magic flesh sacks,' talk."

"Yeah, we had that one," Jason said. "Next we're going to tell Neil where babies come from."

The biggest time sink during their journey was not going to be travel, with the heavy skimmer Clive secured careening them over the desert in speed and relative comfort. It was the effort it took to hunt down the monsters on the adventure board notices that soaked up their time. None of them were

near the village centres. If the monsters had been closer and more of a threat to the village then they would have sent for immediate adventurer response.

The first village was the one closest to the city and least in need of extra attention. It was the remote villages out in the desert where they anticipated the notices to be stacked up. The second of three villages they planned to visit that day was the one where Jason had fought the tidal troll.

As the village had been completely rebuilt, he didn't recognise it when they arrived to the warm welcome of the villagers. After they had been forced to escape their ravaged homes, the Adventure Society had avenged their fallen, reclaimed their village and even helped fund reconstruction. They insisted on showing their gratitude with a small luncheon feast before the adventurers even had a chance to look at the adventure notice board.

They finally turned to the task that brought them to the village. It was a bronze-rank monster, but not an aggressive one. After the tidal troll, simply avoiding the territory the beast had claimed was an easy task for the villagers. This was especially true since its territory was a desolate stretch of desert with little value to anyone. They had simply posted warnings on the coastal road warning traders to detour around, a common enough thing in a world where monsters were a fact of life.

"This will be the first bronze-rank monster that many of you have faced," Henrietta told the team. "The villagers have identified it as a stone lurker, which is a common monster in this area, so the information should be reliable. It's tough, strong and camouflages itself well in rocky desert areas. If you catch it in the sand it will be easy to spot, but keep a sharp eye out if you start seeing rocks. It's very good at hiding its aura."

"Also, don't assume there is only one," Humphrey added. "Jason, you'll be the primary damage dealer."

"You should be wary, Jason," Clive said. "A stone lurker isn't as strong as a tidal troll but it isn't as slow, either. It can also make charging dashes, which it will in an ambush."

There were two of the stone lurkers, but the fight went as well as they could have hoped. Sophie, with her enhanced aura senses, detected them right before they attacked. She and Humphrey intercepted them; she held off one as Jason went to work on it. They already had Humphrey and Neil's summons out, which they directed to support Humphrey.

The stone lurkers were large, bipedal lizards that hammered out with huge, knuckled fists. Their strength was enough that meeting them fist to fist rattled Sophie's arm in spite of her attack-negating power. She mostly dodged the attacks, frustrating the giant lizard. It was surprisingly fast for its size, but that was nothing to Sophie.

Humphrey didn't have Sophie's defensive strength so the rest of the team supported him. He held the line as Neil's shields protected him, one after another, then let the summons take the brunt until Neil's abilities became available again.

Clive and Belinda opened up, chaining Clive's powerful attack spell by having Belinda copy the spell after Clive used it, reset the cooldown so he could use it again and then reset her own cooldown to copy it a second time. This allowed them to fire the team's single biggest attack four times in quick succession, rather than once and then having to wait for the cooldown. The sequence consumed huge amounts of mana but was incredibly devastating.

Jason used the reach of his shadow arm to get in his attacks from safety. Many of his afflictions were resisted at first, although his resistance-diminishing aura was stronger than in the past and almost half of them got through. Gordon's unrelenting beam and Jason's conjured dagger both inflicted the condition Vulnerable, which lowered the lizard's resistances for each instance that took hold. It was not long before Jason had inflicted his full suite of afflictions on the lizard. He could have unleashed Colin, but he kept the leeches in reserve, in case there was a third monster, waiting to pounce.

Once his afflictions were locked in, Jason used his punishment spell. It inflicted damage for each affliction of certain types on the target. They were rapidly stacking up, but the

bronze-rank monster was able to sustain that much from Jason's iron-rank spell. He couldn't use it again for half a minute, so he moved on to the second monster while Sophie continued to keep the first one busy.

Jason added his efforts to the others. His afflictions were soon locked in and the fight became a matter of time. He used his punishment spell every time it became available, causing more and more of the monster's flesh to die as the afflictions mounted. In the end, he finished off the monsters, one after the other, with his transcendent damage execute power.

The team were tired, stamina exhausted and mana spent. Against bronze-rank monsters, even when the fight went their way at every stage, the battle was a slog. Clive and Belinda had learned that endurance was the key when their combined efforts, while hurting the monster, weren't enough to take it down before they were reduced to ineffectually firing wands from the back.

"You did adequately," Henrietta told them in the aftermath. "Don't think things will always go that well, though. There will be hard fights ahead and you will be challenged. When I step in to save you, chances are you will have been hurt already. Badly hurt. You all need to be ready for that."

The team returned to the village to notify them they could remove the detour signs from the coast road. They then moved on quickly—the graciousness of the villagers was appreciated, but also time-consuming.

Riding away, Sophie turned her gaze from the village, to Asano's back.

"What is it?" Belinda asked quietly.

"He didn't tell them," Sophie said.

"Didn't tell who what?"

"Asano," Sophie said. "They don't know he's the one who killed the monster that destroyed their village, and he didn't tell them."

"So?"



## TRASH BONANZA

Jason set up the cloud house after they cleared out the adventure notices of the third village of the day. Henrietta gathered the team together to talk about their performance in the day's combat.

“Obviously, most of those notices weren't any kind of a challenge,” she said. “As a team, and even alone for most of you, very few iron-rank enemies will pose any kind of threat. That's acceptable for now, but a full team of capable iron-rankers should comfortably handle not just most iron-rank monsters but bronze-rank monsters as well. One to one, any adventurer should be worth more than any monster of their own rank. That is not to say you all need to be able to handle monsters alone. Neil and Clive, your powers are obvious suited to a group environment. You need to make sure that your value to the team is greater than any monster to their pack.”

Neil threw a wary glance in Jason's direction.

“What?” Jason asked.

“Nothing smarmy to say about my value to the team?”

“Are you kidding?” Jason asked. “You're awesome. If the team gets stuck in a situation where you or me has to be kicked off the bus, it's not going to be you.”

“Jason is right,” Henrietta said. “Neil, you are the most indispensable member of the team. That does not mean you don't have improvements to make, which goes for all of you. You beat the bronze-rank monsters today, but if you're still

performing at that level by the time we get to back to Greenstone, then I will personally see to it you disband. I will not have my brother in a stagnant team, because right now you're all potential and no payoff."

She panned her gaze over the group.

"You have clearly been strategising around versatility," she went on, "which is a good fit for your team makeup and power sets. Now I've seen you in action against a live enemy who poses an actual challenge, I could easily recognise the factor holding you back. That factor is a lack of dynamism."

"We're using a variety of strategies," Humphrey said, "and we're constantly devising more."

"And that is a good foundation," Henrietta said. "You're combining your abilities well enough, but only when you fall into those devised strategies. When pushed out of them, you fall back to individual efforts. You need to internalise those strategies to the point that you can improvise on the move and adapt to the different configurations required in the moment. The key is that when you adapt, you have to include your team members instead of falling back on what you know works just for you."

"Trust," Jason said.

"Precisely," Henrietta said. "To make the most of your versatility, improvisation will be critical. You have to know what your team is capable of and trust them to make the right choice in the right moment."

"Which means we actually have to make the right choice in the right moment," Belinda muttered.

"Do you have something constructive to share with the group?" Henrietta asked her.

"No," Belinda said sullenly.

"Then save your snide comments for after. Now, as I was saying: teamwork. You have to learn to read each other. To know what your teammates will do without discussion and without hesitation. Assess, adapt, act."

“Surely that’s a matter of experience,” Neil said.

“It’s exactly a matter of experience,” Henrietta said. “Not just any experience, though. You have to know everything your team is capable of and you won’t figure that out if you keep falling into the same, easy patterns. From now onward, I will be sending you into fights in different groupings. When you’ve been doing this yourselves, you’ve been going for the obvious, complimentary pairings. Jason and Sophie, Clive and Belinda, Humphrey and Neil. You’re going to find these new groups I put you in awkward, perhaps even dangerous. Your job will be to tease out everything your teammates are capable of. To find the synergies you never saw and exercise the abilities that have gone neglected. If nothing else, it will help you rank up all your powers on the way to bronze.”



Henrietta put her designs into action with the next village they came to. First up was the pairing of Jason and Belinda. Belinda had fallen into a pattern of resetting and duplicating Clive’s infrequent, high-impact powers, but it was a worthless tactic with Jason’s rapid, low-impact abilities. Instead, Belinda served as a makeshift guardian, drawing enemy attention while Jason went to work.

“Pathetic,” was Henrietta’s assessment. “Jason, you’re squandering Belinda’s powers and trying to do it all yourself. Expect to be placed in this pairing again and again until you find the synergies that make you fight like a team instead of like nervous adolescents, fumbling around one another.”

“I think that means you, Humphrey,” Jason said.

“Was there something in my tone inviting so much as a skerrick of light-hearted whimsy, Mr Asano?” Henrietta snapped. “If you have time to leverage your wit – such as it is – against my brother, you will find it better spend in the development of your combat skills, rather than your social ones.”

Humphrey received a similar dressing down after being paired with Clive. Henrietta berated them as well for working as disconnected individuals.

“It’s not enough to be a distraction for your damage dealer,” Henrietta told her brother. “You’re trying to set up Clive to use his attack spell, as if he didn’t have nineteen other essence abilities. I want to see you luring people into his trap spell. Baiting the enemy into making big attacks where his retribution damage powers will have the greatest effect. And you, Clive need to stop waiting for everyone else to give you your chances. You have to make them yourself.”

As they went from village to village, fight to fight, the team was placed in a variety of configurations. Neil was grouped with Jason, whose usual stealth tactics would leave the healer alone and exposed. Then he was paired with Sophie against a high-defence monster. Neil and Sophie made for a combination even harder to harm than the monster itself, but they lacked the offensive power to hurt it in turn, turning the fight into a battle of attrition.

Belinda saw the most action of anyone in the team, combined with everyone else in different configurations of two or three. Not only were her powers the most varied and untested, but she was also the one most in need of experience.



The next bronze-rank monster encounter came at the final coastal village before their route would take them inland. Henrietta’s intention had been to let them face bronze-rank monsters in smaller groups, but this one was an aquatic monster. Not only was she allowing the full group to act together but also participating herself.

The monster wasn’t notoriously strong, but it was aquatic and had the environmental advantage. They used water breathing potions. Jason finally accepted Clive’s advice and got Humphrey to hold his head under water until he gasped out and broke the reflex to breathe. It took multiple attempts

before Jason could actively stop breathing without his instincts freaking out and starting him up again. Only after finally overcoming the drowning reflex did he manage it.

“This feels very weird,” he croaked in a gasping voice. “I have to get used to talking when I’m not breathing.”

“No rush,” Neil said.

“It’s kind of unnerving,” Jason continued. “It’s like my body senses something is wrong. It definitely doesn’t want me wasting breath I don’t have on talking.”

“Trust your instincts,” Neil said.

“That’s not helping,” Henrietta said to Neil.

“It’s helping me,” Neil said.

“It will take time before your body adapts,” Clive said. “It’s actually an unusual and fascinating process. Your body, as it stops doing things the way a mortal body does, will start find new ways. Your voice, for example, won’t come from breathing through your throat but by using vibrations to generate sound. It’ll take a while before you sound like your old self, but along the way you’ll find yourself picking up interesting tricks. Throwing your voice or projecting it to fill up a room. Or just blasting louder than you ever could with something as maudlin as lungs.”

“Don’t try and rely on not breathing in combat, yet,” Henrietta told Jason. “You’ve been breathing your whole life and you don’t just kick the habit that easily. You can do it fine, standing around, nice and safe. You go underwater and get caught up in a fight and you’ll find that drowning reflex coming right back.”

The fight against the aquatic monster was a mess. While breathing water, spells could still be cast but it had to be done with careful enunciation of the incantations, slowing the process down. The leverage required to swing weapons underwater was impossible to achieve without an item like the necklace of the deep that Humphrey wore, and even then it took all his strength to swing his sword through the water to even minimal effect. Mobility was obviously impacted

underwater and team coordination fell apart, even using Jason's voice chat for silent, telepathic speech.

"That was an absolute shambles," Henrietta told them as they dragged themselves out of the surf after eking out a victory. She had done much of the work, using a spell that allowed her familiars to act freely under the water.

"Neil, you were the solitary stand-out," she continued. "The way you covered the team and their many, many mistakes was a credit to you. Well done. How much mana do you have left?"

"I'm drained," he said, collapsing onto his back on the sandy beach.

"And that's how close you were to failure," Henrietta told the others. "If the fight had gone on any longer, there was a danger of some of you suffering real damage when Neil's mana ran out."

"The fight was in an extreme environment against a bronze-rank monster," Humphrey said in defence of the team. "If you expected us to do well, you wouldn't have participated yourself."

"And if I wasn't here to participate?" Henrietta challenged her brother. "What would you have done?"

"Sent for someone else," Humphrey said. "If it was aggressive enough to leave the water to attack, we could have fought it on land. If not, we'd have had the time to send for an adventurer better suited to fighting it."

Henrietta grinned, surprising the team.

"Good answer," she said. "Recognising when not to fight is also a strength worth cultivating. If the top reason adventurers die is bad information, the second is lacking the courage to admit they aren't a match for the fight in front of them."

"Not to dismiss the fact that I was the best," Neil said from where he was sprawled in the sand, "but how useful is learning to fight underwater anyway?"

“We won’t always get to pick our fights, or the chance to walk away,” Jason said. “We have to be ready for the fights we don’t want. That fight showed us the strength of having the right items to compensate for environmental challenges. If we pick some more up and keep them in storage, then with some more experience we should at least be able to hold our own.”

“Asano is right,” Henrietta said. “Always be as ready as you can. We’re done with these coastal villages, but once you’re back in Greenstone, pick up some items and practise more underwater combat in the mirage chamber.”



As the team turned their path inland, they crossed the empty desert sands. The heavy skimmer allowed them to travel in relative comfort, sitting under an awning as the seemingly endless desert passed by. The air was hot, rushing over their faces with the speed of the skimmer, but not oppressively so with milder winter temperatures.

Jason and Clive both had oasis bracelets that shielded them from the heat, as did Belinda. Jory had gifted it to her in preparation for her first real adventuring expedition. For the rest of the team, he had provided less-valuable, but still welcome heat protection for a nominal fee. Sophie, Neil and Humphrey all wore head-cloths that were alchemically treated to remain wet and cool. Henrietta had a fire essence and could eat worse heat than the desert could throw at her.

They made their way through remote villages that were torn between gratitude for their arrival and frustration that it had taken so long. The villages were all located on oases sourced from apertures to the rainforest astral space. One village had even been attacked by Builder cultists who had fled through the local aperture, following the battle with the expedition in the astral space.

The villages in the sandy regions of the desert were largely there to serve the more remote spirit coin farms. With many

magical practises prohibited in the area of the sensitive coin farms, the people staffed there turned to nearby villages.

Moving deeper in, the sand turned to rocky wastes. Most of the villagers they encountered quarried the stone for which Greenstone was named. Other villages were mining towns. Most of those towns were built around dig sites for a magical ore that appeared in the desert. While investigating to serve his own curiosity, Jason made an interesting discovery.

The magical mineral sun gold could be found in iron and bronze-rank veins and mostly appeared in arid lands that saw clear skies all year round. For that reason, most sun gold mines were located in deserts. Sun gold was always found with large quantities of what they called trash gold, which was normal rank and had no magical properties. It simply formed in large quantities around sun gold veins and had to be carefully separated from the valuable stuff in the smelting process.

Jason picked some of the discarded metal.

**Item: [Gold Nugget] (normal rank, common)**

*A lump of non-magical gold. Has little value in worlds with magical equivalents (crafting material, metal).*

**Effect: Non-magical crafting material.**

The sun gold was refined by a local whose iron and transmutation essences turned him into a human smelting machine. Trash gold was a cheap cosmetic material considered too heavy to be worth shipping off and was largely discarded. Jason paid the smelter to go through the slag piles, helping him experiment with what sizes he could fit into his inventory. It turned out he could stack twenty ten-kilogram bars of purified trash gold into a single slot, as the restrictions were more size than weight-based. Jason left the village with two slots filled with heavy gold bars.

“What do you want all that trash gold for?”

“Someday I’m going to go home,” Jason said. “In my world, trash gold is just gold.”





## STRANGENESS

As the team went from town to town, clearing off huge stacks of adventure notices, not everything went as planned. Henrietta continued breaking the team into inefficient combinations, which was only the start of things going wrong.

Humphrey had been regularly summoning his dragon tooth warriors, both to practise working with them and level their power. Each time he did, he used the summoner's die to alter their form. The die had proven an effective boost, turning his warriors into hulking gorillas, swift hunting cats or even giant, blood-draining spiders.

The way the die worked was to roll it in the summoning circle, which for Humphrey was a simple circle of powdered chalk. This served to activate the power, calling out the summons in their altered form. Three giant fish made of ivory appeared on the ground, wrapped in chain mail and flopping around like fish on a dock.

“What is this?” Humphrey asked.

“Looks like one of the sides on that die is fish,” Jason said, giving Humphrey a consoling pat on the back.

“I can't resummon them for six hours.”

“Tough luck, buddy,” Jason said. “I guess you're fighting this monster without them, unless you can find a lake real quick.”



Amongst the iron-rank monsters they were clearing out like they were magical exterminators, the team came across the occasional additional notice for a bronze-rank monster. This was where the team faced challenges that truly tested their abilities.

Henrietta assigned Neil, Clive and Belinda to hunt down a monster called a sand hulk, a lesser giant that was common in desert areas. Without Sophie, Humphrey or even Jason to obstruct or distract, the team had little in the way of front-line options against the slow but powerful monster.

Belinda's counterfeit combatant power was at the bottom of iron rank, nowhere close to the point that they would risk her attempting to hold it off. That left Neil's summon, the chrysalis golem, which only took one punch each from the monster's huge fists before retreating into its harmless chrysalis state. It could no longer fight in that state, but not even the giant, twice as tall as person, was able to damage it. The giant wasted precious moments that the team used to retreat as it pummelled ineffectually at the crystal cocoon.

The team fought a stalling retreat, blasting away at the monster with wands and spells. Clive's familiar, Onslow, proved a relatively effective source of attacks. Any time Clive wasn't casting his own spells, he was continually recharging the tortoise's elemental powers. The only issue was the tortoise was even slower than the giant. Clive had to periodically return Onslow to the rune in his skin, then retreat farther before pulling the familiar out again.

Belinda's lantern familiar sent bolts of force into the sand hulk but its attacks were less effective than those of Clive's familiar, Onslow. The disruptive-force attacks of Belinda's lantern were better against magic in incorporeal entities, rather than a solid, physical monster.

They threw power after power at the sand hulk, which largely shrugged it all off. It walked right over Clive and Belinda's rune traps. Belinda's lightning tether dealt damage the further the target moved from it, but even at maximum ranged, its damage was superficial. Clive's big attack spell,

looped and copied by Belinda, was the only thing that inflicted any real damage.

Belinda glanced at Clive. He nodded and she used her pit of the reaper ability. It opened up a dimensional pit—not an actual hole in the ground but an extra-dimensional one that didn't occupy space and was open to normal space at the top. The walls were frictionless and anything inside would suffer ongoing necrotic damage.

The team's concern was that they had looked up the sand hulk's abilities and knew it could transform into a cloud of sand. There was little information about the sand cloud form and Clive was wary of it. They didn't know if it could fly or use some kind of scouring sandstorm attack they couldn't defend against. The team had held off using the pit as they were concerned about it triggering the power, but they needed all the time they could get to burn the monster down. If it couldn't escape the hole and they could shoot down at it like it was fish in a barrel, then all the better.

The sluggish monster was not hard to drop into the pit, but their first concern was proven valid. It flew right back out in the form of a sand dervish. It moved no faster than the monster's previous pace, however, and retook the form of a giant.

In the time the pit had delayed it, Neil's golem had the chance to catch up. It had hatched from its cocoon some time ago, but was not much faster than the giant. The golem's new form was something between crystalline and gelatinous. It wrapped a pair of long, rubbery appendages around the monster, which immediately began to retaliate.

The monster ripped off the gooey appendages but the golem simply grew more from its fluid body mass. The monster pounded on the golem's body, which rippled like a jellied dessert as it absorbed the impact. The monster tried transforming into sand to escape the grip, only to learn that as its body started changing into sand, that sand became stuck to the golem. The monster halted the transformation and went back to trying to free itself through main force.

With the giant at a standstill, the team intensified their attacks, throwing everything they had at it. Neil's summon had performed its function of adapting to the needs of the fight admirably, but it was ultimately an iron-rank monster fighting a bronze-rank one. It couldn't harm the sand hulk. It could merely tie it up for a brief, but valuable, few moments. Eventually the sand hulk tore its way free by ripping the golem into globulous chunks and tossing them aside. Once the golem fell inert, the giant turned back to the team.

Despite its incredible resilience, the monster was in a bad state, by this point. The sheer accumulation of damage had left it pitted and burned, spilling out sand like it was blood. Neil and Clive had both taken the chance to use powerful retribution effects on the golem, which had turned the damage from the sand hulk's own powerful blows back on itself. Clive's spell had continued to have a large impact and the simple accumulation of damage from rune traps, wands, Onslow's elemental attacks and other abilities had simply piled up.

When it was clear the monster would break free of the golem, Belinda and Clive had set up a whole line of rune traps. The monster walked over them, one after another. This was enough to finally make the sand hulk decide to flee, which it tried to do in the form of a slow-moving sand cloud. Clive used his big attack spell, wrath of the magister, one more time. He used the most powerful version, a prismatic beam launching into the cloud. The colours dimmed, one by one, until the beam was black and a void sphere appeared in the middle of the cloud. The sand was sucked through as if the void sphere was a hole in the universe, the once seemingly indestructible monster annihilated into nothingness.

The weary group trudged back to the rest of the team. They looked to Henrietta for her assessment, although it was Jason who spoke first.

"I don't think there's anything to loot," he said. "Neil?"

"I was too far away," Neil said. "It wasn't in range of my aura."

“Maybe there are some scraps left behind from where they attacked it along the way,” Jason suggested.

“Loot can wait,” Henrietta said. She gave the tired combatants an assessing look. “I took away the toughest and most mobile members of your team and you still got the job done. This was an acceptable performance. If we get another sand hulk it’s yours to fight, Asano.”

“Won’t that be an easy one for me?” Jason asked. “A big, slow monster like that?”

“The Magic Society entry doesn’t say if that cloud form clears off afflictions,” Henrietta said. “I’m willing to bet it does. I’m curious as to what you’ll do about that.”



Late in the evening, Jason stepped outside the cloud house. They were out in the desert, in between villages, and it had once again taken the form of a set of flat stone buildings.

Jason concentrated and stairs appeared on the side of one of the buildings. It might look and feel like stone, but still moulded itself as the cloud-stuff it truly was. Jason was becoming more and more adept at controlling it. He walked up the stairs to the roof where, to his surprise, he found Clive’s familiar, Onslow, standing in the middle of the roof.

“How did you get up here?”

Onslow responded only with a slow yawn.

“Keep it casual, don’t reveal all your cards,” Jason said. “I can respect that. Mind if I join you?”

The closest Onslow came to a response was an impassive blink.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

A patch of roof rose up to form a chair of clouds and Jason sat down. He concentrated on bringing his breathing to a halt. Henrietta had been on the mark about needing time to adjust to

not breathing and he had been practising of a night, wearing his warmest clothes in the chilly desert night.

Neither moon was in the sky, but he had no trouble seeing out over the barren landscape. His midnight eyes power was edging achingly close to becoming his first bronze-rank ability and his vision in the dark was near absolute. Originally, the power had let him see with washed-out colour. Now he could see as clear as day, yet he could also see the darkness almost like a physical substance, oddly transposed over his vision. It should have clashed, yet it seemed to him part of a natural whole, even though the result looked something like an alien landscape. It was nothing that his old human eyes could ever perceive.

Midnight eyes had been his very first essence ability. Compared to the other things he could do, it was positively mundane, yet it was also the most emblematic of everything he had been through. Because of that power, the way he looked at the world had literally changed. It was the still moments, alone in the dark, when Jason most felt the strangeness of his new world. More than that, he felt the strangeness of what he had become living in it.

He practised speaking without breathing, using exercises Henrietta had taught him. Onslow was watching him and Jason retrieved Colin, who piled up in front of the tortoise. Onslow tilted his head to look at the pile as Team Colin undulated excitedly in front of it.

Eventually Jason tired of practise and decided to get some rest, collecting Colin and making his way back down the stairs. There, he had an odd encounter as two people emerged at the same time from different buildings. They were both also Jason.

The three Jasons looked at each other. One had an embarrassed look on his face, the other, a bushy moustache.

“I take it Clive is still trying to have you replicate my interface ability?”

“Yeah,” Belinda/Jason said with an apologetic smile.

“Biscuits!”

Jason tousled Stash/Jason’s hair. “What did Humphrey say about sweet things before bed?”

“Warm milk?” Stash/Jason ventured.

“That, I think we can manage,” Jason said.

“Yay!” Stash/Jason cheered. “Why is everyone better-looking than me?”

“That’s enough out of you, dragon.”





## FULL CIRCLE

The six-legged lizards were not especially dangerous individually. They were no bigger than medium-sized dogs and posed little threat. What made them troublesome was that they were extraordinary in both their hardiness and their number. A group of lizards was normally called a lounge, but the mass of creatures the team was viewing from a distance would be better described as a swarm or even a carpet.

“Desert horde lizards,” Henrietta said. “They’re not a real danger to an adventurer, but they’re a lot harder to kill than they look. Most of the time they’ll just lay about in the desert sun, not bothering anyone. If they’re on the move, though, they’re looking to feast. They can come down on a town like a swarm of giant locusts. Regular people have no chance of putting them down.”

She turned to the team, looking down at the monsters from a high ridge. “Any volunteers?”

“Let Belinda and I go,” Jason said.

Henrietta raised her eyebrows. She had paired Jason and Belinda together the most because the combination had shown the least results. While their effectiveness had improved, that improvement had come from combining individual effort instead of operating as a unit.

“You have something to show me?” Henrietta asked.

“We’ve been working on some things,” Belinda said. “This should be a good enemy to show off the results.”

Henrietta acceded and Jason and Belinda made their way down the sharp ridge. The lizards were following the base of the ridge around, so by going down one side, they had time to make preparations before the lizards arrived. The pair called out their familiars, except for Colin, and Jason pulled out a large flat board, setting it on the ground. Belinda took out a stick of chalk and started drawing out a ritual circle.

Clive was the team's master of ritual magic, with a breadth of knowledge that regularly staggered Jason. Belinda, like Jason, was learning from Clive, but for her, it was more like filling in gaps. When it came to a certain branch of magic, the deception and intrusion branch, even Clive had something to learn from her. The circle she was drawing out wouldn't visibly disguise them, but it would contain any aura they inadvertently revealed while using essence abilities.

Desert horde lizards were short-sighted, relying more on aura senses than normal sensation to sense prey or other predators. So long as the lizards had something else to hold their attention, Jason and Belinda should be able to cast spells from a distance without being detected.

They sent their familiars forward to meet the monsters as they came around the ridge. Remaining behind were Colin, still in Jason's blood, and one of Shade's three bodies, currently serving as Jason's shadow.

The lizards became a boiling cauldron of chaos as they surged on the familiars, the aggressive monsters piling over each other to reach them. Their savage bites had little effect, with Gordon, Shade and Belinda's living illusion all being incorporeal. Belinda's flying lantern floated out of reach, blasting down bolts of force. The inherent magic in the monsters allowed them to minimally affect the familiars, but not to the point they posed a genuine threat, even in their massive numbers.

The familiars, in turn, didn't make much of a dent on the lizards. Only Gordon, with his resonating-force beam, inflicted any effective damage. The goal was not to inflict damage, however, but to hold the attention of the monsters. Only once Jason and Belinda were certain the lizards were focused

entirely on the familiars did they start casting spells. Jason started, chanting a spell that, from the victim's perspective, gave no indication of where the caster was. At the distance they were removed, there was no chance of the lizards hearing his quiet recitation.

*“Carry the mark of your transgressions.”*

**Ability: [Castigate] (Sin)**

**Spell (curse, holy).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (19%).**

**Effect (iron): Burns a painful brand into the target, inflicting slight transcendent damage and the [Sin] and [Mark of Sin] conditions. The brand cannot be healed so long as the target retains any instances of [Sin].**

**[Sin] (affliction, curse, stacking): All necrotic damage taken is increased. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Mark of Sin] (affliction, holy): Prevents aura retraction. Cannot be cleansed while target retains any instances of [Sin] or [Legacy of Sin].**

A small amount of transcendent damage burned a brand into one of the lizards and it gained two afflictions. The important one was sin, which increased any necrotic damage. There was no indication as the source of the spell and Jason's rigid aura control kept it from leaking as he used the ability. Even if it had, Belinda's ritual circle would have contained it. The unintelligent lizard became frenzied as it renewed its attention on the obvious enemies, the familiars.

Right after Jason used his spell, Belinda used the same incantation and cast the same spell on a second lizard. Her aura control wasn't as practised as Jason's, which was why the ritual was primarily for her.

**Ability: [Mirror Magic] (Magic)**

**Special Ability.**

**Cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: Varies.**

**Current rank: Iron 2 (91%).**

**Effect (iron): For a short time after a nearby ally uses a spell, you may use the same spell one time. The strength of the spell you cast is based on the rank of this ability and your attributes, not those of the original caster. This may make your version of the spell higher or lower rank than the original, including losing or gaining additional effects from higher ranks. This ability has the same cost and cooldown as the original spell.**

In the past, Belinda had mostly used the ability to copy Clive's potent attack spell. As she and Jason had spent evenings looking for more ways to synergise their powers, they had a revelation. Jason's abilities might be less impactful, but they also had no cooldown. In circumstances where he needed to use them over and over, Belinda could double the rate of application.

Jason followed up his castigate spell with inexorable doom, to get the sin affliction multiplying. Like his first spell, it gave no indication of its source, manifesting directly on the target. This was rare in abilities with more immediate effects and most often found in single-target afflictions powers. Such abilities could ignore many physical obstructions, so long as the target was visible. It took magical protection, such as the common mana shield ability, to prevent the easy use of such a power.

Jason's familiars were his key tools in dealing with that particular problem. Colin could slither right through the shield, which didn't register movement as an attack unless it was much faster than Colin could manage. Only if spraying out of Jason would the movement count, so Jason would usually have to bait such enemy into Colin's range.

Shade couldn't usually get through such powers, with magic shields blocking even movement from incorporeal

creatures. With the mana shield ability specifically, though, which directly manifested mana as a shield, he could drain mana directly from it. Mana shield was an extremely common power, available through many essences. Clive and Neil both possessed it as did Sigrid and Claire, the healer from Rick Geller's team. It made Shade very useful for breaking through that specific power.

For Gordon, breaking magic shields was a much more straightforward problem. His disruptive-force beam wasn't wildly powerful, but its sustained effect would break down magical shields very quickly. However the shield went down, it would give Jason a chance to get a spell in before the shield snapped back into place.

None of that was necessary against the lizards, however. Jason would cast his castigate on one lizard and follow up with inexorable doom, Belinda following up on a second. He used castigate, she used castigate. He used inexorable doom, she did the same. She could only duplicate a spell once for each time it was cast by the original user. The cost and duration of the ability were equal to the cost of the copied power.

Neither of Jason's spells had a cooldown, so they were able to paint the lizards with brands and afflictions. Both spells had a moderate mana cost, so it wasn't until they were done that their mana pools started to get low. Jason's wasn't as bad as Belinda; his recovery attribute was more than half a rank higher hers and his mana had been naturally replenishing faster. She drank a mana potion to compensate.

"Is that all of them?" Belinda asked.

"It should be most of them at least," Jason said. "You put on the big show and I'll mop up after. Call them back, Shade."

Jason's shadow was one of Shade's three bodies, while the others were helping hold the lizard's attention. One of the tricks Belinda and Jason had developed was to use Shade to direct their familiars allowing them to work at a distance effectively. Belinda's familiars didn't hesitate to come back when Shade relayed the call to return.

Most of the lizards had suffered brands put in place with unstoppable transcendent damage, far from crippling but painful. It had sent them into a frenzy in their pursuit of the familiars, which they immediately chased when the familiars started to fall back towards Belinda and Jason.

The lizards were collected nicely in their pursuit, so when a crystal rod appeared in their midst, they were all within range of its effect.

**Ability: [Force Tether] (Trap)**

**Conjuration.**

**Cost: Low mana-per-second.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 1 (34%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a crystal rod, from which a tether of shimmering force connects to all nearby enemies within a moderate range. Tethered enemies are dragged towards the rod, which is protected by a force field that inflicts moderate resonating force-damage to anyone in contact with it. If the force-field is ruptured, it explodes in a wave of resonating-force damage. If the rod is destroyed or removed from its location then it explodes in a wave of disruptive-force damage. Dimensional displacement, such as teleportation, severs the tether. Untethered enemies who enter within range of the rod become tethered. Only one rod may exist at a time.**

The force tether was a powerful control effect against groups of weaker enemies. Stronger enemies, or someone like Humphrey, could resist the pull of the rod with physical might. The lizards, however, were nowhere near as strong as they were tough. The tether quickly dragged them into a pile, burying the rod and its small force field underneath them. Belinda then used another conjuration power.

**Ability: [Pit of the Reaper] (Trap)**

**Conjuration (dimension).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 2 minutes.**

**Current rank: Iron 1 (14%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a dimensional space pit on any horizontal surface. The surface does not need to be solid or supportive. Anyone inside the pit suffers ongoing necrotic damage. If this spell is cast again while a pit already exists, the existing pit vanishes, depositing anyone inside upon the surface on which the pit was conjured.**

A hole in the ground appeared under the pile of lizards and they fell in. A few lizards around the periphery remained outside of the pit, due to the sheer size of the monster pile. Their escape was short-lived as the crystal rod that was the source of the force tethers also fell down, dragging the monsters over the edge and into the pit with the others. Being moved from its original location triggered the rod and its force field to both explode, the twin waves of force smashing lizards into the frictionless walls of the pit.

Soon, the shrieking cries of the lizards came rising up from the pit. The pit's necrotic damage was not a large amount but most of the lizards were stacked high with the sin affliction that multiplied it. The screams started to diminish as the lizards died, until after just over a minute, the duration of the pit ended.

The only lizards that survived were the ones who hadn't been branded because Jason and Belinda missed them in the original sprawling group. Those surviving lizards moved in the direction of Belinda, Jason and the returned familiars.

“Gordon, intercept any that move on Belinda. Shade, one on me, one on Lindy and one with Gordon.”

Jason broke into a sprint in the direction of the lizards. The familiars followed quickly. Jason leapt into the air, combining the weight-reducing power of his starlight cloak and the leaping power of his magical boots to go sailing over the monsters.

**Item: [Sand-Cutter Boots] (iron rank, rare)**



*Boots incorporating the chitin of a sand-cutter, inheriting some of its power (apparel, boots).*

**Effect: Improved ability to walk on sand.**

**Effect: Increased jump height and distance.**

**Effect: Enhanced kick attack. Highly effective against enemies with strong earth affinity.**

He cut his hand as he passed over, releasing the leeches and raining Colin down over the monsters before he landed lightly on the other side. The now frenetic lizards wheeled around to go after him, even as Team Colin dug into them. Jason didn't bother trying to finish them himself. Instead, he danced around, playing distraction the way the familiars had before. Gordon and Belinda's lantern from the other side started beaming them, splitting their attention.

Any time a lizard got too close, Jason swung a kick in front of it. A chain-whip of razor shards came out his boot with every kick, causing the lizards to flinch at the surprisingly deep lacerations it gouged out of them. Like many desert monsters, they had a strong earth affinity, making them vulnerable to the attacks of Jason's boots.

Lack of intelligence was the biggest weakness that low-rank monsters possessed; Jason and his familiars played them back and forth as Colin did his work. Jason could easily teleport between Shades, one remaining on the far side of the monsters, one with Belinda and one in between, with Gordon. Soon enough, the surviving stragglers were finished, Jason using his execute on some of them to help level the power.

After the fight was done, the pair made their way back up the ridge. Belinda was exhausted, dripping with sweat despite the refreshing power of her magical bracelet. Jason had replenished himself on the bodies of the fallen monsters with his blood harvest spell, so was back to full strength.

"That was excellent," Henrietta told them. "Belinda, you're only just beginning to realise the potential in your powers. You'll be able to handle monsters of your own rank well enough, but once you have full command of your

abilities, working alone would be an egregious waste. You need to be the mortar in a brick wall. You can make an adequate wall with just bricks, but the mortar makes it so much better than it ever could be without it.”

She turned to Jason.

“You are something of an opposite,” she told him. “You’re strong on your own and you’re harder to mesh with others without taking away some of your greatest strengths. Because of that, you need to develop different skill sets for when you’re operating in a team to working alone. To truly be part of the team you have to use them as more than just a distraction while you have your own fight. I have no doubt you could have conducted some version of what you did here by yourself, but by integrating your abilities you developed a reliable, effective and efficient strategy.”

“Thanks,” Jason said. “I was kind of waiting for the turn-around there where you start telling me what I did wrong.”

“You weren’t perfect, by any means,” Henrietta said, “but you’re coming along. Your rapid improvement tells me that Humphrey knew what he was doing when he put this team together. There’s a lot of potential here.”



The team’s route had taken them north from Greenstone, up the coast, inland over the sands of what Jason knew as the Nambi desert and into the Kalahari. There was more plant life, patchy and dry though it was, with mountains dotting the horizon. Jason had been looking to his map as they travelled, which unveiled space as he passed through it. He watched as their path formed a loop of revealed space, his eyes always turning back to the point the loop would close.

Because of his map ability, Jason had been playing team navigator. One of the map’s functions, he discovered, was to mark waypoints, even to areas that were still veiled. He could use the waypoint to mark out a route and use the mini-map feature the map gained when it evolved to keep them on track.

As navigator, Jason occupied the other front seat of the skimmer, next to Clive who was driving. When the loop had almost closed entirely, he leaned over at Clive and talked over the sound of air rushing through the magic ring at the back of the skimmer.

“Can we take a little detour?” Jason asked. “Should only be about an hour out of our way for the skimmer.”

“What is it you want to see?” Henrietta asked from behind him.

“Some blood cultists tried to sacrifice me and my friends in this big ritual chamber, inside a mountain. I wouldn’t mind taking another look, now that I’m not terrified out of my wits and I’ve spent more than a few hours in this world.”

“I definitely want to see that,” Humphrey said. “I’ve heard the story and I’d love to see where it happened.”

Henrietta looked at the others and got a general consensus of nods.

“Alright, then,” she said. “Let’s go take a look.”



The entrance was a cave that was easy to miss from any kind of distance, but they spotted the remnants of a Magic Society expedition. Trash, debris and a couple of abandoned tents that seemed to have suffered a monster attack made for an obvious marker.

“That’s the problem with these expeditions in the desert,” Clive said, examining the tents after the skimmer pulled up. “There’s not a lot out here, so they tend to attract monsters.”

“When did the Magic Society come here?” Jason asked.

“Right after Rufus gave his report to the Adventure Society,” Clive said. “After hearing what happened, the Adventure Society referred it to us so we could assess the site for potential future threats.”

“Did you find any?” Neil asked. “Might be worth knowing before we go in there.”

“No,” Clive said. “Ultimately, it was just an ordinary, if impressive, ritual room. If anything, the main value is historical. Like the Sky River Aqueduct or the Order of the Reaper complex we found under the swamp, the ritual room here predates the settlement of Greenstone. It seems like the Vane family simply found it and made use of it.”

They went in through the cave, down the long tunnel into the mountain. Glow stones were pulled out to light the way.

“The cult had these strange red lanterns that washed everything the colour of blood,” Jason said. “I don’t know if they had some kind of purpose or were just aesthetic.”

They emerged into the main chamber. The stairs, like carved pegs jutting out of the wall, wound their way up and around the cylindrical chamber. There were larger platforms at cardinal points as the stairway went up. On the floor level, what used to be the pool of blood-like liquid still occupied most of the space. It was now drained, reminding Jason of an empty swimming pool at some abandoned house.

“The pit was full of this nasty liquid,” Jason told the others as he walked over to look inside. It was about as deep as Jason was tall, a featureless pit of dark stone. “There was a light shining out of it that washed everything red, like those lanterns I mentioned.”

“It smells like blood in here,” Sophie said.

“Not like it used to,” Jason said. “The air was thick and heavy with it, then. I was pretty woozy because I’d already been knocked out a few times that day.”

“The Magic Society team examined and disposed of the liquid,” Clive said. “It seemed to be mostly water, mixed with various alchemical materials. There was also a lot of blood in it. The team estimated at least a dozen people died to produce it. The report described the substance as reminiscent of blood that refused to dry or clot and was extremely unnerving, even with the magic within it gone dormant.”

“The Adventure Society made their own investigation,” Jason said. “I was qualified to look at the report after I reached three stars. The Vane family had been preying on the towns in the region for years and passing it off as monster attacks.”

“I can’t believe they were really eating people,” Neil said. “I knew Landemere Vane. Not well, but I saw him at social events.”

“I knew him as well,” Clive said. “We shared the same magical specialty. I thought he was a genius, seeming to pluck these incredible innovations out of the air. Now we know he was getting them from the Builder cult all along. Such a waste.”

Clive shook his head in disgust. “All that knowledge from beyond our world and this is what he uses it for.”

Jason walked them through the events of that day, as best as he remembered them.

“This was the platform where they left me. They dropped Gary first because he was the heavy one. If you look over the edge, you’ll see the doorway on the other side of the room. I jumped off the edge of the platform and used my cloak to float down. All I had was that and my dark vision power. My intention had been to run like hell, and I almost did.”

“But you came back,” Humphrey said.

“To hear Gary tell it,” Jason said, “it was some brilliant scheme to lure off some of the cultists. The truth is, I really was running. But I was unconscious when I was brought to the chamber and had no idea what was at the end of that tunnel. I knew I would need help if I didn’t want to be recaptured ten minutes later. Also, I’d been whacked around the brain too many times. My judgement was compromised.”

They continued up the stairs.

“This is where Rufus had a sword fight with Landemere Vane’s sister. I don’t remember her name.”

“Alica,” Neil said.

“Sure,” Jason said. “Anyway, she had a sword but all Rufus had was this evil magic gardening trowel that I found at the Vane Estate. In the end he threw it to Gary who chucked it through Alica’s throat. It so quick and smooth, no one saw it coming.”

Jason looked thoughtfully at Henrietta.

“Actually, it’s what Henrietta’s been talking about this whole time. Knowing what your teammate will do and trusting them to do it.”

“Then perhaps you should take my instruction more seriously,” Henrietta said.

They went all the way to the top, the platform once holding the altar now empty. Jason walked up to the edge, and looked down with a sigh.

“The first time I ever deliberately killed a person was in this room. Landemere Vane was the first, back at the estate, but that just kind of happened when we were struggling over a knife.”

“These people would have killed you, too,” Humphrey said. “That’s the whole reason they brought you here.”

“I know,” Jason said. “I don’t regret the way it turned out. But this is the first place I ever decided to kill a person and then did it.”

He turned back and gave Sophie a sad smile.

“You probably think I’m a spoiled fool,” he said to her. “The life you’ve had, and here I am complaining about the things you probably did far younger.”

“You’re definitely a fool,” Sophie said, giving him a wry smile. “And yes, I had to make that decision younger than you. That doesn’t make it easy, though, whenever it happens.”

“It was bandits, for me,” Humphrey said. “I’d only just gotten my essences and was still training. I was out with my cousin, Ernest, who was looking through monster notices for something I could handle. We were on a hunt and came across this trade caravan fleeing from bandits. Their leader was

bronze-rank, so Ernest was tied up fighting him while I took the others. I knew my special attacks were powerful, and I'd seen what they could do in the mirage chamber, but it was different in real life. I mean, it wasn't, but it was. It's terrifying how easily people can die. That first bandit, when I hit her... it was like the top half of her just exploded, unrecognisable chunks raining down in the mud. It didn't even land on me; the power blasted it all away. I remember thinking it was odd that I stayed clean."

"It was bandits for me too," Clive said. "They raid the remote farms and ranches in the delta, sometimes. They didn't know my family had an adventurer son, or that he was visiting."

Clive's expression turned flinty.

"They found out," he said quietly.

The group made their way back down to the bottom of the chamber and Jason pointed out scorch marks, hard to spot against the dark stone.

"This is where we fought the sanguine horror," Jason said. "Farrah got her suppression collar off and blasted it to ash."

"Quite a way to begin your journey as an adventurer," Henrietta said.

"You know, I'm not sure I even knew what an adventurer was, the last time I was here," Jason said. "Rufus, Farrah and Gary only had a chance to start answering my many, many questions on the way back to the Vane Estate. It'll be interesting to see that place again."





## REGRETTING IT LATER

Jason looked around the skimmer as it sailed smoothly over the rocky ground. It was an unremarkable patch of desert, but the walk between the mountain with its hidden sacrifice chamber and the Vane Estate had been an important time for Jason. After he had entered this world, that walk had been his first chance to slow down and get some answers from someone who didn't want to eat him or throw him in an evil blood pit.

That was when he really met Rufus, with his solid dependability, and Gary, with his boisterous enthusiasm. Then there was Farrah. She was the one who made the team work, bringing Gary into line when it was time for business and loosening Rufus up when he caused unnecessary tension. Smarter than either, she could have easily led a team of her own. She was wise enough to recognise that she didn't want to. She left that to Rufus while she engaged in her own pursuits.

But Jason hadn't realised that at the time. He was still agape at the terrifying volcano powers she had used to annihilate the sanguine horror. He was only just getting to know the people who would be his first friends and mentors in his new world.

Returning to the place it had all started, the path he had taken weighed heavily on his mind. It was a path of violence from the very beginning, so different from the safe, prosperous life he had known before that. That first night he had spoken to

Rufus of his fears, of what a life of violence could turn him into. Rufus had not given him the reassurance he sought.

Instead, Rufus told Jason that he would have to choose between holding onto his innocence or seizing his own destiny. He promised that a life of adventure would give Jason the world, but it would come at a price. That price was safety and the inescapable stain of bloody hands. Looking back, Rufus's promise had been kept. Jason had money, power, influence. Precious friends and boon companions. But he had also faced danger, and been the danger faced by others. It could be considered a naiveté, but he wondered if violence and killing had become too easy.

The need for violence and the moral action was a harder thing to balance than he ever thought. He was proud of his growing capability, and largely of what he had done with it. But that pride also brought danger and regret. He'd gone along with everyone else to fight the Ustei tribe on their sand barge, and while they had certainly needed to be stopped, no more than a token effort had been put towards conciliation. That he didn't know how many people he killed that day was bad enough. That it had been for someone else's reasons made it all the worse.

He thought about the men he killed in the shopping arcade. For all that he told himself it was justified, he could have easily escaped without hurting anyone. In his most honest moments, Jason knew he didn't kill them in self-defence or through some need to send a message. Not any message worth sending, anyway. It had been pride. They had the temerity to challenge him and he had wanted—needed—to let everyone know that to come for him was to pay the price in blood.

Thadwick Mercer was, at the core, a creature of pride. It was what made him so easy to wound and what drove every mistake he made. In the Reaper trials, Jason had come face to face with his own dark future, with the place that his pride would take him, if he was not mindful of it. He could become too much like Thadwick.

That he had been more successful than Thadwick made people more accepting of his pride, but that was a trap.

Something that made his pride more insidious, more dangerous. He had dismissed the Adventure Society's need for him to make a humble gesture, thinking himself clever for turning it to his own purpose. He was coming to realise that he had a greater need to find some humility than he thought.

"Is that it?" Clive asked, next to him, as they crossed a rocky rise.

When Jason had first spotted the Vane Estate those months ago, it had been an incongruous stretch of green. Rufus had remarked on what a waste of resources it was to maintain a temperate springtime in the middle of the desert. From the yellows and browns that had replaced the green, that price was apparently no longer being paid.

"That's it," Jason said, double-checking his map. "It looks a bit worse for wear than the last time I was there."

"Stop the skimmer on the outside," Henrietta said, leaning forward to speak to Clive. "We don't think there'll be anyone in residence, but the Adventure Society wants us checking for a reason. Best not announce ourselves too loudly."

As they approached, they found wilting plants, withered bushes and half-barren trees, with their remaining leaves the brown, red and yellow of deep autumn. The grounds of Vane Estate had been an English country garden, held in a perpetual spring. As the energy maintaining the artificial climate depleted, that spring was passing through a deep autumn on the way to a sun-scorched, desert winter.

The pillars placed along the outside edge of the estate grounds still marked the border between the desert and the estate. Clive drew the skimmer up next to one. The team disembarked and stepped across the boundary. The air inside was still cooler than the desert, but hotter than what Jason remembered. Guided by Jason's map, they set off across the yellowing grass for the inner reaches of the sprawling estate.

"That's the hedge maze," Jason pointed out. The towering hedge walls looked thinner than he remembered, the pale green hedges a pale reflection of its previous, lush glory. "I came into this world somewhere in the middle of that."

“Is that what made that big hole?” Sophie asked, pointing.

There was a ragged arch in the hedges, mirrored in the hedges they could see through it.

“No, that was Gary,” Jason said. “He and Farrah sent their summons right through the middle of it. He said it was to sweep out any cultists, but I think it was mostly to annoy Anisa.”

“Anisa?” Henrietta asked.

“Priestess of Purity. She was temporarily attached to Rufus’s team. The church were the ones that sent them out here, which we think was all part of their game-playing. I have to imagine an alliance between them and the Builder cult is an uneasy one.”

“It seems dangerous for the cult to involve outsiders like that,” Belinda said. “Too much chance of exposure. Getting too impressed with the cleverness of your own plans is a sure way to mess them up.”

“The Builder cult apparently had their hearts set on this place,” Jason said. “I can see how the combination of isolation, space and comfort would appeal. The matriarch of the house didn’t like the Builders, though. Didn’t approve of her son being part of the wrong cult.”

“You seem to run into a lot of cultists,” Humphrey said.

“Oh, that’s nothing,” Jason said. “Back in my world they come to your door with pamphlets.”

He turned his gaze back to the hedge maze.

“I couldn’t tell you exactly where I appeared in there. My arrival didn’t seem to do any damage, and each place looks like every other in a maze. Which is the whole point, I guess.”

As they progressed through the estate, they saw more and more damage beyond that caused by the desert reclaiming the land. Someone had taken axe and flame to the place, breaking down outbuildings and torching gardens. When they reached the manor, they saw it had clearly taken the brunt of whatever ire had driven the vandals. Only sections of burned

and collapsed building still stood at the original height. Every section of wall intact enough to fit it had been painted with bright red graffiti, denouncing the inhabitants as blood drinkers and murderers.

“It seems word got out about the blood cult preying on the nearby towns and villages,” Humphrey said. “There isn’t much of a manor left to check out.”

“There were some fairly extensive cellars,” Jason said. “They may be intact.”

The team made their way into the gutted ruin of the manor house.

“Careful of the parts that haven’t collapsed yet,” Henrietta warned.

They quickly discovered that the floors had been burned through, dumping the charred remains of the house above into blackened piles in the expansive cellar space. Jason managed to find the entrance to the underground ritual room, but the tunnel was packed tight with debris.

“Should we dig it out?” Humphrey asked.

“No,” Henrietta said. “If we did it fast, what’s left of the house would collapse on us. If we went carefully, it would take too long and might collapse anyway.”

“There’s another entrance,” Jason said. “It’s bit of a crawl through a tight, wet tunnel. Which is at the bottom of a well. After that, though, it’s just a subterranean cave with a walkway and you’re there.”

“I don’t think we need to go that far,” Henrietta said.

“Perhaps we should be thorough,” Humphrey said.

“Agreed,” Jason said.

“Alright, we’ll compromise,” Henrietta said. “I’ll sweep my aura senses from above through that cave system. It should be between here and the centre of the maze, right?”

“I can put us right over it, using my map,” Jason said. “Maybe we should actually go down and take a look, though.”

“By crawling through a wet tunnel at the bottom of a well?” Neil said. “If there were still cultists here, then they would have killed the people who came to burn this place down. Or left, if it happened before they came back.”

“It does seem worthless as a place to hole up,” Clive said. “Without the manor, it’s just a place they’ve been known to use in the past. That makes it all threat and no value. Even if they came here, they would have moved on.”

“That does make sense,” Humphrey acknowledged.

“Still, I’ll do the aura sweep, just to be thorough,” Henrietta said. “We don’t want to go regretting it later.”



From within the edge of the estate grounds, Timos and Zato watched the skimmer disappear into the distance.

“Consider this a formal apology,” Zato said. “I thought your ideas were overwrought. Burning down the manor and moving everyone into the cave. Using so many of our resources setting up the aura suppression. You protected our final chance. Even if we killed them, more would come looking.”

“Our work here will take months,” Timos said. “I knew someone would come, eventually. I remained hidden in Greenstone for so long because I was more careful and more thorough than anyone believed I had reason to be. If the leadership hadn’t felt Thadwick was worth risking exposure, I’d be hidden there still.”

“You’ve made a believer out of me,” Zato said. “You’re in charge of keeping us secure. Whatever measures you think necessary, take them. So long as it doesn’t compromise the work.”



The team moved south from the Vane Estate, following the direction but not the path Jason had once taken to the Mistrun River. The direct route they had taken at that time had required most of a week on foot. The team anticipated taking about the same amount of time because of their zig-zag route that would visit all the local towns and villages, with all the time it would take to clear off their adventure boards. Miles out from the Vane estate, Jason was admonishing himself.

“I should have send Shade to scout the underground out,” he said. “I’m not used to having such handy familiar.”

“I apologise for not putting myself forward myself,” Shade said. “I did not wish to overstep my bounds at this early stage in our collaboration.”

“Oh, please overstep,” Jason said. “I’m pretty much just bumbling through this whole adventurer thing with no real idea of what I’m doing.”

“It’s true,” Neil confirmed. “He needs all the help he can get.”

“Thank you, Neil,” Jason said flatly.

“I mean, he’s genuinely bad at this.”

“You can stop helping any time, Neil.”

“Oh, it’s no trouble,” Neil said.



The skimmer garnered attention as it arrived in the North East Quarry Village Number Four. Such a magical conveyance was only ever used by adventurers or big shots coming to check out the quarry operations, so the villagers immediately knew that important visitors had come.

The village was situated in a ring around a lake fed by a channel that led from the nearby mountain that was the site of the quarries. A waterfall sprayed out of a hole in the mountainside, feeding the channel.

“I was sprayed out of the mountain by that waterfall,” Jason said, pointing it out.

“Why would you jump into that spray?” Sophie asked.

“I was up there taking a look when it turned off,” Jason said. “Me and another bloke were taking a look when it turned back on.”

“It’s fed by an aperture, right?” Henrietta asked.

“That’s right,” Jason said.

“There were a number of instances of the apertures being interrupted,” Clive said. “It was the whole reason the expedition was formed in the first place. That must have been one of the earliest incidents. What happened, exactly?”

“I was standing right next to the stream when it stopped,” Jason said. “The caretaker and I went for a closer look and a shab came through. It was my first iron-rank monster and it was a huge, horrifying crab-shark thing. I mean, I know they’re awkward and quite rubbish now, but they look terrifying. We killed it, and then the water turned back on. It threw me, the other guy and a bunch of extra shabs right off the side of the mountain. It was kind of awesome, actually. Most of the shabs died when they hit the ground, but a few survived by landing in the water, although they still took a good hit from that height. Rufus, Gary and Farrah were off chasing the guy that set them up for the blood cult, so me, the other guy and Colin finished the shabs off.”

Their arrival had been noticed, and the mayor was soon hurrying out to greet them.

“Jason? Jason Asano?”

“G’day, Greg,” Jason said, shaking the mayor’s hand.

He looked Jason up and down, taking in the dark combat robes, a sword on one hip and a dagger on the other, his bandolier full of throwing darts.

“Look at you, all intimidating,” Greg said. “Every inch the successful adventurer.”



“I wouldn’t rush to conclusions,” Jason said. “I’m the reason my team got stuck with punishment detail.”

“Yes, I do recall your friend mentioning you would be by soon enough. Are they doing well?”

Jason forcibly maintained the easy smile on his face as he recalled Farrah’s flippant remark.

“Let me introduce you to some new friends,” he said, giving Greg all their names.

“Geller?” Greg asked. “As in…”

“No, not those Gellers,” Jason said. “These two are from the other Geller family. Very big in the peat trade. As the saying goes, if you want to find a Geller, look in that disgusting peat bog. These are some of the first to go into adventuring. Not the actual first, though. It was a shame about the others. Such an undignified way to die.”

Henrietta watched Jason from under raised eyebrows as Neil shook his head. Humphrey took it in stride, also shaking the mayor’s hand. Greg led them into the village, along the ring road that circled the lake. They drew a lot of attention, some people coming up and greeting Jason by name.

“My daughter still has that spirit coin you gave her when you had her run from the monsters. She keeps it in a box like a treasure.”

Jason would share a few words with each villager before they let the intimidating cluster of adventurers move on.

“Dan,” Jason greeted one man. “We’ll have to get some of that grilled giant worm.”

“Not this time of year,” Dan said as he shook Jason’s hand. “We don’t take them during their breeding season. I can do you a steamed pockmark lizard, if you like.”

“Sounds terrible,” Jason said. “I’m in.”

“I don’t get it,” Neil said as they made their way to the adventure notice board. “You were here for what? A couple of days, half a year ago?”

“Three, I think,” Jason said. “Two and a half, maybe.”

“How do you know all these people?”

“You aristocrats are all about dignity and status,” Clive said. “We regular folk appreciate someone who doesn’t climb up on their high heidel. And say what you will about Jason, it’s clear that if he was ever on a high heidel, he fell off.”

“And landed on his head,” Neil muttered.

The team found the adventure board notices and Henrietta looked them over.

“There’s nothing impressive here,” she said. “If you like, Asano, you can stay here while the rest of us handle these and pick you up after. You seem to have some catching up to do.”

“That would be nice,” Jason said. “I can call in on an old friend.”

“Three days, six months ago,” Neil said again. “How do you have old friends?”

“The Magic Society have actually been looking into it,” Jason said. “It turns out that once you cross a certain charisma threshold, it starts warping reality around you.”

“Just to be clear,” Clive said to the others, “the Magic Society has not been doing that.”



Jason was sitting in the yard of Hiram, the caretaker of the local astral space aperture. They had been thrown off the mountain together and fought the monsters that emerged from it. His home faced onto the lake, where his granddaughter splashed about with some of the neighbours’ children.

“Things here have been just fine,” Hiram said. “I want to hear all about your exciting adventures.”

“I might have had a close call or two,” Jason said. “There was actually something of a contest for adventurers that...”

Jason trailed off as rainbow light started shining from the middle of the lake. He leapt out of the lounge, his stern gaze locked onto that light. It grew rapidly, to a size indicating a bronze, or possibly even silver manifestation.

“What is it with this village? Hiram, you need to evacuate. Everyone, the whole village. If you have some kind of shelter, put them in it. Otherwise, just get everyone as far away as you can.”

“How long before it finishes manifesting?” Hiram asked.

“If it’s bronze-rank,” Jason said, “maybe quarter of an hour. I can probably handle that, though. If it’s silver you have twice as long, but there won’t be anything I can do.”

Hiram nodded and headed for the children who had stopped playing and were looking at the beautiful rainbow vortex.



## SWAT

Jason extended his shadow arm to the roof of Hiram's house as his shadow cloak appeared around him. He reduced his weight and retracted the arm, pulling himself lightly onto the roof. He looked around the village and saw people scrambling to get their families and go. They knew what a monster manifestation meant and none of them had seen anything as large as the rainbow vortex now shining over the surface of the lake.

The rest of his team was out of voice communication range. They would be back some time in the next few hours, depending on how long it took them to chase down the monsters they were hunting.

Jason turned his grim gaze back to the vortex. It was definitely going to be silver rank. That would give the villagers more time, but it wouldn't be enough. There was no way to evacuate the whole village in half an hour, not with children and the elderly. Someone was going to have to buy them time and the only person on hand was him.

Jason had no illusions of defeating a silver-rank monster. He was confident against a bronze-ranked one, even a bronze-rank essence user, if they were of the mediocre variety that clung to Greenstone's lower rungs. A silver-ranked monster, though, was not something he could beat. Even with his powers to reduce the resistances of an enemy, his afflictions would spatter off anything silver-rank like rain off an umbrella.

Essence users advanced in a well-rounded manner, with all their attributes going up with rank. Even if they had no powers to boost them, every essence user would be faster and stronger than they were at the rank before. Monsters did not conform to that balance. Some were fast, some were strong; others were physically weak yet possessed potent magical powers. If he was going to accomplish anything more than get ignored or killed, Jason needed the silver rank monster to be big and slow.

If it was nice and lumbering, there was a good chance he could kite the monster away from the villagers. If it was fast, or had some strange powers, it might well kill Jason in just moments before rampaging through the fleeing villagers. Jason watched the rainbow light and waited, knowing that life or death for himself and hundreds of others was just a matter of fortune.

This was the third magic manifestation Jason had witnessed, after the awakening stone and the other silver rank monster in the city. Silver-rank monsters were rare in the low magic region, yet he had been close to two of them manifesting in a month. It was possible the monster surge was imminent after all.

He had been told that no two manifestations happened exactly the same way, although he was having trouble getting excited for it, with his mind dwelling on his likely imminent death. Eventually, the rainbow vortex started to shrink, coalescing into a sphere that grew brighter and brighter, until Jason had to shield his eyes against it. He could see the village washed in blue light, as if a cerulean sun had appeared over the lake. Then the light dimmed and he was able to look again. He watched the sphere of blue light drop into the water and vanish.

There was an odd stillness from Jason's perspective, although in the distance he could still see villagers scrambling to flee. The light show had done nothing to allay their fears. Around Jason, though, all was quiet.

The silent moment passed. A humungous plume of water erupted from the lake, geysering into the air like a bomb had

gone off in the depths. Waves rippled outward, rocking the boats tied up at jetties along the shore. Lake water fell like rain and Jason feared a repeat of what happened in the city with the small army of elementals.

Jason strained his aura senses at every pool and puddle that was forming, looking for manifesting elementals. The water seemed blessedly inert, aside from the single silver-rank aura bulging out from the centre of the lake. His eyes tracked to the very centre of the lake, where not all the water had fallen back down. Some had taken the form of an elemental, standing on the surface of the lake.

This elemental was unlike the formless blobs he had seen in the past. It resembled a statue, carved from water and filled with chunks of rock floating through its liquid body. It looked like a person, an armoured woman with greaves, breastplate, helmet, and even a shield in one hand. In the other was a long whip, trailing from her grip down to the lake. The whip was filled with what looked like razor-sharp stones along its length.

**Quest: [Evacuation]**

*The villagers of North East Quarry Village Number Four need time to get their people away from the monster that appeared in their midst. You are all that stands between them and a quick death.*

**Objective: Delay [Oasis Tyrant] until the villagers escape or help arrives.**

**Reward: [Amulet of the Dark Guardian].**

Jason let out a breath, realising that all the news was good. Normally an elemental was a bad matchup for him, but anything at silver-rank would be immune to his afflictions as an elemental anyway. Elementals of the water and earth variety were not known for speed, which was the province of wind and fire types. Most importantly, it was alone. It would be powerful, but all he had to do was distract the one monster for as long as the villagers took to get away.

If he could keep it from going after the villagers until they were gone, then that would be a win. If he could do it long enough for the others to get back, it would be a triumph. Henrietta was the only one who would have the power to fight the monster and even that would be no easy fight.

Jason called out Shade and Gordon. Colin would be most useful remaining in his bloodstream, healing the injuries Jason would inevitably be taking.

“Shade, I’ll be relying on you for movement. One of you stays with me, keep your other bodies where I can jump to them at need. The villagers are escaping to the north, so we’ll start by heading south. We’ll use the buildings ringing the lake for cover and slowly work our way around. By the time we reach where the villagers are now, they should be gone. Gordon, stick with me. When I shadow jump, catch up as quick as you can.”

Jason drew his sword and looked at the elemental. Despite not having eyes, it turned its head as if panning its gaze around the village.

“Gordon, grab its attention.”

Twin beams blasted out from the eyes orbiting the avatar of doom, signalling the start of the fight. The elemental, standing on the surface of the lake, turned its gaze from the village to home in on Gordon.

The elemental was a towering figure, three times the height of the house Jason was standing on. Just as he had hoped, its steps were slow and ponderous, even though it walked over the surface of the water as if it weighed nothing. Once it drew closer, however, Jason discovered he hadn’t gotten off as lightly as he believed. The elemental flicked its tree trunk-thick whip of water and razor rocks in Jason’s direction.

The elemental might have been slow, but the whip was not. Jason barely had time to leap off the roof before the whip smashed through the front wall of Hiram’s house. As it yanked the whip back again, the roof was torn in half, what was left collapsing into the interior.



Gordon had followed Jason from Hiram's rooftop to that of the next cottage by turning into a nebula cloud of blue and orange energy. In cloud form he made a rapid dash through the air before returning to his normal state. Jason was able to make such a huge leap to the next rooftop through the jumping magic on his boots. At that moment, he sent a silent blessing in the direction of the Bert brothers, Gilbert and Filbert, who had found them for him.

The fight between Jason and the elemental was not a fight at all. It was a cat-and-mouse game, a housekeeper swatting at a skittering bug. Gordon would emerge from between a pair of buildings and fire beams at the elemental. Jason would use that distraction to extend his shadow arm and land a blow with his sword, striking at the whip.

While the elemental used it as if it were a separate weapon, it was part of the elemental itself. It didn't really matter, since the sword was all but harmless. The goal was to hold the elemental's attention. After attacking, Jason would vanish into Shade before Shade himself flickered away like the shadow of a cloud.

The game was not an easy one. Because the whip was an animate part of the elemental, it was not bound by the motion of an actual whip. It lashed and flailed, snaked and sought in pursuit of its elusive prey. As Jason and Gordon hid amongst the trees and garden, homes and shops, the passage of the whip devastated them all. Cottages were smashed to rubble, trees slapped right out of the ground in the creature's attempt to swat down Jason and his familiars.

Jason ducked amongst the trees and buildings, sprinting, leaping, teleporting. It was close call after close call as the whip snaked around or smashed right through the obstructions he was using as cover. He was continually forced to find new ground to hide in as the monster smashed its way around the village in a circle. Jason realised that he was burning through village faster than the villagers could evacuate it. The contest was not just whether Jason could survive, but whether the villagers could evacuate while there was village to evacuate from.

From his first day of training, Gary had been hammering movement skills into Jason, and Sophie had taught him even more. She seemed to have a preternatural sense for motion, helping him incorporate each new power in efficient, innovative ways. All that training and practise demonstrated its value as he was pushed to the limit of his abilities and beyond.

In the crucible of action, Jason was pulling off wild stunts he had barely learned for the simple reason that he had to. He wasn't even sure he physiologically had adrenaline anymore, but it felt like his whole body was flush with it. He would leap up high, floating with his cloak as he tugged himself through the air by gripping a tree or building with his shadow arm. It allowed him to dodge the crashing whip as it tried to slap him into the ground.

He dashed wildly through the increasingly ruined village, retaliating only enough to make sure the elemental kept coming after him. The pinpricks of his sword weren't truly hurting it, but seemed to annoy and frustrate as it became more wild in thrashing the whip.

Gordon was a loyal companion, following Jason's wild rush through the ruins of the once-beautiful village. Gordon's normal form was not swift, so he spent more time in his rapid, nebulous cloud form than not. Meanwhile, Shade was constantly repositioning his bodies to give Jason places to teleport to.

One of Shade's bodies was the first casualty, left behind as Jason barely teleported through it in time. The whip did not have any inherent power to affect incorporeal objects, but the silver-rank monster was so infused with magic that it ripped apart the iron-rank familiar.

Gordon was the second casualty. His cloud dash was fast, but his reflexes were otherwise sluggish. He took one glancing hit, then a second, before a square blow slapped him into nothingness, his vessel dissipating entirely.

Jason increasingly felt the pressure. Losing one of the Shades hampered his mobility and he no longer had Gordon as

a secondary distraction. When he had the chance he glanced to the evacuating villagers. His fears were confirmed—he wasn't buying enough time. The village was being wrecked faster than they could vacate it, the destruction moving closer and closer to their evacuation point. Just as despair began to well up, he received blessed relief.

- Contact [Clive Standish] has entered communication range.
- Contact [Henrietta Geller] has entered communication range.
- Contact [Sophie Wexler] has entered communication range.
- Contact [Belinda Callahan] has entered communication range.
- Contact [Neil Davone] has entered communication range.
- Contact [Humphrey Geller] has entered communication range.

“HELP!” he screamed through the voice chat. “SILVER-RANK MONSTER!”

Henrietta's voice came back through the voice chat in a stream of expletives.

“She means we're on our way,” Humphrey said. “How long do you think you can hold out?”

“Frankly, I'm surprised I lasted this—” Jason said before cutting himself off to duck under a sweeping whip strike that shattered the wall behind him and showered him in debris.

“If you could hear extraneous sounds,” Jason said as he sprinted off, “you would have just heard a house collapse. Can't really talk.”

“Stay sharp and stay alive, Asano,” Henrietta said. “We're on our way.”

Renewed hope filled Jason with fresh determination. The villagers needed him to keep the monster away from them and he was running out of village, so he was forced to stay longer

in the already-wrecked sections where the cover wasn't as plentiful and the elemental could more easily track his movements. He took greater risks and more desperate chances. Finally, one of the increasingly close calls was too close. The whip found its mark.

It was little more than a glancing blow, but Jason felt like he'd been hit by a truck, his body skipping like a stone across the ground before crashing into a wall. Barely able to move, he reached down and took a vial from his potion belt. The enchantment on the belt protecting them from incidental damage was one of his oldest items and he silently thanked Gary for insisting he buy it. Thumbing the stopper from the vial, he tipped it down his throat.

**Item: [Lesser Miracle Potion] (iron rank, legendary)**

***Salvation in a bottle* (consumable, potion).**

**Effect: Fully restore health, mana and stamina. This potion is only effective on normal and iron-rank individuals. The magic of this potion lingers in the body longer than normal potions, preventing additional healing and recovery items from being effective for a longer period.**

Jason experienced a sensation unlike anything he had ever felt. Power, strength and vitality combined into a raging river, crashing through his body. It was performing at a packed-out arena, winning a grand final. It was being born while having an orgasm. He vaulted to his feet, ignoring the rents in his combat robes. The whip was coming in to finish the job, but Jason suddenly felt like he could beat the elemental single-handed.

Fortunately, that delusion passed quickly and he got out of the way of the whip. His shadow hand snaked out, much like the whip that was chasing him, to snatch up his dropped sword and continue the fight.

Over the course of the chase, Jason had landed many hits with his sword and built up considerable charges of extra force damage in the blade. He estimated it was more than any

previous encounter, yet the iron-rank weapon took no more than thumbnail-sized divots out of the silver-rank elemental.

Jason continued his mad dash, buying as much time as he could as his situation deteriorated. Shade's second body was destroyed, then his third. In Shade's absence he was conjuring and re-conjuring his cloak as he teleported through it to any shadow he could see. The reinvigorating effect of the potion was spent as he burned through stamina and mana both, riding more and more on the edge. Hiding had become a constant state of evasion, his body riddled with cuts from debris smashed into flying shards. He no longer had time to check on the villagers, or to slow down the destruction of their village.

The end came when he sensed a bundle of new auras approaching. He recognised his team and let out a weary laugh. That moment's distraction proved costly as the whip slammed into him. A stone shard within the whip tore across his torso as it sent him careening through the air. He was already unconscious when he hit a wall like a bug on a windshield.



## THE PURPOSE OF THE ADVENTURE SOCIETY

Jason returned to consciousness to find a small face looking down at him.

“GRANDPA!” she yelled at a brain-rattling volume. “He’s awake!”

“He’s also a little delicate,” Jason croaked as Hiram’s granddaughter skipped off to find her grandfather.

He brushed aside the waiting system messages for the moment to push himself into a sitting position and look around. He was in one of the cottages in the village from the looks of it, but not Hiram’s. That had been the first one destroyed under the whip that swept through the village like a wrecking ball. The bed he was lying on was in a small bedroom, with a large open window letting in pleasant fresh air.

As he was glancing around, Hiram entered the room, along with Humphrey and Neil. Neil pushed his way to the front and started examining Jason by pulling a crystal from his dimensional satchel and waving it over Jason.

Jason looked down as he did, spotting a scar running from his right hip to the middle of his torso on the other side. Neil spotted his gaze.

“Nothing I can do about that,” Neil said. “Soul scar. Physically, you’re fine, just very depleted. Don’t go trying to rush your recovery with stamina and mana potions, though. You’ve been asleep for four days, so take it slow.”

“Four days?”

“I’m not sure you realise how close to death you came,” Neil said. “We almost fed you a lesser miracle potion before I checked for potion toxicity and realised you were still getting over one. The state you were in, another one would have finished you off. If it weren’t for your outworlder body and that familiar inside you, I doubt you’d have lived long enough for my healing to take effect.”

“Thanks, Neil,” Jason said. “And thanks to you too, Colin. What about the monster?”

“Henrietta took care of it,” Humphrey said. “It wasn’t easy, though. She lost a couple of her familiars and had to resummon them after.”

“I did too,” Jason said. “I’ll need to get the materials, though. I only have the bronze-rank equivalents I bought for when I rank up.”

He swung his feet off the bed and held out a hand. Humphrey took it and helped him to his feet, supporting him when he staggered.

“Take it easy,” Neil said. “You’re still recovering from all that healing. We’re not going anywhere for at least another day while you recover. I’m guessing you’re hungry?”

“Yeah, now you say it.”

“Spirit coins, one every hour or so to replenish your reserves. No food for at least a day.”

“How flexible is the no food thing?”

“Not flexible at all,” Neil said. “Normally I’d tell you that if you want to mess up your recovery, that’s your business, but you’re part of this team. We have to rely on you, so get it right.”

Jason gave Neil a grateful smile.

“Alright, mate. The food stays stashed in my storage space for now.”

“You don’t have to go that far,” Neil said. “The rest of us can eat food while you watch and suck on a spirit coin.”



“Oh, that’s cold.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Tingly. Weak.”

Jason looked himself up and down. He was wearing only the silk boxer shorts he’d had on when he was knocked unconscious. The combat robes and underclothes were gone, as was the blood and sweat he was certain had stained them during the fight. Someone had clearly stripped him down and tipped some crystal wash over him.

“That’s normal,” Neil said. “As long as you keep eating spirit coins and focus on rest, you’ll be back to full strength in a day or two. I’d recommend using the time to meditate.”

Jason spotted his combat robe on a wall hanger, dangling from a peg. Like him, four days had been enough for it to recover as the self-repair magic restored it to pristine condition. Also like him, it had been cleaned.

“Thank you for what you did,” Hiram said as Jason took the robe and placed it into his inventory.

“Was it enough?” Jason asked. A dark mist appeared around his body, obscuring him for a moment before disappearing, revealing Jason changed into casual clothes. “Did everyone get away?”

“There was a lot of debris flying around, even at a distance,” Hiram said. “There were a lot of cuts and scrapes, but your team’s healer saw to everyone after he had you settled. Hard worker, that one. We did lose a pair of elderly people. Their family were out of the village and with everyone in a mad panic, no one checked on them.”

Jason hung his head. “I’m sorry, Hiram.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Hiram admonished. “Nothing at all. Do not even try and apologise after fighting a monster like that.”

“I wouldn’t call it a fight,” Jason said. “More like a mad scramble to not die.”

“You did better than anyone had any right to expect,” Humphrey said. “Not many iron-rankers would have even tried what you did.”

“You would have done it,” Jason said.

“I wouldn’t,” Neil volunteered. “I’d have run as fast as I could while complaining I didn’t have powers to run faster.”

“I get that,” Jason said with a chuckle. “That’s pretty much what I did.”

Jason took out an iron spirit coin and slipped it into his mouth. He grimaced at the ozone taste.

“Good boy,” Neil said and Jason groaned in complaint.

“Feel ready to go out?” Hiram asked. “There’s a lot of people waiting to thank you.”

“No thanks,” Jason said. “Let Belinda turn into me and they can thank her.”

“If you’re going to run around playing hero,” Neil said, “you’ll have to accept people treating you like one.”

“What Neil means is that the people here want to show you their gratitude,” Henrietta said, walking into the room. “Part of the job is to let them. They need to know that the Adventure Society will be there when they need it most. The purpose of the Adventure Society, after all, is to let people live, without living in fear.”

She glanced at her brother, then turned back to Jason.

“Our family has certain views on what makes a real adventurer,” she said. “A lot of adventurers get caught up in the money and power of what we do and put aside the responsibility. You’re a real adventurer, Asano, and let no one tell you differently. How are you, by the way?”

“He’s as well as can be expected,” Neil said. “He’s still a day or two from getting back on the road, though.”

“Can’t he rest sitting in the skimmer?” Henrietta asked.

“It would be better if he has the freedom to walk about a bit and the peace to meditate without the skimmer’s air intake

roaring behind him.”

“Alright,” Henrietta said. “Are you ready to go out and meet with people, Asano? You might as well get it over with.”

“No, I’d like a little time to gather myself. I’ll be out in a minute.”

The others shuffled out of the small room and Jason sat back on the bed, turning his attention to the system messages he had banished to the periphery of his vision.

**Quest: [Evacuation]**

**Objective complete: Delay [Oasis Tyrant] until the villagers escape or help arrives.**

**Quest complete.**

**100 [Silver Spirit Coins] have been added to your inventory.**

**1,000 [Bronze Spirit Coins] have been added to your inventory.**

**10,000 [Iron Spirit Coins] have been added to your inventory.**

**[Amulet of the Dark Guardian] has been added to your inventory.**

Jason took the item reward from his inventory. It hung on a chain made of intricate links of carved obsidian. The amulet itself depicted a replica of Jason’s personal crest, a cloak filled with daylight sky, surrounded by the night.

**Item: [Amulet of the Dark Guardian] (growth, iron rank, legendary)**

*A protective amulet with the power of a shadowy guardian (jewellery, necklace).*

**This item is bound to you and cannot be used by anyone else.**

**Effect: For each instance of an affliction applied to an enemy, gain an instance of [Guardian’s Blessing]. You may bestow all instances of**

**[Guardian's Blessing] upon another person by touch.**

**[Guardian's Blessing] (boon, holy): Instances are consumed to absorb damage from any source. Additional instances have a cumulative effect. For each instance consumed, gain an instance of [Blessing's Bounty].**

**[Blessing's Bounty] (heal-over-time, holy, stacking): Heal over time. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**Growth Conditions (bronze):**

**Bound user must be at least bronze rank.**

**100 bronze-rank barrier quintessence gems.**

**100 bronze-rank renewal quintessence gems.**

**100 bronze-rank balance quintessence gems.**

**100 bronze-rank malign quintessence gems.**

**1000 bronze rank spirit coins.**

**Ritual of bronze ascension.**

Jason clasped the chain behind his neck, slipping the amulet under his clothes.

“I think you and I are going to get along just fine.”

It did mean more materials he had to buy, however. He had blown most of his money on getting materials ready for bronze rank, plus the resources he had been literally pouring into the cloud flask. He had brought two sets of bronze-rank summoning materials for each of his familiars, in case their vessels were destroyed, but he hadn't expected it to happen while he was still iron rank. Replacing the materials to resummon Shade would be bearable, but even the iron rank materials for Gordon were onerous.

Fortunately, the quest had given him a monetary haul, which should put a dent in his costs. He also had the loot from the elemental. Neil had used his own looting power on it after Henrietta defeated it. The team decided that Jason and

Henrietta should split the loot, as both had expensive summoning rituals to perform as a direct result. Along with the spirit coins, Henrietta had laid claim to a magical bronze-rank whip made of water filled with razor-sharp stones. Jason received an epic-rarity discord essence.

He turned to the other system message.

**New Title: [Resolute]**

**The damage you suffered in your stand against a much more powerful enemy has marked your soul. Your resistance to the suppressive force of higher-ranked auras is increased.**

**Your aura signature has changed. Your unflinching resolve can be detected if your aura is examined by an aura sensing power or when projecting your aura.**

Jason unbuttoned his shirt and traced his fingers along the scar, from his right hip, across his abdomen and curving a little way around the left side of his torso. It was strange to see a scar that looked healed, yet he had only found there minutes before.

Once again, he had edged right up to death. The more his powers grew, the greater the dangers he faced. This time had been a greater escalation than he had been looking for, though. He thought back to those moments when he was waiting for the monster to manifest, unsure if he would live or die.

In the end, he was lucky with the monster that appeared. Too many times it had been luck that kept him alive. From the beginning, he had become an adventurer to seize control of his own fate. He had to get stronger, strong enough to face any challenge. He stood up, his face full of steely resolve. Then he got dizzy and sat down again, before getting up more slowly.



The waterfall sprayed out of the mountain, falling into the pool at the base, flowing into the channel that fed the lake around which the village was built. The force of the water sent it

tumbling through the air instead of washing down the cliff face, leaving a space under the waterfall at the base of the cliff. It was a favourite play area of the village children, jumping from the rocks into the pool. They were all strong swimmers, which was an oddity for children of the desert.

None of the children were present, however, most of the families having already left the village. Those still nearby weren't letting their children out of their sight. With only a handful of homes left, most of the villagers had already headed for the fortified town where the regional villages waited out monster surges. Jason had visited that town himself, once, where Rufus had introduced him to the adventuring boards.

The remaining villagers occupied the small cluster of intact buildings. Leaving a small bedroom to Jason alone was a grand accommodation, given the circumstances. They had never intended to stay the night, so Jason had not set up his cloud house before the fight.

Quarry operations would not be resuming until the village was once again in a state to support them. Those that stayed behind were the mayor, the quarry operations manager and the other town leaders who were planning out the reconstruction of the village. Their plans were very up in the air, however, with the uncertainty surrounding the overdue monster surge.

Jason's experiences made him more comfortable with people being annoyed, confused or both than with sincere displays of gratitude. He did a lot of smiling and handshaking, while in his head he was waiting for a shoe that never dropped. Eventually Henrietta rescued him, telling the people that he needed more rest. Hiram quietly suggested the spot by the mountain, knowing Jason was going to go off and meditate.

He sat alone on a wet rock, meditating as errant waterfall spray splashed him with pleasant coolness. He let his mind drift and the weariness of his body fade away. Periodically he would emerge from a trance state, slip a spirit coin into his mouth and then resume meditation.

System messages appeared periodically, which he ignored until he felt a wellspring of power building up, filling his chest

with an uncomfortable pressure. He coughed up phlegm speckled with blood, which splashed into the water. Blue grey light started to shine from within his body.

**Ability [Hand of the Reaper] (Dark) has reached Iron 2 (100%).**

**Ability [Hand of the Reaper] (Dark) has reached Iron 3 (00%).**

**All [Dark Essence] abilities have reached [Iron 3].**

**Linked attribute [Speed] has increased from [Iron 2] to [Iron 3].**

**Progress to bronze rank: 50% (4/4 essences complete).**

Many of Jason's most advanced abilities had finally seen real movement in the wake of the fight, including the Midnight Eyes power which, in spite of barely being used, was within grasping distance of becoming Jason's first bronze rank power.

The sun was going down and it was time to return to the village where he had set up the cloud house. Before he left, though, he opened up his character sheet to look at his progress.

## **Jason Asano**

### **Attributes**

[Power] (Blood): [Iron 7].

[Speed] (Dark): [Iron 3].

[Spirit] (Doom): [Iron 3].

[Recovery] (Sin): [Iron 7].

### **Essences (4/4)**

Dark [Speed] (5/5)

[Midnight Eyes] (special ability): [Iron 9] 99%.

[Cloak of Night] (special ability): [Iron 9] 12%.

[Path of Shadows] (special ability): [Iron 8] 41%.

[Hand of the Reaper] (special ability): [Iron 3] 00%.

[Shadow of the Reaper] (familiar): [Iron 3] 09%.

Blood [Power] (5/5)

[Blood Harvest] (spell): [Iron 7] 41%.

[Leech Bite] (special attack): [Iron 8] 14%.

[Feast of Blood] (spell): [Iron 7] 02%.

[Sanguine Horror] (familiar): [Iron 8] 89%.

[Haemorrhage] (spell): [Iron 8] 92%.

Sin [Recovery] (5/5)

[Punish] (special attack): [Iron 8] 45%.

[Feast of Absolution] (spell): [Iron 7] 63%.

[Sin Eater] (special ability): [Iron 7] 69%.

[Hegemony] (aura): [Iron 9] 18%.

[Castigate] (spell): [Iron 8] 21%.

Doom [Spirit] (5/5)

[Inexorable Doom] (spell): [Iron 8] 97%.

[Punition] (spell): [Iron 8] 24%.

[Blade of Doom] (spell): [Iron 8] 26%.

[Verdict] (spell): [Iron 6] 94%.

[Avatar of Doom] (familiar): [Iron 3] 12%.

He was now well and truly on the path to bronze. His newest powers hadn't been increasing much during training but the regular hunts as they travelled around, clearing adventure notices, had seen a surge. By the time they reached the heights of his older powers, it would probably take bronze-rank monsters to really push him over the line in anything like a timely fashion.

He got up and meandered back into the village, walking barefoot across the lush grass that grew alongside the channel, in defiance of the desert surrounds. He was struck again by the destruction visited upon the village. If the sudden preponderance of silver-rank monsters was any indication, he



would have all the monsters he needed to rank up in the very near future.



## ELVEN STORAGE SOLUTIONS

The cloud house had taken the form of a large two-storey building of desert stone. Jason found Clive and Belinda out front, working on the scattered collection of parts that used to be the skimmer. After getting Jason's cry for help over voice chat, Clive had used a quick and dirty ritual to overcharge the skimmer. It had brought them to village in the nick of time, but also taken a toll on the vehicle. While Jason recovered, he and Belinda had been trying to repair it using the random collection of materials he happened to have in his storage space.

"How's it going?" Jason asked.

"We've figured out something that should last us the rest of the trip," Clive said. "It'll put all the burden on the parts that are still good, though."

"Which means the skimmer will be well and truly done by the time we get to the river," Belinda added. "It might not even make it, depending on how much chasing around after monster notices we do."

"We'll have it ready to go in the morning," Clive said.

"Jason, have you seen Sophie, yet?" Belinda asked.

"Not since I woke up," Jason said. "Was she looking for me for something?"

"No," Belinda said. "Just do me a favour and don't be too... you when you see her."

"Too me?"

“Yes,” Belinda said. “You know what I’m talking about.”

“I don’t think he can help it,” Clive said.

“Don’t believe it,” Belinda said. “He might seem all over the place, but it’s a lot more deliberate than you think. I know a flim-flam man when I see one.”

Jason flashed her a grin and went inside the house.



The team looked at the dark hole leading into the earthen bank. It was hard to think of it as a burrow when they could have driven the skimmer into it with room to spare. Henrietta frowned at the dark opening, one of many they had spotted nearby.

“This one is dangerous,” she said. “Dark hunters. Bronze rank, they appear in large numbers and like to dig themselves a warren of dark tunnels.”

“I’ll go,” Jason said.

“I don’t think going in there alone is a good idea,” Henrietta said.

“Going with someone else would be more dangerous,” Jason said. “This is my kind of fight.”

A fight in the dark against powerful monsters was exactly what he needed to push his perception power over the edge. Humphrey and Clive, with their human advantage, had already reached bronze rank with their perception powers, gaining enhanced aura senses. Neil, who had been an essence user longer than Jason, had likewise reached bronze with his perception power. It gave him the ability to sense vulnerabilities in magical defences and detect injuries, both in allies and enemies.

“I’m not sure going into the dark all alone is a good strategy.”

“Going alone into the dark is my best strategy,” Jason said. “I’ve been practising fighting in various ways, this trip. Now

it's time to fight my way.”

Henrietta looked at Jason; the usual whimsy was absent from his expression. All that was there was confidence and determination.

“Very well,” she conceded. “I don't want you to hesitate to call on us if it goes wrong, though. We've come close enough to losing you already.”

Jason walked forward, his cloak manifesting around him. As he went into the tunnels, stars on his cloak floated into the air, turning pure darkness into dancing shadows. The rest of the team waited, with no indications of anything coming from the cave.

“Asano, are you alright?” Henrietta asked after a while.

“Yes,” Jason's voice came back. “It's about to begin.”

She concentrated on the hole in front of her, extending her aura senses.

“What is it?” Humphrey asked, seeing her focused gaze.

“Your aura senses are stronger now,” Henrietta told him. “Push them forward, into the caves.”

“You said dark hunters were good at concealing their auras,” Humphrey said.

“They are,” Henrietta said.

Humphrey did as he was told, concentrating his senses of the burrow entrance in front. Sophie and Clive did the same, using their own enhanced aura senses. It was hard to sense anything from within the warren, but they picked out an aura radiating fear and panic. It was coming closer, towards the burrow entrance directly in front of them.

A creature came stumbling out of the hole. It looked like a praying mantis the size of a Saint Bernard but with the stinger-tail and hard black exterior of a scorpion. It had lost a leg somewhere and was leaking dark fluids from beneath chitinous plates. From the darkness behind it came a cold voice.

*“Mine is the judgement, and the judgement is death.”*

Light shone down on the monster from nowhere, a glorious mix of silver, blue and gold. The beauty of it was belied by the effects of the transcendent energy that rapidly evaporated the monster into rainbow smoke. Jason didn't emerge from the hole. Only the team members with bronze-rank aura senses caught a glimpse of his aura in the moment the spell was cast.

They spotted more monsters emerging from the other holes around them, evacuating their underground warren. The creatures ignored the adventurers as they skittered away as fast as their legs would carry them. Each radiated an aura steeped in the same fear and panic as the first.

“That's odd,” Henrietta said, frowning at the fleeing monsters.

“What is?” Humphrey asked.

“They're called dark hunters for a reason,” Henrietta said. “I've never heard of them escaping into sunlight before.”

Some of the monsters were faster than others, who were clearly impaired. The most damaged started dropping dead shortly after making the surface, while the others grew more and more sluggish over time until they too collapsed to the ground. Jason's exit from the warren was presaged by floating lights that returned to their place on his cloak as he emerged into the light.

He started making his way around the dead monsters, using his blood harvest power on all the bodies before looting them. He didn't need to refresh his mana any more after the first couple of monsters, but kept doing it to level his ability. Finally completing his rounds, he returned to the group as if he'd been out for a stroll, nodding at the skimmer.

“Shall we?”



It finally happened as Jason meditated on the roof of the cloud house that night. It began with a burning sensation behind the eyes, which became a sharp, twisting pain until it suddenly stopped.

**Ability [Midnight Eyes] (Dark) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Midnight Eyes] (Dark) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Midnight Eyes] (Dark) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability: [Midnight Eyes] (Dark)**

**Special ability (perception).**

**Base cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): See through darkness.**

**Effect (bronze): Sense magic.**

**Ability [Midnight Eyes] (Dark) cannot advance further until all attributes have reached bronze rank.**

Jason's vision swam and he was struck with potent vertigo. He rolled forward from his meditative pose, onto to all fours for stability. The world felt like it was tipping and turning around him.

Jason's senses were filled with strange new stimuli. He could smell something strange on the air, carrying a faint ozone tang like the aftertaste of a spirit coin. He could feel his necklace and amulet, like electricity against his skin but not at all painful. He took it out of his shirt and it visibly shimmered with power. The much weaker magic woven into his everyday clothes was milder, but still visible.

He pushed himself back into a sitting position as the dizziness became manageable. Around him, even the ambient magic in the air had become perceptible. It wasn't just his sight, either. He could feel the magic like a breeze on his skin, smell and taste it in the air. Actual magic objects like his amulet and boots had what looked like a shimmering heat

mirage on them. He conjured his cloak and dagger and was able to see the mana emerge from his body like a blue mist before coalescing into the conjured objects. They were similar to his magical items under his new senses but still noticeably different.

The cloud house underneath him was a vast well of magic, although his perception couldn't penetrate beyond the exterior. He carefully pushed himself up on his feet, still a little unsteady. His vision was swimming, like he was looking at the world through a fishbowl. He stood in place and focused on regaining his equilibrium.

Eventually his sense of balance settled. His eyesight got under control and he took stock of just how differently he was perceiving the world. He could sense subtle shifts in the ambient magic around him but it was all too new to make any sense out of it. He would need time to become acclimatised to all the new sensory input.

Once he was sure of his balance, he made his way to the edge of the roof. The cloud house was once again in the form of a two-storey building of desert stone, the rooftop giving him a broad view of the desert vista. He dropped lightly off the side, his cloak allowing him to drift gently down.

He could feel the conjured object like it was part of him as he fed it the extra mana to reduce his weight. His new senses, however, suggested it was not his weight that was being changed as he sensed it affect not him, but a field around him. It explained how he was able to share the cloak's power with others and he wondered if the actual functionality was to somehow affect gravity.

He alighted on the ground next to Sophie, who was just coming out of the building.

"Are you alright?" she asked. "I could sense your aura up on the roof and it was all over the place. You aren't normally that sloppy."

"I finally had that bronze breakthrough," he said. "Probably not a big deal for the person who got their first power to bronze years ago. So, are you talking to me again



now? Counting when I was unconscious, this is the first thing you've said to me in a week.”

She shifted her gaze, not meeting his eyes. It was a stark contrast from her normal mode of glaring at the world like it owed her money.

“It's kind of obvious that you're giving someone the silent treatment when you're riding around the desert together in a half broken-down skimmer,” he said.

“I'm not avoiding you,” she denied.

“That might have sounded more plausible if you weren't avoiding eye contact right in front of me when you said it.”

She lifted her head to stare defiantly at him but he spotted the vulnerability behind her eyes. He gave her his best reassuring smile.

“How about you tell me what the issue is and we'll see what we can do?”

She frowned hesitantly and he watched her body language draw back.

“They told you that you were almost fed a potion that would have killed you, right?” she asked, voice muted and reluctant.

“It rings a bell,” Jason said. “I'd just came out of a four-day healing coma, so my retention rate wasn't ideal.”

“They didn't tell you it was me, though, did they?” she asked. “I was the one who rushed ahead. If your voice chat wasn't still up, if Neil hadn't realised what I was doing and called out for me to stop...”

Jason blinked a couple of times, then let out a chuckle.

“I almost killed you and you think it's funny?”

“It is now,” Jason said. “If you'd actually killed me I imagine I'd view it differently. You rushed to my side, you say?”

“Rushed might be a strong word,” she back-pedalled. “I suppose you could call it a brisk pace.”

He grinned and laughed again.

“I think some humanity is started to show under that stony façade, Wexler. Celestinity? Is that a word? Look, I’ll take a reckless desire to help over cold indifference any day. Well, not any day. I can think of some scenarios where... it doesn’t matter. The point is, I’m glad you rushed to save me. Yes, it didn’t go as planned, but you learned for next time. Instead of taking a potion, pick up Neil and carry him.”

“What was that?” Neil’s voice came from inside. He wandered out of the building to join the pair.

“Nothing, Neil,” Jason called back. “We’re just discussing strategies to render healing assistance when someone has already taken a potion.”

“Oh, alright,” Neil said, then clearly realised what must have prompted the situation as an awkward expression crossed his face. “Uh...”

“You can go, Neil,” Jason said.

“Thank you,” Neil said quickly and ducked back inside.

“Oh, Neil,” Jason called after him.

“Yeah?” Neil’s voice drifted back out.

“Is there any chance you could stitch handles into your clothes?”

“Handles?”

Sophie stifled a snort of laughter.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “One somewhere on the upper torso, maybe under one arm, and the other on the thigh. That should be a good balance.”

“Asano,” Neil said, “I have no idea what you’re up to, but the answer is no.”

“Probably for the best,” Jason confided quietly in Sophie. “I think some kind of ruck-sack situation would be better. You’ll be able to run faster with him slung over your back. One of those child-carrier backpacks, but sized for a super-ripped elf. No, you don’t want to carry that lot around. Do you

have occy straps here? Never mind, Belinda can probably knock some out with that power she has for creating regular items. Do you know where she is?”

“Alright, seriously,” Neil said, coming back outside. “What are you two talking about?”

“We’re trying to find Belinda,” Jason said innocently. “You haven’t seen her, have you?”



## DISBANDED

The criminal culture in Greenstone was in a state of extreme flux. The Builder cult purge had turned over every rock in Old City, exposing many criminal enterprises. That the cult had attached themselves to many such clandestine operations only made things worse. Old City's criminal leadership thrived on being ignored by the Island, but now the powerful Island factions had placed their attention aggressively on Old City.

For the crime lords known as the big three, the purge had brought about very different results. Adris Dorgan was on the rise in the wake of his daughter being revealed as Director of the Adventure Society. When she came through the subsequent inquiry still holding her position, Dorgan's place in the city hierarchy was solidified.

He gained a powerful shield against pressure from the ruling elite. There were also rumours that he was heavily involved in the more secretive elements of investigating the Builder cult's activities, obtaining powerful concessions for his trouble. Whatever the truth, his operations had somehow come out of the purge stronger than before.

Clarissa Ventress had been extremely quiet, even before the purge. In the summer she had been pushing into Cole Silva's territory, trying to snatch away as much of it as she could. The goal had been to capitalise on the chaos following the old patriarch's death but Ventress had suddenly halted all such efforts overnight.

Rumours abounded as to the reason, but Ventress and her organisation quietly managed their existing affairs until just over a week ago, when word spread that Ventress was dead. The circumstances of her demise were being closely contained by her people, with her former bodyguard, the leonid Darnell, stepping into her position.

The change in leadership seemed to have been completed without too much contention but the air of uncertainty remained, becoming a pall dangling over their operations. Despite the relatively smooth transition, Darnell's power was extremely unstable, especially coming in the wake of the purge. The unease spread through his territory and his people, making them vulnerable to outside forces. Oddly, Adris Dorgan had made no move to exploit this weakness and expand, despite his own solid position. Instead, it was Cole Silva who seized the opportunity.

Silva had experienced similar problems after seizing the reins his father had left behind and was still in the process of consolidating power. Many in his own organisation were unhappy with the changes he was making to how they operated and much of the old leadership were in the extended process of being pushed out.

The purge had hit Silva's operations hard. Cole had finally brought things under control by making sweeping changes. The old guard were excised and new avenues of operation were established. Unlike his father, Cole had pursued his ambitions with no concern for whom he worked with or what they worked on.

Interests his father had always avoided were suddenly on the table, bringing in new sources of revenue and control. The lucrative nature of the new operations was the factor that allowed him to finally unite the organisation fully behind him.

Silva's lax approach to choosing partners to operate with allowed a number of Builder cult operations to embed themselves within his organisation. As a result, many of his rackets had been scoured by forces of the Duke, the Adventure Society and even a coalition of noble families, spearheaded by the Mercers.

Despite this, Silva was taking the chance to grab as much of the territory Clarissa Ventress once controlled as he could. It left him juggling a lot of balls at once and a personal project had been put aside. He had been willing to let one of those projects hibernate as the object of his attentions had left the city for an extended period. Now Silva had information that Asano was due to return, and he was taking time from his territorial ambitions to set new events into motion.

Silva left his office in the Fortress, gesturing at his bronze-ranker bodyguard to follow. Silva himself was a bronze-ranker but he had nothing in the way of combat skills. His taste in violence was to enact it upon those too powerless to fight back. He had raised his rank purely through the consumption of monster cores. His bodyguard was one of five other bronze-rankers currently in his employ, the most powerful and valuable members of his organisation.

The Fortress was neutral ground for the Big Three, each controlling their own sections. Silva made his way to an elevating platform that only he and his most trusted men could access. They descended into the bowels of the building, deep into the underground vaults built centuries ago to shield the citizens at the time from monsters.

Killian Laurent was waiting for him in a luxurious subterranean lounge Silva used for his most clandestine meetings. His father had the room set out in subdued décor, but Silva had redecorated, marking the organisation's most private sanctum as his own. On the walls, wood panelling had been painted black while the thick new carpet was a brazen red. The simple and elegant furniture his father had favoured was replaced with plush satin chairs and loungers. The simple recessed glow stone in the ceiling had been replaced with a resplendent chandelier. In place of the restrained, old art works that had adorned walls were bold images of sex, violence and power.

“Mr Silva,” Laurent greeted. The pallid elf got up from where he had been perched on the edge of a chair, waiting. “If you are ready, I will bring our first guest.”

“Why wasn't he already waiting here?” Silva asked.

“With respect, Mr Silva, this is a man you wait on, not a man who waits on you.”

Silva’s face grimaced with anger but he gave a curt nod and Killian departed through another door from the one Silva had used. Silva had become increasingly intolerant of anyone who challenged his power as he scraped his father’s old guard from the top of the organisation. Silver-rankers were not to be trifled with, however. There were rumours that one of his guests had been dealing with Clarissa Ventress and had ultimately been the object of her demise.

Silva crashed into one of the soft armchairs, gesturing for his bodyguard to fix him a drink. The drinks cabinet was one of the few things in the room that had remained from his father’s tenure.

“Bring the bottle, then wait outside.”

By the time Killian returned he was three drinks in, the spirits fuelling the perpetually burning furnace of rage and resentment inside him. The man Killian returned with was fully obscured under a robe. Silva’s aura senses stopped dead when they met it, suggesting silver-rank concealment magic.

“I usually like to know who I’m dealing with,” Silva said.

“Our guest is a man who greatly values his anonymity,” Killian said.

“You may call me Mr Sparrow,” the hooded figure said. There was a slight reverb to his voice, indicating voice-disguising magic. “You have my thanks for the accommodations you have made. The arrangements have been very satisfactory.”

“Please, sit,” Killian said, although he remained standing as Silva and Mr Sparrow sat down.

“I understand you are looking to have someone taken quickly and quietly,” Mr Sparrow said.

“That’s right,” Silva said. “I want him placed in my possession, but it must be done in utmost secrecy. He’s known to be slippery, resourceful and elusive, so I need someone who



can strike quickly and definitively. I am told this is an area of specialty for you.”

“It is,” Sparrow said. “Utmost secrecy is my preferred method of conducting my affairs, so I believe we should be able to reach a mutually satisfactory arrangement. Who is the person you want taken?”

“An iron rank adventurer,” Silva said. “Jason Asano.”

Sparrow sat up straight in his chair.

“I’ve heard of this Asano; you make a difficult request. He has powerful friends that will come looking for him.”

“They won’t find him,” Killian said with confidence. “We have established a secure and isolated location and Asano himself has an ability that prevents him from being tracked. So long as he is taken cleanly, then he cannot be traced using his Adventure Society badge.”

“That’s an easy claim to make,” Sparrow said, “but harder to verify. I have no interest in being hunted down by gold-rankers because your information was bad.”

Killian looked to Silva, who nodded.

“We have another guest who can allay your suspicions,” Killian said. “I shall go bring him in.”

“I’m not accustomed to waiting on others,” Sparrow said, a twang of annoyance getting through the voice masking magic.

“My apologies, sir,” Killian said, “but for this man, you do.”

Silva smirked at Sparrow being told the same thing he had been earlier. Killian left the room and Silva poured himself another drink, not bothering to offer one to Sparrow. The pair sat in silence, Sparrow seemingly impassive under the dark hood as Silva stewed in the feeling of not being the most powerful man in the room.

That feeling reminded Silva unpleasantly of the time before his father died. His father’s chief people would look at him with disrespect, spreading rumours that the old man would not pass the mantle to his son. Sophie Wexler was

meant to have been the symbol of him seizing power; the woman his father had always shielded from him, finally in his grasp. Instead, she had become a symbol of his impotence, flaunting herself in front of her new high society friends.

Her Adventure Society membership had placed her truly out of his reach. If an adventurer went looking for trouble in the criminal underworld and found a knife in his gut, the Adventure Society would pass it off as self-inflicted damage. If the criminal underworld went looking for adventurers, though, the Adventure Society would crash down on them like a tsunami. It meant that even if they used, killed and dumped Wexler's body quickly, there would be too many threads leading back to him.

Instead, he would have to make do with Asano, the man who had intervened to deny her to anyone. The inability to track Asano gave them an opportunity that they would not have with other adventurers. It was still dangerous, which is why he had been hesitant when his second guest had suggested it. That guest was being led into the room by an obsequious Killian, Silva and Sparrow both rising from their seats at the new arrival.

"Lucian Lamprey," Sparrow said, his modulator failing to hide the surprise in his voice.

Lamprey looked at the hooded figure and a smirk crossed his face.

"Hello, Lawrence," Lamprey said. "Do say hello to your sister for me."

Sparrow flinched but didn't respond to Lamprey's jibe.

"What's your interest in this?" Sparrow asked instead.

"The boy has aggravated me," Lamprey said. "Anyone with eyes can see that he's the kind of vermin you need to squash before it grows too large to deal with."

Sparrow turned to Silva.

"What do you need me for, if you already have a silver-ranker?" Sparrow asked.

“Because when Asano vanishes and is never seen again, it won’t be too long before someone asks me where I was at the time. I’m going to make sure I’m visible enough that I can round up people like cattle to give me an alibi. Also, he has some kind of communication power. I can take him down, but not before he gets word out. We need someone who can take him down clean before he knows what hit him. That’s your specialty.”

“You’re certain he can’t be traced?”

“Completely,” Lamprey said. “The problem with these low-rankers with the power to avoid tracking is that any kind of magic strong enough to punch through it burns out the aura imprint it’s trying to track. By the time they get strong enough for the powers to work, the little pricks are strong enough that then their power shields them from it. The Magic Society has been trying to solve the problem for years so they can track Adventure Society badges better. That same annoyance, though, gives us an opportunity to take Asano that we wouldn’t have with another adventurer. Otherwise, we’d take the girl.”

“You seem confident,” Sparrow said.

“Yes,” Lamprey said. “You don’t have to worry about anyone finding anything at the scene. Even if you’re sloppy enough that people find out where you took him from, the Magic Society won’t find anything useful, I’ll see to that.”

Sparrow started pacing back and forth.

“If I’m going to do this,” he said, “Asano can never see the light of day again. He has to be dead and buried.”

“Forget buried,” Silva said gleefully. “He’s going to be dead and scattered across the delta in tiny pieces for wildlife to eat. Eventually, anyway. Once there isn’t enough flesh left on him to feel pain.”

“You are going to do this,” Lamprey told Sparrow. “You knew that from the moment you saw me walk through the door, Lawrence. All that’s left is to haggle the price.”

“The price has been paid to my satisfaction,” Sparrow said.

“And what is Silva paying you?” Lamprey asked. “Actually, don’t tell me. Your predilections are appalling even to me, and that’s saying something.”

“Asano is already overdue to return to the city,” Killian said. “He could be back at any time now.”

“He was caught up in a silver-rank manifestation,” Lamprey said.

“Another one?” Killian said, frowning. “If the monster surge is starting, that will complicate the site we’ve set up to hold Asano in.”

“It isn’t the monster surge,” Lamprey said. “These manifestations are just precursor signs. It could be months before the surge hits in full force.”

“Then we act?” Silva asked.

“Yes,” Lamprey said.

“Then I will need details,” Sparrow said. “Everything you have on Asano, and where you want me to bring him.”

Killian gave an unctuous smile.

“I have everything you need.”



Pantero’s Bakery in the Cavendish district of Old City was always busy. For Jason, however, both a regular customer and a young adventurer on the rise, service always came quick.

“You bought a lot today, Mr Asano.”

“My team just got back into town, Mrs Pantero. We’re having bit of a celebration.”



“How long does it take to visit a bakery?” Sophie complained, then shook her head. “Look who I’m talking about. I once saw him go through half a cart of apples looking for the perfect

ones for a pie. They're pie apples. They don't have to be that good."

The team was lounging on the deck of the cloud houseboat, returned to its spot at the marina in Greenstone. Jory had joined them; he had spotted them passing the clinic just as he was closing up for the day. He was now nestled next to Belinda, the pair sharing a large cloud chair.

"He is taking a while," Henrietta agreed.

"I bet he spotted some new food in the window of a shop," Jory said. "I've learned better than to walk down certain streets with him. If he sees something new to eat, you're lucky if he just buys it instead of finding his way to the kitchen."

"Oh, gods, yes," Clive said with a laugh. "I showed him this dumpling soup place once—you know the one, Humphrey—and Jason got a job there for about a week. Jory, you're lucky he hasn't suborned your alchemy lab for some grand cooking experiment."

"Has the alchemy association been hounding you about the miracle potion recipe?" Neil asked him.

On their return, Jory had gifted the team with the first batch of lesser miracle potions his alchemy facility produced. It was a thank you for Jason giving him the funding to build the facility in the first place.

"They've been restricting themselves to fairly blatant hints that they'd like the formula," Jory said. "Now that I have the church of the Healer backing me, they aren't pushing. I suspect if the Healer hadn't made the clinic sanctified ground, they would have broken in to steal it by now."

Suddenly the whole team went deathly still.

"What is it?" Jory asked.

- Party leader [Jason Asano] has had his magical abilities suppressed.
- Ability [Party Interface] has been negated.
- Your party has been disbanded.



## THE MAN BEHIND THE MOUTH

The room was almost entirely bare of features, a dark stone box with no windows. There was a heavy steel door, a recessed glow stone in the ceiling and a metal chain staked into the hard floor. The other end of the chain was affixed to a power suppression collar around the neck of a naked body. Jason was chained up and unconscious, lying on the hard stone.

On the other side of the door were Killian Laurent and the cloaked figure of Mr Sparrow. They stood in another stone room, although this one was largely stacked with crates.

“You are confident you got away clean?” Killian asked.

“Short of a gold-ranker specialised in stealth and tracking having followed, then yes.”

“You have our gratitude, Mr Sparrow,” Killian said. “You will find your usual arrangements waiting at the usual place, but I have also arranged a little bonus I am confident you will find tantalising.”

“Then my part in this is done and I wash my hands of it,” Sparrow said. “You would be well-advised to not bring this matter up again, Laurent. You would be even better advised to make sure no one else brings up my participation in it.”

“I shall keep your advice in mind,” Killian said. “I believe you know that my discretion can be relied upon, Mr Sparrow.”

Sparrow’s hooded head nodded, then he stepped into a shadow and disappeared. With Sparrow gone, Laurent left the

room. The building was nothing more than those two rooms, located right where the delta met the desert.

It had once been one of the way stations the Magic Society used to transfer spirit coin shipments from the farms. Disused for a number of years, the small outpost was both secure and isolated. It had been abandoned decades ago as more coin farms went into operation, changing the transport routes and requiring larger facilities. It had a paved area where shipments were transferred, the once-level pavers now shifted and uneven.

There was a second, smaller building that had been the security station, with large, reflective windows. The alchemically treated glass both helped keep the interior cool and prevented those outside from seeing in.

Inside the security building were three people, including another of the precious few bronze-rankers in Silva's organisation. Silva was intent on keeping the location secure and had hand-picked the three to manage the site. The bronze-ranker came out to meet Killian.

"Mr Laurent," the man said respectfully. Of the bronze rankers under Silva, Killian was the unquestionable leader. "Thank you for refreshing the cooling magic on the security building."

"Of course, Remi," Killian said. "Mr Silva puts a great deal of value and trust in you. How are your people?"

"Coburn is solid. Not what you'd call a deep thinker, but he knows when to keep his ears open and mouth shut. The other one, Jerrick, has some real potential; I've worked with him before. I was surprised to see him selected for this, though. He's only been in the organisation a few months."

"Mr Silva prefers the newer people he recruited himself after clearing out his father's old mainstays," Killian said. "Those who have taken pains to demonstrate their loyalty are his most valued people. Otherwise, he prefers the people he has recruited and cultivated himself. It avoids any issues with nostalgic loyalties."



Remi nodded. “The old man had too many scruples, leaving money on the table all over. Mr Silva isn’t caught up in old ways of thinking.”

“Just so,” Killian said. “Jerrick has a history with our guest. Asano is responsible for his being struck off the Adventure Society rolls, as well as ruining the man’s relationship with the nobleman he was working for.”

Remi frowned. “I don’t like personal connections. It stops people from doing their job properly.”

“I am not unsympathetic, Remi, but Mr Silva felt that Jerrick would share his passion for seeing that Asano gets what is coming to him.”

“He’s the boss,” Remi said. “If he wants it, he gets it.”

Killian smiled with his thin, pale lips.

“That’s an attitude that will take you far, Remi. I am leaving now, to bring Mr Silva. Remember that we want to maintain the illusion of this location’s abandonment.”

“We’ll stay in the building and out of sight.”

“Check on our guest every hour,” Killian said. “Once he’s awake, give him a spirit coin to eat. Mr Silva wants him strong and healthy enough to survive what we have planned.”



The ache in Jason’s body as he regained consciousness paled in comparison to the pain digging into his brain like a railroad spike. It was an unpleasantly nostalgic feeling, taking him back to his first hours in this world when he had been knocked out multiple times in quick succession. Only a few potions and a dose of healing magic staved off a lethal brain haemorrhage at the time.

His first thought was to open his inventory and grab a potion, but his inventory window appeared only in a haze of static before blinking out again. He tried to bring up other interface windows, but received the same result. Muscles

protesting, he pushed himself to a sitting position and fumbled at his neck, finding a thick iron choker. He had never worn a suppression collar but had used them on others. It was obvious that this was the source of his power problem.

He could still feel Colin inside his blood, but the connection to him that Jason normally experienced seemed strangely obstructed. He could tell that trying to bring out his familiar wouldn't work and the attempt might have a painful backlash. On the bright side, Colin's power to heal him was still in effect. He could already feel the aches in his body clearing up and the fuzziness in his head fading away.

Jason took stock of his situation. His clothes were gone, although most of his adventuring gear was safely stashed in his inventory. The only important item missing was his new amulet. He sat cross-legged as he looked around.

He was in a room of desert stone. It was warm rather than cold, not too unpleasant to sit on. The sun-warmed brick meant that he probably wasn't underground, despite the lack of windows.

The chain linking him to the floor wasn't long enough for him to stand, only sit or kneel. Even leaning too far forward caused it to tug at his neck in a choking grip. The rest of the room had little to offer, just a heavy metal door and a glow stone in the ceiling.

Jason had no idea who had come after him, remembering nothing but a dark shape erupting out of an alley. It may have been a bronze-ranker, although a silver was more likely. He had a high-enough opinion of his own powers to think that even a bronze-ranker would have trouble so thoroughly blindsiding him with darkness and stealth.

His circumstances weren't great, but not completely hopeless, either. If whoever had taken him wanted him dead, then he would already be. He didn't expect his near future to be pleasant, however. Colin's healing power would likely be very useful.

*If you can hear me in there, Colin, stop the healing until I say so. If they don't know you can still help me, you can be my*

*secret weapon for what comes next.*

Although the connection was dimmed, Jason got a sense of assent from his familiar.

With no other options, Jason sat and meditated. A while later, Jason sensed the approach of a bronze-rank aura, meaning at least his aura senses remained intact. The person came into the room and Jason opened his eyes.

“You’ve got a henchman look about you,” Jason said. “I don’t suppose I could seduce you and secretly pocket the keys to this collar? Well, I say pocket.”

He indicated his naked body.

“It’s a figure of speech, obviously.”

The stony-faced man tossed a spirit coin at Jason, who caught it out of the air. “Eat. The boss wants you healthy for what he’s got planned.”

“I’m guessing it’s not a charity fun run. So, who’s the boss? If Tony Danza walks in here, I’m going to lose it.”

The man gave a confused frown and left without answering. Jason wondered how long he would be able to keep up the banter before whatever was coming took its toll. He examined the coin, but his interface again gave a fuzz of static and vanished without giving him any information. It seemed like an ordinary spirit coin; the crystalline object was a dull iron colour.

It seemed unlikely to be some kind of trap. In his current situation they didn’t need subterfuge to make him ingest poison or some tainted object. Keeping his strength up was an obviously good idea, but he ultimately tossed the coin into the corner. In his studies of magic, Jason had learned there were certain kinds of magic, usually involving the soul, that required willing participation. Without it, the soul was largely inviolable, even to the most potent magical forces. He wasn’t willing to take the chance that eating the coin was the acceptance of some magical end user licence agreement.

It was some time before the door opened again to admit two people. One was dressed in the kind of expensive style

that made sure everyone knew how much their clothes cost. The cut seemed familiar and Jason suspected the man used the same tailor as Thadwick Mercer.

The man in the fancy clothes looked young. That was hardly an achievement, given the bronze-rank aura, but there was also an immaturity to his snide expression. Jason had known enough high-rankers to recognise a level of easy confidence and equanimity in those whose youthful face belied their age. This man had the bearing of a boy.

The boy-man's aura, in addition to his looks, marked him as mediocre. Jason's perception power wouldn't enhance his aura senses until it ranked up a second time, but he could almost smell the monster cores the man had used, as if he'd drenched himself in some nasty cologne. Jason doubted the man had ever faced a monster in the wild.

Next to the human was a startlingly creepy elf, whose dark clothes made his sickly, pallid skin stand out all the more. Jason suspected the man to have been altered by his essence powers. The kinds of powers that fundamentally changed a person were the kind that usually landed their original essences on the restricted list. Jason would not have been at all surprised to find the death essence in the man's repertoire.

"So," the boy-man said. "You're the Jason Asano that's been causing such a ruckus."

"If I said you had the wrong guy, I don't suppose you'd let me go?"

Jason was still sitting, cross-legged on the floor. The chain would not allow him to take his feet and face his captors.

"You have no idea how bad the rest of your short life is going to be," the boy-man said. "Do you even know who I am?"

"You're definitely not Tony Danza," Jason said. "If you're Judith Light, life has taken you down some very odd roads."

"What are you babbling about?" the boy-man asked.

"He's spouting nonsense to put you off," the elf said in a voice as creepy as the rest of him. "Don't let him distract

you.”

“So, you’re the Palpatine to his Vader,” Jason said to the elf. “I know the routine. Just to save you some time, giving in to my hatred will be an easy sell, under the circumstances.”

“Shut up!” the boy-man yelled. “My name is Cole Silva.”

“You’re Cole Silva?” Jason asked.

“That’s right,” Silva said, gloatingly. “Now you understand what kind of trouble you’re in.”

“The name doesn’t ring a bell,” Jason said, brow creasing as he strained to recall. “Wait, did you sell me that dodgy magic food processor? The pulse setting on that thing was rubbish. Is this revenge for complaining to the Artifice Association about your shoddy standards? I think we both know that’s really on you.”

“I’m one of the Big Three!” Silva yelled. Jason suppressed a grin at the elf’s reaction. He clearly wanted to interject but was unwilling to risk the younger man’s temper.

“Oh, the crime lords,” Jason said, realisation dawning in his voice. “I’ve met Adris Dorgan, very cool guy. He has that combination of class and masculinity that lets him really carry off that dapper look. Then there’s Clarissa Ventress and that other one. I forget the name because everyone just calls him the stupid one. I have to say, Clarissa, you don’t look anything like how you were described.”

Silva lunged at Jason, but bones spears erupted from the hard brick floor like a wall to block him off. Silva turned his furious glare on the elf.

“Mr Silva,” the elf said. “Don’t let him goad you into giving him a quick death. Nothing you can do will be worse than what we already have in store for him.”

Silva fumed but enough of the rage drained away that he got himself back under control. Silva angrily tugged his clothes back into place as the bone spears disappeared, leaving holes in the stone floor. He then turned a malevolent grin on Jason.

“We’ll see if you’re still so clever once the pain begins,” Silva told Jason.

“I will be,” Jason said. “It just won’t show because of the screaming and begging. I’m pretty sure there’ll be begging. I don’t know what you want from me, exactly, but I hope it’s not dignity. You took my pants, though, so I’m guessing that’s not an issue.”

“All I want is for you to pay for the things you’ve taken from me,” Silva said.

“Which didn’t include fashion advice, thankfully,” Jason said. “You need to tone it down, which is really saying something with the way people dress in Greenstone.”

“I will be interested to see how long your courage holds,” the elf said.

“Oh, that’s long gone,” Jason said. “This is pretty much terrified babble I’m trying to pass off as bravado. The inability to wet myself is only thing selling it, at this point.”

The elf gave Jason a hungry smile.

Silva snorted derision. “You willingly admit to fear?”

“I’m chained up, naked, in a room with the winner of a most obvious sex-predator contest and the guy who got disqualified for being too creepy. Not being scared is admitting to being an idiot.”

“Mr Silva, I think it’s time to show him.”

“Will he even know what it is?” Silva asked.

“I didn’t tell you?” the elf said. “Our friend here is the one who procured it in the first place.”

“Really?” Silva said with a sinister chuckle. “That’s almost poetry.”

A bone cabinet rose up out of the floor, reminding Jason of the stone chest storage space that Farrah had. This also proved to be a storage space as the elf took out an object Jason recognised. It was held in a cubic metal frame, a sphere made up entirely of tiny little bricks the colour of grey stone.

“Star seed,” Jason said, his face turning pale. “You’re with the Builder cult?”

“Not at all,” the elf said. “This is the very same star seed that you acquired and was taken by the church of Purity. When the temple’s assets were being seized, we managed to snag this little treasure. And now we are going to return it to you.”

Jason said nothing, fierce eyes locked on the elf.

“There he is,” the elf said with delight. “The man behind the mouth.”

“You’d best be very careful about what happens next,” Jason said, “or you might come to regret having met him.”





## SEARCH

**K**illian began the elaborate preparations to use the star seed. He started by conjuring up skeletal arms that he used to hammer a spike into the ceiling, which he then hung a pair of manacles from. He unlatched the chain from Jason's suppression collar and then used the skeleton arms to force Jason's wrists into the manacles. Jason didn't bother to struggle, saving his strength.

Once Jason was hanging uncomfortably from the ceiling, Killian took a series of pouches from his bone storage cabinet, pouring powder from them to make a complex ritual circle under Jason's feet. When that was done, he started placing objects into the circle. Some were simple bricks of precious materials, others were tools made from exotic metals.

"How exactly do you know how to do all this?" Jason asked.

"That's actually a good question," Silva said, watching from the side. "How did you learn a Builder cult ritual?"

"From a Builder cultist, obviously," Killian said. "You opened your operations to people your father would never deal with and the Builder cult seized the opportunity. When Thalia Mercer started kicking down doors, why did you think so many of them were yours?"

"You facilitated this?" Silva asked.

"Your exact words were 'more money, less questions,'" Killian said.

“He’s put you in bed with the enemy of the whole world,” Jason said. “Do you even know what the Builder cult is doing? They’re plundering whole chunks of this world like dimensional pirates and they don’t care who or what is destroyed in the process. That’s not an association you can run far enough to escape, Silva.”

“Shut up,” Silva snarled.

“What’s done is done,” Killian said calmly. “The only way forward is forward.”

Killian placed the final object, the star seed, directly underneath Jason.

“And now we begin,” he said.



Thalia met Clive and Neil in one of the Mercer family’s receiving parlours.

“Neil,” Thalia Mercer greeted. “Always a pleasure. And Mr Standish, hello again. You’ll have to accept my apology, but I can only spare a little time. The Builder cult has gone underground, which has made rooting them out all the more work.”

“Then we’ll go directly to the point,” Neil said. “Jason Asano has gone missing.”

Thalia frowned.

“You’re sure it’s foul play? I recall he went off without telling anyone once before, during the time he was seeing Cassandra.”

“We’re sure,” Neil said.

“I’m not sure exactly how I can help,” Thalia said.

“We’re looking into anyone with the motivation to do something to Jason,” Clive said. “You’re the spearhead of the Builder cult investigation now.”

“You think the Builder cult might be behind it?” Thalia asked. “Revenge for taking a star seed from them? It seems like they would have larger concerns.”

Clive and Neil both took on awkward expressions.

“That’s true, Lady Mercer,” Clive said. “We were thinking of another potential scenario. To be blunt, we’re talking about Thadwick.”

Thalia’s expression went dark. “Thadwick is a prisoner. A victim.”

“Most likely, yes,” Neil said. “We’re simply exploring every possibility, however remote.”

“We don’t understand how much of the original personality survives once a start seed takes over,” Clive said. “It may well be that Thadwick’s own personality is suppressed but the thing that’s taken him over inherited his hatred of Jason and is acting on it.”

“We both know that Thadwick had become fixated on Jason,” Neil said to Thalia. “Jason had become the symbol of his recent setbacks.”

“Even if what you’re saying were true,” Thalia said, “what could I do that I haven’t already done? You think I haven’t been trying to get my son back? He’s been gone for months now. For all we know, he was in the pile of corpses that Remore and his parents left on that island. They’re still sorting through the bodies, trying to identify them all.”

“The thing is,” Neil said, “we’ve all been operating under the assumption that Thadwick has been wholly supplanted by the star seed.”

“If he is more of a gestalt entity,” Clive picked up, “then that may open avenues of investigation that you otherwise may have overlooked. Places that Thadwick would think to go.”

“I may be emotionally invested in my son’s return,” Thalia said, “but I am not blinded by emotion. From the point we realised the cult was acting on Thadwick’s knowledge we immediately tried every avenue we could think of that might be driven by his thinking, instead of the cult.”

She got to her feet.

“That is all the time I have to spare,” she said, her voice cold and dismissive. “You know the way out, Neil.”



“Mr Remore,” Dorgan greeted. “Of course, you are welcome in my home, but I didn’t realise we were meeting this openly.”

“Do you know why I’m here?” Rufus asked.

“The absentee Mr Asano, I can only assume,” Dorgan said. “My understanding is that he’s been known to go off without notice before.”

“This isn’t that,” Rufus said.

“Well, let me begin by asserting that I am neither responsible nor complicit.”

“Do you know who is?”

“I only met Mr Asano the one time,” Dorgan said. “He struck me as someone who likes to play games above his rank with a rather insufferable smugness. Frankly, I’m surprised it took this long for him to mysteriously disappear.”

“I need answers, not more questions.”

“Well, while there are any number of candidates, there are not so many stupid enough to risk the wrath of you and your friends. Or your parents. Good gods, no sane person would cross a pair of gold rankers.”

“Who would?”

“Cole Silva, probably. Poor judgement, fierce temper. I’ve known him since he was a boy. The girl too; she may be the only thing he was ever truly denied. I think you’ve deeply underestimated just how angry Cole is over being frustrated in the moment he thought he finally had her. Ventress understood the depths of that feeling and used it as a weapon.”

“You think Silva is responsible?”

“All I have for you is conjecture, based on my understanding of Cole. He’s arrogant enough but I’m not sure he would make the attempt without prompting. Even if he’s responsible, you may want to look elsewhere for the origin of the scheme.”

“Whoever came up with the idea is secondary,” Rufus said. “Finding Asano is the priority.”

“Well, I don’t have him, or know who does. All I can offer is some advice. If you look into Silva, don’t look to Silva himself. Look for what he’s been doing. Even he isn’t fool enough to take your friend without precautions. Find those precautions and you find your friend. Presuming Silva is the one that took him.”



Danielle and Humphrey Geller had come upon Lucian Lamprey as he was reading in the Magic Society library. He was in an open area full of comfortable reading chairs and didn’t bother to get up from the one he was occupying. He put his book down on a side table and convivially waved at them to join him.

“You were very easy to find, Mr Lamprey,” Danielle said, sitting down. Humphrey remained standing, next to her chair. “To the point of conspicuousness, in fact. One might almost think you were being fastidious about establishing an alibi.”

“And for exactly what dark deeds would I need an alibi, Lady Geller?”

“Jason Asano has gone missing.”

“Oh? I suppose I can see why you would look at me, but I have to imagine I am but a single name on a very long list. He might have made allies out of powerful people like yourself, but he’s annoyed even more. Taking opportunities that rightly belonged to Greenstone’s nobility. A complete disregard for propriety, decorum and the inherent superiority of the aristocratic class. He’s made enemies he’s never even met.”

“But you’re the one who threatened him in public,” Danielle said.

“That was just talk. I’d just lost out in court, and you can’t deny he has both the ability and intent to get under people’s skin. If I genuinely intended to have someone disposed of, then I would make it a point to be friendly, rather than threaten them. Even putting aside the warning, it helps avoid conversations like this one.”

Danielle gave him a smile that didn’t reach her eyes.

“I assume we can count on the full support of the Magic Society in finding him?”

“Naturally,” Lamprey said. “I’ll hand pick anyone involved in trying to find him and supervise everything personally. Of course, he does have that little issue with tracking, doesn’t he? Such a shame.”

Danielle stood back up.

“Mr Lamprey, if you did happen across someone involved in this situation—through sheer happenstance, for example—then you would be well served by convincing them to reconsider the whole enterprise.”

“Oh, I couldn’t agree more,” Lamprey said. “With Bahadir and the Remores, it means dealing with gold rankers. That’s something only someone as foolish as Asano would do.”

Danielle levied a penetrating gaze on Lamprey, then turned to leave, Humphrey following after. Lamprey called out after them and they turned around.

“Do let me know if a body turns up. It will reopen legal proceedings regarding a young lady in dire need of some... strict guidance.”

“The Adventure Society won’t let you touch her,” Humphrey said, face creased with anger. “And even if they did, I wouldn’t.”

“The yapping of a dog, hiding under its owner’s skirts,” Lamprey said dismissively. “Have you taken a liking to my thief, little doggy?”

“I’d never let you take her as an indentured servant,” Humphrey said. “I wouldn’t let you take anyone.”

“No?” Lamprey asked. “I didn’t see you in court last year when I claimed my previous one.”

He shook his head sadly.

“Poor girl. So pretty, but she went mysteriously missing, too. Of course, she didn’t have the heroic Geller clan rushing to her rescue. Do you only help poor people when Asano tells you to? I do hope he’s alright or you’ll have to go back to protecting heiresses.”

Danielle placed a hand on Humphrey’s shoulder, silencing the reply he was about to spit out.

“You should be careful, Lamprey,” she said. “Mysterious disappearances seem to be going around.”

“Are you threatening me, Lady Geller?”

Danielle strode back across the room, Lamprey standing up to meet her. The tall, muscular elf towered over the small woman, but she radiated threat like a sword. The clash of their auras drew looks from the few library patrons not already surreptitiously watching the confrontation between the Director of the Magic Society and the city’s most famous adventurer. Their auras pushed against one another, until finally Lamprey’s yielded under the flawless, unflinching power and control of Danielle’s.

“Lamprey, if Asano is dead and I find out you’re involved, I’m going to carve you up for chum on the steps of the Adventure Society, for everyone to see, and then use you to go shark fishing. *That* was me threatening you.”



Belinda made her way down an alley in Old City, stopping in front of an unmarked door and knocking twice. A panel on the door slid across, revealing a pair of eyes that went wide on recognising Belinda.

“Is she in?” Belinda asked.

“You shouldn’t be here,” the woman behind the door said. “There’re all kinds of stories going around about you and Wexler.”

“The reality is crazier than the stories, I promise.”

“Just go, Belinda.”

Belinda projected her aura through the door, suppressing that of the woman behind it.

“I’m going through that door,” Belinda said. “It’ll go better for both of us if you open it first.”

“Let her in,” came another voice from inside. It was the rich, deep voice of an older woman. The door opened, the woman behind it watching Belinda warily as she went past. The older woman had a broad, mannish body and curly hair down to her shoulders. She was in her early fifties, but fit and strong.

“Hello, Marg,” Belinda greeted.

“Lindy,” Marg said warmly. “Please, come up.”

She led Belinda up some stairs and onto the flat roof, where picnic furniture had been set up on a rug. Marg waved Belinda to a chair, taking another for herself.

“You know, Lindy, we really have been hearing some strange stories. I even heard you were an adventurer, now.”

“Not yet,” Belinda said. “Sophie is. I have the essences but put off the field assessment while we went on a monster safari.”

“You have essences?”

Belinda shape shifted, becoming a duplicate of Marg.

“Now that’s something we could get some use out of,” Marg said. “I don’t suppose I can talk you into taking a job?”

“Sorry, Marg. It’s the straight and narrow for me.”

“That’s a shame. What brings you here, then?”



“A man has gone missing. Sophie and I are looking into whether one of the Big Three are behind it.”

“You think they are?”

“It’s possible. He’s annoyed them all in one way or another, largely in the process of helping me and Sophie. So, we owe him.”

“Jason Asano,” Marg said.

“You’ve heard of him?”

“His name started floating around when he was working at the Broadstreet Clinic. I hear you’ve been spending some time there yourself.”

Belinda blushed.

“Can you find out about Asano for me?”

“I can ask around,” Marg said. “How urgent is this?”

“I really would have gone through your door.”

“That door is stronger than it looks.”

“I know,” Belinda said. “I put it there, remember.”

“So you did. Any place I should start?”

“Adris Dorgan is too smart and has too much to lose, so it’s unlikely to be him. Ventress has the least reason to be annoyed at him, almost certainly not enough for this.”

“Ventress is dead,” Marg said.

“Dead?”

“No one knows how long, but word got out around a week ago. That bodyguard of hers, Darnell stepped in.”

“That won’t last,” Belinda said. “He’s not a flexible thinker.”

“Focus on Silva, then?” Marg asked.

“If it’s one of them, it’s almost certainly him,” Belinda said. “Considering the friends Jason has made, Cole is the only one stupid enough to try something.”

“What is Wexler doing, if you’re here?”

“We already figured that if it was any of the Big Three, it was Cole,” Belinda said. “Sophie is taking a more direct approach.”



Sophie stepped over broken glass and unconscious bodies, looking for someone cognisant enough to interrogate. She followed the closest groan of pain, and found a hefty man slumped behind the bar with a broken bottle sticking out of his side. She easily hoisted him up on top the bar, causing him to yell out as the bottle shifted.

“As I was saying,” Sophie said casually, “I want to know what Silva is up to at the moment.”

“I haven’t even met him,” the man groaned. “I answer to a guy who answers to a guy who answers to a guy. No one tells me anything.”

“Who does get told?”

“You know what Silva will do to you?”

Sophie gripped the bottle and twisted, eliciting a scream.

“The docklands!” he yelled. “There’s a tavern in the docklands called Sailor’s Rest.”

“I know it,” Wexler said. “There’s a mist den operating out of the back.”

“Silva has been expanding the mist trade in a big way since you got out,” the man said. “The guy who runs it is the area boss for all the mist dens on that side of the city now.”

Crystal mist was a drug made from recording crystals, imbuing the contents into a powder that was dissolved into water, vaporised and inhaled. It would create a world inside the mind, based on the recordings.

Crystal mist was illegal, due to its deleterious effect on the brain. Over time, it caused a residue to build up that slowly but

inexorably inflicted permanent damage. Even with magic, the damage couldn't be healed until the residue was purged. Since the residue was resistant to most forms of cleansing, that was an expensive, though not impossible, prospect.

Cole Silva's father had maintained a small operation, catering to members of the nobility with low tastes. They had the money and connections to discreetly arrange the expensive cleansing required. Cole had massively expanded the operations, knowing there was never a shortage of disenfranchised people looking for an escape.

There was a pile of people in front of the door, so Sophie left by hopping lightly through the window and dropping down a storey to the ground. By the time the third person had gone through it, very little of the glass was left and she landed lightly amongst the shattered remnants of the window. The men she sent through it had staggered off already. She could see one of them helping the other down the street with an injured leg. She turned in the other direction, towards the docklands, and started running.



The ritual chant was long; it sounded more like a sermon glorifying the Builder than the incantation for a ritual. As Killian continued, an aura started emitting from the star seed. It was faint but held an echo of vast power, like the light of a star. The metal frame fell away from the sphere as it rose into the air, its aura washing over Jason. His own aura was already suppressed entirely by the collar around his neck.

The tiny fragments that made up the sphere separated, drifting up to slowly float through the air around Jason. They rose off the sphere like smoke from a fire until the seed was fully disassembled and the fragments floated around him like a cloud. Suddenly their movement stopped, as if they were frozen in time. The star seed's aura surged abruptly and the fragments darted in, burying themselves in Jason's flesh.



## DEFIANCE

The pain of the tiny objects digging into his flesh Jason could endure well enough. In the last six months he had undergone enough suffering, both mental and physical, that he could take the peppering of wounds in stride, even as he dangled, helpless, from the ceiling. Below him, the magic circle shone with a silver light.

“The star seed implantation process is not a swift one,” Killian said. “First, the seed will carve itself throughout your body, suborning your flesh in preparation for claiming your body as its own. The pain you feel now is simply a slow, easy start. It will grow over time, escalating until your mind can no longer endure it and breaks. But that will still only be the beginning. You will be broken again and again until there is nothing left of you, until only the will of the Builder remains. The star seed is a door that will allow him to reach through and claim your soul.”

“And I’ll be here to watch,” Silva said gleefully. “You know the best part, though, Asano? Let me tell you the part that convinced me that this was the way to punish you.”

“The chance for monologuing?” Jason guessed, his voice only slightly strained. “You don’t need a star seed for that. You could have just explained your evil plot and then left, assuming everything would go as planned. That’s how they do it where I come from.”

“Go ahead and blabber, Asano.”

“Okay. You should seriously re-evaluate the ergonomics in here because I don’t think this is good for my shoulders.”

“Shut up!”

“Make up your mind, guy. You really need to—”

Jason was cut off by a stab of pain.

“Sorry, what was that, Asano?” Silva asked with a malevolent chuckle. “This is going to be very, very hard for you.”

Jason let out a pain-tinged chuckle of his own.

“That’s funny,” he groaned.

“What is?”

“I said the exact same thing to your mother last night.”

“Really, Asano? The pain must be getting to you if cheap jokes about my mother are the best you can manage. My mother died a dozen years ago; her ashes are interred in the family mausoleum.”

“That did take most of the fun out of it,” Jason admitted. “All I could really do was take the lid off the urn and waggle my thing in there.”

Silva’s face turned red with fury. He moved to attack Jason, but stopped himself at the edge of the magic diagram.

“Please restrain yourself, Mr Silva,” Killian said. “Trust that the process will slowly bring him a level of suffering that no amount of bravado can withstand.”

Silva relaxed and the evil grin returned to his face.

“You’re right, Killian,” he said. “You interrupted me, Asano, when I was about to explain the best part of this whole thing. You see, it turns out that a star seed can’t take you over. Not unless you let it.”

“The inviolable soul,” Killian said. “One of the most fundamental rules of magic.”

“So what the star seed does,” Silva continued, relishing every word, “is just keep ramping up the pain, until your mind

can't take it. Don't think you will find relief in dark insensibility, though. After your body, it will come for your soul. There's no hiding from that. It may not have a way to invade your soul, Asano, but it can hurt it. You're going to suffer in ways you cannot imagine. Fortunately, you won't have to, because you'll feel all of it. You can't prevent it, avoid it or escape it. You will suffer and suffer until you can't take any more and you give the Builder what he wants. You will open the door and let him in, allowing his will supplant yours, just so the pain will stop. You be nothing more than a vessel, an empty husk. A puppet, dancing on a string."

Silva moved close to Jason, carefully stepping over the lines of the magic circle without disturbing them. He gripped Jason by the hair and spoke softly into his ear.

"I'm going to watch it all," Silva whispered. "I'm going to taste your pain, revel in your suffering. The last thing you see, in the final moment before your soul is snuffed out, will be my face. The last thought you have will be the realisation that you have been completely, utterly and irrevocably broken, and that it happened because you took something that was mine."

Jason didn't respond, gritting his teeth against the pain, like icy-cold worms burrowing through his body. Silva ran his hand down the side of Jason's face.

"And when we're done, we'll let you go," he said. "Of course, it won't really be you. I wonder what the Builder will have you do. Run off to the cultists? Perhaps you'll go back to your friends and see how much damage you can do before they catch on that you aren't home anymore. I would really like to hear that you killed Sophie. Would you do that for me? Make it ugly, too. Make her ugly. Let everyone know that what's mine is mine, and no one else's."

"I don't know if anyone's told you this," Jason forced out through gritted teeth, "but you're kind of a prick."



Jason felt the progress of the star seed as it invaded his body as biting cold, like his veins were turning to ice. As the cold burrowed its way through his body, however, the trails it left behind started to warm again. Jason could feel Colin's presence, working to reclaim his body from the star seed. As the star seed took hold throughout his body he realised that it felt like Colin's dark mirror: cold and dead instead of warm and filled with vibrant life.

Colin's attempts to reclaim Jason's body didn't help with the pain. Just the opposite, in fact, as the star seed and the familiar fought a war inside his body. Colin was not truly in Jason's blood as a physical leech, however, but instead as a spirit form within Jason's soul, anchored to the physical world through the blood. In most cases, the death of a summoner would cause the familiar spirit to return to the astral as its anchor was severed. If Jason's soul was violated, however, Colin's spirit would be made vulnerable. Jason didn't know what that would mean for his familiar but he was confident that it was nothing good.

Jason knew Colin's efforts were inevitably doomed as the star seed altered his flesh faster than Colin could restore it. In that moment, however, he felt an incredible warmth for the life-devouring apocalypse beast working so hard to help him. He was filled with fresh determination to fight on, to protect his familiar the way his familiar was protecting him.

Silva never seemed to tire of taunting Jason, but as the pain escalated, Jason was no longer hearing the words. All that he had was the pain, a world of white noise with no sense of place or time. When the pain abruptly receded and his senses started to return, he had no idea how long it had been.

“What happened?” Silva asked.

Jason had visibly relaxed and the silver glow of the magic circle had significantly dimmed.

Killian frowned.

“The Builder is an entity so powerful that if it were to directly touch this world, the world would be annihilated. The star seed is a conduit of its power, but until it has a soul to feed



on, we must supply it with power ourselves. The purpose of this magic circle is to gather and concentrate the ambient magic to fuel the star seed. The magic of this region is weak, however, and we will need to periodically supplement the power with spirit coins to keep the ritual circle active.”

“For how long do we have to keep spending coins?”

“Until Asano breaks and surrenders his soul to the Builder. He is only mortal and the Builder is infinite. So long as we keep the circle fed, Asano will capitulate eventually.”

“How eventually?” Silva asked. “We’re hidden well out here but his allies will be looking and they have both resources and power.”

“How long it will take depends on the strength of Asano’s resolve. He will last longer than you would, I suspect.”

“Why are you only telling me about this now?”

“The circle is depleting too quickly” Killian said.

“Did you even do it right?”

“If I failed to use the ritual correctly, the seed would not have become active in the first place.”

Killian turned a curious gaze on Jason.

“Something about Asano is hindering the seed’s work on his body, forcing it to work harder and consume more rapidly.”

Jason, who they didn’t realise was clinging once more to consciousness, let out a pained laugh that turned into a choking cough. He grinned madly at his captors, eyes bloodshot but still alive.

“Keep smiling,” Silva told him. “If you didn’t have spirit, what would the fun be in breaking it?”



The first reprieve lasted only a few minutes before Killian fed spirit coins to the magic circle. It grew brighter and the pain resumed. Colin had used that time to reclaim territory, but it

wasn't enough. Jason was only vaguely aware that the screams he heard were his own before returning to that white space of pain.

There were other brief spells of reprieve as the star seed exhausted itself against Jason and briefly went dormant, drawing more power from the circle. To Jason, it felt like each break was shorter than the last, but in truth, they were growing longer. It was his increasingly diminished capacities that were no longer able to gauge it accurately. Colin's efforts were likewise becoming less effective; as Jason weakened, so did he.

"It's taking longer and longer," Silva complained. "The last time it was stopped for hours. How long will this one be?"

"Probably most of the night," Killian said. "The magical density in this region is too low for the circle to collect magic efficiently and we can only feed so many coins into the ritual circle without rupturing it. While the breaks are lasting longer, though, so is the period between them. Asano is losing the fight, as he inevitably will. He is one man against a power more vast than if you burned the planet we're standing on for fuel. I suggest we take this time to rest. I had Remi set up some beds in the next room. We'll know to come back when the screaming resumes."

"I don't want to miss him being broken," Silva said.

"You won't," Killian said. "He is proving much more resistant than I anticipated. You'll have all the time you need to enjoy his suffering."

"I want to watch him break."

"You will, Mr Silva. After the body comes the mind, and then the soul. What is the will of one man against a being greater than our entire world?"



"He's just hanging there," Silva said with disgust. "No screams, no writhing. He's practically relaxed."

“The star seed has claimed his body now,” Killian said. “We are approaching the end. Even his brain is no longer his own. Whatever remains of his consciousness will have taken final refuge in the bastion of his soul. Soon, he will yield and you shall see him break. Just as you wished.”



The pain was gone, but Jason’s senses did not return. There was no sight, no sound, no touch. He was in a place of pure will, the border between his soul and the entity that sought to claim it. He felt adrift at sea, not one of water but of an immense will. A will too large for Jason to even conceive its totality. Greater than the sky, vaster than the sun. Older than the stars and more unfathomable than the deepest voids of space.

Before that will, Jason was naked and exposed. It was more than being weak and vulnerable. In the face of that unconscionable power, he realised that not only was it beyond what he was, but it was beyond anything he ever could be. Anything he could even conceive of. He was the smallest speck of creation in front of a force that transcended creation.

Oddly, it was not a wholly unfamiliar sensation. From the moment he had been cast adrift in a strange world full of power and danger, Jason had been surrounded by forces larger than himself. Time and again he had been brought to the brink, constantly under pressure. He had fought off death and stood defiant in the face of gods. Life in his new world was a fire, burning away everything he had believed himself to be and refining him down to what he truly was.

He could feel the desire for capitulation radiating from that the vast will. The pressure it exerted, pushing in on his soul. But he knew that pressure. He had endured it from the very start. It was as if everything he encountered in this world was preparing him for this moment. Next to the alien mind of the Builder and its towering will, Jason was nothing. But he realised that even the transcendent being with all its power could not open the doors to his soul. Only Jason could do that.

So long as he had the will to defy it, the Builder could not claim him. He gathered his own will and threw it into the Builder's own, a grain of sand in a hurricane.



“Is he... grinning?” Silva asked. “He’s grinning! How is... what... Killian! What is happening?”

“I have no idea,” Killian said. If Jason’s ears still belonged to him he would have recognised the same delighted tone Clive would use on encountering something completely unexpected.

The two men were startled when Jason spoke.

“Is that all you’ve got, mate? You’ll have to do better than that, you interdimensional asshole.”

Killian started laughing madly.

“You think this is funny?” Silva asked him.

“That shouldn’t be possible,” Killian said, awestruck. “That really, really shouldn’t be possible.”



In the wake of Jason’s outburst, the pressure of that vast will suddenly vanished. Like a becalmed sea, the absolute stillness carried an ominous sense of danger, isolation and helplessness. Most of all, it carried a silent threat, an anticipation of what would come when the weather inevitably turned.



Killian and Silva looked on as Jason once more hung limp and unmoving. Silva was increasingly agitated while Killian had gone from curious observation to avid fascination.

“We should kill him now,” Silva said. “I’ll do it.”

“You would be well advised not to take back what you have offered to the Builder,” Killian said. “We started this and have to see it through to the end or pay the price.”

“What kind of price?”

“The worst kind,” Killian said. “The price you don’t know until you pay it. But you don’t have to worry; a mere man cannot defy the will of a transcendent being.”

“And if you’re wrong?”

“Then that is the point we kill him, and make sure it’s done right,” Killian said. “A man who can defy that kind of power can do anything. That’s not a person you leave alive. Not after what we’ve done to him. But as I said, that isn’t possible.”

Silva opened his mouth to respond but stopped. Both men turned to face the door. They had sensed the agitated aura of the guard, Remi, rapidly approaching. His arrival was marked with a hammering knock.

“Mr Silva, Mr Laurent,” Remi’s voice came through. Remi was in charge of watching over the site while Silva and Killian dealt with Jason. He should not have left the security room unless something went wrong.

Silva and Killian went to the outer room and Killian opened the exterior door.

“What is it?” he demanded.

“We’ve been sleeping in shifts in the security room,” Remi said. “I just woke up to find Coburn dead and Jerrick gone. I didn’t feel any aura surge from powers being used, so he must have killed Coburn without using them. There was a stab wound in the back of Coburn’s neck.”

“How long ago?” Killian asked.

“I can’t be sure,” Remi said. “Hours. I don’t know how many.”

“It makes no sense,” Silva said. “Why would he do that?”

“I don’t know,” Remi said. “I can only assume it is something to do with Jerrick’s connection to Asano.”

“That’s why I chose him,” Silva said. “Asano got him kicked out of the Adventure Society. If anything, he should want to get his own kicks in. Why kill Coburn and leave?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Killian said. “It’s over. Your errant henchman has had hours to get back to the city and warn Asano’s allies. They are doubtless on their way here right now.”

“You don’t know that,” Silva said. “Why would Jerrick help Asano? It makes no sense.”

Killian’s normal, obsequious posture straightened, his creepy, pandering half-smile vanished. Silva hadn’t noticed the dangerous change in Killian’s body language. Remi did, quietly backing away. Killian stood tall, his pale face blank and expressionless, his eyes hard. Even his aura changed, becoming steely hard.

“Just because you lack the imagination doesn’t mean there isn’t a reason,” Killian said to Silva. “He may be trying to regain admittance to the Adventure Society by helping the man who got him kicked out. He might have realised that we were using the Builder cult’s star seed and balked. In the end, the reasons don’t matter, only the result.”

“Wait, what was that about the Builder cult?” Remi asked.

Killian glanced at Remi and a bone spike shot out of the ground, impaling the henchman. The difference between a skilled and powerful bronze-ranker closing in on silver and a failed adventurer like Remi was made blindingly obvious as the henchman’s corpse slid limply down the spike. Silva looked on in shock, finally realising that Killian was far stronger than he had ever let on.

“We are done,” Killian said. “We’re done here, we’re done in Greenstone and we are done as a collaboration.”

“What are you talking about?” Silva asked.

“Do you still not understand that this undertaking wasn’t even a risk?” Killian asked. “It was always going to go wrong. Your position in Greenstone is untenable now. Asano’s allies

are too powerful, and I promise they are coming for you, even as we speak. It was always going to come to this.”

“Then why did you go along with it?” Silva asked. “You arranged most of this.”

“Because I have diverted enough resources from your operations over the past year to meet my needs going forward,” Killian said. “When Lamprey brought this idea to you it presented the perfect distraction to extricate myself from you and this city. While everyone is chasing after you for killing Asano, I can conclude my affairs and depart in peace. This is where we part ways, Mr Silva.”

Silva reeled at the betrayal of his most trusted follower.

“You’re turning against me?”

“Of course,” Killian said. “If anything, I’m amazed anyone is loyal to you at all. You’re completely oblivious to how much effort I had to expend on holding your organisation together, in spite of your best efforts.”

Silva lunged at Killian, only for more bones to erupt from the ground, spearing into the crime lord’s flesh and holding him in place. Silva grabbed two of the bones and flexed them outwards, but while the bones gave a little, they held. Silva’s strength-enhancing power was in the early stages of bronze. It was no match for Killian’s conjuration power that had already reached silver.

“So pathetic,” Killian said. “You could put up more of a fight if you knew how, but you don’t even understand your own powers. All those monster cores. Helpless victims instead of even the pretence of actual combat. You truly are a wretched thing, but I won’t kill you, Mr Silva. When you wake up, I suggest you don’t spare Asano the same mercy. If the Builder doesn’t have him by then, kill him and run. With Asano’s friends after you, you’ll be lucky to live long enough to pay the price of denying the Builder.”

Silva glared at Killian with frenzied eyes.

“And if they catch me and I set them on you?”

“Mr Silva, you don’t know a single thing about me. You don’t know who works for me, or what my holdings are. If you did, you’d wonder why so many of them had gone missing from your own months ago.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Silva snarled.

“Unlikely, but good luck,” Killian said. A skeletal arm burst through the pavers and started choking Silva. Silva tried to spit out more words, but they came out as a choked-off gurgle. He tried to use his active powers but the bone cage had a suppression effect that prevented them from activating. His last thought before passing out was fury at a world that kept denying him the things that were his by right.



All that was left of Jason’s true self was hidden away in the fortress of his soul. His body stolen, he had no brain to drive his thoughts. He was quickly reduced to little more than that a last scrap of will, the innermost core of his being. Beyond the impregnable walls of his soul, the power of the Builder had undergone a change. If it could not cow Jason into capitulation, it would go back to inflicting pain until he yielded.

The Builder’s will became a hurricane of knives, scoring marks across Jason’s soul. It was a pain unlike anything the body could suffer, cutting not at flesh but at the very essence of his being. Jason endured, the warm presence of his familiar beside him. In his unthinking state he had a vague sense of things that were missing. He no longer remembered the familiars he had yet to resummon, yet he felt their absence.

It became worse, the knives were drills boring their way into his soul. Yet still, they failed. So long as Jason had the will to resist, they could not breach his soul. All they could do was bring pain that carried with it a promise. It could stop, and all he had to do was give in.

The pain scoured away the echoes that were the remnants of what Jason had been when his body and mind were his own.



All that remained was a meagre scrap of self, ragged and torn, yet still unyielding.

The days of torment since the star seed had been implanted were a microcosm of every threat Jason had faced since arriving in his new world. Those memories were now gone but their effects were still felt. The events had made him anew, reforging the very core of his being into something that would never stop struggling. Even against the indomitable will of an alien mind, with power beyond imagining. Even when there was nothing left of him but the will to struggle.

The Builder's will was unrelenting, sending pain into the reaches of Jason's soul it could otherwise not reach, into the fortress of Jason's soul. All that remained was a flickering ember, the last scrap of his true self. The alien mind strove to extinguish that final spark but it refused to die out.

After stripping everything else away, only one part of Jason remained. The one thing that had kept him going, every time he walked the line between life and death. That pushed him on in the face of monsters, cultists, cannibals and gods. The memories of those experiences were lost but the will they had formed was the one thing he had left. The unwillingness to bend, to conform, to capitulate.

All that remained of Jason Asano was pure, unadulterated defiance. He could not out-endure the Builder any more than a dandelion could withstand a tornado. But while the great astral being had no limits, the star seed connecting it to Jason did. The harder the Builder pushed Jason, the faster its power was consumed. Finally, the Builder's will faded as the seed went dormant, forced to stop and replenish itself from the diminishing power left in the magic circle feeding it.

In the aftermath of the storm, Jason's soul pulsed and throbbed, rattled by the forces that had besieged it. From deep within, something shifted, as if the alien power drilling into it had uncovered some vast power, buried and forgotten. Power built and built within, pressure climbing like a volcano on the verge of eruption. The fading ember of Jason's will ignited into a furious flame that exploded out, burning at the icy clutches of the star seed that had claimed his body. Colin's

spirit soared out, the familiar adding its own power as Jason's will strove to retake the body left undefended by the dormant star seed.

The Builder's will returned, having sensed the danger to the star seed posed by Jason's resurgence. There was only a fragment of power left within the seed and Jason felt a flicker of uncertainty in that ancient, alien mind. It had to stop Jason now before the star seed was fully overcome. The Builder impinged upon him with all the strength of its will.

The seed, already drained of all but the last skerrick of energy, could not take the strain. The Builder's attempt to head Jason off before he could turn the tables on the seed had itself pushed the it past its limits, ruining the star seed for good.

The connection was gone and the Builder's will with it. The seed was dead and the conduit to the Builder with it. The physical remnants of the seed were still in Jason's body, but they were inert, a spent force. The end of their power was not the end of their threat, however. Those physical remnants riddled Jason's body. Without the seed's power keeping him alive as it transformed him, the foreign matter running through his body was now killing him. If not for the strange nature of his outworlder body, he would have been dead already.

Even as his body failed, however, his soul reclaimed it. Jason's consciousness returned, only to fade away again, unable to function with the remnants of the star seed riddling his brain.



Jason came to, still hanging from the ceiling. His body was wet with his own blood, leaking from rents in his flesh where the star seed fragments had been pushed back out of his body. Colin had somehow kept him alive through the laborious task of purging his body of the star seed, restoring him to something that only vaguely resembled health. He could feel Colin, now dormant inside him. The familiar had given all that he had to keep Jason alive.

“You did good, buddy,” Jason croaked. “You have yourself a good rest.”

His body was ravaged, more weak and exhausted than he had ever thought possible. Yet somehow, he felt strong, stronger than he had ever been. He could feel his soul, sense it in a way that he never could before. It was his true self, his last refuge, not the meat shell he’d been walking around in. Ever since finding out his body had been destroyed and remade from magic, he had a sense of unease about himself and his very existence. That was gone, now, as he realised that the body he wore was ultimately no more important than a suit.

He craned his neck to look down at the fragments of star seed on the floor underneath him. The magic circle had turned to ash. He laughed, hoarse and painful, but he kept on cackling like a madman.

“I don’t know if you can hear me through your dead, magic rectal probe,” Jason growled, “but you need to listen up, you interdimensional soul bandit. You just got beat by the assistant manager of an office supply retailer while he was hanging from a hook and naked as the day he was born. And reborn, for that matter. So you’d best pack up your piss-weak little cult and take them back to your magic land in the sky because I’m coming for them. And this time, I’m going to have pants.”



## HANGING AROUND

“**W**here the hell are the bad guys?”

Still hanging from the ceiling, Jason remembered that his torture had come with torturers. They might have seemed inconsequential when he was facing off against the Builder but now that fight was over and he was still strung up like meat on a butcher’s hook.

Even if he wasn’t bound and he was wearing at least some underpants instead of the suppression collar, both of his captors were higher rank than him. At full strength, which he definitely wasn’t, he thought he could probably take Silva. The elf was a different matter.

The weird, pale elf had the kind of rigid aura control Jason associated with expert essence users, and he knew enough of them to judge. What someone with actual skill was doing working for Silva was a mystery.

The more Jason thought about it, the more odd the elf’s presence seemed. He claimed not to be part of the Builder cult, but he had known an awful lot about how the star seed worked. Jason was willing to bet that whatever the elf was up to, he was playing Silva for a fool. It might even be the reason the pair were in absentia.

Jason considered his options. At full strength he could probably pull out the hook the elf had hammered into the ceiling and free himself, even without magical abilities. He was strong and well-trained enough that he could hoist himself up and put his feet against the ceiling for leverage.

He was nowhere near full strength at the moment, however. His body was visibly emaciated under the coating of blood and pocked with small injuries. Jason could feel that inside him, Colin had gone dormant. The familiar had exhausted himself keeping Jason alive and purging the star seed remnants. The dead fragments had been pushed out of Jason's body by Colin's healing, piling up under Jason's dangling feet. Far more than the mass that had been the original seed, there was almost a fifth of Jason's body weight in metal, sticky with Jason's blood.

“Good job, little mate.”

Jason could feel the sting of the remnant wounds all over his body. One was right above his left eye, which he had to force open through the sticky blood welding it shut. He could feel another just to the right of his chin, underneath a scratchy beard that had grown during the time of his captivity. Neither were drastic; like the other wounds, they were the places the star seed had invaded his body, then pushed back out again. The real damage had been wreaked on the inside of his body and the outside of his soul. The wounds were present all across his body, although his most tender parts had been mercifully spared.

The wounds weren't any particular threat to his wellbeing, but they variously stung or itched, which he could do nothing about in his current predicament. He laughed at the absurdity of a few itchy scratches annoying him after the ordeal he had been through, or even the situation he was still in.

The goddess Knowledge had once denied that Jason's mind had been altered when he became an outworlder to better process the kind of trauma he was suffered since. Now, considering his odd equanimity after days of literally soul-scourging torture, he was pretty sure she'd been lying. She had likewise skipped over the part about his outworlder body, but that was probably for the best. At that point he hadn't been ready to hear any of that as he clung desperately to any part of his old identity.

Jason considered his options. One: literally hang around and wait for rescue. His friends were capable and would find

him eventually, but would it be before Silva and the elf came back? Option two was... still in the formulation stage. He was too weak to move, too powerless to act.

His new awareness of his own soul brought with it a better sense of the pressure being placed on it by the suppression collar. It was like his soul had grown to touch the sides of that containment, like a balloon being inflated inside a box. He felt an intense compulsion to push his way out of that box.

Could he? He was hardly in the best state right now and the collar was an oppressive power. It presented no physical pressure but had the feel of an inviolable boundary. In spite of this limitation, he couldn't shake the desire to try. He pondered where that feeling was coming from.

Jason was certain that he had undergone significant changes as a result of overcoming the challenge of the star seed, but for the first time he was without a system message to explain it. Unlike other essence users, Jason had never been forced to fathom out his abilities by feel. There was an element of it, but he always had the system messages to guide and clarify. Was the desire to push back against the suppression just wish fulfilment or an instinctual understanding of an ability that had changed? Perhaps his astral affinity had evolved from the contact with a great astral being.

He decided to go for it, closing his eyes and feeling out the power within his soul. He was uncertain of how to actively use it. Following an instinct, he used the aura projection technique that Farrah had taught him as a foundation, and projected that power outward. The instinct proved itself true. He realised through his attempt that the true nature of his aura was a projection of his soul.

That first attempt was fumbling and inept, but armed with his new revelation, he tried again. Jason's aura was completely suppressed by the collar, but he could feel the strength within himself to push back against that confinement. His second attempt felt more refined and powerful than the first but it was like trying to push a boulder off his body. He strained and felt a tantalising shift in the walls that bound his

aura, but could not push them back. Eventually he could not maintain the exertion and was forced to take a pause.

He realised that continuing that way was not going to yield results. He needed to significantly improve the way he wielded the power. With the revelation that his aura and his soul were more intrinsically linked than he had previously thought, he needed to alter the way he used his aura.

Jason had always considered his aura control very strong, and others had told him as much. He thought of Rufus, and his realisation that people telling him how excellent he was had stopped him from trying to get better. With his improved sense of his own soul and the new understanding of his aura, Jason realised that his aura use had been crude and inefficient. He needed to better incorporate the power of his soul into the way he used his aura.

The foundation that Farrah had helped him lie down was a solid base from which to inject the core power of his soul that his conflict with the Builder had revealed. Once he mastered it, it would magnify his power and control over his aura by an untold amount. The suppression collar would be the crucible in which he remade his aura. Instead of just projecting it out into nothing, that suppressive force would be the press that concentrated his power, the whetstone on which he sharpened his control.

Previously, Jason had felt like his aura control was pushing the limit of what he was capable of. He assumed only the next rank would offer a chance to substantially improve. As he forced his aura up against the suppression collar's power, he realised how foolish and arrogant he had been. He was once again a fumbling amateur, taking him back to those first days, training with Farrah. He had crested a hill he thought was end of his journey, only to find a grand new vista before him.

There was a long new road ahead of him and he was not going to reach the end here and now, dangling on a hook. What he needed in his current situation was to push back the suppression collar's power, if only for a fleeting moment.



When he had been training Jason, Rufus had often repeated advice his family had hammered into him. This was especially true of his grandfather, the famous, diamond-rank sword master, Roland Remore. From what Rufus had passed on, Jason secretly suspected the Remore patriarch of spending his diamond-rank lifespan figuring out how to sound as profound as possible. This world didn't have fortune cookies, so he had to find the rhythms himself.

Rufus had talked a lot about his grandfather's ideas on the difference between a good adventurer and a great one. In the wake of Rufus's disastrous foray against the blood cultists, it was a distinction that he obsessed on. He became preoccupied with his failures, doubting his judgement, leadership and even qualifications as an adventurer. It was a pattern that had played out again with Farrah's death.

According to Rufus's grandfather, the difference between a good adventurer and a great one was a matter of moments. The right decision in the right moment was the difference between success and failure, between triumph and death. Great adventurers were alchemists of circumstance, turning opportunity into fortune. After how things played out with the blood cult, Rufus believed Jason had an instinctual gift for this very thing.

Jason hoped Rufus was right. He threw everything he had against the collar's containment, pushing his aura against it like he was shouldering a boulder. He pushed and strained until a final surge finally caused it to shift. He had bought himself a moment and now he had to use it.

System messages erupted in Jason's face but he ignored them, opening his inventory next to his manacled hands and snatching out an item, barely getting it in hand before the suppression snapped back into place, pushing his aura back down. The system windows dissolved into static and vanished.

The backlash scraped against his very soul. The pain would have made him pass out before his recent experiences. It did almost make him drop the small vial he now had in his hand and panic flashed through him. He convulsively clutched

his fingers around the vial, almost breaking it with the panicked ferocity of his grip.

He once again hung limply from the manacles, panting for breath. Dangling from the ceiling made for a poor recovery position. As he regained his breath he looked up at the small vial. He had used his original lesser miracle potion fighting the giant water elemental, but Jory had replaced it before they had even gotten all the way through Old City.

He craned his neck, lining up his mouth up as best he could before thumbing the stopper off the vial. Some of the potion splashed onto his face but most went into his mouth and he poked his tongue out to lick up what he could of the rest.

The potion's effects were, as promised, miraculous. He felt the healing sting as emaciated muscle was replenished and the wounds all over his body finished healing. Looking down at his chest, Jason saw that the injuries had left behind a series of small scars. Those on his face had likely done the same.

His body was now flush with energy. The suppression collar had no impact on the magic of the potion, although Jason had no way to use his refilled mana pool. Instead, he went to work of expending some stamina, straining his arms to grip the chain of the manacles.

Jason's fighting style, the Way of the Reaper, was much more comprehensive than a simple martial art. It included mobility techniques, stealth and, immediately relevant, escape methodology. Jason pulled himself up, hand over hand, then shifted his weight to pivot his body, swinging his legs up until his feet were pressed into the ceiling.

The ring the manacles were looped through was held in place by a spike the elf had fixed it into place with conjured skeleton arms. It hadn't been a carefully bored hole, just a smooth, unthreaded spike the was hammered directly into the brickwork. Jason figured that he could combine leverage, strength and body weight to yank it right out.

It was a task that proved easier to conceive of than to execute and Jason was left hanging upside down, reefing on

the chain. He had been at it some time when the spike suddenly gave way and he fell to the floor in a heap.

He stood up, awkwardly reaching around with his manacled hands to brush off the fragments of inert star seed that stuck to his body when he landed. They had formed a pile underneath where he had been hanging and, like Jason, were sticky with Jason's blood. The remnants of the ritual circle were nothing but ash.

There was nothing else in the room and Jason wasted little time, making for the door. Passing through the outer room to the exterior of the building, he surveyed his surroundings. He quickly surmised he was somewhere on the outskirts of the delta, where the last patches of scrubland gave out and the dead sands took over. The layouts of the buildings were similar to spirit coin exchange outposts he'd seen, although this one was obviously disused. Patches of yellow grass grew between pavers dislodged and uneven from time and weather.

To his surprise, Silva was out in the open, lying in a pool of his own blood. Jason's aura senses were restricted alongside his aura, so he wasn't sure if Silva was alive or dead. The same could not be said for another man Jason recognised as the guard who had given him a spirit coin while he was awaiting his fate. That man was definitively dead. A thick bone spike sticking out of the ground went in through his groin and out the top of his head, leaving him hanging like a macabre decoration.

Jason checked on Silva. He had brutal strangulation marks on his neck and multiple stab wounds in his arms, legs and torso. Silva had bled quite a lot, but while in a bad way, not enough to threaten a bronze-ranker with death. His bronze rank recovery attribute would heal him faster than a normal person, although it hadn't woken him up in all the time Jason had been hanging in the building.

"Someone sure did a number on you," Jason said as he searched Silva's body. He discovered a small keychain in a jacket pocket, cheering when he found the key to his manacles and the collar around his neck. The sensation of removing the collar was like taking that first breath after almost drowning; it

was a relief like finding a toilet just in time to avoid soiling yourself in the middle of a shopping centre.

Jason didn't waste more than a moment revelling as he felt his powers return. He minimised all the system messages flooding his vision and snapped the suppression collar around Silva's neck. Silva didn't react; he remained unconscious as Jason then placed the manacles on Silva's ankles.

"Now we'll see how you like being a prisoner," Jason told him. "No, that's a crappy one-liner. You'll have plenty of time for sleep in the slammer? That's worse, this is hard. Are eighties action movies not as good as I remember? Colin, when we get back to my world, I'm going to show you Gymkata. It's literally everything you need to know about western culture."

Jason resumed his search of Silva's person, finding that a pocket in his jacket led to a dimensional storage space. He emptied it out and stole everything that looked interesting or valuable, shoving it all into his own inventory except for his missing amulet, which he immediately clasped around his neck.

It was time to get some clothes on, but he was still covered in blood. Jason pulled out a bottle of crystal wash and tipped it over his head. It washed the blood off his body and out of his hair, including his new beard. There was no sign of his missing suit, so he summoned another from his inventory. The dark mist covered his modesty but at this point it didn't really matter. Even if Jason hadn't got used to the nudity, the only people here were either unconscious or dead.

Jason was tweaking his cufflinks when he froze, seeing movement in the distance. Three vehicles were careening over scrubby ground, a trio of skimmers rocketing towards him. As he watched, most of the figures on one of the skimmers vanished and he was suddenly surrounded by people. Danielle Geller had teleported Rufus, Gary and Humphrey from their skimmer directly next to him.

"Ah, you're here," Jason said, and finished adjusting his cufflink. "And here was me just needing a ride."

Jason's attempt at dignity was immediately smothered as Gary grasped him in a hug that was more like a rugby tackle.



## WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU

The rest of Jason's team arrived in the three skimmers. Clive drove one and a somewhat shaky Jory and Belinda drove the others, both for the first time. Everyone poured off the vehicles before they had even fully stopped, clamouring around Jason. He met their looks of concerns with easy confidence, assuring them that he was fine.

Clive had so many questions he didn't actually manage to get any of them out. Humphrey gripped Jason on the shoulder, giving him a beaming smile that the young women of Greenstone would sell out their own families to receive.

"We rush out here to rescue you," Belinda said, "and you're standing here like you're waiting for a ride to the damn symphony. Do have any idea how many people we kicked the hell out of looking for you?"

"We?" Sophie asked.

"It was a team effort," Belinda said.

"Sophie took out two barrooms full of thugs, single-handedly," Neil said. "One was full of criminals and the other was full of sailors."

"In fairness, there's a lot of crossover," Sophie said. "Are you really alright, Asano?"

"I had time to stop and pick you up a gift," Jason said. "It's a little damaged but I don't think you'll mind."

Everyone had been so fixated on Jason that they didn't even glance at the bodies on the ground. Jason walked over to

the unconscious Silva and poked him with his foot.

“You got him,” Sophie said.

“Yep,” Jason said. “He’s all yours.”

“No,” Danielle said. “He’s all mine. I have questions Mr Silva there is going to find himself extremely compelled to answer.”

“How did you end up kidnapping him?” Gary asked.

“It was an incredible fight,” Jason said. “Pitting myself against a bronze-ranker, exhausted after my daring escape. Struggling back and forth until finally I clinched the hard-fought victory.”

“He looks pretty fresh for having fought you,” Neil said. “There isn’t even any rot around the wounds.”

“Yeah, I don’t know what happened there,” Jason said. “I found him like this.”

“You found him like this?” Rufus asked.

“I should probably start at the beginning,” Jason said.

Suddenly a bird swooped out of the sky, transforming into a puppy that slammed into his chest like an adorable bowling ball.

“Oh, hey mate,” Jason said. He held Stash in his arms and scratched him behind the ears. Humphrey took his familiar back with an admonishing look.

“You have to be more careful,” Humphrey scolded. “What if Jason was hurt? You don’t know what he’s been through.”

“Jason’s fine,” Neil said. After reaching bronze rank, Neil’s perception power, eyes of opportunity, allowed him to see the vulnerabilities of others. That included injuries, not just what they were but what effects they had on the body. It was a powerful tool for a healer, letting him see the conditions of his team at a glance.

“It got a little rough, I won’t lie,” Jason said. “I chugged that miracle potion Jory gave me. Thanks for that one, Jory.”



“Maybe stop putting yourself in situations where you need them?” Jory said.

“Couldn’t agree more,” Jason said. “No more dashing heroics for this adventurer.”

“And here you just said you won’t lie,” Sophie told him.

Jason ran them through events as best he could remember, but his memory was rather hazy. Even for the parts for which he was in control of his brain to form memories, the pain made his recollection rather sketchy. The most important events took place when he retreated into his soul, which he didn’t exactly remember. Instead, it was like his feelings of that time were imprinted on him. Fear, pain, power and defiance. It was difficult to put to words in any way that made sense.

Jason’s veneer of equanimity started to crack as he struggled to explain those moments and Danielle put a stop to it, setting the others to work securing the site.

With the sudden sense of safety, the door behind which Jason had been pushing all the panic, horror and pain behind suddenly opened. His body shuddered, a chill passing over it. Danielle placed a concerned hand on his shoulder and felt him trembling, even as his face maintained a carefree smile. His legs felt shaky and he pulled a chair from his inventory to sit down before he stumbled. He leaned back, tilting his head to the sky to feel the sun on his face.

The others threw frequent glances back at Jason as they went about their tasks. Rufus and Gary searched the area, looking out for any sign of the missing elf Jason had described. Clive took the building where Jason had been tortured while Humphrey searched the second building with its reflective glass.

Neil and Jory examined the unconscious Silva, while Sophie and Belinda concentrated on the dead man lying near him. Belinda found a small, fresh hole in the pavers and spotted more where Silva lay close by. Further examination revealed that the holes were broken at the edges and tiny fragments were scattered around them. It looked like something thin and hard had broken through from below and

Belinda looked from the holes in the ground to the stab wound in Silva's body.

"That elf Jason described," Belinda said to Sophie. "We're assuming Killian Laurent, right?"

"The description fits," Sophie said.

"Did I hear something about him conjuring bone spikes from the ground?"

"I think I've heard that," Sophie said.

"Who's Killian Laurent?" Jory asked from nearby.

"He's been hovering around the periphery of the Silva family for years," Belinda said. "Old Man Silva only kept him around because he was solid with ritual magic."

"There were also rumours that the old man used him to do the truly nasty stuff on the quiet," Sophie added. "The things that even criminals and murders would think twice about."

"Word is that Laurent rose up sharply after the old man died," Belinda said.

"Why would he do this to Silva?" Sophie wondered aloud. "It can't be a takeover. Silva was unpalatable but he had the family connections and at least some limits. No one would stand for that depraved elf being in charge."

"I imagine the answers will have to wait until this guy wakes up," Jory said, kneeling over Silva. The two women moved to stand over the man who was the genesis of so many of their misfortunes.

"We should kill him now," Belinda said. "It's not like anyone would care."

"No," Sophie said. "He can't suffer if he's dead."

"I won't allow you to just start hurting him," Neil said. "I'll remind you that I'm part of the church of the Healer."

"I wouldn't settle for physical pain," Sophie said. "That fades and I want him to suffer in ways that never end. I want him to see us and realise that chasing us has cost him everything."

“I think he was mostly chasing you,” Belinda told her. “I’m pretty sure me, he could take or leave.”

“If you want to hurt his feelings, go ahead,” Neil said. “So long as you don’t stab him or anything, that’s your business.”

Sophie looked over at Jason, then back down at Silva.

“What if I just kick him a little?”

Neil ignored that request, his eyes still panning over Silva’s unconscious body. Jory, also assessing the damage, didn’t have Neil’s perception power. Instead, he relied on his knowledge and experience to make a physical examination.

“The strangulation, right?” Jory asked Neil.

“Yes,” Neil concurred. “Whoever did it either came too close to killing him or didn’t come close enough, depending on what they were after. There’s damage to the brain that will take time to heal before he can wake up. He’s bronze rank, though, so he’ll fully recover, even without intervention.”

Elsewhere, Rufus and Gary were sweeping the area, but other than the building the others were searching, there was very little to find.

“You don’t buy this act of Jason’s about being fine because he doesn’t remember most of it, do you?” Gary asked quietly, glancing over to where Jason was slumped wearily on his chair.

“Of course not,” Rufus said. “It was the same thing with the blood cultists. He was alright so long as things were still wild and dangerous, but once he was safe it all caught up with him. This time will be a lot worse.”

“Did you feel his aura?”

“Yes,” Rufus said gravely. “His aura power has definitely reached bronze.”

“I think it might be stronger than mine,” Gary said. “I know my aura control isn’t the best, but that shouldn’t affect the raw power and I’m almost silver rank. Even if his aura power is bronze, he’s still iron. What do you have to do to a person’s soul for that to happen?”

“Hopefully, have them fight off a star seed,” Rufus said.

“You think it actually took him over?”

“I’m hoping not.”

“How do we help him?” Gary asked.

“First, we make sure it’s really him in there. Then, we be there for him. Let him know he’s safe and among friends. Beyond that, we leave it to my mother. She’s good at helping people through things like this.”

“You’re right,” Gary said.

Rufus’s mother, Arabella, had made a reputation for herself by helping other adventurers through traumatic events that were an inevitable part of the job. It was only once she arrived to help her son in the wake of Farrah’s death that Rufus was able to start truly moving past it.

Humphrey searched through the security building. Along with Jason’s missing suit he found another dead body, this with a stab wound in the back of the neck. He knew this was likely Coburn, the man Jerrick had killed in order to sneak back to the city and give them Jason’s location.

Only Clive was excited by what he found. In the makeshift ritual room where Jason had been tortured, he found the ashen remains of the ritual circle and the inert remnants of the star seed. After making a record of everything with a recording crystal, he started pulling out special sample boxes, collecting ash and sealing away the star seed fragments.

Back outside, Danielle looked with concern at Jason, slumped in the chair.

“I don’t like that I have to tell you this,” Danielle said, “but after what you told us...”

“You have to assume that I’ve been compromised by the Builder,” Jason finished for her. “I know.”

“The church of the Healer has taken over from Purity in dealing with the star seeds,” Danielle said. “Healer provided his people with the rituals they needed.”

“Good,” Jason said. “If you tried to turn me over the Purists, I would not go quietly,”

“I’m glad,” Danielle said. “I’m starting to realise that not going quietly is kind of your thing.”

Jason looked up from and they shared a smile, hers as motherly as his was weary.



Once the group made sure there were no surprises left behind at the site, Danielle gathered everyone to teleport back to Greenstone.

“What about the skimmers?” Clive asked. “I can’t just leave the Magic Society’s vehicles here.”

“Yes, you can,” Danielle said. “I’ll make sure it’s smoothed over. Once the Adventure Society hears about what happened here, they’ll be crawling over this place, and roping Magic Society people in with them. They’ll bring them back.”

Danielle’s teleportation power was unable to affect others without their consent, so Jory fed Silva a potion to wake him up. He opened bleary eyes to find he had been sat in Jason’s chair with Jason and Sophie looking down at him.

“Good morning, sunshine,” Jason said. “You’re about to have a rough day, mate.”

Silva’s eyes went wide. He tried to leap out of the chair, only for Gary’s huge hands to land on his shoulders and push him back down. Silva was strong but Gary was stronger.

“Asano!” Silva snarled. “Wexler? What happened? How are you not a meat puppet?”

“Rugged good looks,” Jason said. “What happened to your creepy elf mate?”

The fury continued to burn in Silva’s eyes but he pulled himself under control.

“You have to go after him. This was all his idea. I had no idea he was going to use a star seed.”

“Mate, your words won’t be as garbled if you stop talking out your arse. You can lie all you like once we get back to town. Just shut up and accept the teleport.”

“Teleport?”

Silva looked around, noticing the others.

“Why would I go along with you?”

“Because if you don’t,” Sophie said, her voice an icy needle, “then you get to stay here with me.”

Silva paled, then angrily covered the flash of fear.

“You’re nothing, Wexler. If it wasn’t for my father I’d have used you up and then tossed you into a brothel. If you were even still alive at this point, you’d be drugged to the eyeballs, lying in a filthy bed, waiting for the next guy to take his turn.”

Sophie leaned forward, bring her face right up to Silva’s, her mouth a hungry smile and her eyes, silver daggers.

“Oh, I know,” she said. “That’s why I’m hoping you make me take you back to town the long way. The very, very long way.”



Jason was finally home, alone in his room in the cloud boathouse. With a thought, dark mist swirled around him and all his clothing but his underwear vanished. He staggered over and fell into the cool embrace of his cloud bed. As the softness enveloped him, all the things he had been holding back were fully unleashed. Everything he had pushed away since his capture flooded over him in full force. He was left shuddering, curled up in a foetal position. The exhaustion not of his body but of his soul finally caught up with him and plunged him into a restless slumber.

He was woken by morning light coming through the transparent ceiling he hadn’t turned opaque before falling

asleep. He was still shaky but somewhat purged. His reaction of the day before had worked something out of his system. He reconsidered that perhaps Knowledge hadn't been lying after all. He was better than the day before, but that wasn't the same as good. His experiences of the last few days were a blurry mess, yet he knew they would haunt him for the rest of his life.

When his team brought him home, Danielle had suggested he remain there with an Adventure Society official to watch over him, if only for the sake of propriety. She knew he wasn't likely to want to leave anyway, and it was only until the church of the Healer gave him a thorough examination.

"Just until we confirm you're all clear of the star seed," she had told him.

The team gathered together on the deck for a big breakfast cooked by Gary, which meant meat, more meat and some eggs. With meat.

Jason had his first genuine smile in what felt like forever as he looked around at everyone happily tucking into breakfast. He was struck with the feeling that he might, eventually, be okay. The team naturally coddled him but he begged off after breakfast, asking for some time alone. He went up to the top deck of the houseboat, staying outside where the Adventure Society official could see him. He wasn't going to give the stranger access to the internal areas of his houseboat.

It was a mild winter day, actually rather pleasant with clear blue skies. With a mental command, a cloud-stuff lounger rose up out of the floor. He laid down and used the wrist razor Gilbert had incorporated into all his outfits to slash the back of his hand, letting a single member of Team Colin emerge. Colin crawled up Jason's arm to rest on his shoulder.

"Feeling better, little mate? How about we take a look to see if you got any stronger from all that?"

Jason looked at the system messages, still minimised at the corner of his vision. Taking a deep breath, he started pulling them up, one by one. Many of them were just warnings about his powers being suppressed, which wasn't much use given he

couldn't see them until his abilities were unsuppressed again. Others were more important.

**Outworlder racial ability [Quest System] has evolved to [Defiant].**

**Ability: [Defiant]**

**Transfigured from [Outworlder] ability [Quest System]. Previous effects of racial ability [Quest System] have been lost.**

**Ignore the enhanced resistances derived from rank disparity. This only affects the enhanced resistance from being higher rank, not other sources of resistance.**

**Ignore the enhanced aura suppression and aura suppression resistance derived from rank disparity. This only affects the enhanced effects from being higher rank, not the inherently superior strength of higher-rank auras.**

**Looting abilities used on higher-rank monsters defeated by you will have increased effect.**

“Wait, no more quests? I have a lot of overhead costs coming up when I hit bronze.”

The vast majority of the quests Jason had done were simple ones related to his Adventure Society work, earning him a nice bundle of money. As for the more exceptional quests, they had been the source of some of Jason's most important items. His essences, if nothing else. It looked like that part, at least, would still be a factor, with the new version enhancing the loot of more powerful monsters.

The quest system was Jason's variant on the guidance power that all outworlders apparently received. If the quests went away, did it mean he was no longer in need of guidance? Had this world truly become home? He suddenly felt further from his own world than ever.

Jason sorted through the system messages for the relevant ones. Some of them were just garbled nonsense, he guessed due to a combination of the suppression collar and the extreme stress being exerted on his soul, the source of all his powers.



He dug out another relevant message.

“Hey, this one’s about you.”

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) has reached Iron 8 (100%).**

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) has reached Iron 9 (00%).**

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability: [Sanguine Horror] (Blood)**

**Familiar (ritual, summon).**

**Base cost: Extreme mana, extreme stamina, extreme health.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Summon a sanguine horror to serve as a familiar.**

**Effect (bronze): Summon a bronze rank vessel for your familiar with enhanced abilities.**

**Ability [Sanguine Horror] (Blood) cannot advance further until all attributes have reached bronze rank.**

“Look at you, mate, jumping all the way to bronze rank like a big boy.”

Colin wiggled happily.

“Good thing I already picked up the materials for your next summoning ritual. I might have to brush up on the ritual knowledge, though, to make sure I do it right.”

Jason pulled up another advancement message.

**Ability [Hegemony] (Sin) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Hegemony] (Sin) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Hegemony] (Sin) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability: [Hegemony] (Sin)**

**Aura (holy, unholy).**

**Base cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Allies within the aura have increased resistance to afflictions, while enemies within the aura have their resistance to afflictions reduced. Enemy resistances are further reduced for each instance of [Sin] they are suffering from.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts an instance of [Sin] on enemies that make physical or magical attacks against allies within the aura. Instances applied in this way cannot be resisted.**

**Ability [Hegemony] (Sin) cannot advance further until all attributes have reached bronze rank.**

“Strewth, that’s a fair dinkum upgrade.”

Sin was Jason’s power that increased the effect of necrotic damage, and now any enemy attacking his team would stack up instances on themselves. That would combine nicely not just with his own powers but the abilities that Belinda and Neil had gotten from the awakening stones of the Reaper.

There was one more important system message before Jason cleared off the stack.

**New Title: [Spirit Warrior]**

**Fighting off a concerted attack on your soul by a transcendent entity has awakened your awareness of your own soul and refined your ability to use it as a weapon.**

**The suppressive force and resistance to suppression of your aura is increased. You can use the suppression resistance of your aura to resist forms of magical suppression beyond just aura suppression.**

**After fully suppressing the aura of others, you may use your aura to attack their soul directly.**

**Your aura signature has changed. Your unyielding nature in the face of even the greatest power can be detected if your aura is examined by an aura sensing power or when projecting your aura. The echo of transcendent power within your aura is increased.**

Jason sat looking at the description for a long time. His recollection of the Builder's attack on his soul wasn't a memory exactly. It was more like something imprinted on his soul, deeper and more enduring. His own attacks would doubtless be an empty echo of what the Builder had done to him, but it still wasn't something he wanted to do to another person.

"It's good," he told himself, unconvincingly. "Of course it's good."

He couldn't shake the questions rising up in the back of his mind. Exactly who and what were his experiences turning him into? He was already no longer human. When he finally found his way home, would anyone even recognise whatever it was he had become?



## LINGERING DOUBTS

A group of people made their way along to the marina towards the houseboat. It was led by Danielle Geller, along with Rufus, his mother, Arabelle, plus Clive and Vincent Trenslow, the Adventure Society official with the grandiose moustache. With them was a gold rank priest from the church of the Healer, freshly portalled into the city.

“How is he?” Danielle asked. It had been a little more than a week since Jason had been returned home.

“He was asleep for four days,” Clive said. “Those miracle potions of Jory’s defer the need for healing recovery, which is impressive. But once it hit him, it hit him hard.”

“Unsurprising,” the priest of the Healer said. His name was Carlos, a broad-shouldered and swarthy man. His features had the polished perfection that was universal at gold rank. His clothes were not the robes of the Healer but a casual outfit. The brown colour and plain cut were reminiscent of the church of the Healer’s humble clerical wear, however. Only once they had lost their way did the Healer’s local clergy move into ostentatious variations.

“Even in the case of cultists who are accepting of it,” Carlos continued, “introducing a star seed to the body is deeply traumatic. Removing it is even worse.”

“I saw a star seed removed before it was rendered inert,” Danielle said. “It wasn’t traumatic, it was a meat grinder.”

“Sadly true,” Carlos said. “People were lost all over before we figured out who the cult was and what they were doing.

From what you've told me about the situation here, you seemed to figure things out before the Adventure and Magic Societies disseminated the information widely."

"Clive here is largely responsible for that," Danielle said. Clive looked sheepish.

"While we may have a better idea of what we're doing now," Carlos said, "we aren't always successful in helping the people the cult has implanted. Even when they're inert, extricating star seeds can be lethal without continuous healing. If your friend really managed it on his own, with a suppression collar around his neck, that's deeply impressive. What has he been doing since he woke up?"

"He's been under self-imposed house arrest, at my suggestion," Danielle said.

"He's been on the roof deck of the houseboat for days," Rufus said. "He got up, had breakfast and went up there three days ago. I don't think he's come back down since. He's just been up there, meditating the whole time."

"It's very likely that he's aura training," Carlos said. "In cases of soul trauma, practising aura control can help re-establish the sense of self. Many people realise this instinctively, while others we strongly suggest it to. Actually having the instruction in aura manipulation beforehand is obviously a tremendous help."

They arrived at the houseboat. Vincent told the Adventure Society official stationed on the dock that he could go. One way or another, Jason would no longer be under confinement.

"He must be inside," Danielle said. "I don't sense his aura at all."

"He's up top," Rufus's mother, Arabelle, said. She tilted her head, as if straining to hear something, then frowned.

"His aura isn't retracted," she said. "It's suppressed."

Using her gold-rank strength, she vaulted directly up to the roof of the houseboat, Danielle had the others all touch one another in a chain connection ending in her and teleported them up. They found Jason sitting peacefully, in a cross-legged

meditation pose with a suppression collar around his neck. He opened his eyes as they arrived on his rooftop.

“Jason,” Clive asked in horror. “What are you doing with that collar?”

This close, they could all feel the suppressive power of the collar with their own aura senses. They were all startled as Jason’s aura emerged from within it, pushing it back. He took a key from his storage space, unlocking the collar and putting it and the collar away.

“Aura training,” Jason said, pushing himself lightly to his feet.

“Fascinating,” Carlos said. “The ability to counter the magic suppression with aura is a phenomenon that I’ve heard of, but never actually thought I’d see.”

“I didn’t know that something like that was even possible,” Rufus said.

“Extreme soul trauma can prompt some unusual reactions,” Carlos said. “From time to time, some unscrupulous researcher will attempt to study it. They’ll take essence users and subject them to all manner of soul torture to try and figure out a process by which to reliably gain special soul effects. The cost in misery and lives is unconscionable. It’s all for nothing, as well, because the research never goes anywhere. The most anyone had ever achieved was a few people with enhanced resistance to aura suppression and a lot of people who died in agony.”

“I’ve heard of instances like that,” Clive said.

“Soul trauma is actually my speciality field of healing,” Carlos said. “I’ve seen more victims of these atrocities than anyone and I’ve come to my own conclusion. The soul withstanding the trauma and growing isn’t about the process, but the person.”

“Don’t I feel special,” Jason said flatly. “Do you have a name, soul trauma expert?”

“Sorry, I’m being rude. Carlos Quilido, church of the Healer.”

Jason looked at him coldly.

“You’re here to decide my fate?”

“I’m here to help you,” Carlos said showing no signs of being affected by Jason’s rudeness. “If you truly don’t have a star seed in you, I’m here to prove that definitively and excise any lingering doubts. If you do have one inside you, I’m here to excise it.”

Jason frowned, unhappily.

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” he said. “It’s just that I’ve been awaiting judgement for days.”

“I completely understand,” Carlos said. “I have some experience with people in similar circumstances to yours. Because of my specialty, the church and the Adventure Society have had me travelling around to work with people who’ve had star seeds extracted from them. For the most part, the cult only implants their own members but, they will implant them in others when it serves their purposes. You aren’t the first in this city to endure that, I understand. The church of Purity first developed the extraction techniques, but we, the church of the Healer, have taken over that task.”

“I’ve never understood why Purities clergy would do that, if they’re secretly working with the cult,” Rufus said.

“Because the best way to hide a secret alliance is under the guise of an enemy,” Jason said.

“Exactly,” Danielle agreed. “The implanting of star seeds in non-members of the cult has always been a distraction from their actual goals. That is as true everywhere else as it was here.”

“I have a question about the people who were implanted and had them removed,” Jason said to Carlos. “It sounds like you might have the answer, if you don’t mind?”

“Certainly,” Carlos said.

“The people who implanted me,” Jason said. “They told me that once you let the seed into the soul, the Builder has you. For good. That once you open that door, you’re done. It



makes me wonder about the people who have had the seeds extracted.”

“My understanding is that it was not the cult that implanted you. It sounds like whoever these people were, their information about the star seeds was not complete. It is true that the Builder imprints itself on the soul of those who relinquish access. Without the star seed as a channel, however, the Builder cannot exert control. As best we can understand, the people in question do truly regain themselves, although obviously very changed for the experience. Not to cheapen your experiences, but they suffered and were changed even more than you. Unfortunately, they were damaged more than you as well.”

“I can imagine,” Jason said. “I feel like a different person and my soul wasn’t breached. If I’d opened that door...”

“Quite,” Carlos said. “There is a rather disturbing trend we have discovered of people previously implanted feeling a compulsion left behind by the Builder.”

“What kind of compulsion?” Jason asked.

“To seek out another star seed. There seems to be a longing for the power it promised. Most resist that urge, knowing how self-destructive it is. Some of them no longer have the will to resist and give in to it. We have them all watched now, including the ones here in Greenstone. I understand one local was lost before that protocol was put in place.”

“It’s unconfirmed,” Danielle said, “but yes. The son of a friend.”

“It’s strange feeling sorry for Thadwick,” Jason said. “So, you’re some kind of big deal, Mr Quilido?”

“I wouldn’t say that, and please call me Carlos. I just have a speciality that is tragically useful in these unfortunate times. Arabelle and I have worked together in the past and she contacted me after what happened to you.”

Jason shared an apologetic smile between Carlos and Arabelle.

“You came all this way to help, and I was rude to you from the moment we met.”

“Seriously?” Clive asked. “All this time, and you apologise to this guy?”

“I don’t understand,” Carlos said.

“Don’t mind Clive,” Jason said. “He’s been crabby ever since I slept with his wife.”

“I don’t have a wife!”

“Yeah, I’m a homewrecker,” Jason said winsomely, turning to look off into the middle distance. “When you’re down with O.P.P. that’s the life you live.”

“What are you even looking at?” Clive asked.

“I feel like I’m missing something,” Carlos said.

“get used to that feeling,” Rufus said. “I think we just found out that it’s the real Jason in there. What is it that Humphrey says?”

“If you don’t understand what Jason is talking about, he’s probably up to something,” Clive said. “If you do know what Jason’s talking about, he’s definitely up to something.”

“Returning to normal behaviour is a good sign,” Carlos said. “Whatever normal behaviour means. Do not underestimate the impact of these events, however. Essence users are mentally resilient by nature, as a survival mechanism. The damage is not gone, however, merely forestalled. If the seed was resisted, we would expect to see behaviour consistent with trauma emerging over time. There will be permanent changes. Soul damage is something that marks you forever.”

“We would expect to see?” Jason said, echoing Carlos’s words. “Surely I’m not the only one to resist a seed implantation.”

“No,” Carlos said. “We know of at least six instances, but there are doubtless more. Under normal circumstances, star seeds of the Builder are implanted by cultists of the Builder. If a seed is rejected, it generally kills the person. If they survive,

the cult kills them. The unusual circumstances of your implantation have allowed to you to escape without the cult killing you by simple virtue of their absence. I am curious how you purged the seed from your body and survived without assistance.”

“It wasn’t without assistance,” Jason said. “My familiar heals me. He worked like a trooper to keep me alive.”

“I would be fascinated to examine it.”

Jason’s face froze.

“You can prod and poke me all you like,” he said in a voice of hard granite. “You come after Colin, though, and I don’t care who sent you or what rank you are. I will find a way to kill you.”

The temperature dropped as everyone fell silent at Jason’s sudden turn. The group looked nervous at the revelation that Jason’s return to his old self was a constructed façade. Rufus thought back to Jason’s first days in the city, where his vulnerability was likewise hidden behind his over-the-top personality. Only Carlos seemed unfazed by the outburst.

“Understood,” he said. “I will take you up on that prodding and poking. There’s a reason the church and Adventure Society so readily approved Arabelle’s request to have me portalled here. Your survival presents a unique opportunity to learn more about the star seed implantation process. Hidden within your body and experiences may be insight that lets us help others. Mr Asano, you are the only known instance of someone both surviving the rejection and the aftermath. The hope is that what we can improve the process by which we extract star seeds from the cult’s victims.”

“I’m sorry,” Jason said. “You have larger concerns than just me, I know.”

“You don’t need to apologise to anyone after what you went through,” Carlos said. “But you are right about larger concerns. In many respects, the Builder has orchestrated a war on our world that we didn’t even know about until he was

winning. Anything we can learn to catch up is essential knowledge.”

“I’m not sure how much I can help you,” Jason said.

“Anything we can find out will obviously be excellent,” Carlos said with an open smile. “First and foremost, though I am a priest of the Healer. Before anything else, I’m here to help you, not for you to help me.”



## SCARS

Carlos worked with Clive, directing him to draw out a ritual circle on the rooftop.

“This is a damage echo ritual,” Carlos explained. “It will let me examine the history of physical damage to Mr Asano’s body.”

As Jason stood in the middle of the circle, a man-shaped image of light appeared above him, with red and blue lines running through it like veins. Carlos waved his hand, manipulating the image. The mark of Jason’s first scar appeared, bright and glaring across his torso. Carlos slowly and methodically went through everything, although much of the image was an abstraction, incomprehensible without the appropriate knowledge.

“This is actually rather easy,” Carlos observed as he worked. “Because your body is less than a year old, everything is quite clear. Excellent for obtaining definitive results.”

Eventually he ended the ritual.

“This is consistent from what we’ve seen in others we believe to have rejected the seeds,” Carlos said. “They were all dead, though, so we were working from corpses. The information we have isn’t ideal.”

“You said there had been six that you knew of?” Clive asked.

“Those are just the ones we found,” Carlos said. “We don’t know what the actual numbers are. Obviously, it requires a series of ameliorating factors to even give someone a chance.

As to how many more individuals resisted the star seeds and were killed without being found we just don't know.”

“How accurately can you determine my condition if corpses are your basis for comparison?” Jason asked.

“Even from the corpses we could find specific differences between those who rejected the seed and those who were forced to accept it and then had it removed. If you think of the body as a field, the seed ploughs that field over, ready for planting. If the field accepts the seed, we see changes as the seed takes root. If the seed is rejected, however, all we get is overturned earth. The ground has been torn up, but the seed won't grow.”

“So, he's in the clear?” Rufus asked. “No star seed?”

Vincent, standing next to Rufus, could sense his agitation. He slipped his hand into Rufus's and gave it a reassuring squeeze. Rufus gave him a grateful glance.

“Provisionally, I am willing to say that indications are good. Because Mr Asano's body is young enough, the results are unambiguous. The Adventure Society and my church, however, require me to also conduct an examination of your soul, Mr Asano.”

“If you're going to have a rummage in my soul,” Jason said, “we should probably be on a first name basis.”

“The soul examination isn't invasive,” Carlos said. “It can't be. If the Builder can't get in there, I certainly can't. It will expose your soul to scrutiny, however, which I have found makes people feel very exposed. The feeling is something like having your aura completely suppressed. I can tell you this from experience, having had the same ritual performed on me.”

“We could have used that ritual a few months ago,” Danielle said.

“It's a gold rank ritual,” Carlos said. “Not easy to disseminate or use, especially in a place like Greenstone. Also, this version of the ritual is new, devised specifically for this circumstance. I had myself be the first person put through it, to

experience what others would be going through, but you are our first actual living subject, Jason. The next ritual will create a projection of your soul that I can examine to confirm that it has not been breached. The sensation is something like projecting your aura, except there will be a powerful flood of energy to make the projection much more powerful than normal.”

“That’s a reliable test?” Rufus asked.

“Very,” Carlos said. “If Mr Asano—Jason—has ever let anything alien into his soul, it will be very evident. This ritual is only now being spread by the Magic Society to test for suspected star seed recipients. Fortunately, the Builder takes time to overcome the sense of self-preservation when he forces unwilling victims to open up their souls. Only those who have been seeded for extended periods are willing to detonate themselves when captured.”

“If he does have a star seed in him,” Danielle asked, “will this ritual harm Jason before we can have it extracted?”

“No. It will just be a projection of the soul, nothing more. But as I said, it’s a profoundly uncomfortable experience. The sense of exposure, of vulnerability, is very real.”

“Not an issue,” Jason said.

“That’s easy to say,” Carlos said. “What the ritual reveals won’t just be visible, although that will be part of it. Anyone with aura senses will be able to sense your fully exposed soul. This is especially true because the ritual incorporates an amplification element. Jason, your soul is only iron rank and I need to examine it clearly, so the projection will be more powerful than your normal aura projection. For that reason, I suggest we move to an enclosed ritual room instead of a high, open space on a busy marina.”

“No,” Jason said, his voice almost a growl. “I want people to see.”

His friends looked at him with concern but remained silent.

“Let’s get started then,” Carlos said.



Clive used his powers to rebalance the ambient magic and start drawing out the ritual circle from a book Carlos handed him.

“The visible representation will be quite noticeable,” Carlos explained as he supervised Clive’s work. “Particularly given our choice of venue. The appearance will be rather similar to your personal crest, if you have one. I do not, so I was rather curious when I underwent this ritual myself. My soul, as it turns out, looks like a sparkly apple. Presumably because I’m sweet and fresh.”

Jason chuckled as his friends looked on awkwardly. After his brooding behaviour and recent outburst, they weren’t sure how to look at him.

“That’s an excellent job,” Carlos assessed, looking over the finished ritual circle. It was easily the most sophisticated circle Jason had ever seen. Normally, Clive’s power drew out magic diagrams in glowing golden lines. Most of the circle was still gold, but it featured a rainbow of colours in various sections, from vibrant red to cool green and bright, sky blue.

“I’d be tempted to let you conduct the ritual yourself, Mr Standish, if channelling the power of a gold rank ritual wouldn’t make you explode.”

“You mentioned that this is a gold rank ritual earlier,” Rufus said. “I didn’t think a ritual of that rank was possible with the low magical density in this region.”

“Normally, no,” Carlos said. “You could probably perform a silver-rank ritual here, if you were careful, but not a gold. We’ll be using mana condensers.”

Carlos started taking what looked like simple lamps from his dimensional bag and placing them in the corners of the rooftop deck. Where the glow stone would go in a normal lamp, these had swirling lights of blue, silver and gold. It looked very much like the light shed by the transcendent damage of Jason’s execute power.

“Mana condensers are a tool for performing rituals requiring a higher magic density than is available in the local

area,” Clive explained as Carlos set them out. “You charge them up, quite slowly, in a low magic area, and they can create an artificial field of high-density ambient magic. Very inefficient, but if it’s what you need, it’s what you need.”

He set out the lamps, along with other materials, most of which seemed to be different coloured crystals. There were also a number of gold spirit coins that, if you ignored certain items like the cloud palace, was more than all the wealth in Jason’s possession.

“Seems like a waste of coin,” Jason said.

“If you’re short on money, the church of the Healer will be happy to help you out,” Carlos said. “The information we get here will be critical going forward. If you’re willing to dedicate a number of hours to go over your experience and answers some questions as best you can, maybe undergo an extra ritual or three to examine your condition, we can and will pay well for information on a subject that is very hard to come by right now.”

“It’ll help people, right?” Jason asked.

“Very much so,” Carlos said. “Even with the guidance of our god, the current methods we have for extracting star seeds are crude and brutal. Not everyone survives. The information we can potentially get from studying you could help us improve those methods significantly.”

“Helping people and getting paid for my trouble,” Jason said. “Sounds like adventuring to me.”

“Wait, you’re letting this guy study you?” Clive complained. “I ask you all the time.”

“He wants help healing people,” Jason said. “Not help streamlining his bureaucratic process.”

“Bureaucratic process?” Clive complained. “Do you have any idea how critical the work of the Magic Society is to...”

Clive trailed off as he saw Jason’s familiar sly grin and started muttering complaints to himself.

“Just about ready,” Carlos said. “For this one, everyone else should go down to that lower deck. Mr Standish, you can stay, if you think you have the expertise to avoid tainting the ritual.”

“I probably can but I’d rather not take the risk,” Clive said, following the others down the stairs to the lower deck.

From below they could hear, but not see the ritual being conducted. The chant was not in words, but unintelligible sounds.

“Non-linguistic chants are very difficult,” Clive said, “but they become more and more common in the higher-rank rituals.”

Around them on the marina, the surge of magic from the roof deck was drawing attention. The wealthy marina patrons tended to be essence users, many with perception powers that could sense the changes in the ambient magic. Those pointed out the surge in ambient magic density to others.

When the ritual was completed, every essence user in the marina and many in the Marina North district of the city felt an aura blast out. Incredibly domineering, but not the individual power of a sovereign. It was more like a celestial law had passed over the area, filled with unyielding resolve and an echo of divine power.

Beyond the feel of the aura, it carried with it an overbearing suppressive force. Bronze-rankers and above were able to withstand the surging aura, while iron-rankers without solid aura control found themselves shaken and shivering. The only member of Jason’s team present was Clive, who weathered the aura surge despite being at the epicentre. After resuming his adventuring after years as Magic Society official, he had benefited from Farrah’s aura training, alongside Jason.

The people without aura senses actually fared better than the essence users. Their lack of sensitivity gave them no more than a foreboding sense of unease.

High above the roof deck, darkness spread like a sinister cloud, covering a huge space. It was not a complete darkness,

but contained a spread of dim, feeble stars like an oppressive night sky. Within the darkness, indistinct shapes moved and shifted, defined only by being darker than the sky around them. It was hard to make out their shapes or follow their movements, but what onlookers could see of the unnerving, alien forms made them glad that they could not.

In the centre of the darkness, a cluster of stars started glowing brighter, taking on the form of a cloak. The cloak opened and expanded, revealing that within was a clear blue sky and bright sun, like a universe contained within a dark void.

The dark shapes immediately converged on the starlight cloak, tearing at it with shadowy claws. They rent the cloak, but from every tear, sunlight flared out in the form of bright, grasping tendrils, clutching at the dark figures. They wrapped around the dark, alien shapes, which dissolved away like morning mist exposed to the sun. As they did, horrifying shrieks emerged from the projection with each dark entity that was annihilated.

People looked up at the projection from all across the marina, feeling the source of the strange aura that had washed over them.

“This is Jason’s soul?” Rufus asked. “You saw his personal crest, right, Clive?”

“Yeah,” Clive said weakly. “It was kind of like this, but it didn’t have those things in it. Are they the star seed? Did it get in after all?”

“No,” Carlos called out from above. His gold rank senses easily heard their conversation, even over the screeching. “They’re the aftermath of the war he fought for his soul. The soul doesn’t scar the same way the body does.”

Carlos had not been anticipating anything like the power of the soul projection the ritual produced. He was worried that the gold-rank ritual was filtering too much power through Jason’s soul to create the projection but Jason seemed unperturbed. He was standing in the middle of the circle, eyes closed and completely relaxed.

Satisfied that Jason's soul was unviolated, Carlos brought the ritual to an end, the aura fading away and the image dissolving into nothing.



I WON'T LET THEM TURN ME INTO  
THAT

Jason didn't go straight back to adventuring after his ordeal with the star seed. Instead he spent his time in training and recovery. His team spent their days participating in the hunt for Killian Laurent, whose possession and use of the star seed had made him a priority in the efforts to locate and fight against the cultists. He potentially had valuable information and unlike the suicide-prone cultists, he might be possible to capture.

At the same time, Silva had been locked up in the Adventure Society's prison tower, being asked some very pointed questions. It didn't help with the search for Laurent, only revealing the depth of ignorance Silva had about his former henchman. Silva did volunteer other information that was more actionable, however.



Unless someone had a specific power to do so, most long-distance communication was conducted through speaking chambers. Two chambers could be connected, allowing the person in each chamber to project into a water clone in the other.

Most speaking chambers were housed within and operated by the Magic Society branches. One of the perks of being a branch director was the use of a private speaking chamber, annexed to their office. Lucian Lamprey was using his, but the

man on the other end was not telling him what he wanted to hear.

“We don’t have anyone who’s been there to open a portal, Lucian. Why would we? It’s just an out of the way, provincial city that probably wouldn’t exist if not for the spirit coin farms.”

“Surely you can find someone?” Lamprey asked.

“Probably, but I won’t. You were banished there for a reason, Lucian. You’re all out of friends, here.”

“All I need is one portal out.”

The person on the other end of the communication sighed.

“I have someone who can portal to Hornis. If you can get there, I can maybe arrange something. It’ll cost you, though.”

“You owe me. From the old days.”

“The old days are over, Lucian. I don’t owe you a thing. Get to Hornis and message me again. We can work something out. If you have something to offer.”

Lamprey went to speak but the person on the other end severed the connection. The water that made up the clone lost its animating force and splashed back into the pool.

Lamprey stormed out of the tiled booth.

“Hornis,” he muttered to himself. It was a port city, like Greenstone, south and around the coast. He would either have to take a ship and risk someone exposing his departure, or go overland, east into the veldt and then south. He decided that was the safer route, as the desert was not a threat to a silver ranker.

He opened the hidden safe in his office, shoving the contents into a dimensional bag before making for the door. Just as he left his office, he spotted Danielle Geller at the far end of the long hallway. She spotted him, in turn.

“Leaving?” she called out to Lamprey. “That works out, because you need to come with me.”



“I’m busy right now, Lady Geller,” Lamprey said.  
“Another day.”

“Oh, I insist,” Danielle said.

They stared at each other down the hall for a long moment. Then, as if someone waved a starter’s flag, they both sprang into motion. Lamprey clapped his hands together in front of him, creating a wave of force that sent cracks along the stone walls, floor and ceiling. The art lining the walls was ripped apart, the windows shattered and floor tiles exploded, throwing up dust and debris that shrouded the hallway.

His attack was late before it had even begun; trying to move faster than Danielle Geller was an exercise in futility. By the time the hallway started erupting she had already teleported behind him, her blade cutting into his thick neck muscle. Lamprey was powerless to Danielle’s speed, however, and her sword barely dug into the flesh. He reached up and grabbed the blade while ramming his other elbow back into Danielle’s chest. His incredible strength fired her back like a rocket, through the doorway and across his office where she bounced roughly off the wall.

Lamprey turned around, Danielle’s sword still gripped in his hand by the blade. He probed the wound with his free hand as he watched her push herself back to her feet.

“I knew you were tough,” she said, “but I thought that would do more.”

“You’ll have to cut me like that a thousand times if you want me to go down,” Lamprey sneered.

Danielle gave him a predatory smile in return.

“Deal.”

She vanished, as did her sword, leaving behind a cut in Lamprey’s hand. Bloody lines started appearing on his body, Danielle’s movement nothing but a blur.



Even once his Adventure Society minder was gone, Jason rarely left the houseboat. Most of his time was spent refining his aura control. He quickly reached the point where he could completely negate the effects of an iron-rank suppression collar and had begun working with a bronze-rank one. He could only hold off its effects for a few moments, but he knew exactly how valuable a few moments could be.

When he did leave, he remained unnoticed. He moved through Old City unseen, practicing his shadow teleportation. He needed it to reach bronze rank, hopefully opening a path back to the Order of the Reaper's astral space and the Builder cultists within.

Jason's friends clearly wanted to be supportive, although they were largely at a loss as to how. Joining the pursuit for Killian was their way to try to find some closure on Jason's ordeal. In the meantime, Carlos and Arabelle both came by the houseboat daily, carefully talking Jason through the events of his capture and escape.

Arabelle helped him explore the traumatic memories. For those strange feelings imprinted on his soul from when he had no mind to form memories, Carlos had techniques to help. Guided meditation was a large part of it, as was teaching Jason about the soul from a magical theory perspective. Jason's grasp of magical theory was continually improving and he was able to follow along with at least the fundamentals of what Carlos was talking about.

"Some people find a more intuitive approach helpful," Carlos told him. "Others, like you, seem to get more from understanding the way the soul functions magically. Understanding and breaking down what they went through helps them process it."

One day, Carlos and Arabelle arrived at the houseboat with Arabelle's old team of her, her husband, the stealthy and enigmatic Callum Morse and Emir. Also with them were Danielle Geller, Constance and Hester.

"We wanted to come earlier," Emir told Jason. "Arabelle said it was best to wait."

Although his original purpose in Greenstone had been concluded, Emir's operation at Sky Scar Lake continued. Knowing that the Builder cult had infiltrated the astral space there, his people had been trying to find a way back in. Jason had been keeping something under his hat, not wanting to speak up until he was certain, but changed his mind.

"You asked me, before, if Shade had any insights that might help you get back into the astral space," Jason told him. "I didn't say anything at the time, but there might be something."

"Oh?" Emir asked.

"We can't test it out until my shadow teleport power reaches bronze rank," Jason said.

"Not what we're here for," Arabelle said, heading off the conversation.

"What are you here for?" Jason asked. "Not that I don't appreciate the well-wishes."

Carlos and Arabelle, as it turned out, had arranged an adventurer group therapy session. Jason had been through a lot, but no adventurer reached silver and gold rank without their own horror stories.

In the past, Jason had felt a step between himself and the experienced upper-rankers he knew. As they each shared their own tribulations, he felt a new sense of belonging. It was something he had been missing even before his recent troubles. His very nature as an outworlder marked him as an outsider. To share his story with others and have them share theirs in turn was like a puzzle piece fitting into the right space.

As they left the boathouse afterwards, Danielle took Jason aside.

"Someday, Humphrey and the others will face similar problems," she told him.

Jason nodded, understanding. Neither of them needed to say more.



It had been almost two months since Jason last set foot on the Adventure Society campus. He glanced over at the prison tower where both Lucian Lamprey and Cole Silva were incarcerated. The ultimate fate of neither man had yet been decided.

After the disastrous expedition and the subsequent wave of demotions, the campus had, for a time, become an almost desolate place. Then, after the Reaper trials, it had been overrun with time-displaced priests. With the expedition months gone and the priests sent off to whatever their new lives had become, it was back to the same bustle of activity Jason remembered from his early days as an adventurer. A lot of people were looking his way, either with furtive glances or openly staring. One woman even pointed right at him as she whispered to her companions. He ignored it as he made his way into the administration building and rode the elevating platform to the fifth floor.

“Morning, Bert.” Jason spotted Albert behind the executive level reception desk. “I see from your aura that the training is coming along.”

“Oh, you’re one to talk, Mr Asano. Bertram was working guard duty on the bridge when you set off your little display. You gave him a right good scare.”

“You can put that down to the ritual I was going through, not me.”

“If you say so, Mr Asano. Welcome back, by the way. It’s good to see you out and about, after what happened.”

“What exactly are people saying, Bert?”

“All sorts, Mr Asano; you know what rumours are like. Magic mind control, crime lords, and now Director Lamprey locked up in the prison tower. It’s all very exciting but no one seems sure if you’re victim or perpetrator, if you don’t mind me saying. And that’s without that business with the aura projection. Nobody knows what to make of that. Plus, there’s

talk of some village that got destroyed, the Duke sending out all those people and materials to rebuild.”

“Thank you, Bert.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, Mr Asano, what did happen?”

Jason thought about it for a moment.

“Cole Silva and Lucian Lamprey tried to deal with me using the Builder cult as a weapon.”

“It doesn’t seem to have worked out so well for them,” Albert said. “You being here and them locked up in the tower. It all came good in the end, then.”

“It isn’t the end,” Jason said grimly. “Not until the cultists have been dragged out of their holes and tossed right out of our world.”

“Well, I don’t think I’d bet against you, Mr Asano.”

“You know what, Bert? Neither would I.”



Jason sat down across from Elspeth Arella. Tabitha Gert and her inquiry team had decamped from Greenstone while he had been on the road contract and Arella was once again in charge.

“Mr Asano.”

“Director.”

“We have something of a contentious past, you and I.”

“We do,” Jason agreed. “Rufus Remore agreed to put his support behind you in return for your father’s help, however, and your father delivered. Since Rufus’s support absolutely includes me, then you can consider yourself to have mine, for whatever worth you find that to have.”

Arella examined Jason for a moment in silence. He was worlds apart from the brash, arrogant boy he had seemed in the past. The arrogance was still there, an unmistakable

challenge in the eyes. But the precocious boy had been replaced with a steely-faced man.

“I have been looking at my tenure, following the enquiry as a fresh start,” she said finally. “Perhaps you and I could do the same.”

“That seems fair,” Jason said.

“Very well, then on to business. I understand that Danielle Geller has been keeping you apprised of the investigation into Silva and now Lamprey.”

“That’s right.”

“As the primary charges against them are against an Adventure Society member, the Adventure Society will be dealing with them. As it also involves the Builder cult, the decisions regarding them will be made above my level. I understand that Tabitha Gert will be portalling in to take them both. As the victim, however, you have the right to be heard in regards to their ultimate dispensation.”

“I prefer not to think of myself as a victim,” Jason said. “Also, giving the victims a say might feel right, but that’s a tool of vengeance, not justice.”

“You don’t want revenge?”

“Of course I do,” Jason said. “If you’d asked me what to do with them three weeks ago, I’d have said hang them from a tree and beat them until fabulous prizes come out. But that’s not the person I want to be and I won’t let them turn me into that. So long as they aren’t put in a position to keep hurting people, I don’t care what happens to them.”

“How very considered. Does Miss Wexler feel the same way?”

“I don’t think you should try for a fresh start with her,” Jason said. “She knows that you tried to sell her off to Lamprey and has different feelings about vengeance than I do. But you and I both made mistakes that she almost paid the price for, so I won’t go casting any stones.”

“We’ll leave it at that, then, and move on to the next issue. North East Quarry Village Number Four. You did excellent work, there.”

“Thank you,” Jason said.

“You and Henrietta Geller did a superlative job of building the Adventure Society’s reputation.”

“Also, helping people,” Jason said.

“Yes, of course. The society would like to show its gratitude by supplying the materials required to resummon all your familiars. The ones you lost in that encounter, as well as the one that has now reached bronze rank.”

“You seem to know a lot about the state of my familiars.”

“This reward was suggested by your team. Mr Standish provided the list of supplies. I had to have someone portal them in, but after the expedition I’ve made a policy of always keeping a portal user on hand. Sending them all off together was a mistake I won’t make again.”

Jason gave it a short moment’s consideration, then nodded.

“Thank you,” he said.

“If you speak to the receptionist, he will direct you to pick them up. That just leaves the issue of your star ranking. Tabitha Gert promised that if you conduct yourself acceptably, your rank will be restored to three stars. I think we can safely say that has happened. You will be needing a new badge because of the changes to your aura and your personal crest, so please present yourself to the Magic Society at your convenience.”

“Speaking of my aura,” Jason said, “are there any repercussions I need to know about following the aura projection incident?”

“Not that you need to concern yourself with.”





## PUTTING THE BAND BACK TOGETHER

**I**n the wake of Cole Silva's arrest, his organisation fell into chaos as Silva's cousins fought to seize control. At first it was restricted to carefully feeling out key people and quietly garnering loyalty. As days passed into weeks without a definitive leader rising up, it started causing trouble with street level operations and the conflict became bloodier.

In the midst of all this, Killian's trail was finally found, but far too late. It was eventually discovered that he had decamped the city entirely, taking a ship loaded with a good chunk of Cole Silva's ill-gotten holdings. Until the crew of that boat turned up somewhere, it was a dead end.



Jason felt that he turned a corner in his recovery with the resummoning of his familiars. He began with Gordon and then Shade, grateful to discover that they were the same familiars he had previously. While the bodies of the familiars would be the same with each summoning, the astral spirits inhabiting them could be different, if the original spirits did not want to re-enter his service.

"Your soul is rather changed," Shade observed. "You have been through an ordeal in the time I've been gone."

"It's been rough," Jason acknowledged. "Glad to have you back, mate."

“I am also glad to return,” Shade said. “The Reaper’s realm is a rather monotonous place. I did take the time to make enquires while I was there, however, under the assumption that you survived to resummon me. I am now more confident about accessing the Order of the Reaper’s astral space.”

Resummoning Colin was another thing entirely. Summoning his new bronze-rank vessel would require a bronze-rank ritual. Part of his recovery time had been spent continuing his study of magical theory and he had the instinctive understanding of his power to guide him. Despite this, he wasn’t entirely confident about handling the increased sophistication and power the higher-rank ritual would require. He discussed the issue with Clive, who had a suggestion.

“You have that bronze-rank skill book, right? The one you took from Landemere Vane?”

Jason did, indeed, still have skill books detailing bronze-rank ritual and astral magic.

“They require bronze rank to use, though,” Jason said.

“So, fake it,” Clive said. “Use a spirit coin before you use the skill book. It’ll be a strain, but nothing you can’t handle after what you’ve been through.”

Jason took Clive’s advice. Taking a seat in his cloud house, he consumed a bronze-rank spirit coin under Clive’s supervision, with Neil on hand in case it became too much. Unlike his previous uses, his enhanced awareness of his own soul let him sense exactly what the coin was doing to him. It flushed through his soul harmlessly, merging with his own power before flooding into his body. He gained a better understanding of the cost of using spirit coins as he could clearly feel the power was more than his body could contain. He would only be able to briefly use the power surge before his body blew a fuse and shut off.

Hurriedly, he used the skill book. As with the previous one he had used, the text floated out of the book, becoming a magical cloud hovering around him. The power of the coin faded, leaving him feebly slumped in the chair, but it had done

its work. Without reaching a false bronze-rank state, he wouldn't have been able to trigger the book at all.

When the cloud of magical text started injecting itself into Jason's body, something went horribly wrong. Jason had experienced skill book use before and this was less strenuous than the huge tome that had contained his martial art. At the time he used that skill book, though, he hadn't experienced the star seed implantation.

It started with a familiar feeling as his body was invaded. The skill book's magic was entering his mind, not his soul but it was close enough that it awakened buried flashes of memory. Suddenly he was back in that room, hanging from the ceiling, vulnerable and helpless as his body and mind were invaded.

Clive and Neil watched in horror as Jason tumbled out of the chair and onto his knees, clutching at his head and screaming. Neil started to cast a healing spell but Clive stopped him.

"Don't," Clive warned urgently. "Muddling the magic going into him right now could do some real damage."

"What do we do?" Neil asked.

"All we can do is let him go through it," Clive said unhappily.

Eventually the screaming stopped and Jason was lying on the floor, looking up with blank eyes.

"He's not breathing," Clive said.

"He's been training," Neil said. "I've been helping him with it. He doesn't breathe at all now."



After the problem with the skill book, Jason didn't move on to resummoning Colin right away. He continued to work with Arabelle, Carlos having departed the city. He was important to the star seed implantation recovery efforts and couldn't be

spared for more than a couple of weeks on one person. He helped Jason through the worst and Jason did everything he could to give Carlos information he could use to help others; it was the only reason the Adventure Society and his church had let him stay as long as he did.

Having his other familiars back helped. Their presence in his soul was a comfort, a support when he awoke from a nightmare of suffered another flashback.

He concentrated on other tasks. More training, but also more mundane affairs. One of them was his new beard. It was trimmed light, with a line next to the chin where a thin scar was. Another scar bisected his left eyebrow.

“I’m still not sure about the beard,” he said at breakfast.

“I like it,” Neil said. “It covers your face.”

“No, it’s really good,” Belinda said. She was the one who suggested he keep it in the first place.

“It doesn’t make me look like a villain?”

“Isn’t seeming like a villain kind of your thing?” Gary asked.

“Stop discouraging him,” Belinda said. “It looks good, doesn’t it, Soph?”

Sophie looked up from her sausage and eggs to give Jason an intense stare. Finally she nodded.

“Your face is too pointy,” she said. “It softens the edges.”

“I’d have said that it flatteringly frames your facial structure,” Belinda said, “but I’d take it. For Sophie, that was a gushing compliment.”



Eventually Jason decided it was time to resummon Colin. After using the skill book, he had delved into the theory to consolidate his knowledge. Now he was as ready as he was

going to be. After the skill book, his whole team was going to be present for support, along with Rufus and Gary.

For each earlier familiar re-summoning, he had hired out a ritual room in the Magic Society, rather than do it on the houseboat. The cloud floor of the houseboat was not ideal for drawing out ritual circles, as it lacked the dedicated, hard-floored ritual rooms of Emir's cloud palace.

Jason did so again for Colin's ritual. Clive helped him pick out the one with the facilities to hose the room down afterward. He began preparations by stripping down to his underwear. No one mentioned the scars speckling his body, or the one long scar across his torso.

"Is that really necessary?" Neil asked. "No one wants to see your skinny body."

"This will be messy, if the last time is anything to go by," Jason said.

"It really was," Gary agreed. "We never actually cleaned that room after, we just picked up his unconscious body and snuck off."

"There's no point ruining good clothes," Jason said. "Sorry we can't all be super buff like you, Neil. Which reminds me, we need to take you to get some more flattering clothes. Seriously, who makes that stuff?"

"My aunt is quite interested in fashion design."

"Oh, I get it now," Jason said. "Is she too influential to be honest with about how bad her work is, or are you all just being nice?"

"She controls a fairly good portion of the family's holdings, yes," Neil acknowledged.

"Fair enough, then. Just tell her that your team leader made you get a new wardrobe to fit in with the group."

"Since when are you the team leader?" Neil asked.

"Of course I'm the team leader," Jason said. "I have the best hair."

“Sophie has the best hair,” Neil said.

“I’m the most handsome?”

“Not even top three,” Neil said.

“There’s only four guys in the team,” Jason said dejectedly.

“Maybe you should start the ritual now?” Clive suggested.

Jason nodded and started setting out the circle and the materials, mostly bronze-rank blood quintessence gems. Jason took a razor from his inventory and sliced the back of his hand, letting Colin spill out onto the ground. The leech pile spread out around the diagram, seeming to have an instinctive understanding of where to go.

“Alright, little mate,” Jason told Colin. “See you again soon.”

Jason began the ritual. Lines of red life force drifted out of the leeches and fed into Jason, the leeches withering into nothing. Even with that extra life force, the ritual took a heavy toll on Jason. At the edge of his vision, his mana and stamina bars emptied rapidly as mental and physical exhaustion overtook him. The little body shape indicating damage went from green to red all over as blood started seeping from his pores, spilling down his body to flow into the middle of the circle where it vanished.

Once again, Jason’s mind tried to drag him back to his torture, the memory of his body being ravaged by the star seed. He willed himself to stay in the moment. He felt his other familiars residing inside him. He glanced up at his friends, looking on with concern.

He dropped to one knee, struggling to stay conscious. Half as much blood loss would have killed a normal person. It all flowed into the circle and vanished, until all that Jason had put in and more started spilling from the floor like a wellspring, inundating the ritual circle. It stopped only when it reached the edge.

Crawling up out of the pool came a leech, no different to Colin’s previous form. It had the same slick, wormy body and

gaping maw with circular rings of oversized lamprey teeth. It was joined by a second, then a third, more and more emerged until they were being pushed out like meat from a grinder.

Strips of bloody cloth emerged from the mass, gathering the leeches together and wrapping them up. Like compression bandages, they pushed the leeches together into shape, slowly binding them up into a humanoid form.

The sanguine horror Jason, Gary, Rufus and Farrah had fought in that cave had taken on the appearance of a mummy. While the basic form Colin had taken was similar it was not identical. Along with bundling the leeches into shape, the strips of cloth had formed a ragged cloak and hood, draping off the humanoid figure.

“I think it’s trying to look like you, Jason,” Humphrey said.

Jason didn’t hear him, kneeling on the floor. His body was ravaged and he was desperately trying to keep his mind from going back to the torture room.

Once the figure finished forming, the bloody strips dried, leaving them a rusty colour. It reached out to help Jason to his feet. He grasped the crude, fingerless hand.

**Colin (sanguine horror).**

**Familiar (bronze rank).**

**Swarm. Hive mind.**

**Bites from the leech swarm inflict [Bleeding], [Leech Toxin] and [Necrotoxin].**

**Leech attacks drain health and stamina, allowing the rapid replacement of destroyed biomass.**

**Ranged entangling attacks can be made using cloth strips. Grips inflict minimal constriction damage but periodically inflict [Leech Toxin] and [Necrotoxin] if an area with an open wound is grabbed or the target is suffering the [Bleeding] condition.**

**While subsumed within the summoner, the summoner has accelerated healing and stamina recovery. Healing and recovery rate is determined by how much biomass was absorbed and increases with the summoner's level of injury.**

In addition to the changes to Colin's form, the healing he provided would now increase the more Jason was injured, the value of which was obvious. Jason had Colin walk around a little, which the familiar did, hesitantly at first and then with increasing confidence. Its new pseudo-human guise was faster than the leech pile of its previous form, although it still couldn't move much faster than a hurried shuffle.

"Alright, Colin," Jason said wearily. "Time to come home."

Through his instinctive sense of the familiar ability, Jason could sense that he would no longer need to cut himself for Colin to enter or leave his body. He reached out a hand. Colin did the same and the familiar was absorbed directly in through the skin. It happened in a comical rush, like a cartoon character being sucked into a vacuum cleaner. Jason immediately felt Colin go to work helping him heal and recover. He looked down at his bloodied body and pulled out a bottle of crystal wash.





## NOTHING SPEAKS LOUDER THAN POWER

**T**he return of Jason's familiars went a long way to helping him feel better. With his improved soul sense he could feel their comforting presence within him much more strongly than before. He even retained a sense of connection when they were out of his body. It didn't match the connection of a bonded familiar, like Humphrey had with Stash, but it was enough to give him back a confidence that he had been lacking for some time.

He had not yet returned to adventuring but he did start making some social excursions. This started with Gary arriving at the houseboat to take Jason out to the delta, to take a look at the construction site of the training annex for Rufus's academy. They rode out using two of Shade's bodies in horse form, void black but with glowing white hooves, mane and eyes. Mist shrouded each of the hooves, leaving a trail as the horses sped along the delta embankment roads.

"So these are the horses you keep talking about," Gary said. "They're kind of like heidels, but only having one head is weird."

"Most things only have one head," Jason said and patted Horse-Shade on the neck. "Shade is quite a bit more handsome than regular horses, though."

In horse form, Shade manifested with reins and saddle, but no bit. The ride was soft and smooth, as Shade was not a true animal but a creature of shadow-stuff. Shade was also able to run over the surface of water, which cut time comfortably off their journey.

They rode around the huge walls marking the edge of the Geller Estate grounds until they reached the construction site. Greenstone was to the west of the estate, while the construction site was just outside the south walls.

The Remore Academy Training Annex would primarily be made of stone, like most buildings in the region where wood was at a premium. Gary had been recruited to create metal frames and reinforcement before the stone went in, using the powers of his forge essence to create alloys heavier and stronger than steel.

“I do a lot of construction work back in Vitesse,” Gary explained as he and Rufus led Jason around the site. “Being only bronze rank, we don’t get the freedom to go out adventuring that we get here, so it’s a nice little side earner.”

“It’s that restrictive?” Jason asked.

“It’s not too bad,” Rufus said. “You don’t go out without a silver-ranker, though. Even if your team can handle a silver rank monster, if you get a whole pack of them, a bad match-up for your team or a gold-rank monster then your team can end up dead very quickly. At higher ranks, monsters tend to be harder to run away from.”

“All that is especially true when a monster surge is due,” Gary said. “The increase in silver-rank monsters here is a clearly a surge precursor, and in Vitesse that increase is in gold-rank monsters.”

“It means the monster surge is close, right?” Jason asked.

“Maybe,” Rufus said. “It could be weeks, or even months, still, which is why we went ahead with construction.”



Jason’s friends continued to drag him out of the houseboat, to the point that he realised Arabelle herself had suggested they help Jason break out of his self-imposed isolation. He started taking his own steps out, including making use of the Musical Society membership he had purchased months ago, only to be

too busy to use. Making use of his own private viewing booth at the concert hall let him get out without needing to deal with other people too much.

Jason's progress was not all forward, however. Nightmares were frequent. Flashbacks could sneak up in him in unexpected moments. Arriving early for the symphony one night, something about the orchestra tuning their instruments triggered a flashback and he fled his booth, stumbling through the hall and into one of the empty rooms around the concert hall. He was leaning against a window when he felt a familiar aura draw closer. He turned, wild-eyed, to the opening door.

"Hello, Jason."

Cassandra's face was filled with concern.

"I saw you in the hall," she said. "You didn't look well and your aura was all over the place."

"It's fine," he said with a grimace, leaning back against the cool glass of the window.

"I heard about what happened to you," she said softly. She stayed at a distance by the door, as if afraid of scaring off a skittish animal.

"What did you hear?" he asked.

"They put one of those things in you. Like Thadwick."

"Not like Thadwick," Jason snarled. His face flashed anger, then regret.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know your brother is still missing. But I wasn't taken over."

"I heard that too," she said. "A lot of people don't believe it."

"I don't care what a lot of people think," he said. "Everyone I care about the opinion of knows better."

"I'm sorry for how my family treated you," she said. "Treated us."

"They did what's right for them," Jason said. "Don't we all?"

“No,” Cassandra said. “I heard about what happened in that village, too. Not many would stand up to a silver rank monster like that.”

Jason’s aura was settling. Hers was a calming presence, intermingling with his in an echo of their former connection as lovers. She moved closer, slowly making her way across the room.

“Your aura is so different,” she said. “I can barely recognise it.”

“A lot has happened since we last met.”

Her smile carried the bitterness of their last encounter.

“You got your promotion back.”

“Impatience seems to be a Mercer family trait.”

“It has cost us, more than once.”

She arrived in front of Jason. After a brief pause, she wrapped her arms around him comfortingly and he didn’t resist, resting his head on her chest.

“We could have been something, couldn’t we?” she said sadly.

“Maybe,” he said.

“Probably for the best,” she said. “I would not be putting up with that beard.”

Still leaning into her chest, he burst out laughing.



Danielle had Humphrey drag Jason and his team to a large social gathering at the Geller townhouse on the Island. For Belinda and Sophie it was their first time attending such an event without a plan to steal from the attendees. In an elegant white dress, Sophie garnered no small amount of attention. Humphrey, who was raised in such settings, helped her navigate the new waters, adroitly driving away the sharks. If not for his social expertise she would have had to resort to her

own, which was not event appropriate. She had made sure, that if it came to that, the slit in the leg of her dress would free up her high kicks.

“I robbed that guy,” she said quietly as they circulated. “And that one. Good thing Belinda is good at making disguises.”

Jason found himself in an odd social position, due to the various stories and events he had been caught up in. His success in the Reaper trials, along with his closeness to the gold rankers every social climber in the room wanted to connect with lifted Jason’s prestige. The rumours floating around after his kidnapping and the aura projection incident made the waters rather murky, however.

At one point in the evening, the bronze-rank scion of an aristocratic family approached Jason. His breath reeked of drink and his aura reeked of monster cores.

“You shouldn’t even be allowed around decent people,” he slurred in Jason’s direction. “How do we know you don’t still have one of those things in you? You could be working for them.”

“That’s enough, brother,” a woman said. She stepped up to try and lead the man away. Jason recognised her as Liana Stelline, a member of mid-tier aristocratic clan. She had been part of Jason and Humphrey’s field assessment group, joining the Adventure Society alongside them.

“Kyle, it’s time to go home.”

Her brother shrugged her off, pointing a finger in Jason’s face.

“What do you think you’re doing, coming into our city? You were probably one of them from the start. I bet you set up all our people that died on the expedition!”

The room went very still. The high society of Greenstone had pushed their way onto the expedition. Sophie and Belinda were the only ones in the room other than the serving staff that had not lost someone close to them.

Kyle was the only one that didn't sense the shift in the atmosphere, despite it being pointed at him. His aura senses were too addled by drink to feel the auras around the room grow fierce and hard.

"You should take your sister's advice and go," Jason said, restraining his own aura. With the fury burning inside him, he didn't trust what he would do with it if he let it go. The rage he had built up over recent events was more than some drunken idiot deserved to have unleashed on him. Unfortunately, the idiot in question took Jason's restraint for weakness.

Not sensing any aura, Kyle used his own aura to push down on Jason. His aura control was sloppy, but still had a bronze-rank soul behind it. There was a limit to Jason's tolerance, however, and Jason's own aura rose out like monster from the deep. It devoured Kyle's bronze rank aura projection with ease, biting down like a vast maw until Kyle felt its teeth against his naked soul.

Jason stopped himself before following through with the soul attack. Kyle had become stricken with fear and he collapsed to the floor. Jason stepped forward to stand right over him.

"You should be very careful about accusing me of getting my friends killed," he said, his voice a jagged blade of ice. "Liana, take your brother home."

Jason retracted his aura and Liana quickly shuffled off her wide-eyed sibling, his resistance now gone. Oddly, this encounter had the opposite effect of what Jason anticipated, bringing the approval of many who had been uncertain about him. In a world of adventurers, wealth and influence were fine but unadulterated magical potency made their acquisition an inevitability. Jason's display made it clear that his potential was blossoming into capability.

Danielle swooped in to lock elbows with him, reminding everyone present that she had the foresight to support him when others overlooked him.

"Nothing speaks louder than power," she told him.

She wasn't foolish enough to miss a social opportunity when it presented itself and guided Jason around the room to make introductions she had previously been avoiding. One of these was to the Duke of Greenstone, who was talking to his brother and his sister-in-law, Beaufort and Thalia Mercer.

"Beaufort, Thalia," Danielle greeted. "You know Jason, of course."

Thalia knew Jason better than her husband did, but Jason had met the man during his relationship with Cassandra.

"I believe this will be your first time speaking with him, Duke," Danielle continued.

"A pleasure, Duke," Jason said, shaking the man's hand. "Naturally, I've seen you at various social functions but I daresay you never noticed a little iron-ranker like me."

"Well, everyone noticed you now," the Duke said with a wry smile.

From what he had heard of the man, Jason hadn't anticipated liking the Duke. To his surprise, he found the man very personable. He didn't seem to look down on Jason at all for his rank or station.

"We've been discussing the issue of Old City," the Duke said. "The infighting in the Silva family as it looks for new leadership is escalating into street violence. The organisation built up by the late Clarissa Ventress is looking to go the same way. It was stable for a while, but her replacement isn't keeping things together and is unlikely to hold his position. Fortunately, Adris Dorgan is keeping quiet instead of fanning the flames. If he changes his approach, however, the streets of Old City may well become a war zone. At that point I will have no choice but to step in to restore order. I'd rather avoid that outcome so soon after the Builder cult purge."

"I still say you should just do it now, before things get out of hand," Beaufort said.

"Perhaps you can offer us some insight, Mr Asano," the Duke said. "You have some experience with the Big Three, do you not?"



“I’ve met Adris Dorgan and I liked the man. I’ve heard good things from people I trust that know him better. I never met Clarissa Ventress or her replacement, but again, I know people that did. They were less flattering. As for Cole Silva, well... if you spend four days hanging from a ceiling with no pants on while a guy stands there watching you the whole time, I guess you could say you know him.”

“How colourful,” the Duke said with a chuckle. “So, what insights can you offer?”

“Well,” Jason said. “I haven’t really been paying attention, so I may be missing some of the political nuance, but the solution seems obvious.”

“Oh?” the Duke prompted.

“It’s time to end your hands-off approach of Old City and take direct control. At this point, Adris Dorgan is essentially the mayor of Old City, so you might as well make it official. Between his daughter running the Adventure Society and his rising level of influence after his assistance flushing out the Builder cult, he’s heavily invested in legitimacy at this point. Place him under you officially and you’ve got a handle on the one man who has a genuine chance to take the pot off the fire before it boils over. It’ll also send a signal to the people scrabbling over the vacant positions in the Big Three. Once they realise that era of criminal overlords is over, they won’t be willing to fight as hard. There will still be crime bosses, obviously, but they won’t have the power they did in the past, which will de-escalate the infighting.”

The Duke raised his eyebrows, turning to Danielle.

“Is this you?” he asked.

Danielle held up her hands in a display of blamelessness as Jason looked between her and the Duke.

“You told him the same thing?” Jason asked her.

“She did,” the Duke said. “She also used the word obvious.”

“That’s just my uninformed opinion,” Jason said. “I have no doubt there would be a slew of political obstacles to

navigate. And, of course, nothing will prevent the violence altogether. To be honest, I'm biased because I think very poorly of the lack of actual civilian authority in Old City. The Big Three may have done some good to keep order as a de facto government, but they are ultimately a predatory one. They operate in a gap left by the inaction of existing civil authorities."

The Duke chortled.

"You do realise that the existing civil authorities is essentially me?"

"My friend Humphrey likes to say that privilege comes with responsibility," Jason said.

"He's a good boy," Danielle said.

"I have to say, Mr Asano," the Duke said. "You certainly live up to your reputation."

Jason shook his head sadly.

"When you're this handsome," he bemoaned, "of course people are going to talk. Why won't they let a guy live his life?"

Danielle ran a hand over her face.

"You just can't help yourself, can you?"



## MY NAME IS JASON ASANO

**E**lizabeth Silva stirred when she felt something press down on her large, canopy bed. There was a young, bearded man in a dark suit sitting on the other side, cross-legged. She opened her mouth to call for her guards, before stopping herself. If they could have helped, they already would have. Her bronze rank aura senses couldn't detect the man's aura at all, which meant that he was dangerous.

"Hello, Miss Silva," the man said. "I'm sorry to call on you so late."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want you to understand that Old City is changing," the man said. "The days of criminal rule are coming to an end. Other members of your family have come to understand this, but you've only seen weakness instead of wisdom and pushed them all the harder. People are being hurt, innocent people, and I'm here to convince you to stop."

"So you're one of Dorgan's dogs," she said.

"No," the man said. "I'm an adventurer, and I have a contract. To make people like you understand that these are new times. No one is saying you can't be a crime boss. Wiping out crime altogether would be pointless and foolish to even attempt. Having people like you retain a measure of power keeps the chaos to a minimum. But that's what you get: a measure. The days of the Big Three are over and trying to bring them back will only cause more bloodshed, which I promise will include yours."

“So the high and mighty Island government is going to bring us to heel with death threats?”

The young man smiled.

“If I have to come back here, Miss Silva, you’ll find my mercy does not extend to killing you. My name is Jason Asano.”

A cold fear washed over her body as she recognised the name.

“Your cousin went to some effort to destroy me. I took longer than I should have to rectify the scenario and my friends interrupted before I had my taste of recompense. I would advise against being the means by which I assuage my disappointment.”

A shadow rose up behind Asano, moved over his body and he was gone.



Belinda had finally undertaken her field assessment and the team was gathered in the marshalling yard to await her return. With them was a rather nervous Jory. The marshalling yard was crowded, with the many new essence users that had appeared in the wake of the Reaper trials. The drop in market price for essences wasn’t a true democratisation of power, but many of Greenstone’s only reasonably well-off families were adding adventurers to their ranks. An adventurer who found success would be able to raise their family up with them.

Normally, the crowd gathered waiting would be the families of the wealthy and powerful. This had been the case when Jason took his field assessment. Before the expedition disaster shook their faith, they had been so proud, so sure of themselves. In the wake of that, some families had realised their errors and corrected. They instituted new training programs for their essence users, frequently turning to the more successful adventuring families like the Cavendish, Mercers and Geller clans for guidance. This helped cement such families at the top of the Greenstone pile.

Other families had been looking for anywhere but themselves to place the blame. Loudly decrying the failures of Danielle Geller and Elspeth Arella, they had gone so far as to seek restitution from the Gellers and the Adventure Society itself.

The results of these different approaches were reflected in the changes brought about by the Adventure Society's inquiry team. The families that looked to fix their mistakes and used the people they lost as a chance to grow and improve saw their positions within the Adventure Society improve in kind. After the sweeping demotions, these were the groups that most frequently had their previous rankings reinstated.

Those that made an enemy of the Adventure Society obviously fared less well. Arguably the single most powerful political entity on the planet, the Adventure Society had no time for the admonitions of some lower-tier aristocrats in one provincial city. Those families found their demotions upheld, even to suffering additional waves of demotion. Many found their family members had their Adventure Society membership revoked entirely.

Oddly, the outcry of fools railing against them was helpful to both Danielle Geller and Elspeth Arella. The more they were blamed, the more clearly the blame fell on systemic problems within the local adventurer culture that neither Danielle nor Arella were responsible for. Danielle spent most of her time away from the city, and whatever revelations had come out regarding her motivations, Arella had been taking concrete steps to rectify the corruption within her branch.

While the old adventuring families were undergoing changes in the wake of the expedition, the people gathered in the marshalling yard represented a new, post-expedition movement in Greenstone. Where the old guard had a new sense of caution and humility, these new adventurers were filled with optimism and hope.

The people around Jason's team were more aspirational than established, anxious for the return of the person they had placed all their hopes on. For many families, having an adventurer amongst them was a chance to lift all of them up.

Jason knew that the reality was more harsh. Even amongst Greenstone's elite, only a handful of families were producing quality adventurers. Jason had seen the results of shattered illusions in young adventurers, like those who fell under the sway of insidious nobility like Thadwick Mercer or criminals like Cole Silva. Such people rarely met good ends. Of those that had followed Thadwick, half had ended up dead at Jason's own hand. He took solace that some of the others had managed to find fresh beginnings at least.

Jason considered the group that had fallen under Thadwick's thumb. In the course of investigating Thadwick's shady land-grab scheme, Jason had decided the fate of most of them one way or another. The ones who had come for him before had died at his hands.

Months later he was still troubled by how quickly and easily he had turned to killing. He wondered if letting them go would have been better, but they had come for him once before and brought larger numbers the second time. Perhaps the longer he left it, the more killing it would have meant in the end.

Two of Thadwick's former lackeys had managed to find some measure of redemption. Dean was the one Jason had managed to put back on the straight and narrow. Disillusioned when his dreams of being a grand adventurer fell flat, he had been pulled into Thadwick's orbit at his lowest point. Jason helped him find his way back, and while he was never going to be an exceptional adventurer, there was still a place for him in Greenstone's Adventure Society.

The other of the pair was Jerrick. Where Dean had surrendered immediately that day, Jerrick had fought it out, and Jason had taken him alive. Rather than being tried, he had been stricken from the Adventure Society as part of the quiet covering-up of Thadwick's activities. After Thadwick, Jerrick had fallen in with Cole Silva. He had then risked everything to betray Silva and lead Jason's companions to him in his hour of greatest need.

Whether or not it was a cynical choice to try and get his way back into the Adventure Society, Jason didn't much care.

When asked for his input, he voiced no objection to Jerrick's reinstatement to the Adventure Society. Jason met with him once after his reinstatement, advising him to work his way up using his own strength, rather than attach himself to others. Whether Jerrick took his advice or not was up to him, and was no longer Jason's concern.

Jason was stirred out of his thoughts by the attention his team was getting. His aura senses detected the attention of normal people with no way to control their own auras. Humphrey and himself were both fairly well-known and his entire team were expensively outfitted. Jason had finally taken Neil into Gilbert's Resilient Attire For the Discerning Gentleman and Neil had come out looking annoyingly good. Occasionally, someone would try and make a social approach, only to think better of it. Jason was helping this along with the subtle aura he was projecting to heighten their unease. It was a trick he had picked up from Humphrey's mother, who had been showing him some nuances of aura control normally held off until bronze or even silver rank.

"Has my mother spoken to you yet about the training program she was talking about?" Humphrey asked Jason.

"She's mentioned it," Jason said. "I don't hate the idea of what they're doing."

Danielle and Arella had a strained relationship since the expedition, but both women recognised that as important figures in the adventuring community they would need to put aside their differences. Danielle had told Jason about a program they were looking to develop, offering the new wave of adventurers some basic training. The goal was to prevent too many from falling into the patterns that had put so many essence users under the sway of the Big Three.

"Mother quietly thinks they can change the entire tenor of Greenstone's adventuring culture," Humphrey said.

"She and the director seem determined to have something good come out of their shared mistake," Jason said. "I have a lot of respect for that."



“What do you think?” Humphrey asked. “Are you going to join in?”

“I’m not sure I’m qualified to teach anyone anything,” Jason said. “This time last year I didn’t even believe in magic.”

“It’s just fundamental aura control,” Humphrey said. “Are you seriously going to stand there, using your aura like that, and say you can’t teach someone the basics?”

“What’s she roped you into teaching?” Jason asked.

“Basic martial technique. She’s roped in a bunch of people, hasn’t she, Sophie?”

“If the Adventure Society is paying, I’ll take it,” Sophie said.

“I’ve agreed to join in, too,” Neil said. “Not to teach anything, but make sure Sophie’s instruction doesn’t kill anyone.”

“I’m not responsible for other people being weak,” Sophie said.

“Actually,” Jason said, “if you’ve agreed to teach people to fight, you’re directly responsible for them being weak.”

She tilted her head thoughtfully. “Huh. I guess you’re right.”

The first wagon full of would-be adventurers arrived in the marshalling yard. It was a large intake, so they had gone out in separate groups.

“She’s going to pass, right?” Jory asked nervously.

“Of course she will,” Sophie said. “Right?”

“Right,” Neil said. “She has her full set of powers and she’s been on a road contract. She’s more qualified than any of us were for our assessments.”

“So, what next?” Neil asked. “Back to adventuring?”

“We need to be looking for the right contracts, ones that will get us to bronze,” Humphrey said. “The hardest iron-rank

contracts we can find, plus any bronze ones we can get. Now Jason is back to three stars, the application process to claim a bronze-rank contract is much simpler.”

“We can do that?” Neil asked.

“It isn’t done in Greenstone a lot,” Humphrey said. “Beth Cavendish and her team have been taking some bronze-rank contracts, since the Reaper trials. The approval process is a pain unless you have a three star, which she is.”

Groups of would-be adventurers started arriving, including Belinda’s. She dashed over to share hugs with Sophie and Jory.

“Any problems?” Jason asked.

“I’m quietly confident,” Belinda said. “I thought Vincent would go easy on me, though. Aren’t he and Rufus a thing?”

“The fact that he didn’t go easy on you is the reason he and Rufus are a thing,” Jason said. “They’re both big on integrity.”



With the whole team officially on the Adventure Society rolls, they threw themselves into contracts, with an eye to raising their abilities. Belinda and Sophie had the most abilities in need of raising, so the team put them forward more than the others. Aside from Clive, each member of the team had their own new powers to master, though.

Clive was the closest to hitting bronze. He had been an adventurer the longest and possessed the accelerated advancement speed of a human. He was quietly letting the others take the forefront in the training, not wanting to reach bronze yet. If it was possible to access the Order of the Reaper’s astral space, it was most likely that the iron-rank restriction was still in place. Once inside they would all be free to hit bronze rank, as some of the Reaper trial participants had done the first time through. Leaving the space had not been an issue for them.

For Jason it was his familiars that required the most work, but his real attention was on path of shadows, his shadow teleport ability. He had only told Clive that there was a chance of finding a way back into the Order of the Reaper's astral space and Clive had been quietly working on the issue using information both from Emir's people and from Shade.

The iron-rank contracts were a chance for Belinda to keep cutting her teeth on iron rank monsters, since her abilities were at the lowest level on the team. They continued the technique they had learned from Henrietta of mixing up combinations of team members and solo operations to push her into using different powers. The team was always on hand to step in if something went wrong.

The others sought out large groups of iron-rank monsters, or bronze-rank ones when they could get them. Humphrey and Jason would even take them on alone, both having powers that could bridge the rank gap.

As the mild desert winter moved almost imperceptibly into spring, the team took an unconventional contract. East of Greenstone, inland beyond the desert, lay the veldt. The people there were hardy and tough, beyond the reach of the desert astral space and its oases. They rarely called on the Adventure Society, but had sent word to Greenstone that a group of essence user bandits had taken up in their area.

The inhabitants of the veldt kept mostly to themselves and even when it came to monsters they usually handled them on their own. The use of every essence found by the loose-knit band of communities was collectively decided on, with a small group of local monster hunters serving them all. They would only turn to the Adventure Society in Greenstone if something beyond their abilities turned up. The people had an isolationist pride, but also a practicality born of hardscrabble survivalist principles.

As the group was led by a bronze-ranker and had too many essence users for the locals to deal with, the bandits had taken over a whole town, killing most of the residents and enslaving the rest. They had started raiding the other small towns of the

veldt, trading loot and slaves to the nomadic tribes of the north.

When Elspeth Arella had offered the team the contract, Jason and Humphrey had discussed at length whether or not to take it. With the number of bandits, the remoteness of their location and the chaos they had caused, there was no stipulation for capture in the contract. The order was to put them all down.

Jason was reluctant but Humphrey had been adamant.

“Jason, those people are going to die. The Adventure Society will send someone out there to kill them and not everyone has your scruples. I’d rather do it out of a sense of responsibility than send someone looking for a chance to kill actual people instead of monsters.”

“Are there really adventurers that bloodthirsty?” Jason asked.

“Yes,” Humphrey said. “I’ve heard stories from my family. Been told how to recognise the signs of adventurers I should never team up with. The kind of people who will kill the bandits and then kill their victims because they can. Then they’ll blame it on the bandits and no one can say otherwise.”

“And the Adventure Society allows this?”

“Of course not,” Humphrey said. “But out in the wilderness, who’s to say what happened? Every now and again there’ll be a push to implement rules about using recording crystals when the contract is to take down real people but there is always resistance. There are some valid arguments against it, like the recording crystals being detectable, but mostly adventurers don’t like anything that reeks of shackles.”

“I can sympathise,” Jason said.

Eventually Jason came around. They took a boat upriver, then Clive requisitioned a Magic Society skimmer from the local depot and they made their way into the veldt. It was there that they met with Keith of the local monster hunters, who led them to the bandit town. Jason had gone in alone to scout before returning to the team.

He had discovered that the bandits were from Greenstone, criminal essence users from the Silva and Ventress organisations. They had seen the changes coming and left the city altogether, knowing the Big Three would no longer provide them with the same level of reward. Many feared they would be held to account for past misdeeds, when they had used their power within the criminal underworld to live out their most depraved desires.

Under a charismatic leader, they had gone out into the veldt where they believed the Greenstone authorities would not follow. Without the controlling hand, however, they had gone wild. The escalating series of atrocities they carried out as they raided the local townships had quickly led the locals to call on the Adventure Society.

After scouting out their town, Jason told his team that he wanted to handle the bandits alone. They immediately refused, but just as Humphrey had talked him into taking the contract, he talked them into letting him do it alone. They were reluctant but this situation was nothing like when he had been taken by Silva. He would be fighting on his own terms, with his team nearby to provide backup if things went wrong. The town, he argued, was perfectly set up for him to fight using tactics that would allow him to use his abilities to their fullest.

It took Jason some time to get them to come around. Ultimately, they were convinced by his determination and resolve. The unflinching hardness of his eyes was a perfect reflection of his aura. Once they agreed, their local guide was flabbergasted.

“He’s just one iron-ranker!”

Jason didn’t respond as his shadow rose up, passing over him and he vanished. Clive sent an expensive, long-range recording crystal flying high up over the town. A projection crystal hovered in front of them, showing what the first crystal recorded.

“You’ll be able to see what happens for yourself,” Clive said.



## WHILE THEY WATCH ME KILL YOU

The town was little more than a cluster of stone and clay buildings along a single main street. It was not the better for its new residents, with signs of essence abilities being thrown about destructively. Walls were cracked with impact rings and scorched with the flash-burn signature of fire powers.

All seemed quiet, with no sign of Jason. There were bandits around the town, along with some miserable-looking unfortunates that the bandits were using as slaves. The bandits sat around, playing cards or molesting one of their more attractive slaves. There were both men and women amongst the bandits, who cared more about toughness and malevolence over gender. Essences absolved any natural disparity in physical power between the sexes.

There was a corpse pinned to a wall with large stone spikes; the bandits paid it no mind. Unseen in the shadows, Jason watched one of the enslaved former residents look longing at the outskirts of the town, then fearfully at the dead body. Even with a head start, there was nowhere to hide in the sparse, flat terrain of the veldt. It was nothing but low grass marked by the occasional lonely tree.

The bandits' languid day was disturbed when one came staggering out of a building. It was a poor village and there were no doors on any of the buildings which had the bandit loudly stumbling through a curtain of beads before collapsing on the ground, blood pooling under his head. His fellows rushed over and turned over the body, finding his throat cut.

“Someone killed Craig!”

Paying attention to the body, they didn't notice a pair of blood-red strips of ragged cloth snake out of the doorway the dead bandit had emerged from. Only once they had wrapped themselves around the corpse's legs were they spotted, the bandits watching in startlement as the corpse was rapidly dragged back into the building.

“What was that?”

“Go get the boss while I check it out. Someone thinks they can mess with us and they're about to have a very bad day.”

One of the larger bandits flexed his muscles, dark, hard scales covering his body. Others picked up weapons or conjured them out of thin air, some wreathed in fire or sizzling with electric sparks. The one with the scales went inside and the others heard him crashing about.

“Dammit, there's another one dead in here,” he called out, then stormed back out of the room.

“Two of our guys are dead in there and none of you idiots saw or heard a thing. What is wrong with you idiots?”

“Neither did you!”

That earned the speaker a punch to the face.

“I said go get the boss, idiots.”

He pointed out one of the bandits.

“You, go get him. Everyone else search the town. Whoever did this is here somewhere, and roust everyone out while you're at it.”

Seeing the images recorded from high above, Jason's team watched as the bandits started turning over the town. They found no sign of their attacker beyond what had been left behind. Many of the buildings had dead bandits, usually from a slice across the throat or a stab wound to the back of the neck. Others looked like corpses left in the desert for weeks, their bodies dried out and rotted, when they had been seen walking around hours or even just minutes earlier.



The bandits dragged the bodies out into the sandy dirt of the main street as they cleared the building one by one.

“Where’s Vargas?”

“I saw him go into that building over there.”

“Did you see him come out?”

The bandits began to realise that more of their number were going missing in the course of the search. They heard screams coming from one of the buildings and then one of their number came staggering out, looking more dead than alive. The big bandit with the scales rushed over and grabbed the man’s shoulders to keep him upright.

“Who was it?”

The man was barely able to cough out a response.

“Shadow... eye...”

They felt an ominous aura come from the building, along with an icy voice.

*“Suffer the cost of your transgressions.”*

The bandit holding the man up felt flesh soften under his fingers. He dropped the man as they watched his already corpse-like appearance fully rot in front of their eyes. The big man burst into the building, but found it empty.

The bandits’ leader emerged from the largest building in the town, formerly the only tavern before he had claimed it for himself. He had no shirt and was still pulling up his pants, eyes going wide at the pile of the bodies in the street. The remaining bandits, the better part of two dozen, assembled in front of him.

The leader loudly demanded to know what was going on and a dozen bandits all talked at once, unnerved at finding almost a quarter of their number dead at the hands of unseen enemies.

“SHUT UP!” the leader bellowed.

He was about to make more demands when he looked behind the bandits assembling in front of him. Following his

gaze, they all turned around to see four cloaked figures standing behind them in a line. One was a man in a cloak made of darkness and stars. Another looked to be made of darkness entirely. A third was wrapped head to foot in bloody rags, its hood and cloak made from dangling strips. The final figure was just a cloak with no wearer. All that was inside it was an eye, a little larger than a head, made of what looked like blue and orange fire. Two orbs drifted around the floating cloak, slightly smaller versions of the main eye.

The leader pushed his way forward through his men to stand in front of them. He guessed the man in the cloak was an actual person; the others had the looks of summons or familiars. The only aura he could sense from any of them was a bronze-rank aura from the figure made of bloody rags. Unsurprisingly, the sense he got from the aura was a blood drenched hunger.

“You killed my people?” the leader asked.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“So you would all gather in one place.”

“What for?”

“To kill the rest.”

The leader frowned. “You’re Adventure Society?”

“Yes.”

“They just said to kill us, instead of bringing us in, right?”

“Yes.”

The leader was worried by his inability to sense the man’s aura. If the man was a strong bronze-ranker, his bandit clan might be enough to kill him with numbers. If it was a silver ranker, they were all dead. Needing to know either way, he pressed his aura down on the man.

The aura that emerged to block it left him almost laughing in surprise.

“An iron ranker?” he asked, disbelievingly. “You really thought you could take us all out and you’re an iron ranker?”

“I still think that,” came the cold reply.

“Who do you think you are?”

“Jason Asano.”

Many of the bandits, formerly operating under Cole Silva, turned pale. They had all heard different stories but it was a fact that going after Asano had brought down Cole Silva and scattered his organisation into pieces. It was the very thing that brought many of them out into the veldt.

“Is that supposed to scare me?” the leader asked.

“No,” Jason said. “It’s meant to scare them, while they watch me kill you.”

The bandit sneered. He pressed his aura down on Jason’s but was startled to find he might as well be throwing an egg against a rock. The sneer vanished as his aura was pushed back by a force that felt as inexorable as the dawning sun.

“Kill this fool!” the leader barked, but Jason’s aura flooded out and over the bandits. It clamped down onto each one, grinding their own auras into nothing. They were flooded with feelings of exposure and vulnerability, then something sharp pricked not against their bodies but their very souls. As if encased in a spiritual iron maiden, the bandits felt like any movement would leave them pained and punctured.

The big bandit with the scales mustered his courage and lunged in Jason’s direction, He immediately collapsed, letting out an alien, whistling shriek until suddenly he stopped. Lying on the ground, he looked like he was still screaming but was issuing no sound. His eyes were wide and watering, drenched in soul-deep fear. His whole body was rigid and trembling, as if caught in a seizure.

The bandit leader looked down at the fallen bandit, then the others. They were frozen in place, skin slick with cold sweat and eyes filled with terror. He turned back to Jason.

“You expect me to surrender?”

Jason turned his head to look at the corpse pinned to the wall, then back at the bandit.

“The contract has no terms of surrender.”

The bandit leader’s expression went hard, fierce eyes locked on Jason.

Jason’s perception power now included magical senses, which allowed him to detect the magic surging under his feet. He dodged aside as a thick stone spike burst from the ground in the spot where he had been standing. The spike then exploded, showering him in stone fragments. An army of short tendrils shot out from Jason’s shadow cloak, intercepting any that were about to strike him. He was completely unharmed.

**Ability: [Cloak of Night] (Dark)**

**Conjuration (darkness, light, dimension).**

**Base cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a magical cloak that can alter the wearer. Offers limited physical protection. Can generate light, or blend into shadows. Cloak can reduce the weight of the wearer for a low mana-per-second cost, allowing reduced falling speed and water walking. Cannot be given or taken away, although effects can be extended to others in very close proximity.**

**Effect (bronze): Cloak reflexively intercepts projectiles. Highly effective against rapid, weaker attacks, but less effective against powerful, singular attacks. Cloak allows gliding for low mana-per-second. Weight reduction no longer costs mana unless affecting additional people.**

Jason moved into the midst of the bandits, his movements light and quick, his cloak floating around him. The bandits didn’t move, frozen by the sensation of knives against their soul and the memory of what happened to their fellow.

A rack of stag horns grew from the bandit leader’s forehead and he barrelled through his own people to get at

Jason. One was killed by the spearpoint horns of their leader, while another two were knocked down. They tried scrambling away but then screamed a moment before falling silent, like their fellow before them.

Jason and the leader fought amongst the other bandits like duellists in a statue garden. The leader was stronger and faster but Jason had learned to fight from Rufus Remore. Compared to that, the skills of a failed backwater adventurer were crude and buffoonish. He was all power and no finesse; if it weren't for his bronze-rank reflexes, the fight would have been laughable.

Colin and Gordon remained where they were, not moving to assist. Shade's three bodies, on the other hand, joined Jason and the bandit leader in dancing amongst the other bandits. Jason teleported between Shade's bodies to run rings around the bandit leader, dodging the powerful, but slow attacks. It bought him the space to cast a spell or let him reposition to make attacks of his own, with his dagger shooting forward in the grip of a shadow arm.

Not many of the bandits actually had aura powers. One who did had been biding her time and when she found herself behind Jason, she pushed back against his aura and lunged at his back with her knife, imbued with electrical energy as she used an essence power on it. The instant she moved, Jason's aura crushed hers like a bug in a fist. She too collapsed to the ground, shrieking like the god of death had grabbed her.

Human essence users typically had a preponderance of special attacks and the bandit leader was no different. Many involved flinging fragments of earth over a wide area, which the leader did to try and catch the fast-moving Jason. He quickly realised this was pointless, as the cloak absorbed the attacks with ease. The leader tried a variety of other approaches, from conjuring and throwing hammers to hurling stone spears. As Jason continued to dance around him, the bandit's legs transformed into stag's legs, increasing his agility. Chunks of stone erupted from the ground to encase his arms in battering rams and he sprung about on the stag legs, trying to catch and hammer down Jason.

Catching Jason still remained an elusive prospect. Every time he thought he had landed a blow, it turned out Jason had hidden his true position within his cloak, the blow coming close but hitting nothing.

Jason, in turn, had used a few spells at the beginning that seemed to do nothing. The bandit leader assumed they had failed due to rank disparity. Since then, all Jason could manage were superficial wounds from his dagger, which the leader derisively sneered at. It was hardly surprising that a stealth specialist couldn't truly harm a higher ranker in open combat.

The bandit paid no mind to the tiny wounds as he struggled to pin Jason down. One good hit was all it would take. It took some time before he realised something was horribly wrong. He had an increasing sense of dread, then spotted the black veins under his skin.

“Poison,” he spat, coming to a stop.

“Disease, actually,” Jason said, doing likewise. “Not that it matters.”

“You think this iron-rank crap is enough to take me down?”

“Yes.”

As the bandit lunged, again, Jason once more disappeared into one of Shade's bodies, emerging at a distance from the shadow of one of the buildings. He was already chanting a spell.

*“Suffer the cost of your transgressions.”*

The punishment spell withered the bandit leader's affliction-riddled body with necrosis, his muscle atrophying on the spot. He staggered in place even as Jason cast another spell.

*“Feed me your sins.”*

**Ability: [Feast of Absolution] (Sin)**

**Spell (recovery, cleanse, holy).**

**Base cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron):** Cleanse all curses, diseases, poisons and unholy afflictions from a single target. Additionally cleanse all holy afflictions if the target is an ally. Recover stamina and mana for each affliction cleansed. This ability ignores any effect that prevents cleansing. Cannot target self.

**Effect (bronze):** Enemies suffer an instance each of [Penance] and [Legacy of Sin] for each condition cleansed from them.

**[Penance] (affliction, holy, damage-over-time, stacking):** Deals ongoing transcendent damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect, dropping off as damage is dealt.

**[Legacy of Sin] (affliction, holy, stacking):** You are considered more damaged for the purposes of execute ability damage scaling. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.

The bandit leader's life force became visible, shining from within his body. It was tainted with afflictions, marked in swirls of bruise colours: ugly shades of yellow, purple and red. The taint streamed out of the bandit leader's life force and into Jason's outstretched hand. What it left behind was shining light of gold and silver blue, sinking back into the bandit's body with his life force and lighting him up from within, shining through his skin. The transcendent light rapidly ate away at his already stricken body as the bandit leader started to scream.

Jason cast one more spell, to finish the job.

*"Mine is the judgement, and the judgement is death."*

More transcendent light appeared, hammering down from above like a deity's wrath. The leader's crippled body was entirely eradicated and Jason turned his attention to the remaining bandits.

"You aren't going to just kill us, right?" one of them asked, voice strained with panic.

Jason looked round the little town and saw the people the bandits had taken as slaves, watching from hiding. His eyes

once again fell on the corpse pinned to the wall.

“How many innocent people have you killed?” Jason asked. “There are adventurers heading north, even as we speak, to bring back the people you sold into slavery. In the face of that, you ask for mercy? If I took you back to the city, they would just kill you there.”

Horror filled the bandits’ faces as they realised they were about to die. The bandits started scattering, in spite of the fear Jason’s aura suppression was still inflicting. The results were the same as those who had gone before as they all immediately collapsed, screaming with a pain unlike anything they had ever known before going silent, like the others.

Jason looked over them writhing on the ground and took a shuddering breath. He had killed before, quite a lot now. This would be his first execution. He was troubled by how little that prospect troubled him.

“Colin,” he said flatly. “Feed.”

Still standing by, Colin suddenly exploded like a bomb had hit him, raining leeches down onto the bandits. Caught up in Jason’s soul attack, none of them screamed until Colin’s afflictions claimed their lives.

Jason stood in the middle of the dead bandits, held his arms out to his side and chanted a spell.

*“As your lives were mine to reap, your deaths are mine to harvest.”*

**Ability: [Blood Harvest] (Blood)**

**Spell (drain).**

**Base cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Drain the remnant life force of a recently deceased body, replenishing health, stamina and mana.**

**Only affects targets with blood.**



**Effect (bronze): Affects any number of bodies in a wide area.**

Using their remote viewing crystal, the team watched as blood-red life force streamed out of the bodies and into Jason. From above, he looked like a spider at the centre of a bloody web.

“Now, I’m not looking to give no offence,” their guide said, “but your man there seems worse than the folk he was sent after.”

“An opinion you’ll keep to yourself,” Humphrey said sharply, although his eyes didn’t waver from the projection. “If I hear you say that where he can hear it, you’ll be answering to me.”

“Oh, don’t worry on that account,” the man said. “He’s going to find everyone real polite.”



## INHERENTLY CORRUPTING

The ordinary people left in the town weren't inclined to come out after Jason's display. From their perspective, the shadowy figure with the monstrous companions was demonstrably more dangerous than the bandits. Jason left, leaving the heroic-looking Humphrey and their local guide to come in and play rescuer.

There was a floating barge coming to take the townsfolk away. It moved slower than the skimmer they had arrived in and would be waiting in another town for the all-clear. Jason volunteered to go and bring back the barge.

"You've done your part," Humphrey told him. "Clive can go back in the skimmer."

"I'd like to do it," Jason told him. "I could use a ride to clear my head."

"At least take someone with you. Sophie isn't the exactly the sensitive rescuing type."

"What I'm looking for is some solitude, Humphrey. Some time to settle myself after..."

Jason looked over at the remains of the bandits, not finishing the sentence.

In horse form, Shade at full gallop was no slower than the skimmer and just as tireless. The midnight horse with glowing white eyes, hooves and mane sped across the grassy flatland of the veldt, leaving behind a trail of white mist, rising off the hooves. Shade's horse form was made of shadow-stuff, rather than flesh and bone, and had a similar feel to the soft cloud-

substance that made up Jason's cloud house. It made for a smooth, comfortable ride.

He reached the town that was being used as a base of operations for the Adventure Society. It had turned out that the criminals coming from Greenstone had set up a number of bandit operations and Jason had only wiped out one of several groups. More teams like Jason's had been dispatched to key areas while the Adventure Society set up an operations hub. Jason went inside and reported that his team had been successful to the silver-ranker in charge, someone he hadn't met before.

The Adventure Society wasn't just going to leave the people Jason had liberated in a town full of the dead, so the barge was sent off. Jason made his way onto the roof, sitting down to quietly meditate as the hovering vehicle smoothly made its way across the veldt.

Jason's meditation was uneasy. He had become accustomed to his life being one of violence and he felt largely untouched by it anymore. This was a source of concern since, while it was useful, he worried about losing his humanity. He was, after all, no longer human.

Each time he killed people, rather than monsters, he thought back to his first night in his new world and his conversation with Rufus. Every time, he felt more and more separate from the man who wondered if his innocence was a worthwhile price for power.

Meditation had long been one of Jason's key coping mechanisms. After his encounter with the star seed, he had a much stronger sense of his own soul, which made meditation a very different experience. It was more involved, more controlled, a journey through an inner world.

He began by guiding his thoughts and feelings away, placing his mind and soul into a state of perfect stillness. His sense of his surroundings was somehow both heightened yet pushed aside, not intruding as he cultivated an inner peace.

In the past, his deepest meditative state had felt like a vast, still emptiness. Now he was able to sense things within that

inner space. There was the comforting presence of his familiars, residing in his soul. As he reached a state of stillness and calm, he felt them do likewise. Over time he had come to feel the symbiosis between them much more clearly.

Within his soul, Jason opened his eyes and was standing in a garden, lit up by the sun, shining in a blue sky. The plant beds were his powers, flowering in shades of red, white and black. The flowers of his bronze-rank powers had grown to fill their space, unable to grow further until the garden was enlarged.

The borders of the garden were marked by a high fortress wall of dark stone. There was damage, as if they had been besieged, but the gaps were filled with black metal. The damage had uncovered something stronger and stranger beneath the surface. The metal was polished mirror smooth, dark and reflective with an eerie and fathomless feel to it. It was easy to sense that it was much harder than the stone of the original construction, which it made seem like a façade, daring an invader to strip it away.

Jason walked through the gardens, letting his finger touch the flower petals. When he first began his training, Rufus had told Jason of the three pillars of effective advancement: training, practise and consolidation. At the time he had simply trusted Rufus's word, training his body and skills, then using them in combat and using meditation to make the most of his gains, building a foundation and growing his power upon it.

Now, Jason had a much better sense of that process. Above his head, unconsolidated power shimmered like a heat haze. He could feel it, shaped by his training and stimulated by combat. He drew that power down and fed it into the garden beds, fertiliser to be soaked up by the roots of his powers. He worked carefully, methodically, always respecting the power and never acting with haste. He cultivated the garden to grow well, rather than quickly, and grow it did.

**Ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has changed from [Special Ability] to [Special Ability/Conjuration]. The type for any given use of the ability is based on the effect.**

**Ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has gained the [Darkness] subtype.**

**Base cost of ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has changed from [Low] to [Varies].**

**Cooldown of ability [Path of Shadows] (Dark) has changed from [None] to [Varies].**

**Ability: [Path of Shadows] (Dark)**

**Special Ability/Conjuration (dimension, teleport, darkness).**

**Base cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: Varies.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Teleport using shadows as a portal. You must be able to see the destination shadow. This effect is a special ability with a low mana cost and no cooldown.**

**Effect (bronze): You can sense nearby shadows and teleport to them without requiring line of sight. By increasing the cost to moderate, small shadows can be enlarged to serve as viable portals at both the ingress and egress points. Alternatively, conjure a shadow gate between two locations on a regional scale. The distant gate must appear in a location you have previously visited. This effect is a conjuration with a very high mana cost and a 10 minute cooldown. The iron-rank effect can still be used while this ability is on cooldown.**

With his new awareness and more controlled advancement, an ability transitioning to bronze was a different experience to what he had gone through in the past. The advancement of his

perception power had been unpleasant, painful and disorienting. This time he slowed and guided the process, making it painless, smooth and invigorating.

“Very impressive,” Arabelle said.

Jason’s eyes snapped open. In spite of his aura senses being heightened by his meditation, he had not sensed her approach at all. Of course, if a gold ranker with even basic aura control wanted to avoid his senses, they could. He still couldn’t detect her presence with his aura senses, which was a little off-putting while looking right at her. It made her seem illusory and unreal.

She was standing casually at the edge of the barge roof, looking down at him, still sat in a meditative pose.

“You’re not here as part of the barge team,” Jason said. “You’ve been hiding. From me.”

“Yes,” she said. “I couldn’t help but tell you how impressed I am, though. Most people reach bronze or even or silver before they can self-guide their advancement like that.”

“You could see that?”

“I can see your soul, Jason.”

“Because that’s not ominous at all.”

She gave him a warm smile.

“I can see the scars on your soul,” she said. “More clearly than the ones on your body, even if you were standing naked before me.”

“Best not,” Jason said. “A bloke can’t go around doing funny business with his mate’s mum.”

She let out an easy laugh.

“Aren’t you going to ask me what I’m doing here?” she asked.

“People wanted to make sure nothing happened to me again,” Jason said.

“And that you weren’t doing anything foolish,” she added. “I almost intervened when you convinced your team to let you face the bandits alone.”

“They have faith in me.”

“I heard you didn’t care much for faith.”

“Yeah, but you use what you’ve got,” Jason said.

“That’s an interesting choice of words,” Arabelle said. “You said ‘use.’ These are your friends and companions we’re talking about. You use them?”

“Manipulation is just a tool,” Jason said. “Like killing. Dangerous when used inappropriately, but sometimes it’s the right choice, even when people look down on you for it.”

“And you wanted to manipulate them into letting you do the killing. Why is that?”

“Slaughtering some thirty-odd people isn’t a small thing, even if you’ve killed before, which not all of the others have.”

“But it’s alright for you to do it alone?”

“I’ve been working my way up. I’m alright with it.”

“Do you expect me to believe that?”

“No.”

“Good, because we will be talking about this again. Just not on the rooftop of a barge, a hundred miles from a decent cup of tea.”

“I have some iced tea, if that interests you.”

“Really?”

Jason hopped lightly to his feet and took a pair of tall glasses filled with fruit-flavoured iced tea, the chunk of ice in each clinking against the glass.

“Thanks,” Arabelle said, taking the proffered glass and sipping at the paper straw. “That’s a good straw.”

“I know a guy with the paper essence,” Jason said as they sat on the edge of the roof, their legs hanging over the side. “Mostly he works in publishing but I’ve been talking him into



some side projects. Ever had a drink with a tiny umbrella in it?”

“Why would a drink have a tiny umbrella?”

“It makes it better.”

“How?”

“It’s a kind of magic from my world.”

“I thought your world didn’t have magic.”

“That’s why we have to get creative. There’s a magician in my world who made a ninety-metre statue vanish and reappear, right in front of people. It’s probably the most famous statue on the whole planet. It’s called Liberty Enlightening the World, which ultimately proved a bit ironic.”

“How can someone be a magician in a world without magic?”

“With misdirection and deceit, which aren’t inherently bad. They can be used to entertain and delight. It’s just that people can also use them for untoward ends, because there’s money and power in it. Let me tell you, politics in this world is child’s play. In my world, everyone has a recording crystal device and no one has magic. Even the most ignorant, at least in my homeland, just have a better idea of how it all works. No inherent hierarchies of power. You have to build them yourself, or be born into them.”

“That’s why you are so dismissive of them,” Arabelle said.

“That, and they shaft people over.”

“It sounds fertile soil for corruption,” Arabelle said.

“There’s no such thing as an incorruptible system. All you can do is your best to make it less crappy.”

“What about if a god was running it? Who could influence a god to corrupt them?”

“I’ll refer that question to the church of Purity,” Jason said.

Arabelle scowled.

“I don’t like what’s happening there,” she said. “Why would Purity throw his followers in with these cultists? They’re defilers.”

“You don’t have to tell me,” Jason said. “I’ve got the scars on my soul to prove it.”

“Yes, your soul is almost unrecognisable from when we first met. Actual, aura-changing events are rare and you’ve had three in a series of months. It’s probably for the best that you have that personal crest, because between the changes and your anti-tracking ability, trying to identify you from your aura without it would be an unreliable prospect.”

“The changes aren’t completely bereft of benefits,” Jason said.

“Yes, your ability to suppress auras and attack souls is impressive in action,” she said. “At iron-rank, only those with highly trained aura control or an ability to counter aura suppression will be able to stand up to you. That said, don’t go thinking you could do to the likes of Humphrey or your friend Valdis what you did to a bunch of untrained dregs. You should keep in mind all the elite adventurers who assembled for Emir’s event. They are your contemporaries, not these locals.”

“I’m aware,” Jason said. “We sparred with some great teams and they handed back our butts in a box on the regular.”

“I recommend you practice your aura control with your teammates,” Arabelle said. “It’s hard to find people you can trust to do suppression and anti-suppression drills with.”

“I’m wary of that,” Jason said. “When I first gained the power to use soul attacks, I told myself I wouldn’t if I didn’t have to. Of course, that didn’t last long. It’s almost as if power were inherently corrupting.”

“We can discuss that at length, later,” Arabelle said.

“There may not be time for that,” Jason said. “The ability I’ve been waiting on was the one that just reached bronze. It’s time to start trying to get into the astral space in earnest.”



When the sand barge arrived, the Adventure Society officials on board took over from Jason's team in managing the rescued people. The team gathered around Jason, obviously worried.

"I'm fine," he assured them, not mentioning Arabelle's presence in the veldt. If she wanted to remain hidden, he wasn't going to spoil it.

As his team prepared to return to Greenstone via the skimmer they had rode out on, Jason tested his newly bronze-rank power. He waved his hand and a line of substantive shadows appeared on the ground, dancing like dark flames. Then an archway rose up out of it, made from what looked like of a whole piece of polished obsidian. The dark fire then rose to fill the arch.

"That looks an awful lot like the shadow gates in the Order of the Reaper's astral space," Humphrey said, then looked to Jason and Clive. "Something neither of you seem surprised about."

"I had an inkling," Jason said. "Shade has seen that power before."

"What aren't you telling us?" Humphrey asked.

"That's a conversation for later," Jason said.

"Where does the gate go?" Clive asked.

"Back to the town where the Adventure Society set up their management hub."

Jason squared his shoulders before walking through, emerging in the middle of the town's main street. The sensation was very familiar to him: a disembodied sensation of movement, as if the world was turning around him. It was more intense than his usual shadow jumps, but he had experienced it a number of times now, with Hester's portals.

A number of people were looking at him, having seen the archway rise up out of the ground. Sophie came through the

portal after him, then Clive. He lacked the astral affinity that made portal travel more of an exhilarating rush than stomach-churning lurch.

“Alright, test over,” Jason said. “Back we go.”

“Give me a moment,” Clive groaned.



On the way back to the city they experimented with the power, finding three major limitations. One was distance. As best they could tell, the range was around forty kilometres. Clive told Jason that was normal for a portal ability and he could expect it to rapidly improve. It would increase by its current range at each minor threshold of advancement, meaning that by the time it reached the peak of bronze rank, it would have ten times the range.

The next second limitation was capacity. Ten iron-rankers or one bronze ranker could pass through the gate in either direction before the power was consumed. One iron ranker would be able to pass through and come back five times before the gate was depleted.

They were able to talk a bronze-ranker they encountered on the way back into testing it, but could not find enough regular people willing to walk through the sinister magic archway for testing purposes. Suggesting that the ones who were up for it go through and back multiple times resulted in the few they could find backing out. It was at that point that Belinda asked the obvious question.

“Why not just ask your interface power?”

Jason and Clive looked at each other, then shared a nod.

**Help: Ability limitations, [Path of Shadows] (Dark).**

**Capacity (Bronze 0): 1 bronze-rank, living entity.  
Alternatively, 10 iron-rank instead of 1 bronze, and 10  
normal-rank instead of 1 iron-rank.**

**Capacity is reduced by taking large amounts of non-living material through, either directly or in dimensional bags. Items in dimensional storage generated by personal powers do not count against the capacity.**

**Range (Bronze 0): 40 kilometres. Destination must have been previously visited, before or after obtaining this ability.**

“That was deliberate,” Jason said.

“We wanted to field-test the power with unbiased views before looking to the interface,” Clive added.

“You forgot the blindingly obvious thing, didn’t you?” Belinda asked.

“Yes,” Clive said immediately. “Yes, we did.”

“Seriously, Clive?” Jason asked. “You folded like an origami swan you have to put somewhere without throwing it away for long enough that the person who made it for you won’t get offended when you finally throw it out and claim the humidity made it fall over or something.”

“That was very specific,” Sophie said.

“Completely hypothetical,” Jason asserted firmly.

“What’s origami?” Neil asked.



After getting back to the city, Clive and Jason told the team about the idea of going back into the Order of the Reaper’s astral space.

“There are no guarantees,” Clive said. “Jason’s ability doesn’t say anything about breaching dimensional barriers. That means we have no idea if we can get it to work, or how long it will take to figure that out. I’ll be going to stay with Emir’s team at Sky Scar Lake to work on the issue and Jason will be portalling in every day so we can do a series of tests.”

“In the meantime,” Jason suggested, “those of us who planned to work at the training centre being set up should do just that. We can also use this time to decide, as a team, if going back to the astral space is something we want to do. We have no idea how many unknown dangers we would face, so even if we can go back, it doesn’t mean that we should.”



## BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE

One of the ways Jason had made positive use of his recovery time was to get himself back into a training pattern. Rufus, Gary and Farrah had worked to instil good habits during his initial training, but the eventful life of an adventurer inevitably led to him letting things slide.

Rufus, Gary and Jason's team had often felt helpless at their inability to help Jason after his ordeal. They were forced to leave things in the hands of first Carlos and then Arabelle, who had the experience and expertise to give Jason the help he needed. When Jason expressed a desire to reformulate his training habits, they leapt at the chance to be useful.

The regimented training schedule also helped them maximise their own efforts, whether that was learning and developing their powers like Belinda, or making the final push towards bronze, like Humphrey and Jason.

After Clive, Humphrey was the closest to reaching the bronze-rank threshold. Like the others, he had powers to raise from scratch after completing his power set, but being a human meant his powers increased slightly, but measurably, faster than Jason's, Neil's or Sophie's. He followed Clive in drawing back from the training until they knew if they would need to stay at iron to return to the astral space.

Clive had decamped for Sky Scar Lake, living in Emir's cloud palace and working with his people. Many were more experienced than Clive, even in his specialty field of astral magic, yet Clive's insightful thinking and prodigious capacity for learning never failed to impress. It was all the more so



since he had gained the ability to learn the mundane things through skill books, leaving his mind free to tackle the esoterica.

Jason practiced his portal ability, visiting the domes at the bottom of the lake every day. He couldn't advance it, but aiming the portal over vast distances was a skill he worked on developing. It required a level of visualisation that made it tricky to target places he did not know very well. The ability to distinguish places in his mind with landmarks was very helpful.

The distance between Greenstone and Sky Scar Lake meant that it took Jason an hour to get there by opening a portal at his maximum distance, going through, then waiting for the ten-minute cooldown before going again. To accomplish this, he first had to cross the desert in between, finding landmarks he could remember well enough to use as waypoints. For that journey, Shade had transformed not into a horse, but a giant sand lizard to stride across the desert sands.

Each day on his arrival, he would meet with Clive and Emir's people to go over the ritual configurations they had devised. The end goal was to use his power to reopen the portal, but they were not yet at the point that they expected that to work. The astral magic involved, like that used by the Builder cult, was incredibly advanced. The astral magic theory that Knowledge had given to Jason, who then shared it with Clive, was proving invaluable.

Jason did his best to follow along with Clive's explanations as they worked. He learned a lot, but it was largely above his head, even with all the magical theory he'd been studying. This was the new cutting edge of astral magic theory.

Jason frequently felt that his presence was superfluous beyond being a wand to produce the right kind of portal. The true collaborator was Shade, who was an endless source of fascination for Clive and Emir's people. His insights drove their work forward, until they declared that it was no longer a matter of if they could access the astral space, but when.



“What do you think of all this?” Jason asked Shade, after they’d been visiting the site for a week. “Does it annoy you to be dragged off every day to constantly answer questions?”

“Just the opposite,” Shade assured him. “I first became a familiar to have more experiences than can be had in the bleak void of the Reaper’s realm. Being affixed within the astral space for centuries left me rather desirous of company. A group of intelligent people eager to hear everything I have to say has been entirely satisfactory.”

“I’m glad. I’m also glad that you decided to re-up after I went and got you killed fighting that elemental.”

“My only regret is that it kept me from offering my support during your recent tribulation.”

From within his soul, Jason could sense a surge of feelings from Gordon, reflecting Shade’s sentiment.

“Well, I’m glad,” Jason said. “As much as I would have appreciated the support, I don’t know what would have happened to you if that thing had gotten into my soul.”

“We would have been annihilated,” Shade said. “Our true, spiritual selves, not just the vessel. Star seeds are quite destructive to familiars. I have heard of them breaking the connection of a bonded familiar, too, although summoned familiars suffer the worst of it.”



While Clive worked on getting access to the astral space, Jason kept pushing off any actual discussion of whether they should go in once he did. His team largely felt that it was a pointless question with an obvious answer, confused by Jason’s evasiveness.

He dodged the discussion until finally calling the group together, including Clive who was portalled back to the city by

Hester. They met on the deck of the houseboat, where Jason had put on an impressive lunch spread of spring salads and ingredients to build sandwich wraps. They were sat around a long table, talking as they ate.

“Why have you been putting this off?” Sophie asked. “I don’t think there are going to be any surprises here. We all want in on this astral space.”

“It should be you and I, at the very least,” Clive told Jason. “As we continue to unravel how the seal on the astral space works, we’ve confirmed that only iron-rankers will be able to get in and we don’t know if there will be problems getting back out. Your portal ability may well be necessary, and I’m the only iron-ranker with the requisite knowledge of the seal.”

Jason turned to Sophie.

“I was waiting for you,” he told her.

“Me? I’ve been bugging you about this for two weeks. Why would you be waiting for me?”

Jason took a thick document envelope from his inventory and handed it over. She frowned as she opened it up and pulled out the contents.

“This is my indenture contract,” she said, looking over the first page.

“Yes,” Jason said. “The contract expired today.”

“It finished?” Sophie asked, surprised. “Honestly, I haven’t even thought about it since...”

She trailed off, looking at Jason apologetically.

“Since I was taken and you didn’t know who would end up with it if I died,” Jason finished.

“Sorry,” she said.

“No,” Jason said. “You don’t owe me an apology for having a reasonable concern. But now, you’re free. Completely. Beholden to no one but yourself. From today onward, you are a member of this team for no more reason than you want to be.”

He flashed her a grin.

“Welcome to the team, adventurer,” he said and rest of the team echoed Jason’s congratulations. Humphrey gave her a clap on the shoulder that made her grunt with pain, which he quickly followed with an apology. His strength-enhancing power had reached bronze and he was still getting a handle on his increased might.

As Sophie looked around at the sincere, smiling faces she made a rare bashful expression.

“Thank you,” she said softly.



Brash young adventurers moved into one of the Adventure Society’s instruction halls. It was remarkably similar to a lecture hall from Jason’s world, complete with a projector screen on the wall behind the lectern to display images from recording crystals. Traditionally there had been little formalised instruction in Greenstone. Danielle Geller and Elspeth Arella’s joint initiative had been a very new development. The sudden increase in demand for venues was still being sorted out.

Some of the adventurers were nervous, quietly taking their seats, while others were brash and overconfident, lounging back with their feet over the seat in front of them. They ranged from their mid-teens through their early twenties, many older than normal iron rankers because they only just received the chance to be essence users.

“Is this Asano guy even qualified to teach us?” someone asked. “He’s been an adventurer for what? A week?”

“A lot of us have been adventurers for literally a week,” a young woman said. “I’ll take any good advice I can get.”

“No, he’s right,” another guy said. “This is just another example of favouritism. They give the good trainers to the big-name families and leave some nothing guy for us.”

“The big families don’t need this training, idiot. This whole thing is for people like us.”

“Which is why they got some iron-ranker to teach us. How is that guy’s aura any better than ours?”

“That’s easy,” a powerful, confident voice came into the room, followed by its owner. He was tall and handsome, broad-shouldered and walking in through a side door with easy confidence to stand next to the lectern. “Jason has had excellent training and some experiences I don’t wish on any of you. For those who don’t know me, my name is Humphrey Geller. You may have heard of my family, or perhaps just my mother, Danielle. I’m here to assist Jason, as well as make sure he doesn’t do anything too outrageous. If you want a more specific example of his qualifications, then I’m sure you all heard about the aura blast incident in Marina North. Some of you may have even experienced it for yourself.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it,” someone called out. “We aren’t exactly the pleasure yacht crowd.”

“That was Asano?” someone else asked.

“It was,” Humphrey said.

“Can’t you just teach us instead?” someone called out.

“I’ve only been asked to assist,” Humphrey said. “Also, to make sure he doesn’t get carried away.”

“Carried away?” someone asked. “How would he get carried away?”

“Well, you never can be sure with Jason. There’s a chance he might try and recruit you into some kind of underground movement and overthrow the existing political structures. Or a sandwich business.”

“That’s sounds very far-fetched,” someone said.

“Yes, but I’ve found that assuming Jason won’t do something just because it’s crazy or impossible is not a sensible approach.”

“You aren’t concerned about undermining his authority here?” the same person asked.

“Jason has his own way of doing things, and he can establish his own authority once he comes on stage.”

“What’s he like?” a girl asked hesitantly. “I’ve heard some stories that almost made me stay home.”

“He’s sneaky,” Humphrey said.

“Sneaky?” the girl asked.

“That seems harsh,” the previous person said. “I’ve heard he’s very handsome.”

“I didn’t hear that,” someone else said.

“Me either.”

“I’ve picked up a lot of stories about him and that never came up.”

“I’ve seen his face in recordings and it’s kind of pointy. Especially the chin.”

“He’s started wearing a beard,” Humphrey said. “What I meant by sneaky is that he’s the kind of person that, after agreeing to teach a group of new adventurers, would mix in with them and start bad mouthing himself to see how people reacted.”

Most of the group looked confused, but some turned to the man who had started the conversation.

“Seriously?” said the man they were all looking at. “There’s nothing wrong with my chin.”

Jason stood up and walked down to the front of the stage. As he went, his loosely controlled aura grew tighter and stronger, transforming from a weak, glob of power into an unyielding steel sphere.

“Aura disguise,” he said, turning around to face the group, “is an advanced technique beyond the scope of this foundational course. To be honest, I’ve only just started to learn it myself. What we’ll be going over are the basics. Projection, retraction, suppression. Mastery of these three things will have a transformative effect on your adventuring career.”

“Even I know those are the basics,” someone called out. “If that’s all you’re going to teach us, what good is all this?”

Jason panned a predatory grin over the group like he was sweeping them with a laser.

“You should all be able to sense the auras in this room. Look at all of you, and then look at Humphrey and myself.”

He waited a moment, then pointed at the nervous girl from earlier.

“What’s your name?”

“Carol.”

“Alright, Carol. How do mine and Humphrey’s auras feel compared to everyone else’s?”

“They’re solid,” Carol said. “They don’t fluctuate.”

“And what do you think when you sense an aura like that? Don’t think too hard about it now, just say the first thing that pops into your head. When you sense an aura like ours on someone, what is your first thought about that person?”

“That they know what they’re doing.”

Jason pointed at Carol again with an approving gesture.

“Exactly, thank you, Carol. You sense someone with their aura under tight control and they seem to know what they’re doing. That is your foot in the door. If you want to be respected in this business, then that is your first step. If you’re looking to find yourself with a big name, standing next to a Cavendish or...”

He gestured at Humphrey.

“...a Geller, then you need to realise that your aura is the first thing another adventurer will know about you. If your aura control is sloppy, it will also be the last thing. If you get a contract, one of the juicy one with the extra incentives, and you turn up to meet the client and he can see through you like a window, then you’ll find those contracts drying up.”

“Obviously,” Humphrey took over, “there is a lot more to being an adventurer than just putting up a good front. But if

you can't manage even that, then you may never get a chance to show what else you can do."

"That isn't all aura control is good for," Jason said. "But it's important, and they don't always tell you what's important when you're starting at the bottom, do they?"

"Damn right, they don't," someone called out.

"Well, you have us now," Jason said. "We're here to teach you how to use your aura, and maybe you'll pick up a few tricks along the way that the big boys have been keeping to themselves."

"We'll be starting with projection," Humphrey said. "It's the most basic form of aura control and the easiest to learn."

"It's also, arguably, the most important," Jason added. "Not only does it determine how the adventuring world will look at you, but good projection control will better equip you to resist suppression."

"Is that such a big deal?" someone asked.

"It is," Jason said. "Over the course of this program, you will all experience having your auras fully suppressed. Good aura projection makes suppressing your aura that much harder."

"I'm sure you all heard about the recent bandit issues," Humphrey said.

"We had the chance to see one of the bandit camps subdued almost entirely by someone using their aura," Jason stepped in. "Those bandits all had auras like yours are now. If they had had the training that we're going to impart, that wouldn't have been possible, not on more than twenty at once."

"Then why didn't they send that person to teach us?" someone called out.

Humphrey turned to look at Jason.

"They did," Humphrey said.





## EVIL DETECTOR

Jason sat on the roof of his houseboat, cross-legged, with the rest of his team sitting around him. They all had their eyes closed, concentrating on forcefully projecting their auras. His team all pushed against Jason, while he pushed back in turn.

Humphrey, Neil and Clive had the most training and experience with aura control and their projections were stable and consistent. Their auras didn't fluctuate, revealing no weaknesses as they tackled Jason's unyielding aura head on.

Sophie and Belinda were less practised and less polished. They had taken on all of the guidance of their teammates, but there were so many things they had to learn and do as adventurers that they simply didn't have the time and experience spent on it that the others had. Jason's aura inundated theirs, seeking out any flaw or inconsistency and pressing against it until they rectified it and pushed back.

They continued the exercise for hours until all but Jason started to flag, falling back onto the soft, cloud-stuff rooftop in exhaustion. After Jason produced snacks and drinks on trays, the team sat back up to voraciously dig in.

"I used a lot of magical ingredients with these," he said. "They should replenish you just as effectively as spirit coins, but with a better taste."

"I like the taste of spirit coins," Neil said. "I like that tingly feeling on your tongue."

"Really?" Clive said. "I can't stand it."

“How are you not tired?” Belinda asked Jason. “I don’t think I could stand up right now but you were holding all of us off and you look fine.”

“Aura projection is about the soul,” Jason said. “It’s difficult to differentiate the mind and the soul, and if you put too much of your mind into it, your mind will become strained. The soul, by contrast, and so far as I can tell, is inexhaustible. I don’t know if it’s some wellspring of power hidden within us or if it’s connected to the astral somehow and draws strength from there. Clive might know better than me.”

“No idea,” Clive said. “The soul is a mysterious thing and experimenting on it is the taboo of taboos. Not to say there aren’t people running unethical projects on the quiet, but the Magic Society and the Adventure Society are always on the lookout for things like that. Not to mention the churches. If you want one issue that unites people across religions, see how quickly they team up to go after someone doing soul experiments.”

“The trick,” Jason said, “is to make the aura control come not from the mind, but the soul. The meditation techniques help, but I realise that distinguishing mind from soul is not easy. I became much more consciously aware of my soul after being forced to retreat into it when the star seed took over my body. During our meditation training, I’ve been working with Humphrey and Neil to help them make the distinction without going through what I did. Having a solid foundation of aura control is a gateway to that, which is the point of today’s exercise. When you’re stronger, I’ll try and help you the same way.”

“It’s good to have you here for this,” Humphrey said to Clive. “We’ve been missing you while you’ve been off with Emir.”

“There’s a meeting today to update about the anti-Builder cult operations,” Clive said. “They’ve been having them regularly since we found out about the cult and the star seeds, and I’ve been a part of that since I was the one who figured out it was the Builder. Today they want me to bring Jason. The focus right now is on the cultists we think are in the Order of

the Reaper's astral space, and Shade's input will be invaluable. Not to mention that Jason is the one who'll be getting us in."

"I think saying that is a bit much," Jason said. "There have been people working on that for months now, while I just show up once a day to knock out my power a few times and see what happens. If something happened to me, you could just go find someone with the same power and have them portalled in."

"That's true," Clive said. "You are at the perfect stage for what we need, though. Your power is at bronze rank, therefore usable to us, but you aren't, so you can go through the portal once it's opened. Your presence may be necessary to getting back out, we can't be sure. It could well be that once we're there, we can just leave without issues."



Jason and Clive were making their way through the streets of the Island, each riding on a shadow horse.

"I have a rather important request, Mr Asano, if you are willing to hear me out," Shade said. Jason had long ago stopped trying to get Shade to use his first name.

"Of course," Jason said. "Request away."

"This is not a small matter," Shade said. "It is in regards to the flesh abominations in the astral space. The former Reaper acolytes affected by the Vorger."

"There are probably a few there now who used to be adventurers," Clive added.

"Indeed there are," Shade said. "Fourteen, as of the time the trials ended. I have no knowledge beyond that, as my purpose had been served and I was released back into the astral."

"What about them?" Jason asked.

"If you are going to be revisiting the astral space," Shade said, "I would request that you hunt them all down and kill

them. These were people who venerated the Reaper, whose most core value is the finality of death. They are trapped in an inaccessible realm, inside prisons of unaging flesh. If we have the chance, I would like to release them.”

Jason frowned.

“I know what it’s like to be trapped inside a body taken over by outside forces,” he said. “Our priority has to be to deal with the Builder cult and we will have to assess the situation once we’re there. Once we make sure the astral space is out of the Builder’s hands, I’ll do everything I can to help them. I’m sure the rest of the team will feel the same.”

“Of course we will,” Clive said.

“Thank you,” Shade said.

“My concern would be finding them all,” Jason said. “It’s a big city.”

“A soul compass,” Clive said. “They operate on the same principals as the tracking stones the Adventure Society uses on its members. Instead of tracking a specific aura signature, we can make one that will point at anything. We just filter out ourselves and the motive spirit false souls that monsters have and anything it points at will be either a cultist or one of the abominations. Providing there aren’t any natural creatures in the astral space.”

“There are not,” Shade said. “The plant life is natural, if frequently magical. There are no animals or normal people, however.”

“Sounds like a plan then,” Jason said.

They were far from the only ones out on the streets, and they were passing by a busy eatery when Jason suddenly pulled up the shadow horse. Jason turned his head to peer intensely at the building, then dismounted.

“Jason,” Clive said, pulling to a halt himself. “We don’t have time for you to go exploring some new kind of snack.”

“It isn’t that,” Jason said.

Clive's expression went serious as he heard Jason's voice. It was the icy tone he used for enemies.

Jason strode past the outdoor dining tables and into the busy shop, clearing a space with an aura projection that sent people rushing to get out of his way. He stopped in front of an ordinary man Clive didn't recognise. The man had an iron-rank aura and looked nervous, but Clive didn't find that surprising. It would be more strange if someone had Jason's aura hovering over them like an executioner's axe and looked perfectly calm.

"What do you want?" the man asked uncertainly.

"You're coming with me," Jason said.

"What are you talking about? What is happening?"

Clive had the same question but knew better than to voice it aloud.

"You know who I am," Jason said. "You can feel it can't you? Just like I can feel who you are. What you are."

Clive watched the man's feigned confusion give way to angry contempt.

"We will kill you, Rejector," the man spat at Jason and Clive sensed a huge power suddenly swell within the man's body. Jason's aura came crashing down, shredding the man's aura and clamping down on the power, squashing it into nothing. The man's eyes went wide, his face stricken.

"How... you can't... that isn't possible!"

"Now I'm the confused one," Clive said.

"You know the Magic Society has been looking for a way to find star seeds without an extensive ritual?" Jason asked. "It looks like I'm it. I've locked down his soul so he can't detonate it and kill himself. I bet we can find some people at the Adventure Society who would like to have a long conversation with this guy."



The attempts to find a way to prevent Builder cultists from killing themselves when exposed had limited success. The Magic Society had developed a suppression collar variant that could, in theory, prevent the explosive function from triggering, but in the time it took to activate, the seed would complete its process to explode as normal.

Jason's aura senses were stronger than before his ordeal, but still not as strong as Sophie's with her aura-sensing power. He had an intimate understanding of the Builder's star seeds, however, and sensed the subtle affect it had on that of the secret cultist. Aura suppression alone would not have been enough to prevent the seed from being triggered. Jason's unusual power to attack the soul directly was able to disrupt the trigger and prevent the seed from exploding into a crystal star. By holding the man's soul in a vice with his aura, Jason was able to take him to the Adventure Society to be fitted with one of the special collars.

"This is exceptional work, Asano," Elspeth Arella told him as he left the secured room. "Very few of the Builder's cultists have been taken alive."

"Hopefully he knows something we can use," Emir said.

Both had been preparing for the meeting when they got word of Jason's capturing a cultist.

"Who is going to do the interrogating?" Clive asked.

"The deputy director is notifying the Adventure Society's Continental Council as we speak," Arella said. "They will want to send someone. In the meantime, the timing of this is excellent. We can discuss the potential ramifications in the meeting."



The meeting was something of a war council for the anti-Builder cult efforts. It had been formed after the gruesome first removal of a star seed and Clive's declaration that the Builder was their unseen enemy. From the beginning it had included

Elsbeth Arella, Emir, Danielle Geller, Thalia Mercer and Clive himself.

It had also included Nicolas Hendren, the archbishop of the church of Purity. Following the revelation of Purity's apparent involvement, the archbishop had vanished, along with other key members on what his church referred to as previously scheduled sabbaticals. In the place of Hendren was the new Chief Priest of the Healer.

Like the rest of the Healer's local clergy, the Healer had brought him in after excising the previous corruption. The new Chief Priest was now in charge of handling matters regarding the purgation of star seeds, although no new instances had come up since the original five. The closest was Jason, who was himself a unique case for whom a specialised member of the church had been brought in.

The Duke of Greenstone was now also included, as were Arabelle and Gabriel Remore. Of the visiting gold-rankers, only their teammate Callum was absent.

Lucian Lamprey had been a conspicuous absentee from previous meetings. Excluding the director of the Magic Society had been a bold move, but his penchant for corruption was well known. Given that he had been hauled away in chains, it proved to be a prescient move.

Lamprey's successor was Pochard Finn, who was an equally distasteful individual but one with a better understanding of where the line was when it came to breaking the rules. Even with security tightened in the wake of Archbishop Hendren's disappearance, Finn had been included in the meetings as acting director of the Magic Society. Arella was confident that Finn understood what what was expected of him. He would need to be completely above reproach to have his position made permanent, especially considering his friendship with Lamprey.

The meeting began by bringing everyone up to speed on the new prisoner and the revelation that Jason could sense star seeds.



“It was as much of a surprise to me as anyone,” Jason said. “The applications are obvious, but I don’t know if it’s possible to hide from my senses. The man we captured may simply not have been trying because he didn’t know he needed to.”

“Even if they can hide it from you,” Danielle Geller said, “they are most likely as uncertain about it as we are, which we can use.”

“What do you mean?” Thalia Mercer asked.

“She means that we start using me as an evil detector to check all the most important people in Greenstone,” Jason said. “We do it on the quiet, because there’s no stopping word getting out and keeping secrets will make them fearful and paranoid. Some will make mistakes, others will run.”

“So, we kick the cupboard and see what bugs come scurrying out,” Gabriel said.

“That would be the idea,” Danielle said. “We won’t be able to catch as many as we’d like to put in a jar, but at least we would clear out some of the infestation and get some idea of just how bad it is.”

They made some preliminary decisions but largely left the details to be arranged later. They then moved on to the original main topic, the upcoming incursion into the astral space. The only real decision to be made was who to send through. Jason’s team was a given, leaving only the question of who would go alone.

“I think the more the better,” the Duke opined. “We need to make absolutely certain that these people are stopped.”

“There is a question of capability,” Emir said. “Frankly, the local adventurers are lacking, which is why I brought in more people for the first time we sent people in. Aside from Jason and Clive’s team, Bethany Cavendish’s team and some of the Geller trainees are the only ones I would consider reliable enough to send.”

“We don’t have a lot of iron-rankers left on the estate,” Danielle said. “With the monster surge imminent and all this

business with the Builder, the decision was made to send them all home.”

“You brought in more people before, Bahadir,” Thalia said. “We could do so again. Portal them in directly, instead of all that pomp of bringing them in by ship.”

“There are some specifics related to how we are getting in that need to be considered,” Clive ventured. “We can’t be sure that the people we send through will arrive in the same place. The city within the astral space is surrounded by entry point towers, and while we may all emerge from the same one, we might not, as happened the last time we went in. Additionally, Jason’s power currently only allows for ten iron rankers to pass through per use. We have the expectation that that limit will hold true when using it to access the astral space.”

“What’s the most likely outcome?” Arella asked.

“We can’t be sure,” Clive said. “The astral magic involved is operating on principles we’re only just beginning to understand.”

“What do you think is the best approach?” Arabelle asked him.

“There is a chance,” Clive said, “that once we force the door open, we won’t be able to do it again. Not from this side, at least. If we don’t send Jason, in the hope that he can keep opening the door to send more people through, there’s a chance that we leave whoever we did send stranded. From what we understand, leaving the astral space should be much easier than getting in but there is no way to be sure of that before we make the transition. There is far more uncertainty than I would be comfortable risking if we don’t have to.”

“You’re giving us a lot of qualifiers, Standish,” Pochard Finn said. “Are you not confident in your understanding of what you’re working on?”

“Of course I’m not,” Clive said. “You’re an administrator, Finn. You have no idea of what we’re dealing with. It isn’t just about complexity. This astral magic we’re dealing with is rewriting the foundations of our understanding. Once this is all

over, people will build careers in the Magic Society on the back of what we're learning today. If someone has been telling you they're confident that they have a handle on all this, then get rid of them, as fast as you can. That person isn't just ignorant. They're a dangerous idiot."

Jason hid a quiet chuckle behind his hand.

"My advice is to send one team," Clive said. "Ours has six people. Potentially it could be supplemented by four."

"Is that enough?" Arella asked. "We know exactly who went into that astral space and who came back out. Granted, we don't know how many of those died because the tracking stones can't record a death across a dimensional boundary."

"I do," Shade said, emerging from Jason's shadow. "At the time the trials ended, forty-eight people had died and fourteen had been turned into flesh abominations."

"Seventy-five failed to come back," Arella said. "That's potentially thirteen Builder cultists."

"I would bet on my son's team against any fifteen cultists," Danielle said.

"Don't let yourself be blinded by family," Thalia said bitterly. "I made that mistake and it cost me my son."

"She's right," Gabriel said. "Arella, can you use that list to figure out which people those thirteen are?"

"If Jason's familiar can tell me which one's were transformed or killed, then yes."

"Then we figure out what whoever goes through will potentially be up against and decide from there," Gabriel said.

After more discussion, Clive's suggestion was provisionally taken up, pending further investigation.

"The last question, then, is when this will actually happen," Arella said. "When can we expect to have a ritual that will get the door open?"

"Jason has been coming out daily to the site," Clive said. "In about a week we should have the rest of the team come

with him because at that point, we may get the portal open at any time. And as I said, we may only get one chance to send people through.”

“Actually, there is one more thing to discuss,” Jason said. “Once the Builder cult is dealt with, we intend to release all the people trapped in flesh prisons by the astral creatures infesting the astral space. I’m sure you’ve all heard of the vorger.”

“Asano,” Arella said, “as long as you stop the cultists from making off with the astral space, I don’t care if you move in there and set up a fried octopus stall. Just make sure you remember the priority.”



## THE WORLD NEEDS PEOPLE LIKE YOU

**J**ason and his team made preparations for their entry into the astral space, though some preparations were more important than others.

“I just can’t make that much crystal wash,” Jory said. “A lot of my workshop is tied up in making the lesser miracle potions, now.”

“We’ll be spending months in that place, hunting down these abominations,” Jason said. “There’s hundreds of them.”

“Your cloud house uses crystal wash more efficiently than just tipping it over your head, right?”

“Yeah,” Jason reluctantly acknowledged. “It adds a diluted amount into the shower.”

“There you are, then. Look, I’ll delay a few orders and give you everything I can, but there’s only so much I have to give.”

“That’s all I can ask for. Thanks, mate. Belinda told you we’re having a big blow out barbie before we go, yeah?”

“She did.”

“Alright, then. Best head off.”

Jory and Jason went back out through the waiting room, where the Chief Priest of the Healer was just coming in.

“Mr Asano, Mr Tillman,” he greeted.

“Chief Priest,” Jason greeted, before heading out.

“If you have a moment, Mr Tillman,” the Chief Priest said, “I would like to discuss something with you.”

“Of course,” Jory said, leading the Chief Priest into the break room in the back. “Can I offer you refreshments, Chief Priest?”

“I’m fine, thank you.”

“Are you sure? Jason’s frosted frost pepper squares aren’t to be missed.”

“Very well,” The Chief Priest acceded and Jory put some tea on to brew as he plated a few of the sweet slices from the chiller.

“The reason I’ve come to see you today is to discuss the future of the clinic here,” the Chief Priest said.

“Oh?” Jory prompted, warily.

“The Healer is extremely happy with what you’ve accomplished here. He believes it is time for you to look at training someone to take over and move on.”

Jory frowned.

“You’re trying to kick me out of my own clinic? I realise and appreciate that the Healer sanctified it, but that doesn’t give you the right to make me leave.”

“You misunderstand, Mr Tillman,” the Chief Priest said. “What you’ve done here, studying the local resources and finding the best way to make effective and affordable medicines, is a joy to my god. There are many alchemists within the church, but your dedication to those who need the most, rather than those who can afford the most, fills him with delight. He wants you to do it again, and teach others to do the same. We want the Tillman method to be spread across the world, and we’ll give you all the funding and resources you could possibly need.”

Jory looked over at the Chief Priest, then turned back to the task of brewing the tea, thinking over what the priest had said. He poured out a pair of cups and brought them over with the plate of slices.

“I’m not sure how to respond to that,” Jory said. “I don’t know if I have the kind of expertise to teach others.”

“Your humility is a credit to you, Mr Tillman. It is true, you do not have the skills of a master alchemist, but you are far from incompetent and we will help you develop your proficiencies further. What is important to my god, however, is not your ability, but the way you think. We can produce the alchemists; what we want is the vision. Your vision.”

“I... I never considered anything like you’re describing. I mean, the whole world?”

“The world needs people like you, Mr Tillman. We would very much like to give you to it.”

Jory bit absently into a confectionary slice, lost in thought. The Chief Priest did the same as he waited for Jory to think things over.

“Oh, these are rather good,” the priest said.

Jory took a moment to gather his thoughts while the priest appreciatively devoured his slice as swiftly as decorum would allow.

“Why now?” Jory asked as the priest wiped his fingers on a napkin. “There’s a monster surge coming up and crazy cultists running all over the world. It seems like a bad time for a new endeavour.”

“If you wait for everything to be perfect,” the priest said, “you’ll never do anything at all. We’ve been watching you, Mr Tillman, through your recent and rapid changes of circumstances. First you were able to build your new facility, then you obtained the public endorsement of my god and the support of our church. Now, your new enterprise with the miracle potions is already bringing in wealth.”

“So, this is because I have more resources?”

“No, Mr Tillman. Compared to our church, the scale of your resources and operations are inconsequential. What matters is character. What did you do after you went from a struggling alchemist trying to help people to a moneyed and respected member of the community? You worked even harder



to help people. More research into expanding your existing range of cheaper medicines. Hiring people to work on production so you could extend your operations without comprising care. We've been watching, Mr Tillman, and we like what we see. You have made a place for yourself in my god's affections."

Jory had an awkward and embarrassed expression as he searched for an appropriate response.

"Thank you?"

"No, Mr Tillman, thank *you*."

The priest stood up.

"Take some time to think about our proposal, Mr Tillman. When you're ready to discuss it further, or if you have any questions at all, don't hesitate to come find me."

Half-turning to go, the priest paused, glancing down at the plate on the table and its remaining slices.

"Can I take one of these?"



Jason looked at the combat robe set out on the standing rack. It was mostly the scaled, matte black of umbral snakeskin, with grey leather trim. It was darker than his current combat robes, keeping the grey/black colouration but reversing it, switching the black from the embellishments to the main colour. It maintained the sleek, draping lines, enhanced by the scaled texture of the snakeskin. It looked to compromise toughness with flexibility in a ratio he was very happy with.

"I know you have been satisfied with your existing combat robes," Gilbert said, "so I didn't diverge too wildly with this design. That said, I took advantage of the umbral snake leather you provided, and was able to tailor the outfit to your personal needs, rather than an off-the-rack item. I added marsh hydra leather to the umbral snake hide and the lining is deep wrym silk, which I was quite lucky to get my hands on. It did add to the cost a little, but I'm confident that you'll find the expense

reflected in the results. The aesthetics I largely maintained, although obviously the material has made for a darker result. I designed the look to complement your famous cloak power.”

Jason reached out to touch the robes.

**Item: [Dark Hydra Robe] (bronze rank, epic)**

*A full body armour, carefully hand-crafted from the leather of an umbral mountain snake and a marsh hydra, lined with deep wyrm silk. (armour, cloth/leather).*

**Effect: Increased resistance to damage. Highly effective against cutting and piercing damage, less effective against blunt damage.**

**Effect: Rapidly repairs damage. Can reconstitute itself from near-total destruction.**

**Effect: Heal over time effects have increased strength and duration.**

**Effect: Increases natural poison resistance. Abilities that enhance poison resistance are enhanced.**

**Effect: Weapons conjured while wearing the robes inflict [Umbral Snake Venom].**

**Effect: Adapts to fit the wearer, within a certain range.**

**[Umbral Snake Venom] (damage-over-time, poison, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until poison is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

“Bert, you have well and truly outdone yourself,” Jason said.

“I aim to please, Mr Asano.”

“Then you overshot, because I’m delighted.”

With a potential stay of months in the monster-infested astral space, Jason and his team anticipated reaching bronze during their stay. There was a good chance that a lengthy stay would make them miss the monster surge, but months in the

magically saturated astral space would be like a private monster surge that never ended. As the astral space was short on shopping outlets, they were buying equipment now. They would each need at least some basic bronze-rank gear to make the most of their new rank.

Humphrey's expenses were slight, as he conjured his most critical equipment. Since he was from the wealthiest family, he took on the costs of most of the team's general pool of consumables. This was mostly healing and mana potions of both bronze and iron-rank. Rather than go to Jory, he largely purchased high-cost, high-yield potions from the trade hall.

He did buy a supply of miracle potions from Jory, although it was a low-cook, low-batch potion. Jory spared them what he could, letting the Adventure Society contact his far-flung customer base to explain why there were delays in shipping. Most of the customers for the miracle potion were distant, but the demand was high.

Sophie and Belinda, but mostly Sophie, had earned some money adventuring. To that they added the nest egg once intended to fund their escape from the city. Sophie purchased the armour made from leftover umbral snake leather, although the design was different to Jason's. She preferred a fitted but still supple outfit, in this case with chitinous plates supplementing the snakeskin where flexibility was not required. It offered some extra protection over critical areas, looking to Jason like sexy tactical armour.

Belinda had a few costs, as her role-switching powers required some basic gear for different roles, including wands, light armour, heavy armour, a bow, a shield and a selection of melee weapons. This kind of equipment was outside of her knowledge base, so Gary served as her expert guide. He helped her pick out some reliable, basic gear at good prices, making sure she wasn't fed a lemon.

Belinda also had her own familiars that would rank up at some stage, but didn't have the cash Jason did during their trip to the markets of Jayapura. She only had enough materials to summon her familiars once at bronze rank.

Clive and Neil both had growth items, courtesy of Clive's efforts on their first trip to the astral space. Much like a familiar re-summoning, the ritual of bronze ascension each one required came with expensive material requirements.

Of all the team, Jason had it the worst in terms of expenses, although he made no complaints. His growth items and familiars were a blessing than many adventurers would and did envy. He firmly believed that every coin spent on them was completely worthwhile.

Jason had blown a huge chunk of his money on summoning materials for his familiars, which were his first priority. Compared to his equipment, they were his allies, valuable and important. Nothing took precedence in Jason's mind over giving them everything he could after the support they had given him. Their comforting presence within his soul had been a boon during his recovery, and without Colin, especially, there may not have been a soul to recover.

He had made sure that he had enough materials to summon them at bronze-rank and resummon them once more if something happened to them. With the Adventure Society supplying the materials for Colin's rank-up ritual, he had enough to summon the already-bronze leech monster twice more times.

Between those materials and what he had spent feeding materials into his cloud house, he had largely expended his funds. If not for the huge monetary reward from the final quest before his quest system went away, he would have had trouble affording anything.

Luckily, he was able to conjure his own weapon, saving the cost of that. He restricted himself to upgraded versions of his existing armour and boots, courtesy of Gilbert and Filbert, respectively. Supplying the main material for his armour also brought down the cost, although it remained a premium product with a premium price. Aside from those, Jason bought a large supply of cheap consumables, mostly potions from Jory and a large supply of the throwing darts that he used.

His last notable expense was a pair of skill books. They were common topics, therefore not too expensive. One covered the basics of alchemy and the other and artifice, the construction of magical items. They gave him none of the expertise of Jory or the man who supplied his darts. They were a contingency, should he find himself able to scrape together the materials for some consumables, but lacked a craftsman. More than the books themselves, it was the basic tools of artifice and alchemy that were the larger cost.

Jason had been trepidatious about using skill books again, after the last time had triggered flashbacks. Mercifully, using the iron-rank books proved less stressful than the bronze-rank book he had used previously and did not trigger any flashbacks.



In the conference room next to the office of the Adventure Society director, Jason's team was lined up, sitting along one side of the table. Across from them was Elspeth Arella.

"The Cavendish family have declined to let Beth Cavendish and her team join you," Arella said. "A lot of capable adventurers died the first time around, and that was a matter of weeks, rather than months. There also weren't Builder cultists to contend with."

"Then who is being tapped to supplement us?" Jason asked.

"There has been some discussion of that," Arella said. "Once we realised that Humphrey's familiar would take up one of the available spaces, we considered bringing in four-person team from outside the city. However, we ultimately decided that your team would go alone. Assume you are still willing to do that."

"Of course we are," Sophie said fiercely. Jason and Arella might have reached an amicable *détente*, but Sophie still harboured resentment over Arella's attempt to sell her off to Lucian Lamprey.

“Did you manage to find out which people were left behind when the trial ended?” Clive asked.

“We did,” Arella said. “All locals, none of the people Bahadir brought in from outside. We’ve been looking into their families and other connections. For most of them, their teams thought they were dead. If your familiar is accurate about them still being alive but remaining behind, then we have our cultists.”

“How capable are they in a fight?” Humphrey asked.

“Not great,” Arella said. “Decent by Greenstone standards, but we all know about Greenstone standards. The danger they represent is not to be underestimated, however. With the amount of time they’ve spent in there, they will almost certainly be bronze rank by now. They also have the numbers. If all thirteen are still alive, that’s better than two to one against you.”

“Our best bet would be to bide our time once we get there,” Neil said. “Get some of our own people over the line to bronze-rank before taking the fight to them.”

“The problem is, we don’t know how much time we have,” Clive said. “We don’t know exactly what they’re doing in there, or how they’re doing it.”

“Well, learning that will be something we have to figure out,” Jason said.

“We can offer you one possible advantage,” Arella said. “Everyone who went into the astral space had their aura signatures checked. We couldn’t test for star seeds specifically at that point, but anyone with an aura signature that didn’t match their existing record was excluded.”

“Meaning the cult probably sent through people who didn’t have seeds,” Humphrey said.

“Yes,” Arella said. “It means that if any of them haven’t reached bronze rank, their tracking stones will still work, if you take them with you into the astral space. If they’ve all reached bronze rank, though, the change to their aura will

obviate the power of the stones. Adventurers need new badges at each rank for a reason.”

“The stones should still tell us if they’re alive or dead though,” Clive said. “That’s not nothing. The Order of the Reaper’s astral space is a dangerous zone and some or all of them could very well have perished.”

“That would be the most fortuitous result,” Arella said. “Whatever circumstance you walk into, however, your ultimate goal is the same: find out what they are doing and stop it. This is that exceptionally rare three star iron-rank mission. We can’t predict the situation, so the specifics of how you go about that are for you to decide.”

“Trust the person on the ground,” Humphrey said.

“That was how your mother put it, yes,” Arella said. “She has a lot of faith in you.”

“It does sound dangerous,” Belinda said.

“Still better odds than what we were looking at a year ago,” Sophie told her. “We’d just come under Ventress’s protection, with Silva breathing down our necks.”

Sophie turned to Arella.

“Any word on Silva?”

Jason knew that long-term incarceration was a rare form of punishment in his new world. Punishment was more immediately punitive, often through fines and seizures to the wealthy, or indentured servitude for the poor. For the powerful, denial of access to the services like the Magic and Adventure Societies could be very harmful. Execution was also available for more heinous crimes.

“Yes,” Arella said. “He will be returned here. Lamprey will be sent to his own birth city. Both will be receiving skeletal suppression.”

Clive let out a low whistle, while Humphrey and Neil winced. It wasn’t a form of punishment Jason had heard of.

“What’s skeletal suppression?” he asked.

“It’s like a suppression collar,” Clive said. “Except instead of a collar, the magic is inscribed directly onto the skeleton. Permanent loss of powers. It’s an incredibly invasive and painful procedure derived from necromancy techniques. It’s a controversial punishment that many, including the church of the Healer, think should be outlawed.”

“It’s usually a death sentence anyway,” Neil said. “People who receive that kind of punishment usually have enemies. Once they’re cut loose without any power, those enemies catch up with them fast.”

“Works for me,” Sophie said. “I’m exactly the kind of enemy who’d like to catch up with him.”

“What about the cultist I caught?” Jason asked, forcibly changing the topic. “Has he coughed up anything useful?”

“The Adventure Society’s Continental Council sent people to work on him,” Arella said. “They’re doing so as we speak and haven’t told me much, yet. They did say that there seems to be an awareness amongst the Builder cultists of you, Jason. They call you the Rejector.”

“That’s not a cool nickname,” Jason said. “They could have picked something more awesome, like ‘the Defiant,’ or ‘Captain Tremendous.’”

“You actually want people to call you Captain Tremendous?” Sophie asked.

“Doesn’t everyone want that?”

“This conversation has officially crossed my idiocy threshold,” Arella said, getting up. “This meeting is adjourned.”





## I'M VERY BIG ON COWARDICE

**A**s Emir's team came closer to opening the portal, the decision was made to move Jason's team to the site under the lake. Jason's ongoing availability would be useful for the final push to open the portal and the team needed to be ready to go. They weren't exactly sure when Emir's researchers would finally succeed; the team had to be packed and waiting.

Even if they navigated the dangers and returned safely from the astral space, it would be months before they saw family and friends again. There was a large barbecue party in the park district the day before. Friends and family arrived to make big farewells before the more private ones that would take place the following morning.

As he was the organiser, Jason played smiling host, shaking hands and chatting with the friends he had made over the better part of the last year. Danielle Geller told him to look after her son, but also himself. Neil's mother harangued him about not getting her boy into any trouble.

The event started before lunch, continued through the afternoon and on into the evening as the barbecues were fired up again for dinner. Over the course of the day, Jason would discreetly slip away, though, watching from afar or wandering through the pretty gardens of the park district alone. Jason had made close, amazing friends, but as he watched them with their families, he was reminded that he hadn't known any of them longer than a year.

Jason's powerful and controlled aura allowed him to hide his inner turmoil effectively from most of the people present. A silver ranker would have to rudely explore his aura, and the gold rankers followed decorum and had their auras non-intrusively alert for danger without probing the people around them. This was true for all but Arabelle. Her sensitive and powerful aura senses shamelessly, if subtly, examined Jason's condition. To her surprise, Jason sensed her intrusion and gave her a flat look.

During one of Jason's short disappearances, she sent Gary after him, rather than follow herself. The big leonid was also one of the few with no family present; even the wanderlustful Emir had his granddaughter there. Sophie and Belinda were the others, but the pair had considered each other their only real family for years.

The park district was a combination of open, grassy spaces and feature gardens. Gary found Jason sitting alone in a small gazebo in a garden that artfully showed off the more attractive plant life of the delta. It was rather like a small version of the Geller Estate.

"It feels like we haven't seen so much of each other in a while," Gary said, sitting down next to Jason. "Even when I'm living in your houseboat."

Rufus's reaction to Farrah's death had been loud and immediate. Gary's mourning of their friend had been slower, quieter, affecting more of a lasting change. He was more sober and withdrawn, and there was still uncertainty about his team, now just him and Rufus. Farrah had been the glue holding their trio neatly together and, in her absence, they hadn't really done any adventuring as a pair. Rufus had worked out his anger through a series of solitary monster hunts, while Gary threw himself into craftsmanship.

Gary was older than Rufus and Farrah; like Jory he had spent much of his time at iron rank on his profession as a weaponsmith. In the wake of Farrah's death, he had retreated back into his profession, using the hammering of steel and the heat of the forge to still the thoughts in his head. It was a meditative process as he produced one weapon after another.

Rufus had split his time between the academy annex project with the Geller family and the investigation into the Builder cult. Gary had, in turn, spent most of the last few months working with the Magic Society on the Builder cult's construct creatures, looking for effective ways to combat what seemed to be the cult's main fighting force.

Gary had made a weapon for Jason that would be effective against construct enemies. His subsequent work didn't share the same care and time that went into Jason's sword, instead focusing on volume. Greenstone's weapons market had become flush with anti-construct weapons that were inexpensive and reliable.

Slowly the pair had started to come back together. Rufus had reached out to Gary to help with the construction of his training complex. It was not high-skill work and it could have been any decent smith, but Gary had taken to the task with enthusiasm.

More recently, with Jason's team about to enter the astral space, they had come together to help the team prepare. Rufus took them through everything they knew about the cult, while Gary took them through everything they knew about the cult's weapons. Any advantage they could get over the cult or their construct monsters could be the difference between life and death. Gary had also helped the team prepare equipment for bronze rank. Belinda had received the most help, ending up with a number of Gary's personal creations at very friendly prices.

Jason and Gary sat together amiably in the gazebo.

"Nothing seems to fit together quite right with her gone, does it?" Jason asked.

"No," Gary said. "It's like I'm waiting for things to go back to normal, when it already has. I just don't like that normal has a big, Farrah-shaped hole in it. I don't even know when my team became such a big part of who I am, but it feels like a part of me went with her."

Jason couldn't find any words to support him that didn't sound trite, so instead he briefly leaned into the big man, a

simple gesture of solidarity.

“She’d be proud of you, you know,” Gary said. “The adventurer you’ve become.”

“I was so bratty to her,” Jason said with a sad, reminiscent laugh. “Moralising at her, when I didn’t know a damn thing. She must have thought I was a spoiled child.”

“The thing about children,” Gary said, “is that they’re innocent. She didn’t want you to lose that.”

“I don’t think I’ve succeeded,” Jason said. “There’s a lot of blood on my hands now.”

“Arabelle told me that there is only so much value to be had in looking at the things we’ve done,” Gary said. “In the end, all the past can do is help us decide what we’re going to do next. That’s what matters.”

Jason nodded. He wasn’t the only one Rufus’s mother had guided through dark times.

“What’s next for you?” Jason asked Gary.

“Well, Rufus is here for a while, with the training complex he’s doing. Our contract with Emir has really been over since he got here. I was thinking it might be time to go home, help them ride out the monster surge. Home, home, not Vitesse.”

“You have family back home?”

“Yeah, I’m thick with them,” Gary said. “Becoming an adventurer has really helped them out, and I’ve been able to send home essences for more of them. It’s kept me away from them too, though. I think it might be time to go back for a while.”

“I squandered my family,” Jason said. “I only really saw my sister anymore. She’s a lot older than me and my brother and didn’t really grow up with us. She lived close to me with her husband and little girl and tried to mend fences between me, Mum and my brother. I didn’t realise what I was throwing away in refusing to let go of the past. Not until I came here and no longer had the choice.”

“Once you’re done with the astral space, you can come visit my family,” Gary said. “You’ll get all the mothering you could ask for and then some.”

“I’d like that,” Jason said. “Our plan is to go to Vitesse, after we get back out. We’re staying focused on the task in front of us, though.”

“The way it should be,” Gary said. “Treasure your team, Jason. Adventuring is a dangerous business, and you’re about to face about as much danger as this job has to offer.”



Each of Jason’s team members went through their own farewells. For Humphrey, it was an almost formal affair. The Gellers had been sending their young people out into lives of adventure for hundreds of years and Humphrey felt the weight of them all as he took his place amongst that tradition. All his family members were present to wish him well. There might be various factions within the family, but adventuring was a sacred duty to them all.

For Neil and Clive, their send-offs were also large family affairs. For all the differences in the station of eel farmers versus mid-tier aristocracy, each experienced oddly similar circumstances at the same time. Their families gathered in boisterous celebration, with both being fussed over by their mothers. Both were also warned not to ‘let that Asano boy lead you into trouble.’

“Mum,” Clive said. “I know Jason well. I know the things he’s been through and the things he’s done. You’ve met him yourself, multiple times. You were talking to him yesterday.”

“He does seem like a nice boy.”

“Then why is it that you always seem to think that something Aunt Helen heard from some guy is somehow a more reliable source of information than me?”



As those with families were getting their farewells, Belinda spent her last morning with Jory. Sophie roamed the streets of Old City, aimless and alone. Like Jason, she had no family, but lacked his ability to make such fast friends. With her looks she had always been good at getting attention, but with her circumstances, it had rarely been welcome.

If not for Belinda, she would have been completely alone in the world. She had no family, not that she knew of. She didn't even know the name of the city she had been born in; her father had brought them to Greenstone after her mother's death when she was a small girl.

Until the revelation that the martial arts her father taught her was the inheritance of some ancient order of assassins, she had never been curious about where she came from. Now she awaited Emir's investigation into her background, as interested in the results as he was.

The idea of an apparently famous treasure hunter helping her find her background was one of many strange things that had come from falling into Jason Asano's field of influence. He had turned much of her understanding and experience on its head. Suddenly she was surrounded by people who didn't try to take everything they could, because they didn't need to. They already had it. She had always resented the rich and powerful, but being amongst them gave her the unfamiliar sensation of people wanting nothing more from her than companionship. She could be a friend and an ally, rather than a tool or an object of lust.

There was a strange charisma to Asano that affected the people around him. It was like he could obviate social hierarchy through sheer force of personality, putting farmers and thieves shoulder to shoulder with princes and nobles. It had brought her into a strange world of possibility that even now felt delicate, as if it could all be snatched away in a moment.

With a blast of air that startled the people around her, she launched herself up to a rooftop and sat down on the edge. Her dimensional bag took the form of a vest, from which she took out an envelope, worn from handling. Inside was her indenture contract; it was the symbol of six months during which she was ostensibly enslaved, yet had been given her freedom and opportunity. That period had taken her from desperation and hopelessness to a world of potential. She turned the envelope over in her hands, looking at it without opening it, before putting it away again.

She had more friends now than she knew what to do with. Humphrey, righteous and kind, with an unwavering sense of responsibility. Clive, smart like Belinda, but filled with a boyish curiosity. Neil, whose sensible practicality would have blended in most places, but stood out in a group of extreme personalities. Then there was Jason. Strange and unpredictable, yet also fierce and principled. Capable of inflicting terrible horrors, yet would go to great lengths to help not just a friend, but a stranger.

Her feelings about Jason were complicated. He was compelling, yet infuriating. Clever, yet foolish; naïve, but also cunning. He would hide his virtues and proudly announce his failings. He seemed to have neither pride nor honour, yet she had come to realise that he was filled with his own versions of both.

More and more, she found herself wondering what he thought of her. Friendship? Pity? He had always maintained a certain distance, painfully aware of the indenture contract. It was as if he didn't understand the degree which he had turned it from a cage into a tool of liberation, despite it being his plan in the first place.

She wasn't what he was drawn to in a woman, she knew that. She had seen him with his lover, Cassandra, and his flirtations with the sapphire-haired celestine princess. He was attracted to sultry, socially aggressive women, rather than ones who were standoffish and the regular kind of aggressive.

She had felt his gaze from time to time, but she had also sensed him trying to be respectful. He knew the things she had



been through and the kinds of men she had known. He was almost infuriatingly different from the men who had been pursuing her for most of her life.

In some ways, Jason reminded her of Jory. For a long time, Jory been the only decent man in her and Belinda's lives. Even Old Man Silva, whose protection she had enjoyed for years, she had no illusions about. He told her he thought of her as a daughter, but treated her as a pet. Like many men of power, he looked at other people as possessions.

While Belinda was drawn to Jory's kindness and generosity, Sophie had been more compelled by clever, playful men. In her world, though, such men had inevitably been predators, with more than one lover learning the hard way that she wasn't prey.

She stood up, using her powers to climb the tallest building in the area and look out over Old City. For most of her life it had been her whole world, and she wondered when it had started to seem so small. Now, just one world was no longer enough. Soon she would be headed to an otherworldly city of ancient assassins and ambitious cultists.

She checked her watch, which had been annoyingly expensive, but the cheap ones tended to lose time in her dimensional bag. She laughed, thinking about the kind of problems she had now, compared to when she had lived in the streets below. Her thoughts returned to Jason.

Jory had wanted to help her, but Jason was the one who found a way. He looked at her seemingly insurmountable problems and went from hunting her down to transforming her world for no more reason than she needed him to. He did it in the face of her suspicion and hostility and he did it so thoroughly that it rewrote her entire future. She thought about his smug, smirking face, the impish grin and made an admission to herself.

"Damn it," she muttered.



Jason and his team moved into the strange, ruined village at the bottom of the lake, water pressing down on the magical dome above them. While Emir maintained the palace on the surface of the lake above, Jason set up his cloud house under the dome. Rather than the adaptive version he had been using, he tried the more ostentatious version. The result was a large, two-storey building with that same beautiful sunset colours of the cloud palace, without being so vast and grandiose. He had to return it to the flask before each attempt of the portal, otherwise he would have to leave it behind.

Jason had invited Jory along, and he had elected to join them until they left, in order to spend a few extra days with Belinda. The team even offered him a chance to come along. No few adventurers would have jumped at that offer, but he firmly declined. One trip to the astral space was enough to confirm to Jory that he was a healer and an alchemist out of choice and only an adventurer out of necessity.

The archway they had used to enter the astral space was still there, a sleek, obsidian object that looked much the same as Jason's shadow gate power. The archway was now surrounded by the largest and most complicated magical diagram Jason had ever seen. Multiple times a day, Clive would trot Jason out to try and activate the portal with the latest permutation of the diagram.

As days became a week, Jason became used to his power fizzling out. When it finally worked, he was almost startled. A line of dark energy appeared at the bottom of the arch, rising up to fill the archway and establish the portal. As he watched, Emir's eyes gleamed with triumph and he congratulated his team, who were standing around with Clive, celebrating their success.

The rest of the team had been on standby for each attempt and rapidly gathered themselves together.

"Jason and I will go first," Clive said, "as we have the best chance of getting back if something goes wrong. The rest of you quickly follow, as we don't know long the portal will remain stable."

“We’ve all discussed what to do if we’re separated,” Humphrey added. “If you find yourself alone on the other side, you know what to do.”

Jason turned his gaze to Emir, trying to impart all the gratitude he felt in a simple nod, receiving Emir’s smiling nod in return. He took a steeling breath, then stepped through the portal, practically pushed by Clive, who followed right after. Humphrey and Stash were next, followed by Neil, all picking their way carefully through the magical diagram on the floor. Sophie looked at Belinda, arms wrapped around Jory.

“You heard the man,” Sophie said. “Don’t take too long.”

Sophie made her own way across the room, glancing back before stepping through the shadowy gate.

“I know you’re still thinking about what Healer asked of you,” Belinda told Jory, moving her arms up from his waist to around his neck. He opened his mouth to speak but she put a hand over it.

“You need to stop thinking and just do it,” she said. “I don’t want to get back and find you where I left you, Tillman.”

Jory’s eyes sparkled and she took her hand away.

“Yes, ma’am.”

She gave him a lingering kiss and made her way across the circle to the portal, when he called out to her.

“Stay safe!”

“Don’t worry,” she said, flashing him a grin. “I’m very big on cowardice.”

“I’ve heard Jason say the same thing,” he told her. “And he’s a big, fat liar.”

She stepped through the portal and the smile sank from Jory’s face. He sighed, then looked up at the dome above him, holding off all the water.

“How do I get out of here?”



## MORE POWERFUL THAN WE ANTICIPATED

**I**n their hidden lair in the ruins of the Vane Estate, the leader of the local Builder cult, Zato, was fuming. One of the cultists had used a stone-shaping power to construct rooms in the subterranean cavern, of which Zato's personal quarters was the largest.

Timos, who had risen to be his second-in-command, was waiting out the rage. He knew that while Zato seemed consumed in fury, once he had worked through his anger he would be ready to make more considered decisions. For the moment though, he was cursing the walls. The subject of his incoherent ranting was Jason Asano.

It was a name that now preyed on the minds of the cultists; the very idea of someone resisting the Builder's power sent chills through every cultist with a star seed. As volunteers, they had only surrendered a portion of their will to the Builder, compared the complete takeover that unwilling subjects suffered. They nonetheless had a direct connection to the unimaginable immensity of the Builder's power. The idea of someone withstanding that power filled them with dread.

The most infuriating part was that the cult hadn't even been responsible for the creation of the Rejector. Killian Laurent had seemed like an invaluable ally in getting the cult's resources out of the city during the purge. Giving him what he needed to bring another person under the Builder's control seemed a small price to pay, given that he already had a star seed.

The results of this bargain had been a disaster. Not only did Asano withstand the star seed, but he was allowed to live, which was as grave a sin as existed in the cult. The results, from the exposed agents to the demoralised cultists, were ample demonstrations of why. The promise of power was what had brought so many people into the cult in the first place. There was never a shortage of disenfranchised people looking for a place to belong and to escape the powerlessness of their lives. The Rejector was a living demonstration that the Builder's power was not absolute, and he was still running around and causing trouble. Normally, those incredibly rare few who managed to somehow outlast the star seed were put down, hard and fast.

Laurent's failure to kill Asano was only the beginning of his betrayal. The logistical assistance he provided the cult had not been in as good faith as they thought, being used to his own ends. Not many had the nerve to deal and then double-cross the cult. As it turned out, Laurent had used the purge as cover to prepare his own flight from the city. Many of the losses the cult suffered during the purge were actually fed to the Adventure Society by Laurent himself, drawing attention away as he plundered the Silva family's wealth. Now Laurent was gone with a small fortune in money and resources, leaving the cult and the Silva family both to deal with the aftermath.

On top of the demoralising factor of the Rejector's mere existence was the impact he had on their operations. It was bad enough that he had somehow found a way into the astral space they were still months away from breaching themselves. It was worse that the Adventure Society had been able to use him to flush out some of the cult's key people still embedded in Greenstone. What's more, some of those uncovered had been taken alive. None of this should have been possible. From what little information they gathered before completely severing their Greenstone contacts for safety was that the Rejector's encounter with the Builder had given Asano some power to shock their star seeds into inaction long enough to suppress the seed's power to detonate.

It was fortunate that Timos, who had facilitated most of those insertions years ago, had been fastidious in his

precautions. He ran cult operatives in small groups, keeping them isolated from one another and the information compartmentalised. None of the people infiltrating the Adventure and Magic Societies had any information that could critically impact the cult's larger plans if revealed. The information flow had all been one way, through a network of dead drops.

The infiltrators could identify Timos, but as Timos has already been exposed that was no longer an issue. They could also reveal the very basics of the plan to claim the Order of the Reaper's astral space, but that, too, had largely been exposed already. Timos had kept them in the dark about the details not relating to their specific roles, which made their exposure only a limited liability.

The biggest loss was that their most valuable information sources in the city had been uprooted. The directors of the Adventure and Magic Societies had paraded all the key officials past Asano, who started picking them out like selecting fruit at a market. Zato and Timos had managed to get word to some of their people who had either made their escape, or pre-emptively detonated themselves. But dead, escaped or taken alive, those people were no longer feeding the cult information. They had to assume their entire dead-drop information network was compromised and had closed it down entirely.

Eventually Zato calmed down, taking a seat on an ornate chair looted from the manor above before they destroyed it. He let out a long, slow breath, purging the residual rage and once again taking control of himself.

"I'm sorry you had to put up with that," Zato said to Timos. "I find it best to get all the anger out, rather than let it simmer and compromise my judgement."

"Understandable," Timos said. "It's another in a long line of setbacks, but this doesn't compromise our ultimate plan."

"A team of adventurers has gotten into the astral space," Zato said. "All we have there are some unseeded recruits. You've seen the reports on the Rejector's team. I don't care if

our people have double the numbers or if they've reached bronze rank. Asano, Geller and their team will tear through them like they were wet paper."

"It doesn't matter; their task is done. The beacon was placed months ago and the astral tunnel is well on its way to formation. Our astral magic specialists here have assured me that, at this point, the beacon is unnecessary. The tunnel's destination is affixed. The Rejector can run around all he likes, take our people alive or even destroy the beacon itself. They could have gone into the astral space a month ago and still been too late to stop us. Short of finding us here and stopping the tunnel from this end, there is no keeping us out of the astral space."

"But they'll know we're coming."

A sinister smile played across Timos's lips.

"Actually, I made sure the people we sent believe that the beacon is essential to our plans. A little extra precaution I put in place. Asano and his team can go ahead and destroy it and assume that has put paid to our plans. It just frees us up to move in unexpectedly, once the tunnel is finished."

Zato chuckled.

"You know, I was one of those who looked down on your cautious nature," he told Timos. "Yet you were the only one who even imagined things could go this badly for us. You have my gratitude."

"Gratitude enough to let me finally kill Thadwick Mercer?" Timos asked.

"No," Zato said. "Mercer knows Asano, which could be useful to us."

"Thinking Thadwick could be of use is a large part of what got us here in the first place," Timos argued. "I've already spoken to him at length about Asano but the petty-minded little scum is so biased that I don't trust any of what he gave me."

"Mercer lives," Zato said firmly. "Why don't you put that cautious mind of yours to work and see if you can't find a way



to make Thadwick an asset?”



Jason stepped out of the shadow gate. With his astral affinity, dimensional travel powers gave him an enjoyable rush. It seemed to be a lengthier transition than his previous portal experiences, or even his previous use of the portal through which they just travelled.

- You have entered a zone of high magical saturation. Magical manifestations will occur at an increased rate.

Clive had a different opinion, which he demonstrated by stumbling out of the portal, dropping to all fours and loudly throwing up. The others followed through the portal in quick succession. Humphrey was a practised teleporter himself, but still came out looking peaky.

“That was quite rough,” he said in a strained voice.

Neil came through and ended up in the same condition as Clive. Sophie followed after, giving a sympathetic wince over her beleaguered teammates. Like Jason, she had an astral affinity that made the transition exhilarating, rather than stomach-churning.

“Was Belinda sent to one of the other entrances?” Humphrey wondered aloud. A glance around them was enough to see they were on one of the portal towers that ringed the outside of the city.

“I don’t think so,” Sophie said. “She’s probably just sluggish in peeling herself off of Jory.”

“Good for them,” Jason said happily. “Who doesn’t love love?”

Belinda finally came through the portal, looking unwell but managing to hold down her lunch. By that point, Clive and Neil had crawled away from the mess they had made on the

flat brickwork top of the tower. They were sat together, both leaning back and looking queasy.

“Once we get that weird magic body like Jason, we stop being able to throw up, right?” Neil asked.

“Yep,” Clive confirmed. “I am now officially looking forward to it.”

“You and me both, brother,” Neil told him.

“We dodged the first arrow,” Humphrey said. “We arrived together and don’t need to regroup.”

“That was actually my main concern,” Jason said, sharing Humphrey’s relief. “Of all the uncertain threats here, my biggest fear was facing them in isolation.”

“We aren’t all well-suited to solitary operation, no,” Clive agreed.

Being separated reduced their potential answers to any given situation. This was the largest potential threat they had foreseen, because it made every other threat more dangerous. They had made a number of contingency preparations for that eventuality, including tracking stones for all but Jason, who was untraceable.

“So, we don’t need the tracking stones for each other,” Neil said.

“They may be useful if we end up separated for some reason,” Humphrey said. “Keep them on hand. We should take a look at the ones we have for the cultists.”

“Speaking of which,” Neil said, “why couldn’t we check them from outside the astral space? Isn’t that how they knew the expedition had gone wrong? Tracking stones for the people in the desert astral space?”

“The difference is the astral spaces themselves,” Clive explained. “The desert astral space is naturally formed and has many, perpetually open apertures. The dimensional wall between our world and that astral space is paper thin, filled with holes. This astral space, by contrast, is artificially

stabilised and very difficult to penetrate. It's a rock face you need to drill through, hence the trouble we had returning."

"That means they'll need to find a different way to separate this astral space from our world, right?" Belinda asked. "Not the same technique they used before."

"Almost certainly," Clive said. "I have no idea what that will entail, however. It could be easier or could be harder. This astral space is smaller than the desert one. It's one of the things we need to figure out."

"We're getting ahead of ourselves," Humphrey said. "We should approach things in order. First, we take stock. Where are we and what is our situation? I'm concerned about the ambient magic."

Most perception powers enhanced magical senses and aura senses somewhere in the first three ranks, along with a third power that was a precursor to the more unique upper-rank effects. For Jason that was seeing through darkness, for Neil it was sensing vulnerabilities. Humphrey already had both his magical and aura senses enhanced. Everyone but Sophie and Belinda had their perception powers at bronze already, with only Sophie lacking the enhanced magic senses. She wouldn't have them until silver rank, when Neil and Jason would have their aura senses enhanced.

"I can feel all the extra magic in the air," Jason said. "I figured that was normal. This place had always had a higher magical saturation, right?"

"Yes," Clive said, "but the last time we came here, the magical density was the same as the Greenstone region. It's now higher."

"I didn't realise that was even possible," Jason said. He had never experienced a zone of different magical density, so he hadn't recognised the change.

"Can you explain that for the guy who studied healing magic instead of astral magic?" Neil asked.

"Or the person who never studied magic at all," Sophie added.

“Magical saturation is how much magic there is,” Clive explained. “It determines how many monsters, essences and awakening stones manifest. A monster surge is a temporary period of heightened magical saturation, which is why so many monsters appear.”

“Magical density is the quality of the magic,” Belinda said, picking up the explanation. “It determines that the rank of monsters that manifest, along with a bunch of other things. What rituals can be performed, whether certain magic items can function, for example.”

“The heightened saturation we were expecting,” Clive said. “An increase in magical density means that all the monsters we’ll be facing will be more powerful than we thought. It also means they’ll stay around for longer. An iron-rank monster will naturally break back down into magic after a month. Depending on how long ago this change happened, the astral space could be thick with more powerful monsters that have been manifesting without breaking down.”

“How powerful do you think?” Humphrey asked, looking at the air around them. “I’d guess the new standard is low bronze.”

“I’d say that’s about right,” Clive said. “Greenstone’s density is about mid-iron, which is very low.”

“What do you mean by mid-iron?” Neil asked.

“Oh, that’s just a rating for the most common kind of monster that will appear. In Greenstone, iron-rank monsters are easily the most common, with semi-regular bronze and only very rare silvers. What we’re looking at here will mostly be low-end bronze, with some high-end of iron and bronze sprinkled in. Encountering a silver-rank monster will still be unusual, but with how many monsters we’re going to see, it’s an inevitability. Hopefully we’ll be strong enough to fight it by that point, or at least to run away.”

“We could chum Asano and have him lure it away,” Neil said.

“Because of his evasive abilities,” Humphrey said, nodding.

“Uh, sure, that’s why,” Neil said. Jason gave Neil a flat look, who wiggled his eyebrows back at him.

“We knew we would be dealing with unknown dangers,” Humphrey said. “This is just the first. If anything, the monsters being more powerful than we anticipated will be better for our advancement.”

“I think we may be missing the forest for the trees here,” Jason said. “More importantly than the monsters, something is raising the magical density of this astral space. That should be a foundational element of any patch of physical reality, right?”

“That’s right,” Clive said. “Altering it in an astral space would be orders of magnitude easier than a true world, but even so, the forces involved are disconcerting, to say the least.”

“It has to be something to do with what the Builder cult is up to,” Humphrey said. “I suggest we go find them and ask.”



## FATE CAN'T WAIT TO KILL US ALL

The astral space was an island city of ancient stone buildings, reclaimed by jungle. Broad boulevards were covered in vines, grass growing up between displaced pavers. Buildings that were three, four, even five storeys tall, ranging from nearly intact to little more than rubble strewn around the lush, verdant greenery. Strange, magical plants could be seen. Bulbous, purple growths, adhering to the sides of buildings. Huge, towering trees, incongruent with the jungle around them. They stretched up, higher than any of the buildings, clutching at the sky with leafy fingers.

As they had in their initial foray into the city, the team had arrived on one of the portal towers that ringed the outer edge of the city. Situated where the island shore met the water, each tower had an archway akin to the one through which they had arrived. Theirs was still open, an obsidian arch filled with dark energy. There was something eerie about the power within it. It was not a mere absence of light, but a void that sought to devour it.

Jason's power allowed ten travellers before the power was expended. It remained active, as only seven had passed through, including Stash. Perched on Humphrey's head in the form of a small bird, Stash bobbed his head around with curiosity. The transit did not seem to have impacted the little dragon at all.

"So, who built this city?" Neil asked. "I mean, did this used to be a chunk of our world, like the ones the Builder

keeps tearing off? Or did someone come along and build this huge city in this astral space? Was it that order of assassins?"

"It was not," Shade said, emerging from Jason's shadow. "This city was as you see it when the Order of the Reaper first discovered this place and began working to stabilise it. Even these towers, which were used to connect it to your world, were already in place, waiting to be used."

"They were already here?" Clive asked. "We've been postulating that the primary function of the towers was to serve as the connection to our world. If they predate the people who used them that way, then it suggests that this astral space was attached to another reality in the past, or perhaps to ours and was severed somehow. Oh, that's fascinating."

"Fascination is a luxury for later," Humphrey said. "What matters is the Builder cult."

"That may be what I'm talking about," Clive said. "We already know that the cult has access to astral magic that makes our own look like a child's sand drawings. What we're talking about, with this astral space, is reality engineering. The Builder is the greatest reality engineer in existence and beyond. Is the Builder trying to claim this astral space, or reclaim it? Where did the Order of the Reaper get the knowledge to do what they did here? It wasn't from our world."

"Are you suggesting that the Order of the Reaper, or perhaps even the Reaper itself, somehow stole this astral space from the Builder?" Jason asked.

"I wouldn't engage in that kind of postulation without significantly more to go on," Clive said. "I need to examine this tower, quite thoroughly."

"Not yet," Belinda reminded Clive. "The portal, first."

"Right, yes."

Belinda still served as Clive's on and off research assistant, although the stipend that earned her was inconsequential, relative to adventuring money. She had proven good for Clive,



as she was very detail-oriented, while he liked to careen from one big idea to the next.

His previous assistants had never been able to meet Clive's standards, leading to clashes and problems. There were reasons he had never advanced beyond Greenstone in spite of his talent. Belinda helped him bring ideas to fruition instead of getting bogged down in the details he had been dismissive of, while she found, in Clive, an enthusiastic magical tutor. As Jason well knew, Clive was downright ebullient when it came to sharing the study of magic.

Clive and Belinda went to examine the still-open portal. They needed to know if it was safe to return to their own world, and how easy it would be to reopen the portal from this side. They set out a series of carved stones around the portal. They looked like dice: six-sided cubes with a sigil engraved onto each face.

Clive took a pair of wands, handing one to Belinda, and they started waving them about. The cubes floated up into the air and turned, over and over until they stopped again, one of the engravings of each cube lighting up. Clive hastily scribbled in a notebook before the pair started waving their wands again.

"I would strongly advise against trying to go back through this portal," Clive said after several sequences of this.

"It seems normal," Humphrey said. "As much as any of this is. It looks like Jason's portal power."

"But it isn't," Clive said. "We used Jason's power to incite the portal into opening, but this is not Jason's ability, whatever it may look like. This archway was able to serve as an anchor, allowing the portal to originate from the other side. Whatever power is affecting the ambient magic of the city is having a disruptive effect on anything originating on this side, though. Trying to go back from this side, even through this already-open portal, would be less like stepping through a door and more like jumping into a meat grinder."

"So, we're trapped here?" Neil asked.

“I don’t know about trapped,” Clive said. “Everything we learned while figuring out how to open the portal suggested that leaving should be much easier than intruding in the first place. If I can determine what is going on with the magic, I’m confident I can compensate for it. We can likely trigger the exit without even needing Jason’s power to get things started.”

“We have to assume that whatever is affecting the magic is part of what the cult are doing,” Humphrey said.

“Yes,” Clive said. “The first step to solving this puzzle is figuring that out and finding a way to stop it.”

“I vote we start by killing them all and go from there,” Sophie said.

“You’re probably right,” Jason said with resignation in his voice. “We need to question them, if we can, but I don’t see a diplomatic resolution as a likely outcome.”

“It’s never good, going in knowing that you’re going to be killing people,” Humphrey said. “You shielded the team from that before, Jason, but I won’t let you this time. We’re adventurers, and adventurers fight monsters, even when they’re people. We all need to come to terms with that.”

Belinda and Neil shared a look, neither having killed anyone before. The others gave them sober but encouraging smiles of reassurance.

“I’d like to start by investigating this tower quite thoroughly,” Clive said. “They are most likely the medium for whatever the cult is up to.”

“Alright,” Humphrey said. “How long will that take?”

“I know this isn’t a great answer,” Clive said, “but it’ll take as long as it takes. Once I’ve started, I can probably get you a better estimate.”

“Once *we*’ve started,” Belinda corrected.

“Just so,” Clive agreed.

The others were at loose ends as Clive started pulling out magical paraphernalia for him and Belinda to use. They sat at the edge of the tower, legs dangling over the side.

With the strange beauty of the overgrown city laid out before him, Jason took a deep breath of the hot, heavy air. It was rich with the scent of plants and earth, mixing with a gentle, salty breeze coming off the water. He had mastered the art of not breathing but he did it anyway, for the pure pleasure of the sensation. He relished the feel of the warm sun on his skin.

“I know we’re here to fight evil and whatnot,” Jason said, “but damn if I don’t love this job sometimes.”

Jason spotted the rest of the team sharing a glance.

“What’s that about?” he asked.

“It’s just good to see a real smile,” Neil said. “You’ve been forcing them for a while now, which takes a lot of the fun out of mocking you.”

Sophie thumped Neil on the arm.

“Hey...” Neil complained.



Before Clive and Belinda started their investigation, Humphrey had Clive take out the tracking stones for the cultists. They didn’t expect to get actual locations, since not only were the cultists most likely bronze-rank after all this time, but the tracking stones traced their Adventure Society badges, not the people themselves.

“They might still have their badges,” Clive said. “They needed them to get in here in the first place. Remember Emir’s people checking the aura signatures on them against Magic Society records?”

“Once they stayed behind, they knew their Adventure Society days were done,” Neil said. “I bet they tossed their badges away the second they got here.”

Whether the cultists kept their badges or not, the tracking stones would at least keep track of who was alive or dead,

even after their aura signature changed enough from ranking up to desynchronise them from their badges.

“Five of them are dead,” Clive said.

“That’s a big win for us,” Sophie said. “It went from six on thirteen to six on eight.”

“Don’t go thinking that makes things easy,” Humphrey warned as he saw the lack of activity from the stones. “The rest aren’t tracking, which means they’re bronze-rank.”

“Or they got turned into flesh abominations,” Belinda added.

“Yes,” Humphrey agreed. “Even if they aren’t the strongest essence users, the tyranny of rank is not something to be dismissive of. We all watched Jason take out one bronze-rankers, but that was just one. A whole cluster of them together is a multiplicative danger, not an additive one.”

“Humphrey, you’ve given us this speech before,” Neil pointed out. “So has your mother, your sister, Mr Bahadir, Gabriel Remore...”

“And you’ll hear it again before we’re done because it matters,” Humphrey said. “I’m bringing every single one of you out of this place alive.”

“Don’t say things like that,” Jason admonished. “That’s a huge death flag. You might as well pull out a picture of your girl from back home, explain that you’re about to be a father and that you’re two days away from retirement.”

“Jason, this is serious,” Humphrey said.

“I am serious,” Jason said. “How would you feel if I said that nothing can possibly go wrong?”

“Definitely don’t say that,” Neil said.

“Don’t go tempting fate,” Sophie agreed. “Fate can’t wait to kill us all.”



Clive and Belinda seemed to be going over the huge tower almost brick by huge brick, starting with the top of the tower and making their way down the stairs that wound their way around the outside. Despite the size of the tower, there was no apparent way inside, or any indication whether it was solid or hollow.

“This is really what we’re doing?” Neil complained. “All this build-up over going back into the astral space, squaring off against monsters and cultists, and what are we doing? Standing around while Clive looks at bricks.”

“That’s Neil you can hear whinging,” Jason said into a recording crystal. There was a long gap in Jason’s recording crystal travelogue, from just before his kidnapping until he finally felt ready to resume them.

Neil walked over to peer into the recording crystal.

“Jason’s family,” Neil said. “Next time you are going to send us someone, send us someone better. You have a brother, right, Jason?”

“Sod off,” Jason said, pushing Neil out of frame.

Sophie was meditating, knowing that her aura control was not as strong as most of the team. Humphrey patrolled the edge of the tower, looking out for threats. At his heels, Stash was transforming into a series of increasingly adorable puppies. Occasionally he would change into something stranger, such as a replica of one of the Berts, but with a huge moustache.

“I’m really one person pretending to be a lot!” Stash declared enthusiastically.

“Stash!” Humphrey scolded. “What did I say? The Bertinelli brothers are all different people.”

“No!” Stash yelled, turning back into a puppy and sprinting to jump into the lap of Sophie, in her meditative pose. She smiled without opening her eyes, reaching down to scratch the puppy behind the ears as he snuggled into her.

Belinda returned to the top of the tower, calling everyone together. They gathered up and followed her down the stairs to

the base of the tower, where Clive was using his power to draw out an incredibly sophisticated ritual diagram on the wall.

“What did you find?” Humphrey asked.

“I’m not sure,” Clive said absently, still drawing the diagram. He waved his finger in the air like a pen and golden lines appeared within the diagram to match. “Some kind of hidden door, although I can’t tell if it’s a cupboard or the whole thing is empty.”

Eventually Clive finished the diagram and chanted out an opening spell. A section of wall soundlessly slid back into the tower and slid up, revealing a large, dark space beyond. The others could make out a shape from the light coming through door, only Jason seeing clearly. He stepped up and looked around the interior of what turned out to be the hollow tower. He realised what the looming shape taking up most of the space was and his eyes went wide.

“What is that?” Humphrey asked, peering into the dark.

The lump of metal the size of a car they were looking at was the front half of a giant, metallic foot.



## RUNNING TOWARDS SOMETHING

Clive tossed out some glow stones that floated up into the darkness, illuminating the huge figure that occupied the interior of the tower.

“A giant statue?” Neil postulated.

“Not a statue,” Clive said. “There are articulation points on the ankles and knees. I can’t see clearly from down here, but likely all the other joints, as well. This is some kind of golem. A ridiculously enormous golem.”

The air inside the tower was cold and clammy. Jason stepped forward and touched a hand to the chilly metal foot.

**??? (world engineer).**

**Construct (diamond rank).**

**???**

**???**

**???**

**???**

**???**

**???**

**???**

Clive quickly followed to see the same message, the others doing the same. All but Sophie, who lacked enhanced magical senses, could sense an incredible but dormant power within.

“What’s a world engineer?” Neil asked.



“I have no idea,” Clive said.

“I suspect it’s best for everyone if none of us ever find out,” Neil said. “I don’t know about you, but I’m getting a very Builder feeling off of this thing.”

“You can sense it too?” Jason asked.

“What?” Neil asked. “No, I just meant, you know, world engineer, giant construct. It kind of screams ‘Builder’ right?”

“I can feel an echo of the Builder in this thing’s power,” Jason said. “This belongs to it.”

“Then why did the Order of the Reaper have it?” Humphrey asked.

“Shade?” Jason asked.

“I do not know,” Shade said. “The existence of these constructs was unknown to me.”

“It seems this place has more secrets than anyone realised,” Humphrey said.

“We thought they were just trying to take the astral space,” Clive said. “Are these things the true goal?”

“Maybe it’s both,” Jason said. “The Builder wants these back, which is what it’ll get if it claims this astral space.”

“It doesn’t matter what the Builder wants,” Sophie said. “It doesn’t change what we want. We’re here to stop the cultists, whatever they’re up to.”

“Exactly,” Humphrey said. “The important part of this discovery is to figure out how it helps us.”

“I’m not sure it does,” Clive said. “I don’t have the resources, or frankly the knowledge to begin unravelling what this thing is, what it’s for or what it’s doing here.”

“It at least tells us what to do next, right?” Sophie asked. “Even if we don’t know exactly what they’re up to, it’s going to involve these towers. We already thought that, and this just makes it all the more evident.”

“She’s right,” Humphrey agreed. “Our first move should be to make our way around the outskirts of the city and check out all of these towers. The cultists may well be set up at one of them.”

“We can also see if all the towers hold one of these things,” Clive said.

“Do we know how many towers there are?” Neil asked.

“Twelve,” Clive said. “Each around eight kilometres apart.”

“Alright, Clive, see if you can’t seal this thing back up and we’ll leave.”

Clive called back the glow stones he had sent floating up into the tower and the team left. Once he removed the magical diagram he had used to open it, the doorway closed again, leaving no trace it was ever there.

“I know the original idea was to make our way from tower to tower on foot,” Belinda said, “but from the top of these towers we can see some of the others. Should we be portalling or teleporting or whatever?”

Jason was not the only member of the team to unlock a mass-transit power with a bronze-rank ability. Clive could open a portal, while Humphrey could now teleport people as a group. Their carry capacity and cooldown for each was the same as Jason’s gate portal.

“We want to come at each tower as quietly as we can,” Humphrey said. “Teleporting into the middle of eight bronze-rankers is a good way to get killed. We should stick with going on foot and have Jason scout it out.”

Jason’s stealth abilities had become quite formidable by the time all his powers were awakened. His cloak helped him blend into shadows and he received further boosts from his familiars, Shade and Gordon. For each body subsumed into Jason’s shadow, Shade could mask one giveaway element like scent, heat or even sound, muffling Jason’s movements against sensitive ears. While Gordon was subsumed into Jason’s aura, Jason’s ability to retract it completely was enhanced.

Combined with Jason's current aura strength, even most bronze-rankers would be unable to sense it.

They set out from the tower in the direction of the next. The shoreline was made up of large rocks that were not easily navigable, so they followed the overgrown streets. Even then, the terrain was not easy going. They could have moved faster, after all the mobility training they had done, but Humphrey insisted on slow but steady. They were expecting monsters and worse, and he didn't want them stumbling into too much danger at once.

Sophie ranged ahead as two of Shade's three bodies watched their flanks, while the last took its place as Jason's shadow. Jason's tactical map and voice communication made sure everyone could be alerted the moment a threat appeared.

Sophie was not a stealthy scout like Jason, but her mobility was incomparable. Whether running up the sides of buildings or sailing between them, she was the embodiment of agility and grace. Sometimes she would blast herself into the air with a burst of wind and glide above them, using further bursts to throw herself higher. In this way, she could effectively fly, scouting ahead with the vantage that offered. She was also seemingly inexhaustible. Her celestine nature reduced the ongoing mana costs of powers, while her avatar of speed power reduced those costs even further.

"She's really getting a handle of her powers," Jason said, looking up in admiration. "She's like a bird on the wing."

"They used to call her the Nightingale, in the fighting pits," Belinda said. "If only they could see her now."

They had a soul compass that would point to the closest thing with a soul, except for themselves, who had been filtered out. That meant cultists or flesh abominations, which could very well be the same thing. It would not forewarn them of monsters, however.

The team had already determined a policy of how to handle monster encounters. To begin with, they would fight anything they didn't recognise all together, even if it was iron rank. Once they had an idea of what they were up against, they

would start sending out their members who could best handle, or best learn from, any given encounter.

The astral space's magical saturation promised monsters, which it quickly delivered. It was only eight or so kilometres from one tower to the next, yet they had two monster encounters on the way. The first was a pair of bronze-rank monsters that were quite tough, but no match for the team's rapidly growing capabilities. The next was a cluster of bark lurkers, a type of iron-rank monster commonly seen in the delta. It was normally a solitary creature, but here they encountered a half-dozen, all at once. They were very hardy creatures and proved more difficult to deal with than the two bronze-rank ones.

They sat around on strewn, moss-covered rubble, resting after the fight.

"Looks like we might be fighting all together for a bit," Neil said. "Those extra numbers are rough."

"That's the magical saturation at work," Clive said. "The weaker the monster, the more of them we can expect to see."

"What about something that already travels in packs?" Neil said. "Will there be a whole army of them?"

"Probably," Clive said.

"Jason fought a bark lurker during our field assessment," Humphrey said.

"Back then, my afflictions were the best way to handle them," Jason said. "Your special attacks seem to be doing just fine now."

"I envy those high-damage attacks," Sophie said.

"I like your retaliation power," Humphrey told her. "You stopped that thing like it had run into a cliff face."

Bark lurkers were largely slow, but would make charging rush attacks. One of them tried to use it on Sophie, to unfortunate effect. Her balance essence ability, moment of oneness, could absorb attacks for a brief moment, then return their power back on an enemy. She had jammed her fingers

into a gap between the thick carapace plates of the bark lurker and unleashed the full power of its own charge onto it.

“I’m not sure it was as harsh as you say,” Humphrey told Neil. “We will need to be pushed further than these fights did, if we want to cross that line into bronze.”

“Speak for yourself,” Belinda said. “I found those plenty rough enough.”

“I’m sorry,” Humphrey said to her. “I know this will be harder on you than any of us. We all awakened our powers more slowly than you, and worked our way up through easier fights than you have and will continue to face. All the more, since your powers are a lot more sophisticated than a set like mine.”

The others nodded.

“You’ve had it harder than all of us,” Jason said. “You went out on a road contract before you were even a member of the Adventure Society. It must be fairly overwhelming.”

“It’s been a lot of changes,” Belinda acknowledged, then shared a look with Sophie, before turning her gaze back to the team. “We know what it’s like to be running on a knife edge, though. At least now, we’re running towards something, instead of away.”



Between rough terrain and monster fights, it took the team hours to close the distance to the second tower.

They reached the second tower, finding no more signs of cultist activity than the first. Clive, now that he knew what to look for, was able to find the hidden door quite quickly, revealing another enormous golem.

The sun was descending over the city and it was unlikely they would make the next tower before dark without picking up the pace.

While the others remained at the base of the tower as Clive closed the door back up, Jason and Humphrey made their way to the top, looking out to the next tower.

“What do you think?” Humphrey asked. “Do we camp here, or push it?”

“Neither,” Jason said. “We shouldn’t camp near the towers. The cultists probably don’t know we’re here but let’s not make it easy for them, just in case. We pick somewhere more hidden and defensible between here and the next tower.”

“Alright,” Humphrey agreed.



Jason set up his cloud house. As he had chosen the adaptive version, it took on the appearance of an overgrown stone building, blending perfectly into the surroundings.

The next morning, Humphrey roused the team not to press on immediately, but for the day’s training routine.

The training took up a solid chunk of the morning, going from physical training to movement training to combat training to mental training. They had brought along the set of weights Jason had inherited from Farrah, which were simple but would serve them through bronze rank.

“We’re in a strange dimension full of monsters and treasure,” Neil’s complained, “and I’m here doing arm curls?”

“The best are the best because they don’t slack off,” Humphrey told him.

“Do I have to be the best?” Neil asked. “Couldn’t I just be pretty good, but with a sexy wife?”

Sophie led the way with mobility training, the strange terrain actually making for a good training ground. Jason guided the team through meditation, aura training and the mental exercises that Farrah had taught to him.

They kept up the slow but steady pace, monster after monster and tower after tower, with no sign of the cultists.

They would check two or three new towers each day, depending on the terrain and how many monsters they encountered. Each tower seemed to have one of the huge golems inside.

They couldn't travel for more than a few hours without encountering monsters. Of a night they would retire to the cloud house, a much more luxurious accommodation than what they had for the Reaper trials. That was still only a limited respite, as each night, some magically sensitive monster would find the house and attack it.

What limited damage the monsters were able to do before the team emerged to handle the problem, the house would repair easily. It did mean Jason needed to replenish the magic expended to do so, by dropping spirit coins into the cloud flask as if it were a slot machine. The raw magic of the coins was exactly what the house needed to reconstitute any damage.

They were frugal with their supplies. They did not use crystal wash, instead showing off what were inevitably blood-and-gore-caked bodies in the cloud house showers every evening. Food was in short supply; the team had allocated the room in their personal storage spaces and dimensional bags for critical adventuring supplies. They sustained themselves on spirit coins. Jason hoarded his small stock of actual food to celebrate rank-ups, when they eventually came.

“At this point, it seems like they haven't set up around one of the towers,” Humphrey said on their fourth night in the city, as the team was sitting in the lounge of the cloud house.

“Where do we check next then?” Neil asked. “The centre of the city, where the last trials were?”

“It's as good a place as any,” Humphrey said. “What can we expect to find there, Shade?”

“The trials tower should be quite thoroughly destroyed by now,” Shade said. “The magic maintaining the tower's integrity was withdrawn with the completion of the trials. Without control over the dimensional spaces within, they most likely devoured themselves and the bulk of the tower with them. There may be some things of value in what remains. It is

possible that treasures unclaimed during the trials were not annihilated and could still be waiting to be excavated.”

“Now we’re talking,” Neil said. “Hidden secrets, buried treasure. Now, that’s an adventure.”



The soul compass was not a flat object, but spherical, with the needle floating magically within. The needle moved on a central pivot point, like a regular compass, but could also indicate verticality. It moved slowly, suggesting that the closest soul was still some distance away.

“I think it’s safe to say that the cultists are deeper into the city,” Clive said.

“We’ll still check the last two towers today, just in case,” Humphrey said. “Tomorrow, we head for the centre.”

“And the loot,” Neil added.

They had already encountered some treasure, three awakening stones they had picked up along the way. They hadn’t been looking, but with so many enhanced magical senses on the team, they were easy to find by simple proximity.

Although the flesh abominations and cultists remained distant, the monsters were still attacking with enthusiasm. The team was reminded that those were not the only threats the astral space had to offer when Sophie dropped lightly to the ground in front of them.

“Vorger,” she warned. “Lots of them. It was like a cloud bank moving in.”

Jason used the lightness of his cloak and the leaping power of his magical boots to reach the top of a nearby building in a few easy jumps. He looked out at the incorporeal, ghost-like astral creatures bearing down on them as the team made preparations below. They drew closer and closer as he watched, until it was like a wall of whiteness moving through the sky.



Jason's aura erupted out of him like a tsunami, washing over the vorger. The astral beings were themselves like ragged scraps of soul, so he made a soul attack against them. There was a piercing shriek and a horrible tearing sound, and then the vorger were gone, as if they had never existed at all.



## GREENHOUSE FLOWERS

**A**s they anticipated, they reached all twelve towers without encountering the cultists.

“Shouldn’t the pillars be central to what they’re trying to achieve?” Jason asked as the team stood atop the final tower. “Whether it’s trying to sever the connection to the world, or do something with the giant golems inside them, the towers should be key, right?”

“Yes,” Clive said. “Between their absence here and whatever they’re doing to raise the magical density, I am extremely concerned. Before we even came in here, we knew that none of the people on our potential cultist list had the kind of astral magic expertise that would be required to truly accomplish anything. There was always the question of how they were going to sever this astral space, but now it seems that there is more to the cult’s scheme than we realised.”

Before they had left Greenstone, the backgrounds of the suspected cultists had been thoroughly investigated. They were all local, from lower-tier aristocracy or wealthy non-aristocrat families. Because the families involved didn’t have the political clout to stop it, the Adventure Society had scoured the homes and investigated the relations of the suspects for any and all information they could find. Most of the families had no indication of cult activity, while others had already been exposed as cult sympathisers during the purge.

“Our biggest point of confusion was that the people we’re after simply don’t have the skill set to accomplish the cult’s goals, as we understand them,” Clive continued. “Our best

guess was that they brought something with them, some manner of artefact or device that could do what they needed. Now, it seems that our ignorance of their objectives was even greater than we thought. We don't know if they still want to claim the astral space, awaken these constructs or if it's something to do with the changes to the ambient magic."

"Are we sure we shouldn't try destroying one of those constructs?" Neil asked.

"Very," Clive said. "We wouldn't be able to, anyway. Even Humphrey and Jason, who can overlook rank disparity in certain regards, wouldn't be able to damage them. All they would accomplish would be to trigger any defence mechanisms that might be in place. That's not even considering that the golems might, in some way, be essential to the core function of the towers, which is to stabilise this astral space."

"The astral space is going to become unstable anyway, though, isn't it?" Jason asked. "Won't an unnaturally high level of magical density eventually make the dimensional wall break down?"

"That's right," Clive said. "If something is pushing through magic that's too high-grade for the dimensional wall to endure, it will eventually break down. It'll take quite a while, by which I mean a decade or longer, but if whatever is causing the change isn't stopped, it will happen eventually. Even if it is stopped, if that happens too late, the damage will be done."

"What would the effects of that be?" Humphrey asked.

"If the dimensional wall between the physical reality and this astral space breaks down," Clive said, "then astral forces will pour in like a tide and wash everything away. This astral space will no longer exist."

"What would the repercussions of that be for our world?" Humphrey asked.

"Actually, that would be fine for our world," Clive said. "The astral space would be washed off the side of our world

like washing dirt off your arm.”

“That’s not what the Builder wants, though,” Jason said. “He wants to take astral spaces, not destroy them. Especially, I would think, when they’re loaded up with his property.”

“Hopefully the cultists have some answers,” Humphrey said. “If they aren’t in the centre of the city, we’ll just have to start following the soul compass, clearing out the flesh abominations as we find them. Eventually it will lead us to the cultists.”



The team turned their monster-filled trek towards the interior of the city. For the first time, they experienced a rapid shift in the direction the soul compass was pointing. It signalled their proximity to what, unsurprisingly, turned out to be a flesh abomination. The abominations outnumbered the cultists by more than fifty to one and the cultists were almost certainly together. The abominations were solitary by nature, aggressively lashing out at any living thing they encountered. That left them scattered all around the city, compared to whatever rock the cultists were hiding under.

Given that fighting the abominations was one of their explicit goals in returning to the astral space, they had given some consideration to how to do so. The abominations had two advantages: their ability to adapt and the power of an upper-tier bronze-rank monster. The weaknesses the team sought to exploit were a lack of intelligence and the fact that, while it could adapt, it always remained a creature of living flesh.

The first weakness—low intelligence—they hoped to exploit by ‘confusing’ the monster’s adaptations, alternating modes of attack to soak up time as it changed back and forth. To do this, the plan was to have Sophie and Humphrey repeatedly switch off against the monster, forcing it to adapt alternately to her speed and then to his power. The hope was

that doing so would prevent a singular adaptation it could use to effectively fight the team.

The purpose in stalling out the fight was to exploit the abomination's second weakness, the inability to overcome Jason's afflictions. They knew from fighting one previously that it would adapt to prevent itself from losing combat effectiveness, but that eventually there would be a threshold beyond which it could no longer sustain itself.

The abomination was lairing in an old church, although not one of any god the team recognised. What little remained of the iconography was wholly unfamiliar, and they had little time to examine it before the abomination sensed their presence. They waited outside where they could take advantage of the open space and have the bulk of the team at a safe remove. When the creature appeared, it was a large, blobby mass of pink and yellow flesh, ambling out onto the street on four stubby legs.

The abomination's inactive state was its weakest, when it was slow and soft, which Jason took full advantage of. He opened with spells and then followed with special attacks, using his shadow arm to keep his distance. He laid on his afflictions with practised efficiency as the abomination was already changing its form in response.

As Jason danced around it, casting spells and reaching out with special attacks, the abomination grew tentacles, all over its round body, that ended in vicious claws. The result looked like a Lovecraftian echidna, the flexible limbs lashing to try and catch Jason wherever he went.

By the time the creature truly got going, Jason's job was done and he cleanly teleported away. Communicating through voice chat, Humphrey teleported in, directly taking his place. The quick and flexible limbs, useful for pinning down the elusive Jason, lacked the strength to dig through Humphrey's armour as he launched himself forward, burying his sword in the abomination's side.

The creature reacted by growing thick, chitinous plates that would protect it, while the many limbs consolidated into fewer

larger, more powerful ones. These were also covered in chitin, resembling long, sharp, praying mantis arms. The completion of its adaptation signalled Humphrey's departure, as he teleported out again. In his place, Sophie rushed in like a storm to face the now sluggish, heavily plated creature.

The creature swung its powerful limbs at her. They weren't slow, but it took more than not slow to catch Sophie. She deftly avoided them as she attacked the plated body with fists and feet. Her attacks were not as powerful as Humphrey's, but the resonating-force power her abilities added to her unarmed strikes was able to penetrate the heavy armour.

It seemed like everything would go perfectly to plan as Sophie and Humphrey switched off in rapid succession, forcing the monstrosity into continuous adaptation. It became evident it would not be quite so easy as it first seemed, however, when the abomination's adaptations became more and more refined. Slowly it transmogrified into a lean, insect-like creature with strong plates but agile limbs, hard to catch and hard to hurt.

It had two, whip-like tendrils with segmented shards of razor-sharp chitin. They thrashed and danced, strong enough to hurt Humphrey, yet swift and unpredictable enough to catch Sophie. Neil threw out shields and healing from a safe distance, but the fight was slowly turning against them. The longer the fight went on, the closer the abomination came to finding the perfect combination of traits.

The fight seemed of the verge of flipping against the team as the abomination continued to morph itself into the perfect weapon. Sophie and Humphrey were desperately fighting together, as Clive and Belinda added their support. They had been holding off for the most dangerous moment, not wanting the abomination to have adapted when they came in at a critical point.

Clive opened up with his powerful attack spell, then unleashed it a second and third time with Belinda's help, before she then copied it to use herself. Clive's spell was slow and difficult to use, but one of the advantages as it could attack in multiple ways.

**Ability: [Wrath of the Magister] (Magic)**

**Spell (fire, magic, curse, poison, wounding, ice, dimension)**

**Cost: Moderate mana plus additional mana per effect.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Iron 9 (61%).**

**Effect (iron): Lock a prismatic beam onto an enemy. Expend additional mana to alter the target's reality, using any combination of the available colour effects. This cannot be used in conjunction with the other variant of this spell, which requires an alternate incantation.**

**Effect (iron): Lock a prismatic beam onto an enemy. Expend additional mana to unmake reality in a localised area, creating an annihilating void sphere inside the target. This effect requires magic to be channelled into the target at an extreme mana cost until sufficient mana has been channelled to trigger the effect.**

**[Red] (high mana): Target's temperature is significantly increased (frost burn if combined with blue).**

**[Yellow] (high mana): Target's abilities have increased mana cost.**

**[Pink] (moderate mana): Target's resistances are reduced.**

**[Green] (moderate mana): Target's blood is poisonous to itself.**

**[Purple] (very high mana): Expending mana harms the target.**

**[Orange] (very high mana): Target suffers increased damage from all sources.**

**[Blue] (high mana): Target's temperature is significantly decreased (frost burn if combined with red).**

Clive had various abilities that gave him a larger mana pool than most adventurers of his rank. Knowing that he would only be casting a few spells, he went all out. His first casting of the spell reduced the abomination's resistances, made its own blood poisonous and made it take more damage



from all sources. The second spell combined heat and cold into a potent frost burn effect, stronger than either individually. His third spell used the void sphere variation to devastating effect, Belinda following up immediately with a second one.

The overwhelming barrage of magic pushed the abomination over the edge. The chitin was scored and cracked from the frost burn. Chunks were missing altogether, the annihilation sphere carving them out like scoops of ice cream. No longer able to hold back the afflictions, the creature collapsed on the ground, dark filth spilling out like a rotten egg that had been cracked open.

The team had seen some graphic things in their time, but the miserable, rotting demise of the flesh creature was especially hard to watch. The stench that struck them after was even worse, a near match for the rainbow smoke of a monster dissolving.

“It’s hard to imagine that thing used to be a person,” Neil said.

“It’s about as bad an end as I can imagine,” Clive said. “A prison of rage and madness built from your own twisted body. The only escape you can hope for is the release of death, yet you cannot die until someone brings about your violent demise.”

“It’s good that we’re doing this,” Sophie said. “I’ve had my share of bad situations, but nothing like this. I’m glad we can help them.”

The rest of the team nodded their sombre agreement.

“Thank you,” Shade said. “Most of these abominations have been suffering for centuries.”

“One down, a few hundred to go,” Humphrey said. “We have a lot of work ahead of us.”



The island city was a roughly circular forty kilometres across. If not for the streets being overrun by monster-filled jungle, it

would be a matter of hours to reach the centre. During the trials, the teams had all taken their time, testing themselves against the environment and seeking out treasure, knowing they had the time to do so. Jason and his team took a more direct approach, but were careful.

They could have taken hours if they pushed it, or teleported directly in. Clive, Jason and Humphrey each could have taken them into the building they had rested in while awaiting the final stage of the trials, which would have been a relatively safe place to arrive. While hidden from the eyes of any cultists present, though, there would be no hiding the ostentatious magic of a portal opening from their magical senses. Given that the cultists were bronze-rank now, they would have as many people with enhanced magic senses as Jason and his team.

Their time in the astral space was increasingly an ordeal. Every day had been an endless slog of monsters, from the numerous to the powerful, and the team was rapidly becoming exhausted. One evening, as the team rested in the cloud house, Jason and Humphrey were sitting together on the roof.

“At some stage, we’ll need to stop for a rest day,” Humphrey said.

“Just hide out in the cloud house and recover?” Jason asked.

“Exactly,” Humphrey said. “This ongoing pressure is good for our advancement, but I don’t want to go past the point it stops driving us forward and starts dragging us down.”

“I don’t think we’re there yet,” Jason said. “These monsters are either bronze-rank or a crowd of iron-ranks, so it’s been driving the team to rely on each other more. If we’re ever going to have the kind of teamwork that Valdis’s team has, we need that.”

“I don’t want to come into a conflict with the cultists when the team is blunted from overuse,” Humphrey said. “I want to meet them while we’re a freshly-sharpened knife. Does that mean refreshed from a well-earned rest, though, or in a strong rhythm, on the back of a series of successful monster fights?”

“Ask Neil,” Jason said. “He’s our healer and he does his job well. He pays more attention to the condition of the team than anyone.”

Humphrey nodded.

“You’re right,” he said. “One of the last pieces of advice my mother gave me before we left was to rely on the team. She said I shouldn’t fall into the trap of trying to do everything myself. I suppose that isn’t just restricted to combat, is it?”

“No,” Jason said. “It’s a trap we could both easily fall into. I’ve learned the hard way that I’m not always as clever and insightful as I think I am.”

He let out a sigh, heavy with regret.

“I’ve been thinking about Thadwick a lot,” Jason said. “I’ve come to realise that he and I are very similar.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Jason said. “We share the same flaws. Arrogance, vanity, being self-impressed and having a need to show off. The real difference between us is that I’ve had people to slap some sense into me, where the people around him just reinforced the idea that he was special. His mother was off adventuring for most of his life and his father was grooming him as heir. His head was filled with how great and important he was going to be, without tempering it with humility. He never had the sense of responsibility your mother drilled into you, or the friends that pull me back into line when I go too far off the rails.”

“I suppose I can see it,” Humphrey said. “Perhaps Thadwick saw it too. Maybe that’s why he was so fixated on you.”

“That makes sense,” Jason said. “I eventually realised that the reason I took such a dislike to Thadwick is that but for sycophancy, there goes I.”

“Things have worked out for you a lot better than they have for Thadwick,” Humphrey said.

“Thadwick is what we call a greenhouse flower, in my world,” Jason said. “Outside of the specific environment in which he was raised, he withers. He was never taught to withstand rough weather.”

“I had some of that, too,” Humphrey said. “I think my mother regrets how much she shielded me from.”

“I’m the same,” Jason said. “My homeland is much safer than this world. My family has money, not like yours, but enough to live better than most. For you and me, though, there was always someone who recognised that we would have to make our own way, sooner or later. They prepared us for that. For Thadwick, his parents always intended to make his way for him, and he paid the price of that.”

“You still feel sorry for him, after all that he’s done?” Humphrey said. “Trying to kill you, running off to the Builder cult?”

“I do,” Jason said.

“Do you think there’s a path to redemption for him?”

“No,” Jason said. “He’s gone too far, done too much. His choices have hurt too many. There’s no way back for him now.”



## A MAN TRANSFORMED

The team congratulated Jason as another of his abilities reached bronze rank during his evening meditation. As they were all perpetually using the party interface, they had shared the notification.

**Ability [Blade of Doom] (Doom) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Blade of Doom] (Doom) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Blade of Doom] (Doom) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability [Blade of Doom] (Doom) has gained the [Curse], [Disease] and [Poison] subtypes.**

**Ability: [Blade of Doom] (Doom)**

**Conjuration (unholy, curse, disease, poison).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures [Ruin, the Blade of Tribulation].**

**Attacks made with Ruin will inflict an instance of [Vulnerable] and refresh any wounding effects on the target. Wounding effects refreshed by Ruin require more healing than normal to negate. Ruin is an unholy object.**

**Effect (bronze): Ruin inflicts one instance each of [Ruin of the Blood], [Ruin of the Flesh] and [Ruin of the Spirit].**

**[Vulnerable] (affliction, unholy, stacking): All resistances are reduced. Additional instances have a cumulative effect. Consumed to cleanse instances of [Resistant] on a 1:1 basis.**

**[Ruin of the Blood] (damage-over-time, poison, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until poison is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Ruin of the Flesh] (damage-over-time, disease, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until disease is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Ruin of the Spirit] (damage-over-time, curse, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until curse is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

“That’s a strong boost to your short-term damage output,” Clive said. “It’s not the same as a direct damage power, but for weaker enemies, a quick handful of damaging afflictions will let you spread a lot of misery in not a lot of time.”

“That will help you a lot against groups,” Humphrey agreed. “That’s always been an issue for you because it took more time than it was worth to layer afflictions. Now you can put, what? Four damage afflictions with a simple cut from your dagger?”

“It’s probably for the best you’re not evil,” Neil said. “You’re not evil, right?”

“No, I’m not evil,” Jason said.

“Because you seem evil. With your powers.”

“Well, I’m not.”

“That’s good to know,” Neil said. “Thankfully, someone evil wouldn’t lie about that. Oh, wait...”

“You realise who is at the top of my list if I really am evil, right?” Jason asked.

“The guy who bought out the cheesemonger on Maple Street and replaced it with a building supply store?” Neil suggested.

“Oh yeah. I hate that guy.”



Clive was standing atop a broken spire as monsters swarmed towards it like a river. They were akin to apes, but leaner and with longer legs. They approached the tower on which he stood with a quick, semi-quadrupedal lope.

Clive was standing on what had once been the interior of a tower-top, now exposed on all sides with the walls and roof long gone. Under his feet, the floor glowed with ritual circles drawn by his power in lines of golden light. It was the result of the bronze-rank variant of his strong attack spell.

**Ability: [Wrath of the Magister] (Magic)**

**Spell/ritual (fire, magic, curse, poison, wounding, ice, dimension)**

**Cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: Varies.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%)**

**Effect (bronze): Create a ritual circle in which the magical attacks of spells, staves and wands have increased effect.**

**This effect has a very high mana cost and a one-hour cooldown.**

Rather than enhancing what was already a potent and versatile attack spell, the bronze-rank variant offered another means to enhance combat effectiveness. Clive was wielding one of his two legendary set weapons, the wand and the staff, in each hand. At the end of each were more ritual circles, floating in the air like magical barrel attachments.

**Ability: [Tools of the Magister] (Magic)**

**Special ability/ritual.**

**Cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: None.**



**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%)**

**Effect (iron): Utilise specialty magic tools, vehicles and weapons.**

**Effect (bronze): Use a ritual circle to enhance the magical attack of a staff or wand. This variant requires high mana.**

Clive unleashed bolts from his staff that hurtled into the approaching monsters. He wasn't even really aiming as he essentially hip-fired the staff, gripping it in one hand and tucked into his armpit. Whether the bolts hit the ground or a monster, the results were explosive, throwing out splinters of wood and stone from the overgrown environment, or chunks of aggressively disincorporated monster.

In his other hand, his wand emitted a continuous beam that he worked back and forth through the monsters with little more accuracy than the staff. Normally the wand required continual focus to be deadly, but the enhanced beam sliced through the monsters in a sweeping line, lopping off limbs or killing outright.

Through a far-seeing crystal, Jason and the rest of the team watched. To Jason's eyes, Clive had turned the broken spire into a sci-fi beam tower from an RTS. The monsters were undeterred by their losses, however, and continued their zerg rush at Clive's position.

"I can see why he had you bait them now," Jason said to Sophie. She was freshly returned from lured the monsters in Clive's direction.

"He's making a mess, but he's rather imprecise," Humphrey observed. "They'll start climbing that tower any moment."

"I imagine that's what his backup is for," Belinda said.

Just as Humphrey said, the monsters reached the tower and started to climb, an assault for which the ape-like creatures were well-suited. As they did, a large, round figure floated slowly through the air from behind the tower.

Clive's familiar, Onslow, drifted ponderously into view, suspended in the sky on a cushion of shimmering air. Now

bronze rank, he was roughly the size and shape of a Volkswagen Beetle, with more runes engraved into his shell than ever before.

The rune tortoise started blasting the creatures climbing up with elemental attacks, sourced from the runes on his shell. An explosive bolt of flame blasted several off at once, while a bolt of lightning chained from one to another to another, sending them screaming off the side. A dark, heavy cloud rose up from Onslow's shell, growing larger than the tortoise itself, and peppered the side of the tower with water bullets. They weren't very lethal, even to the iron-rank monsters, but did serve to dislodge them, while also leaving the stone of the tower wet and harder to climb.

Clive continued blasting away at the main force of the monsters, which was rapidly thinning out, as Onslow continued to pick off the stragglers. There was a brief pause as Onslow floated up to Clive; he used his own mana to recharge the runes on Onslow's shell before the pair returned to action.

Even though most of their number were cut down before even reaching the tower, the monsters continued, unabated. The team, watching from a distance, had been poised to jump in at any time. When Clive told them he wanted to face the horde alone, they were wary but accepting. Now they just looked on in amazement at the pyrotechnic display as the monsters charged into a futile death.

“Well, damn,” Sophie said.

“Won't all this get a lot of attention?” Neil asked.

“Probably,” Humphrey said. “Anything with even a modicum of sense will take one look at this and run in the other direction, though.”

In amongst the several dozen iron rank monsters were two larger, bronze-rank variants. Clive seemed to ignore them as they reached the spire and started rapidly climbing. Onslow didn't react either, other than to float further away from the tower. As the first one reached the top, Clive used his switch-teleport power.

**Ability: [Juxtapose] (Balance)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%)**

**Effect (iron): Swap the location of two allies and/or enemies. You must be able to see both subjects of the spell. If an ally resists or otherwise prevents the effect, this ability is negated but the cooldown is reduced to 30 seconds.**

**Effect (bronze): Enemies affected by this ability take additional damage from all sources for a brief period.**

The monster vanished, with Onslow appearing in its place. Now in the air where Onslow had been, the monster fell, wildly flailing its limbs. It landed hard, right on one of Clive's invisible rune traps. The trap triggered, sending the monster—or at least the parts that used to be a monster—back into the air and scattering them over the battlefield. A few moments later, smaller explosions rang out where the larger chunks of monster had fallen.

**Ability: [Rune Trap] (Rune)**

**Spell.**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%)**

**Effect (iron): Create an explosive rune that will disappear after a short period. The rune can be set to trigger by proximity, caster trigger, or both.**

**Effect (bronze): Enemies affected by the rune trap will be the source of a secondary explosion after a brief period.**

The second monster crested the tower and launched a huge fist at Clive. The air around the ape-like creature's fist shimmered, much like the cushion holding up Onslow. The fist

crashed on Clive like a hammer and struck the shield around Clive, which briefly became visible as it sucked up Clive's mana to withstand the blow.

Clive shoved his wand between his teeth and his now-empty hand turned mirror-silver. The air around it shimmered, just as the monster's had, and he rammed his fist into the hairy monster's torso. Despite the lanky man punching a monster at least three times his weight, the monster went sailing off the spire. Clive quickly aimed and blasted out a shot from his staff, hitting the monster in mid-air.

The red of life force emerged from Clive's body, a tendril snaking out and into the rune circle that was floating at the edge of his staff. The golden lines of the ritual circle transformed into an angry, bloody crimson.

**Ability: [Blood Magic] (Balance)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%)**

**Effect (iron): Consume an amount of your own life force to replenish your mana.**

**Effect (bronze): Consume an amount of your life force to enhance the effect of an active ritual.**

The next blast that emerged from the staff was much larger than those that had come before. The energy bolt hit the monster at the same time the monster hit the ground. It did not get up.

By this point, the iron rank monsters were a scattered remnant of the original horde, but the wildly aggressive creatures kept rampaging forward in the face of inevitable destruction. When the last of them were dead, Clive hopped lightly onto Onslow's shell, sitting cross-legged as the tortoise floated back to the team. The familiar's new flight ability was much faster when hovering close to the ground, so Onslow

dropped low and floated just over the bodies of the dead monsters as they returned to the team.

Clive arrived at the ruined building where the team had been watching from safety. He lightly slid down Onslow's shell, wand held casually in one hand and staff slung over one shoulder.

"You know," he told the waiting team, "I'm starting to think I might not be too bad at this."



The night before they expected to reach the centre of the city, the team was doing their evening meditation. Jason led Neil, Sophie, Belinda and Humphrey in the Dance of the Sword Fairy, a meditation technique that incorporated dance-like physical movements using a sword as a focus. It was something that Rufus had taught him and had proven one of the more successful techniques for Sophie.

Clive was outside, having made preparations for his anticipated ascension to bronze. He had set aside a space for the messy transition, picking a spot inside some ruins near the cloud house. He had stripped down to his underwear and placed fresh clothes where he could reach them later. Close to hand was one of Jason's precious few bottles of undiluted crystal wash.

Clive was settled into some soft moss, meditating.

"No, Onslow, don't eat the moss. That's my seat."

Clive called Onslow back into the tattoo on his torso before resuming meditation. When he crossed the final threshold, the rest of the team knew immediately.

**Ability [Vengeance Mirror] (Karmic) has reached Iron 9 (100%).**

**Ability [Vengeance Mirror] (Karmic) has reached Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Ability [Vengeance Mirror] (Karmic) has gained a new effect.**

**Ability: [Vengeance Mirror] (Karmic)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: Varies.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Replicate the last spell or special attack used on you by an enemy. Mana cost is determined by the ability replicated. You may still use this ability if the triggering effect was negated by your abilities but not if it was negated by the abilities of an ally. The replicated power functions at the rank of this ability, not the rank of the enemy that originally used it.**

**Effect (bronze): Use the replicated ability a second time.**

That was just the beginning of a strenuous series of changes.

**All [Karmic Essence] abilities have reached [Bronze 0].**

**Linked attribute [Power] has increased from [Iron 9] to [Bronze 0].**

**Progress to bronze rank: 100% (4/4 essences complete).**

Amber light started shining from within Clive's body. He felt pressure build up inside him like a balloon inflated towards the point of bursting. The team rushed outside but didn't intrude on his secluded area in the ruins. They stood back and watched the amber light shine from within.

**All your attributes have reached bronze rank.**

**You have reached bronze rank.**

**You have gained resistance to iron-rank and lower damage sources and effects.**

**The potency of your aura has increased.**

**Your aura senses have improved.**

### **Progress to silver rank: 00%.**

“Oh, this feels amazing,” Clive said through voice chat. “I’m just waiting for the... oh, there it is.”

The sounds coming from Clive’s secluded spot were bad, but nothing compared to the smell. The coughing, spluttering vomit noises were matched by a stench they had all experienced before on reaching iron rank, when their bodies had purged and renewed all the biomass it would immediately replace.

“I wish I hadn’t just got my spirit attribute to bronze,” Neil winced, holding his nose. “The improved senses are not appreciated right now.”

“You should take this as a training opportunity,” Humphrey said. “There are monsters that will use stench against you, so you should adjust now.”

“Tell me that again when you’re smelling this with a bronze-rank sense of smell and maybe I’ll listen.”

The noises stopped. All they could hear was heavy, exhausted breathing.

“You still conscious in there, mate?” Jason called out.

“Yes,” Clive said wearily. He used voice chat again, rather than expend the effort to yell out. “Give me a moment to clean up. I suspect that once I’ve gotten away from the smell, I’m going to be very hungry.”

“No worries,” Jason said. “I’m just going to move the cloud house upwind a bit, and then I’ll set out a feast for a king. A small king, though. We only had so much space.”



Clive arrived at the slightly relocated cloud house, crystal wash clean and with a fresh set of clothes. He was a man literally transformed; the awkward, lanky frame and hapless, bookish features were gone. In their place was a tall and lean

figure with an easy grace to his step and effortlessly appealing facial features.

“You’re the scientist no one listens to at the start of a disaster movie,” Jason said. “Except now you’re at the end of the movie, when you’ve lost your glasses, your hair is attractively tousled, you’ve found the heroism within and realised your implausibly attractive lab assistant was pining for you the whole time.”

“I’m not even going to try and follow that,” Clive said. “I’ll just assume it’s a compliment and say thank you.”

“Also, I’m not pining,” Belinda said. “I did like the unrealistically attractive part, though. You should try finding a man you like when Sophie’s standing next to you. Thank the gods Jory has depth of character.”

“Are you suggesting people are only interested in my looks?” Sophie asked.

“Of course I’m saying that,” Belinda said. “You’re like a treasure chest full of swords with no handles. It looks enticing, but rummaging about inside is going to get you hurt.”

“Thank you,” Sophie said brightly.

“That was not a compliment!”

“How is that not a compliment?” Sophie asked. “Who doesn’t want to be full of swords?”

“Can we just move on to the food?” Clive asked.





## THE WORST POSSIBLE OPTION

**W**ith a fully-fledged bronze ranker in their number, the team felt more secure as they made their way to the city's interior. They progressed more swiftly than any of them had during the Reaper trials, for two main reasons. The first was confidence. Rather than be scattered across the city and forced into makeshift teams, they had entered the astral space with allies they knew and could rely on. Even a powerful ally like Valdis was no substitute for a true comrade when life and death were on the line.

The second reason was that they weren't scouring the place for treasures, although treasures they still found. In spite of the people that had flooded the astral space during the trials, the team still stumbled over a small fortune in awakening stones, essences and other goods. In an old training hall, they found an adept essence and a whole rack of bronze-rank magic weapons. None were exceptional, but they were valuable, nevertheless. In a library they found a knowledge essence, plus some skill books whose magic had kept them intact despite the hot, humid air. The normal books had long ago rotted away, making the skill books easy to pick out.

The central region of the city had been clearly demarked into two areas during the trials. The very core of the city was its most intact region. The jungle had been prevented from reclaiming it by means unknown. In direct opposition to this, the area that ringed the centremost region was the most heavily reclaimed by jungle, as if all the growth not happening at the centre was somehow piling up around it. The buildings

there were little more than rubble, and much of the ruins had been entirely engulfed by foliage and vines.

This ring of thick overgrowth had been the location of the giant carnivorous plant that occupied a staggering amount of space underground. It had been almost entirely annihilated through the efforts of Jason and a large force of adventurers. Only a few dead remnants of the plant monster had remained after it had been annihilated by the transcendent damage of Jason's execute power. His afflictions had never escalated to such a grand scale before, and he considered it unlikely that they ever would again. Creatures the size of a small city weren't easy to come by, and he'd rather avoid fighting any more.

The team paused as they reached the ring of thick jungle.

"You don't suppose it's grown back, do you?" Neil asked.

"It has not," Shade said, his voice coming from Jason's shadow. "Whatever opinion one might have of Mr Asano's abilities, a lack of thoroughness in their lethality is not a criticism likely to be levelled against them. I can assure you that the blood root vine was quite thoroughly destroyed."

"We need to be careful, going through this section of jungle," Humphrey said. "The jungle looks thicker than where I crossed over. From the looks of it, we'll have to cut our way through in places. It'll make for slow going and scouting won't be easy."

"There's little point watching from above," Sophie said. "That canopy is too thick. I could track you by your auras, but I don't know how useful that would be."

"I don't think the risk of showing our auras off like that is worth it. We should keep our auras as retracted as we can," Humphrey said. "We should all stay close until we're through."

"Should we look for a place where the growth isn't so heavy?" Sophie asked. "This is definitely thicker than where we went through last time."

“The growth of this area seems to have rapidly expanded in the absence of the blood root vine,” Shade said. “At the time of the trials, none of the city had jungle this dense. It stands to reason that the rest of the central ring would have experienced similar growth during our absence.”

“Should we reconsider teleporting through?” Neil asked.

“It’s not the worst idea in the world,” Jason said. “Now that I’m looking at this jungle, I don’t fancy hacking our way through. Not when the local monsters are stronger than ever, and you can bet that any manifesting in there will make better use of the environment than we do.”

Humphrey looked into the dense foliage as he considered.

“What does everyone else think?” he asked.

“I’m a city girl,” Belinda said. “If we can skip trudging through all that, then I’m for it.”

“It’s a simple question of risk assessment,” Clive said. “Is going through monster-infested jungle more dangerous than teleporting into what is potentially the very midst of the cultists? Given that we should be able to teleport into an area of relative safety, I would say teleporting is the superior option.”

“And if they sense the magic of us all teleporting in?” Sophie asked.

“Then we fight,” Humphrey said. “We’re going there for that fight, in any case. That said, I would rather initiate it on our own terms.”

“Looks like we have a consensus,” Clive said. “I’ll open a portal to the roof of the building we stayed in before the final trials.”

Clive held out a hand and a circle of runes appeared, alternating blue and gold. Normally they would then fill with shimmering air and a blurred image of the destination, but instead the runes simply blinked out, like someone had pulled the plug on them.

“That’s odd,” Clive said.

“Could portals be somehow impeded here?” Belinda asked.

“That should not be the case,” Shade said, emerging from Jason’s shadow. “That being said, this space has undergone many changes in the months since my tenure here. We have made a number of disconcerting revelations of which I was unaware, so my knowledge of this realm is not as reliable as I believed. If there is some manner of impedance on portals, I believe your power, Mr Asano, has the best chance of retaining functionality. It is the basis for the portals incorporated into this place, after all.”

Jason tried his portal ability, but had no more success than Clive. The obsidian arch appeared, but the shadow gate did not fill with the darkness. Instead, it retreated without activating. Humphrey tried to teleport them, but likewise achieved nothing.

“My short-range teleport works fine,” Humphrey said, vanishing and reappearing close by to prove his point. “Jason, you haven’t had any issues shadow-jumping, right?”

“It’s been working just fine,” Jason said.

“These results suggest one of three possibilities,” Clive said. “One, as Belinda posited, is some manner of environmental interference. We know that the portals to leave this astral space are currently non-functional. My best guess is that it’s related to the changes in the ambient magic and may be affecting our portal abilities in the same way.”

“That makes sense,” Humphrey said.

“The other possibilities,” Clive continued, “are the usual reasons that portal abilities fail. As we all know, a portal destination must be somewhere the person with the portal ability has visited in the past. They must also be able to clearly visualise that space, however. If the space is too generic to be memorable, or if time and failing memory warp the recollection, it won’t work.”

“That’s why big cities have portal stations,” Humphrey said. “They make them memorable, visually striking places so

that they are easy to remember from only a single visit.”

“That makes sense,” Jason said. “When I was finding way points across the desert to portal to for when I travelled to Sky Scar Lake, I had to find landmarks that stood out. I don’t think I could portal to a random patch of desert, just because I happened to have passed through one time.”

“I remember that place quite well, though,” Humphrey said. “I remember the view from the rooftop very vividly. The square full of adventurers, the huge trial tower.”

“Which brings us to the third possibility why the portals failed,” Clive said. “If the destination has significantly changed, then the visualisation will be wrong and the portal will fail. It’s not enough to redecorate a room, but if you demolish the building the room is in?”

“Shade, you said the tower has most likely been destroyed already,” Jason said.

“That is correct,” Shade answered. “The dimensional spaces within will likely have collapsed, to destructive effect.”

“It could be that the destruction was widespread enough that our building was badly damaged,” Humphrey said.

“It’s only a few kilometres, right?” Belinda said. “Sophie, couldn’t you air-jump your way up high enough to check?”

“Does it really matter what is causing it?” Sophie asked. “Whether the magic has gone weird or the building was knocked down, we can’t do anything about either.”

“You’re right,” Humphrey agreed. “Whatever the reason, portals can’t get us where we want to go. We can do some testing later, but for now, we have to make our way through this jungle. Shade, can we rely on you to do the scouting for us?”

“Of course, Mr Geller. It would be my pleasure to contribute.”



The rough terrain was more than just thick jungle. The ground was wildly uneven, from overgrown piles of rubble to areas where the ground had collapsed into deep holes. The team followed the path of least resistance as best they could, relying on Jason's map to keep them headed in roughly the right direction. Sometimes it was just too rough, forcing Humphrey to hack their way through the undergrowth with his sword.

"These holes look relatively recent," Clive observed. "I suspect there may be significant spaces beneath the ground that were previously filled by the plant creature. Jason annihilating it entirely with transcendent damage may have left the ground here unstable."

"The going definitely wasn't this rough during the trials," Humphrey said. "It was definitely easier to find a path through."

"When we were looking for a way to get past the plant monster," Jason said, "Jory told me that the plants in this astral space have adapted to feed on the heavy magic saturation. Maybe the plant monster was soaking most of that up and now it's gone. It could be that the remaining plant life has been gorging, leading to the explosion in growth."

"I'm more concerned about the monsters," Sophie said.

"What monsters?" Neil asked. "We haven't seen one since we entered this thick patch of jungle."

"Exactly," Sophie said. "The only other time we've gone this long without a monster coming at us is when we've stopped for the night."

"It has been a while," Humphrey agreed. "I would have expected at least some kind of snake monster by now, in terrain like this."

"Maybe we're just lucky," Neil said.

"Or maybe the local monsters know something we don't," Sophie said.



Most of the team were city folk. Jason had grown up in a small beach town, while Neil, Belinda and Sophie were all from Greenstone. Humphrey had mostly grown up in the delta, but the carefully landscaped Geller Estate was hardly the open wilds.

While they had all spent time adventuring in the delta, it was the academic Clive who turned out to be the most comfortable in the terrain. He had grown up in the proper delta, on his family eel farm. He was the surest of foot and the most observant of their surroundings.

Clive was also the most educated about the potential threats, with a knowledge of monsters second only to the Magic Society records he had spent so much time cataloguing. This allowed him to spot something that the others overlooked, and he stopped to examine it.

“What did you find?” Humphrey asked as Clive peered intently at some white residue on a large, green leaf. Clive looked around, spotting more of it.

“Not sure,” Clive said. “Some kind of secretion, probably from a monster. This is old, so it’s hard to be sure. If you look close, there are some lingering traces of magic.”

Most of the team had magical senses, so they joined Clive in peering at the residue.

“I can barely sense it,” Neil said. “You have no idea what this could be?”

“I have hundreds of ideas of what this could be,” Clive said. “I need more information to shave them down before I’d be comfortable making any kind of guess.”

The team continued onward, still not encountering any monsters but occasionally spotting more of the residue. They found some that was fresher, dangling from a tree branch like string. The residual magic on it was stronger and Jason rubbed the substance between his thumb and forefinger.

“Should you be touching that?” Belinda asked. “I’m pretty sure the first rule of dealing with mysterious magical stuff is not to touch it.”



“I thought I felt something in the magic,” Jason said. “Blood magic.”

“And that made you want to touch it?” Neil asked.

“I’m definitely getting a feel of blood magic off of this,” Jason said. “Not essence magic, like mine, though. Some kind of monster power.”

Humphrey spotted Clive’s frown.

“What is it?” Humphrey asked him.

“It’s still early to speculate,” Clive said.

“Something just popped into your head,” Humphrey said. “We trust your instincts.”

Clive gave another, reluctant frown.

“This residue,” he said. “Does it look like old spider web to anyone else?”

“Could be,” Humphrey said.

“This residual magic had lasted long enough that we’re likely looking at something silver rank,” Clive said. “If we combine that with blood magic and webs, then something does come to mind. Something I would rather be wrong about.”

“Which is?” Neil asked.

“Have any of you heard of a blood weaver?”

Humphrey let out a low breath, while the others shook their heads.

“What’s a blood weaver?” Jason asked.

“A spider monster, as you might surmise from the webs. It’s silver rank, and more intelligent than most lower rank monsters. It’s still more animal cunning than real intellect, but it is very much capable of planning and long-term thinking.”

“That’s not what it’s famous for, though,” Humphrey said. “After it feeds on a normal animal or monster, it can turn them into a deathless servant. Zombies, but there is something worse.”

“Why is it always something worse?” Neil asked. “Why can’t it ever be something better. Like cake.”

“Oh, I could go a nice fluffy sponge cake,” Jason said.

“Did you bring one?” Neil asked hopefully.

“Yes, but you can’t have it until you rank up.”

“Do try and keep on topic, boys,” Belinda chided.

“Sorry,” Neil and Jason said together.

“As I was saying,” Humphrey said, “a blood weaver can turn regular people and animals into undead, shambling husks. Nothing too dangerous. A monster or essence user, though, it can turn into a vampire. A blood puppet to go out and collect more victims for the blood weaver to consume.”

“So, you’re saying these cultists might be vampires now?” Neil said.

“It’s only a possibility,” Clive said. “Given the environment, current magical density and the blood magic in the webs, though, it all fits.”

“Can we even fight the cultists if they’re vampires on top of everything else?” Neil asked.

“Actually, they would be easier to fight,” Clive said. “Individually, anyway. They have vampiric powers, but they can no longer access their essence abilities. They still have those abilities, because the soul is still in there, but they can’t use them without the body they no longer control. The body will still be affected by passive powers, but the controlled body can’t use any active abilities because it can’t control the soul, which is essentially trapped.”

“I know what that feels like,” Jason said darkly.

“What about the tracking stones?” Belinda asked. “If the cultists were turned into undead, would their stones still show them as alive?”

“I’m not sure,” Clive said. “It’s possible, since they do still have their souls. Or I could be wrong about all of this, there’s

no blood weavers and the cultists are off playing cards somewhere.”

“Can you think of something worse it could be rather than a blood weaver?” Neil asked.

“Not off the top of my head,” Clive said.

“Then that’s probably what we’re dealing with,” Neil said. “It always turns out to be the worst possible option.”

“I can think of something worse,” Jason said. The team all looked at him. “They could have called it a vampider.”



The team continued on, the white residue becoming more and more evident. It quickly became clear that it was definitively remnant webs and they found a clearing where the trees were draped with webbing like curtains. There were old web sacs, the size of people and larger, that had been burst open from the inside. There was dried blood caked inside them that still reeked.

“An old nest,” Clive said. “It’s definitely a blood weaver.”



## BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

Clive stood up from where he had been crouching to examine one of the empty web sacks. The clearing was only the beginning, with empty web sacks hanging from trees or fallen to the ground, extending well back into the jungle. Clive had gone over them all, carefully examining the interior of each one.

“Unless there are some other people here that we weren’t aware of,” Clive said, “I would say that all of our cultists were snatched up by the blood weaver. The web sacks pack their victim in, nice and snug, and there are thirteen of these things that look like human moulds inside. Looks like she either ate the five that died completely and turned the rest, or the process has a failure rate.”

“So now we know for certain that we have to hunt this thing,” Sophie said. “How do we find it?”

“We don’t,” Clive said. “We’ve all seen what a silver rank monster can do. I doubt we could take the monster down if we caught it by itself, let alone with what I hope is only a small army of vampiric monsters. The weaver’s minions are something of a hive mind, controlled by the monster itself. Once we start fighting any of them, we’re fighting all of them. We can’t beat them all and the blood weaver on top.”

“We don’t know how long we have to stop whatever the cult is up to,” Belinda said. “As much as I like the backing off idea, don’t we have to go after it now, if it will take us to the cultists?”

“At this point, I don’t know how much the cultists have to offer us,” Clive said. “I doubt we’ll ever find them in a state where we can question them. Maybe if we kill the blood weaver first they’ll regain some sense of self and be able to talk to us. More likely, though, we’ll have to try and find some clue from their corpses.”

“The cultists were a dangerous enough proposition when they were just a bundle of cut-rate adventurers,” Neil said. “Now they have a silver-rank monster behind them? We’ve all seen what a silver-rank monster can do.”

“Exactly,” Humphrey said. “We can’t stop anything if we’re the blood puppets of some giant spider. Clive, where do we have to get to before we can take that thing down?”

“At the very least, Jason has to hit bronze rank,” Clive said. “The blood weaver is silver-rank tough, heals fast and can heal even faster by feeding on its own minions. Jason’s escalating damage is our only means of getting through that, even once we hit bronze.”

“Can’t he do that now?” Sophie asked. “He has an ability to get past higher-rank resistances, right?”

“That is a silver rank monster,” Clive said, “and not some lumbering giant he can outpace. At iron-rank he’s too slow, too weak and too frail. He’ll die before he can lock those afflictions in. And that is just considering the monster itself. The rest of us need to hold off the vampiric monster army long enough for Jason to get the job done. Given the magical density, we have to assume there will be a ready supply of bronze-rank monsters for that, and the cultists certainly will be. Maybe there’ll only be as many of them as there are web sacs around here, but from the state of this webbing, I think this is an older nest. I’m willing to bet that there’s more. That’s a bet we’re gambling our lives with.”

“So you’re saying we need to run for the hills,” Jason said.

“We have the best training environment any of us will ever experience,” Clive said. “Every adventurer rises up during a monster surge and we have one that never ends, all to ourselves. We have to use it. I say we stop chasing the trail of

the cultists and focus solely on getting as strong as we can, as quick as we can.”

“I completely agree,” Humphrey said. “I know that stopping the cult was hammered into us as the first priority once we got here, but now that path leads somewhere that we aren’t ready to go yet. I propose we walk right back out of here and start following the soul compass to abomination after abomination, taking on anything that gets in our path.”

“That isn’t also silver rank,” Neil amended.

“That isn’t also silver rank,” Humphrey agreed. “We stick to the training regimen, maximise our advancement. I’ll reach bronze before Jason, and Neil probably will as well. That’s our threshold to return. Sophie and Belinda will take longer than the rest of us, which is time we may not have. We don’t know that we have enough as is.”

Humphrey gave Belinda and Sophie a sympathetic look.

“It means that when we do go after the blood weaver, you will be the most vulnerable.”

“Speak for yourself,” Sophie said. “I’ll hold my own.”

“I’m pretty sure he meant me,” Belinda said. “I’ll stick with Clive and Neil. Boosting bronze-rankers will give me the chance to carry my own weight.”

“Wait,” Neil said. “Did we just make the sensible decision and not charge into the hopeless fight? Go team!”



After trying to portal past the jungle, the team had also tried portals to other locations and had confirmed that portal abilities wouldn’t work at all. This forced them to extract from the thick ring of jungle by tracking back the way they had come. It quickly became evident that their presence had already been noticed.

“There are monsters approaching from multiple sides,” Shade warned from Jason’s shadow as his other two bodies

scouted the jungle around them. “Judging from their physical appearance, disparate nature and cohesive movement, I believe them to be the blood weaver’s vampiric puppets.”

The team had developed their teamwork enough that they had no need to discuss tactics as they moved into a defensive formation. In the tight confines of the dense jungle, Humphrey and Sophie stood guard over Neil, Belinda and Clive as Jason vanished into the darkness.

Onslow emerged and Clive vaulted lightly onto his back. Even at the very start of bronze rank, Clive’s power and speed attributes gave him the strength of a huge powerlifter and the agility of a tiny gymnast. Belinda also called on her familiars, the silver lantern floating above her and the living illusion, a flickering replica of herself that shimmered into existence at her side.

“Why only move on us now?” Neil wondered.

“They were waiting for us to go deeper into the blood weaver’s territory,” Clive said. “Now, we’re trying to leave.”

“We didn’t sense them at all.”

“Many spider-type monsters can use networks of webbing to track their prey over a wide territory,” Humphrey said.

“Clive didn’t mention that before,” Neil said.

“Clive didn’t know,” Clive said testily. “Maybe if adventurers were less dismissive about sharing information with the Magic Society then there’d be fewer gaps in our knowledge.”

“Focus,” Humphrey said. “Jason should be starting right about—”

An alien shriek echoed through the jungle. They sensed the approaching auras before they saw the monsters. It was a disparate group, bronze and iron-ranks mixed together, but the same thread ran through each of the different auras. It felt like a blood-soaked wire leash, held in the grip of an unseen master.

“I definitely don’t want that in my aura,” Sophie said.



Monsters came pouring out of the jungle, varieties they had encountered before in the city, but changed. Eyes were bloodshot, skin was pale and taught over ropy muscle. There were snakes with barbs lining their backs, two-headed cats and colourful, spike-spitting frogs. Almost half their number were the ape-like creatures Clive had fought, but even more feral. There was a crazed hunger about the attackers as they rushed at the team.

Humphrey and Sophie leapt into action. Sophie was a veritable blur, deflecting flying spikes and crippling ape monsters one after the other. It was almost like they were standing still as fists and feet, elbows, knees and palm strikes were rained down on joints, throats and eyes. Despite the onslaught, her face was calm, her movements as clinical and precise as they were fast. She fought with the clean efficiency of a machine, with no waste, no hesitation and no mercy.

A two-headed cat leapt high over the other monsters, sailing through the air towards her. She threw out a hand and a blast of wind sent it hurtling back into the jungle.

**Ability: [Wind Wave] (Wind)**

**Special Ability (movement).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 6 seconds.**

**Current rank: Iron 6 (41%).**

**Effect (iron): Produce a powerful blast of air that can push away enemies and physical projectiles. Can be used to launch into the air or move rapidly while already airborne.**

A barbed snake jumped at her from a low angle and she snatched it out of the air, one hand on each of its upper and lower jaws. She reeled her hands apart and the snake's head with it, not even pausing as she continued to square off with the ape creatures.

One of the bronze-rank apes emerged, faster and stronger than the others. It barrelled through its fellows as it charged at Sophie. She activated an ability and time slowed to a stop around her.

**Ability: [Eternal Moment] (Swift)**

**Special Ability.**

**Cost: Extreme mana-per-second and stamina-per-second.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 5 (91%).**

**Effect (iron): Operate at a highly accelerated speed for one second of actual time, which is extended in subjective time.**

Sophie's massive acceleration power only gave her a fleeting moment of near-frozen time to act. She waved her arms rapidly back and forth in front of her, each sweep producing an arced blade of wind that froze the moment it was separated from her body.

**Ability: [Wind Blade] (Wind)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (88%).**

**Effect (iron): Create a cutting projectile of air.**

The frozen time ended after the briefest interval, but Sophie's quick movements had primed a wall of wind blades. The instant the power ended, they were all unleashed on the monster charging at her, shredding the hulking ape into a bloody mess. Its charge became a stagger and she kicked it square in the chest, bloodying her boot. It fell over backwards and didn't move again.

Although she was incredibly quick on her feet, Sophie was holding her ground, not moving far as she fended off attackers. Humphrey, in the meantime, was the sword to her shield, charging forward to take the fight to the enemy. He conjured up his enormous sword, stylised in the form of a dragon's wing, that was immediately wreathed in flames.

**Ability: [Dragon Wing Sword] (Wing)**

**Conjuration (fire).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a huge sword in the shape of a dragon's wing. Special attacks with the movement subtype performed with this weapon inflict additional damage.**

**Effect (bronze): Normal and special attacks made with this weapon inflict fire damage and inflict the [Burning] condition.**

**[Burning] (affliction, damage-over-time, elemental):  
Inflicts ongoing fire damage.**

The fire damage hardly seemed relevant as the sword brushed away enemies like fallen leaves.

**Ability: [Unstoppable Force] (Might)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: High mana, extreme stamina.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Melee attack with massive momentum, dealing large amounts of additional resonating-force and disruptive-force damage. Requires a heavy weapon.**

**Effect (bronze): For each enemy struck the cooldown of this ability and the cost of the next use of this ability are reduced.**

Three of the ape monsters and a two-headed cat all but exploded, their bodies not even slowing the horizontal sweep of the enormous sword. Humphrey paid no mind to self-protection as he arrived amidst the monsters like a lobbed grenade. He was well protected, however, starting with the dragon scale armour he conjured directly onto his body.

**Ability: [Dragon Armour] (Dragon)**

**Conjuration.**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a suit of dragon scale armour that confers strong physical protection and increases resistance to fire damage and effects.**

**Effect (bronze): Armour confers increased resistance to non-physical damage and further increased resistance to fire damage and effects.**

As Humphrey laid into the enemy, an illusory image fought beside him, harmless but distracting, making his attacks hard to anticipate. Just when the monsters thought they had the real Humphrey pegged, they would learn they were fighting his illusionary double. This was Belinda's familiar, Gemini, who could not only mimic allies, but switch-teleport with them. It used a mental connection with the mimicked ally to do so, like a more instinctual version of Jason's voice chat. It was an oddly intimate connection that allowed the ally to trigger the power.

The power of Belinda's familiar was quite similar to one of Humphrey's own.

**Ability: [Attack of the Mirage Dragon]**

**Transfigured from [Human] ability [Special Attack Affinity].**

**You are more likely to awaken special attacks than other ability types. Your special attacks have increased effect.**

**When you make special attacks, you can expend mana to create a short-lived, illusory double, replicating the attack.**

**The illusion does not inflict damage or duplicate other effects from the attack, but you can spend mana to switch-teleport with it, in the moment it is created. This is an illusion and teleport effect.**

With every special attack, he not only created another, short-lived double, but Gemini did the same, leaving four of Humphrey running around for the monsters to try and pin down. Only Humphrey's allies were able to see the hazy blur that signalled which ones were illusions.

Dashing into the swarm of attackers had opened him up to their attacks and some inevitably went for Humphrey's true body. Many of those attacks were intercepted by well-timed but short-lived bubble shields, courtesy of Neil.

**Ability: [Absorbing Shield] (Shield)**

**Special ability (recovery, retribution, drain).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 20 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Create a short-lived shield that negates an incoming attack and generates mana-over-time with a strength that scales with the amount of damage negated. High-damage attacks of silver-rank or higher may not be entirely negated.**

**Effect (bronze): Drains health and mana from the attacker and bestows it upon the recipient of the shield.**

Neil's absorbing shield simultaneously protected Humphrey and replenished his health and mana, allowing him to keep fighting at full strength. In addition to the drain effect, one of Neil's evolved racial gifts was incredibly valuable.

**Ability: [Life Guard]**

**Transfigured from [Elf] ability [Life Affinity].**

**Effects used or received with a positive effect on life have greater effect.**

**Using a shield-based essence ability on allies also bestows a heal-over-time effect.**

If too many enemies were crowding on Humphrey, Neil would deploy his other bubble shield power.

**Ability: [Burst Shield] (Shield)**

**Special ability (recovery, retribution).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 20 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Create a short-lived shield that negates an incoming attack and explodes out, knocking-back nearby enemies and inflicting concussive damage. High-damage attacks of silver-rank or higher may not be entirely negated.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts [Vibrant Echo] on anyone damaged by the blast.**

**[Vibrant Echo] (affliction, damage-over-time, magic):  
Inflicts ongoing resonating-force damage.**

While Humphrey and Sophie were both fighting multiple monsters, just the pair of them was not enough to cover every angle of approach. Monsters that tried to snake into the gaps were met by elemental attacks from Onslow and bolts of force from Belinda's lantern familiar, Shimmer. Belinda used her spurious sorcerer ability, granting her the power to use a wand from which she blasted bolts of fire.

Clive's weapons were still stowed in his storage space as he sat atop Onslow, chanting out an extremely lengthy spell. When he was done, a huge red and gold eye appeared in the sky like a celestial body. It had the look of a fiery nebula, resembling an angry version of the eye in the torso of Jason's familiar, Gordon.

**Ability: [Eye of Karma] (Karmic)**

**Spell (zone, retribution).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 24 hours.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (04%).**

**Effect (iron): Creates a wide-area zone. Within the zone, all damage inflicted by enemies or by effects generated by enemies cause disruptive-force damage to be inflicted on the enemy that was the source of the damage.**

**Effect (bronze): Whenever damage triggers the zone effect, the damaged ally gains an instance of [Good Karma] and the enemy gains an instance of [Bad Karma].**

**[Good Karma] (boon, holy, stacking): Damage from enemies with [Bad Karma] is reduced; this does not reduce the retributive damage suffered by enemies with [Bad Karma]. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Bad Karma] (affliction, holy, retribution, stacking): A portion of damage you deal to enemies with [Good Karma] is also suffered by you as transcendent damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect, to a maximum of 100% damage return.**

The team spent mana like water, knowing that mana recovery was one of their greatest strengths. Clive, Neil and Sophie all had powers that would replenish the mana of teammates within their overlapping auras, while Clive and Neil also had spells to replenish team mana.

After completing the zone spell, Clive pulled out his weapons and started blasting away. They were not as effective without the time to set up ritual enhancements, but were still potent weapons. He also replenished Onslow's powers.

The monsters attacking Humphrey and Sophie were now harming themselves as a result of the zone spell, but the sheer number of enemies still threatened to overrun the team. From Clive's quick count, there were at least thirty here, not counting however many Jason was off fighting in the jungle.

Despite the team's efforts, there were still too many and they were about to be overwhelmed. Belinda started chanting her own long spell and, just as it seemed like the team would be steamrolled, the battlefield shifted.

**Ability: [Unexpected Allies] (Charlatan)**

**Spell (illusion, dimension, teleport).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 hour.**

**Current rank: Iron 4 (16%).**

**Effect (iron): You and your allies take on illusionary forms of nearby enemies, but your allies can still recognise one**

**another. All allies and enemies in the area are randomly switch-teleported.**

Just as the team's formation was about to be broken up under the press of opponents, Belinda's spell detonated it. The team was randomly teleported, as were the monsters. The teleport was short and relatively gentle, barely fazing those members of the team sensitive to it. The monsters, however, were thrown into confusion by their sudden displacement and the seeming disappearance of their enemies. Unable to see through the illusionary shrouds now covering the team, the creatures milled about in confusion.

Belinda's power was the keystone of one of the team's tactics for engaging larger groups, which Jason dubbed the 'Brave Little Tailor' strategy. They made judicious attacks that prompted the monsters to attack one another, their discord briefly disrupting the thread of control in their aura. On top of the monsters harming one another, Clive's zone spell inflicted even more damage.

The controlling force quickly reasserted itself, but the sudden chaos had given the team time to gather together. Jason had notified them that all the surviving monsters had gathered close and he emerged from the shadows. It was just in time to vanish with the team as Neil used an ability.

**Ability: [Reaper's Redoubt] (Shield)**

**Special ability (dimension, disease).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 6 hours.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (64%).**

**Effect (iron): Take allies into a dimensional space briefly while flooding the area with death energy, dealing disruptive-force damage, necrotic damage and inflicting [Creeping Death] on everything in the area.**

**[Creeping Death] (damage-over-time, disease, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until the disease is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**



When the team re-emerged from the dimensional space a few short moments later, the landscape had been transformed into a horrifying Tartarus. The death energy of Neil's Reaper power had riven the jungle around them, leaving dead and rotting monsters amongst blackened and withered jungle. The undergrowth was black mulch underfoot, while the wood of the trees had rotted and split, sending them tumbling to the ground.

A few bronze-rank monsters had survived, but they were hurt and no longer had numbers on their side. The team made short work of them.

"Was anyone bitten in all of that?" Clive asked. "Vampire bites can have some unpleasant effects."

"Their teeth only found my armour," Humphrey said.

"I took a few claws and a spike or two, but no bites," Sophie said.

Jason used his affliction-absorbing power on Sophie, cleansing the poison of the spitter-frog spines.

"My blood powers were quite effective," Jason said. "Turns out vampires are a bit susceptible to blood magic."

"We can have the post-fight discussion later," Humphrey said. "For now, we put as much distance between us and that spider as we can."



## TERMS OF THE PACT

“Those vampiric monsters were a bit disappointing,” Jason said. “They didn’t seem so much vampiric as hung over. A bit peaky, bloodshot eyes. They didn’t even summon any bats.”

“They’re spider vampires,” Neil said. “Why would they summon bats?”

“Well, they didn’t summon any spiders, either.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” Belinda said. “Didn’t the spider kind of summon them?”

“That’s a good point,” Jason said.

The team had extricated themselves from the ring of dense jungle, returning to relatively intact streets and buildings of the overgrown city. They made sure they were well clear before putting up the cloud house and stopping for the night.

“Everyone take a good rest,” Humphrey said. “From here on out, our sole focus is on getting stronger.”

“It’s a shame there’s no movie essence,” Jason mused to himself. “A training montage power would be OP.”

“What nonsense are you talking now?” Sophie asked.

“I think I know this,” Clive said. “There’s a fable from your world about learning to fight by cleaning an old man’s carriage, right?”

“There are different renditions of the story,” Jason said. “A lot of it comes down to your tolerance for power ballads. The

message, though, is that everything we do is kung fu. That's a term that, where I come from, has come to mean martial arts. What it really means, though, is accomplishment through diligent effort. Every action we take and every word we say is something that shapes us. The diligent person acts to improve and empower themselves with everything they do, no matter how mundane."

"Then why do you run around like a mad person, talking nonsense, instead of being all diligent?" Neil asked.

"Because everything is a weapon," Jason said, "and there are few weapons as powerful as the way people look at you."

Jason's expression went through a subtle, yet powerful change. The cocky smile was suddenly sinister, his laughing eyes becoming predatory as they locked down on Neil. Under that gaze, Neil shifted uncomfortably in his seat, unnerved as Jason watched him like a hawk eying a mouse. Then Jason flashed a grin, eyes twinkling as he dissolved the tension as suddenly as he brought it about.

"Everything is a weapon," Jason repeated, "if you know how to use it. There's no better weapon you can give your enemy than being predictable. Every one of you has, at some point, told someone to not bother trying to understand what I'm talking about. If an enemy doesn't even try and understand me, that's a weapon and shield they've just handed to me for free."

"What about your allies?" Neil asked. "Don't they need to rely on you?"

"They do need to, yes. Do you trust me, Humphrey?"

"Yes."

"Clive?"

"Yeah."

"Sophie?"

"Yes."

Jason smiled at Neil.

“What about you, Neil? Do you trust me to stand at your back? That I’ll be there when you need me to be?”

“I guess I do,” Neil admitted.

“You grew up in a world of magical power,” Jason said, turning his gaze from Neil to address the whole team. “Direct, objective, honest power. I come from a political world, where power is nebulous and the wars are as much about ideology as territory. We grow up watching leaders who need to sway the populace in order to hold power, even as the populace can share information in ways that would be as amazing to you as magic is to me.”

Jason nodded at Humphrey.

“Humphrey’s mother encouraged our friendship because she recognised that I had a more political mind than is normally to be found in Greenstone. I’m sure it’s different in more cosmopolitan cities, but the politics here are amateurish and crude. Dangerous, yes, because power always is, but not especially complicated. She wanted Humphrey to get to know me so that he would see the next guy like me coming.”

Jason conjured his dagger into his hand.

“This,” he said, “is the weakest weapon there is. A blade can cut down a person but words can bring down a kingdom. Adultery can end a dynasty, greed can start a war and compassion can end one. People will die for strangers out of faith and kill their neighbours out of fear.”

He casually tossed aside the dagger and it vanished.

“Everything is a weapon,” he concluded. “The trick is learning to wield them without doing yourself an injury.”

The room fell quiet in the wake of Jason’s impromptu speech, until Sophie broke the silence.

“Sweet gods, you like to hear yourself talk.”



The team fell into a regimented schedule of physical training, skill training, mental training and monster hunting. Days became weeks and Humphrey joined Clive at bronze rank, his square-jawed handsomeness becoming even more pronounced.

As Clive had already reached bronze rank, he was relegated to lowest priority during training. This afforded him the time to study the changes to the astral space's ambient magic. He was trying to learn what was causing the changes and how it was preventing them from using portals or escaping. He didn't find the answers he was looking for, but he did make other discoveries, which he laid out one evening in the cloud house.

"The magical density is increasing," he announced to the team. "I'm not exactly sure why, but something seems to be forcing a highly dense magic into this astral space."

"What does that mean for us?" Humphrey asked.

"A few things," Clive said. "One, we aren't getting out of here until we find whatever is causing this and stop it. Two, we need to keep up this training because the monsters are going to be getting stronger. We'll see fewer iron-ranks over time and running into a silver will become more and more of an inevitability. Three, the rate at which this astral space will break down is on an increasingly steep curve. We're still talking a matter of years, for the moment, but as the magical density goes up, the time frame will come down."

"Well, that's only completely terrifying," Neil said.

"What do you recommend we do?" Humphrey asked.

"We already have the right plan," Clive said. "Improving our strength is more important than ever, and the cultists are still our best chance at getting a handle on what's happening. We need to deal with that blood weaver and hopefully figure out what they were up to."

"Alright," Humphrey said. "Jason, Sophie and Belinda, we'll be pushing all the focus onto you. Once Jason reaches bronze we'll move immediately on the blood weaver. Sophie and Belinda, we'll get you to bronze as quickly as we can. We

can't have you still at iron rank if we're going to be meeting silver rank monsters with any regularity."



Belinda's abilities were progressing at a steady, but not exceptional pace. She had reached the point where she could comfortably fight small groups of iron-rank monsters alone, using the abilities that gave her temporary skills. They found that she actually advanced more quickly from group fights, where more of her powers could be used effectively.

Belinda's jack-of-all-trades power set lacked the punch to jump ranks and fight a bronze-rank monster alone. Sophie had no such problems, relishing both the fights and the resulting rapid advancement of her abilities. The monster-infested city was eager to oblige; they saw as many fights in a day as an active adventurer in Greenstone would in a week.

Ranking up the latter stages of an ability was a harder, slower progress, but iron-rank monsters were getting harder to come by. They were replaced with more bronze-rankers who offered enough challenge to keep their advancement proceeding at their original pace. The monsters appeared in the kind of numbers the team had originally encountered the iron-rank ones, and the team was more and more required to fight as a whole instead of peeling off members to maximise the challenge.

Jason had expected his familiar ability for Shade to be the hardest to rank up. Colin and Gordon were both able to engage directly in combat, whereas Shade's power to attack amounted to little more than some mana draining. To Jason's surprise, Shade kept pace with Gordon, rapidly passing through the lower levels of advancement.

While not an attacker, Shade's utility as a shadow-jump target saw Jason heavily rely on him in combat. In hindsight, Jason realised that of course a utility-type familiar would advance from utility tasks. To help that along, he practised sharing the senses of one of Shade's remote bodies. It would

be useful in allowing him to directly observe from safety whatever his familiar was scouting out. He could even speak through Shade, although his voice chat was still a superior communication method.



The cult hidden at the Vane Estate had a visitor: Anisa Lasalle. Timos led her through the grounds, now dead and dry as the desert reclaimed them. The hedge maze was now a dry twig maze and the cult had cut a more direct path to the centre, through which Timos led the priestess. She had arrived alone, while Timos had a pair of iron-rank lackeys on hand.

“It’s been a while, Priestess,” Timos said, a smile playing on his lips. “How was your... sabbatical?”

Walking beside him, Anisa Lasalle glanced at Timos with disdain. The elven priestess was wearing extremely fitted adventuring gear, its monochromatic white barely paler than her skin. Her platinum hair was bound back in a simple and practical ponytail.

“I detest you and your kind,” she said. “Frankly, I would rather have stayed in hiding than deal with you. Each indignity I have suffered over the past months can be laid solely at the feet of your failures.”

“Your memory is poor, Priestess,” Timos said. “I think you’ll find that the impatience of your god has—”

Timos was cut off as Anisa’s gloved hand clutched his throat, her thumb pressing savagely into his windpipe. His two lackeys moved to assist but a trio of searing orbs of light appeared to hover threateningly in front of them.

“You will not disparage my god,” Anisa told Timos calmly. “In fact, it would be best for all involved if you never profaned his name with your tainted lips. Am I making myself clear?”

Timos nodded, choking all the more at the action. She released him and he fell to his knees, coughing and spluttering.



His eyes shot venom up at her as he rubbed his throat, but he nodded again.

“I understand,” he said.

“See that you do. Now stand up; I’m not going to stand idle, waiting for you to recover from the latest in a long series of errors.”

Timos’s people looked ready to act, but he stilled them with a head shake. The gesture was not unnoticed by Anisa, but she did not deign to comment. He staggered to his feet and they continued on, reaching what had once been the well at the centre of the maze.

No one had checked on the estate since the Rejector’s party had passed through and the cult had decided excavating the well and the crawl tunnel at the bottom was an acceptable risk. One of the cultists with earth-shaping powers had created a set of stone stairs into what originally had been a natural cavern. The wooden walkway once traversed by Jason had been removed and the walls and floor smoothed out. Stone walls had been put up to form a subterranean complex. They had no woodworker, so despite ample materials above, curtains hung in place of doors. Glow stones affixed to the walls lit the rooms and hallways.

Timos led the priestess through the complex, but she stopped halfway. Her eyes were boring into one of the cultists, a grizzled man moving a crate of supplies.

“You,” she said to the man. “I know you.”

“Yes, Miss. I’m Dougall. I let you out of the cage, when the blood cult had you captured.”

“A rat jumping ship,” she said. “You caught wind of Remore putting paid to your little branch of the Red Table and realised you would need a new master. The blood cult deals with failure in very carnivorous ways, after all. Clearly you knew much more of Landemere Vane’s loyalties than anyone in the household realised. The opportunistic loyalty of a cultist is revealed as base and self-serving in the face of adversity. Where does your faith lie?”

“I—”

“I don’t want you to speak. Or perhaps you should. I remember that you were looking for a taste of elf flesh. Are you still looking to feast on my bones, cultist?”

“I would never, Miss—”

“Pathetic. You aren’t worth the blood stain to kill.”

She swept off, Timos hurrying to keep showing the way. They went all the way to the metal door leading into Landemere Vane’s old ritual room. Everything had been stripped away to the bare stone. The only features remaining were an archway in the centre of the room, the complex ritual circle around it and the mana lamps that artificially heightened the ambient magic, allowing the circle to function. The cult was charging a large number of lamps around the estate to keep the ritual circle operational.

The archway looked like it had been made from salvaged building materials, an irregular construction of cheap-looking, mismatched bricks, held in place with what looked like ordinary mortar.

The silver rank leader of the cultists, Zato, stood with his back to the door, looking at an inert archway. He turned at their entry, eyes lingering on the marks on Timos’s neck but saying nothing.

“How long?” Anisa demanded, without preamble.

“Weeks,” Zato said. “Two and a half months, at the outside.”

“Two and a half months!” Anisa raged. “You have already had more than enough time!”

“And your church has nowhere near enough patience!” Zato yelled back. “Every problem you blame us for goes back to your church refusing to wait, the way you were counselled. Your insistence on acting so early cost us everything and gained us nothing. It’s like you somehow think you worship the god of time, able to make things happen whenever you want. If your church had been willing to wait, then the cult’s identity and your trafficking with us would both remain secret.

We are still years away from the true beginning, but you had to act like impatient children.”

Anisa fumed, but she was bronze to his silver rank and had her orders.

“I am here to inform you that your request is unacceptable,” she said, biting off every word. “We will not be acceding to it.”

“You go and tell your archbishop that not only will his people be joining us in the astral space, but so will he. The laxity of your church cost us every silver-ranker we had in this region. I’m the only exception and I had barely ranked up when your people led the Remores to the island. I hadn’t even been fully inducted into the leadership.”

“The blame for what occurred on the island does not fall on us.”

“Of course it doesn’t,” Zato sneered. “Every success is yours and every failure is mine. I might as well argue with a child.”

“We lost a gold-ranker in the island attack, so do not come complaining to me,” Anisa said.

“I did not call you here to hear complaints,” Zato said, regaining his composure. “I am invoking the terms of the pact. Nicolas Hendren will be leading his people to join us when the tunnel finishes forming and the portal opens. I expect all of you here in two months.”

Anisa gave him a smile that somehow perfectly encapsulated hatred, but said nothing. She turned on the spot and swept out of the room like an angry wind.



## TRADING SAFETY TODAY FOR DEATH TOMORROW

The team had been aware going in that there were locations within the city that were more than just empty ruins. A number of trial-goers had reported such locations to the Magic Society and Emir's people, who had undertaken a large-scale debrief of the iron rankers who survived the trials. In addition to being full of monsters unlike those found elsewhere in the city, such locations held unusually valuable treasure.

Clive had been one of those who encountered such a place during the trials, where he obtained the legendary set items both he and Neil now wielded. For him it was a staff and wand set that had become a crucial part of his combat potential. For Neil, it was a fist-sized orb that shone with a blue light when held, and a gold circlet with a blue gem set into the forehead. The abilities combined to powerfully enhance his shielding powers, which the team appreciated.

Given the formidable power of the abilities on those items, the team eagerly explored any location that was outside the ordinary. In addition to being as likely as any other place to have monsters to confront, there was always the chance of treasure. With the battles to come, any advantage was a much-needed blessing.

Most such places were either subterranean complexes or atop unusually tall buildings, as Clive's had been. The first of these locations the team encountered was a sprawling complex of underground forges, foundries and furnaces. In addition to having dangerous fire and iron elementals, it was infested with

bizarre undead, with metal fused into their bodies like magical cyborgs.

Jason had found it a frustrating place to fight. Most of the enemies were highly resistant, if not outright immune, to his abilities. He made good use of the sword Gary had given him, but it was a marked step-down in his capabilities.

“It’s good for you,” Sophie had told him.

“If you only train for when things go right, you die the moment they go wrong,” Humphrey said.

“Yeah,” Jason acknowledged unhappily. “Rufus used to tell me almost the exact same thing.”

That place had eventually yielded some impressive treasures, although not so useful as those Clive had found. There was a pair of gloves that enhanced fire and iron-based abilities, and an anvil that enhanced the crafting of weapons. The team took them with the intention of delivering them to Gary.

The complex had also delivered a solid haul of essences and awakening stones, almost all fire and iron. They were both common, but very popular, meaning they would fetch a good price once they returned to civilisation. They were a welcome addition to the piles of spirit coins and quintessence gems piling up in their storage spaces, courtesy of Jason and Neil’s looting powers.

The next similar location they came across was likewise underground. They were uncertain to its nature, at first, as it was very plain, but they could tell it was unusual from how intact it was. Most subterranean spaces in the city were thick with mould and root systems breaking in through the walls and ceiling. This complex was all square tunnels and empty rooms, the brickwork uniform and unblemished.

“There doesn’t seem to be anything here,” Belinda said as they looked over another empty room. “No loot, no monsters nesting in here. Not even the dilapidated furniture and such you get in most of the ruins.

“All these empty rooms remind of the place we found in the delta under the swamp,” Humphrey said.

“That’s worth remembering,” Clive said. “That place seemed empty until we had a face full of marsh hydra.”

“A good lesson,” Humphrey agreed. “This place may well be empty because the one thing in here has scared off the rest.”

“Are we ready to face a silver-rank monster?” Neil asked. “We haven’t had to do it yet, but the monsters have been getting stronger and stronger. We hardly see any iron-ranks anymore.”

“If we caught one in isolation, then maybe,” Humphrey said. “The problem is that we still have too many iron-rankers.”

“I’m so close to bronze I can taste it,” Neil said.

They continued through the complex, finally discovering what it was.

“A prison,” Jason said as he surveyed the latest room they had entered. “That’s great. Nothing bad ever happened in a creepy, abandoned, subterranean prison. I’m so glad monsters turned out to be real.”

They were in a large, long cell block, with a mezzanine level running along each side. The cells, running the length of the room on both levels were barred, giving the team a clear look inside. None of the cells had occupants, each as empty as every other room they had come across. Moving through the large cell block, they found stairs that led down into another, and then a third. It was there that they finally found something.

“Signs of combat,” Clive said. “This really does remind me of that place we found.”

“This is fresher,” Humphrey said, examining a scorch mark on the wall. “Most likely, someone found this place during the trials.”

“There’s something at the far end of the room,” Jason said. His ability to see through darkness extended beyond where the light of the team’s glow stones grew dim.

The team moved forward carefully, finding a handful of corpses scattered about where they had fallen. A violent demise and months in the muggy, underground chamber had not left them in a pleasant state, but as Jason's powers left enemies in much the same condition, they were used to it. Rather than dwell on the state of the bodies, they considered what might have left them that way.

"No trace of whatever killed them," Jason said. "It seems the fight was either one-sided, or whoever killed them took their own fallen when they left."

"Hard to determine what killed them from the bodies," Neil said. "They're too far gone to make out much. I am seeing some broken bones, so something physically powerful maybe."

"We didn't fight anything on the way in here," Sophie said, already eyeing the room around them. "There weren't any signs of combat before this, and I think they would have left some. I'm seeing scorch marks, chunks torn out of the stone floor. I think that whatever killed them didn't show up until they reached this point."

None of the team had dropped their guard, but for the moment, nothing was making an attack.

"It could have been other adventurers," Jason said. "We know that at least some of us were killing each other."

"All we can do is be cautious moving forward," Humphrey said. "That, and collect these poor souls for return to their families."

They went about the grisly task of retrieving Adventure Society badges, for identification and to return to the families. There had been discussion of retrieving remains before they came in, but storage space was at a premium for coffins and any remains were likely to be a mess. A number of families made quiet approaches to try and make specific arrangements for their lost people, but Humphrey flatly refused. He insisted on keeping things even-handed and restricting recovery to Adventure Society badges.



“What about their equipment?” Belinda asked. “It feels ghoulish to loot the dead.”

“We’ll return their gear to the families, along with the remains,” Humphrey said. “Once they’re identified.”

At the end of the cell block, not far past the bodies, was a pair of large doors. They were metal, but unlike the bars of the cells, were unblemished by time and moisture. They were plain and heavy, with a large keyhole on each. There were traces of a ritual circle drawn around each keyhole.

“Maybe that’s what brought out whatever killed them,” Jason said. “Trying to break-in triggered some kind of defences, maybe?”

“The obvious solution, then, would be to not break-in,” Neil said. “I mean, treasure is nice, but we just picked up a dead adventuring team. Do we really want to be the next one?”

“He’s not wrong,” Jason said. “We have a responsibility here. We may be the only ones who can stop the cult from tearing this astral space off the side of the world. Or whatever it is they’re going to do with those giant golems. We can’t go getting ourselves killed over some loot.”

“On the other hand,” Humphrey said, “we need to push ourselves to the limit, and beyond. We don’t know what kind of challenges we’ll have to face in stopping the cult, but I don’t think the cultists being captured by the blood weaver is the end of it. I’m certain there are greater challenges ahead before we can put paid to the cult’s intentions.”

“So, you’re saying we should face whatever killed these people as a training exercise?” Jason asked.

“Since when are you the voice of moderation?” Clive asked.

“I’m not saying we shouldn’t do it,” Jason said. “I just think that the idea of not doing it is worth exploring. I’ve been too reckless, too often. I’ve survived too many times on luck which, sooner or later, is going to run out. This isn’t a monster we have some idea about, before we go in. We backed off

because we weren't ready for the blood weaver. What if this is worse?"

"We need to get you and Neil over the threshold for bronze," Humphrey said.

"I'm not sure this will do it," Jason said. "If there is a still-active defence system here, then it has to be something that didn't die out in all the years this place has been dormant. My guess would be some kind of construct guardian, or maybe some undead. I won't get to work out my powers like that."

"Your familiars are the last abilities you have to advance," Humphrey said. "If your other abilities are less useful, your familiars become more important."

"I say we go for it," Sophie said. "Humphrey's right that we need to have the experience of having something dropped on us that we aren't ready for. Better we experience that now, so we have the experience before the cultists do it to us."

"What do you think, Clive?" Humphrey asked.

Clive rubbed his chin, thoughtfully.

"The biggest danger is to our iron-rankers," he said. "I think we leave the decision to them."

"That's fair," Humphrey said. "So, what's it going to be?"

"I'm still up for it."

"If Sophie's in, I'm in," Belinda said.

"I'm going to say no," Jason said. "If Neil wants to make it three to one, I'm fine with that, but if he wants to play it safe, I'll back him."

Everyone turned to Neil.

"Great," Neil said. "Now it's my fault if everybody dies."

"You're saying go for it?" Jason asked.

"Jason, you weren't there during the expedition," Neil said. "You haven't fought these people. You haven't seen the monstrosities they turned themselves into. The endless sea of constructs at their command. I don't know what they're going

to bring to bear against us, but we can't be ready enough. Not taking every chance we have to get stronger is trading safety today for death tomorrow."

"And here was I thinking that you were the sensible one," Jason said. "Alright, then. Of course, if we're wrong about the defence mechanisms, this whole conversation was pointless."

The decision made, Clive turned his attention to the large doors.

"They messed up their unlocking ritual," Clive said. "Even at a glance I can see how amateurish it was. No wonder they set off any defences."

"Then do what they did," Jason said. "You can worry about getting it right afterwards."

"That's not very professional," Clive complained.

"Being professional isn't the objective right now," Jason said.

"If the goal isn't to get it right, then you might as well do it," Clive said.

"That's hurtful," Jason said. "But fair enough. Everyone else get ready."

While the team gathered in preparation for a fight, Jason examined the doors and the remnant lines of a ritual circle drawn onto each in chalk.

"You weren't kidding, Clive," Jason said. "Even I can tell this is a dog's breakfast. It looks like someone who barely knew what they were doing just copied this ritual out of a book."

"Probably someone who used a ritual magic skill book and never took the time to learn any theory," Clive said.

"Was that aimed at me?" Jason asked. "I've been hitting the books pretty hard, as you well know."

"Can you please just get on with it?" Humphrey asked.

"Sorry," Jason said.

Jason took out a stick of chalk to redraw in the faded lines. He recognised the basic unlocking ritual, which was indeed something that had been in the ritual magic skill book he had used himself. That fortunately meant that he had the ritual incantation memorised, which was somewhat tricky. The chant was made up of a series of sounds that were, in and of themselves, meaningless, rather than coherent words. They simply existed to set up a resonance and begin channelling magic through the ritualist and into the ritual diagram.

Jason carried out the ritual, but the locks in the middle of the ritual circles glowed red hot. Much of the redrawn circles burst off the doors in a puff of chalk dust. Jason turned and joined the others, drawing his sword in readiness for whatever appeared to meet them. They did not have to wait long.

Individual bricks in the walls and floor drew back into recesses with a grinding of stone. Moments later, small stone and metal spiders came swarming out of the holes all over the room. They immediately scuttled towards the group, swarming over the walls and across the ceiling.

The construct creatures had minimal auras, but they were clearly iron-rank.

“Belinda, Neil,” Humphrey said.

“Yeah,” Belinda said.

“Got it,” Neil followed. “On your call, Belinda.”

The tiny constructs had painted the walls and ceiling as they moved on the team. As the front runners edged closer and closer, some of the team threw Belinda glances.

“Uh, Belinda?” Neil asked.

“Wait,” she said calmly.

Construct spiders dropped off the ceiling and the upper parts of the walls as they drew excruciatingly close to the team. Clive raised his staff to fire off a blast and Belinda waved him down with a gesture.

“Not yet,” she said.

“Are you kidding?” Clive asked.

“I have to catch a lot of them,” Belinda said. “Alright, Neil. Now.”

Neil chanted out a quick spell.

*“Let your power fulminate.”*

**Ability: [Bolster] (Growth)**

**Spell (boon).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): The next essence ability used by the target ally has increased effect. This can affect parameters including damage, range and number of targets, depending on the affected ability. Cannot be used on self.**

**Effect (bronze): Mana and stamina costs of the affected ability are reduced. In the case of ongoing mana and stamina costs, only costs initiated with the ability are affected. Costs invoked subsequent to the ability being activated are unaffected.**

As soon as she felt the power of Neil’s spell affecting her, Belinda threw out her hand and a crystal rod rose up from the floor.

**Ability: [Force Tether] (Trap)**

**Conjuration.**

**Cost: Low mana-per-second.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 7 (09%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a crystal rod, from which a tether of shimmering force connects to all nearby enemies within a moderate range. Tethered enemies are dragged towards the rod, which is protected by a force field that inflicts moderate resonating force-damage to anyone in contact with it. If the force-field is ruptured, it explodes in a wave of resonating-force damage. If the rod is destroyed or**

**removed from its location then it explodes in a wave of disruptive-force damage. Dimensional displacement, such as teleportation, severs the tether. Untethered enemies who enter within range of the rod become tethered. Only one force tether rod may exist at a time.**

Shimmering tethers of force shot out to every spider in range, which was almost all of them given how close Belinda had allowed the mass to encroach on the team. There were so many it seemed less like a series of tethers and more like a wall. All the spiders were plucked from the walls, ceiling or where they had fallen to the floor and dragged towards the crystal rod. The constructs were so light and weak that they all were yanked right up to the tip of the rod, piling into a ball at the end of the shaft like the head of a dandelion. The innermost spiders were constantly damaged as they were dragged against the force-field surrounding the crystal rod.

Not every one of the spiders had fallen within the range of the bolstered tether, but it was the significant majority. Belinda followed up with another power.

**Ability: [Pit of the Reaper] (Trap)**

**Conjuration (dimension).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 2 minutes.**

**Current rank: Iron 6 (14%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures a dimensional space pit on any horizontal surface. The surface does not need to be solid or supportive. Anyone inside the pit suffers ongoing necrotic damage. If this spell is cast again while a pit already exists, the existing pit vanishes, depositing anyone inside upon the surface on which the pit was conjured.**

The rod fell into the pit that opened up underneath them, dragging the spiders down. As it had been moved from its original location, the rod detonated. The force field around the crystal rod blew up first, then the rod itself shortly after, both blasting the spiders with force and crushing them against the

sides of the dimensional pit. Some were launched back up and out of the pit, although they landed inert and unmoving.

The team moved to clean up the spider constructs that had escaped the tether-pit combination, clearing out the rest with wand, staff, sword and, in Sophie's case, boot. It wasn't long before everything was done. The pit vanished, and the destroyed construct remnants were disgorged from the vanishing pit and into a pile.

"Does anyone else feel like that was a bit anticlimactic, after all that talk?" Neil asked, and Jason immediately let out a groan.

"Why in the world would you go and say something like that?" Jason asked.

"What?" Neil asked in turn.

Suddenly there was a grinding sound as large sections of the floor started to descend, leaving large holes.

"That's what," Jason said.

"I think they would have opened, whether I said anything or not," Neil said.

"Well, now we'll never know."





## STALWART

The spider constructs had appeared from holes that had opened in the walls and ceiling. This time, it was the floor that opened up, six large, evenly-spaced but much larger holes, appearing in a straight line down the length of the cell block. The team didn't wait for whatever was within to emerge, springing straight into action.

"I'll take the first, you the second," Clive said to Belinda and they both quickly chanted out their rune trap spell.

*"Emplace the mark of power."*

Runes appeared on the floor, in front of the first and second holes. They glowed brightly for a brief moment before vanishing. As they cast their spells, Humphrey vaulted into the air, a pair of dragon wings appearing on his back and pushing him upwards.

**Ability: [Dragon Wings] (Wing)**

**Conjuration (movement).**

**Cost: High mana-per-second.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (01%).**

**Effect (iron): Manifest wings that are powerful but lack agility.**

**Effect (bronze): The strength and resilience of the wings is increased, allowing them to be used for crude attacks to the sides and rear. The wings have strong damage**

**resistance and very strong fire resistance. Ongoing mana cost is reduced from very high to high.**

Humphrey alighted on the upper mezzanine level, letting the mana-hungry wings vanish again. Sophie sauntered forward, ready to meet whatever emerged, while Jason vanished into the shadows.

Neil had been hastily pouring salt from a small sack to make a circle. He knelt briefly and touched a finger to the circle when it was done. The salt crystals sparkled like flecks of diamond in the sun before a dervish of crystal appeared above the circle, swiftly cohering into the shape of Neil's summon.

**Ability: [Chrysalis Golem] (Growth)**

**Summoning.**

**Cost: Very high mana.**

**Cooldown: 6 hours.**

**Current rank: Iron 9 (97%).**

**Effect (iron): Summons a chrysalis golem.**

The golem was a large, humanoid edifice of translucent crystal, half as tall again as its summoner. Neil gestured it forward, where it positioned itself between the team's support contingent and the holes from which the enemy was about to emerge.

From each hole, a single figure rose from below. Like Neil's golem, they were constructs, ascending on platforms that sealed the holes from which they came. They also shared the golem's intimidating size, but not its humanoid appearance. These new constructs had a body that was a vertical cylinder of plain, dark stone. From the base, four legs held it up, built for stability over speed.

Equidistant at cardinal points around the middle of the cylinder were long, inhuman arms. Each arm was segmented with a pair of elbows that allowed it to move in uncanny gestures. The arms ended in blunted, four-fingered claws. Atop each cylinder, in place of a head, was a stone bowl. As

the constructs rose, spheres of magical force manifested into each bowl, shimmering like a soap bubbles, and the constructs began to move.

Like all constructs, they didn't have a soul and their auras were the meagre product of the magic animating them. It was enough to let the team know their opponents were somewhere in the mid-range of bronze-rank power.

The two sides moved on each other before the platforms bringing the constructs up had even completed their task. Sophie was the quickest, ignoring the first two constructs to go after the third, rapidly hammering attacks into the joints of its arms. The movement of the arms was quick and tricky, but Sophie's reflexes were up to the task. As it continued to rise up, she went after the leg joints as well. The effectiveness of her attacks was limited, but the resonating-force damage of her special ability did succeed in chipping away at the hard stone of the leg.

**Ability: [Immortal Fist] (Mystic)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (21%).**

**Effect (iron): Unarmed attacks deal additional resonating-force damage, which is highly effective against physical defences. Suffer no damage from making unarmed strikes against objects and negate all damage from actively intercepted attacks. Not all damage from very powerful or higher-ranked attacks will be negated.**

The two constructs she had passed stepped over the edge of their holes before the platforms they rode reached the level of the floor to seal them. They moved towards the main group, walking over the now-invisible runes, which detonated as they did so. The explosions were not enough to knock the heavy creatures over, but they caused enough damage to make cracks appear in their legs. This was most true of the closest construct, which had walked over Clive's trap. It suffered the

full effect of the bronze-rank power, then the secondary explosion afterward.

**Ability: [Rune Trap] (Rune)**

**Spell.**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (03%).**

**Effect (iron): Create an explosive rune that will disappear after a short period. The rune can be set to trigger by proximity, caster trigger, or both.**

**Effect (bronze): Enemies affected by the rune trap will be the source of a secondary explosion after a brief period.**

The second construct was not much more than briefly staggered by Belinda's trap, but Humphrey made the most of the immobile target. He plummeted down like a meteor, stacking up powers into a single, potent attack. He started by invoking one of his racial gifts.

**Ability: [Dragon Blood]**

**Transfigured from [Human] ability [Essence Gift].**

**[Power] and [Spirit] attributes are enhanced for moderate mana-per-second.**

His dragon wings appeared once again as he plunged from above, driving him forcefully towards his target below.

**Ability: [Dive Bomb] (Wing)**

**Special attack (movement, combination).**

**Cost: High stamina.**

**Cooldown: 20 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (02%).**

**Effect (iron): Accelerate down to attack a target from above; can be combined with normal or special melee attacks. Physical damage from these attacks is increased.**

**No falling damage is suffered when using this ability, even if the attack misses.**

**Effect (bronze): A resonating-force shockwave is produced from the impact point.**

Another of Humphrey's racial gifts further enhanced the power of his attack.

**Ability: [Wing Raider]**

**Transfigured from [Human] ability [Essence Gift].**

**Speed, momentum and damage of movement-type special attacks is increased. Heavy conjured weapons and armour do not increase stamina consumption, regardless of weight, and do not impede movement abilities. Light conjured weapons have increased weight and momentum without being heavier to wield, counting as heavy weapons for the purposes of special attack requirements.**

Dive bomb would do damage alone, but as it was a combination special attack, Humphrey added another power that would be especially effective against the construct.

**Ability: [Shield Breaker] (Might)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: Low mana, moderate stamina.**

**Cooldown: 10 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (04%).**

**Effect (iron): Inflicts additional resonating-force damage, highly effective against physical defences. Requires a heavy weapon.**

**Effect (bronze): Damage to rigid material is significantly increased.**

As Humphrey plunged through the air, the sphere that had formed in the monster's strange bowl head floated up to intercept him. It grew as it moved into his path, large enough to engulf his whole body. Humphrey passed through the sphere, which popped like the soap bubble it resembled. It had not so much as slowed him down.

**You have been trapped in [Sphere of Incarceration].**

**[Sphere of Incarceration] has triggered ability  
[Unstoppable].**

**[Sphere of Incarceration] has been destroyed.**

In a team full of unconventional members, it was easy to overlook Humphrey and his powers that were as straightforward as Humphrey himself. What he brought to the team was something that they otherwise lacked: simple, reliable power. When Humphrey Geller wanted to attack you, you would be attacked.

**Ability: [Unstoppable]**

**Transfigured from [Human] ability [Essence Gift].**

**Movement abilities cannot be negated or impaired.  
Resonating-force damage and disruptive-force damage are  
imparted to any obstructing object, increased for each  
movement ability and special attack in effect. This is a  
movement effect.**

Humphrey came down on the construct like the United States military on an oil-rich nation. His assault from above was domineering, overwhelming and inflicted a level of widespread damage that went way beyond his expectations.

The initial strike smashed right through the stone bowl and buried itself deep in the cylindrical body. The construct was riddled with cracks and half destroyed, a job finished by the dive bomb attack's secondary shock wave. It freed Humphrey's sword as the construct was blasted into shrapnel

As Humphrey destroyed the second construct Sophie continued to tie up the third. It tried to catch her with its own sphere, but her speed and mobility powers allowed her to nimbly avoid it, even as her attacks continued, unabated. The closest she came to being caught was when she looked back as fragments of the construct behind her explosively showered her with shrapnel.

One of her construct's legs gave out beneath her unrelenting attacks, but it continued to fight back with the lengthy, multi-jointed arms that tried to slam her into the floor. Some attacks she blocked, others she neatly side-stepped, all the while continuing her own assault. She was more than held her own against her bronze-rank enemy, but it remained a dangerous opponent. She was all too aware that getting caught up fighting just one meant she was not protecting the team from the others.

Sophie and Humphrey had left one construct between them and the bulk of the team, which was intercepted by Neil's summon. Although the two constructs were of a similar size, the bronze-rank enemy quickly began to overpower the summon. It started by using two of its four clawed hands to grab the chrysalis golem's arms, holding them out of the way as a third claw hammered away on the golem's crystalline body. With each blow, a new rune appeared on the myriad facets of the chrysalis golem, even as it struggled, ineffectually.

While this was going on, Neil watched in silence, primed to throw out any necessary shields and healing for his teammates. Belinda was likewise actively prepared to support the team as needed. Clive, in contrast, was drawing a ritual circle at the end of his staff, lines of golden light appearing at a wave of his finger.

**Ability: [Enact Ritual] (Rune)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: varies.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (09%).**

**Effect (iron): Manifest lines of magic to draw out ritual diagrams. Materials required for a ritual may be used directly from a dimensional storage space instead of being placed within the diagram.**

**Effect (bronze): Create simple ritual diagrams to alter the parameters of magical items.**

Quickly completed, the ritual circle floated in the air, affixed by an invisible force to the end of his staff.

**You have altered the effect of [Spell Lance of the Magister]. Damage has been altered from disruptive-force to resonating-force.**

The disruptive-force of his staff attacks were highly effective against magic and adequate for most enemies, but would suffer against the hard and tough bodies of the constructs. The time it cost him to alter his weapons would be made up for in the effectiveness of their new, temporary damage type. He left his wand unchanged, however, as he was wary of the magic spheres the constructs each had. His senses could make out their magical nature, which his wand's original damage would be effective against.

As the construct continued to hammer away at the chrysalis golem, its sphere floated out to hover over the golem's head. The construct's final arm rose from behind its main body to touch the sphere, which started to vibrate and grow. Clive immediately directed the beam of his wand to lock onto the sphere, while his staff repeatedly fired bolts into the construct's body. The magical bolts exploded on contact, also affecting the chrysalis golem. The damage caused new runes to form on the golem's body. The sphere above the golem continued to grow but the disruptive power of the wand slowed that growth to a crawl.

At the far end of the cell, the distance from the rest of the team and the glow stones they carried made the shadowy darkness a playground for Jason. He danced among the last three constructs, an elusive, flickering shadow. The disadvantage was that his only viable source of damage was his sword, which would take time to build up enough power to be an effective threat.

**Item: [Dread Salvation] (iron rank [growth], legendary)**

*A sword crafted with gratitude, in hope it would be of the greatest use in the moment of greatest need. It was forged with passion and expertise to be a reliable*



*companion, bestowing upon it an incredible potential (weapon, sword).*

**Effect:** If a special attack that applies an affliction is made with this sword, but the subject of the attack has a physical immunity to it, an instance of [Stone Cutter] is applied to the blade.

**Effect:** If a special attack that applies an affliction is made with this sword, but the subject of the attack has a magical immunity to it, an instance of [Spell Breaker] is applied to the blade.

**[Stone Cutter] (magic, stacking):** All attacks deal additional resonating-force damage; highly effective against physical defences. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.

**[Spell Breaker] (magic, stacking):** All attacks deal additional disruptive-force damage; highly effective against magical defences and incorporeal entities. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.

Jason moved amongst the constructs like a spirit, doing all he could to hold their attention with his minimal damage. The more he could distract the back half of the enemies, the quicker his allies would deal with the front and move to assist him.

**Special attack [Punish] has inflicted [Sin] and [Price of Absolution] on [Tartarian Golem].**

**[Tartarian Golem] is immune to [Sin].**

**[Sin] does not take effect.**

**Affliction immunity has triggered an effect on weapon [Dread Salvation].**

**Weapon [Dread Salvation] has gained an instance of [Stone Cutter].**

**[Tartarian Golem] is immune to [Price of Absolution].**

**[Price of Absolution] does not take effect.**

**Affliction immunity has triggered an effect on weapon [Dread Salvation].**

**Weapon [Dread Salvation] has gained an instance of [Stone Cutter].**

Until his allies could join move to help, Jason had the assistance of Gordon, whose beam attacks proved more attention-getting than Jason. One beam was disruptive-force, which weakened and eventually broke the magical spheres, forcing the constructs to form new ones. The other beam was resonating force, an effective weapon against the rigid, stone bodies of the constructs.

Shade had informed Jason that the constructs almost certainly relied on purely magical senses, lacking the sensory organs of a living creature. As Jason had little need of Shade's shadow bodies in the darkened area, Shade posited that he might be able to hide Jason from their senses entirely. For each of Shade's bodies subsumed into Jason's shadow, he could mask an aspect of Jason's presence, such as heat or sound. It apparently also extended to more unusual senses.

Jason declined, however, as he needed to hold the constructs' attention. Their spheres moved around and their arms lashed out, striking nothing but hard floor and empty air. Jason may not have been Sophie's equal, but he had the skills imprinted on him by skill books and consolidated with a year of training and experience. He had become formidable in his own right.

The three constructs became two as Humphrey moved past Sophie and started hammering on one of them, diverting its attention. He started with the strongest of his special attacks, which rocked the construct back, in spite of its great weight.

**Ability: [Unstoppable Force] (Might)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: High mana, extreme stamina.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (07%).**

**Effect (iron): Melee attack with massive momentum, dealing large amounts of additional resonating-force and disruptive-force damage. Requires a heavy weapon.**

**Effect (bronze): For each enemy struck the cooldown of this ability and the cost of the next use of this ability are reduced.**

Having spent week after week of almost hourly battles, the team was quick to pick up on one another's rhythms. Belinda was at the ready and immediately reset Humphrey's attack.

**Ability: [Blessing of Readiness] (Adept)**

**Special ability (recovery).**

**Base cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: Varies.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (14%).**

**Effect (iron): This spell can only affect an ally and not yourself. The cooldown of the next ability used by the target is reduced by up to one minute. The cooldown of this ability is equal to the time taken from the cooldown of the target ability.**

Using her magical tattoo, Belinda ended the cooldown on her power, allowing it to reset Humphrey's attack a second time. Jason was almost caught in a sphere as he watched, boggle-eyed, as Humphrey pushed around the giant stone monstrosity as if it were a small child. Humphrey finished the construct off with a shield breaker attack, the specialty resonating-force power inflicting even more damage than his unstoppable force attack.

Sophie, in the meantime, had neatly disassembled her opponent. Where Humphrey left nothing but ruined chunks, Sophie had taken her golem apart joint by joint and then smashed the bowl, causing the sphere she had been dodging to wink out and not return.

"Sophie!" Neil called out, and she turned to look.

The sphere of the first construct had finally grown large enough to encapsulate Neil's golem, which was suddenly

covered in a crystal cocoon within the sphere. Trapped in the sphere and entered into its inert, chrysalis state, the golem was no longer any kind of protector for Belinda, Neil and Clive. Belinda stepped up to buy the time the team needed.

With her power-resetting abilities expended, Belinda knew it was time to change roles. She started by summoning a suit of heavy armour, plus a hammer and shield, which blinked into existence on her person.

**Ability: [Bag of Tricks] (Magic)**

**Special Ability (dimension).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 8 (08%).**

**Effect (iron): You have a personal, dimensional storage space. You may equip any item in your storage space directly onto your person or unequip anything on your person directly to your storage space.**

She activated another power that made her grow taller and bulk-out with muscle, her clothes and equipment growing with her.

**Ability: [Counterfeit Combatant] (Charlatan)**

**Special ability (boon).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Iron 4 (74%).**

**Effect (iron): Gain a significant increase to the [Power] attribute and temporary proficiency with armour and melee weaponry. Your physique enlarges, with equipment shifting to match.**

As prepared as she could be, she squared her shoulders and moved to intercept the construct. She was only an iron-rank combatant, however, and a makeshift one at that. This became painfully obvious as she was rapidly pushed back,

overwhelmed by the construct's multiple, irregular attacks. Her only saving grace was that the construct's sphere was still occupied containing the chrysalis golem, the construct apparently unaware that the golem was in an inert state.

Sophie appeared, moving through the room like a breeze. She took over from a grateful Belinda, who had suffered something of a beating from the many-armed construct. The shields and healing supplied by Neil had been the only thing that let her hold up against the higher-rank enemy even for the short time she had managed.

At the other end of the cell block, Humphrey moved on one of the now two remaining constructs. They were now ignoring Jason, in spite of the growing power of his sword, rightly recognising the larger threat.

Humphrey could not take the two constructs down as quickly as the first two, needing to wait for his most potent abilities to come off cooldown. His shield breaker attack, fortunately, had a short cooldown, made all the shorter by Belinda's aura.

**Ability: [Masterful] (Adept)**

**Aura (recovery).**

**Base cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Iron 7 (55%).**

**Effect (iron): Abilities of allies within the aura come off cooldown more quickly.**

In between hits with his big-ticket attack, Humphrey fought using another of his special attacks. The human aptitude for special attacks had caused him to awaken an array of them, contributing to his potent offensive capability.

**Ability: [Relentless Assault] (Might)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: Low stamina, increasing with each successive attack.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (02%).**

**Effect (iron): Each use of this attack in quick succession increases the damage of this attack. Damage is of the same type caused by a normal attack.**

**Effect (bronze): After a threshold of successive attacks is reached, escalating resonating-force damage is dealt with each attack.**

Even this back-up attack of Humphrey's started putting paid to the construct he was fighting in relatively short order. He finished it with a shield breaker attack and moved onto the next construct as Jason realised that his contribution to the fight really would be minimal.

As he and Humphrey engaged the last construct at the back, the remaining one at the front was now squaring off against Sophie. Clive's staff had left it pocked with damage and Sophie was doing the same, but it was the awakening of Neil's golem that signalled the end of that fight.

The golem emerged explosively from its chrysalis. Shards of razor-sharp crystal shot out wildly, shredding the sphere containing the golem. Revealed in the wake of the detonated cocoon, the golem was leaner than it had been before, now with four arms, like that of its opponent, although more traditionally placed, two to each side of the golem's body.

With the disappearance of its first glowing sphere the construct created another in its bowl, which then floated towards the newly reformed golem. The golem hammered the sphere with a fist and the bubble not only burst, but blasted force back at its creator. As the construct was rocked back on its legs, the golem, more agile than before, moved in smoothly to start hammering away with its fists. The crude, blunt appendages vibrated as they struck, sending shockwaves through the enemy construct.

The new and improved chrysalis golem took out its enemy almost as quickly as Humphrey, who was finishing the last of the last of the constructs in the back.

The team regrouped in the middle of the cell block. Clive and Neil enthusiastically told Jason and Humphrey about Belinda's stalwart efforts in buying time for Sophie to come to their aid.

"Still," Neil said. "Not as bad as we thought, in the end."

"Seriously?" Jason asked. "You're doing it again?"

"The bad thing already came out," Neil said. "What are the odds of there being another..."

He trailed off as the cell block filled with the sound of grinding stone.





## I'M SICK OF FIGHTING MAGIC ROCKS

The now-familiar sound of grinding stone echoed through the cell block. The first time, it had been small holes in the walls and ceiling. The second, large holes in the floor. The group looked around for the new source of the grating noise.

“It’s coming from the cells,” Humphrey said. “All the cells.”

The team looked through the rusty bars and spotted apertures that had appeared in the floor behind them.

“How many cells are there?” Sophie asked.

“Twelve cells to a side, per level; two levels to each side,” Belinda said. “Almost fifty, all up.”

“How can stuff rise up from the floors of the upper cells?” Neil asked. “They’d just come from the ones below, right?”

“Dimensional spaces,” Belinda said. “Like the powers you and I got from the Reaper stones, Neil.”

In each cell, a large glass box rose up from the floor. All of them were filled with a sickly yellow fog, from which the team could sense the auras within, currently in a dormant state.

“Those are bronze-rank auras,” Sophie said. “Are we ready for that?”

“We have to be,” Humphrey said. “So, yes.”

Blood red light shone over their feet. They turned to see it was shining under the large doors they had used to trigger the room’s defences in the first place. It seemed to be a trigger for

whatever was inside the glass cases as the team felt the auras within them surge into wakefulness.

“Time to even out the numbers a little,” Humphrey said, producing a bag of chalk dust and hurriedly pouring out a circle. He took out his summoner’s die and rolled it on the floor, the face up rune glowing as it came to a stop.

“Oh no,” Humphrey said as five large fish made of carved bone were summoned into being and started, flopping helplessly on the floor.

“The fish again?” Jason said. “Maybe you shouldn’t be rolling the dice on the important fights. Literally and figuratively.”

“It’s a one in twelve chance,” Humphrey said.

Rather than have his helpless summons underfoot he dismissed them and they vanished. Neil’s summon was still present, the crystalline golem maintaining its more advanced, post-chrysalis form. Leaner and more agile than its basic shape, it had four arms ending in fists capable of powerful vibration attacks.

“Do we go smash those glass cases?” Neil asked. “We’d have to kick our way through the bars, right?”

“I suspect whatever is in there will come to us,” Jason said. “If you want to go into a prison cell where some unknown creature is about to burst out, though, be my guest. Actually, you’re the healer. You have to stay here.”

The sound of shattering glass signalled that their thus-far unknown enemies were about to make an appearance. The sickly-looking smoke that had been in the glass boxes came pouring out through the cell bars. The volume of it suggested that either the fog had been incredibly compressed in the glass cases or it was being continually fed through wherever the glass cases had arisen from. It obscured the team’s vision of the cell interiors as they heard the bars start to swing open with reluctant, rusty shrieks.

The creatures that emerged from the smoke were roughly humanoid—broad, heavy and hairless, with dark, scaly skin.

Their arms were longer and more powerful than their legs, ending in thick, three-fingered hands. They had tiny, sunken eyes and nostrils in flat, noseless faces. Their wide mouths were filled with misshapen teeth, like fragments of shattered, yellow stone. They pushed their way through cell doors barely large enough to fit them.

“They don’t look weak,” Neil said.

The smoke thinned as it moved into the room ahead of the creatures, filling the cell block with an unpleasant haze.

**Poison cloud had inflicted you with [Breath of Tartarus].**

**You have resisted [Breath of Tartarus].**

**You have gained an instance of [Resistant].**

**You have gained an instance of [Integrity].**

Jason looked to his companions with concern. They were more vulnerable than he was, not sharing the power to grow stronger from afflictions.

**Ability: [Sin Eater] (Sin)**

**Special ability (recovery, holy).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Increased resistance to afflictions. Gain an instance of [Resistant] each time you resist an affliction or cleanse an affliction using essence abilities.**

**Effect (bronze): Gain an instance of [Integrity] for each affliction you resist or remove using essence abilities.**

**[Resistant] (boon, holy, stacking): Resistance to afflictions is increased. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**Consumed to negate instances of [Vulnerable] on a 1:1 basis.**

**[Integrity] (heal-over-time, mana-over-time, stamina-over-time, holy, stacking): Periodically recover a small amount**

**of health, stamina and mana. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

The rest of the team were not completely vulnerable, with Sophie and Jason's auras both shielding them.

**Ability: [Cleansing Breeze] (Swift)**

**Aura (holy, cleanse).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Allies within the aura have increased resistance to curses, diseases, magic afflictions, poisons and unholy afflictions. This is a holy effect. Negates poisons in the air; this is a cleanse effect.**

**Effect (bronze): Allies within the aura are periodically cleansed of curses, diseases, magic afflictions, poisons and unholy afflictions. Mana and stamina recovery effects on allies have greater effect.**

Cleansing breeze was one of the precious few powers that had reached bronze for Sophie, accelerated by a preponderance of poisonous monsters in the city. Thorny plant monsters, spitting frog monsters, snake monsters. The team had a good amount of cleansing between them, which made such creatures easy pickings, as well as helping them accelerate the advancement of those powers.

In the case of Sophie's aura, it would slowly but surely cleanse many types of affliction from her allies. It was already purifying the fog around them and, added to Jason's aura, left the team in relatively good stead.

**Ability: [Hegemony] (Sin)**

**Aura (holy, unholy).**

**Base cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Allies within the aura have increased resistance to afflictions, while enemies within the aura have their resistance to afflictions reduced. Enemy resistances are further reduced for each instance of [Sin] they are suffering from.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts an instance of [Sin] on enemies that make physical or magical attacks against allies within the aura. Instances applied in this way cannot be resisted.**

Belinda, Sophie and Neil suffered the worst, their iron-rank constitutions struggling against the poison even with the powers bolstering their resistance. Jason clasped a hand on Neil's shoulder.

*"Feed me your sins."*

Red life force emerged from Neil, tainted by the same colour as the mist. The taint disappeared into Jason's hand, leaving Neil looking relieved as his now-healthy life force returned to his body.

**Ability: [Feast of Absolution] (Sin)**

**Spell (recovery, cleanse, holy).**

**Base cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Cleanse all curses, diseases, poisons and unholy afflictions from a single target. Additionally cleanse all holy afflictions if the target is an ally. Recover stamina and mana for each affliction cleansed. This ability ignores any effect that prevents cleansing. Cannot target self.**

**Effect (bronze): Enemies suffer an instance each of [Penance] and [Legacy of Sin] for each condition cleansed from them.**

**[Penance] (affliction, holy, damage-over-time, stacking): Deals ongoing transcendent damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect, dropping off as damage is dealt.**

**[Legacy of Sin] (affliction, holy, stacking): You are considered more damaged for the purposes of execute ability damage scaling. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

While this was going on, some of the monsters had already moved in to the attack. The team had their backs to the large doors, so the monsters wouldn't be able to flank them, although they would be able to drop down from above. While Sophie stepped forward with Neil's golem to hold off the first wave of attackers, Humphrey vaulted up to the mezzanine on their left with a flap of conjured dragon wings.

Humphrey engaged with one of the creatures that had been about to drop down to the ground floor. Its lengthy arms gave it reach, and the knobby scales running along them made those arms as tough as any weapon. The monster may not have been a match for Humphrey but it was still disconcertingly strong and tough, given how many they knew to be gathering, unseen in the poison haze.

Jason used his magic boots to leap up to the mezzanine on the other side, likewise engaging a monster. He inflicted a rapid series of slashes, the creature's reach no match for that of Jason's shadowy arm.

**Ability: [Hand of the Reaper] (Dark)**

**Conjuration (disease, unholy).**

**Cost: Low mana-per-second.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjure a highly flexible, semi-substantial shadow-arm that can extend or shrink. Conjured items can be conjured into the shadow hand. Can be used to make melee special attacks. Special attacks made using the arm inflict [Creeping Death] in addition to other effects.**

**Effect (bronze): You can conjure a second arm. Special attacks made using the arms inflict [Rigor Mortis] in addition to other effects.**

**[Creeping Death] (damage-over-time, disease, stacking):**  
Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until the disease is  
cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.

**[Rigor Mortis] (affliction, unholy, stacking):** Penalty to the  
[Speed] and [Recovery] attributes. Additional instances  
have a cumulative effect. Each time a new instance is  
inflicted, deals necrotic damage for each existing instance.

Jason's dagger barely drew blood from the scaly skin, but all Jason needed were shallow cuts. With just a few slashes, more than a dozen afflictions were loaded onto the monster. Jason's conjured dagger was the source of many of the afflictions, but not all of them, such as the special attack he was using.

**Ability: [Punish] (Sin)**

**Special attack (melee, curse, holy).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron):** Inflicts necrotic damage and the [Sin]  
affliction.

**Effect (bronze):** Inflicts or refreshes the duration of [Price  
of Absolution].

**[Sin] (affliction, curse, stacking):** All necrotic damage  
taken is increased. Additional instances have a cumulative  
effect.

**[Price of Absolution] (affliction, holy):** Suffer transcendent  
damage for each instance of [Sin] cleansed from you.

Neither Jason nor the creature were going to wait for the afflictions to slowly devour it. It lunged at Jason, although its relatively short legs and the afflictions it already suffered from made it a little slow. Jason easily stepped into one of Shade's bodies and out from another that had slipped past the creature while it was engaged with Jason, giving him plenty of time to cast a quick spell before the creature turned around to face him again.

*“Suffer the cost of your transgressions.”*

**Ability: [Punition] (Doom)**

**Spell.**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Inflicts necrotic damage for each curse, disease, poison and unholy affliction the target is suffering.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts or refreshes the duration of [Penitence].**

**[Penitence] (affliction, holy): Gain an instance of [Penance] for each curse, disease, poison or unholy effect that is cleansed from you. This is a holy effect.**

**[Penance] (affliction, holy, damage-over-time, stacking): Deals ongoing transcendent damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect, dropping off as damage is dealt.**

The creature staggered as its muscles withered with necrosis, even as its wounds glowed with the transcendent damage starting to ravage it from the inside out. It lunged at Jason again with no more effect. Jason was easily able to move from one of Shade’s bodies to the other like a bully playing keep-away. He cast another spell.

*“Feed me your sins.”*

The creature’s life force became visible, tainted with the storm of affliction within it. Ugly curses, poisons and other horrors Jason inflicted swirled about with the shining transcendence of holy afflictions until they were drained out, siphoned off into Jason’s outstretched hand. Even more of the holy afflictions were left in their place as the creature’s life force once again became unseen.

**18 afflictions have been cleansed from [Tartarian Brute].**

**36 Instances of [Penance] have been inflicted on [Tartarian Brute].**



**18 Instances of [Legacy of Sin] have been inflicted on [Tartarian Brute].**

**Your mana and stamina have been replenished.**

**Stamina and mana cannot exceed normal maximum values. Excess stamina and mana are lost.**

The brute stumbled to a halt as the transcendent damage devastated its body, lighting it up from the inside like some divine being, alighted upon the earth. Jason tilted his head as he watched the creature, one of the few he had encountered capable of surviving this far into his ability sequence. He chanted the incantation for the coup de grâce.

*“Mine is the judgement, and the judgement is death.”*

**Ability: [Verdict] (Doom)**

**Spell (execute).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Deals a small amount of transcendent damage. As an execute effect, damage scales exponentially with the enemy’s level of injury.**

**Effect (bronze): Base damage is increased for each instance of [Penance] on the target.**

The penance afflictions on the creature increased the base damage of the execute power, while the legacy of sin affliction made the damage escalation ramp up much faster. The multiplicative affect of the two affliction stacks made for a shower of transcendent light that left behind not so much as a drop of blood.

Jason had never killed something that tough that quickly, but of course Humphrey had already finished his first and was making short work of a second. Another brute came lumbering out of the poison fog and Jason just raised his hand. Blood seeped from his palm for a short moment, after which a torrent of leeches came spraying out over the creature. Jason paid it

no more attention and leapt from his side of the room over the gap to Humphrey on the opposite mezzanine.

“Can you destroy these upper levels at this end, so the creatures can’t drop down on the team?” Jason asked as Humphrey kicked a dead brute off his sword.

Humphrey gave the brick floor beneath them an assessing glance.

“Yeah. You want to go backs to the wall and let them come to us?”

“No, but we can’t have them fall on our heads either,” Jason said. “You keep the others safe while Neil and Sophie hold the poison at bay.”

“And what about the room full of monsters and poison gas?”

Shade emerged from Jason’s shadow as Gordon manifested with a surge of his aura. Jason glanced across at Colin, now bound up in his bloody-cloth humanoid shape.

“I’m sick of fighting magic rocks,” Jason said. “You can leave this lot to us.”



Sophie’s aura was thinning out the gas in the area immediately surrounding the team and would soon have it cleansed entirely. Humphrey had used his shield breaker attack to shatter the mezzanine at their end of the room, so the creatures were only able to come at them at ground level, from one direction.

Sophie, Humphrey and Neil’s golem beat them back, assisted by Clive and his magical weapons. Neil watched over the whole group but made sure to keep a careful eye on Belinda, who was suffering the most from the gas not yet fully cleared out. Whenever it started to get the best of her, he would purge it from her with a spell.

**Ability: [Clean Slate] (Prosperity)**

**Spell (cleanse, heal-over-time, holy).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Negate boons on a willing subject. Cleanse target of afflictions of all types except wounding. The base strength of the cleanse effect is enhanced for each boon negated.**

**Effect (bronze): Target gains a heal-over-time effect that had additional effectiveness against wounding afflictions. The strength of the healing effect is increased for each boon negated.**

From the haze of poison fog, the team saw flashes of transcendent light and heard horrifying screams. They could only assume they came from the creatures because it definitely wasn't Jason's voice, although none of the creatures Humphrey and Sophie cut down had made so much as a grunt as they died.

At first the brutes surged in on them but slowly their numbers petered out. Finally, the last one to appear was in such a miserable state of decomposition that it looked like a zombie, complete with staggering shamble as it emerged from the fog before falling onto what was left of its face. A bloody strip of cloth snaked out of the fog, wrapping around its leg and dragging it back out of sight.

The next thing to come out of the fog were four cloaked figures: Jason, flanked by his familiars. He looked the team over, nodded as he saw they were fine, and his gaze turned to the large doors behind them.

“What’s say we see what’s back there?”



## CROSSING THE THRESHOLD

The team waited for the sound of grinding stone that would signal another wave of combat, but the room was as silent as Neil, under Jason's baleful glare.

"I think we're clear," Humphrey said, finally.

The team stopped to rest in the zone of clean air Sophie's power had finished clearing out, while the poison mist in the rest of the room slowly dispersed. As the haze disappeared, it revealed a horror show of dead creatures piled around the broken remains of the constructs they had destroyed earlier.

Neil tried looting the enemies, but while the constructs yielded a few crafting materials, the creatures yielded nothing. They also didn't disappear into rainbow smoke, indicating them to not be monsters, but real creatures.

"These things have been sealed away for who knows how long," Neil said. "Kind of like those priests that Jason set loose."

"My interface called them Tartarian Brutes," Jason said. "The constructs were Tartarian Golems. Does that mean something to anyone?"

All eyes turned to Clive, who shook his head.

"In my world," Jason said, "there's a myth about a realm called Tartarus. It's a prison realm."

"We do seem to be in a prison," Belinda said. "It makes me curious about what's behind these doors."

While Neil looted, Clive had been examining the doors. He drew magic diagrams on them in golden lines with his ritual power. Jason noted that, unlike the attempts of the adventurers that came before, they were being placed in the middle of the doors, rather than around the locks.

“You’re not trying to crack the locks?” he asked Clive.

“Those are a decoy,” Clive said. “A key tip for ritual magic—and life, really—is to not do the same thing as the people who died trying. Also, a twin-circle ritual is a very bad idea if you don’t know what you’re doing.”

Clive completed the ritual, the two magical circles lighting up on the door. The red light shining from underneath faded away and there was a pair of audible clicks from the locks. Clive dismissed his glowing ritual circles with a wave of his hands and pushed on the doors, swinging them open.

Beyond was a circular chamber with a vaulted ceiling and only one feature. In the middle of the room was a stone plinth, on which was what looked like a solid block of crystal encasing a sword. Around the block of crystal was a sphere of shimmering light, the same gold, silver and blue produced by Jason’s transcendent damage powers.

The sword in the block was elaborately crafted into a sinister form. The blade was some kind of black metal, engraved with glowing red runes down its length. The hilt was constructed of some manner of red crystal and black stone, like ruby and onyx. The grip had sharp thorns; anyone who grasped it would be stabbing their own hand.

“It kind of looks like Jason’s dagger,” Neil said.

Jason conjured his dagger into his hand, holding up for the group to compare. Jason’s dagger was likewise an ornate object of black obsidian and red crystal.

“You’re not wrong,” Jason said. “It has to be coincidence, though, right? I mean, if you’re making a sweet-looking red and black bladed weapon, they’re all going to end up with a certain level of similarity.”

“Do those runes on the blade mean anything?” Sophie asked. Jason and Clive both had translation powers, so they looked closer.

“They don’t say anything coherent,” Jason said. “They just represent various concepts.”

“Not ideal concepts, either,” Clive added. “Soul. Power. Hunger. Life. Feast.”

“That does sound pretty bad,” Neil said. “As in, Jason’s powers bad.”

“Hey...”

“I’m more interested in that energy around it,” Clive said. “It seems very strange to both aura and magical senses.”

“It looks like Jason’s dissolve-people-into-nothing powers,” Sophie said. “I’m not going near it.”

“Agreed,” Neil said.

Jason turned his attention to the shimmering light, slowly moving closer.

“Be careful,” Humphrey warned, but Jason instead extended a hand towards the light.

“Jason, you should give me time to examine that before doing anything rash,” Clive said.

Jason ignored them. He felt something familiar about the energy. As his fingertips came in contact with it, a bolt of sensation rocketed through his body and he yanked his arm back, like it had been shocked. He stumbled back a couple of steps before righting himself.

“It’s a soul,” Jason said, his voice haunted. “This light is a disembodied soul, somehow held here.”

“Are you sure?” Clive asked.

“Completely.”

Clive scratched his head as he looked at the light in confusion.

“That shouldn’t even be possible.”

“I’m increasingly convinced that impossible isn’t a thing,” Jason said.

“So, someone has turned an actual, living soul into a box?” Humphrey asked. “Isn’t that a lot to keep people away from a sword?”

“It isn’t trying to keep things out,” Jason said. “It’s trying to keep something in.”

“Are you sure?” Clive said. “Even with enhanced aura senses, it’s like there’s something obscuring it.”

“You can touch it, if you like,” Jason said. “I wouldn’t advise it, though. It’s much higher rank than we are. At least gold, and possibly even diamond. Just coming into contact with it had quite the spiritual kick, but its purpose was immediately clear. Everything it is has been directed to a singular intent: keeping this sword exactly where it is.”

“I’m going to touch it,” Clive said.

“Just be warned,” Jason said. “It’s going to kick you right in the soul.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t,” Humphrey suggested.

“I have to,” Clive said. “Call it a spirit of enquiry. I’d rather go through whatever punch-back it will give me than live my life knowing I had the chance to experience something so rare and unique, but didn’t have the courage.”

Clive reached out his hand and, after a brief moment of hesitation, touched the light. The breath shot out of him and he toppled like a tree, falling to the ground, unconscious. Neil quickly dropped to one knee to examine him.

“He’s fine,” Neil quickly said. “He just had a jolt to the system, causing some soul-body dysphoria. Best to let it settle than try and forcibly wake him up.”

“That soul-body thing sounds bad,” Sophie said.

“On a regular person it would be,” Neil said as he pulled a pillow from his dimensional satchel and placed it under Clive’s head. “For an essence user, it’s kind of like holding



your breath for too long and passing out. He's going to wake up with a fierce headache, but nothing more than that."

The team gathered around Clive, looking down at him with concern.

"Really, he'll be fine," Neil said. "It won't take him long to wake up."

"Alright," Belinda said. "I guess we decide what to do about this sword while we wait."

"We don't do anything," Jason said. "Someone or something went to considerable effort to contain it here. All that stuff we fought in the cell block was little more than a no trespassing sign compared to the power involved with this. If someone went to the trouble of doing this to a person's soul, just to keep this thing locked up, I don't think letting it loose is a good idea. Even assuming we can figure out how."

"So, after all the fighting we did to get here, you just want to walk away?" Belinda asked.

"Yes," Jason said. "That's exactly what I want to do."

"I'm willing to take Jason's advice on that," Humphrey said. "Sophie, Neil?"

"Oh, I was happy to leave it there when I saw that fact that the handle stabs you," Neil said. "That's tells you all you need to know about the kind of weapon it is."

"It's not as if we're even looking for a sword," Sophie said. "You conjure yours, Humphrey, and you're not giving up the one Gary made, right, Asano?"

"Exactly right," Jason said.

"That just leaves you, Lindy," Sophie said. "It might not hurt to have some good equipment for your turn into a warrior power."

"No, thanks," Belinda said. "I'll stick with weapons that only stab the other guy."

Clive groaned loudly as he gained consciousness. He groggily sat up, gripped his head in his hands and let out

another coughing groan. Neil dropped back down to examine him.

“How do you feel?” Neil asked.

“Like someone dropped a sailing ship on me,” Clive said, looking past Neil to Jason.

“How did you avoid that thing hitting your soul like a hammer?” Clive asked.

“I didn’t,” Jason said. “I did warn you.”

“I wish I had your resilience of soul,” Clive said.

“No,” Jason said flatly. “You don’t.”

“We’ve decided to leave the sword where it is,” Humphrey said to Clive. “Unless you’re looking to reopen the debate.”

“No,” Clive said, shaking his head and then wincing at the pain it brought. “I felt that soul. What it went through to put that thing there and keep it there. I’m not even sure we could get that sword out, but I am very sure that we shouldn’t.”



Neil and Jason were meditating outside where the cloud house had been set up. They were both anticipating an ascension to bronze-rank after the battle in the cell block and didn’t want to make a mess inside. The cloud house would be able to clear it up, but doing so would just accelerate the rate at which it would consume the supply of crystal wash Jason had fed into it. It had been a huge amount and should be sufficient for years, but there was no point accelerating the consumption when it wasn’t necessary.

Neil’s summoning power was his last remaining iron-rank ability. The golem had fought like a champion in their most recent conflict, so no one was surprised when Neil crossed the threshold into bronze. He wandered out from the secluded bit of ruin where he had finished his advancement. He had washed himself down with a bottle of crystal wash after purging all the muck from his body in the transition.

He had stripped down to his underwear, so his waiting teammates could see that his blocky, weight-lifter physique had changed to one of more sleek, yet still built-up, muscle. It had also made his hair fall out and his fingernails grow strangely long. Jason helped remedy those minor issues with grooming scissors and some of Jory's hair growth cream.

Jason's change did not come that day, but Humphrey designated a day for rest. It was something they had done around once a week, taking a break from the otherwise unrelenting schedule of training and combat. They had killed more monsters than it was worth bothering to count, although they had been counting the flesh abominations. They had found and destroyed forty-one of the abominations thus far, which Shade's numbers put at around a tenth of the city's total.

Shade's familiar power advanced ahead of Gordon's, the shadow Jason's most constant companion. Jason had come to rely on his shadowy presence, available even when an apocalypse monster or an interdimensional reality assassin were socially inappropriate.

**All [Dark Essence] abilities have reached [Bronze 0].**

**Linked attribute [Speed] has increased from [Iron 9] to [Bronze 0].**

Jason's power attribute had reached bronze over the course of their time in the astral space, taking his strength officially beyond what any normal human was capable of. It was the transition of his speed attribute that really made him feel like he had truly transformed, however. It affected not just his ability to run fast, but his reflexes, agility, dexterity and proprioception.

His newly ascended speed attribute also combined with his power attribute to make him capable of incredible feats. When he really should have gone back to meditation, his team found him doing somersaults on the spot and climbing up ruins by jumping from wall to wall.

"I feel like a video game character!"

"No one knows what that means," Sophie said.

“You’ve been able to move like this for as long as I’ve known you,” Jason told her. “How are you not constantly running around and giggling like an idiot?”

“You should have seen her when she was younger,” Belinda confided, getting a glare from Sophie.

Jason finally settled down and resumed his meditation, after which it did not take long before Gordon’s power also crossed the line.

**All [Doom Essence] abilities have reached [Bronze 0].**

**Linked attribute [Spirit] has increased from [Iron 9] to [Bronze 0].**

**Progress to bronze rank: 100% (4/4 essences complete).**

**All your attributes have reached bronze rank.**

**You have reached bronze rank.**

**You have gained resistance to iron-rank and lower damage sources and effects.**

**The potency of your aura has increased.**

**Your aura senses have improved.**

**Progress to silver rank: 00%.**

Jason’s transition from iron to bronze rank was much less violent than from normal to iron. That time, his newly created body had been composed of what Clive called trash magic, while his iron-rank one was closer to an ideal state for his rank. It still purged a large quantity of black, stinking biomass, however, that he washed off with crystal wash.

He trimmed his suddenly grown nails and regrew his hair with the cream, leaving his beard to grow back on its own. Humphrey and Clive had both grown beards during their time in the astral space, as they had also lost them during their rank-ups. Neil, being an elf, had never grown more than a light scruff that Jason found enviably appealing.

Jason really did feel transformed. He was a new man and he felt it. Just moving around in his bronze-rank body felt different. His spirit attribute reaching bronze also had a big

impact as it increased not just the sixth sense that detected auras but took his other five senses beyond the bounds of human potential. The world was suddenly alive with a nuance of colour like nothing he had experienced. He could pick out scents like he was cataloguing them and his hearing could pick out the world around him almost as well as his vision. He could feel the air on his skin, taste it on his tongue. It was as if the world had transformed with him.

“Good, right?” Humphrey asked with a smile as he found Jason looking into the distance with a goofy grin.

“Oh, yeah.”

“We can handle monsters, or equivalent, of higher rank than us in large numbers now,” Humphrey said. “Remember those teams we saw at the mirage arena in Jayapura? We can stand shoulder to shoulder with any of them now.”

“Some people might think that means we can relax a little,” Jason asked. “Something tells me that you think it means we have to train even harder.”

“I can confidently say that we’re at an elite level for our rank,” Humphrey said. “That’s not such a big deal at iron rank, though. If we’re going to say the same at bronze and silver, we need to start the work now.”

“You know, Humphrey, the parents of every girlfriend you ever have are going to love you.”

“What do they think of you?” Humphrey asked.

“I haven’t gotten that far too many times,” Jason said. “There was my first girlfriend, whose parents liked my brother more. Which worked out, in the end. Everyone between her and Cassandra was more casual. Thalia Mercer liked me. Her husband, not so much, I think. The thing with Thadwick, you know.”

“I was always uneasy about Gabrielle’s parents,” Humphrey said. “Religious is good, but some people take it to a point that it gets a little unnerving.”

“Putting aside the religious being good thing, I know what you mean,” Jason said. “You get those really religious people

with that weird intensity, you know?”

“Oh yeah,” Humphrey said. “I mean, the goddess of Knowledge. It should be a fairly relaxed group, right? They kept asking me what I was reading. They did not like hearing that I didn’t have a lot of time to read with all the training. Speaking of which, we will be getting back to it. A few days to let you and Neil get a feel for your new power level. Then we’ll go after the blood weaver and see what we can find from what’s left of the cultists.”

“Alright,” Jason said. “I have some stuff to do before that, though. Growth items, familiar summoning. Basically, a bunch of rituals. Neil has his growth items, too.”

“We can take tomorrow,” Humphrey said. “After that, though, it’s back to work.”



## ANYONE CAN BE USEFUL

“I actually got the materials pretty cheap,” Jason said. “Gary made it from local materials in the first place, so I just needed higher-grade versions of the same stuff.”

Jason had drawn out the diagram for the ritual of ascension that would have his sword, like he had himself, advance from iron-rank to bronze. He was now laying out ingots of blood gold and star-fall silver, piles of quintessence gems and neat stacks of bronze-rank spirit coins.

The rest of the team lounged about on the porch of the cloud house in hanging chairs. Jason turned to look at Sophie who had been staring at him all day.

“What?” he asked.

“What?” she asked.

“You’ve been looking at me like that all day.”

“Like what?” Sophie asked.

“Impassively, I guess,” Jason said. “You do everything impassively, so it’s hard to differentiate.”

“Your face,” she said.

“What about my face?”

“Bronze rank,” she said. “It made it less awful.”

“Yep,” Belinda agreed.

“I miss the chin,” Neil said. “It kind of looked like some weird essence power.”



“It wasn’t that bad,” Jason said. “Humphrey, tell them it wasn’t that bad.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Humphrey said. “I’d even say it was good.”

“Thank you,” Jason said.

“I mean,” Humphrey continued, “if I ever ran out of mana and couldn’t conjure a sword, it was right there. What do I use for a backup now?”

Jason looked put upon as the team laughed.

“It really does look good,” Belinda said, taking pity on him. “Bronze rank’s been good to you. The square-jaw thing you have happening now that is actually not bad. Right, Soph?”

“It’s... not terrible.”

“That’s Sophie language for ‘sexy as all get-out,’ which I think is a little excessive, but each to their own,” Belinda said. It earned her a glare from Sophie, while Jason shook his head and went back to his ritual.

It would have been faster for Clive to perform the ritual, as he had with Neil’s growth items, but he hadn’t offered and Jason hadn’t asked. They both understood that if you could advance your growth items yourself, you did it yourself.

The sword was simple and elegant in its design: silvery blade, a simple, red-gold hilt with black binding and a short black tassel. Jason carefully placed it at the centre of the magic circle and performed the ritual.

**Growth item [Dread Salvation] has advanced from iron rank to bronze rank.**

**Growth item [Dread Salvation] has reached its maximum potential. It must be reforged by the original craftsperson in order to advance further.**

**Item [Dread Salvation] has gained new abilities.**

Clive, Neil and Humphrey had already ranked-up their growth items with no additional effects, and the same had

happened for Jason's amulet. His sword was the first of their items to gain new effects.

**Item: [Dread Salvation] (bronze rank [growth], legendary)**

*A sword crafted with gratitude, in hope it would be of the greatest use in the moment of greatest need. It was forged with passion and expertise to be a reliable companion, bestowing upon it an incredible potential (weapon, sword).*

**Effect: If a special attack that applies an affliction is made with this sword, but the subject of the attack has a physical immunity to it, an instance of [Stone Cutter] is applied to the blade and an instance of [Vibrant Echo] is inflicted to the enemy.**

**Effect: If a special attack that applies an affliction is made with this sword, but the subject of the attack has a magical immunity to it, an instance of [Spell Breaker] is applied to the blade and an instance of [Radiant Echo] is inflicted to the enemy.**

**[Stone Cutter] (magic, stacking): All attacks deal additional resonating-force damage; highly effective against physical defences. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Vibrant Echo] (damage-over-time, magic, stacking): Deal ongoing, resonating-force damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Spell Breaker] (magic, stacking): All attacks deal additional disruptive-force damage; highly effective against magical defences and incorporeal entities. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Radiant Echo] (damage-over-time, magic, stacking): Deal ongoing, disruptive-force damage. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

In addition to getting more powerful over time, the sword's new abilities allowed it to leave behind ongoing damage effects, bringing it more in line with Jason's own power set.

Magic-type afflictions were easier to dispel than most, but almost nothing was immune to them, unlike Jason's various maledictions. To advance the sword further would require Gary's help, but silver rank was, for the moment, a distant horizon.

Jason was saving his familiar upgrades for last, so he moved on to the cloud house. He shooed everyone off the porch and returned the cloud house to its flask; the entire house took several minutes to dissolve into smoke and pour into the bottle like a genie.

"There must be a big, involved ritual for an item like the cloud flask," Neil said.

"Nope," Jason said. "You just have to get to bronze rank, then feed the greedy bugger about a squillion bucks worth of goodies."

He shook his head at the bottle as he pulled a funnel from his inventory, placed it in the mouth of flask and then started shoving in fistfuls of quintessence.

"Twenty-two hundred quintessence," he complained. "Two hundred of it dimension quintessence. Remind me to thank Emir again for supplying the goods for the first rank-up. No way could I have afforded this, on top of everything else."

Shovelling in all the quintessence gems and then ten thousand spirit coins took longer than the rituals for Jason and Neil's growth weapons put together. Deprived of their comfortable cloud seats, some of the team grew impatient.

"Could you have just used silver coins?" Neil asked. "Or gold. That would have sent it along nicely."

"It's not about the value of the coins," Clive said. "It's about the magic inside them. All that power doesn't just fuel the upgrade but balances out all the magic involved in the transformation, so it doesn't go awry."

"You know," Neil said to Clive, "just once, I'd like something to come up and have you say that you have no idea."

"Hey, Clive," Belinda said.

“Yes?”

“How would Neil kill any monsters if we weren’t around?”

“I have no idea,” Clive said.

“You two are hilarious,” Neil said flatly.

“Actually, that was pretty good,” Jason said.

“Shut up and play with your bottle.”



The cult leader, Zato, led Timos and Thadwick across the ruined grounds of the Vane estate. The last remnants of the climate-shifting magic were gone and the desert was rapidly reclaiming the once lush territory. Now it was nothing but withered remnants and piled ruins, only the now-dormant magical pylons marking what had once been a stark line between the estate and the desert.

They arrived at what had previously been the manor house, now crumbling stone and dried wood. Zato held out his arm and the limb segmented into pieces, revealing not warm flesh and blood within, but cold iron. The pieces were strung together on a wire, which spooled out as the segments sprung forward, burying themselves in the piled debris.

Moments later, chunks of that debris floated into the air, more and more of them, moving into an organised shape. The materials melted, wood and stone flowing like water as they blended together to form a strange hybrid material. The material flowed into lines, creating a ritual circle on the ground and then a dome that covered it, leaving only a hole large enough to crawl through.

“As you grow stronger,” Zato said, “your meagre essence abilities will be supplanted, one by one, by the superior power of the Builder. You will not be bound by mortal limitations, scrabbling for scraps of might from worthless training or miserable monster cores.”

“This will make me strong?” Thadwick asked, nodding at the dome as it neared completion.

“Yes,” Zato said. “So many have passed you over, Thadwick, but I see your true potential. You will prove of supreme value to the Builder, once you are stronger. Enter, and feel the power flow through you.”

After a last, wary look, Thadwick got down and crawled through the hole. When the hole closed behind him and he was plunged into darkness, he panicked for a moment. Then he felt the promised power surging into him. It had only been a matter of moments, but he could feel the strength flowing through him and he started laughing like a madman.

Outside the dome, Zato and Timos could no more hear Thadwick than he could hear them as they walked away.

“When you said you would find something for Thadwick, I was not optimistic,” Timos said. “I didn’t realise that something like this was possible.”

“More than possible, it is necessary,” Zato said. “I was not fully inducted into the leadership, who took their plans with them to the grave while fighting on the island. We have need of guidance. Thadwick and the other one...?”

“Dougall,” Timos reminded.

“Right, yes. Thadwick and Dougall are not true believers. They came to us out of desperate, mercenary sensibilities. Half loyalties will be met with half membership. They will pay the rest of their way with sacrifice and will be venerated for their service.”

“Why bother with the ruse?” Timos asked. “Why not just force Thadwick along?”

“Because even with the soul seed inside it, altering a soul is difficult business unless that soul is willing. Why force the poison down his throat when a spoonful of honey will have him gulping it down?”

“Honestly? I want to make him choke on the spoon.”

Zato chuckled.

“How close to ready is Dougall?” Timos asked.

“He will reach the requisite state shortly before the church of Purity’s people arrive,” Zato said. “The timing is fortuitous. For the moment, make sure that neither Dougall nor Thadwick realise that they are receiving the same treatment.”

“Not a problem,” Timos said. “Dougall is so keen on ingratiating himself that he will do exactly as asked. Thadwick is so self-obsessed that he is oblivious to any of the goings on.”

Zato smiled.

“See? Anyone can be useful, if you find the task that best suits their abilities.”



“It’s big,” Neil said.

“It wouldn’t let me use the blending-in version,” Jason said.

“I don’t think there’s a version of this that you can discreetly move through a jungle,” Humphrey said.

**Item: [Cloud Flask] (bronze rank [growth], legendary)**

**This item is bound to you and cannot be used by anyone else.**

**Use the energies within the cloud flask to create buildings and vehicles made of clouds. Available forms are restricted by rank.**

**Items contained within the cloud construct when it is returned to the flask are stored in a dimensional space and cannot be recovered until another cloud construct is formed.**

**Available forms (iron rank): Cloud house (grand), cloud house (adaptive).**

**Available forms (bronze rank): Carriage house (grand).**

**Unavailable forms (bronze rank): Carriage house (adaptive).**

“A carriage house is meant to be a building that holds carriages,” Jason said. “Not a building that trundles about like one.”

To Jason, the cloud flask’s bronze-rank form looked as much as anything like a massive recreational vehicle, one of the stupidly expensive ones with two levels and a roof deck that movie stars lived in on set. It even had a spot for a driver at the front, although it was directed by placing hands on a misty orb, rather than a steering wheel. Other than that, Jason could direct its movements mentally.

The cloudy white vehicle with its sunset embellishments stood out brightly amongst the dark stone and deep greenery of the overgrown jungle. There were no wheels, making it something of a hovercraft RV. The boulevards of the overgrown streets were wide, but thick with jungle, making them impassable for the huge vehicle. Jason had moved it back and forth a little, but there really wasn’t room to drive around.

The interior was likewise akin to a luxurious RV, with beds, couches and comfortable chairs. There actually was a roof deck. From the inside, translucent mist made for clear windows, although they could not be seen through from the outside.

“Well,” Humphrey consoled, “it’ll be nice once we’re back out of the astral space. It’ll be great for taking long trip so you, me and Clive can visit locations to portal to later. That’s what my mother did all through bronze rank. Travelling the world, having adventures.”

“Actually, that sounds kind of awesome. Neil doesn’t get an opening credit until season two, though, and it’ll be an ‘also starring’ with his face hidden by a melon or something.”

“What?”

“We can figure it out later,” Jason said. “I guess I should turn it back into a house, and then finish up. What do you say, fellas? Saving the best for last?”

Gordon appeared with a flash of Jason’s aura as Shade appeared from his shadow.

“Gordon says that I should be last,” Shade said.

Gordon orange orb flashed brightly, which was his signal for no.

“See?” Shade asked. “He really doesn’t want to go last.”

The orange orb started angrily strobing.

“He’s quite vociferous on the topic,” Shade continued.

“Shade, stop teasing Gordon,” Jason said. “Gordon, it’s just an expression. Being last doesn’t actually mean you’re the best.”

A small patch of blood seeped from Jason’s neck, turning into a leech that crawled along his shoulder. Jason turned to look at it.

“Colin, you’ve already ranked up. You can’t do it again.”

The disconsolate leech slinked back into Jason’s neck.





## A SERIES OF FAMILIAR POWERS

Shade was not visibly changed in his new, bronze rank vessel; he remained a shadowy figure in a cloak of darkness. The only visible difference was an increase in his number of bodies, from three to seven. He also gained the ability to exert a small amount of physical force, while remaining an incorporeal entity. It wasn't enough to inflict damage, but it would allow him to perform tasks in places too dangerous for people who weren't intangible and didn't have six extra bodies.

All of this also meant that it was unlikely that Shade's vessel would be completely eliminated in battle. Barring an unusual fight, such as the one against the elemental tyrant that claimed his original iron-rank vessel, he would remain intact. Any bodies that were destroyed could be remade, so long as at least one remained. The only cost would be time and almost all of Jason's mana. It would not be something done in the midst of combat.

The other new ability Shade had acquired was his own dimensional storage space. It wasn't as capacious as that of Jason, Humphrey or Clive, but was accessible from any of Shade's bodies.

Jason's own storage space, his inventory power, had likewise improved as he reached bronze rank. One of its nuances was the ability to expand the number of slots available through the use of dimensional bags. There were five slots in the corner of the inventory screen interface for placing

dimensional bags, but only one had been available and could only be filed with an iron-rank bag.

Jason had filled that slot early in his adventuring career, but he brought two bronze rank bags with him for use once he ranked up. He had to carry them empty, as dimensional bags could only be placed into other dimensional spaces when they themselves contained nothing.

Another boost to his inventory was an increase to the maximum volume per item. He could feel the change instinctively, but would need to experiment to find the exact new limit.

Humphrey and Clive had likewise experienced improvements from their storage abilities reaching bronze. Unlike Jason's power, theirs were essence abilities that gained not just incremental improvements but whole new effects on ranking up. Humphrey's storage space power, magic armoury, now significantly reduced the mana cost of conjuring his weapons and armour. Now he no longer had to burn a notable chunk of mana at the start of every fight, or whenever he switched between his two conjured swords.

Clive's rune gate power had gone through the most impressive change. The original function opened a rune circle portal to his storage space, but was now a full-fledged portal power. Combining dimensional storage and a travel portal in one ability wasn't useful in a fight, but it was easily the most concentrated utility power on the team.

The increase in utility was another indication of the somewhat unusual makeup of the team. Humphrey and Neil were the only members that would slot easily into conventional team roles, but Jason, Clive, Belinda and Sophie all operated outside the norm to various degrees.

On the relatively normal end of the spectrum were Jason and Sophie. Affliction specialists and dodge tanks were less common variations of the common damage-dealer and guardian roles. Clive was a spell-based damage dealer who only had one attack spell. Belinda was the most extreme, simultaneously filling no set roles and most of them.

A traditional adventuring team used reliable strengths and fixed roles to approach every situation in a similar way, in order to maximise their strengths and minimise their weaknesses. The weakness of Jason's team was the inability to do that. They needed to strategise and adapt to any given circumstance.

The team, in a way, had become something of a reflection of Jason. There were better power sets for everyday monster hunting, but this team thrived in meeting challenges that more conventional teams would struggle against. By not being pinned down to one approach, they would be ready when unusual circumstances were thrown their way.

Part of the team's adaptive nature was the inclusion of a lot of utility. Most teams would include at least one storage space power and would count any more as a happy bonus. As for portal or teleportation powers, there was no team that wouldn't jump at the chance. Many teams would take on an otherwise unremarkable, or even downright incompetent, member for the simple reason that their repertoire included a portal ability. Jason's team commanded four storage powers and three long-distance travel powers, making them rather enviable.

Stash had also evolved to bronze rank alongside Humphrey; the bonded familiar didn't require a new body to be summoned in the way Jason's familiars did. While as mischievous as ever, he was more confident about revealing his true form, which only Humphrey had seen before. His true shape was small, a long, serpentine body covered in rainbow scales that ran along him in waves of colour that shimmered and changed. Belinda became completely enchanted with his draconic true form and Stash became enchanted with the praise she heaped upon him.

Gordon went through a slight change when his new body was summoned, with a second pair of glowing, blue and orange eyeball orbs joining the first in floating around his body. This gave him four simultaneous attack beams: two of resonating force, effective against tough opponents, and two of disruptive force, effective against magic and incorporeal beings like Gordon himself. Additionally, he could send two

orbs of the same type hurtling off, even flying them around corners before coming together and detonating. The resultant explosion was powerful, but the orbs would take a minute to reform, during which they could not be used to make further attacks.



Making good on his threat, Humphrey pushed the team to stay on the move, hunting down more of the flesh abominations and whatever ordinary monsters they encountered along the way. Eager to push the limits of their new capabilities, both Humphrey and Jason took on flesh abominations alone for the first time.

In Jason's case, his bronze-rank powers were enough to overwhelm the monster's recovery powers much faster. He had already been able to bypass the rank-based damage resistance but now his powers were doing bronze-rank damage. That was only part of the change, as his new afflictions also played a role.

Rigor mortis, inflicted by his shadow arm Reaper power, gave a stacking penalty to the speed and recovery attributes of whatever poor soul he inflicted it upon. His inexorable doom power caused the effect to stack up and up, the penalty to speed making the creature more and more sluggish, even when it took swift forms to try and pin down the elusive Jason. Meanwhile, the penalty to recovery left its ability to hold off the afflictions increasingly diminished, even as the afflictions themselves became worse and worse.

Another key affliction came from Jason's special attack, leech bite. Along with inflicting the bleeding effect, it now also inflicted the same leech toxin poison that Colin did. An instance of the stacking toxin would refresh the bleeding effect whenever it was healed through, leaving the adaptive powers of the flesh abominations unable to stave off Jason's malign powers as effectively as they had in the past.

Humphrey was likewise able to overcome the ability of the abominations to adapt to him, in his case with raw power. He showed off the advantage of being a human special attack specialist with an array of offensive techniques that could take on any kind of enemy. If it took a solid form, the resonating force of his shield breaker attack would crack it like an egg. A more amorphous form would absorb heavy physical blows but be vulnerable to the disruptive force of his spirit reaper attack. His unstoppable force power had a longer cooldown, but would devastate the abominations in whatever form they took.

Humphrey had not taken on any of them himself before Jason and Neil ranked up, as getting them over the line to bronze rank had always been the priority. Now that they had, he was happier to let himself loose. Like Jason, he had already been ignoring the rank disparity, but increasing the power of his attacks from iron to bronze-rank had turned him from a threat to a nemesis. He relentlessly pounded away at an abomination that simply couldn't find a form to withstand the oppressive might.



The team were put through their paces as they made a beeline for the centre of the city and the territory of the blood weaver. Of a night they continued to rest in the cloud house, which was now more secure than ever. The magic of the house was more sophisticated at bronze rank, with stronger defences and a superior ability to hide itself from the senses of wandering monsters.

When they stopped each night, Clive had been taking more precise measurements of the ambient magic, which had been rising at a precipitous rate. He updated the team as they rested for the evening.

“Isn't that a barely measurable increase?” Jason asked after Clive gave them the results of his latest analysis.

“The fact that the increase is measurable at all is alarming,” Clive told him. “That it's occurred over just a

matter of weeks is insane. We need to figure out what these cultists have done.”

“And if we can’t question them, because they’re mindless blood thralls?” Sophie asked.

“I doubt they’ll be mindless,” Clive said. “A blood weaver could turn them into witless blood puppets, but more likely it has employed a traditional form of vampirism, where they are subject to the will of the one that turned them, while retaining their own minds.”

“We take them alive if we can,” Humphrey said. “Not at the risk of endangering the team, though. If we have to put them down, we do it.”

“If they aren’t any help, that’s not the end of the road,” Clive said. “Whatever is causing this change isn’t something you can just knock out a magic ritual for and off you go. What’s happening is more involved than that.”

“Any closer to an idea of what that is?” Humphrey asked.

“I’ve been going through the books Knowledge gave Jason, looking for something that would produce these results. Without more information, though, I’m not even sure what to look for. At this point, more than talking to these cultists, I need to see what tools they brought with them.”



Shade now had enough bodies that he could transform into a mount for each member of the team, and bronze rank had enhanced the nature of the mounts he could transform into. For one thing, he could collect multiple bodies together to replicate the self-propelled magical carriages favoured by the Greenstone elite. That was of little use on streets overgrown with jungle, but it was not the only new trick he had picked up.

Rather than a full vehicle, Shade could also merge fewer bodies to create different individual mounts. By merging his bodies in pairs, he became three creatures that were somewhere between a narrow-bodied beetle and a praying

mantis. Each had a glossy black carapace, glowing eyes and huge blade arms with glowing white edges, from which mist softly drifted. They were an intimidating sight.

“Very nice,” Jason said approvingly. “Shade, you’re an absolute champion.”

“These creatures do not appear in this world,” Shade said with his remaining body. “They exist in another world I spent time in while serving as a familiar.”

“Hold on,” Humphrey said. “Jason, you have no problem with these terrifying blade-armed monstrosities, but heidels are disturbing?”

“They have two heads, Humphrey. Two heads. Can you imagine having two heads? Imagine if you had a great idea for a recipe, then had to explain it to your other head. That’s not right.”

“Wait, *that’s* your problem?” Humphrey asked.

“What if you’re eating something delicious? Either one head gets left out or each one only gets half as much, because they have to share a stomach. Half as much! What if it’s a delicious cake!”

“That was a nice cake you brought out for the rank-up feast,” Neil said. “Did you make that yourself?”

“I did. The secret is to sweeten the cream before whipping it and really make it the highlight.”

“Was there leftover cake?” Sophie asked, with a suspiciously bushy moustache.

“There was not,” Jason said.

“Boo,” she jeered, before turning into an iridescent blue jungle lizard.

“At least he’s figured out how to shape shift clothes, now,” actual Sophie said.

“They’re still part of his body, so technically he was naked,” Jason said.



Humphrey said nothing, pinching the bridge of his nose and shaking his head.



Not all of the team rode the mantis beetles. Sophie maintained her scouting glide-flight over their heads, while Humphrey rode Stash in lizard form. Clive joined Sophie, drifting slowly through the air on Onslow, the flying tortoise. His familiar wasn't very fast at any altitude beyond just above ground height, but as he didn't need to navigate the terrain there was no problem keeping up.

That left the three mantis beetles, the most Shade could produce. It was enough for Jason, Neil and Belinda, giving the whole team effective transport. The blade arms of the mounts were ideal for cutting a path through the jungle, while the remaining six beetle legs offered a solid platform that could navigate the uneven ground with ease.

“Shade, how do you think this form would hold up in combat?” Jason asked. Although the mantis beetle looked to have a hard, chitinous exterior, it was actually composed of the same soft, comfortable shadow-stuff Shade's horse form had been. The blade arms were effectively cutting through the undergrowth, however.

“That would be unreliable, at best,” Shade said. “I strongly suspect that any amount of damage would make me unable to sustain this form. You do not have to tell anyone that, however. I could be used to make an effective bluff.”

“I like the way you think.”

“Oh, great,” Neil said. “As if Asano wasn't dodgy enough already. Now he's got a partner.”

The team reached the interior of the city where the buildings were completely shattered and the jungle in complete ascendance. As with their first visit, they were unharassed by monsters as they pushed in. Rather than ride mounts, the team made a slogging path on foot through the thick undergrowth.

“Do you think the blood weaver took control of all the monsters in this area?” Neil asked.

“There might have been some too strong to take over,” Humphrey said. “Other silver rank monsters. They were more likely driven out of the weaver’s territory, rather than subjugated. You can expect to encounter vampire versions of everything bronze and below that was here, though.”

“It kind of worries me that we still aren’t seeing any,” Neil said.

“It almost certainly knows we’re here by now,” Clive said. “It’s smart enough to try and bait us in, the way it did last time, but not smart enough to realise we’d see through it.”

“Yeah, but we’re walking into the trap anyway,” Neil said.

“Once the fighting starts, it probably won’t stop until we reach the blood weaver,” Humphrey said. “We’re going to be fighting all the monsters from a large area, all in one wave. Let Jason and Sophie do the heavy lifting as much as possible, since they’re our endurance players. Obviously do what you have to, but conserve your mana and stamina as much as you can. We have a lot of mana recovery, but expect a lot of fight.”

Humphrey stopped, looking around at the team.

“Make no mistake,” he said. “This will be a battle, not a fight. We are about to experience the single most gruelling combat scenario that any of us have ever encountered. More than the expedition into the desert astral space, more than Jason playing distraction to the silver-rank elemental. We’re going to war against an army of vampire monsters and we’ll be wading through the bodies of the dead before we’re done.”

“So, what I’m hearing is that it will be easy and we shouldn’t worry,” Neil said.

Humphrey glared at him and Jason put a reassuring hand on Humphrey’s arm.

“Mate, it’s alright,” Jason said. “We know the stakes, we know what we’re up against and we know what we’ll have to face before we’re done. Don’t go wasting your energy now on

being tense; you'll have intensity enough, once the fighting starts. For now, just trust in your team."

Jason glanced at the jungle around them, as if waiting for something.

"Damn," he said.

"What?" Humphrey asked.

"That would have been an epic moment for the monsters to appear," Jason said. "You'd think vampires would have a more appropriate sense of drama."



## IT'S NOT ABOUT KILLING MONSTERS

**T**hey heard the monsters before they saw them. It began with the sound of something moving loudly through the thick jungle, pushing its way roughly through the undergrowth. Humphrey had the team turn around and go back the way they came, making for one of the defensible points he had been looking out for as they travelled.

He had picked out a construction that had held up better than most, due to being a solid, flat, stone platform. It was only around chest high, far from enough to stop monsters, but was at least an impediment they could work with. It was also sized fairly well for the team, giving Sophie and Humphrey the chance to move about while still staying close to the more vulnerable party members.

Shade returned to his normal form, gently depositing his riders on the ground. The others took a moment to begin calling up their summons and familiars while Stash turned from a riding lizard into a giant marsh hydra. At bronze rank he could take the physical form of bronze-rank monsters but could only use the full magical powers of iron-rank monsters. He could use some minor magical abilities of bronze-rank monsters, but certainly nothing as powerful as the hydra's potent rapid healing. What he did get was the hydra's strength, toughness and multiple, teeth-laden heads.

Jason directed Gordon to stay with the main group as the familiar's direct damage would be more useful to the team than it would for Jason in the fight to come. He was about to disappear into the shadows when Humphrey held him up.

“Jason,” Humphrey said. “We’re going to lean on you heavily for this, but I know you can do it.”

Jason chuckled.

“Humphrey,” he said, shaking his head, “you still don’t really understand adventuring. It’s not about killing monsters.”

Jason tugged casually at his new, bronze-rank battle robe.

“It’s about how you look while you’re killing monsters. And you have to admit...”

Jason’s shadow cloak manifested around him.

“...I make this look good.”

“Dear gods, you’re insufferable,” Neil called out from where he was setting up a summoning circle. “Also, good luck and please don’t die.”

Jason slipped the hood of his magical cloak back, giving Humphrey a rare smile completely devoid of smirk.

“Don’t go getting it into your head that you have to do all the work,” Jason warned him. “Don’t go thinking that you’re the one who has to save everyone, to make the big sacrifice. Remember when I got it into my head to go off and kill all those bandits alone? I was wrong to do that. Be the beneficiary of my mistakes. It’s not just about you. Or me, which I need to be reminded of, from time to time.”

“Happy to help!” Neil called out, still pouring the salt for his summoning circle.

“Thank you, Neil,” Jason said flatly, then turned his attention back to Humphrey.

“Trust the team, Humphrey. Rely on the team. We’re pretty good. Well, Neil’s okay. But the rest of us...”

Jason slipped his hood back up and lightly ran off, vanishing into the jungle. He was stronger when he was free to run rampant, but would remain in contact with the team through the voice chat.

There were ropey vines all over the platform and Clive handed Sophie and Belinda vials they used to rapidly wither

the plants and give themselves clear footing. It was a concoction of Jory's that Clive had acquired before returning to the jungle-covered city. They didn't have enough for it to waste on pathfinding through jungle scrub, but to give them some much-needed solid footing in a crucial moment it was perfect.

As the two women cleared off the plants, Clive drew out ritual circles. He started with a large one in the centre of the platform, his battle platform ritual that would enhance the wand and staff attacks, as well as any damage spells of the group. Then he moved on to circles attached to the end of his weapons. The glowing lines moved with the weapons as he waved them about.

The advantage of staff and wand weapons was that they were highly mana efficient, compared to combat magic. The disadvantage was that they were also weaker, but Clive's ritual circles would help remedy that.

The circles he used would refine the ambient magic of the area and feed it into the weapons, providing additional power without requiring additional mana from Clive's own pool. The impact this would have on the ambient magic once he started using his weapons meant that any further rituals in the area would be tricky to use for a while, but that was hardly a concern compared to what was about to happen.

Clive decided to get in before then and try something he had been working on. It wasn't related to his essence abilities, instead it was pure ritual magic. Ritual magic designed for combat was exceptionally rare, and it was something Clive had developed himself.

He drew ritual circles in the air, one after another in a line, like a tube. He poured a large amount of his own mana into each one, mostly depleting his mana pool by the time he was done. It ran from the centre of the battle platform circle directly towards the jungle where the sound of rushing monsters grew louder by the moment.

Humphrey and Neil, in the meantime, were calling up their summons. Neil's chrysalis golem looked different at bronze

rank. It was just as tall but the formerly chunky, ogrish form was now more refined, like a powerfully muscled giant.

For his own summon, Humphrey hesitated before throwing the summoner's die. He ultimately decided to use it, knowing that it could provide a crucial advantage in what would be a punishing battle. Hopefully, even a bad role would be mitigated by the new ability it had gained on reaching bronze rank. At first, Humphrey had thought there was no change to the function of the die, as there was little change to the description.

**Item: [Summoner's Die: Form] (bronze rank [growth], legendary)**

*An eldritch tool for altering the nature of summoned creatures (tool, die).*

**Requirements: Summoning power.**

**Effect: Rolling this die while enacting a bronze-rank or lower summoning power will randomly alter the form the summon takes.**

**Can be used in conjunction with [Summoner's Die: Element] and [Summoner's Die: power]. Using more than one die of the same kind will negate the effects of all dice.**

What he had only later realised was that three of the faces on the die had changed. It had only been the day before when he used the die and one of the new faces rolled up. After stopping, the symbol that lit up was not that of an animal, but one that Clive quickly translated as meaning 'power.' The die had then rolled again, on its own, landing on the symbol for wolf. The result had been Humphrey's summons becoming werewolf-like creatures, larger, more powerful and standing on two legs. They were still made of dragon bone and had the conjured equipment generated by Humphrey's storage power, in this case, bronze-rank armour perfectly tailored to fit their unusual body shape.

Humphrey hoped for a similar result as he rolled again. When it stopped, a glowing symbol rose up from the die—



another of the new symbols. Humphrey had gone over them with Clive after finding out about the new sides; this one meant double. He had been hoping that meant it doubled the number of summons it called up. Even unenhanced by the die, ten of his bone soldiers would be of critical value against the numbers they were expecting.

After falling to a stop, the die rolled itself again. The symbol for bird rose to float next to the one for double. Then the die rolled for a third time, stopping on cat. The three symbols merged to form a new symbol, one that Humphrey didn't know. Then his summons began to appear.

There were five, the normal number for his summoning power at bronze rank. They had the hind legs and body of oversized lions, and the wings and head of a giant eagle. Their front legs were also those of an eagle, ending in powerful talons.

“Griffins,” Humphrey said in a half-whisper. He had seen them as a child, while travelling with his mother. Sailing on a ship near the coast, they had spotted the griffins soaring majestically off the top of a cliff. They had swooped down, snatching sharks right out of the water before winging away with them.

It had been young Humphrey's first encounter with a magical beast that was natural, rather than a monster. Such creatures were rare in the low-magic Greenstone region where he was born and raised. The experience had left griffins with a special place in his heart and he was entranced as his summons took their form. These were all white, the colour of dragon bone, and wearing armoured barding suited to their forms.

“Humphrey,” Sophie called out. “Eyes up.”

Humphrey stirred from his unexpected, nostalgic reverie and realised that the sounds of the approaching monsters had grown from a few individuals crashing through the jungle into what sounded like a wave. Like water crashing onto a rocky shore, the violent sounds of monsters tearing through the undergrowth came washing over them.

Humphrey touched one of the griffins.

“Swoop, grab and drop,” he instructed them. They took to the air. He then leapt lightly onto the platform, where Neil and his golem had already clambered up. Most of the team were gathered with their familiars and summons, the exception being Humphrey and Jason. Jason had taken Colin and Shade with him, leaving Gordon behind. Humphrey was present, but his griffins were winging overhead as Clive’s floating tortoise watched their majestic swooping forlornly.

Humphrey had sent Stash, in his domineering hydra form, back behind the platform. The monsters would largely try and swarm them from the front, which is where their main defensive strength was positioned. It was inevitable, though, that the platform would become surrounded. Stash would be their main line of defence from that approach.

Clive and Neil both started casting spells on their teammates. Humphrey grew half his height again from Neil’s first offering.

**Ability: [Giant’s Might] (Growth)**

**Spell (boon).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 10 minutes.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (04%).**

**Effect (iron): Target ally and their equipment grow larger, gaining an enhanced [Power] attribute.**

**Effect (bronze): Ally also gains resistance to physical damage and high-momentum effects.**

Clive’s first spell affected the whole team on the platform, including their summons and familiars. Jason, Shade, Colin and the griffins who were out of range were not so blessed. The ability created rings of glowing runes that floated around everyone.

**Ability: [Rune Mantle] (Rune)**

**Spell (boon, this ability has variable subtypes, contingent on effect).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: 10 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (02%).**

**Effect (iron): Bestow a ring of random runes around an ally. Each rune is associated with a specific effect that affects the ally or an enemy. Attacks against the ally trigger the destruction of a random rune, causing its effect to occur.**

- **Effect (bronze): Increasing the cost to moderate mana allows the rune mantle to be bestowed on all nearby allies.**

Clive's second spell likewise affected the whole team, making them glow gold-red for a moment before fading.

**Ability: [Mantle of Retribution] (Karmic)**

**Spell (boon, retributive).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: 10 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (01%).**

**Effect (iron): Inflicts retributive impact damage on anyone who attacks the target ally.**

**Effect (bronze): Increasing the cost to moderate mana allows the mantle of retribution to be bestowed on all nearby allies.**

While the spells were being cast, the monsters' approach grew louder and louder, yet there were no roars or shrieks. They were silent, save for the commotion of their passage through the jungle as they flattened everything in their path.

Finally the monsters appeared in front of the team, erupting out of the jungle. As unnerving as the fact that they weren't issuing any noises was the way the disparate group moved as one. Normally, such a wild collection of monsters

would be more eager to fight each other than they would adventurers.

As the creatures reached the platform, they finally started to make noise, all in harmony. It was an alien, sonorous cry, filled with hunger.

“Throw your heaviest attacks to blunt the first wave, then conserve mana,” Humphrey called out, as if the team hadn’t gone over and over the plans for the battle prior to this moment.

Clive had already made his big mana expenditure on his row of ritual circles. They were lined up like the barrel of a gun and he fired a bolt from his staff through the first. The bolt froze, as if caught in an invisible hand, and the mana Clive had put into the circle was fed into the bolt until the circle collapsed. The bolt shot forward again, stopping and draining mana from each circle until it was a huge globe of force that made the air around the team vibrate.

While the bolt was going through its stop-start passage, the rest of the team opened up. Belinda used her force tether power to gather a large cluster of the shoulder-to shoulder monsters and then open her reaper pit power underneath. The tether exploded and the rest of their health would be eaten away by the pit. Only a few of the tough bronze-rankers would eventually escape when the pit’s duration came to an end.

Clive’s bolt finished its passage, having consumed all the ritual circles. It landed amongst the monsters like military ordnance, throwing up a huge cloud of dirt and dust, along with a low boom that rammed into their eardrums. The cloud obscured most of the monsters from their sight, while gobbets of wet jungle earth and wet former monster rained down on the team. They didn’t have time to pay it any mind—what they could see of the monsters showed that they hadn’t slowed down.

“What the hell was that?” Jason asked through voice chat.

“Sorry,” Clive said. “I didn’t realise the effect would be that big.”

“Just watch where you’re aiming that thing!”



## SIN EATER

**S**ophie and Humphrey were waiting for the monsters to get closer, while Neil cast a spell, conjuring two sets of three stone reels above his head. There were pictures of the various monsters present on the reels, like a giant, archaic slot machine. There were also images of the team, although massively out-numbered by those of the monsters.

**Ability: [Reels of Fortune] (Prosperity)**

**Spell (this ability has variable subtypes, contingent on effect).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 10 minutes.**

**Current rank: bronze 0 (00%).**

**Effect (iron): Conjures three immaterial reels. Channel mana into the reels to generate random effects on random individuals within the area. If an individual is affected more than once by the same use of the reels, the effect is increased for each reel.**

**Effect (bronze): Conjures a second set of reels. Each reel is more likely to match sets for additional effect when large numbers of a creature type are present.**

The reels wheeled around before slowing and locking into place, one after another. Due to the bronze rank effect and preponderance of monsters, it was all but a given that each reel would produce a matching set. The first turned up three matching images of a snake monster and sent a strike of

electricity into the cloud. The team could only see flashes of the lightning through the dirt and dust of the cloud that Clive had thrown up.

The second reel showed a three-set of a gorilla-like monster and sent a huge ball of fire sailing into the air. At the peak of its arc, it broke into numerous, smaller fireballs, plunging into the cloud as the reels above Neil faded.

By this point, the monsters were almost upon them.

Humphrey turned his gaze to the sky and teleported high above them, before initiating his dive bomb and unstoppable force attacks, descending through the air like the sword of judgement. He carved a heavily armoured beetle-type creature clean in half and sent out a shockwave that scattered the surrounding monsters, dispersing the momentum they rebuilt after Clive's attack. Humphrey's wings appeared on his back and with a heavy flap they pushed him back onto the platform.

The first monsters had reached the platform and Sophie used her massive acceleration power, eternal moment. Time seemed to freeze as she rapidly produced wind blades that shot off as the power faded, so many that even the iron-rank attack eliminated a bronze-rank monster.

With everyone having fired off their big openers, Neil cast a spell.

**Ability: [Cornucopia] (Prosperity)**

**Spell (boon, recovery).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 hour.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (01%).**

**Effect (iron): Bestow a very strong mana and stamina recovery effects on all nearby allies, with a moderate duration.**

**Effect (bronze): Provide boons that adapt to the needs of each ally. These effects have a long duration.**



The team's mana rapidly replenished, and the team received various bonuses. Clive received an increase to wand and staff damage, as did Belinda, who had used her spurious sorcerer power to also gain the power to use magic weapons. Humphrey received a cost reduction for special attacks, while Sophie had her passive damage abilities strengthened. As for Neil, he had his cooldown times reduced. Even the familiars received bonuses. Only Jason missed out by being out of range.

Everything was turning to chaos as monsters piled up around the platform. After Clive's blast gutted the centre mass of the monster wave, it was the flanks that pushed in hardest. Humphrey and Sophie each held a side while Neil's golem took the less hectic front. It was higher rank than Sophie, but the tenacious adventurer was still better able to hold the line than the summon.

The monsters were primarily a mix of high-end iron and low-end bronze, with a few powerful standouts among them. The horde spread to the rear of the platform faster than expected after being pushed around the sides. There, they ran into hydra-form Stash, and Humphrey directed the griffins to move in and support him.

The monsters piled up around the platform, held off by Stash, Sophie, Humphrey and the golem. Humphrey was swinging his sword back and forth in workmanlike fashion, his normal blows enough to put paid to the iron-rankers. His special attacks he saved for the bronzes.

Sophie was moving so fast she looked like a flipbook animation, like a series of still images leading one into the other. She made the most of her increased damage buff and battered her foes with a dazzling series of hits that looked more like the speed of a bronze ranker.

Her wind blade power was of limited effect against the strength and number of the enemy. Instead, she relied on her wind wave power that could blast powerful gusts of air and send enemies flying. Usable every six seconds, it was an effective tool for disrupting the enemy and buying time. With

the team's mana regeneration and her own efficiency, it was a pattern she could keep up indefinitely.

The others poured out damage from behind, Belinda and Clive with staves, Gordon and Belinda's lantern familiar with beams and bolts of force. Onslow floated above them blasting out powers from his shell. The magically saturated astral space was kind to the rune tortoise, allowing its powers to recharge more swiftly than normal and making it less reliant on Clive's mana.

The ranged attackers mostly focused on Sophie's side and the golem at the front. Humphrey brought strength and resilience enough to hold a side largely on his own.

An unstable détente was formed, the monsters blindly attacking, but unable to make it past the team's defences for the moment. The initially impassive monsters were increasingly entering a state of blood frenzy, their vampiric natures revealed in a clamouring thirst for the blood of the team.

The powers Clive had placed on the team, the rings of runes and the retributive damage, were proving a highly efficient use of his mana. Their effects weren't great, but they were ongoing and cheaply reapplied. The mantle of retribution inflicted damage back onto enemies, not in huge amounts, but it accumulated as the monsters threw themselves at Humphrey, the golem and Stash, all of whom were taking regular hits.

Each attack also triggered one of the runes from the rune mantle, to wildly varied effect. Some gave the ally a heal over time, an instant burst of mana recovery or a boon like damage reduction, enhanced strength or even more retributive damage.

When the runes affected the attacking enemy, they usually blasted out damage that could be of any type. Elemental damage was the most common, but also varieties of force, from the powerful resonating and disruptive types to sonic shockwaves. At other times, the runes applied afflictions, from a weakening poison to flames that wouldn't seem to go out.

One more effect was impinging upon the enemies with every attack they made. It was one that had little immediate

effect, but threatened to ultimately determine the fight.

**Ability: [Hegemony] (Sin)**

**Aura (holy, unholy).**

**Base cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (09%).**

**Effect (iron): Allies within the aura have increased resistance to afflictions, while enemies within the aura have their resistance to afflictions reduced. Enemy resistances are further reduced for each instance of [Sin] they are suffering from.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts an instance of [Sin] on enemies that make physical or magical attacks against allies within the aura. Instances applied in this way cannot be resisted.**

**[Sin] (affliction, curse, stacking): All necrotic damage taken is increased. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

Jason's initial plans had been literally blasted into dust by Clive, forcing him to reorient himself. He and Shade's bodies were shadowy figures moving amongst the monsters, elusive and fleeting presences that monsters had no more than a swipe or two at before they were gone.

His aura was blanketing the area without giving away his position, akin to hiding a tree in the forest. It was one of the first aura techniques Farrah had ever shown him and now it was second nature. He might not be able to hide his aura from a well-trained silver ranker, but even they would have trouble pinpointing his location when he used this technique.

He stayed relatively close to the platform, where his aura could blanket the monsters attacking his team. Every attack earned the monsters an instance of the necrosis-enhancing sin affliction, setting them up for a later fall. Every enemy that struck out against his allies was slowly shovelling earth from their own grave.

Jason himself also took damage. Even without his aura revealing his presence, simply weaving through the monsters meant that many were taking swipes at him as he passed. Those were a small price to pay for the havoc he was wreaking in return.

For the bronze rankers, he was lashing out with his dagger, piling on afflictions with every sweeping slice. In his other hand was a bronze rank weapon he had stowed away in his inventory since looting it from the marsh hydra he had fought with Humphrey and Clive.

**Item: [Flail of the Hydra] (bronze rank, rare)**

*A whip imbued with the life-force of a hydra (weapon, whip).*

**Effect: The whip does not function like a normal whip. When swung, the heads of the whip will seek out enemies to attack.**

**Effect: Poison inflicted using the whip as a medium is more potent.**

The whip had five thick, brown, leathery tails that ended in bulbs, within which were mouths filled with wickedly sharp teeth. They flailed uncontrollably, springing eagerly at any flesh that wasn't attached to the arm directing it. As Jason could use two shadow arms now, he had one for flexibility with the dagger and one to add reach to the whip.

The disadvantage of the whip was that it didn't inflict the trio of afflictions the conjured dagger produced, which is why Jason used that for the tougher monsters. It still applied the disease added by his shadow arm power and the effect of any special attack he used.

Most importantly, those effects were delivered by each of the five heads. That meant a single target special attack could now affect five at a time, albeit randomly in whatever vague direction the whip was swung. In a thick crowd of monsters, it was an excellent tool for thinning out the weaker ones. The whip's bites might have not dealt a lot of damage, but as an affliction delivery system it was amazing.

Jason was unconcerned about the damage being inflicted on him, in spite of being amidst a sea of monsters. Pain was an old friend to any adventurer that truly threw themselves into the work, and his powers gave him powerful advantages over the vampiric enemy. His blood abilities were especially potent against the vampiric creatures and the blood magic that fuelled them. As he lay into them with his dagger, that made his choice of special attack obvious.

**Ability: [Leech Bite] (Blood)**

**Special attack (melee, wounding, blood, drain, poison).**

**Base cost: Low stamina.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (07%).**

**Effect (iron): Inflicts or refreshes the [Bleeding] condition.**

**Drains a small amount of health and stamina when refreshing the [Bleeding] condition.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts an instance of [Leech Toxin].**

**[Bleeding] (affliction, wounding, blood): Deals ongoing damage by causing or increasing blood loss. As a wounding effect, this condition absorbs and negates an amount of incoming healing, after which this affliction immediately ends.**

**[Leech Toxin] (affliction, poison, blood, stacking): When [Bleeding] is negated, an instance of [Leech Toxin] on the target is consumed to reapply [Bleeding]. Additional instances can be accumulated.**

Against the vampiric monsters both the bleeding effect and the health drain were operating more powerfully than normal, even accounting for the increase to bronze rank. The health drain helped keep him going, although alone, it was not enough to outpace the regular swipes and bites that he suffered. Fortunately, he was able to devour the very means the vampires sought to bring him down with. Every bite he suffered only made him stronger as his sin eater ability devoured the curses they carried.

**You have been afflicted with [Vampiric Blood Curse].**

**[Vampiric Blood Curse] (affliction, poison, blood, stacking): Has a slight disorienting effect that increases with stacks. Beyond a certain threshold, dying under this effect will cause you to rise as a vampiric ghoul.**

**You have resisted [Vampiric Blood Curse].**

**You have gained an instance of [Resistant].**

**You have gained an instance of [Integrity].**

For Jason, the vampiric powers of their enemies were not an issue. He had some concerns about his team, but they were holding it off to a degree. Sophie and Jason's auras protected them, and Neil was on hand to cleanse if necessary. The plan was to leave that to Jason when necessary, though. He not only didn't spend mana to cleanse, but got it back in return.

Jason's sin eater ability already increased his resistances, and increased them even further for each effect he resisted. At bronze rank, each effect resisted also bestowed a new boon, alongside each instance of the resistance boon.

**[Integrity] (heal-over-time, mana-over-time, stamina-over-time, holy, stacking): Periodically recover a small amount of health, stamina and mana. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

The effect of a single instance was very mild, but with every bite he suffered, the healing continued to stack up. On top of this, he also had his protective amulet.

**Item: [Amulet of the Dark Guardian] (growth, bronze rank, legendary)**

**Effect: For each instance of an affliction applied to an enemy, gain an instance of [Guardian's Blessing]. You may bestow all instances of [Guardian's Blessing] upon another person by touch.**

**[Guardian's Blessing] (boon, holy): Instances are consumed to absorb damage from any source. Additional instances have a cumulative effect. For**

**each instance consumed, gain an instance of [Blessing's Bounty].**

**[Blessing's Bounty] (heal-over-time, holy, stacking):  
Heal over time. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

As he laid out afflictions, he gained stacks of protection that were consumed as fast as they were laid on, leaving a heal effect in their wake. Between the two healing effects and the drain, Jason was healing much of the damage that monsters landed on him with their opportunistic strikes.

He constantly flickered around using Shade's bodies to stay on the move. He never stopped long enough in any particular location for the monsters around him to stop and make concerted attacks. That kind of focus when surrounded would easily be enough to overwhelm him in short order.

Even staying on the move, and even with all his protections, he was taking damage faster than he was healing it. That, and the slowly accruing vampiric curse affecting the team made it time for a return to the platform. He sent one of Shade's bodies ahead, allowing him to step through another and right into the middle of his team.





## THE MOST DANGEROUS THING IN THE DARK

**B**ehind his front-line team members, Jason injuries swiftly started healing over. The recovery power he gained from devouring vampiric curses combined with the healing Colin provided to close his wounds without requiring intervention from Neil. In most cases, his armour had mitigated the bulk of the damage, so there were no egregious single injuries.

Jason did not immediately turn his attention to the team. First, he looked out at the amassing monsters, picking out the sturdier bronze-rank one. His eyes sought out those who were affected by his afflictions but tough enough that they were still far from being overcome. He cast inexorable doom on them, one after the other, to start churning out the automatic afflictions that would stack his amulet.

**Ability: [Inexorable Doom] (Doom)**

**Spell (curse).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (09%).**

**Effect (iron): Periodically applies an additional instance of each stacking curse, disease, poison or unholy affliction the target is suffering from. This is a curse effect. This effect cannot be cleansed while any other curse or any disease, poison or unholy affliction is in effect.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts or refreshes the [Inescapable] affliction.**

**[Inescapable] (affliction, magic): Subject cannot be affected by teleport or non-damaging dimension effects.**

With his afflictions ticking up, Jason turned his attention to the team. Sophie was relatively undamaged, the advantage of being an evasive-type defender. Holding out against numbers was not her strong suit, however, and her own armour was marked with the rents of bite and claw. Jason used his feast of absolution power to absorb the vampiric blood curse from her and stack his own healing in the process.

The others holding the line were Humphrey, Neil's golem and Stash, guarding their rear from behind the platform at the back. He was still in the shape of the massive hydra from which Jason had looted his whip.

The golem was immune to the vampire's curse and didn't require Jason's attention. It had suffered enough damage to be forced into its chrysalis state, but that was not enough to let the enemy past the now bronze-rank summon. The crystalline cocoon was no longer the inert mass it had been in the past. It was now a rune-covered obelisk of crystal, rapid-firing crystal spikes into the crowd. Anything that got close was struck by crystal spears, that shot out to strike a target, then remained bristling from the obelisk like diamond pikes. Given the mass of monsters trying to push past, it had swiftly transitioned from obelisk to tall, diamond echidna, covered in bloody spines. The chrysalis stage, as it turned out, was proving a better blocker than the golem had before entering it.

Humphrey was standing strong against the horde, his strength and fortitude an impassable bulwark as his sword threshed the monsters before him like an apocalyptic farming implement. His armour was much stronger than Sophie's but he had, nonetheless, suffered injuries as he put himself fearless forward. Neil's healing was on top of the injuries, but he had left the afflictions for Jason to drink up, which he did.

That left Stash, who was faring the worst of all, being off the platform and essentially holding the rear alone. Neil had been helping, but the lack of the hydra's regenerative powers was obvious, and the large size of the hydra form made it easy

to swarm. Jason drained the afflictions from Stash, then called out to him.

“I’m coming in, Stash!”

Stash stilled his body for a moment, not that the hydra form was agile. Jason jumped directly onto his back, behind the five, long hydra necks, and slapped a hand onto one of them.

**You have bestowed all instances of [Guardian’s Blessing] to a party member’s familiar, [Velitraxistaasch].**

Jason made use of his bronze rank agility, the equal of any circus acrobat, and back-flipped off Stash and back to the platform. His cloak didn’t entangle him; he could make it incorporeal at will and have it drift right through his body to settle, shrouding his flipping form in shadow.

“Is anyone recording this fight?” he asked.

“We’re a little busy, Jason,” Clive admonished.

“Right, yep.”

Jason cast a gaze over the situation around Stash. The multi-headed hydra form was good at picking off the weaker monsters quickly and Humphrey’s griffin familiars were also working that rear side of the battle. They likewise went for the weaker ones, flying in and snatching them in their talons before carrying them into the air. While their griffin forms were powerful and their dragon-bone bodies not subject to vampiric powers, they did not risk alighting amongst the massing horde. They would peck the monster to death in the air, or carry them high enough that the subsequent drop did the job.

As a result, there was a growing percentage of bronze-rank and tougher iron-rank monsters surrounding Stash, increasingly putting him under pressure. Jason began his intervention, throwing out quick spells at the monsters that presented the biggest threats. He didn’t have a lot of afflictions on them yet, but he started with inexorable doom in preparation and followed up with a blood spell.

**Ability: [Haemorrhage] (Blood)**

**Spell (wounding, unholy, blood).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (06%).**

**Effect (iron): Inflicts or refreshes the [Bleeding] and [Sacrificial Victim] afflictions.**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts the [Necrotoxin] affliction.**

**[Bleeding] (affliction, wounding, blood): Deals ongoing damage by causing or increasing blood loss. As a wounding effect, this condition absorbs and negates an amount of incoming healing, after which this affliction immediately ends.**

**[Sacrificial Victim] (affliction, unholy): Any drain attacks or blood afflictions suffered have increased effect.**

**[Necrotoxin] (affliction, poison, stacking): Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until poison is cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

Jason went through the strongest enemies, dropping the two-spell combination on each. When he was happy with his coverage, he leapt into the fray once more, wading through the monsters to support Stash. He went after the monsters he had thrown spells on, one to the next. He would hit each of them just once, laying on afflictions with his dagger before moving on. His whip he continued to thrash in the direction of the weaker enemies, using it to make space as best he could in the press of monsters.

By the time he was done, so many afflictions were ticking over that his amulet accrued blessings faster than the hits he was taking could consume them. On his way back to the platform, he once again bestowed them on Stash. They would only last so long, but it was a respite for Neil's healing that was welcome in the endurance battle.

Back on the platform, Jason turned back to look at the monsters held back by Stash's massive hydra body and five snapping heads. He looked for one of the tougher, now heavy

afflicted monsters and cast a spell. Instead of his usual finishers, punishment or verdict, he hit it with something different.

**Ability: [Feast of Blood] (Blood)**

**Spell (drain, blood).**

**Base Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (03%).**

**Effect (iron): Drain health and stamina. Only affects targets with bleeding wounds or who are suffering from the [Bleeding] affliction.]**

**Effect (bronze): Drains additional health and stamina for each instance of poison on the target.**

Of all Jason's abilities, bar one, feast of blood had proven the most powerful against vampires, feeding on the blood magic coursing through them. After ranking up it grew stronger from every instance of poison on the target and Jason could layer quite a number of poisons. Necrotoxin, leech toxin, the ruination of the blood from his dagger and the umbral snake venom from his new armour, all stackable and piling up under the effects of inexorable doom. The result, amplified by the vampiric vulnerability to blood magic, made the first monster wither and die, its empty husk falling to the ground.

Even his transcendent damage finisher was not as strong against the vampiric monsters. While he waited for the cooldown, he threw out more spells, turning his attention to Sophie's side of the platform. Still an iron-ranker, she was fearlessly punching above her weight, but while she had not been in as much danger as Stash, hers was the side closest to being pushed in. Jason continued throwing out spells on her side, in between using feast of blood as a finisher on Stash's.

Jason glanced over the rest of the field. Humphrey was holding the most steady. Neil's growth spell had worn off, but Humphrey remained a powerhouse, stronger and tougher than

any other member of the team. Jason asked Neil about Humphrey's mana consumption.

"He's doing great," Neil said. "Very controlled; we've barely had to top him off."

Despite the deadly, blood-soaked porcupine, monsters were starting to accumulate on the golem's side. Jason was about to intervene when the golem erupted from its chrysalis. This time, it had taken the form of three plain, crystal blocks, each seeming comical and harmless as they stood on three legs apiece. It became less funny as they waddled into place to form a wall, each proving to possess the same spike power as the chrysalis form. Soon, all three were bristling with bloody spines.

Jason turned his attention back to Stash, firing off another feast of blood spell before bestowing a third stack of blessings on the familiar. Many of the toughest enemies were now cleared off and Stash and the griffins could handle the rest for the moment.

Jason returned to Sophie's side, where she fought, uncomplaining, even as her injuries and the pressure upon her mounted. Jason stepped forward and held up his hand to unleash his strongest trump card, the power that was unequivocally his strongest against the vampire monsters. Blood seeped out of his palm and then leeches erupted from his hand. He swept his arm like a water cannon at a riot, scattering his swarm familiar over the crowd of monsters.

Colin was a vampire-devouring machine. That whole side of the battle collapsed like wilting flowers. Jason had considered unleashing Colin from the start, but had decided that holding him for when he was needed most would be the most effective use. The monsters had largely recovered from the team's initial big hits and were ramping up the pressure, so it seemed like the moment was right to deploy his strongest weapon.

"I'll cover you," Jason said after draining Sophie's afflictions again. "Take a rest."

While the front-liners had been bearing the brunt of the attacks, Clive and Belinda had been dishing out the damage, like Jason. Using her specious sorcerer power, Belinda gained the ability to use wands and staves like Clive. Even though she could take advantage of his battle platform ritual and he had also put enhancement rituals on her weapons, she was still a pale comparison. He was a rank higher, as were his legendary items.

Both Belinda and Clive had been using their rune trap powers on cooldown. It was a little costly on mana, but so long as they otherwise stuck to their weapons it was sustainable. The value of the spells, even Belinda's iron-rank version, was incredible. The monsters were too packed together to move out of the way, pushing each other into maximising the effectiveness of the small explosive area.

Sophie resumed her position and Jason once again dove into the mess of monsters, roaming about, laying afflictions. Through the voice chat, Clive warned them of a new threat.

"Flying monsters," he announced. "I think they're night shrikes."

The team looked up the approaching creatures, winging their way over the jungle canopy and into their air above their clearing. Night shrikes were another monster they had encountered before. Their bodies were the size of a small, slender person, something between a bat and a hook-billed bird. They were bronze-rank, but physically on the weak side. Their advantages lay in their flight and their special power, which they combined to make hit and run attacks with their sharp beaks.

Floating above the team, Onslow turned his head to the new enemy, but Clive directed him to stay focused on the ground monsters.

"Jason will handle them," Clive told his familiar.

As monster ranks increased, so did the likelihood of monsters with exotic powers. In the case of the night shrike, they had the ability to plunge an area into magical darkness that even drained the magic from glow stones, although none

were out for this daylight battle. The shrikes would then strike using the darkness as their weapon, as their own senses were unimpeded by it.

As anticipated, the shrikes blanketed the platform in complete darkness, turning bright day into deeper than night. What the flying monsters would quickly discover, as had those of their kind who came before, was that they were not the most dangerous thing in the dark.

Jason was no more impeded by the absence of light than the shrikes. Stars lit up on his cloak, shedding light that penetrated the magical power of the shrikes. The motes of light floated off his cloak, leaving it void black, as they floated up and around the platform. They concentrated on the platform itself, giving the team all the light they needed to keep fighting.

Around the platform, the motes of light were softer and spread out, giving just enough illumination to turn the black void of darkness into shadowy gloom. By turning the monsters' realm of absolute darkness into a realm of shadows, Jason made their kingdom his own.

In a zone of ubiquitous shadow, Jason could teleport around as he wished. He shadow-jumped behind one of the shrikes, wrapping his legs around it, under its wings, and one arm around its neck. The weight-reducing power of his cloak stopped them from immediately plunging out of the sky, but the creature's flight was drastically impeded and they started arcing sharply down. Jason ignored their predicament, ramming his dagger into the monster multiple times before jumping again.

Jason proved a horrifying nemesis to the shrikes, jumping from one to the other and sending them crashing into their monster brethren below. Some were already dead when they hit the ground, the rest soon after from the hard landing and Jason's afflictions.

The shrikes scattered, wings beating heavily as they climbed skyward. It didn't matter. The cover of darkness was vanishing in patches as the shrikes died in rapid succession,



restoring the bright sunlight to dominance. When the final shriek died in the air, Jason found himself floating alone in the sky.

Using the new gliding power of his cloak, Jason drifted his way over the team. Cloak fluttering around him, he alighted gently amongst them.

“Alright,” Neil acknowledged. “You might kind of make this look good.”

“What do you think?” Humphrey asked Neil, refocusing his attention. “Is it time?”

“There’s a lot of Jason’s sin affliction around now,” Neil said. “Yeah, I think it’s time. Everyone, dump your mana.”

The team unleashed every high-cost ability they had, rapidly draining their mana pools much as they had at the beginning of the battle. Colin gathered up during that time, strips of bloody cloth snaking through the battlefield to collect leeches like fly paper and drag them into a central mass that wrapped up into its humanoid form.

“Here we go,” Neil said.

He activated his power, sending the team, plus their summons and familiars into a dimensional space.

**Ability: [Reaper’s Redoubt] (Shield)**

**Special ability (dimension, recovery, disease).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 6 hours.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (01%).**

**Effect (iron): Take allies into a dimensional space briefly while flooding the area with death energy, dealing disruptive-force damage, necrotic damage and inflicting [Creeping Death] on everything in the area.**

**Effect (bronze): Allies undergo extreme mana replenishment while in the dimensional space.**

**[Creeping Death] (damage-over-time, disease, stacking):  
Inflicts ongoing necrotic damage until the disease is  
cleansed. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

The team emerged from the dimensional space with their mana replenished. The jungle around them had been withered by Neil's power and most of the monsters were dead. Only a handful lingered past what was now the jungle line, having been outside the power's range.

They were about to move on them when eight figures emerged from the jungle. Unlike the monsters, these were all human. They stepped forward slowly, with none of the rush that the monsters had.

"That's them," Humphrey said, face turned steely. "Time to do what we came here for."



## THE BOSS COMES TO TOWN

**H**umphrey swung his arms inward, brutally clapping his hands into either side of the cultist vampire's head. It relinquished its bite on Neil's neck, rearing back to let out an alien screech from its inhuman mouth. Its jaw unhinged in macabre mockery of the formerly human anatomy. The mouth no longer had teeth, just bare gums and a pair of hairy barbs, growing awkwardly out from the roof of the mouth. They bristled, wet with saliva and Neil's blood.

Humphrey gripped the vampire by the hair and smashed its head into the stone platform until the body stopped squirming. It was the last of the bizarrely warped adventurers turned inhuman minion.

"I think I got a big dose of that blood curse," Neil said, sounding woozy. He cast a spell on himself.

*"Imbue with life."*

Clear green light glow around his hand, then shot into his neck.

**Ability: [Life Bolt] (Renewal)**

**Spell (healing).**

**Cost: Low mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 0 (11%).**

**Effect (iron): Delivers life energy though a projectile, giving a small burst of instantaneous healing. Damages**

**certain targets that are inimical to life force, such as most forms of undead.**

**Effect (bronze): Bestows a mild, ongoing healing effect.**

It was Neil's bread-and-butter healing spell, which could also be used as a weapon against most forms of undead. For the unliving, the life force contained in healing magic was a destructive force, harming them as much as it healed the living. Vampires were an exception, the stolen life force in their bodies producing a warped facsimile of living flesh that could accept healing magic.

"Give me a second and I'll clear that curse, Neil," Jason said. "I'm a little tied up, right now."

He was stuck to the platform by a blanket of sticky webbing. Gordon was cutting him loose with his four force beams.

"My new armour is definitely a step up," Jason said as he waited. "That resistance to adhesive effects on the old one would have been handy, though."

"It was," Sophie said. She was still using iron-rank armour made primarily, as Jason's had been, of trap weaver leather. "They were spraying that webbing everywhere, like giant nets. I couldn't dodge it all."

"Clive," Belinda said. "You told us they would be easier to fight after being turned into vampires."

"And he was right," Humphrey said. "A few strange spider powers are no compensation for a full suite of bronze-rank abilities."

"Their transformation was more extreme than I anticipated," Clive acknowledged. "From what I've read about blood weavers, they almost always leave intelligent victims largely intact. They recognise that a high-intelligence minion is worth more than another physically powerful blood puppet."

"I'm not sure high-intelligence was an issue," Neil said. "They joined a cult and agreed to come here."

“Fair point,” Clive conceded. “Blood weavers can put essence users through a stronger transformation, as we saw here, but it destroys the mind. You saw the animalistic way they fought.”

After creepily staring at them from the jungle line, the vampire cultists had recklessly hurled themselves into the team. Their reckless attacks led to the team putting them down in short order, although not before they penetrated the team’s backline. Clive had displayed some unexpectedly solid staff fighting, combining strikes and blocks with blasts of magic. Belinda had used an escape ability, but Neil had been latched onto by one of the minions.

Jason was soon cut free and he immediately purged the team of afflictions, starting with Neil.

“That was some good work with the staff,” Sophie told Clive. “You’ve been practising with Humphrey?”

“I have,” Clive said. “He told me that I needed to train for the fight I don’t want, along with the one I do. It would appear he was right.”

“Is it just me,” Jason asked, “or was that a bit anti-climactic, after all this time? We came here after the cultists and they turn out to be just more monsters. I mean, after the whole vampire monster army thing, they were just a few more vampires.”

“They seemed more than threatening enough to me,” Neil said, then hit himself with another life bolt spell.

“I’m sorry they got past me,” Sophie apologised to Neil.

“As am I,” Humphrey said. “I don’t think anyone expected that suicide rush. Jason was right, I think. After all the build-up, the cultists didn’t amount to much.”

“We need to find where they were staying,” Clive said. “My guess would be somewhere in the centre of the city, past the thickest jungle. That’s probably where the blood weaver found them.”

“So that’s where we’ll probably find it,” Belinda said.

“It could be,” Clive said. “It might have run, though. I suspect it realised that we’re strong enough to kill it and threw minions at us to buy time. It probably chose a handful that were strong and mobile and abandoned the area with them while we were chewing through the fodder.”

“We’ll take a break,” Humphrey said. “Then we’ll loot the monsters, burn the cultists and get on to the middle of the city. We’ll find where the cultists were staying before the blood weaver came along and, then, what they were up to.”



“That was a huge haul,” Neil said. “Three blood essences and a dark essence. If we find a mouth essence somewhere, we can recreate Jason’s combination.”

They were discussing the loot as they made their way through the still-deserted jungle. Every monster for a wide area had either been taken over by the blood weaver and killed by the team or fled to avoid that fate. They were doubling up on Shade’s three mantis beetle forms, which excelled at cutting a path through the thick scrub. Humphrey with Jason, Neil with Clive and Sophie with Belinda.

“That’s not very mature, Neil,” Jason said. “You shouldn’t make fun of people like that. It’s why people like me more than you.”

“No, that’s because you always bring sandwiches,” Sophie said.

“Sandwiches,” Jason said haughtily, “are the garnish on a prime slab of perfectly pan-seared rakish charm.”

“Getting that myriad essence was the big winner,” Clive said. “A legendary essence, and one of the better ones. We could buy the materials to rank every familiar on the team to silver and still have money left over.”

“I’ll be happy to get mine to bronze,” Belinda said. “I’d also like to get closer to them. How do you do it, Jason? You get along so well with your familiars, but mine are so alien.”

“Colin and Gordon aren’t exactly everyday folk, either,” Jason said.

“Then what’s the secret?” Belinda asked.

“They’re just people,” Jason said. “Treat them that way. Yes, they’re a little odd to our sensibilities, but if it can think, it’s a person. That’s the same, whether you’re talking about a familiar or a god. Even a monster, although that’s a tragic one. Imagine coming into being knowing that you have a terminal condition, and your options are get killed by an adventurer or go insane, kill a bunch of people yourself and die.”

“Gods aren’t people,” Humphrey said.

“That’s a bit rude,” Jason said. “You’ll have to atone for that one.”

“Gods are above people,” Humphrey said.

“There is no above people, Humphrey. There’s just people. Give them enough power and they get a bit weird, but still people.”

“You seem very confident for someone who didn’t believe in gods a year ago,” Humphrey said.

“But I believed in people. It just turns out that some of them are magic. Like us.”

“You do realise that people have different stations in life, right?” Neil asked. “A king is not the same as a pauper.”

“Of course not,” Jason said. “The king inherits a hat and a chair, where the pauper’s lucky to get the hat. Better hat, though. What kind of idiot thinks a metal hat with no top is a great idea? The same guy who thinks monarchy makes sense, I guess.”

“How can you possibly think that gods are just people?” Neil asked. “You think you can just stand before a god and start mouthing off? I’ve been in the presence of gods. Just being near them was like standing under a waterfall.”

“From what I’ve heard, he did exactly that,” Clive said. “I talked to a lot of people after the last excursion into this astral space. A lot of them were talking about the gods showing up



and the lunatic talking to them like they were random people off the street.”

“They are random people,” Jason said. “A bit showy, but nice enough. They like to make something of a spectacle of themselves, though.”

The group all turned to stare at Jason. Humphrey had to crane his neck from where he was sitting in front of Jason on the mantis beetle to do it.

“What?” Jason asked.



They passed through the rest of the thick jungle without being accosted by monsters. If any were around, they were apparently smart enough to stay well clear of the adventurers responsible for getting rid of the rest. The shattered and scattered ruins, buried in jungle, gave way to fully intact buildings in startlingly short order. The line of demarcation was so stark that it reminded Jason of the Vane estate, where the lush gardens met the desert.

The team made a direct path for the very centre of the city and the large square containing the Order of the Reaper’s trial tower. As they moved through the buildings, they started to notice fragments of unusual magic.

“Everyone else is sensing that, right?” Belinda asked.

“Yes.” {Clive - voice actor direction, please delete for ebook}

“Yep.” {Jason - voice actor direction, please delete for ebook}

“Yeah.” {Neil - voice actor direction, please delete for ebook}

“I am.” {Humphrey - voice actor direction, please delete for ebook}

“Gods damned magic,” Sophie muttered. “No.”

The team arrested their progress to investigate. The magic was weak enough that it was a curiosity, rather than a threat. It was chaotic, patchy and feeble. They found a fragment of sheared steel, jammed into a brick wall by some tremendous force. Clive took out some tools and began examining it.

“I should look at more,” he said as he finished up. At his direction, the team sought out locations from which the strange, scattered magic was emanating. One was a cushion that had somehow buried itself in a wall as forcefully as the metal shard had. Another was a round indentation containing a dark, crystalline powder. After examining the powder for some time, Clive rubbed some between his fingers.

“This is a ground-down awakening stone,” he said.

“I didn’t realise you could do that,” Humphrey said.

“You can’t,” Clive said. “Every attempt to alter the form of an awakening stone has either done nothing or triggered it into returning to a raw magic state. Rainbow smoke.”

“This is the result of the Reaper’s power,” Shade said. “I can sense it because it is the same as my own power.”

“You know what happened here?” Clive asked.

“I suspect these fragments are the remnants of the tower’s treasure stores. I have previously postulated that the dimensional spaces in which those stores were kept would collapse once the trials came to an end and the power controlling them was withdrawn. My guess would be a mana implosion affected by the protective measures put in place by the order triggered an unexpectedly destructive reaction. There is likely less treasure to find than I originally intimated.”

“I think he’s right,” Clive said. “The traces of astral magic on everything I’ve looked at are chaotic and unengineered. These fragments don’t do anything except throw off some residual magic. It speaks more to an uncontrolled phenomena, like a dimensional explosion.”

“Is this residual magic a threat to us?” Humphrey asked. “It’s weak here, but will there be more dangerous patches?”

“It’s a conglomeration of random dimensional energies,” Clive said, “blasted into a chaotic mess and mixed with the power of a being who could, if it wanted, use that power to assassinate the universe. So... maybe.”

“I think we should give Clive some space,” Jason said. “Leave him to figure things out without having to answer any questions.”

Clive flashed Jason a grateful look as Jason waved the rest of the team away.



“This will be the final ascension ceremony,” Zato told Dougall. “The last of your essence abilities will be gone, but you will cross the threshold of silver-rank today. You can anticipate being filled with something new and far greater.”

“Thank you, Master Zato,” Dougall said. “I know I came to the cult under slightly different circumstances than most, but I am profoundly grateful.”

They were walking through the grounds of the ruined Vane estate, entering what had once been a small wood but now was nothing but dead and withered trees. They reached a space where five equidistant trees stood at the points of a pentagram, with part of a magical diagram laid out between them with bricks. The trees could barely be called that anymore, stripped of their branches and bark and sculpted into wooden obelisks. Runes ran down their sides, alternately made from hammered-in steel or engraved directly into of the wood and stained the rusty colour of dried blood.

“This is the place,” Zato said. Timos had been waiting for them, head hidden within a voluminous ritual robe. He held out robes for Zato and Dougall. Zato gave Dougall an encouraging smile as they slipped them on.

The ritual took place with Dougall in the middle of the circle, Zato and Timos on opposite sides. On the robes of all three men, magical sigils lit up with power. There was a gathering of energy as the pair conducted an extended chant.

Soon, Dougall felt a power rising up from within. The power surged through him, cleansing and changing. He crossed the threshold into silver and impurities seeped through his pores, leaving him covered in filth. He was panting and tired, but grinning fiercely as he felt the full weight of the power now at his command.

Timos stepped forward with a bottle of crystal wash, ignoring the smell. Dougall stripped off the robes and ruined clothes before cleaning himself off, the filth on his skin and the fallen-out hair sloughing away. Afterwards, Timos led him to where he had fresh clothes folded neatly in a bag.

As Dougall changed, he revelled in the sensation of his new power. He could no longer sense his essences, but compared to the power he could feel in its place it was no loss. He could even feel more potential power, hidden deep within his soul. It was laying untapped, right next to the... star seed.

He was gripped by a sudden sense of dread—the realisation that the power inside him did not belong to him at all.

As if it were germinating, he felt power swell out from the star seed. It kept coming and coming, an alien might flooding out of his own soul to fill the channels of power that months of ritual treatments had installed in his body. He went cold with fear and the absolute certainty that his soul was no longer his own.

Dougall's last free thought was rage at Zato for his betrayal. He opened his mouth to yell but was choked off as the new power initiated a sweeping change. Flesh rippled, but not with organic fluidity. It was like his flesh was comprised of tiny, tiny blocks, undergoing some kind of shift. The strange rippling swept his whole body before settling again, leave no lingering indication of a body anything but organic.

His body went limp, standing like a puppet hanging loose from a string. Dougall stood up straight, his expression was blank, his eyes plain, grey orbs. He looked at the clothes half put-on and finished dressing. Zato and Timos kneeled to the

ground, heads bowed, as Dougall finished and looked over his body.

“Lord Builder,” Zato greeted, not looking up.

“This vessel is adequate,” said the Builder, now occupying Dougall’s body. “If I use more than silver-rank power it will break down immediately, but the vessel was prepared efficiently. With care, it will last some time.”

“The next vessel is already at a late stage of preparation, Lord Builder,” Zato said.

“I know,” the Builder said. “I am in your soul. There is nothing you can hide from me.”

“No, Lord Builder.”

The Builder walked over to where Zato was kneeling, head down.

“There has been a cavalcade of failures here,” the Builder said. “You made the correct choice in continuing the work, but you made it out of fear. Fear of the consequences of failure.”

“We did, Lord Builder,” Zato admitted.

The Builder was silent for a long time. Zato could see from his feet that he hadn’t moved. Timos couldn’t see him at all, not daring to raise his eyes.

“Your motivations are acceptable,” the Builder said finally. “The consequences of failure are there to spur desirable behaviour, after all, which is what they have done. Stand, both of you.”

The cultists stood, but kept their eyes lowered.

“I know all that has transpired,” the Builder said. “I am impressed with how the pair of you have handled dire circumstances placed upon you by the failures of others. Continuing the work instead of drawing back and regrouping was the right choice. Preparing a vessel that I might direct you now, instead of waiting for a success to buffer the failures was likewise a correct choice. The intrusion of this astral space is more crucial than you realise.”

“Lord Builder?”

“You had not yet been made privy to the true purpose of the astral space we are about to claim. It is one of a small number on this world that are more important than the others. The original intention was for a clockwork king to lead this expedition. In the wake of the failed summoning, the leadership here made a sequence of costly mistakes. This included raising our profile to the point that I was no longer able to move significant resources here without alerting the natives to the importance of the task now ahead of you.”

“We will do what we can with what we have, Lord Builder,” Zato said.

“As you have been doing. I am satisfied that you have both risen to the stations thrust upon you by the inadequacies of those that led before you.”

“Thank you, Lord Builder,” both men said.

“This astral space was taken from me in the past,” the Builder said. “The time has come to reclaim it. There are tools within that will greatly assist our work on this world.”

“What would you have us do, Lord Builder?” Zato asked.

“For now, continue as you have been. First, we enter the astral space. Then we prepare to bring my world engineers here. Your remaining ritualists are mediocre, but under my direction they will be sufficient. Opening those gates will be wildly destructive, but you knew this.”

“Yes, Lord Builder,” Zato said. “I was told that claiming the astral space would be unusually destructive, but not why.”

“It is hard to interrogate our people, but not impossible,” the Builder said. “For this reason, the secret was restricted to the leadership. You will understand the full purpose soon enough.”

“Thank you, Lord Builder. As you obviously know, the Rejector is already in the astral space. Once we are there, I will see to it that the Rejector is found and killed, should he still be alive on our arrival.”

“No,” the Builder said. “The Rejector and I have unfinished business. You will bring him to me alive.”





IT'S VERY COMPLICATED AND YOU ALL  
NEED TO GO AWAY

The five-storey mass of webbing was stretched between two buildings, completely blocking the street.

“I think I’ve spotted the blood weaver’s nest,” Neil said.

“Good eyes,” Sophie said. “Maybe you should be the one scouting.”

“It’s a gift,” Neil said.

“Has anyone else noticed Neil starting to take on some of Jason’s more immodest traits?” Humphrey asked. Everyone laughed but for an affronted Jason and an aghast Neil.

“You really think our friendly neighbourhood spider monster’s done a runner?” Jason asked Clive.

“This place is desolate now,” Clive said. “It could be baiting us again, but into what? If it had something that could take us down, it wouldn’t have wasted its army. The creature itself is silver rank, but the main source of its power is the minions it creates. It’s fairly fast and fairly strong. It can use webs, obviously, and heals rapidly, especially if it has minions to feed on. Actually fighting it, though? Worlds apart from the elemental tyrant we saw in the waterfall village.”

“The danger of blood weavers is their minions and the fact that failing to take one down means joining them,” Humphrey said. “We’ve dealt with the main threat already.”

“Exactly,” Clive said. “Once the minions are dealt with, a decent bronze rank team should have little problem. The things you have to watch for are the healing and the webs. For

the webs, you just have to be careful. For the healing, you need to stop it from feeding and be able to pile on enough damage.”

“If that thing is in there,” Humphrey said, “we’ll be ready. Neil, you’re our first line of defence against the webs; hold your shields for anyone with a web coming their way. As for putting on damage and taking off healing, Jason will be doing both. The rest of us are there to give them an easier job, and cut loose anyone who does get webbed up.”

“Are we actually going in there?” Belinda asked.

“We are,” Humphrey said.

“Won’t it be all sticky?” Sophie asked.

“No,” Clive said. “Spider monsters who make webs like this can produce two kinds of silk. One is a tool and a weapon. It’s sticky and dangerous, but only lasts a short time. Remember the remnants we first found in the jungle. It had degraded relatively quickly, which is no way to make a home. The other stuff is stronger and most resistant to the elements. It’s also hard to build structures from a sticky substance. A nest like this is literally woven from silk. It’s why many monsters who make nests like this are called weavers.”

The nest turned out to be a network of wide tunnels to accommodate the blood weaver itself, which was quite large. The team didn’t feel constricted as they worked their way up through the spiral tunnels that ascended throughout. The tunnels led them to chambers, some of which were unclear as to purpose, while others were unpleasantly obvious. The blood weaver’s grisly larder was the most unpleasant sight Jason had encountered since the cannibal kitchen that was his introduction to the horrors his new world could hold.

The team searched the entire place, finding neither monster nor treasure. When they had thoroughly explored the nest, they moved from its highest reaches to the roof of one of the buildings to which it was anchored.

“I suppose this means we always need to keep an eye out,” Belinda said. “Not that we weren’t already.”

“Yes,” Clive agreed. “It’s silver rank, and a stealth-type monster, so it can hide its aura from us. Makes it hard to see it coming. That said, monsters don’t tend to be vengeful, the way people are. They don’t have pride to injure. Most likely, the blood weaver will find some far corner of the city and set itself up all over again. It’s smart enough to prepare for if we find it again, and also smart enough to not seek us out.”

“So, what do we do about it?” Neil asked. “Do we hunt it, before it establishes itself again?”

“We didn’t come here to kill a blood weaver,” Humphrey said. “It was the obstacle, not the objective.”

“The blood weaver can prepare all it likes,” Jason said. “Time is not on its side. Monsters don’t grow stronger, so the most it can do is collect another set of minions, while we’re all shooting up like rockets in this place.”

“What are rockets?” Sophie asked.

“They’re things that go up,” Jason said. “Really, really up. You can send people to the moon with them.”

“I heard about diamond rankers who teleported to the moons,” Clive said. “No idea if it’s true. How could people get to the moon in your world if they don’t have magic?”

“With rockets,” Jason said.

“How do they work?” Clive asked.

“Well, you know how when there’s an explosion, stuff flies way?”

“Of course,” Clive said.

“It’s basically that, but you need to be very careful.”

“It’s sounds like you don’t really understand how it works,” Neil said.

“I don’t know much,” Jason admitted. “Also, I’m pretty sure most of what I do know is wrong. Also, this may fall under stuff Knowledge doesn’t want me talking about. When I take a bribe, I stay bribed. That’s how integrity works.”

“That’s not how integrity works!” Humphrey said, the team laughing at his exasperation. The team had felt the confrontation with the silver rank monster and her army of vampire monsters looming over them as they frenetically trained. Now the fighting was done, at least for now, the tension was draining away like a sluice gate had been opened.

“What now?” Sophie asked.

“The cultist camp,” Clive said firmly.

“Our best bet now is that they were set up here, in the middle of the city, when the blood weaver either spawned or wandered in. Whatever tools they used for whatever they did should be there.”

“The most intact buildings were directly around the central square,” Humphrey said. “Unless the destruction of the tower significantly damaged them, that would be my guess for where they tried to wait out the Builder’s plans for this place.”

“I just hope the purpose for the magic going up isn’t to wake up those giant golems,” Neil said.

“I think we can all get on board with that,” Humphrey said. “The first thing we’ll do is head to the old tower and survey the destruction. We can reassess from there.”

“What about these magic fragments we’ve been seeing?” Neil asked.

“Everything I’ve been able to determine supports Shade’s postulation,” Clive said. “I think they’re just fragments of destroyed treasure. I wouldn’t go eating them, but they shouldn’t pose us any threat.”

“I’m not sure I want to rely on ‘shouldn’t,’” Neil said.



Moving to the very middle of the city, it became clear that the Order of the Reaper’s testing tower had self-destructed in extremely violent fashion. Huge chunks of rubble were laying in the street under the impact marks of the walls they had

crashed into. When they reached the square itself, the wide tower had been replaced with a crater.

The buildings around the square looked like they had been shelled. The intact facades the team remembered were riddled with holes. Many had collapsed entirely, exposing the interiors.

“Probably not in there,” Neil said.

On top of the destruction, the treasure fragments radiating magic were so thick as to be overlapping. It still presented no discernible threat, but was wearying to magic senses, like strobing rainbow lights.

Leaving the buildings closest to the centre behind, the team went looking for those that had retained their integrity and weren't painted in distracting magical shards. They had to be thorough and didn't want to risk splitting up, so it took a day and a half of rigorous searching before they found where the cultists had been holed up. The camp was two streets back from the central square, conveniently marked by residual webs from what was presumably the battle where the cultists had fallen prey to the blood weaver.

The cultists had made a relatively comfortable home for themselves, with chairs, beds, even rugs. There was a large and well-stocked bookshelf, although Clive snorted derisively on browsing through it.

“I think these guys shared your taste in literature, Soph,” Belinda said, also perusing the tomes. “It looks like there's a lot of ‘glistening thighs’ books here.”

“Glistening thighs?” Neil asked.

“You know,” Belinda said. “Lots of heaving bosoms and men who don't care what anyone thinks about them yet still have their chests immaculately waxed.”

“That's quite enough,” Sophie said, looking embarrassed.

“She's even been thinking about writing her own.”

“I have not!”

“It’s about a woman born into poor circumstances pursued by dastardly men for her beauty, until she’s rescued by a dashing man who leads her on a life of adventure.”

“She is completely making this up,” Sophie insisted.

“Jason, do you wax your chest?”

“Shut up, Lindy!”

“I don’t wax it,” Jason said. “If I did, I’d use a Jory depilatory cream, not wax. I only ranked-up the other day, though, so I’m mostly hairless right now, anyway.”

“We really need to stop talking about this,” Sophie said.

“You shouldn’t be ashamed of what you like to read,” Jason said. “So long as you enjoy it, that’s what matters.”

Sophie put her face in her hands and let out a sobbing groan.



Clive found what he was looking for in the basement of the building. The team had initially gone straight to the upper floor where the blood weaver seemed to have burst in, before searching the rest of the building more methodically.

“They must have brought in this with that specialty dimensional bag we found upstairs,” Clive said.

Iron rank dimensional bags had a per-item volume limit slightly smaller than that of an iron-rank personal space power. To store the huge metal plate they had found set into the floor would have required a specialty bag designed to hold that item and that item alone. It was a massive, heavy plate of solid brass. Set into it was an excruciatingly complex magical diagram in silver, along with runes and sigils made of gemstones in a variety of vibrant colours.

The walls of the basement also had magical circles set into them, these ones carved directly from the brick and filled with some kind of blue-tinted plaster. These were much cruder efforts than the delicate, elegant workmanship of the plate.

“What is it?” Humphrey asked.

“I don’t know,” Clive said, lightly, reverently brushing his fingers over it.

“Should you be touching it?” Jason asked. To his magical senses, the plate was even more sophisticated than its appearance suggested.

“It won’t affect us,” Clive said. “This is some kind of astral magic. Whatever it’s doing is working directly with the astral, not affecting the physical realm at all. You could do a dance on top of it and it wouldn’t care.”

“These magic diagrams on the walls are from simple masking rituals,” Belinda said.

“You’re right,” Jason said. “This looks exactly like I would have done when all I had was some skill book knowledge. I’m willing to bet that one of the cultists was loaded up with enough skill book knowledge to set up that big plate to do its thing and throw up some rituals to hide the plate’s magic.”

“To keep passing monsters from coming to investigate,” Belinda said.

“Exactly,” Jason said. “Does that sound right, Clive?”

“Hmn?” Clive looked up, distracted. “What?”

“Does that sound right?” Jason repeated.

“No idea,” Clive said. “This is going to take me a while to figure out. Jason, take out those books on astral magic that Knowledge gave you, then you should all just go upstairs and settle in. It’s very complicated and you all need to go away. I’ll probably call you and Belinda down, Jason, to help me go through the books when I have a better idea of what we’re dealing with. You’ve both got at least some training, so I should be able to get some use out of you.”

“You make us sound like a Christmas present from an inattentive aunt,” Jason said.

“What’s Christmas?” Clive asked.

“Never mind,” Jason said. He took a bookcase from his inventory, which he had purchased to store everything Knowledge had given him.

“Just make sure you don’t forget to eat again,” Jason told Clive.



“Did Clive come up to sleep?” Humphrey asked in the morning. The cloud house was set up on the roof of the building, where it had taken the form of an extra storey. It blended right in, even to the point of incorporating the stairwell that led up to the roof as the point of ingress.

“No,” said Belinda. “Didn’t you go check on him in the night, Jason?”

“He shoed me away,” Jason said. “I’m going to check on him again now.”

“We should all go down,” Humphrey added.

“Definitely not,” Jason said. He made his way downstairs, where Clive had set up a table covered in open books and three chalkboards on standing frames.

“Clive...”

“Go away!”



A dishevelled Clive came up into the cloud house and stared around at the team, wild-eyed.

“You and you,” he said pointing at Jason and Belinda. “Read this.”

He shoved a piece of paper into Belinda’s hand it was smeared with chalk dust, but the pencilled writing was as neat as Clive was messy. Jason stood next to Belinda and she held it out so they could read it together. Of the team, they were the



only other ones who had studied magical theory. Neil had studied some practical healing rituals but that was the extent of it.

“Well?” Clive asked Belinda and Jason.

“Well, what?” Jason asked.

“Did you understand it?” Clive demanded.

“I did,” Belinda said.

“Yeah,” Jason agreed.

“Explain it to me,” Clive said.

“Mate, if you can’t understand it, I think we might have been very wrong about us understanding it.”

“No!” Clive said and let out a frustrated growl. “Of course I understand it. I wrote it! I need to make sure you understand it.”

“It’s about astral resonance,” Belinda said.

“The idea is to set up a means of remote matching,” Jason added.

“Yes!” Clive said triumphantly. “You two, come with me. I need you to help me go through the books.”

“What you need,” Jason said, “is to get some sleep. You’re looking a bit manic, there, mate.”

“What? No. Shut up! Just come with me.”

“Clive,” Jason said. “Do you remember what you told me about ritual magic? To do it right, not do it fast?”

“Clearly, I wasn’t thinking straight. You can just do it right and fast, now come on.”

“Clive,” Humphrey said firmly. “You are going to get some sleep if I have to knock you out.”

“That’s not really sleep,” Clive said. “Being unconscious is a different—”

“Then you’d best quietly take yourself to bed, then,” Humphrey said. “Because asleep or unconscious, you’re about

to get laid out.”

Clive snarled like an animal.

“Fine,” he conceded, then turned back the Belinda and Jason. “You two, get working on those books. Anything that pertains to what’s on that paper I gave you, make a note of book and page, then keep going.”

Clive looked around.

“Where are the bedrooms?”

Neil pointed, not wanting to say anything to aggressive, sleep-addled Clive.

“Not that I’m going to get any sleep,” Clive muttered angrily as he walked off. “My mind racing in a thousand directions. I’ll just be lying there, accomplishing nothing but a magnificent waste of time.”

Moments after settling into the soft embrace of a cloud bed, he was asleep.



## STRONG FOUNDATIONS

**B**y the time the team had spent almost a week in the camp of the former cultists, Belinda and Jason were assisting Clive almost full-time in the basement, in the room with the large magical plate set into the floor. They were digging through the texts that Knowledge had given to Jason, finding anything that might be of value to Clive. They slowly gained a better idea of what it was they were looking at and how it might be useful.

“It’s clear that the goddess foresaw what we would need and prepared accordingly,” Clive said. “Without all this, we would have no chance of figuring out what was happening.”

“And how is that going, exactly?” Jason asked. “I’ll admit that I’ve learned more than I thought possible about astral magic in the last week, but what you’re looking at is way past my comprehension level.”

“It’s past mine,” Clive said. “We’re talking about principles of astral magic that go beyond anything we’ve managed to uncover in this world. It’s like everything I learned prior to accessing these books were stone tools and I’ve just discovered how to make steel.”

“How long until you figure it out, then?” Belinda asked.

“Oh, I think I had it yesterday,” Clive said. “I’m just trying to make sure I’m not missing something and completely wrong. Given how many new ideas I’m working with, I could have easily made a simple mistake that put my entire conception way off.”

“You figured it out yesterday and didn’t tell us? Jason asked.

“I wasn’t going to put forward any ideas until I was confident in them. It’s been my experience that making tentative proclamations is more trouble than it’s worth. People have a habit of believing the thing they like over the thing supported by the evidence, so I don’t like to make statements I’m not confident in.”

“That’s fair,” Jason said.

“There is one thing I’m certain about,” Clive said. “Landemere Vane made this plate.”

Jason looked down at the large plate in the floor.

“You’re sure?” he asked. “That means he was working on this before any of us knew this astral space even existed.”

“I’m sure,” Clive said. “Ritual magic is more than cold, studious calculation. There’s an artistry to it, and everyone has their own style. Even you two. Belinda’s magic is bold and inventive. Yours is clever, but overcomplicated. Landemere had his own style too.”

“And you knew it well enough to recognise now?” Jason asked. “Also, what do you mean, overcomplicated?”

Clive chuckled.

“Jason, it’s like you don’t trust simple solutions.”

“That sounds about right,” Belinda said.

“I do recognise Landemere’s style,” Clive said. “He and I were the astral magic specialists at Greenstone’s Magic Society. He was very reclusive, and secretive about his work. For reasons that have now become rather obvious. When he required assistance, though, I was always the one he turned to. From what little I saw of his work, I could tell it was incredibly advanced, and more than once I urged him to share it with the academic community.”

“I bet he loved that idea,” Jason said.

“He wasn’t receptive, no,” Clive said. “Of course, now I understand that he wasn’t as brilliantly innovative as I thought. He was good, don’t get me wrong, but he was working with what the Builder cult gave him, clearly.”

“It also means that he had this thing finished before I killed him,” Jason said. “That was months before Emir arrived here in Greenstone, let alone revealed the astral space. It means that the Builder cult knew about the astral space and the fact that someone was getting ready to open it up.”

“All they needed was for Emir to collect the pieces of the key and open it up,” Clive said. “For all we know, the person who commissioned him in the first place could be a Builder cultist.”

“That’s a scary thought,” Jason said. “A diamond-rank Builder cultist, having us all dance in the palm of his hand. I don’t think that’s what’s happening, though.”

“Why not?” Belinda asked.

“If the Builder cult had us over that much of a barrel,” Jason said, “they wouldn’t have suffered so many setbacks. They would have been much more on top of things.”



The team were gathered together in the lounge room of the cloud house. Everyone was sitting, except for Clive.

“It’s a beacon,” Clive announced. “The cultists who came into this astral space with the rest of us didn’t need to do much more than bring it in here and set it up. That much only took the most basic knowledge of ritual magic. All they needed was someone with basic skills to perform a series of activation rituals. Very simple, just once every few days for about a month until the beacon locked itself into place, dimensionally speaking. After that, all the heavy magic takes places on our world.”

“To do what, exactly?” Humphrey asked.

“To create a tunnel. Or a bridge, whatever you want to call it. The point is that it connects our world to this astral space, bypassing the already established entrance.”

“That also means bypassing its restrictions,” Belinda added. “Including the upper limit on rank.”

“You’re saying more cultists are coming?” Neil asked.

“Yes,” Clive said. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

“When?” Sophie asked.

“At least a month until the tunnel is complete,” Clive said. “It could be two months or more, but definitely less than three. Now that I know what I’m looking for, I used the knowledge in Jason’s books to improvise some tests, but the results are as imprecise as that suggests.”

“Can we leave before it opens?” Neil asked. “Find a way to get the regular portals back open and bring in reinforcements?”

“This tunnel they’re building is responsible for the changes in the magical density,” Clive said. “It’s affecting the dimensional membrane between this astral space and the deep astral. On the bright side, it means that it won’t keep escalating until the astral space breaks down. Less fortunate is the fact that we can’t use the regular portals until the ambient magic here reaches a new stable point. My best guess is that won’t be until some time after this tunnel has opened and closed again and the magic has had time to settle. At that point I can probably reconfigure the portals to the new level of magic and make them operable again.”

“Probably?” Neil asked.

“If you have a more reliable way out of here, speak up,” Clive told him.

“What if we destroy the plate?” Sophie asked. “Would that stop them from getting here?”

“Sadly not,” Clive said. “The beacon’s job was done before we ever arrived. Once they had its dimensional location

on the other side, they would have been able to start working. They will have been at this for months already.”

“So, to summarise,” Jason said, “after a month or two, during which we will continue to be trapped here, an unknown force of unknown strength but very well-known hostility will be arriving in this astral space.”

“Wonderful,” Neil said. “Which makes our options what, exactly?”

“Obviously, we need to stop what they’re up to,” Clive said. “That may be detaching the astral space from our world or it may concern these giant golems, the world engineers. It may be both.”

“We don’t know what forces will be coming through against us,” Jason said. “Hopefully, it will only be the remnants of the Builder’s forces from Greenstone. Just before we left, Elspeth Arella informed me of something the interrogators got from the cultists we were finally able to capture.”

“That you were able to capture, you mean,” Sophie said.

“Which is why they were willing to keep me looped in at all,” Jason said. “According to the captured cultists, the local cult leadership was all but eradicated by the attack on their main outpost on that island. The one Rufus and his parents went after. From the information we have, only a couple of mid-tier leaders came through alive to take over. They may have as few as a single silver-ranker left.”

“That’s good,” Humphrey said. “One silver we might have a chance against. If a gold comes through, we’re done.”

“So, what do we do?” Neil asked. “Set traps?”

“Actually, that’s not a terrible idea,” Clive said. “We have time, and we can be confident that they’ll be checking in on those golems. I could set up some traps in those hidden doors.”

“Until then, we train,” Humphrey said. “Even here, we can’t hit silver rank in that time frame. What we can do is get everyone not just to bronze, but consolidated at our new rank.



We need to eke out every bit of strength we can muster for what's to come.”

“That won't just be a goal,” Clive said. “That will be a necessity. From what I can tell, the magical density will be increasing at an escalating rate as the tunnel draws closer to completion. Even if we never see the blood weaver again, we'll be meeting silver-rank monsters sooner, rather than later.”



The team left the lair of the dead cultists behind and went back to the task of training. They returned to the frenetic pace of when they were preparing for the confrontation with the blood weaver's brood, once again unsure of what numbers or monsters they would be facing.

A sense of ominous danger loomed over them as they battled time and the fear that their struggles were hopeless. What came through the tunnel when it opened could very well be too much for them to handle, however strong they became. Even the most optimistic conjecture left them as a small insurgent operation against a force that had been preparing to arrive longer than any of them had been adventurers.

The result was that Humphrey never felt a need to push the team. As if a wolf were snapping at their heels, the team pushed ever forward, their only guide the soul compass leading them from one flesh abomination to the next. Their aggressive schedule found at least one and sometimes two or even three in day. The compass neatly led them through the city and into the waiting embrace of monster after monster.

Their lives became a war waged on the monsters of the astral space. It was a desperate race against an enemy that, for all they knew, would be impossible to overcome whatever they did. Every passing day moved them closer to the cult's arrival, but every encounter moved them closer to ready. Every member of the team was honed like a knife, not just in ability but in attitude. There were no complaints as each day blended

together, training, hunting, resting, over and over. The team burned with a fire to get stronger and they pushed themselves to their limits. Humphrey finally had to enforce a rest day at the end of each week to stop the team from burning out.

They encountered the first silver-rank monsters they actually fought, instead of avoided. A pair of jungle cats with no heads, but large mouths on their bellies. Although physically weaker than some top-end bronze monsters, their speed was a danger. Even Sophie wasn't able to keep up, still at iron rank, and she suffered a number of dangerous injuries. Belinda was almost killed outright, only Neil's powerful healing bringing her back from the brink.

**Ability: [Grand Renewal] (Renewal)**

**Spell (healing, ritual).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 hour.**

**Current rank: Bronze 1 (14%).**

**Effect (iron): Conduct a powerful healing ritual that cleanses all afflictions. This ability takes the place of the ritual's material components.**

**Effect (bronze): The ritual circle is magically drawn, allowing the ritual to be more quickly enacted and in less ideal conditions.**

Neil was able to draw out a ritual circle much like Clive was, although the glowing ritual lines were green and it was only for the one, specific ritual. That ritual, however, was extremely potent. Importantly, it did not require the normally costly resources of non-essence ritual healing.



A monster surge lasted weeks and was famously a time for active adventurers to advance their abilities by leaps and bounds. Not only did the team experience this phenomenon for longer than even the lengthiest monster surge, but they were

not caught up defending vulnerable population centres. They had nothing to do but strike out, pushing themselves harder and harder, like an adventurer surge visited upon the monsters.

Sophie inevitably reached bronze rank. Her abilities continued to follow a theme of not being flashy individually, but instead requiring skill and judgement to draw out their true potential. They were largely improvements and iterations on the iron-rank effects.

Belinda also reached bronze, enhancing her eclectic collection of powers. Unlike Sophie, she had a number of powers whose bronze-rank effects would have a significant impact on the way she operated and, true to form, were useful in support of the team. Her pit of the Reaper ability would no longer cause allies to fall in. The team's most vulnerable members could stand on top of it while anyone seeking to attack them would fall right in.

Her various powers to replicate different kinds of adventurers also gained important advancement. Her agility power, instant adept, gained magical movement effects such as wall-running and water-walking. Her warrior-replicating power, counterfeit combatant, now gave her access to some simple special attacks. Her specious sorcerer power no longer just gave her the power to wield wands and staves, but also cast some simple spells. While the power was active, she would have access to a force bolt spell and the same life bolt spell that Neil could use.

The team did not just spend their time mindlessly hunting down and killing monsters. Training was also a crucial part of their preparations, delving into things that had been put aside when the blood weaver's army had still been ahead of them. One of the most important aspects of that training was adjusting to their new bronze-rank attributes.

While they had all seen their abilities increase as their attributes moved up through iron-rank, there was a jump in capability as their abilities crossed the threshold of mortal potential and moved into bronze.

Their new strength levels were fairly easy to adapt to, although someone already strong like Humphrey had an easier time than someone like Belinda. The real adjustment was the speed attribute, which governed agility, flexibility, dexterity, coordination and proprioception. The two attributes combined to give the whole team a level of athleticism that was staggering, and would take time to learn to its full potential.

Training to make the most of their new potential brought some much-needed levity to the dour days of regimented training and ceaseless violence. They all had the agility of acrobats and Neil became obsessed with standing back-flips. The whole team took to parkour training with a new verve. Their capabilities meant not just new levels of agility, but also the power to jump further and endure longer drops than ever before.

Sophie took the lead in that training, assisted by Jason. He finally pulled out the bronze-rank skill books for his Way of the Reaper combat system they had won on their last trip to the astral space. They included movement techniques for speed, stealth and the acrobatic traversal of terrain. Sophie learned from the same books the long way. They were enchanted with magical projections to act as guides, although those guides were of distinctly secondary value to Shade. The familiar was well-versed in Order of the Reaper techniques, serving as guide to both Jason and Sophie.

“Miss Wexler, I am certain that at its height, the order of the Reaper would have placed immense value on you as a recruit,” he told her.

“What about me?” Jason asked.

“They may have accepted you as well, Mr Asano.”

Jason had long wondered about the higher-ranks of his martial art, which were skills rather than essence abilities. He knew theoretically that it was the techniques requiring more than human capability, but it was only getting to learn them that he truly understood. It wasn't just the strength of the power attribute and the agility of the speed attribute. There was a situational awareness that came with the spirit attribute

that added a dimension to fighting that simply wasn't possible under the limits of mortal senses.

As he watched Humphrey and Sophie spar, he realised that their combat had an almost choreographed feel. They thought faster, had a better sense of their opponents and their surroundings, their spatial sense much sharper. Combat was less fumbling, more precise. Mistakes were punished but so was hesitation.

None of the bronze-rank techniques were reinventing the wheel, replacing existing methods wholesale. The large majority were contextual, for fighting in various circumstances and environments only made possible by bronze-rank attributes.

It was the movement techniques that underwent the more fundamental change. It felt awkward at first, breaking old habits that were ingrained over a lifetime. He and Sophie pushed the team through practise techniques designed to break those habits until new ones took hold.

The comprehensive movement techniques of the Way of the Reaper included techniques that incorporated many common movement abilities. Jason was amused to discover a long-distance running technique similar to one he developed himself early in his career, using the weight-reducing power of his cloak. Magical vehicles and access to Shade's mount forms had caused him to largely leave the method behind, but the Reaper technique allowed him to refine it, should he have need of it again.

It was only after working to make use of their new attributes that the team truly understood how transformative bronze rank really was. It wasn't just about the increase in power, but in learning to use it to full effect. It was during this training that Jason realised just how much the bronze-rankers he had seen in the past had squandered their potential.

He thought he had understood why Rufus, Gary and Farrah had looked down on Greenstone's adventurers, having seen for himself how much stronger they were than the bronze-rankers around them. It was only on reaching bronze-rank himself,

though, that he fully comprehended the difference. Their training had built a foundation over his iron-rank career that now, at bronze-rank, allowed him to build something truly grand upon it.

Assuming the team somehow managed to overcome the cultists and find a way out of the astral space, he would have to thank Rufus and Gary properly, only now understanding just what a great service they had done for him. As for Farrah, the most he could do was raise a quiet glass to the sky in her memory, as he did one night as he stood alone on the roof of his cloud house.



## A VALIANT DEATH

“I could feel the power he was throwing off like heat,” Thadwick said, full of enthusiasm. “I want that power.”

“And you will have it,” Zato said. “Dougall began the treatments earlier than you, so his power came into its fullness earlier.”

Dougall’s new presence within the cultist enclave had not gone unnoticed. Although he remained in reclusion, all had felt the power radiating off him. They felt the instinctive drive for veneration coming from the star seeds within their souls, and saw the respect with which Timos and Zato treated him. Those who had asked about him, however, had been met with nothing but stony silence.

“Why only us two?” Thadwick asked. “Why not give this power to everyone?”

“Because not everyone is worthy,” Zato said. “Only those of noble blood have the right to the most noble of power. Sadly, our leadership was largely lost. Dougall, like you came to us from the nobility, and is therefore a treasure to us. Like you.”

“I thought I heard someone say he was a servant.”

“No, he had servants,” Zato said. “Like many of the high blood, those around him grew jealous of his inherent superiority and sought to bring him down. We, of course, took him in, knowing that even a drop of noble blood is worth more than all the blood in the bodies of we commoners.”



“The high blood,” Thadwick repeated. “I haven’t heard that term in a while. It isn’t acceptable anymore. My great uncle used to talk like that, until mother shushed him up. We didn’t used to have to treat the rabble like they’re equals. I think my mother actually believes that dross. It always disgusted me about her.”

“You will find no such problems here.”

“Timos didn’t seem too reverent.”

“Which is why I have moved you to my side. You stand above him and, in time, will stand above me. The day will soon come when your voice will be our law. The commands coming from your mouth will be our purpose.”

“Good,” Thadwick said. “I was always told that I was born to a great birthright, only to be denied at every turn. I’m glad to finally find people who understand my value.”

“Thadwick,” Zato said with a smile. “If nothing else, I can assure you that everything you deserve is coming your way.”

A cultist came up to them.

“Leader,” the man said. “The church has started to arrive. Should I send people to meet them?”

“Not until the archbishop appears,” Zato said. “Then, come notify me.”



The church of Purity’s members arrived at the Vane estate through a portal, in lots. There were fifty-eight in total, mostly iron-rank, leavened with a solid contingent of bronze and a sole silver ranker, in the person of the archbishop. It took three portals to bring them all through, with the archbishop arriving last.

It had been hard times for the church members chased out of Greenstone. Only those with at least a full set of essences had been considered worth saving; the rest were abandoned to

the investigations of the Adventure Society. They were too ignorant to do any damage, in any case.

The archbishop, Nicolas Hendren, looked extremely disgruntled to have been summoned, although he did, with reluctance, appear. His people milled about, unsure of what to do. The cultists emerged from the cult's subterranean complex, impassively warding off anyone who approached the no-longer hidden entrance. They refused to interact with the gathered clergy unresponsive to any questions sent their way.

Only once Hendren himself arrived did the cult make an approach. Timos appeared from underground, accompanied by another man hidden completely within hooded robes. Hendren frowned, both at the absence of the leader, Zato, and his inability to sense the aura of the hooded figure. If the cult had reinforced their numbers with a gold-ranker, his ability to direct the course of events would be significantly hampered.

They walked away from the lower-ranked cultists and clergy, Timos with the hooded figure and Hendren with Anisa Lasalle.

"Timos," Hendren greeted brusquely. He noted the subordinate stance Timos took, relative to the hooded figure. Anisa stood near Hendren in much the same posture. The figure said nothing as Timos reciprocated the greeting.

"Archbishop. Given our limited space, your people will be required to camp above ground, as I believe you have already been made aware of. Naturally, we have set aside a place for you, personally, in one of our more comfortable chambers, below."

Timos turned a snide gaze on Anisa.

"Will the priestess be sharing your chamber," he asked, "or remaining up here to keep your men occupied?"

Anisa's face curled up into a snarl, but she stilled at a pacifying gesture from Hendren.

"Really, Timos?" Hendren asked. "I would hardly think this is time for such pettiness between allies about to share an undertaking."

“Some allies are more enthusiastic than others,” Timos said. “Of course, I did not mean to imply anything salacious. I apologise if my unwitting remarks caused your minds to naturally follow an unwelcome path.”

“Just have your people show mine where to set up camp,” Hendren said. “Then there are things in need of discussion, but not with you.”

Hendren turned to the hooded figure.

“Are you the new leader here?” he asked.

“He’s the leader everywhere,” Timos said. “You will speak to him only when spoken to.”

“This is a poor way to treat allies,” Hendren said.

“You have been poor allies,” came a voice from the hooded figure. The voice was soft and carried no aura, yet somehow slammed into Hendren like a runaway brick cart. He immediately understood who—what—was within the robes.

“Most of our people are unaware of the Lord’s presence,” Timos said. “If you or your priestess are responsible for changing that, the repercussions will be severe.”

“We understand,” Hendren said. “Don’t we, Anisa?”

He was suddenly and fully aware that any influence he had would need to be persuasive, rather than authoritative, which was not where Anisa excelled.

“Yes, Archbishop,” Anisa said, reluctant but obediently following her superior’s lead.

“Priestess, work with the cult’s people to see our own set-up. I shall go below to discuss the next step with our allies.”

“Are you certain I shouldn’t go with you?” she asked.

“Quite certain,” Hendren said. “Take command of our people here. Keep them in line and make sure no one starts trouble with our allies.”

He gave her a pointed look.

“Words can hurt us here, Priestess. Be careful that they don’t.”

Timos gave Anisa a smarmy smile, but after the archbishop’s warning it was met with stony indifference. She went off to organise their people without giving Timos a second glance.

Timos led Hendren into the complex below, the hooded figure of the Builder silently accompanying them. Hendren noted that in addition to making no sound, the figure left no footprints in the sandy dirt that had taken over the estate grounds.

“How long until the path opens?” Hendren said as they made their way underground, down the stone steps.

“Days,” Timos said. “Two weeks, at the outside.”



Iron-rank monsters had become infrequent in the overgrown city. When they did appear it was either in great numbers or alongside more powerful variations of their kind. In the first instance, the team didn’t even bother to fight them, sending them fleeing with a burst of aura suppression. Only the most mindlessly aggressive were foolish enough to attack, with catastrophic results.

Sophie’s wind blade power alone was a disaster to weak, amassed enemies. Its strength wasn’t great but it had bronze-rank power behind it. Additionally, the new effect it had gained for ranking up was that the blades grew wider as they travelled, allowing Sophie to cut down weaker enemies in clusters.

Bronze-rank monsters were becoming less of a challenge as the team grew their power and honed their skills. It was the increasing frequency of silver-rank monsters that let them push themselves to new heights.

Taking on a silver-rank monster at bronze was not so easy as facing a bronze-rank monster at iron. Each rank represented

a larger leap in power than the last, making rank-jumping a trickier proposition with each level of advancement. Silver-rank monsters were easier to handle than even a mediocre silver-rank essence user, but that was not the same as being easy.

Only Humphrey, Jason and Sophie were able to take on weaker, solitary silver-ranks alone. Even then, they didn't try until they had consolidated their power. Only with a full grasp of their bronze-rank abilities and after advancing them into the lower-mid-point of bronze did they even attempt it.

Even then, it was only weak solitary monsters that any of them confronted alone. Such fights were uncommon, as even the silver-rank monsters were appearing in packs. It was generally the most dangerous that appeared alone.

The team was tearing through the city at an ever-accelerated pace, even as the monstrous opposition grew stronger. The flesh abominations no longer posed the threat they had in the past. Once the team was at bronze-rank, the abomination's ability to adapt was no longer the equal of a full suite of essence powers. Belinda especially, with her versatile powers, could adapt to an abomination faster than it could adapt to her.

With their strategies tried and tested over innumerable confrontations the abominations were no longer even worth using for practice. The team went full-force to down them as quickly as possible and move on. They started clearing two, three, even four in a day, releasing hundreds of the tormented souls trapped within. The team knew they were coming close to the end of their self-imposed task as it took longer and longer to find the abominations by following the soul compass.

Eventually, the compass led them into what they realised was the new territory of the blood weaver. Once more they found the residual webbing and the empty shells of converted monsters.

"The blood weaver will be having a harder time," Clive said. "The monsters are growing too strong. It won't be able to

overpower and turn them.”

“Maybe,” Humphrey said. “It may have thrown weaker monsters at stronger ones in waves, then turned those stronger monsters.”

“Even if that is the case,” Clive said, “it won’t have been able to do that more than a handful of times.”

“A handful is enough,” Humphrey said. “A few silver-rank monsters at once is our limit, even as a team. Our abilities are growing, but if we become arrogant or complacent, we can easily die here.”

When the confrontation with the blood weaver came, there were not so many silver-rank monsters as they feared. The nasty surprise was that the blood weaver had managed to capture and turn three of the flesh abominations. Vampiric power combined in dangerous ways with the nature of the flesh monsters, to various effect.

The first unpleasant surprise was that something about the nature of the abominations and their new vampiric state made them less vulnerable to Jason’s blood powers, instead of more, like the other vampiric monsters. The powers still took hold, but at a reduced strength. Fortunately, they still had increased effect against the other vampiric minions.

The other aspect of the vampire abominations was that they could warp themselves to produce an array of different drain attacks. Mana, health and stamina were all drained away by barbed flesh whips, needle claws and eerie, disjointed limbs covered in toothy maws.

By the time they carved their way through to the blood weaver, the team was spent enough that even the relatively weak creature still posed a threat. In the end, though, they were resting atop a building that served as an anchor for the new nest, the weaver and its minions all dead.

Jason hadn’t even bothered to pull out the cloud house, the team sprawling onto the tiled rooftop, exhausted. Neil had only half-healed the team back up before he was too wrung out to finish the job.

“That was bad,” Belinda said. “Top five worst fight, easy.”

“Top three,” Neil said.

“I don’t know about top three,” Clive said. “I mean, the vortex elementals were number one, right?”

“Definitely,” Jason agreed. “The mirror fungus was definitely top three.”

“I’d say the stutter hawks, too,” Humphrey chimed in. “That’s the top three.”

“Nope,” Neil said. “You didn’t have to heal and replenish the team through all those drain attacks. The vampire abominations were worse than the stutter hawks.”

“Actually, yeah,” Clive said. “I’ll accept that. Top three.”

“We really shouldn’t just be lying here,” Humphrey said. “A monster could jump on us while we’re not defending ourselves.”

“At this point the monster can have me,” Sophie said. “I’m getting some rest even if it’s the cold rest of the grave. Do you know how hard it is to get tired with my powers? This is the first time I’ve been genuinely tired since we left Greenstone.”

“You want someone to get up, then you get up,” Neil said to Humphrey.

“Alright, I will,” Humphrey said, then didn’t so much as twitch. “Am I up?”

“No,” Belinda said.

“Well, I tried,” Humphrey said. “At least I’ll be able to say I died valiantly.”

“I’m bleeding on the roof,” Belinda said.

“If the landlord complains, I’ll lie for you,” Jason said.

“That’s very decent of you,” Belinda said.

Eventually the team did pick themselves up before something climbed up the side of the building to eat them and Neil finished healing the team back up. They decamped to another location and Jason set up the cloud house. Humphrey

became everyone's hero by volunteering first watch, while everyone else except Clive went to bed. Clive made his way onto the roof where he conducted the latest in his ongoing tests to gauge the integrity of the dimensional membrane dividing the astral space from the true astral.

“Well?” Humphrey asked as Clive came back down.

“It could be any day now,” Clive said. “Not long from now, we're going to be up to our armpits in cultists.”





## AMBITIONS

Over the last week, the ambient magic in the astral space had taken on a strange cadence. Like ripples on still water at the footfalls of a great beast, the very space around them was agitated. It grew stronger day by day, until even Sophie could sense it, and she had no magical senses at all.

The monsters seemed affected, being driven to unusual behaviour. Some hunkered down in the deepest holes they could find. Others gathered into large packs of disparate creatures that would ordinarily be at each other's throats.

When the team found these groups in the early stages of their formation, before their numbers swelled, they would swoop in and wipe them out. As days passed, though, they found themselves avoiding the groups altogether. The numbers had simply grown too large to take on; whole armies of bronze and silver-rank monsters gathered, dwarfing anything the blood weaver had accumulated.

Another reason that team had holed-up in the cloud house was that the changes to the ambient magic started to affect their powers. Sometimes they wouldn't work, other times their effects were unpredictable, mixing up allies and enemies. Fortunately, the vampiric flesh abominations the blood weaver had turned were some of the last. The team knew they had cleared the last one when the soul compass spun aimlessly around.

"The strange effect on our powers will pass once the tunnel opens and the dimensional membrane becomes stable," Clive

said. “That, or the whole astral space will collapse and we’ll be annihilated. Definitely one of the two.”

“I don’t suppose you’d care to lay odds?” Jason asked.

“I have no idea,” Clive said. “My understanding is incomplete, at best. I wasn’t going to say anything, but I never figured out how they intend to stabilise the tunnel at this end.”

“Uh,” Belinda said, “wouldn’t that mean that it would essentially shred the dimensional membrane, flood the astral space with magic and it’ll do that collapsing thing you mentioned?”

“Yes,” Clive confirmed.

“And you can’t figure out why that won’t happen?” Jason asked.

“That’s right,” Clive said. “But I’m stumbling in the dark here. We’re talking about magic that I barely understand and I’ve only seen parts of what they’re doing.”

“That’s comforting,” Neil said. “As far as you can tell we’re all going to die, but you know so little that you might be wrong.”

“Pretty much,” Clive said.

“I think I have some cake left,” Jason said, opening his inventory. “If I’m going to be obliterated into astral nothingness again, I’m doing it with cake.”

“What do you mean again?” Neil asked.



Jason sat on the roof of the cloud house, talking into a recording crystal.

“So, I’m pretty sure that this whole place won’t just blow up. If it does, you’ll never get to see this, so I’ll make a confident assertion and either come off as right or you’ll never know, so I’m a winner each way.”

He turned the crystal around to point at the sky. There was a large patch that shimmered, sometimes showing a whole different sky. Stars at night, dark clouds, a strange purple.

“We can see the tunnel now, so Clive thinks it’s a matter of hours.”

He sighed, turning the crystal back on him.

“I hope we’re ready for whatever comes through. The last time people went up against the cultists on a large scale, I lost a friend. And that was when the opposing forces were fairly matched. I don’t even know how much I’ll be able to contribute. If they have a bunch of construct creatures, I may not be a lot of help.”

Jason tilted his head like he was listening for something.

“Well, time to go. There probably won’t be another one of these until it’s all over, one way or another.”

He stowed away the recording crystal.

“I’m all done, Belinda,” he called out and Belinda made her way up the stairs on the outside of the house.

“How did you know it was me?”

“Aura.”

She shook her head. “I need to work on my aura retraction,” she said.

“What’s up?” he asked, waving a hand to make a cloud chair rise up for her to sit on.

“You recording another message for home?” she asked, deflecting his question as she sat in the soft seat.

“I was.”

“Do you think you’ll ever get to show them to your family?”

“I hope so,” he said. “I have fences to mend there. I have no idea how I’m going to explain any of this. I’m not even sure that my powers will work. My world is magically barren.”

Belinda let out a tired breath, looking up at the sky.

“This is going to be quite something, isn’t it?” she asked. “Whether that thing kills us all, or spews out a bunch of evil pricks, this is the last bit of quiet we’ll get before things get very busy and very dangerous.”

“Yep,” Jason agreed.

“It might be a last chance to maybe settle some things that have, I don’t know, been hanging over us for a while,” Belinda said. “Personal stuff, between members of the team.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Jason said.

“Oh, come on. You know she likes you.”

“I know,” Jason said. “Which leads me to the question of why you’re the one up here.”

“You may have noticed that she’s not exactly great at making herself vulnerable,” Belinda said. “She doesn’t know what to do.”

“I think it’s best left alone,” Jason said. “Even if we put aside the tangle of issues around how we met, which we can’t, it isn’t... I don’t...”

He sighed.

“Sophie’s good at cutting through the nonsense to get to the point. That’s something people like me need in their lives. And she’s gorgeous, obviously, but that’s where the attraction ends for me. I want her in my life and in my team. Neither of us are easy friends to have, but we both make good ones, I think. That’s what I want. All I want.”

“Ah, crap,” Belinda said.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “That about covers it.”

“What do we do?”

“Nothing,” Jason said. “She has to decide for herself what course she’s going to take.”

“And if that course leads straight to you?” Belinda asked.

“Then she and I will have an awkward conversation and we’ll figure it out from there. She needs to find herself as an adventurer before she starts adding complications, anyway. Not the running around, hunting monsters part of being an adventurer. She’s a natural at that.”

“Yes, she is,” Belinda agreed.

“I mean the place in society that being an adventurer brings. The power and privilege. The money. That’s where she’s going to need you.”

“I’m not just her sidekick, you know.”

“I know.”

“I have my own hopes and ambitions. I don’t want to just spend my life trailing her around.”

“I never thought you did,” Jason said. “But you’re the one having this conversation, when it really should be her. You may need to consider if she’s the one trailing you around.”

“She’s just not good at certain things,” Belinda said. “She doesn’t handle them well. I don’t want her to run off, or kick the snot out of you or something.”

“I appreciate that,” Jason said. “So, where do you see yourself landing, down the line? Assuming we survive to escape this mess.”

“I’m liking this adventuring job,” Belinda said. “Not so much the hunting down monsters, but roaming around, tackling interesting problems. I guess I want to end up somewhere between Clive and Emir. Well-studied, but not bound up in the Magic Society, the way Clive is. Taking interesting jobs for large quantities of money, but going out there myself, getting my hands dirty. I don’t want to be a spider in the middle of a web, like Emir.”

“A life of excitement, travel and adventure,” Jason said. “That sounds exactly like the direction the team should be going. Maybe you should be in charge.”

“That works for me,” Belinda said. “I can have Sophie follow me around and clean up my messes for once.”



The sky distortion was directly over the centre of the city. The team had chosen to wait out events from atop a building at the outskirts of the central region, on one of the last intact buildings before the thick ring of jungle took over. Jason had set the cloud house up on the roof. Unlike many other aspects of magic, the cloud flask seemed unaffected by the changes in ambient magic. Clive explained that they had only seen a fragment of the true artistry behind its construction.

When the ground started shaking like an earthquake, they all made their way outside.

“Should we get down off this building?” Neil asked. “It feels like the building is going to collapse.”

“Let’s go up on the cloud house roof,” Jason said. “I’m pretty sure it will slow-fall us down if the building gets earthquakeed out from under us.”

“Pretty sure?” Neil asked.

The team made their way onto the roof of the cloud house, itself on the roof of a tall building, giving them a good vantage.

At the very centre of the city was the crater that was once the Order of the Reaper’s trial tower. They couldn’t see the ground level there due to the intervening buildings, but they heard a cacophonous shattering of earth and stone, then a huge cloud of dust and dirt rose up, spreading over the city. Sophie’s toxin-purging aura creating a field of clean air around the team as the cloud washed around and past them.

After a few moments, the cloud settled enough for the team to once again see out over the city. In the space over the crater was a giant stone ring, floating horizontally in the air. It was thick and some hundred metres across, slowly ascending through the air in the direction of the sky anomaly.

“I don’t remember seeing that,” Sophie said. “It feels like we would have noticed something that large.”

“It must have been buried,” Humphrey said. “That cloud was kicked off when it pushed itself out.”

“Any ideas, Clive?”

“All I can offer are guesses,” Clive said. “I’m assuming some manner of terminus point for the tunnel, to stop it from annihilating the astral space.”

“That’s good news,” Neil said. “We’ll survive long enough to get wiped out by a cultist army.”

“Maybe it will stabilise the magic,” Clive said. “Open up the portals and give us a chance to escape.”

“Escape isn’t an option,” Humphrey said. “Unless the limit on iron-rank entry has been changed, we’re the only ones with the strength to stop the cult. Bringing in more iron-rankers would be animals to the slaughterhouse. The monsters would get them before the cultists did.”

“Assuming we do have the strength,” Belinda said.

“I am assuming that,” Humphrey said. “It’s the only chance we have of stopping whatever it is they’re doing, which we very much want to do.”

The team watched the ring slowly rise into the air.

“I believe it is called a ring gate,” Shade said, emerging from Jason’s shadow. “I’ve heard of them, but never seen one in operation. As Mr Standish surmised, it is likely the anchor point of the physical reality bridge spanning across the astral between this space and your world.”

“An artificial astral space aperture,” Clive said.

“Yes.”

“You didn’t feel like mentioning this before?” Neil asked.

“My knowledge in this area is limited,” Shade said. “Even now, I postulate.”

The ring continued its ponderous rise into the sky.

“How long has that thing been there, hidden under the ground?” Sophie wondered.



“During my return here, it has become clear that many things were kept from me when I was made administrator of this place,” Shade said. “We have gone places I did not know existed, and were apparently barred to the vessel I inhabited at that time.”

“They didn’t want you to know,” Jason said.

“I believe that to be the case,” Shade said. “It seems to have an age and purpose that goes well beyond the training ground it served as during my tenure here. The Order of the Reaper, and my previous summoner, clearly hid that history and purpose from me.”

“Should we, I don’t know, get ready to attack?” Neil asked. “Catch them as they arrive?”

“No,” Humphrey said. “We have to assume that we’ll be outnumbered and that the enemy will have at least some silver rankers amongst them. We have to make every move with careful deliberation.”

“Insurgency rules,” Jason said. “Guerrilla tactics. Find vulnerable points, soften them up. Create a chance to strike critical points.”

“Exactly,” Humphrey said. “We’ve been tramping over this place for the last five months. We know it better than they do, and we use that.”

“The first thing we need is information,” Clive said.

“Yes,” Humphrey said. “We need to see what comes through that ring.”

“It is in the sky,” Sophie said. “Maybe they’ll all just fall down and die.”

“That would be nice,” Humphrey said. “Somehow, I don’t think it’s going to be that easy.”



In the sky of the astral space, the ring finally came into contact with the shimmering anomaly. Immediately, the anomaly

began to shrink down, pouring into the space within the ring like water going down a drain. The anomaly concentrated; what was originally an occasionally shifting skyscape became a roiling mass of indiscernible power within the ring.

Then, the roiling stopped. A swell of magic flooded over the city like the blast wave of an explosion as the space inside the ring became the still, dark blue of the sky before sunset. Watching from far below, reeling from the magical blast, Jason and his team watched as a figure that seemed incredibly tiny at that distance fall out of the ring. Shrouded in blue light, it drifted slowly towards the ground.

More figures emerged, dropping through the ring and falling to the ground in rapid succession. The team counted dozens, and it was more than just people. There were large boxes, likewise slowly falling under the power of the blue light, all descending towards the ground at the heart of the city.

“That’s a lot,” Neil said.

“Yep,” Jason agreed.

“Can we handle all that?”

“We will,” Humphrey said.

“So, what now?” Sophie asked. “We need more information, right?”

“We do,” Jason said. “I think I’ll start by taking a look at what they’re up to.”



## FAITH AND GLORY

The power of the ring gate let the cultists drift down from the sky in safety, but they descended into trouble. The cultists drew more than a little attention on their way down, the blue light slowing their fall making them stand out both visibly and magically. The result was a slavering pack of monsters awaiting them on the ground.

The centre of the city had not been monster-free for some time. The blood weaver was long gone, but even if it hadn't been, the increasing magical density produced monsters with power enough to rival it easily. The magical saturation that had the monsters manifesting thick and fast meant that the centre of the city was now just as infested as the rest.

The cultists descending first would need to fight out a safe zone for those that followed, but the monsters awaiting them were well beyond their expectations, both in number and power.

The bronze-rankers were able to hold their own against the gaggle of monsters moving in on their location. They were lucky in that no silver-rank monsters had yet appeared. The bronze-rankers were not able to carve out a space for those that followed, however. Their fellows dropped right into the jaws of battle. Meanwhile, more monsters poured in, hungry for the prey being dropped from heaven.

The iron-rankers that arrived quickly fell prey to the powerful monsters, as the bronze-rankers were too busy to protect them. Rather than a landing zone, all they had managed to create was a battle zone.

It was the arrival of the Builder's hooded figure that overturned the situation. Spears made of elaborately carved stone erupted from the ground in clusters, impaling monsters as many as a dozen times. Grand walls, thick and high, rose up in a circle to box out the more widely spread monsters and isolate the closest ones. The bronze-rankers fell on the monsters that survived the spears, quickly establishing the landing zone they had failed to create alone.

The walls were not the solid stone of crude stone-shaping powers but brick and mortar, complete with battlements, observation towers and metal gates in each of the four directions. The result was larger and more elaborate than any silver-rank essence user could conjure up.

There was a command tent at the heart of the fortified camp. It was magically shielded against prying eyes and ears and contained a round table with four chairs. Within were two occupants, Zato was sitting and the Builder standing.

"Establishing this base camp has overtaxed this vessel," the Builder told Zato. "It is beginning to break down."

Evidence of the breakdown was readily apparent. The body of Dougall that the Builder inhabited had fiercely bloodshot eyes, sunken flesh and gaunt, pallid skin. Hair had fallen out in ugly clumps.

"The new vessel is ready to be inhabited," Zato said. "We are working on a third, just as a contingency."

"It should not be necessary, but I applaud your preparedness," the Builder said. "So long as I do not use the kind of power that built these walls again, the next vessel should comfortably see us through our task here. Since this one is close to being spent, I will make some more buildings, and establish a true fort instead of these tents."

"There is one problem with the next vessel," Zato said.

"It has realised that it will be a hollowed-out puppet."

"Yes," Zato said.

"Not a concern," the Builder said. "Unlike the previous transferral, I am here to participate in person. Resistance will

not pose any impediment to the process. This vessel still has a few days before it becomes unusable, so prepare accordingly.”

“Yes, Lord Builder.”

“Make sure to kill this vessel once I am done with it. It will be little more than a walking hunger once I have left it. I do not need to explain why having an energy vampire roaming around would be a poor idea, even if it would quickly starve.”

“I’ll see to it, Lord Builder.”

Timos arrived at the tent, along with the archbishop, Nicolas Hendren. After announcing them from the outside, Timos led Hendren inside before leaving again.

“Please sit,” Zato said, getting up.

Hendren sat and looked at the Builder. It was his first time seeing the vessel without it being hidden beneath a hood.

“Are you alright?” Hendren asked.

“This vessel channelled too much of my power establishing this camp,” the Builder said. “I will be taking another soon.”

“The Mercer boy?” Hendren asked. “Is that what he was yelling and screaming over?”

“It is.”

“The boy is an idiot,” Hendren said. “His mother spent every scrap of influence she had to make sure he would not have his star seed purged until we had a safe method, then he runs right back to you? An imbecile.”

“Your role in that affair is worthy of praise,” the Builder told Hendren. “My people made a rash choice in implanting star seeds as a distraction. It gave those who would fight us too much information. Placing yourself in the middle and slowing the process of removing those seeds to a crawl was the bold move of an effective ally. Your side and mine have both made mistakes, but individually, you have my respect.”

“The respect of an ally is a valuable thing,” Hendren said diplomatically, then turned to Zato. “May I inquire as to why

you asked me to specifically exclude Priestess Lasalle from this meeting?”

“The priestess is a woman of zeal,” Zato said. “The strength of her faith is a testament to your god. That kind of dedication can be inflexible, however, when circumstances dictate compromise. As a gesture of goodwill, I have likewise excluded my own second from this meeting.”

Hendren gave a reluctant nod.

“Anisa is unflinchingly dedicated but, as you say, she can be reluctant to adapt. She gets caught up in the way she feels things should be, instead of accepting them the way that they are.”

“Circumstances here are not as they should be,” Zato said. “The unanticipated change to the magical density will require a number of hard decisions.”

“The monsters are certainly too strong for our iron-rank people,” Hendren said. “Do you know what caused it?”

“Our original astral magic specialist was lost some time ago,” Zato said.

“Landemere Vane,” Hendren said. “It seems Jason Asano was always destined to plague this enterprise.”

A flash of rage crossed the face of the Builder’s vessel, accompanied by a burst of aura that was brief, yet enough to leave the other two swaying unsteadily in their seats. The sounds of the camp outside were stilled to silence as the aura passed over it. The two men waited to see if the Builder would speak, but he said nothing.

“The specifics are irrelevant,” Zato eventually continued. “It seems that our other ritualists made an error in the tunnel formation. Sadly, it was all set in motion months before the Lord Builder was on hand to guide us. They were unable to grasp an element of the design Vane left behind, so they improvised, substituting in another aspect of dimensional magic. That alteration had no effects apparent from the other side, but we are working with potent dimensional forces. A

tiny change became a dangerous fluctuation by the time the bridge was affecting the astral space.”

“You didn’t realise?” Hendren asked, turning to the Builder.

“The senses of this vessel are limited,” the Builder said. “As for this realm, I can only see into physical realities through a vessel or those who carry my seed. That includes a borderline physical space, such as this one.”

“What happened, exactly?”

“The dimensional membrane of this world was disrupted, causing a rapid alteration in the magical density,” the Builder said. “The ring gate has stabilised the tunnel and the plan continues, but the strength of the monsters represent an unanticipated obstacle that will need to be accounted for.”

“The practical result,” Zato said, “is that our people are too weak to carry out the plan. Your people, too. Iron-rankers cannot be sent out under these conditions, even with bronze-rank supervision. There are silver-rank monsters out there, and not just a few. Do you trust your bronze-rankers to handle a pack of silvers? That takes elite and experienced essence users.”

“Adventurers,” Hendren said.

“Yes,” Zato agreed. “I know your clergy had some Adventure Society members, as does our number, but none full-time. Neither of us have the people to handle this in the numbers we need. Especially given that the strength of the monsters is not the only reason to be concerned about them.”

“The changes in the ambient magic has agitated the monsters,” the Builder said. “It had altered their behaviour to a degree we don’t yet know. They may settle as the ambient magic does the same but there are no certainties. As it stands, the groups out there are more dangerous than normal monster packs.”

“What about construct creatures?” Hendren asked.

“They will be an integral part of our response,” Zato said. “We still retain a supply of clockwork cores that we will be



using to build up a force of constructs. The weakness of constructs is that they need direction. They can supplement the strength of our people, but not replace it. We need more people who can operate independently in this monster environment. We cannot send teams out on tasks if they all need our strongest people to protect them.”

“I’m not sure what you want from me,” Hendren said. “I can’t just bump all my people up to bronze rank.”

“I can,” the Builder said.

“Excuse me?” Hendren asked.

“I can remake your iron-rankers into bronze-rankers.”

“How is that possible? Why haven’t you done it to your own people?”

“Because my followers are the price,” the Builder said. “I can sacrifice an iron-rank follower with a star seed to create a special kind of clockwork core. It can be used to raise another iron-ranker to bronze. I will sacrifice my iron-rank follower to make yours powerful enough to contribute.”

“No,” Hendren said flatly. “We are the church of Purity, in case you have forgotten. We are not going to taint ourselves in the name of short-term power.”

“No?” the Builder asked. “What do you think this pact between myself and your god is? Your deity knows that its objectives cannot be met alone. Without a power from beyond your world, the other gods would stop any attempt to enact your god’s grand agenda.”

“I do not presume to know my god’s purpose,” Hendren said. “My role is to serve. To obey.”

“You don’t even know what your god is after?” Zato asked incredulously.

“The truth is hidden from us, that we cannot despoil our god’s plans, should we be compromised,” Hendren said. “We do not need to know our god’s design. We have faith. We are willing to put aside our base, mortal perspectives and

surrender ourselves to a higher power. One that knows better than us. That is better than us.”

“Surely it had occurred to you that my intrusion on this world is, itself, a form of impurity,” the Builder said. “Yet your god participates. Why? Because there will come a time when my agenda is done and I will be gone. It is then that your god will have a chance to undertake a great purge in a world reeling from the damage I have left in my wake. To cleanse the filth and make a world that is clean. While the power structures that would resist you are fighting me, your church will be preparing to move in when I am gone and they are at their most vulnerable.”

“So you say,” Hendren said. “I would not presume to know the intentions of my god.”

“And, in this place, you cannot ask,” the Builder said. “This realm is outside your world, therefore beyond your god’s authority. He has no eye to see, no voice to speak. No hand to move. You are his highest agent here, Nicolas Hendren. What did your god advise you, before you came here?”

“To do what is necessary,” Hendren said.

“Your god understands the reality,” the Builder said. “That compromise today means purity tomorrow. Yes, there will be sacrifices. These people of yours, once we empower them, their purpose and destiny will be fixed. They will serve, as necessary, and then you will purge them, once the work is done.”

“I cannot ask this of my people,” Hendren said.

“Faith is about surrendering to a higher power,” Zato said. “Your words, Archbishop. Does Purity’s clergy serve only when they want to, or when they are called? What greater honour is there than sacrifice in the service of your god?”

“You can’t ask it of my people either,” Hendren said.

“Making the sacrifice of your people is a burden you will have to bear,” Zato continued, “for it is not a sacrifice in which you will share. You will have to remember them. Honour

them. Let them be your symbol. Your martyrs. What you do here will show your god that you can be more. A greater servant making the decisions that a leader must make. It is your chance to prove yourself worthy of taking a larger role in the service of your god.”

Hendren frowned, looking down at the table in front of him. The absence of his god’s voice troubled him, but it also made him the highest moral authority in the realm in which he found himself. In a way, that made his decisions right for the simple reason that he made them, as was the case with his god.

“Very well,” Hendren said, then looked up from the table to meet the ruined eyes of the Builder’s vessel. “I will need time to bring Lasalle around. She will need to be convinced, to create a unified front.”

“Of course,” Zato said. “We have our own preparations to make. Our own sacrifices to prepare.”



Anisa, as it turned out, was far less of a concern than Hendren had feared.

“We must not be short-sighted,” she said, in response to his explanation. “No sacrifice is too great in service of the god. Even amongst our clergy, few are truly worthy, truly pure. Only those like you and I must be completely vouchsafed. For the rest, sacrifice in furtherance of our god’s agenda is a greater glory than they deserve or have any right to expect.”



Thadwick sat forlornly in a cage, arms hugged around his legs. With the arrival of the cult in the astral space, he had finally felt the full power of ‘Dougall’ on display. He finally came to realise that the power he had been offered would never be his to control, that he was nothing but a cup to be filled and held in the hand of another.

The power inside him that had brought him to bronze-rank, at the cost of his essence powers, had felt so grand, so potent. Now it felt alien, a threat he could not escape because it was already inside of him.

Head bowed, Thadwick did not see the shadowy figure of Shade step through the bars. What he did recognise was the hated voice that emerged from Shade's body.

“Hello, Thadwick. It's been a while.”



## THADWICK

Shade's passage through the cultist camp had been easier than anticipated. The camp was divided into three parts; the section with tents, which was his access point, was the largest. It was where the bulk of both groups of the iron-rankers were gathered. The crude buildings made with a stone-shaping power were areas he tried to avoid, as one of the bronze-rankers there might have been sharp enough to spot Shade. The very few buildings that looked like they were put together by a skilled craftsman he completely avoided.

The last thing he wanted was to run into a silver-ranker or, if Clive's guess was right, even the Builder itself. Clive knew more than most about great astral beings, even venerating one himself. That was how he knew that it was possible for them to occupy a human vessel, although the process was far from ethical.

Using Shade's body hidden in the shadows, Jason listened to conversations and quickly confirmed Clive's suspicions, then extracted his perception from Shade. His actual body was on the ground floor of a large, intact building.

"It's like you suspected," Jason told Clive. "The Builder has taken a mortal vessel."

"I knew those were more than even a silver-ranker could stone-shape," Neil said.

"What's next?" Sophie asked.

"I'm going back there," Jason said.

“That’s a mistake,” Clive said. “If the Builder really is there, even in a mortal vessel, it’s likely to find you sooner, rather than later. It may even be able to trace you through the familiar bond.”

“So you mentioned earlier,” Jason said. “I’d actually like to talk to you about that, Clive.”



Thadwick’s cage was by the wall, moulded by a stone-shaping power from the brick underfoot. The process to prepare him to be the Builder’s next vessel had given him strength in the upper reaches of bronze, so the bars were thick and reinforced with containment magic. Thadwick’s essence powers were gone, so he wore no suppression collar.

The cage had been placed out of the way, behind a pile of damaged storage crates. The circumstances in which the cultists had arrived had been as savage on their supplies as it had on their members. The worthless and broken goods had been tossed aside in a pile and Thadwick with them. Thadwick was sitting, head down, legs pulled up with his arms around them. Shade’s incorporeal body slipped right through the bars, into a crouch.

“Hello, Thadwick,” Jason greeted through his familiar. “It’s been a while.”

On hearing Jason’s hated voice, Thadwick lifted his head. His hand snaked out to grab the shadowy figure by the throat, but passed straight through it.

“I’m not really here, Thadwick. I’m speaking through one of my familiar’s projected bodies. Even if you could kill it, it would only cost me some mana to replace.”

“You survived, then,” Thadwick said bitterly. “We weren’t sure if you would be able to stay alive in this place.”

“I don’t think anyone doubted it but you, Thadwick. This place has its dangers, but not so many that a good team of adventurers can’t handle it. Neil says hello, by the way.”

“I don’t want to hear from that traitor.”

“Wow,” Jason said. “Your aura has changed more than mine, to the point I wasn’t sure it was really you. But calling someone a traitor after you kicked him out of your team so you could sign up with an evil cult? That’s you all over.”

“And smugly looking down on others is you,” Thadwick spat back.

“That’s fair,” Jason said. “We’re both so far from that day we met in the marshalling yard, yet our flaws remain the same. That being said, I had something of a revelation in the time since we last met.”

“And what’s that?” Thadwick asked sceptically.

“That you and I are more similar than either of us would like.”

“I am nothing like you!”

“Say it all you like, but it doesn’t change anything. It’s not like I can claim any credit for the differences that led you to be stuck in this cage, while I’m free to come and go. I just had the good fortune of having people who reined me in before I turned into you.”

“You think you’re so much better than me, don’t you, Asano?”

Jason smiled sadly, shaking his head.

“Thadwick, everyone is better than you. You are literally the worst. You didn’t just betray your family and the Adventure Society, although you most certainly did that. These people you’ve thrown in with, they’re the enemy of the whole world and everyone in it. You betrayed your entire world. You’re worse than people who beat their children or rob and kill the elderly. You’re worse than the cultists you’ve joined. They might follow some twisted, power-hungry ideology, but at least they act out of passion. They didn’t just look at someone else causing death and destruction on a global scale and join in out of pique because the world didn’t give them what they felt they were entitled to.”



“You think you understand me?”

“Yes, Thadwick. Not to kick a man when he’s down, but you’re a bit simple.”

Thadwick lashed out again, his hand once more swiping harmlessly through Shade’s shadow body.

“Also, a little slow on the uptake,” Jason added.

“Screw you, Asano. You’ll never get out of this astral space alive.”

“Maybe,” Jason said. “If I die, though, I die as myself. While my familiar was poking around, I pieced together how you ended up in this cage. The Builder’s really here in person? Walking around inside some poor sap?”

“He is,” Thadwick said, the disdain in his voice pushed out by dread. “He used too much power building this camp and all but burned out his current vessel. The next poor sap is me.”

Thadwick’s eyes lit up with a spark of hope as his gaze on Jason’s familiar body grew intent.

“You can get me out!” Thadwick said. “I can help you. I’ve seen things. I know things. Things that can help you.”

“You’re probably right,” Jason said, “but I can’t help you. This familiar’s body can’t break you out, or get you over the wall. I can’t even offer to put you out of your misery before the Builder takes you. All this body can do is drain mana.”

“You could come yourself, with your team. The things I know are worth the risk.”

“I’m not going to walk my team blind into a fortified position full of powerful enemies,” Jason said. “If nothing else, I don’t trust you. We could easily find the bad guys waiting for us because you warned them in hope of a reprieve.”

“I wouldn’t do that!”

“Yes, Thadwick, you would. If anything, it would be more of a surprise if you didn’t betray us.”

“I could start yelling, you know,” Thadwick said. “Let everyone know that you’re here in the camp.”

“They already know,” Jason said. “Oddly, they’ve been waiting for us to finish our conversation. I guess whatever they did to you dulled your senses. Or perhaps it’s just the old Thadwick obliviousness. You never did pay much attention to anything that wasn’t yourself.”

“I’m looking forward to hearing about your death,” Thadwick said.

“Even if it comes, Thadwick, you won’t be the one hearing about it. Very soon, someone else is going to be in possession of your ears.”

Thadwick’s face paled at the thought. He bowed his head, looking down instead of at Jason.

“How is my family?” Thadwick asked softly.

“Your betrayal wasn’t exactly good for them,” Jason said. “It would have been worse if your mother hadn’t picked up the city like a rug and shaken most of the cultists out. She was trying to rescue you, before everyone realised you went willingly. She was still trying after, for that matter. She took longer than the rest to believe it, though, your mum. I’m pretty sure she still thinks it was some implanted impulse that made you go back.”

“Maybe it was,” Thadwick said to the floor, his voice beaten and hollow. “It was the power. I could feel it, in the memories from the first time I had the seed. I still don’t really remember the first time. You don’t keep control, if they have to force it on you. I only had flashes, but I remembered the feeling of power. That was clear. The power I’d always been promised, but never seemed to receive.”

He looked up, staring at Jason through Shade’s body.

“That was the lie, wasn’t it? The lure.”

“Yes,” Jason said softly.

“Please,” Thadwick begged. “Please get me out of here.”

“I’m sorry, Thadwick. Strangely, I really am. But you’ve dug a hole so deep that all you can do is wait for the sides to fall in. Anyone who jumps in will just get buried along with you.”

“Please...”

The familiar body moved out of the cage and stood upright.

“Goodbye, Thadwick. The next time I see you, I don’t think it will be you in there.”

Shade walked out into the open, not bothering to hide as behind him, Thadwick started screaming his name, cursing him to the heavens. Zato waited nearby, cultists from around the camp looking over.

“You’re the leader?” Jason asked.

“Zato,” he introduced himself.

“Jason Asano. Thank you for being patient.”

“We have both treated Thadwick poorly. Not undeservedly, but he still came to Builder willingly, in the end. I will not begrudge him a last conversation with the closest he can get to a friend, even if it is an enemy.”

“I’m not sure if that was a kindness or not,” Jason said.

Zato looked in the direction of the cage, where Thadwick was still screaming.

“Would you be willing to move to a more discreet location to talk?”

“Certainly,” Jason said.

Zato led Jason across the camp, in the direction of the few small buildings that were truly well-constructed. There were cultists and constructs all over. Purity clergy as well, although Jason didn’t spot Hendren or Anisa. He quietly hoped he knew exactly where they were.

“Did the Builder knock these ones out personally?” Jason asked, gesturing to the better-made buildings they were headed towards.

“He did,” Zato said. “I’m taking you to our command residence.”

“Command residence,” Jason said. “I like that. It has a feel of dignity. I’d like to thank you for the civil welcome. Thadwick’s an old, well, not friend, but... I can at least tell his mother that he had someone to talk to at the end.”

“We can hardly bring any harm to your familiar’s projected body, so why be barbarians about it? There’s nothing in the camp we need to hide from you. All you will find here is that you do not have the strength or the numbers to handle us.”

“It is intimidating,” Jason agreed, eyeing a large construct. It was similar to a beetle, with a hard body and six legs. The rather confronting difference was the neck, which was long, flexible and segmented, ending in what looked like a rhino’s head, but with a bladed fin instead of a horn. Jason could feel the faint aura of the construct, which was silver rank.

“Is that a construct version of a real creature?”

“Construct cores are variations on monster cores,” Zato said. “They create more powerful versions of ordinary monsters.”

Zato led them to what looked like a stone cottage and went inside, holding the door for Jason to follow. Inside was a surprisingly comfortable sitting room, replete with armchairs, a couch and a nice rug on the floor.

“Not your cloud house, I’m sure,” Zato said, “but not bad, in a pinch. Please, sit.”

“Not much point,” Jason said. “My familiar is intangible, so I’d have to fake it. It’s very nice, though. It could maybe use some house plants.”

“The Lord Builder doesn’t care for them.”

“It’s his house, I guess.”

“Yes, it is,” the Builder said, walking into the room. He emitted no trace of aura that Jason could sense.

Jason looked at the Builder, He was wearing plain robes with the hood pushed back, revealing a cadaverous face. Even

so, it seemed familiar.

“Who’s the poor bloke you’re inside now?” Jason asked. “He looks kind of familiar, but I can’t place it. Probably because it looks like you’re going *Weekend at Bernie’s* on the poor guy.”

“Weekend at Bernie’s?” Zato asked. “I’m not sure I follow.”

“Asano likes to make references people from this world will not understand,” the Builder said. “The purpose is to put them off balance. Pay it no mind.”

“You took possession of my brain for a little while,” Jason said. “It makes sense that you know all my tricks. You and the goddess of Knowledge should get together and play Mario Kart. Do gods and great astral beings socialise? I suppose you must, since Purity seems to fit neatly into your pocket.”

“He also likes to talk continuously, derailing the conversation,” the Builder said. “He moves it into his own pace that he might control it. The inside of his mind is an interminable place.”

“Don’t go spilling all the beans,” Jason said. “Forget about my head, though. What about this guy you’re inside of right now?”

“This vessel has encountered you before,” the Builder said. “While he was a servant at the Vane estate, he captured you. Twice.”

“Wait, he’s the shovel guy? Jason asked. “What was his name? I want to say... Dougie?”

“Dougall,” the Builder said.

“No, I’m pretty sure it was Dougie.”

“It was Dougall.”

“You might want to have another rummage around that head, mate. The bloke should know his own name.”

“You are attempting to aggravate me,” the Builder said.

“Mate, I’m doing that just by walking around. I’m a living monument to your failure. Why would I bother to try and tick you off even more?”

“Because you find it fun.”

Jason laughed. “You really were inside my head, weren’t you?”

“And now you are inside one of the Reaper’s brood,” the Builder said. “Why would one of the Reaper’s shadows stoop to involving itself in mortal affairs?”

“An oddly hypocritical criticism, coming from you,” Shade said. “I was ever my own being and am free to do as I wish.”

“You should have chosen a better summoner,” the Builder said. “This one will be dead soon.”

“Perhaps,” Shade said. “He’s died before.”

“You seem confident,” Jason said to the Builder. “You think I can’t beat you?”

“We have the numbers and we have the power,” the Builder said. “Overcoming us is impossible for you.”

“So was kicking your interdimensional arse out of my body, yet here we are,” Jason said. “I’ve beaten you before and I’ll beat you again. I did say I’d have pants, next time, but my legs aren’t here, so this doesn’t count.”

“The reason I invited you,” Zato interjected, “was to discuss the possibility of mutually acceptable resolution.”

Zato had stepped back on the arrival of the Builder, but stepped forward when proceedings continued to remain contentious.

“You want a truce?” Jason asked.

“No one doubts that you can cause us some trouble,” Zato said. “It is equally evident, however, that you cannot, ultimately, stop us. Therefore, we suggest a compromise.”

“You can’t seriously think that we’d go for that?” Jason asked.

“This astral space, as I’m sure you are aware,” Zato said, “is quite unusual. The connection it has to the larger world is artificially supported. That means that we don’t need to destructively rip it away, as we have with other astral spaces. The controlled unravelling of the astral bindings will let it drift away without causing any harm.”

“So,” Jason said, “what you’re proposing is that we just let you have this one?”

“In return, we shall open a portal back to the world. We get the astral space, you and your team get out alive and we can go right back to fighting over the next thing. We can even throw in Thadwick, if you want him.”

“He’s not much of a sweetener,” Jason said. “I can’t make that decision. I’ll have to consult with my team.”

“Of course,” Zato said.

“Just so you know,” Jason said, “I’ll be voting to turn you down. And I do have my persuasive moments.”

“I would also like for you to decline,” the Builder said. “I would rather put you to death here, but Zato has convinced me of the merits of this proposal.”

“He does seem pretty on top of things,” Jason said. “Not what I look for in an enemy, to be honest. I actually kind of like him. I don’t suppose you want to join team Hopelessly Outmatched, Zato?”

“No, thank you.”

“I don’t blame you, mate. Is Zato your first name or last name?”

“It’s my only name.”

“Oh, a mononym,” Jason said brightly. “Like Cher. Have your boss tell you about the music video for ‘If I could Turn back Time.’ That could be a good look for you. Bold, but I think you could swing it.”

Jason looked at the Builder’s expression.

“Ooh, I think he’s getting grouchy,” Jason said. “I’d best make myself scarce before he changes his mind on the whole deal.”

“Best that you do,” the Builder warned.

“I’m just going to have Shade dissolve his body here,” Jason said. “Wouldn’t want you following me home.”

“Please give my proposal consideration, Mr Asano,” Zato said. “I would rather come out of this with a respected enemy than a vanquished foe.”

Shade’s body faded into nothingness.

“Do you think he believed me?” Zato asked.

“No,” the Builder said, “but it doesn’t matter. Our people are almost upon them.”



Jason opened his eyes and turned to Shade.

“How long?” Jason asked.

“They are less than two minutes out.”

Shade had two of his bodies stationed between their location and the Builder camp.

Jason tossed his aura senses over the dummy auras Clive had set up. They were subtle and impressively close to the originals. Given that the enemies hadn’t sensed their current auras, they should be completely indistinguishable from the reality.

Jason started running. He had been looking and speaking through Shade from the bottom of a large, intact building, exactly the kind of building that would make a good encampment. He extricated himself from the building and looked up, spotting one of Shade’s bodies on the roof of the adjacent building.

He quickly teleported through a chain of Shade’s bodies to where the team was waiting on a rooftop, several buildings



away. That brought him to inside an aura suppression ritual circle Clive had set up.

“Well?” Neil asked.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “Clive was right. The Builder was able to track me through the link to Shade’s body.”



The contingent was a mix of clergy and cultist, made up of the fastest-moving people they’d been able to muster. They poured into the building, eager to find and cut down Asano before he fled, hopefully catching the rest of his team in the process. They arrived in the bowels of the building, pulling up short when they reached the complex ritual circle that was the source of the auras they had locked on to.

“What is this?” a priestess demanded.

Timos, the leader of the cultists’ contingent went wide-eyed.

“We need to get out!”

Even as he yelled, their magical senses picked up previously dormant power coming to life around the building.



The team reached the adjacent rooftop just in time to see the end of the building’s collapse. They were swamped by a dust cloud, Sophie’s aura once again keeping the team’s air clear.

They dropped down to ground level. Jason shared his slow fall power with Belinda and Neil. With Sophie’s aura continuously clearing the air around them, they went to check on the unstable rubble.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” Belinda asked. “That has to have killed them, right?”

“Depends on who they sent,” Humphrey said.

They were only just beginning their examination when they heard the rubble shifting in the cloud of dust ahead of them. Slowly, something pushed its way up and out, broken chunks of masonry tumbling away as it rose up from the debris. Through the haze, they saw a dome of magical force ascend from the shattered remnants of the building. Inside were three figures, who spotted them in turn.

Jason had never seen Timos before and didn't recognise him. The other two he did: Anisa and her archbishop, Nicolas Hendren.



## THE TRUE DANGER

**A**rchbishop Hendren had put his barrier up in time to completely shield the three, who were barely even dirty after having had a building dropped on them. The dome flickered out of existence; anyone with magic senses could detect that huge amounts of mana had been poured into it. This was of limited help to the team, as one of the many problems in facing a silver-ranker was that they had no shortage of mana to spend.

Anisa's aura, like Sophie's, cleared the air around her, the archbishop and Timos. As they stepped forward and the two auras overlapped, suddenly the air between them was cleared.

"Clever," Hendren said. "Luring us into a trap. We were rushing to catch you before you left the area and weren't as cautious as we should have been."

"You didn't have to survive to tell us that," Jason said. "Your immediate death would have been compliment enough."

"Cleverness will only get you so far," Hendren said. "It will always falter in the face of true power."

"That's just what clever people have tricked you into thinking," Jason said. "Because they're, you know, clever."

"Don't spare him words," Anisa said. "He deserves only death."

"Anisa, if deserve had anything to do with what we get in life," Jason said, "a meteor would have landed on your head years ago. You've had it out for me from the day we met and I'm thinking it's time you and I put this thing to bed, one way

or another. You and me, purification versus affliction. Are you willing to pit the power of your god against the darkness in the heart of man? The man being me. Or the darkness is me; I shouldn't have used a metaphor. Me stab-stab, you heal-heal. What do you say?"

"I will take pleasure in shutting that mouth for good," she said.

Jason leapt forward, Anisa's gaze focused on him as orbs of light manifested around her body. Then, beside her, Hendren called out a warning.

"Behind you!"

Hendren's silver-rank senses had noticed the approach of Stash in the form of a rodent climbing over the rubble. Even as Hendren yelled, Stash was taking the form of one of the monsters they had encountered during their time in the astral space. His new form had the body of a rhino and the legs of a mountain goat, but no neck or head at all. The front of his body was taken up entirely by a mouth ringed with teeth, with a pair of barbed, prehensile tongues.

Monster-Stash lunged at Anisa but Hendren shoved her out of the way, stepping into the space she occupied. Despite his being much smaller and lighter than Stash's monstrous form, Stash was sent tumbling away with a loud, slapping backhand.

Anisa, meanwhile, had tumbled herself from where Hendren had shoved her out of the path. Sprawled on the uneven rubble, she looked up at the enemy to find not Jason, but Humphrey, propelled through the air with the power of a special attack.

The rapid-fire sequence of events happened over just a moment. It was a testament to the team's relentless practise. Week after week, day after day and hour after hour of fighting monsters together had turned them into a well-oiled machine. The improvised tactic had begun with Jason calling out Anisa.

The team knew that he was a poor match-up for the Purity priestess and his call for a singular confrontation was a signal to do the exact opposite. If he was drawing attention to himself

instead of vanishing to seek out opportunities, it meant he was looking to create a distraction. While he was normally the dagger in the dark, Jason also liked to play waving right hand as the left hand struck.

The left hand, this case, was Humphrey. Humphrey directed Stash through their familiar bond, knowing that he would be detected and the silver-ranker would be quick enough to react, but have little time to make that reaction very effective. Even if the archbishop had a quick-shield power like Neil's, Humphrey was betting on an instinctive reaction to push Anisa out of the way. Humphrey bet on that and was already moving, lunging for the spot he expected the priestess to be, rather than where she was at the moment he launched his special attack.

**Ability: [Flying Leap] (Wing)**

**Special attack (combination, movement).**

**Cost: Low stamina.**

**Cooldown: 10 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 4 (19%).**

**Effect (iron): Swift and powerful leap with some limited air control that can be combined with normal or special melee attacks. Physical damage from these attacks is increased.**

**Effect (bronze): All damage from melee special attacks combined with this ability is increased, regardless of damage type.**

Humphrey grew larger as he sailed through the air, courtesy of Neil's giant's might spell. He also brought his heavy sword down in an overhead smash as he leapt, his most powerful, unstoppable force attack. Enhanced by the leaping power, it fell on Anisa like divine judgement. Neil, lightning quick with his spells, managed a second spell before the attack landed, using bolster to further enhance the attack.

Anisa quickly threw up a shield, even as her three orbs moved to intercept Humphrey's sword. There was a sound like shattering glass as they crumbled, one after another. With the

triple enhancement of Neil's spells and Humphrey's combined special attacks, the unstoppable force power lived up to its name.

Bronze and silver ranks represented very different stages of advancement for an essence user. Silver was like a whole new world, where what was a danger to ordinary people were no longer a factor. Bronze rank was the first step beyond normal, mortal potential, but only a small one. Only at silver rank would Anisa have been able to survive having Humphrey's sword bury itself in her body.

Anisa had been something of a perfect weapon against Jason's powers, with abilities to inhibit his death by a thousand cuts style, both in protecting herself and cleansing afflictions. Jason had guessed as much long ago, which is why he had immediately signalled for his team to make the move.

Humphrey was the opposite of what she was best at, his potent, singular attacks relying not on repetition or sinister after-effects. The single, overwhelming attack was as dangerous to her as she was to Jason, which is why Humphrey was kicking her corpse off his sword just moments into the fight.

The archbishop snarled in rage, throwing out a hand that blasted Humphrey, even enlarged by Neil's spell, tumbling back. Jason, forgotten in the wake of Humphrey's attention-grabbing assault, had positioned himself to strike at the distracted archbishop. Despite his rage, however, Hendren's reflexes were quick and he hadn't abandoned his attentiveness when surrounded by enemies.

Jason's dagger barely drew blood, while the backhand retaliation was far more powerful. Neil was once again on the ball, a shield appearing around Jason to negate the attack, buying Jason the moment he needed to back off.

Timos, through all this, read the situation and reacted immediately, in the exact opposite way to the archbishop. Rather than lunge into the attack, he activated two separate movement powers in quick succession as he fled, followed by

a chameleon power that made his departing form hard to spot. Jason quickly cast a spell in his direction as a parting shot.

**Ability: [Castigate] (Sin)**

**Spell (curse, holy, tracking).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 4 (06%).**

**Effect (iron): Burns a painful brand into the target, inflicting slight transcendent damage and the [Sin] and [Mark of Sin] conditions. The brand cannot be healed so long as the target retains any instances of [Sin].**

**Effect (bronze): Inflicts or refreshes the duration [Weight of Sin]. You gain the [Marshal of Judgement] boon.**

**[Sin] (affliction, curse, stacking): All necrotic damage taken is increased. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Mark of Sin] (affliction, holy): Prevents aura retraction. Cannot be cleansed while target retains any instances of [Sin] or [Legacy of Sin].**

**[Weight of Sin] (affliction, holy): Target suffers transcendent damage when subjected to a holy boon, recovery, healing or cleansing effect.**

**[Marshal of Judgement] (boon, tracking, holy): Know the distance and direction of anyone bearing a [Mark of Sin] placed by you. This effect lasts as long as any mark is still in place and cannot be negated.**

Unless Timos had an ability like Jason's to escape tracking effects, Jason would know where Timos was, roughly, until the cultist found a way to remove the afflictions. Most of Jason's afflictions had a lengthy duration, but sin would never drop off until it was cleansed, meaning that mark of sin and marshal of judgement would likewise remain in effect perpetually. Timos showed no intention of doubling back, however, as Jason sensed him moving directly away from them at speed.



Jason and his team had seized the initiative with their powerful opening gambit, taking a dangerous enemy off the board. No fight against a silver-rank essence user could be that simple, however. Even alone, the threat Hendren represented was only marginally diminished by the loss of his bronze-rank companions. He had always been the true danger.

The team had also gone through a number of their more powerful abilities with their opening moves. Having them on cooldown and not immediately available again moved the momentum in Hendren's favour. He had used his near-indestructible dome ability, but was otherwise fully loaded with powers.

The furious archbishop conjured a staff into his hands, a wooden staff covered in runes. As Sophie moved in before he went after one of her less-resilient team members, he demonstrated that he was fully capable of using it to the full extent. He unleashed a dizzying array of spinning attacks, Sophie wildly moving to intercept them with her arms, legs and fists.

The air was full of dust from the freshly demolished building, aside from the bubble of clean air created by Sophie's aura. The rubble underfoot made for unsteady footing, but neither Sophie nor the archbishop seemed troubled, dancing around one another as if they were on solid ground. Humphrey could not match the feat, so waited the few seconds for his leap attack to become available before once more hurling himself into the fray.

While it wasn't his unstoppable force attack, it was still startling to see the power of two of Humphrey's special attacks completely arrested by nothing more than an ordinary staff block. The silver-ranker did not even stagger as his staff continued to spin dangerously, pursuing both Sophie and Humphrey together.

Hendren was close to an exact rank above the bulk of the team, in the low-to-mid range of silver. He had no abilities that enhanced his speed or strength, but his silver-rank attributes still made him faster than Sophie and stronger than Humphrey. The margins weren't so large, but embodied in a single person,

the result was easily the most formidable foe the team had ever encountered.

Hendren's martial skills, while highly trained, were not the match of Humphrey or Sophie, but more on the level of Jason. They were still more than dangerous when combined with his silver-rank strength and speed and a barrage of special attacks.

As a human, the archbishop had plenty of special attacks available. They mostly seemed to be of the moderate power, short cooldown variety, which allowed him to chain them into well-practiced sequences. He could extend the length of his staff, create a storm of illusionary jabs that still inflicted damage or seamlessly integrate magical blasts from his staff, even while using it as a melee weapon. As he executed attack after attack, hammering at Sophie and Humphrey, he was also able to adroitly navigate the uncertain footing.

While Hendren was no match for Danielle Geller or Thalia Mercer, he still towered about the kind of trashy silver-ranker that languished in Greenstone instead of seeking greater heights in the wider world. If Sophie and Humphrey were all he had to deal with, he would have finished the fight already.

Humphrey and Neil both had their summons ready nearby and had called them in once the fighting started. Despite the continually worsening odds, the archbishop continued to fight off all comers with what looked like disheartening ease.

Clive's staff blasts were much less effective than normal as Hendren had the same crystallise mana power as Neil, Humphrey and Clive himself. The extremely common power, at silver rank, left five crystals floating around Hendren that not only intercepted magical projectiles but reflected them back. This sent Clive's staff blasts back in his own direction, where his own three crystals absorbed the attacks.

Clive fought cross-legged on the bag of Onslow, the floating tortoise offering him some easy manoeuvrability on the rough terrain of the ruined building. He didn't have Onslow use his powers, which were better for picking off small fry.

Belinda didn't even bother with weapons, concentrating on the support role. Her echo spirit familiar was helping Humphrey make illusionary duplicate attacks, which partially compensated for his speed deficit against the archbishop, as well as his lesser ability to navigate the dangerously unstable footing.

The force-bolts of lantern familiar, Shimmer, proved more dangerous to her than the enemy, given Hendren's defences. She could have used it to help Clive overwhelm those defences to get his staff-blasts through, but the reflected damage was an extra threat they couldn't afford. Instead, she used it to project shields to protect her and Clive from the occasional blast of Hendren's own staff sent in their direction. That left Neil free to concentrate on keeping Sophie and Humphrey in fighting shape.

Stash had shifted form again and taken the shape of a needle scorpion, with tough armour and the ability to shoot spines from its tail at a distance. Gordon was also attacking from a distance with beams.

In spite of the ranged attackers, it was Sophie and Humphrey that held the archbishop's attention the most. Ultimately, their bronze-rank power could not inflict any critical wounds against his incredible, silver-rank resilience. Only Humphrey had proven a genuine threat, with his powerful attacks and ability to ignore the resistance Hendren otherwise enjoyed against lower-ranked attacks. The threat of Humphrey and mobility of Sophie were the only things preventing Hendren from running rampant over the battlefield.

Sophie's attacks, while only minimal in damage, did punch through the silver-ranker's defences. It was her physical intervention that was the greater impediment, however. Just through positioning she was constantly setting up Humphrey to make attacks, heightening the threat he posed.

Defending against an overhead blow from Hendren's staff drove Humphrey to one knee, despite getting his sword up in time to block it. Hendren followed up with a kick to the chest that sent Humphrey tumbling back, although he didn't go far across the rubble.

Sophie could almost match his speed and could certainly match his skill. Her damage was limited, however, and her special abilities were being countered. Hendren was an experienced fighter, and it showed. He seemed to know which abilities he could ignore, which required blocking and which required an active counter from an ability of his own.

When Sophie tried to blast him off his feet with her wind power, for example, he planted his staff and used an immovability power. Sophie's ability then did nothing more than ruffle the priest's combat robes.

Humphrey and the archbishop met weapon to weapon, dodging attacks and hitting back hard. Hendren made full use of his superior speed to force openings and follow up with special attacks. Even with his potent armour, it was only the steady stream of shields and healing from Neil that kept Humphrey in the fight.

Jason was keeping Colin inside him, concerned that the priest of Purity may well have an answer to Colin's swarm state. If the silver-ranker had some kind of area power it could rapidly pulverise the leeches, so Jason kept Colin at the ready though not yet deployed. Once more of the priest's bigger powers had been teased out and put on cooldown, he had Colin for a trump card if necessary. At the moment, he was more interested in the extra healing that Colin would provide him.

Jason was acutely aware of how dangerous the enemy was; he was not as resilient as Humphrey and Sophie. One good hit from a silver-rank special attack could kill him outright. His normal methods of sneaking around, using Shade's bodies to stage blindsides would be far less effective against silver-rank senses.

His only margin for error was however much he could stack up the protective power of his amulet by laying on afflictions, but there was only so many he could land with spells alone. A scroll of system messages reflected the stark reality of fighting a Purity priest using afflictions.

**[Umbral Snake Venom] has been cleansed from [Nicolas Hendren].**

**[Necrotoxin] has been cleansed from [Nicolas Hendren].**

**[Leech Toxin] has been cleansed from [Nicolas Hendren].**

Hendren constantly and passively cleansed himself, meaning that Jason would need to bring his dagger into play to overwhelm that power. Unless he could get a good base of afflictions that his inexorable doom spell could then build upon, Hendren's cleansing power would wipe even that spell away. He was hesitant about jumping into the fray. Even with the reach of his shadow arms, the danger the archbishop posed was a daunting proposition.

The only bright spot was that the one hit Jason had landed early was the punish special attack. It had delivered the price of absolution ability, which Hendren's ability was apparently unable to cleanse. The effect itself was minor, inflicting a small amount of transcendent damage whenever a sin affliction was cleansed from the target. The damage was negligible to the silver ranker, but the important part was that the affliction stuck. It indicated that Hendren's cleansing powers might not be able to remove holy afflictions.

While Jason was being largely ineffectual, Clive charged up and unleashed his most powerful spell, wrath of the magister. It was further boosted by Neil's bolster spell, which enhanced a single ability use. Clive was confident that it had the potency to really hurt even a silver-ranker.

Clive unleashed the spell and the rainbow light poured from his hands, but Hendren held up his own hand in a stopping motion and a magic circle appeared in the air in front of it. The rainbow light of Clive's spell deflected off the magical shield, Hendren redirecting it at Humphrey instead.

Clive couldn't abort the spell without suffering a backlash he definitely wouldn't survive. He was forced to go through with it, but the rest of the team did not let him down. Their hard-won experience shone through as they reacted instantly to the unexpected reversal. Jason's shadow hand snaked out and slapped Humphrey on the back, passing over all the

charges he had accumulated on his amulet. Neil threw up a shield and a second, wall-like shield appeared between Humphrey and the spell, courtesy of Belinda's familiar.

Despite the best protection they could offer, Clive's power created a void in Humphrey's chest. The shields siphoned off enough power that the void was smaller than normal, but still ripped a hole in Humphrey's armour and torso that would have killed an iron-ranker outright. Even a sturdy bronze-ranker like Humphrey collapsed immediately to the ground, hovering on the brink of death.

The pressure was suddenly off Hendren, but instead of pressing Sophie or the team, he took the chance to start dismantling the mess of summons that had been hounding him. The dragon tooth warriors were battered apart in short order and he went to work on the golem, which was swiftly pushed into its chrysalis state. As much as she wanted to protect that source of pressure on Hendren, Sophie stood by as he tore through their support. She was not going to give him an opening to finish the job on the stricken Humphrey until her teammate was back on his feet.

Hendren threw her a sneer, fully aware of her intentions. After demolishing the summons, he used the freedom of not being attacked to cast a spell. A large mass of disruptive force blasted at Gordon, massively damaging the incorporeal entity. The floating cloak of its body tore like tissue paper and Jason immediately drew his familiar back into himself.

In a move that left the team in shock, Hendren then demonstrated that not every special attack at his command was a low-cooldown power with commensurately moderate damage. He raised up his staff and the runes etched into it started to glow brightly. He hammered the end down on the chrysalis state of the golem which, to date, had proven impervious to any form of attack. Not only was it damaged from the blow, but cracks spread throughout, glowing with the same light as the runes on the staff. The glow grew brighter and the cracks kept spreading until the chrysalis and the golem inside exploded, raining crystal over the battlefield before dissolving into stinking, rainbow smoke.



## FORSAKEN PLACE

**H**umphrey lied on the ground, barely conscious, his life spilling from the savage wound in his chest. The rest of the team's circumstances were not much more promising, with the summons destroyed and the seemingly indestructible enemy too dangerous to even approach. Jason's afflictions, the means by which they had overcome so many strong enemies, were falling off as fast as he could put them on, even the ones being applied retributively by Jason's aura. The team's most powerful magic attack had been turned back on them, leaving them in the precarious position they now found themselves.

Hendren had seized the chance to alleviate the pressure on him by destroying the summons and sending Jason's familiar into a state not much better than what Humphrey was in. The only blessing was the brief reprieve the team received in turn as the silver-ranker's attacks were not aimed at them. Neil, not needing to be primed to throw a shield out at zero notice, had time to cast his big, long-cooldown healing spell.

Fountain of renewal combined powerful, healing and mana recovery effects that covered the whole the team, at the cost of a cooldown measured in hours. Despite that potency, however, the spell did not save Humphrey's life. That was accomplished by a power of Humphrey's own.

**Ability: [Immortality] (Might)**

**Special ability (healing, recovery).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: 24 hours.**



**Current rank: Bronze 3 (16%).**

**Effect (iron): Instantly restore a large portion of health, mana and stamina. Amount restored is based on how depleted health, mana and stamina are when the ability is activated.**

**Effect (bronze): Gain ongoing health, mana and stamina recovery effects. The strength of these effects is based on how depleted health, mana and stamina are when the ability is activated.**

It was the power Humphrey had gotten from the legendary awakening stone of rebirth, his share of the reward from Emir for success in their first journey to the astral space. The effects were miraculous, healing light blazing from under Humphrey's skin, all through his body. At iron rank, the light would fade after the initial healing, but at bronze rank, the light merely dimmed. Humphrey pushed himself to his feet, the crater in his chest reduced to a gaping wound.

The wound continued to heal from the potent healing effects stacked on Humphrey, the lingering effect of his immortality power and the effect of Neil's spell. Fountain of renewal actually conjured a fountain in their air, spraying illusory water that carried very real rejuvenating power. There was also the effect of the amulet shield that Jason had passed over. When consumed, the instances of protection became an ongoing healing effect.

Humphrey reconjured his armour that had a large hole in the front and the sword which had vanished when he dropped it as he fell. Humphrey then went after Hendren like a man possessed.

It was not fury; his mother had trained him too long and too hard for him to let rage take over. It was a controlled intensity, driven by his passion but not consumed by it. Every bit of strength and skill Humphrey could muster he unloaded onto the archbishop, who was startled to find himself pushed back by an enemy he had thought finished. Hendren had dealt with most of the summons, yet to him, it was as if his foes had doubled in number, not halved.

Jason took the chance to get in some sneaky hits, Hendren letting them go as he withstood Humphrey's barrage. With no immediate harm, Hendren trusted his ongoing cleansing powers to continue handling the afflictions. Jason was happy for him to think that, finally having enough of an affliction buffer to lock in some spells that would stick.

Humphrey's resurgence was a powerful swing in the fight, but it could not solve the ultimate issue that they could not land definitive damage on their opponent. Humphrey's surge could not last forever and, inexorably, the archbishop retook the momentum.



Without the summons at his back, Hendren was better able to focus on Sophie and Humphrey, battering them such that Neil's shields and healing, even with Belinda's support, was being slowly, yet inevitably overtaken. If not for the overlapping mana recovery effects the team enjoyed, Neil's contribution would have already run out.

The team still managed to hold on. Hendren realised that even though he had pushed back the assault of Humphrey, the thief girl, Wexler, was becoming harder and harder to deal with. A traditional guardian-type was most effective against a multitude of lesser attackers, whose myriad strikes couldn't breach their defences. She thrived against a single attackers, evading powerful attacks that a traditional defence-focused adventurer could not endure.

Hendren had found her hard to deal with from the start, always exactly where he didn't want her to be. Even though he was faster than her, she knew how to make better use of her speed, which left him feeling slower. He could only periodically land hits with the aid of his special attacks, and even then, she had some ability that accumulated defensive power over time and expended it in protective force when she was finally hit.

Without the additional trouble of the summons, he had been free to make several attempts to focus her down, but every time he did she became even more elusive. She would suddenly speed up, his magical senses detecting space itself warping as her reflexes briefly eclipsed his own.

Even some of his special attacks had fallen short. He had tried to pin her down with an attack that duplicated his staff and attacked multiple times, faster than he even his silver-rank perception could follow. She had turned into a blur that impossibly dodged or blocked every attack.

Now, when he felt he should be pushing the enemy past the point of resistance, she was harder to deal with than ever. Her attacks were growing stronger, not just the impact but the magical damage that came with every strike. His own attacks were harming her less and less, while attacking anyone but her triggered retribution damage that passed right through his defences.



For Sophie's part, she had never felt more powerful. Never had they encountered an enemy that could hold up so imperviously to everything the team could throw at him. The result was that an ability that had limited impact on fights in the past became increasingly important.

**Ability: [Karmic Warrior] (Balance)**

**Special Ability (healing, recovery).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (20%).**

**Effect (iron): Gain an instance of [Agent of Karma] when subjected to damage or any harmful effect, even if the damage and/or effect was wholly negated.**

**Effect (bronze): Gain an instance of [Good Karma] when healing others, cleansing others or suffering damage.**

**Enemies that attack or take offensive actions against you are inflicted with [Bad Karma]. So long as any enemy has an instance of [Bad Karma], you have [Karmic Sacrifice].**

**[Agent of Karma] (boon, holy): Bonus to the [Power] and [Spirit] attributes. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Bad Karma] (affliction, retributive, holy): Suffer a small amount of retributive, transcendent damage when making an attack or other offensive action against anyone without the [Karmic Sacrifice] boon. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Good Karma] (boon, holy, stacking): Bonus to [Recovery]. Damage from enemies with [Bad Karma] is reduced. Additional instances have a cumulative effect.**

**[Karmic Sacrifice] (boon, holy, heal-over-time): Gain an ongoing healing effect, with strength determined by the amount of [Good Karma] you have accrued. This effect immediately ends if there are no enemies suffering from [Bad Karma].**

Every attack that landed made her all the stronger. She eventually realised that the archbishop had caught onto this and was no longer trying to finish her off with special attacks, simply trying to manage her as he went harder at Humphrey.



Hendren's perception power let him sense the boons and afflictions, so he sensed the holy power gathering on the thief girl each time he landed a hit. Frustratingly, his ongoing cleansing powers could not eliminate holy effects. He only had one power that could, but he was saving it for when Asano made his inevitable move.

The thief girl was moving from a nuisance to a powerhouse, but it was still within the realm of bronze rank. She was not yet enough of a problem that Hendren had to take drastic action. For all that her damage was increasing, plus the retribution damage that went right through his defences, it was

not yet on a scale that threatened his silver-rank fortitude. His ongoing health recovery was still enough to compensate, which meant that, for the moment, he could afford to leave her be.

Hendren had been paying attention to Asano throughout the fight, despite the affliction specialist accomplishing no more than a few futile spells, with the afflictions quickly falling away. During Humphrey's push, Asano had managed to get a few afflictions in place with melee attacks, using those stretching shadow arms to attack from relative safety.

As the fight progressed, however, it became clear to Hendren that the afflictions Asano had put in place were multiplying themselves faster than his passive ability was clearing them off. He realised that Asano and Sophie were the primary threats, the type that never tired and grew stronger and stronger the longer a fight went on.

Hendren felt the magic in the afflictions on himself activate when Asano used a spell, sending death energy through his body and rotting at his flesh. Hendren knew then that it was time to reset the board and put paid to the power Asano and the thief girl were building up.



The team was blasted back as Hendren used a new special attack. He set his staff floating in the air in front of his outstretched palm, spinning in a rapid blur and blasting out wind akin to Sophie's wind wave power. It inflicted no damage but knocked the whole team back as Hendren swept his arms around, the windmilling staff moving with it. Only the heavy Onslow was unmoved; he turned a slow, disgruntled head around as Clive tumbled off his shell.

Hendren used the moment he bought to cast a spell, holding an arm up where a sphere of clean, white light started shining. It erupted out in a blinding flash, washing over everyone. For a short but critical moment, the team were unable to see.

“You think afflictions can take down a priest of Purity?”  
Hendren called out as the team recovered.

**All of your affliction on [Nicolas Hendren] have been  
cleansed by an effect that ignores all cleanse prevention.**

**All of your boons and the boons on your items have been  
negated by an effect that ignores dispel prevention.**

The dazzle faded and the team’s vision returned to find that Hendren had made a move on Neil while the team couldn’t see. This had been trumped by Belinda, who had anticipated Hendren making a big move, casting her own spell as he had cast his.

**Ability: [Unexpected Allies] (Charlatan)**

**Special Ability (dimension, teleport, illusion).**

**Cost: Very high mana.**

**Cooldown: 10 minutes.**

**Current rank: Bronze 1 (67%).**

**Effect (iron): You and your allies take on the illusionary  
form of nearby enemies, but your allies can still recognise  
one another. All allies and enemies in the area are  
randomly switch-teleported.**

**Effect (bronze): Create illusions of your allies.**

Hendren had seen a lot of powers in his career, but Belinda’s unusual suite of abilities was filled with rarities. In addition to being a delight to Clive’s academic curiosity, it let her affect battles in ways their enemies didn’t anticipate.

Every member of the team had been altered by illusion to look exactly like Hendren himself, while illusionary doubles of the team had been brought into being, then switch-teleported with the real thing. Hendren’s attack when the team was blinded killed off nothing but an illusion.

The team was out of formation, scattered randomly by Belinda’s power. It left them all out of position but Hendren had no way of telling one team member from another until they acted and broke the illusion. Unsurprisingly, this started

with Sophie and Humphrey, who lunged at Hendren. Closer than either of them, one of the illusionary archbishops chanted out one of Neil's healing spells and Hendren made a rushing attack to interrupt.

'Neil' avoided the attack by vanishing into his own shadow, appearing nearby and slashing at the archbishop with a dagger held in a shadow arm as a cloak of stars appeared around him. He disappeared into another of Shade's bodies right before Hendren annihilated it with a staff attack shrouded in disruptive force.

Sophie and Humphrey were on Hendren then, as Jason fired off spells as quickly as he could coherently chant the incantations. As he did, he received a warning from Shade, who still had two bodies positioned between their current location and the Builder's walled fort.

"Shade just told me reinforcements are on the way," Jason told the others through voice chat. "We have to get this done, so I'm going aggressive. Neil, I'm going to need those shields. Belinda, help him keep them coming, because I'm going to need it. First, though, I'm going to need the good stuff."

"Are you sure?" Neil asked.

"I don't have time not to be," Jason said.

"Alright," Neil said. "Here goes."

Neil chanted a spell and Jason felt a power flood through him like a supercharged spirit coin.

**Ability: [Hero's Moment] (Growth)**

**Spell (boon, holy, recovery).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 24 hours.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (87%).**

**Effect (iron): Bestow a powerful boon on an ally, increasing all attributes and resistances by a significant amount. They receive damage reduction, their maximum mana and stamina are increased and they gain ongoing**

**mana and stamina recovery. They ignore the effects of rank-disparity. When this effect ends, they are temporarily debilitated, suffering the inverse of all previous effects.**

**Effect (bronze): Affected ally's essence abilities have increased effect.**

Neil then used his bolster spell, which Jason used to conjure a new and more powerful dagger. The bolstered version would make the afflictions it bestowed more potent than normal.



Hendren's silver-rank senses allowed him to pay attention to the whole field of battle. He had figured out which of his enemies was which, and which were illusions. He spotted the healer throwing spells on Asano and knew a push was coming. It galled him that bronze-rankers had driven him this hard. He needed to put an end to proceedings.

He made another dash at the healer, but it was a feint. He immediately stopped and used a special attack on the empty space in front of him. The thief girl fell for the bait, moving into place right as the attack activated. Light shone up from the ground, trapping her in place.

It would normally only hold someone for a short moment, but a silver-rank power on a bronze-rank enemy gave him more time to spare. He turned on Humphrey, who was charging into support. Hendren again used his spinning-staff wind blast to send Humphrey flying.

He turned back to the thief girl, who had discovered that movement powers were suppressed in the silver-rank trapping field. He raised up his staff, the runes glowing brightly, the way it had when he shattered the golem chrysalis into fragments. He brought it down on the thief girl as the light field faded away.





Sophie caught the descending staff in one hand.

The archbishop was left in disbelieving shock. She gave him a savage grin as she slapped a palm right into his chest. Red light glowed under her hand, the same light that had spread through the golem and destroyed it. The light spread through the archbishop's chest and then exploded, leaving him with a wound much like Clive had left on Humphrey.

Hendren was a silver-ranker, however, not a bronze. His body was closer to the amorphous flesh Clive had once described to the team, and his fortitude was far higher. Even with a gaping cavity where a normal person's heart and a good chunk of their lungs would be, Hendren little more than paused before resuming the fight with Sophie. He hadn't even dropped his staff.

His body started glowing with internal light as he activated a powerful self-healing ability. Humphrey arrived back to press the fight once more.

Jason also joined the melee, with both himself and his dagger rippling with power. He was faster, stronger and tougher than ever before. Around him were three of Shade's bodies, all that were still present. Of the seven total bodies, two were still off scouting, one had self-destructed in the enemy camp and one had been destroyed by Hendren.

Jason had a very different form of aggression to Humphrey or Sophie. In the early days of his training, he had naïve ideas about being the perfect counter-striker, deceptive and cunning. As his understanding of fighting developed and he gain new powers, he had gained a better understanding of what was possible and what worked best for him.

He had kept the deceptive and manipulative parts, using his cloak, his shadow arms and the bodies of Shade to play with perception and distance, toying with his enemies. He even used aura manipulation to project false positions.

The goal was to provide opportunities that, for other fighters, were worthless. When all he needed was the merest wound, his idea of a successful attack was, to other fighters, a failed strike. It was an unusual margin for success that allowed

him to use trickery that for most fighters would be wasteful play-acting.

Jason used every trick in his repertoire against the silver-rank priest. Even empowered by Neil's incredible spell, he was not the equal in speed or strength of the archbishop. He did prove, however, that he was a match in skill after all.

Again and again, Jason made nothing but a grazing slash, but that was all he was after. His empowered dagger revealed the lack of protectiveness Hendren's combat robes suffered in return for flexibility and lightness. As someone who used such robes himself, this weakness was something Jason was very much aware of. He used that knowledge to know how far he had to push. All the while, Sophie and Humphrey pushed the archbishop as well.

That was not to say that Hendren did not hammer blows on all three in return, especially focusing on Jason. For a short while, though, Neil was assisted by Belinda in burning through cooldowns to repeat shields on Jason. His afflictions stacking up also quickly added stacks to his amulet. Even piling on, however, they could not outlast a silver-rank essence user. Hendren continued relentlessly, the healing light closing the wound on his chest even as the others flagged. Jason took a couple of big hits, hurting him even though the layers of protection.

"It's time for the second coming of Humphrey," Jason said through voice chat.

In response, Belinda cast a spell on Neil.

**Ability: [Blessing of Relentlessness] (Adept)**

**Spell (boon, magic, recovery).**

**Cost: Extreme mana.**

**Cooldown: 24 hours.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (94%).**

**Effect (iron): Reset all cooldowns of a single ally of bronze-rank or below.**

**Effect (bronze): Affected ally gains a powerful, ongoing mana and stamina recovery effect.**

It was the big sister to her ability to reset one affliction, giving one ally a once-per-day full power reset. The advantage of letting someone with their own once-per-day power use it back-to-back was obvious.

Neil repeated his hero's moment spell, this time on Humphrey. As when he had recovered from Clive's spell, Humphrey pushed hard into Hendren, surging forward in an aggressive attack. Neil's potent boon, normally usable only once per day, raised his strength to a level even above his silver-rank opponent.

Neil followed up with his giant's might spell for good measure, turning Humphrey into a towering hulk that could, for the brief while the spells lasted, overpower his enemy with pure strength. With both Jason and Humphrey under the effect of the spell, though, there was a danger looming at the end of the spell's duration.

Neil's hero's moment spell was a Cinderella magic trick, and when it wore off, Jason and Humphrey would turn back into pumpkins. The spell's end would bring with it debilitating effects as potent as the boosts the pair currently enjoyed.

Jason went wild with his dagger piling on afflictions, before leaving Humphrey to bundle up the priest while Jason backed off to cast spells. He locked in his full affliction sequence, under a heavy block of dagger-inflicted maledictions, then cast punishment, which inflicted damage for every affliction he was suffering. Finally, the familiar traces of black rot from Jason's power became visible on the enemy.

Hendren slammed his staff into the ground, sending out a blast wave that knocked even the giant, empowered Humphrey away, let alone the rest of the team. Further, he left the staff standing vertically in place, blasting out force waves that continued pushing them away. Unaffected himself, Hendren started chanting out a spell.

A bolt of dark blue magic erupted from Belinda's outstretched hand. She was still lying on the ground where the

wave of force had sent her falling. Her magic ignored the pulsing waves of force and struck Hendren mid-incantation. Belinda's aura was flush with the power of the silver-rank spirit coin she had just taken to make sure her attack was not resisted.

**Ability: [Power Thief] (Magic)**

**Special attack (boon, affliction, magic).**

**Cost: Very high mana.**

**Cooldown: 5 minutes.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (21%).**

**Effect (iron): Make a magical ranged attack. You become able to use a random active-use ability of the target, who cannot use that ability until you have done so. It can be an essence ability or the inherent ability of a magic creature, but functions at your rank, not the rank of the target. You may not use the ability more than once. This ability cannot be used again until the copied ability is used. If not used within 24 hours, the copied ability is lost, restoring the target's ability to use it.**

**Effect (bronze): You can choose a specific ability of the target. If the target does not have that ability, a random ability is stolen instead.**

One thing that Belinda had learned about this particular power was that when choosing a specific ability, she wasn't restricted to just designating abilities she knew the target possessed. She was able to designate as the targeted ability one that the enemy was in the process of using. Her instant-use special attack was faster than the somewhat lengthy spell Hendren had bought the time to cast with his force wave power, and his spell was cut off as she stole it for herself.

She collapsed as the power of the spirit coin drained out of her. She would be able to make no more contribution to the fight, while Jason and Humphrey were close to being the same. They could both feel Neil's spell reaching the limit of its duration, while they were still held back by the waves emitting from the staff.

“You think that’s enough?” Hendren screamed wildly, spitting mania. “You think it can ever be enough? There is no stain that true Purity cannot burn out!”

Hendren started casting yet another cleansing spell, but Jason used one that was faster.

*“Feed me your sins.”*

The priest’s life-force became visible, filled with a distressing amount of taint for a priest of Purity. Jason’s feast of absolution spell took it all. Jason’s passive sin eater power gave him an immediate burst of mana and stamina, along with a pile of the integrity boon, granting ongoing health, stamina and mana recovery.

More importantly, feast of absolution left, in the wake of the dark and sinister afflictions, the transcendent light of holy afflictions. They filled up his life force, then lit up Hendren from the inside when his life force once again retracted out of sight.

Hendren fought through the pain and finished his own cleansing spell which, to his shock, did nothing.

“Holy?” he asked as he dropped to one knee. “How can it be holy? How can you... you, of all people...?”

It was as if the shock of being ravaged by holy afflictions was more debilitating than the ravaging itself. Hendren dropped completely to his knees, throwing back his head. He did not even seem to notice the transcendent damage burning him from the inside out.

“Lord!” he cried to the sky. “Why can you not speak to me in this forsaken place? Why did you send me here?”

“In case you hadn’t noticed,” Jason called out to him, “your lord is bit of a prick.”

He chanted out his spell to finish the job.

*“Mine is the judgement, and the judgement is death.”*

Hendren didn’t acknowledge Jason or his words, dissolving into nothing under transcendent light, face still gazing at the sky.



## BEING WHAT HE NEEDS TO BE

Jason could barely stand in the wake of Neil's spell wearing off, but he determinedly pushed himself to his feet.

"We need to move with alacrity," Shade said. "The cult's forces approach."

Jason nodded, pausing only to spare what was left of Anisa a brief glance. He was again reminded that most of the people he had first met on arriving in this world were dead. Most of the Vane family, their servants, Farrah and now Anisa. For all the wonders his new home offered, it took its price in horrors, and Jason was unsure whether or not he had become one of them.

"Shade, grab her dimensional bag and mount up."

The possessions of the archbishop had automatically been looted by Jason's power when his execute ability completely annihilated him. Looting powers could extricate goods from personal dimensional spaces, although Jason didn't stop to check what he had taken.

The team left the ruined building behind. Shade had taken the form of some large lizards, well-suited to navigating the terrain. Sophie and Clive had already helped Belinda onto the back of Onslow. Having taken a spirit coin, she was in worse shape than Jason and Humphrey. Jason and Neil rode Shade out, Humphrey rode Stash, while Sophie easily kept pace on foot. They didn't stop for hours, making sure to get well clear of the site of their battle.

Once they were confident there was no one trailing them, rest became the next order of business. Jason pulled out the cloud house inside a building they found with an internal space large enough to contain it. It was a church, although not to a god any of them recognised. Any lingering divine aura the building might have once hosted had long ago faded away.

Sophie took watch, keeping an eye out for cultists scouts. Humphrey, Jason and Belinda retreated into the house to recuperate. Damage from neither spirit coin usage nor Neil's spell could be rushed through recovery using magic. They quickly fell asleep in the comforting embrace of cloud chairs while Neil kept an eye on their conditions.

Before collapsing, Jason had divested himself of everything his looting power had plucked from the archbishop's personal storage space. Clive went over it, along with the contents of Anisa's dimensional bag.

There was a very large number of potions and a startling amount of money. Hendren, it seemed, had taken a large chunk of the church of Purity's coffers with him on 'sabbatical.' Those things he put aside, in favour of a good-sized collection of documents and a very full bookcase.

"It's mostly correspondence from higher-ups in the church," Clive said to Neil, going through the documents. He had taken a quick peruse of all the items and was now taking a closer look at the documents.

"Anything useful?" Neil asked.

"I'm not sure how much of it will be of use to us," Clive said. "The Adventure Society will definitely want to get their hands on these, though. There is correspondence here with explicit statements about the agreement between the church and the cult."

"Anything about why the church of Purity would throw in with these people?" Neil asked.

"Not at a glance," Clive said. "It'll take me a while to go through it all properly. It does seem that the ones siding with the cult are only a fraction of the church, though."



“That makes sense,” Neil said. “If the whole church knew, there’s no way they could have kept it a secret.”

“There also seems to have been a concern that a lot of the church members would not be accepting of the arrangement.”

“You mean they thought priests who literally worship Purity wouldn’t be accommodating to a cult that fills people’s bodies and souls with evil magic junk? That was probably a good assessment.”

“I have to think that most of Purity’s worshippers aren’t secretly evil,” Clive said.

“I suspect Jason would disagree.”

“Well, Jason has his biases,” Clive said. “He comes from a world where the gods apparently don’t show themselves at all and let the people wage wars over the truth. Then he comes here, and the first clergyperson he meets is that priestess we just killed. She wasn’t exactly a good ambassador for the virtues of faith.”

“Then it turns out an ostensibly good church is in league with an evil cult,” Neil said. “You can see why he might end up wary of the whole thing.”

“Even the Purity church members who are in on it clearly don’t like the people they’re allied with,” Clive said, gesturing absently with a sheet of paper. “This is a letter to Hendren, more or less telling him to put up with it and do what he’s told. While the faction working with the cult certainly believe they have their god on their side, they seem very unhappy with the alliance. It seems the cult had to pressure the church into coming along on this expedition at all.”

“I would have been happy for them to stay at home,” Neil said. “I imagine they would be too, now their leader’s been dissolved into nothing.”

Neil glanced warily over at the sleeping Jason.

“Does Asano ever scare you at all?” he asked quietly. “Most of the time he seems ridiculous, but sometimes he really, really doesn’t. When he just walked into that town and

killed all those bandits. The way he looked at them, like they were nothing.”

“Jason is good at being what he needs to be, in order to do what he needs to do,” Clive said, likewise speaking softly. “Sometimes, what he needs to do is kill a lot of people. And yes; seeing what he becomes to do that does scare me a little.”

“Hopefully, it scares the Builder, too. From the Builder’s perspective, pulling in the church for this must seem like a waste, now. He brought along an extra silver-ranker who didn’t accomplish anything but die.”

“Their rush to put us down cost them one of their most powerful people,” Clive said. “Whatever else, we can be certain that the Builder isn’t happy.”



“This has worked out very well,” the Builder said. “Losing Hendren’s power is a blow, obviously, but he was a reluctant ally at best.”

“You want to step up the kind of procedure we use on his people,” Zato said.

“Precisely,” the Builder agreed. “Now that the church’s leadership here is dead, there is little concern about any survivors reporting to their god when we are done here. We no longer have to take half-measures in converting the clergymen, to protect Hendren’s sensibilities.”

“There are other bronze-rankers in their number,” Zato said.

“None who held a leadership position like Lasalle. That they died together helps us more than either of them surviving. None of the remaining clergy will be able to pull the rest together and effectively resist our intentions. Take them into custody and prepare the iron-rankers for immediate conversion.”

“What do we do with their bronze-rankers?” Zato asked. “We can’t convert them with clockwork cores we get from

sacrificing our iron-rankers.”

“That is a question,” the Builder said. “The failure to summon the clockwork king and the cores it could produce truly was the beginning of things going wrong with your operations. If your former superiors had the ability to adapt to circumstances you have demonstrated, we would be in a better position right now. You have demonstrated a talent for making the most of what you are given. What do you suggest?”

Zato rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

“We could prepare them for use as additional vessels, but that would take too long. Maybe...”

Zato’s gaze lingered on the ruined body of the Builder’s withered husk of a body.

“You’re about to abandon that vessel,” Zato said. “You have instructed me to see it destroyed, but perhaps we can put it to a better use.”

“Explain,” the Builder said.

“We feed it the bronze-rank clergymen. Fatten it up, then send it after the Rejector and his people. An energy vampire gets little from feeding on monsters and will go hunting for richer meals. It may well be able to sniff out the souls of our enemies. We can make it our hunting hound, flushing them into the open, or even killing them outright. It might not work, but what does it cost us to try? A spent vessel and some priests we would probably have to execute anyway.”

“Your proposal has merit,” the Builder said. “An energy vampire will have no interest in our people. The soul and body modifications you have undergone make you unpalatable to them. If we are going to convert all the clergy or feed them to the vampire directly, then it will have no more interest in us.”

The Builder nodded, dry skin flaking off its face at the gesture.

“Very well,” the Builder said. “Seize the clergy, prepare the iron-rankers for conversion and collar the bronze-rankers. Prepare a binding circle to hold the vessel once I am done with

it and we shall conduct the vessel exchange. Afterward, we can begin the conversions.”

“The more thorough conversions than we originally intended will add to the time required,” Zato said. “It will better prepare us for the next step, however. We have to assume that once we start sending teams out, the Rejector will try and intervene.”

“Let him,” the Builder said. “His rejection of the star seed may have inured him to further implantation, but his companions enjoy no such immunity. I will take them, one by one, and he will watch. Once that is done, they will be the ones to kill him.”



“How many potions can one person carry?” Belinda asked, looking at them all stacked up. “We didn’t bring in this many for six people over a series of months.”

“These are iron, bronze and silver-rank,” Jason said. “This is probably the supply for his whole contingent.”

The team was going through what they had taken from the archbishop. His most important gear had been on his body and destroyed along with it, but looting his personal storage space had still yielded a slew of valuables. Since they were already going over loot, it seemed like a good chance to tally their collected loot from months of monster hunting, which they added to the pile.

They had a lot of materials that would be valuable for crafting. At an earlier stage they had purged their stocks of the iron-rank materials to make room for bronze and silver. They also had what had become a huge stockpile of monster cores, on top of the essences and awakening stones picked up along the way.

Fully functioning magic items were produced by Neil and Jason’s looting powers far less frequently than materials. The rarity of such items was mostly low, although the silver-rank monsters they fought had produced a few items that were more

impressive. They were all silver-rank, so not yet of any use to the team. One item in particular stood out amongst the others.

**Item: [Orb of Ascension (Silver)] (silver rank, legendary)**

*An orb containing the most precious power of all: potential (consumable, magic core).*

**Effect: A single epic or legendary quality bronze-rank item gains the ability to be increased in rank through a ritual of ascension. Additional material requirements vary based on the effected item.**

A few of the bronze-rank items had been claimed by the team. Jason had replaced his iron-rank boots with a pair of black boots taken from an insectoid monster called a night hopper. The new boots were higher rank but lower rarity than his existing boots, lacking the whip-blade function that Jason had used only occasionally, but always effectively.

As they moved on to bronze and silver-rank monsters, the iron-rank boots had become increasingly battered. Without the self-repair function of his main armour, the boots had become so ragged that he feared they would be too damaged and lose the enchantment.

The new boots also lacked self-repair, but were very sturdy, even for a bronze-rank item. Most importantly, they replicated the most important functions of his old boots. The jumping power was even stronger than on his old boots, which had become a critical part of how he moved around. Added to his heightened, bronze-rank attributes, the new boots gave him more of exactly what he wanted. It was the final trait that was the true reason he made the switch, and without it, he would never have picked the new footwear—they colour-coordinated with his armour.

Belinda had done the best out of the entire team, largely because she could use such a wide array of gear. Her various abilities that replicated different roles each needed their own gear set to have full effect. This was especially true given that she would never match up to a specialist in any given area with her stop-gap powers.

She had purchased a variety of bare-bones equipment sets before they left, picked out with the aid of Gary's expert eye. She had sacrificed everything else at the altar of cost-effectiveness, giving her what Jason described as a 'quest reward hodge-podge' look. This was only exacerbated as she added items looted from their opponents, but the results had been worth the effort. She might look a bit unprofessional in her eclectic outfits, but her ability to be exactly what the team needed was stronger than ever.



The Builder's walled encampment was filled with screams.

"You did an impressive job arranging for so many to be converted at once with the available space," the Builder said.

"Thank you, Lord," Timos said. "I know that you like efficiency. I managed to create enough stations that all of our ritualists can be work simultaneously. It's grisly, but hardly the first place we've painted with blood."

"Things are moving quickly because this is their field of expertise," Zato said. "Our problems have all come from their needing to take on the astral magic duties after Landemere Vane was killed."

"That was a grave disappointment," Timos said. "I'd been cultivating him for years. I was quite pleased with how he'd turned out."

"There is more astral magic to be done," the Builder said. "Now I am here to direct things personally, however. All that is required is that they follow direction."

"That much I can assure you they are capable of," Zato said. "I made quite certain of that."

"The next obstacle is that the altered state of the ambient magic," the Builder said. "Naturally, I have the knowledge to compensate in activating the gates, but this vessel isn't powerful enough to open portals and transport our people around the astral space."

“Once the conversions are complete, we will be able to put together teams strong enough to navigate the dangers outside the walls. The need to physically travel to each location instead of just portalling is logistically more involved, but ultimately all it will cost us is time and a few casualties to monsters.”

“And the Rejector,” Timos added. “His team are coordinated and fearless. I escaped immediately and it was still enough time to see that. They are also powerful enough to deal with Hendren. Only the best bronze-rank teams could have done that.”

Timos was still shaken by his encounter with Jason’s team. Jason’s spell that landed as Timos was fleeing had burned a symbol into Timos’s face that the Builder had identified as the word ‘sin,’ from a symbolic language older than their world. The Builder had to remove the curses before the light, but prominent, mark would heal.

“We will lose people to the Rejector,” the Builder said, “but we hold the advantage. We still have the strength and we still have the numbers, while they do not have the luxury of staying hidden. They will be forced to climb out of their hole if they intend to understand what we are doing, let alone attempt to stop us.”





## A SIGNIFICANTLY MORE DANGEROUS ENTITY

**T**he Builder was now wearing Thadwick's face, but those that knew him would spot the difference immediately. There was a very different beast inside Thadwick's body and the change was startling. It began in the eyes, hard and unyielding. This was a gaze that knew its domain was everything it landed upon. Person, place, or object, all that it saw, it owned.

It was a far cry from the insecure haughtiness of the body's former owner and his constant need for validation. Uncertain arrogance had been replaced with world-shaking confidence, transforming his entire demeanour. From facial expression to posture, Thadwick's body exuded the domineering presence that had ever been his unrealised intention.

The Builder walked alongside Zato and Timos as they inspected their new weapons, lined up like soldiers on parade. The former clergy stood with blank expressions, their personalities wiped clean. The souls inside were screaming, but only the Builder could hear them. He was no more moved by their suffering than was the brick under their feet.

Their clothes, torn and bloody from the involuntary procedure, had been replaced with plain garments. Around a third of them had grey-coloured clothes, the rest had brown. Their original clothes were gone, but their skin was still coated with the rust of dried blood. The cultists hadn't bothered to wash them off following the gruesome conversion process.

To ordinary senses, the converted seemed normal, aside from the empty, blank expressions. To magic and aura senses,

they were anything but normal. There was no longer any trace of essence power within their auras, all burned as fuel for the magic intricately engraved all across their skeletons with the fine precision of circuitry. So stark was the power coursing over and through their bones that magical senses could clearly feel it, radiating through their flesh. The magic felt alien, unnatural and artificial, surging around their bodies and through the clockwork core implanted in their hearts. The cores were a modified variant of the cores used to create constructs, and were regulating the magic of the converted.

To aura senses, the converted projected a uniform, blank and sterile, bronze-rank aura, coming from what had once been iron-rank essence users. It was stronger from the brown-garbed individuals than those in the grey, but in both cases the auras being generated were firm and unfluctuating. Most disturbing was that the auras were identical amongst all those standing in line. The unique signature that was an intrinsic trait of all auras was unsettlingly absent. There was no trace of their individuality or the suffering they were experiencing in deepest reaches of their souls.

The procedure of emplacing the engravings had been painstaking and gruesome, carving them onto the skeleton directly and by hand. Flesh was peeled back and the engravings made, bone by bone, before the flesh was returned. Only the massively accelerated healing bestowed by the procedure made it possible for the subject to survive. Even then, moving on to the deeper bones that required more extreme procedures to access was a delicate balance.

It began with the least invasive areas, moving onto the more critical areas as more of the procedure was completed. By the time the ritualists were going for the hips, pelvis and spine, they had already walked a precarious balancing act to keep the subject alive at all. Paralysis magic was key in preventing any disruptive movement or screaming.

“Many of them had divine essences,” Timos said. “That power was not consumed by the process but returned to their god, so those ones are somewhat weaker. I’ve given the weaker ones grey garments and the stronger ones brown, to

easily identify each group. My concern is that Purity will know the reason for this sudden return of power.”

“The god’s eyes do not extend to this place,” the Builder assured him. “All Purity will know is that his people died in rapid succession. There are dangers in this place that are plausible enough explanation. He will suspect, but not risk the alliance by pushing the issue. Show me the difference between the stronger and the lesser.”

Timos nodded at a pair of cultists standing by who stepped forward. They moved up to two of the converted, one brown-garbed and one in grey. Each cultist drew a long knife and sliced open the throat of the converted in front of them, blood spraying from the wounds. The converted showed no reaction, and the gaping slashes quickly closed, with that of the brown-wearing converted happening faster than the other. It only took seconds for the savagely slashed throats to completely heal over, marked only by the blood that had spilled out.

“Adequate,” the Builder said. “Did we lose any in the conversion process?”

“We did not,” Timos said. “The ritualists were fastidious in their work.”

“Good. Having a vessel present gives me the ability to control them directly, but I cannot share their perceptions the way I can with those carrying star seeds. Begin organising them into teams with our people and the constructs. We begin the next stage in the morning. Now, show me my previous vessel.”



The team, now fully recovered, were discussing their next move.

“We need more information,” Humphrey said. “Did you get anything from what we took from Hendren, Clive?”

“No. In so far as I can tell, Hendren thought that this was just another astral space the Builder was trying to steal.

There's nothing about those giant golems or what the Builder might want with them."

"When I was scouting their camp using Shade's body, they looked to be gearing up to set out from their walled-off fort," Jason said. "Whatever they're doing, they can't do it from where they are."

"They probably need to go to the towers around the city, right?" Belinda said. "They have to be doing something with those world engineer things. Are they going to wake them up?"

"If they are," Clive said, "I have to wonder what does the Builder get out of that. Right now, they're locked away in this astral space."

"They're diamond-rank," Neil said. "For all we know, they're powerful enough to leave this astral space using their own abilities."

"I didn't think of that," Clive said. "You could well be right. The little I've learned about diamond rank has a recurring theme of the old rules no longer applying."

"Maybe he isn't looking to wake them up," Belinda said. "Those towers are the anchor points tethering this astral space to our world, right? The portals linking it to our world are integrated right into them. What if their real purpose is some kind of delivery system? Rather than wake them up, he's trying to move them into our world?"

"Whether they're moving on their own steam or getting a push along, a dozen diamond-ranked super-golems is not what we want floating about," Jason said. "We may not know what they do, but with a name like world engineers, I think we really need to stop them from doing it."

"Then what's our next move?" Sophie asked.

"I hate to be passive, given what's potentially at stake," Jason said. "I don't think we can just stage an attack on their fort, though. They have another silver-ranker, a small army of priests and cultists and however many of those construct creatures they've built. They also have the Builder itself. Do

we have any idea how much power it has, or what it can do with that power? And by we, I of course mean Clive.”

“I don’t know,” Clive said. “Those walls it built are an impressive edifice, but you said its vessel looked more dead than alive. Most likely, that strained the vessel it’s occupying. You said you were sensing silver-rank magic from it?”

“Yes, although I couldn’t sense it at all until it was standing right in front of me. It seemed like silver-rank magic holding the body together, but I have no idea if that’s its limit.”

“Most likely,” Clive said. “A more powerful vessel would require a more powerful sacrifice and they don’t have a silver-ranker they can just toss away for that.”

“I think we can all agree that a pre-emptive attack would be ill-advised,” Humphrey said. “You’re counselling patience?”

“Yes,” Jason said. “We watch and we wait. When they make a move we look for a chance to dig out what they’re doing. Once we know what they’re up to and, hopefully, how, we can start figuring out how to stop it.”

“Does that mean we start hanging around the outside of the fort, waiting for them to come out?” Neil asked.

“I’ve already sent Shade to do exactly that,” Jason said. “He’ll be keeping a good distance, because we can’t be sure how sensitive the Builder’s senses are, but he’ll spot it if they make any big moves.”



Zato, Timos and the Builder walked past the array of construct creatures, most of which had been completed. Under normal circumstances, creating such creatures was a laborious and magic-intensive process. Access to clockwork cores made their construction cheap and relatively easy for those with the expertise to use them. For the cult ritualists who specialised in their use, it was simplicity itself.

Clockwork core constructs were a cheap and dirty version of regular construct creatures. Those crafted through the usual process were a superior product, but the requirements in materials, time and facilities were considerable. The ability to quickly produce large numbers of constructs in the field, with no need for specialist workshops, made clockwork core constructs more valuable than those that were, rank for rank, more powerful.

The only drawback to this approach was securing a supply of the clockwork cores. Without a clockwork king to produce more, the cultists were running increasingly short. The battles in the desert astral space and on their island base had cost them a vast number of the constructs, both destroyed outright and abandoned in the need to go to ground.

The constructs they assembled now were consuming the last of their cores. Even the Builder itself was unable to produce new ones with its current vessel, as it was not strong enough to endure the power it would take to create more.

Zato led the others past the constructs to where the Builder's previous vessel was in a cage made of magically shaped stone. The cage was surrounded by an active magic circle, glowing with purple light. The vessel was visibly healthier than it had been while possessed by the Builder, and while it was far from looking flush with life, it no longer had the appearance of a weeks-old corpse.

The reason for its recovery was not just the absence of the Builder's power eating it away from the inside but also the dead bronze-rank priests piled up in the cage. It had fed on them all for the sustenance it needed to survive. Feeding, however, had not let it move beyond the animalistic instincts it had been left with on the Builder's departure for a new shell. The intelligence of the man it had once been was nowhere in evidence. Crouched in the cage, it stared at them, warily.

“What exactly does it feed on?” Timos asked. “My understanding is that the soul is inviolable. I cannot imagine this feral creature having the skill of you, Lord, at forcing people to yield that barrier.”

“While it is commonly accredited as feeding on the soul, that is not what energy vampires do,” the Builder explained. “They are also, strictly speaking, not vampires. They are more akin to ghouls—wretched things that know nothing but hunger. They do attack the soul, which disrupts the magical matrix that governs the physical body, and they feed on this disturbed magic.”

“It can’t truly feed on souls then,” Timos said.

“It could, if given the chance. When such a creature does find a way to feed on a soul, that power is transformative. The ghoul truly does become a form of vampire, a significantly more dangerous entity. Such chances are rare, however.”

“And it won’t go after monsters,” Timos said.

“No,” the Builder confirmed. “It requires a true soul to trigger a reaction that disrupts the body’s flow of magic. The false souls of monsters barely react to such attacks, making them poor sustenance.”

“So it won’t go after the monsters,” Zato said, “but what of the twisted flesh creatures that inhabit this astral space? Are their souls damaged enough for the ghoul to ignore them?”

“There were hundreds of them, according to our agents in the Adventure Society,” Timos said. “One of the last reports before our people had to withdraw from their positions was that the Rejector intended to wipe the flesh creatures out.”

“They have likely thinned out the numbers in their time here,” Zato said. “I can’t imagine they eliminated them all, under the conditions here, but hopefully there are few enough left that it isn’t an issue and the ghoul seeks out the Rejector.”

“Souls that have been significantly altered create an unusual reaction in the body’s magic, which taints it to such ghouls,” the Builder said. “It is the same reason it might attack you, but cannot feed off of you. The alterations I have made to your soul make you poisonous to it. The flesh creatures are similar and it will not go after them.”

“The ghoul should go right for the Rejector, then, once it catches wind of him,” Zato said.

“Yes. The flesh creatures will not be concern,” the Builder said. “What will be a concern to us are the vorger that created the flesh creatures in the first place. They would not be so foolish as to come anywhere near me, but once our teams move out, the vorger will move in on them.”

“I’ll make sure that each team contains people capable of handling incorporeal pests,” Timos said.

“Good,” Zato said. “Lord, do you wish to release this energy ghoul now?”

“Yes,” the Builder said.

“I shall have our ritualists securely remove it from the fort.”

“No need,” the Builder said. “I shall deal with it myself.”

The Builder strode through the magic circle, which flickered and dimmed as it passed over it. Nearing the cage, the magically moulded bars started to run like mud, quickly thinning to an almost watery consistency and splashing onto the brickwork, where it immediately hardened again.

The ghoul leapt at the Builder, who snatched it out of the air with one hand, claspng its fingers around the ghoul’s neck. The ghoul collapsed in his grip, falling limp like a rag. The Builder then carried it to the nearest gate in the wall, which opened at his approach. The Builder tossed out the ghoul, which regained its senses in the air, twisting into an animalistic catfall. It looked back, fearfully, before scrambling away, still on all fours.

The Builder raised a hand and dust rose from the ground, swirling together into a small but solid shape. It was a crystal eyeball with spider legs that, immediately on being completed, scurried off after the ghoul.





## LOSING THE BATTLE TO WIN THE WAR

Jason dashed forward, his sword flicking out.

“Faster,” Sophie said, catching every strike with her hand as she moved backwards, easily matching the pace of Jason’s advance.

“You don’t need to hit hard,” she said. “If you’re going to fight the constructs effectively, it’s about building up the power on your sword as quickly as possible.”

Fending off Jason’s attacks while moving backwards at speed was apparently not strenuous enough to make her incapable of carrying on conversation. They had chosen rough terrain on purpose, with undergrowth, vines and plants growing up through displaced brickwork. Sophie navigated it easily, without even looking around.

Her perception power, the only one on the team yet to receive magical senses, gave her an advanced form of spatial awareness. Each member of the team experienced a similar gain in spatial awareness, just from their senses advancing to bronze, but hers was an order of magnitude greater. It was the difference between navigating a well-known room in the dark and moving through it with the lights on.

More than just navigating whatever space she happened to occupy, Sophie’s senses made her far better at reading the attacks of enemies. She could track the movements of everyone around her, intercepting attacks she could feel, even if she couldn’t see them.

Jason had experienced a surge in his combat skills between his bronze-rank attributes and the new Way of the Reaper techniques that made the most of them. For Sophie, though, reaching bronze-rank was putting wings on a tiger. Like Humphrey, her combat skills were the platform on which her entire power set was balanced, and being stronger faster and more aware of her surroundings were acting as force multipliers to her capabilities.

For Jason's power set, by comparison, strategic movement was more critical than combat technique. Being in the right place at the right time was the most important factor in making the most of his abilities and the balance of his training reflected that. Since many of those powers would be ineffective against the cult's constructs, however, he would be reliant on his sword. For that reason, Humphrey and Sophie were taking turns helping him hone his swordsmanship.

As with most things, Jason's approach to swordsmanship was slightly off-kilter to most people. As with his knife-fighting style, quantity of hits was more important than quality. He didn't need powerful strikes but frequent ones, to build up the power on his sword. He did actually need to land hits, not just harmless taps, but even the least effective blow would get the job done, so long as it was effective at all.

With the bronze-rank advancement, the sword would not just build up charges with each hit. It would also leave behind ongoing damage effects, bringing it more into line with Jason's normal style, although not as effectively as his normal powers. While that meant diminished capability, Jason was quietly relieved that his entire worth couldn't be replicated by a single, albeit impressive, magic item.

"Mr Asano," Shade said, emerging from Jason's shadow. Jason and Sophie brought their practise to a stop.

"There's been some activity?" Jason asked.

"It would seem that the Builder has moved to its new vessel," Shade said. "Unexpectedly, it did not kill of the previous one, but threw it out of the fortress immediately."

Jason and Sophie had been practising just outside the church building containing the cloud house. As Shade talked, they made their way back inside to meet with the team.

“The Builder’s vessel survived having the Builder in it?” Jason asked.

“It’s a little more complicated than that,” Shade said.

“Well, wait on an explanation until we meet up with the team,” Jason said. It was not long before the team was gathered in the lounge room of the cloud house.

“What are we dealing with?” Humphrey asked.

“The Builder’s previous vessel,” Shade said. “The Builder’s new one, the former Mr Mercer, cast it out of the fortified camp in person.”

“What kind of state is it in?” Jason asked. “I didn’t think it would survive.”

“It won’t have, strictly speaking,” Clive explained. “It’ll be an energy ghoul now, an undead thing only kept animate by residual magic. Little, if any of the original mind will be intact.”

“It was acting in a very animalistic manner,” Shade said.

“The magic sustaining it won’t last long,” Clive said. “It will need more to avoid going from undead to just plain dead.”

“What kind of magic?” Belinda asked.

“The kind flowing through all of us,” Clive said. “We’ve discussed in the past about how the bodies of anyone, iron-rank or higher, move closer and closer to a generic magical substance that it shapes as need. The magic involved in that process is governed by the soul. An energy ghoul feeds by disrupting that magic with a soul attack, then consuming it.”

“Why did the Builder throw this thing out, instead of just putting it down?” Jason asked. “Won’t it be a threat to their people?”

“The cultists all have souls poisoned by their star seeds,” Clive said. “The Purity church people will be vulnerable to it,

however.”

“Which the cult may not care about, now the leader of the church contingent is dead,” Humphrey said. “The Builder may not care about what they have to contribute, now they aren’t providing a silver-ranker.”

“I believe that we can surmise the church’s contribution,” Shade said. “The former vessel was in an improved condition, compared to when Mr Asano and myself met with the Builder.”

“He’s been feeding the church people to it?” Jason asked. “That’s a bad ally to have.”

“A great astral being is one of the few that do not need fear a god’s retribution,” Clive said. “The gods of our world can’t see into this astral space, because it isn’t part of our world. So long as none of Purity’s people come back alive, the Builder can just blame all the deaths on us.”

“I’m happy to do my part,” Sophie said. “I’ll kill them all with a smile on my face.”

“Sophie!” Belinda scolded. “Since when do you smile?”

The team stifled laughs at Sophie’s affronted expression.

“Let’s keep on topic,” Humphrey said, despite the poor job he was doing of schooling amusement from his own face. “How dangerous is this thing?”

“Was it a silver-rank aura?” Clive asked Shade.

“Yes,” Shade said. “Its aura is unstable, but quite violent.”

“And that’s the real threat,” Clive said. “The physical danger it poses is relatively small, akin to an ordinary, silver-rank monster. No additional powers, not even claws. Just the silver-rank attributes.”

“Relatively small,” Jason said. “You haven’t gone toe-to-toe with a silver-rank monster. Just the attributes are plenty dangerous enough.”

“But not something beyond your ability to handle alone,” Clive said, “which is the important thing. If it can suppress our

auras, it will launch a soul attack. We've seen the results of that courtesy of you, Jason. We can most likely withstand it, but you're the only one of us likely to hold up well enough to remain combat effective. The rest will have to focus on maintaining our aura integrity."

"That puts it all on Jason," Humphrey said. "Are you up for that?"

"I'll have to be," Jason said. "I still don't understand what the Builder is looking to accomplish in feeding this thing up and sending it off. What does he get from doing that?"

"An energy ghoul is incredibly sensitive to the life and soul magic. It also ignores monsters, because it can't feed on them effectively."

"He wants to use it to find us," Sophie said.

"That seems likely," Clive said. "It's not a bad idea, either. It probably won't even take that long to find us. Its movements will be erratic until it catches our trail. Not an actual trail, but a sense of our magic. Once it does, it'll make a beeline, right for us."

"I have one of my bodies following it," Shade said. "It is making a straight line, but not in our direction. I think Mr Standish may be incorrect in counting the soul attack as the largest danger the energy ghoul presents. Following the ghoul is a small scouting construct created by the Builder. The moment we engage with the ghoul, the Builder will know."

"It seems that you were right about one thing, Clive," Humphrey said. "The Builder is using this thing to flush us out."

"It makes sense," Neil said. "If you have it laying about, why not throw it at us? It's kind of wasting a soul-sucking monster, otherwise."

"It's not an actual monster," Clive said. "And it doesn't actually 'suck souls.' It would if it could, but souls are inviolable. You can't just crack them like a breakfast egg. No one is going to open themselves up to an energy ghoul, which is for the best, given the result."

“The result of what?” Humphrey asked.

“Well, if it actually managed to consume a soul, it would transform into a soul vampire. Much more powerful, much more dangerous. We don’t have to worry about that, though.”

“Why not?” Neil asked.

“I told you; souls are inviolable,” Clive said. “It’s not like there’s an unattended soul just laying about for it to eat. Why are you all staring at me?”

“An unattended soul,” Neil said.

“Exactly,” Clive said. “Where would it possibly find one of those?”

“About eight kilometres away,” Jason said.

“What?” Clive asked.

“The one wrapped around the sword, remember?” Neil asked.

Clive’s eyes went wide and he leapt out of his chair.

“Oh, that’s bad,” he said. “That’s really, really bad. We can’t let that happen. Especially not a soul that powerful.”

He started pacing back and forth.

“Maybe it’s fine,” Clive said. “Maybe whatever’s been done to that soul will make it intolerable to the ghoul. It’ll just ignore it.”

“Right now, the ghoul is moving in almost a straight line in the direction of the location you are discussing,” Shade said. “So long as you leave in the next several minutes, you will be able to comfortably intercept the ghoul.”

“Why didn’t you say that before?” Clive asked Shade wildly.

“I largely avoid embroiling myself in the affairs of the great astral beings,” Shade said. “My affiliation with the Reaper tends to cause complications. As such, I am unfamiliar with the specifics around taking mortal vessels and their subsequent condition.”

“Then we need to move,” Humphrey said. “I can only imagine that letting the ghoulish consume that soul is trouble enough, let alone unleashing the sword it imprisons.”

“Double the trouble,” Jason said.

“Are we sure this whole thing isn’t a trap?” Sophie asked. “Does the Builder know about the sword and is baiting us into trying to stop the ghoulish?”

“Doesn’t matter,” Clive said. “We have to stop it even if we know for certain it’s a trap. A soul that powerful might even let the ghoulish rise up to a gold-rank soul vampire. If that happens, I don’t see us leaving this place alive, let alone stopping the Builder.”



The Builder, Zato and Timos were preparing to exit the walled fortress with an assembled group of cultists, constructs and converted Purity priests.

“You have a concern, Timos?” the Builder asked.

“I don’t feel it’s appropriate to say, Lord Builder.”

“Speak, Timos.”

“It’s just... that face,” Timos said. “I spent more time than I would care to holding Thadwick Mercer’s leash. It’s still a little odd seeing his face without his unique mix of vacuousness, insecurity and disdain.”

“I always find that obtaining the memories of a vessel to be interesting,” the Builder said. “Very few things are difficult to a transcendent being, but obtaining a mortal perspective is one of them. It makes predicting mortal behaviour difficult. So often you make choices that objectively work against your own interests or are even self-destructive.”

“If that’s what you’re looking for, I don’t think you could have found a better vessel,” Timos said. “Thadwick Mercer was a disaster of self-sabotage.”



“Indeed,” the Builder said. “I was hoping for some insight into the Rejector, but this vessel was so self-deluded that I don’t entirely trust the memories.”

The Builder tilted its head, as if listening to something.

“The ghoul is moving with speed and purpose,” it said. “It has been attracted to something.”

“The Rejector’s team,” Timos said. “Perhaps they were nearby, scouting the fortress.”

“I’ll take some of our forces and capture them,” Zato said.

“No,” the Builder said. “Rushing to the attack is what cost us Hendren, but there is no benefit in losing you. Send a force of converted and constructs under the command of one of the bronze-rankers.”

“I’ll arrange it, Lord, but I am uncertain they will find success against a group that already defeated a silver-ranker.”

“They will not,” the Builder said. “That is not the purpose of sending them. The mobility of being a small group is their key advantage against us. Rushing out to attack each time we catch wind of them only plays to that strength. One of our advantages in numbers and it is time to make use of them.”

“Please enlighten me, Lord,” Zato said.

“I will send observers with this force. We shall see how the Rejector and his team fight them, that we might develop countermeasures for future encounters. All it will cost us is a small portion of our superior numbers.”

“Planting the seeds of victory in the soil of defeat. My Lord is wise and long-sighted.”

“Don’t be a sycophant, Zato. I am not a god, in need of fawning worshippers.”

“Apologies, Lord Builder.”



Since the leap in Jason's aura power after his encounter with the Builder's star seed, Jason had been engaging the team in anti-suppression training. He couldn't raise the strength of their aura, but they could train to make the most of the strength they had. By keeping their aura projection uniform and resolute, they would present no weakness for the ghoul's aura to pounce on and collapse their auras entirely, leaving them exposed to its feeding ability.

This paid off when they encountered the ghoul, who immediately let out a soul-piercing shriek to go with its soul-suppressing aura. Aside from Jason, the team were all staggered, but not debilitated. Jason himself plunged forward, undaunted.

The encounter happened in amongst tightly packed buildings, the jungle overgrowth turning narrow streets into cramped canyons. Vines covered the walls and trees on the rooftops formed a canopy that stretched over the streets and cast everything in shadow.

The ghoul was a ragged, wretched thing, its clothes torn and bloody. Even though it was more intact than when Jason had seen it as the builder's vessel, he saw even less of the man he remembered.

Dougall had been the one to capture him, in what felt like a lifetime ago back at the Vane Estate. It had only been a just a few months more than a year ago, but Jason was literally and figuratively transformed. Then he had been scared and confused, halfway to madness and not entirely certain he wasn't the whole way there. Scrambling to survive, let alone understand what was happening to him, the repeated hits to the head with a shovel did not help.

The man who had been holding that shovel had undergone an even greater transformation than Jason, although not for the better. A less than pleasant man in life, undeath had rendered him into an even more unpleasant monstrosity.

The ghoul was silver-rank, but without the power to penetrate Jason's aura, it was no more threat than its silver-rank attributes, themselves on the lower end of the scale. It

fought unthinkingly and without skill, while the environment was a playground for Jason's abilities. His affliction powers were able to shine against the creature's silver-rank fortitude, hardy enough to withstand far more punishment than any bronze-ranker. The escalating nature of Jason's afflictions proved their worth as they inevitably overwhelmed the ghoul.

With the enclosed space and the team concentrating on fending off the ghoul's aura, they had not detected the presence of the Builder's forces until they were almost upon them. Even as Jason's execute was annihilating the ghoul, the team heard the approach of the clunky stone constructs.



## WAR OF ADAPTATION

The enemy force only had a few cultists, being mostly made up of constructs and the converted. They hadn't even engaged Jason's team before being thrown into confusion as Belinda used her unexpected allies spell. The team were masked in illusions that made them appear as members of the enemy force. Illusionary doubles of their true form appeared as allies and enemies alike were switch-teleported around the area by Belinda's spell.

The enemy constructs were unthinking automatons and the converted former clergy weren't much better. Neither handled the confusing shift in the battlefield well. When the team attacked them under the disguise of illusion, they retaliated against what appeared to be members of their own force.

The illusionary disguises weren't very good and most of the team was easy to pick out. Humphrey, for example, had taken the form of one of the blank-faced converted, but was still wielding his huge dragon sword. The mindless enemy, however, was easily deceived. Once they thought their own forces were attacking them, things got very messy, very fast.

The cultists commanding the forces worked to get things back under control as their forces started fighting one another. It helped that the illusions did not last long and their enemies once again became clear. Jason and his team had used that window of confusion to maximum effect.

The team was well-practised in handling the chaos of Belinda's power and had used the moment of confusion to set themselves up for the fight against an enemy in disarray. The

priority was getting the team's backline out of harm's way, Sophie and Humphrey immediately moving to clear paths for Clive and Neil to escape the fray. Belinda activated her counterfeit champion power, equipped some hefty equipment and extracted herself.

After the random switch-teleport by Belinda, Jason had found himself in the midst of constructs. They ranged from larger than him to much larger than him, in a myriad of monstrous forms. Rather than wasting the precious moments of enemy confusion looking for more fleshy opponents, he drew his sword and put his recent training into practise. Shade's bodies spread out between them, giving Jason plenty of flexibility for shadow teleports and he made the most of them. He moved amongst the constructs like a ghost, his sword dancing to make rapid-fire hits in staccato rhythm.

With the aid of Sophie and Humphrey, Clive and Neil extricated themselves from the scrum, heading for the reliable presence of Onslow, who had been unconvincingly disguised as one of the larger constructs. Neil's burst shield proved especially effective in getting them clear.

**Ability: [Burst Shield] (Shield)**

**Special ability (healing, recovery).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 20 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (87%).**

**Effect (Iron): Create a short-lived shield that negates an incoming attack and explodes out, knocking back nearby enemies and inflicting concussive damage. High-damage attacks of silver-rank or higher may not be entirely negated.**

**Effect (Bronze): Inflicts [Vibrant Echo] on anyone damaged by the blast.**

**[Vibrant Echo] (affliction, damage-over-time, magic):  
Inflicts ongoing resonating-force damage.**

The enemy started getting back into order, the converted pooling into one group and the constructs into another, with the few ordinary cultists at the back. Sophie moved against the concentration of converted, the blank-faced former clergy all fighting back in eerily identical manner. They had the same strength, the same speed, the same technique, all used in the same way. They fought with the same, emotionless expression.

The converted were fast and skilled, moving in a manner that was rigid, yet swift and efficient. They didn't have weapons but their bones were hard as steel, their knuckles, knees and elbows making effective bludgeons. They used those weapons startlingly well for clergy, all fighting with the same expertise and identical technique.

The converted had the technique of a someone who had learned it from a skill book without ever attempting to make those techniques their own. The skill was undoubtedly present but they fought without creativity or initiative. They were slaves to the patterns, with neither innovation nor imagination on display. It did not take long for Sophie to see through the patterns and start exploiting them.

If they weren't up against Sophie, the efficient, robotic movements of the converted might have seemed like a precision machine. Instead, they came across as the crude prototype of her finished product. Even compared to their programmed, uniform efficiency, Sophie was faster, cleaner and even more economical of motion. Every motion was smooth, not so much as a gesture wasted as every action flowed into the next. She danced through her opponents as if the whole fight had been choreographed but she was the only one who knew.

Sophie moved swiftly, holding the attention of as many of the converted as she could while they attempted to overrun her. What they lacked in imagination they made for in sheer numbers. Their fortitude and regenerative power meant that she couldn't take any of them out completely, forced to perpetually hold them off as they kept coming in a relentless tide.

Even with her skill, Sophie could not have handled the numbers without support. Clive and Neil threw spells on her, with Neil's burst shield spell regularly clearing space and buying her critical breathing room.

Having seen Neil and Clive regroup at the rear and join up with Belinda, Humphrey went for the cultists commanding the force. There were only three bronze-rankers, mediocre cultists that were no match for Humphrey even three on one. They were sent staggering by his fire breath before quickly falling to his sword.

**Ability: [Fire Breath] (Dragon)**

**Special attack.**

**Cost: Very high mana.**

**Cooldown: 50 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (65%).**

**Effect (Iron): Breath a stream of fire that last several seconds.**

**Effect (Bronze): Anyone damaged by the flames suffers ongoing fire damage.**

Frowning at the suspicious ease with which they were taken down, he surveyed the battlefield, looking for what he was missing. He spotted a number of strange glass eyes, held off the ground on spider legs, watching the fight. When he went after them, they skittered away before he could close the distance. In the jungle confines, there was plenty of space to hide, and though he could sense their magic, he didn't have time to go digging them out.

"Humphrey," Jason said through voice chat. "I could use an assist."

Jason was oddly thriving amongst the constructs. They were large and tough, hulking stone forms in the shape of various, strange monsters. The constructs were milling about like a bunch of people trying to stomp out a scurrying bug, but their intimidating and bulky forms didn't help them pin down the shadowy figure flittering in their midst. Jason was ever on



the move, his sword ringing out on the stone in a rat-a-tat pattern. His sword had built up enough power that chunks of stone were flying off with every strike.

Although Jason's efforts were going well, that did not make them easy. The biggest problem was the lone silver-rank construct amongst the otherwise bronze-ranker group. It was faster than the others and tough enough that Jason's sword was yet to pick up enough power to damage it effectively. Unlike Jason himself, his sword did not have the ability to overcome silver-rank resistances.

Although no smarter than the others, the silver-rank construct remained a constant threat that Jason had to continuously work around. If he had been fighting it alone he could have handled it, but on top of the others it was pressuring his ability to remain evasive.

The intercession of Humphrey changed that significantly. Like taking a sledgehammer to a condemned building, he laid into it with workmanlike special attacks, breaking it apart in huge chunks.

"You want to go help Sophie and leave this lot to me?" Humphrey asked as the silver-rank construct collapsed.

"I could use the practise," Jason said. "You go."

In the midst of the converted, Sophie was ramping up. They had been slowly overwhelming her from the beginning, their numbers and near-indestructibility made it like trying to fight back the tide. Even Sophie's skill was not enough to go unscathed against so many attackers, but she was realising that taking a few hits was not so bad, as long as she wasn't staggered and pinned down. With every hit, her karmic warrior ability increased her power, allowing her to hold up all the better.

Humphrey joined in but even his destructive power was hard-pressed to take down the converted. Their flesh wasn't as tough as the stone constructs, but their bones were harder than metal. It turned out, as Humphrey learned when he tore them apart with special attacks, that metal was indeed laced through their skeletons in thick wires. Worse, those wires could even

snake out to reconnect, pulling dismembered body parts back together as their rapid healing knitted the flesh back into place.

The converted only presented a limited danger individually, but they were too dangerous to ignore and their ability to rapidly recover from what should have been catastrophically lethal injury meant that they just kept coming. Only by entirely pulverising the bulk of their bodies with his special attacks could even Humphrey put an end to them, but he had special attacks to spare.

Without the cultists guiding them, the team entered a mop-up phase as they cleared the battlefield.

“I wouldn’t call this easy, exactly,” Jason said, once they were done, “but did anyone find this suspiciously lacking in challenge?”

“I believe the purpose is to test us,” Shade said. “Rather than any of his more capable people, this group was accompanied by the Builder’s observer constructs.”

“You mean those spider eye things?” Humphrey asked. “I spotted those but couldn’t catch any of them.”

“These things?” Sophie asked, holding one up by the leg. “They seem harmless, so they’re probably just for watching us.”

The main body was an oversized, crystal eye, around half the size of a fist. Legs came out from the sides like those of a spider, made of a smoky quartz stone. Jason moved closer, peering into it.

“You in there, mate?” Jason asked. “You and I weren’t exactly being honest with one another, the last time we met. You were stalling to try and find me; I was baiting your henchpeople into a trap. I’m not saying I won, but you’re down a silver-ranker and I’m up a nice personal grooming set he had on him. Keeps the beard nice and trim, you know.”

“Jason, what are you doing?” Sophie asked.

“I’m talking to my mate Bill,” Jason said. “Just keep holding up the thing. Sorry about that, Bill. That’s the problem

when you lease your slaves. The moment the lease runs out, they get all mouthy.”

“Hey!”

“Shush, you. Anyway, Bill, I’m not completely on board with this whole ‘probing attacks’ scenario. I’ve made a career out of taking on the kind of self-destructive idiots whose bad choices are more of a danger to themselves than I ever was. That’s the kind of enemy that’s in my wheelhouse, so if you could go ahead and make a rash decision that sows the seeds of your own downfall, that’d really help me out.”

“Jason...” Humphrey said.

“Sorry, Bill; they’re playing me off. Got to go, but you keep an eye out. Rumour is that there’s some lunatic super-god running around causing trouble. I’ve heard he’s kind of a prick.”

Sophie shook her head, then swung the observer drone into the ground, shattering the crystal eye.

“Can’t have them following us around,” she said. “We need to catch and destroy them all before we can make ourselves scarce.”



Around half of the Builder’s combat forces had been led in an excursion outside walled fortress. The remainder staying behind with the support personnel. Leading the excursion was the Builder himself, along with Timos and Zato.

Zato looked on with concern as the Builder suddenly stopped. The vessel’s face never showed emotion, so Zato was startled to see a very human expression of anger cross it.

“Lord Builder?”

“Notebook,” the Builder demanded. Zato took one from his dimensional satchel. The Builder ran a finger over the pages, which stained themselves with text as he did. After filling most of the book, he handed it to Timos.

“Once we return to the fort, have the ritualists create new constructs with these parameters,” the Builder said. “It will be more difficult, but it is hardly a taxing task. There are also changes listed that can be made to the existing constructs. Not as effective as those purpose-built, but an improvement, nonetheless.”

“Of course, Lord Builder. I hesitate to mention it, but the ritualists have pointed out to me in the past that the supply of clockwork cores is almost exhausted.”

“If they wish to complain about my allocation of resources, tell them that they may seek me out directly,” the Builder said.

“I believe that will settle the matter definitively, Lord Builder.” Zato looked over the pates. “These are adaptations for the Rejector’s team?”

“Yes,” the Builder said. “Even having some sense of their capabilities, they made surprisingly short work of our forces. They have weaknesses, however, that are ripe for exploitation.”

“They will inevitably give us the chance,” Zato said.

“Yes,” the Builder said. “For the moment, we put them aside. They are a distraction from our true objective.”

The excursion moved to the very centre of the city, not far from the walls of their fort. Circumstances had forced them into erecting the wall on the spot that had arrived, otherwise the Builder would have already led them to the city’s true heart. The crater that had once been the site of the Order of the Reaper’s tower left the Builder unfazed.

“The time has come,” the Builder said, “for the Rejector to see just who he has challenged and to whom this place truly belongs.”

The Builder held out his arms, making a rising gesture. The ground beneath their feet shook.



“Why would the Builder just throw people away like that?” Neil asked.

The team were back in the cloud house, discussing the fight they just had.

“Because we beat Hendren,” Humphrey said. “He’s assessing us. Looking for weaknesses. He presumably has some means of making his forces stronger. Probably through the constructs, since they can make those.”

“The converted will adapt as well,” Shade said.

“The converted?” Sophie asked. “You mean those weird people with the blank faces that refused to die?”

“Yes,” Shade said. “They are one of the Builder’s signatures.”

“They’re an atrocity,” Clive said. “I could see the magic running through them. Magic carved right onto their bones.”

“I’ve heard of that,” Jason said. “Isn’t that how they permanently suppress someone’s powers? Turn their own skeleton into a suppression collar?”

“Yes,” Clive said. “A practise I don’t particularly approve of, and this is the same thing on a much deeper and more comprehensive scale. There’s nothing of the original person left. They’re just a platform for the Builder’s power and will.”

“An excellent description,” Shade said. “Those we encountered today were fresh. Over time, they will change, adapt new abilities.”

“Abilities tailored to fight us,” Neil said.

“Yes,” Shade said. “Normally they adapt somewhat randomly, but with the Builder’s vessel present to guide the changes, you can expect them to be better equipped to fight us the next time.”

“It was hard enough this time,” Sophie said. “Those things will get stronger?”

“We’ve seen enemies that adapt before,” Humphrey said. “We killed those flesh abominations by the hundreds, in spite

of their adaptations. If the Builder wants to adjust to us, we adjust faster. That's our strength and we're going to show him that in a war of adaptation, we're going to win."

"Easy enough to say," Neil said.

"We start by picking our roles. Jason did a surprisingly good job against the constructs but they are only going to get stronger."

"Surprisingly?" Jason asked, his voice filled with exaggerated affront.

"I'm well-suited to the constructs," Humphrey continued, ignoring his protests, "so that will be my job. Those converted are tough and heal fast, like the flesh abominations. So, as with the flesh abominations, Jason will be our trump card there. I'm willing to bet they can't out-heal your afflictions. Sophie will do what she does best, which is judging where she needs to be in the moment and being there."

"That's going to be the key," Jason said. "Even if the Builder can reconfigure his constructs between fights and evolve his creepy thugs, we can adapt in moments."

"Exactly right," Humphrey said. "Belinda, you're our most versatile player, so we're going to rely on you. Clive, you're in charge of taking out the big threats, or at least hitting them hard enough to take pause. Neil, you'll do what you always do. Keep us alive."

Humphrey looked around the room.

"We've been tested, again and again in this place. Every time, we've grown stronger. The Builder might think this place belongs to him, but really it belongs to us. This is our crucible and it has given us the strength to beat him. We can handle anything he can throw at us, whatever that might be."

Just as he finished speaking, the ground started to shake violently enough that they could feel it through the soft cushioning of the cloud house.



## THE HERO OF THIS STORY

“Should we be getting out?” Sophie asked as the cloud house continued to shake. “What if the church collapses on top of the cloud house?”

The cloud house was still hidden in the huge internal space of a cathedral.

“At most, it would be the roof falling on us,” Clive said. “That’s not enough to breach the cloud house, especially now it’s been upgraded to bronze-rank.”

“Yep,” Jason said. “We go out there and the first thing that happens is we fall on the ground. The second thing that happens is the ground falls on us.”

The shaking continued for more than a minute before settling down. The team opened the door to find it blocked by debris, but Jason concentrated and a new door opened elsewhere on the wall. They made their way outside, finding the church half-collapsed. The nearby buildings had likewise suffered extensive damage, as they had been already weakened by age and the intrusive jungle growth.

Jason pulled out his cloud flask, into which the cloud house started returning.

“What do you think it was?” Neil asked, looking around. “Oh, I’ve spotted it.”

The others followed his pointed arm with their gaze—there was a giant tower reaching into the sky. It looked to be in the centre of the city, taller than any building Jason had seen since leaving his own world. He estimated it to be somewhere



between twenty-five and thirty storeys tall, made of the same stone as the rest of the city but untouched by jungle growth. There were windows around the outside but they couldn't see inside at their current distance.

“Was that thing underground, or did the Builder just make it?” Belinda wondered aloud.

“If he did,” Clive said, “then he must have burned that vessel to a cinder. That tower would take far more power to create than knocking up some walls.”

“I think that might not be all,” Jason said.

Jason had received a system message right as the rumbling had come to an end.

**Mapped areas of your current region are out of date. Visit affected areas to update details.**

Jason pulled up his map. The whole city had been revealed over their months in the astral space, but now a series of areas were once more occluded. Worrying, but unsurprising, were the locations of the now-hidden areas. Along with the former site of the Order of the Reaper's tower, the towers around the city's edge and the golem hidden within were no longer clear on the map.

“Something has changed at the towers around the city as well,” Jason said and told the others about the changes to his map. As it was a separate ability to his party interface, he was unable to share it with the team except for Belinda. She could mimic it by shapeshifting into Jason's form.

“What do we do now?” Sophie asked. “Do we go and scout this new tower?”

“The cult forces will almost certainly be gathered there,” Humphrey said. “I'm hesitant to make that move without a plan or objective.”

“Why don't we take a look at the towers around the city?” Belinda suggested. “If the cult is going to them, they either need to split their forces or go to them one at a time.”

“Meaning that we either run into a group we can handle, or don’t run into them at all,” Humphrey said. “I like it. I just hope that whatever we find there can finally let us figure out what the Builder is doing.”

“That seems likely,” Clive said. “Anything to do with those world engineer golems in the towers has to be on a grandiose scale.”

“I think that qualifies,” Neil said, glancing up at the tower looming over the city centre. “You don’t suppose that there’s an even bigger golem inside that tower?”

“It’d be an awfully skinny golem,” Jason said.

“I really doubt the Builder just stone-shaped that tower into being,” Clive said. “I think it’s magical infrastructure that’s been hidden this whole time.”

“That’s not even a surprise, at this point,” Sophie said. “Add it to the absurd list of secrets in this place.”

“If I can take a look at some of that infrastructure,” Clive continued, “then maybe we can figure out how to top it.”

“Something this large and this involved has to have a bunch of potential failure points,” Jason said.

“Exactly,” Clive said.

“Well then,” Humphrey said. “Let’s go looking for them.”



It was a relatively short journey from the original walled fort to the new tower the Builder had caused to rise up from the crater at the heart of the city. Buried deep below where the Reaper’s tower had stood for centuries, the new tower proclaimed the new dominant force in the astral space.

The remainder of the Builder’s forces and resources were moving from the fort to the tower, where they were occupying the bottom floors. There was space enough for all of their people, especially with the teams that had already been sent off in the direction of the towers around the edges of the city.

It also had defences enough that it would take a concerted effort by powerful monsters to threaten it.

“Do you think the Rejector will come here?” Zato asked. He and Timos were on the third floor of the tower looking out a window. It was the highest floor the cultists were occupying. Even they were unsure of what was contained above their heads, having been forbidden from going higher by the Builder.

“It’s hard to know,” Timos said. He had been one of the cult’s ringleaders in Greenstone and knew more about what had gone on there than most of the cult. He had been present for the Rejector’s rise to prominence, although he only knew so much. By the time the Rejector’s true fame came about, Timos had been driven from the city by Thalia Mercer and her obsessive purge.

“Asano is famously hard to predict,” Timos continued. “The things I’ve heard are strange and contradictory. Coming here would be foolish but he’s made foolish choices before.”

“I don’t think he will,” Zato said. “The Lord Builder believes that he will attempt to sabotage the towers.”

“Is that even possible?” Timos asked.

“The Lord Builder told me that he has taken steps to ensure that the Rejector makes the attempt. Once he encounters one of our teams at a tower, though, the new adapted response teams will move to the adjacent towers to intercept them when they move to complete what they think is sabotage.”

“They’re completed already?”

“The ritualist team have been doing well since we moved them from astral magic work to their actual area of expertise,” Zato said. “They have not only finished the new constructs but modified the old ones as well. As for the converted, the Builder made those changes personally.”



Before the team reached the closest of the city's exterior towers, they stopped to let Jason and Sophie scout ahead. What they found was that the tower remained intact, with no discernible changes. Like all the towers, it abutted right against the water that ringed the city, but now there was a new feature.

A second tower was now present, around a dozen metres directly off-shore from the first. It was a mirror of the existing tower, aside from a lack of the portal archway on the top. In its place was some kind of plinth. They couldn't make out details, but they could see a magical glow shining from it.

A stone pathway had also arisen to form a bridge from the base of the original tower to the new one, leading to stairs spiralling up, around the outside. These had already been used by the two cultists they could see atop the tower. They had a single construct with them and a handful of converted. It was a small force, barely enough to make their way through a city infested with monsters now travelling in herds.

"Why so few?" Sophie wondered as she and Jason watched from a nearby rooftop.

"They have numbers, but they aren't infinite," Jason said. "If Shade is right, most of their force are those converted, now. They would have sacrificed all their iron-rankers to make them because iron-rankers are no good here."

"You think the Builder just sent a few to minimise his losses, wherever we turned up?"

"Or it's a trap," Jason said. "Shade is scouting around for any hidden reinforcements."

The team carefully joined them as Shade continued to look for any cultists lurking about. They started discussing how to strike.

"We don't want to show off our strongest tactics," Humphrey said. "Everything the Builder sees now will be less effective when it comes to the big fight."

"There's going to be a big fight?" Neil asked. "I don't suppose we could avoid that."

“The Builder will know the vulnerabilities of what he’s doing,” Clive said. “He wants to drag us into a fight against his superior forces, so he’ll make sure they’re between us and whatever we need to get to.”

“We need to hide our greater strengths,” Humphrey said, “while making enough of a splash that it doesn’t look like we’re holding back.”

“Something flashy,” Neil said. “I think I might have an idea.”



There were two cultists on the new tower, along with the construct and the converted that were their protection. One of the two was looking over a notebook while the other was looking through a crate they had taken from a dimensional bag.

“I really hope the Rejector doesn’t come here,” the man going through the crate said. “That guy scares the crap out of me.”

“I don’t see why so many of us are worried about that guy,” the woman with the notebook said. “He’s just some adventurer who got lucky.”

“No,” he said. “I felt that soul projection that was blasted over the city in Greenstone. That terrified me. It was like my star seed was scared of his aura.”

“That’s nonsense,” she replied. “That’s like saying the Lord Builder is scared of him. He’s just angry that the Rejector defied him. Beings that powerful aren’t used to not getting their way.”

“You should be careful with your words about the Builder.”

“He doesn’t mind the truth. He’s not some god with fragile sensibilities. And don’t worry about the Rejector. The Builder will bring him to heel. In the end, the Rejector is just another bronze-ranker. Like us.”

He shook his head. “We know better than anyone the power of the Builder. What kind of person do you have to be to even try and stand up to that, let alone win?”

“He didn’t win. He endured.”

“Against the Builder, that is winning. The Rejector may be a lot of things, but like us is not one of them.”

“Why don’t you go throw in with him then, if he’s so impressive?”

“I’ve chosen to follow the Builder. Power and victory, no regrets. I know he’ll deal with the Rejector sooner, rather than later. I’m just saying I don’t want to run into the Rejector before that happens.”

She felt a surge of magic and looked up just in time to see her fellow cultist vanish. In his place was a man in dark robes.

“G’day,” the man said with a grin. He plucked the notebook from the startled cultist’s hands. “I might be able to resist the Builder, but I couldn’t resist an entry line like that.”

The converted and the construct turned on Jason immediately, but a bubble shield appeared around him. A stone claw landed on the shield and it immediately exploded with force. The cultist, the converted and the construct were all blasted off the sides of the tower.

On a nearby rooftop, the cultist who had been switch-teleported away by Clive suddenly found himself surrounded. He didn’t have enough time to look around in surprise before Humphrey’s sword came down.

“Let’s get down there,” Humphrey said to Sophie. “That fall won’t have killed them.”

“I get the construct, you get the converted?” Sophie asked. “The construct I can at least chip away at.”

“That works for me,” Humphrey said and they both ran to the edge of the rooftop and leapt off.



Jason was reading through the confiscated notebook when the others joined him atop the new tower. He was looking between the book and the plinth in the centre, which was covered in glowing runes. It had the look of a control panel, like the one used to operate a mirage chamber.

“What do you have there?” Clive asked.

“Some kind of instruction manual,” Jason said. “There’s a simple, direct list of what order to push stuff in for someone who really doesn’t know what they’re doing, but there’s more about the functionality if you go deeper in. With all the magic study I’ve been doing, I can actually understand it.”

“That’s good,” Clive said. “I always told you that understanding theory was important.”

“When you’re right, you’re right,” Jason said. “This tower we’re standing on seems to be an activation tower for the other one. If we ignore the instructions at the front and don’t do that, I think I’ve spotted a way we can actually sabotage the tower, instead.”

“Great,” Clive said. “I’d best give it a look over.”

“Do you not trust me?” Jason asked, mock hurt.

“Trust is relative,” Clive said. “A ritual for digging a hole, I’m happy to trust you got it right. When massive death and destruction are on the line, I think it’s worth double checking.”

“That seems fair,” Jason said.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Clive said. “If saving the day comes down to rakish insouciance, I’ll bow to your expertise. We just have different areas of specialty.”

“You’re saying that your thing is efficient and practical magic that’s incredibly useful to adventurers and mine is dashing good looks and frivolous charm?”

“That wasn’t what I—”

“I’m completely okay with that,” Jason said, slapping the notebook into Clive’s hand.

“If you’re going to be reading, read fast,” Humphrey said. “We have no idea how long it will take for the Builder to send people here.”

“I know the Builder can see through his followers,” Belinda said, “but how well?”

“It can’t be perfectly,” Jason said. “Otherwise he wouldn’t be using those things.”

He nodded his head at a broken eye spider construct.

“I found that thing hiding behind the plinth, which is why it didn’t get blasted off the side. Had to squash it myself.”

He picked up the small construct.

**Spyder (destroyed).**

**Drone (iron rank).**

“Spyders are cooler where I come from.”

Walking over to the edge of the building, he dropped it off the side. Clive started looking through the book and Belinda rifled through the dimensional bag they had taken from the cultist they had teleported into their midst. She pulled out a crate holding six identical magic devices.

“Are these mana lamps?” she asked.

“They are,” Clive said, glancing up from the notebook for only a moment.

“Those are for artificially raising magical density, to use high-end rituals in areas of low-end magic,” Jason said. “Carlos used them with that soul projection ritual.”

“What would they need those for?” Belinda asked. “They’re the ones who raised the magic density here.”

“I’m not sure they intended to,” Clive said, not looking up. “I think the damage to the dimensional membrane was unintentional.”

“There’s a whole bunch of them in here,” Belinda said, pulling out two more crates. “They must be intending to do some heavy rituals.”



“They look high-end,” Clive said, despite not appearing to look up. “Good mana lamps are expensive, so we should take them.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Belinda said, putting one of the crates in her dimensional space. Humphrey did the same and Jason took the last one for his own inventory.

“It looks like you were right about the potential for sabotage, Jason,” Clive said, but he didn’t sound happy.

“You seem grouchy that I got it right,” Jason.

“It’s not that,” Clive said, still frowning at the book in his hand. “Something about this is niggling at me and I can’t figure out what.”

“Well, the notebook looks new,” Jason said. “The Builder might have even knocked it out himself. He seems like the one who knows how this place works, after all. I have to imagine he has a somewhat alien mind, which might be coming across in the way he organised the book.”

“Huh,” Clive said, turning the book over in his hands. “It does look like it was freshly made. He might have been the one to make it.”

He opened the book again and started rapidly skimming. “Oh, you sneaky... yes, the Builder wrote this. It’s a trap.”

“A trap?” Jason asked.

“The way this is written,” Clive said. “The sabotage you mentioned. It’s hidden, but only just enough that someone with a reasonable amount of magical knowledge could tease it out. It’s bait. The Builder wrote this specifically for Jason and his level of knowledge. The sabotage seems like it would work, but I think it would just put on bit of a magic reaction that didn’t really do anything.”

“Why?” Humphrey asked.

“Because the ‘sabotage,’ would need to be done at every tower,” Clive said.

“I see,” Humphrey said. “The Builder’s reinforcements aren’t coming here. He’s probably split them and sent them to

the closest towers to ambush us.”

“But why set a trap for Jason?” Neil asked. “Didn’t he know Clive would figure it out?”

“No,” Jason said. “The Builder is an existence on a scale we can’t even comprehend. An entity like that doesn’t learn about a specific mortal until it has to. Unless you give it a reason, the rest of you are just the Rejector’s team. That why I went blabbering into that spyder thing yesterday.”

“What do you mean?” Sophie asked.

“I can’t stop the Builder and save the day,” Jason said. “I don’t have the skills or the knowledge. Clive is the hero of this story. He’s our secret weapon. The Builder is focused on me because I’m the one that defied him, so my job is to keep that focus and keep our secret weapon secret.”

“I’m the hero?” Clive asked. “I don’t feel like the hero.”

“See? You’re getting it already,” Jason said. “Claiming that you’re not the hero is classic hero behaviour. You could stand to get that voice a bit more gravelly, though.”

“You don’t really think you can provoke the Builder with a few taunts, do you?” Neil asked Jason. “The Builder isn’t some crime boss or pervy bureaucrat you can aggravate with your regular nonsense.”

“Of course not. It doesn’t matter what he thinks about me, just that it’s me he’s thinking about. I’m the guy that defied the will of the great Builder. We need him to keep thinking of the rest of you as the silhouettes in the background, because that’s how you’re going to beat him.”

“Speaking of which,” Humphrey said. “The sabotage is a trap, but is there anything in that book that will help up stop the Builder, or is that whole thing a lie.”

“The book seems authentic,” Clive said. “It pretty much has to be or it would be too easy to give the game away. It’s just organised in such a fashion as to subtly lead people below a certain knowledge threshold to a specific conclusion.”

“I got suckered, you mean,” Jason said.

“Describe it how you like,” Clive said, “but yes. I’ll need more time with this book if I’m going to find something useful.”



## GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

“**T**his whole system originally belonged to the Builder,” Clive said. “There’s a good chance he has at least some sense of what is happening with it. Probably only to a limited degree, though. Otherwise he wouldn’t need to send out teams to activate these towers.”

“Meaning we should set off the phoney sabotage,” Jason said.

“Exactly meaning that,” Clive said. “If the Builder thinks we’re going for it, he’ll concentrate his forces everywhere except here because he thinks we’re going for another tower.”

“If we do that,” Humphrey said, “will it prevent your ability to figure out what’s going on?”

“No,” Clive said. “The sabotage is designed to pulse out some impressive but harmless waves of magic, after which this tower will go dark long enough for us to move on. It will restart itself in fairly short order.”

“Are you sure this sabotage thing isn’t a trap?” Jason asked. “It won’t just blow the top off the tower, will it?”

“Probably not,” Clive said.

“Probably?”

“The rest of us won’t be up here when you set it off, just in case,” Clive said. “I’m sure it’s fine, though.”

“Why am I the one doing it?” Jason asked.

“Uh... authenticity?” Clive suggested. “It’ll be a more accurate representation of someone of your skill level making the mistake.”

“Are you saying I’m so crap that you can’t even fake being this bad?” Jason asked.

“No,” Clive said. “I’m just handing you the notebook...”

He passed it back to Jason.

“...and leaving diplomatically.”

Neil let out a loud laugh, slapping Jason on the back as he followed Clive in the direction of the stairs.

“Clive’s judgement is pretty good with the magic stuff,” Belinda said, leaving with the rest of the team. Sophie flashed him an apologetic smile as she walked away with the others.

“I’m definitely sleeping with his hypothetical wife again,” Jason muttered to himself.

He opened the notebook and made his way to the plinth on the centre of the tower, which was covered in glowing runes.

He took his time, taking his own notes while he prepared to follow what he had originally assessed to be a sabotage method. Now that he knew better, he started to notice the ways the notebook was directing him, along with the flaws in his original understanding.

With the fake sequence recorded in his own notebook he started touching his fingers lightly to the sigils. Their glowing lights brightened and dimmed, sometimes changing colours. Slowly but surely, the runes started going out and not coming back on.

As the final one faded out, Jason was unsure for a moment if he had done it right as there was no reaction. Then his magical senses picked up something from the tower below him. It was a slow growth of power, building and gathering into a much more powerful force. Just as it seemed ready to burst, the force violently unravelled, lashing at his magical senses as he felt an impressive destructive chain reaction being released.

The magic collapsed in a way that felt like a permanent end to whatever functionality it once possessed. Even knowing that it was only a wave of magic projecting a false magical impression, the illusion was so jarringly effective that he began to have doubts.

None of it was harmful but Jason's whole body tingled from the electric sensation. He was still recovering when the team returned.

"That felt incredibly real," Neil said. "If I didn't know better, I'd have sworn the magic in this tower had just been ruined."

"We should go," Humphrey said. "We'll find somewhere to hole up nearby so Clive can examine the towers at need, but we'd best not be here if the Builder sends more people."

"That's fine," Clive said. "I'd like to take some more time with the notebook. It's far from a complete breakdown of the tower's magic but it falls right into line with what we've seen of the Builder's astral magic. That's why I'm hoping the books Knowledge gave Jason will help fill in the gaps now we have a starting point."

"We don't have time for a research project, Clive," Humphrey said. "We have hours before the Builder knows we aren't following the plan, not days. Every moment we lose is stealing away our initiative."

"Do you seriously expect me to figure out how ancient magic from outside our universe works and how to use it to stop the machinations of a great astral being, all in a matter of hours?"

"Are you saying you can't do it?" Humphrey asked.

"No," Clive said. "I'm just making sure that you're suitably impressed when I accomplish the absurd task you've set before me."

"I think he's let that hero thing go to his head," Neil said.



While Clive pored over books from Jason's inventory and the notebook they took from the cultists, Sophie and Jason scouted the area. Shade did the same, as did Stash, in the forms of various lizards and jungle birds. They were looking for any trace of cultists or the Builder's spyders.

Clive eventually pulled Jason off scout duty, roping him and Belinda into a renewed investigation into the towers. Of the whole team, they were the ones with enough knowledge to be useful. Clive was inside the tower with the world engineer while Belinda was on top, keeping a close eye on the portal gate. Through Jason's voice chat, Clive directed him to use the control plinth on the new offshore tower.

"Alright, Lindy," Clive said after several hours work. "Watch out, because this should get a reaction. You might want to back off a few steps. Jason, you can start the next sequence."

Jason waited for Belinda to back off, then started working the controls in the sequence Clive fed him. It was lengthy but eventually they got a result. For the first time since falling dormant after their arrival, the portal arch filled with dark energy. It lit up with stars like Jason's cloak, which grew brighter and brighter before erupting out of the portal with a sizzling sound. Belinda was already well clear, but took a few extra steps back anyway. After the brief, pyrotechnic burst, the portal settled back down and was once again filled with only the darkness.

"Did we open the portal?" Belinda asked, looking at it. "Can we go home, maybe get some reinforcements?"

"It looks like a normal open portal?" Clive asked, still inside the tower.

"Just like Jason's portal ability," Belinda said. "Although his doesn't shoot of a bunch of sparks first."

"Under no circumstances should you attempt to go through," Clive said. "We didn't open a portal. This is a test to see if I could get the arch to interact with the dimensional membrane. If you tried going through it, you wouldn't teleport anywhere. It would look like you disappeared because what



little of your body that made it through would be in pieces too small to see with the naked eye.”

After a number of similar tests, they retreated to a nearby hiding spot. The team remained vigilant of their surroundings as Clive was absorbed in the huge number of notes he had written, muttering to himself. His notes were scattered amongst Jason’s books, sitting open, and the cultist’s notebook, which he had taken apart, page by page. The whole mess was a riot of magical diagrams and multi-lingual texts that only Clive himself was able to discern in any kind of order.

Clive stood up and paced around, then abruptly stopped, turning to stare at the mess he had made with a gaze that could have bored into the brick floor. His hands were behind his head, fingers interlocked as his brain turned over.

“It doesn’t make sense,” he said to himself. “It doesn’t fit. Why doesn’t it fit?”

“What doesn’t fit?” Belinda asked. Her time as Clive’s assistant had given her a decent sense of how to be a good sounding board for him.

“The portal gates,” Clive said. “The gates are integrated into the whole system, but instead of serving the dormant world engineers, it’s like they’re feeding on them.”

“How so?” she asked.

“Alright,” he said. “So, the portal arches are, at their core, a very escalated version of Jason’s essence power. Using an essence power as a model for other kinds of magic is a common practise, given that essence abilities represent the most stable forms of magic. To operate these portals, they were tapping into the world engineers. Even dormant they were an incredible source of magic. Drawing that power from the golems was only ever going to make it harder to awaken them. There may even be some damage to them after using them like this for centuries. Why would the Builder create such a terrible, ill-fitted system? It’s throwing off my whole understanding of how it all works together.”

“That’s easy,” Belinda said. “The Builder didn’t do it. The Order of the Reaper did. What do they care about the integrity of the Builder’s constructs?”

Clive slapped his hands over his face, letting out a groan.

“I’m an idiot,” he berated himself. “How could I overlook something that obvious?”

“You understand it now?” Jason asked.

“More than that,” Clive said, flashing the kind of wild, predatory grin the team would expect from Jason. “I might have just had an idea that solves all our problems.”

“All of them?” Jason asked.

“All of them,” Clive confirmed. “Oh, gods, as soon as you look at it from the perspective of two groups working at odds, everything falls into place.”

“Care to share your revelation?” Humphrey asked.

“On the way,” Clive said. “We have to run more tests.”



“Zato?”

“Yes, Lord Builder?”

“I’ve ordered the enhanced teams back here to the central tower. The Rejector isn’t going to the other towers.”

“You said the sabotage was triggered on one of the towers,” Zato said.

“A stalling tactic,” the Builder said. “It is long past time they should have arrived at another tower, and now the tower they supposedly sabotaged is being used again. They are experimenting, but not getting far. All they’ve managed is to open a false portal that would have killed them if they stepped through.”

“We can only hope,” Zato said. “Should we send people after them?”

“No,” the Builder said. “They are going to come here.”

“Against the bulk of our forces and our defensive position? That would be foolish.”

“Yes” the Builder said. “The one thing Asano can be relied upon to do is the last thing he should. He thrives on the unanticipated surprise of the foolish move.”

“What does he hope to accomplish?”

“Presumably to destroy the central tower,” the Builder said. “It seems he has seen through the false sabotage, but there is no way he could comprehend the mechanisms for awakening the world engineers, even if he found them and determined that was the goal. I’ve seen inside his mind and know his level of understanding. It would not be enough to build a knowledge base that could decipher the functions of this place. He will likely conclude that if he can destroy the central tower, he can bring it all to an end.”

“Can he?” Zato asked.

“No. The magic flowing through the tower would prevent even me from affecting it further without all but eradicating this vessel on the spot.”

“So we just wait for the Rejector to come to us?”

“Yes. It is time to put an end to the mortal who thinks he can pit himself against a being beyond his meagre comprehension. He shall learn the price of challenging true power.”



Clive was sat, cross-legged on Onslow, who floated back towards the towers. Belinda had used her ability to conjure simple objects to make him a small knee bench, which he was using to scribble down new sequences to test out on the towers. As he did, he was explaining what he had learned from the team.

“There’s a lot of good news,” Clive said. “Some bad too, but we’ll get to that. The first piece of good news is that these towers are all integrated into a single, linked system. There’s enough here in these notes provided by the Builder that I can more or less determine what they do and—this is the important thing—how. I cannot overstate the value of those books of Jason’s. They have dimensional transgression theory that makes our most sophisticated astral magic look like cave drawings.”

“And what do these towers do?” Humphrey said. “We were already assuming that the point is to wake up the giant golems.”

“That’s only part of it,” Clive said. Despite holding a conversation, he never looked up from the notes he continued to rapidly scrawl. “Do you all remember that this astral space is artificially attached to our world?”

“Sure,” Neil said.

“Well, I don’t think it was just the connection to our world,” Clive said. “I think this entire astral space is artificial. It’s a giant boarding vessel. Instead of delivering people onto ships, it delivers the Builder’s most powerful weapons onto worlds. He loads it up with these world engineer things, clamps it onto the side of a world and then sends them in. But something happened here to change all that.”

“I think a lot of things happened here,” Neil said.

“Somehow,” Clive continued, “this place was taken out of the Builder’s hands and placed in the Order of the Reaper’s. They repurposed it various ways, but only one is relevant to us now. They repurposed the interdimensional mechanisms designed to launch the world engineers into a transport system, using a portal power as a template.”

“How does that affect us now?” Humphrey said.

“For one thing,” Clive said, “it’s the reason the Builder had to send out teams instead of just directing the whole thing to operate. His teams are bypassing the Order of the Reaper’s

alteration to restore the original functionality of the towers and the Builder's ability to control the towers remotely."

Clive was still scribbling away madly, even as his explanation became more excited.

"So that bought us the time try something," Sophie said. "But now what do we try?"

"We reconfigure the whole system the Builder is activating," Clive said. "Instead of moving it away from the order's modifications, we amplify it with the power coursing out from the central tower. I mentioned before that the order's changes were potentially damaging to the golems? This process will be worse for them than ever, as in piles of scrap. It will also burn out the ability of the original system to send them to our world."

"Which shuts down the Builder's plans entirely," Humphrey said. "I like it."

"You'll like this more," Clive said. "All that power won't be going into the world engineers, but coming out of them. It will go back to what the Order of the Reaper had it doing, which was to power what the portal was for in the first place."

"You mean...?" Neil asked, almost superstitious in voicing hope.

"I mean opening a portal home," Clive said. "That much power should blast right through the interference caused by the damage to the dimensional membrane."

"So, we shut down the golems, foiling the Builder and open a path home, all at the same time?" Belinda asked.

"I told you," Clive said. "A solution to all our problems. There is a catch, however."

"Which is?" Humphrey asked.

"The actual reconfiguring is actually quite simple," Clive said. "As Jason noted, something operating on this scale has many potential failure points. It took weeks to configure the portal correctly and get us into the astral space. I brought enough materials to do something similar, if required, to get us

back out. The damaged dimensional membrane rendered that moot, but I can use those materials to construct a fairly simple device to recalibrate the whole system in the way we need. I just need to use the towers here to calibrate the device itself.”

“That sounds good so far,” Humphrey said.

“The trick,” Clive said, “is that we have to take the device to the central tower to make it work. I’m pretty sure we’ll need to get it inside the tower, then run it up from the bottom to the top. We need to carry the device up through the interior of the building.”

“You mean actually, physically carry it?” Jason asked.

“Yes.”

“That’s it?” Jason asked. “Bottom to top? No rituals, no messing with the tower.”

“That’s the beauty of it,” Clive said. “The Builder has already done all the work. All we have to do is flip the process on its head, so instead of moving away from the order’s alterations, the system pushes back into them.”

“Great,” Sophie said. “All we have to deal with is a silver-ranker, the Builder itself and an army of constructs, cultists and weird messed-up people that won’t die.”

“I did say there would be bad news,” Clive said.

“How confident are you in this?” Humphrey asked Clive.

“I’m working from unreliable notebooks, magical theory I barely understand and crazy world-invading devices operating on a larger scale than any magic I’ve ever seen,” Clive said. “But it’s this or we sit back and watch the Builder do whatever he likes.”

“That’s pretty good, under the circumstances,” Jason said.

Humphrey nodded.

“You’ve done better than anyone could have asked,” he told Clive.

“Didn’t stop you from asking, though, did it?”

“That leaves the rest of us to come up with a plan on how to overcome impossible odds, where the enemy has the strength, the numbers, the defensive position and probably knows we’re coming, if not why.”

“I always figured that we would need to take the fight to them, sooner or later,” Jason said. “I’ve been thinking about how to do that for a while and I do have one idea.”

“What is it?” Humphrey asked.

“Well,” Jason said, “it’s audacious, crazy and something I learned from a video game, so very much me.”

“What’s a video game?” Neil asked.

“Never mind that,” Humphrey said. “What’s the idea?”

“We run a train on the Builder,” Jason said.





## HERE WE ARE

“This a bad plan,” Sophie yelled at Jason as they ran side by side. He was pouring on every bit of speed he could muster, while she was running backwards and still had to ameliorate her speed to match his.

“This is a fantastic plan,” he yelled back.

They were moving down a wide boulevard, chosen for being one of the more open and least overgrown. It was still more jungle floor than flagstone road, but they had become expert at navigating the terrain of the astral space and it didn't slow them down.

Behind them, the sound of the stampeding monsters pursuing them was like an endless rumble of thunder as heavy feet and other appendages pounded into the ground.

“Back in my world, people do a thing like this for fun.”

“For fun? I everyone in your world as crazy as you?”

“Of course not. I'm special.”

Periodically, the monsters would make ranged attacks against the fleeing adventurers, from magic blasts to needle spines the size of a forearm. Sophie was keeping an eye out for such attacks and would blast them all away.

**Ability: [Wind Wave] (Wind)**

**Special Ability (movement).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 6 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (91%).**

**Effect (iron): Effect (Iron): Produce a powerful blast of air that can push away enemies and physical projectiles. Can be used to launch into the air or move rapidly while already airborne.**

**Effect (bronze): Can affect magical projectiles and some magical area effects.**

“Was I even necessary for this?” Jason asked.

“Of course you were,” Sophie said. “You’re the only one who could annoy this many things enough to chase us this hard.”



Humphrey, Clive and Neil were hidden atop one of the buildings closest to the crater from which the central tower had arisen. The tower itself was in the deepest part of the crater, yet still towered over every other edifice in the city. Lying flat on the rooftop, they watched the enemy encampment set up around the tower through magnification crystals.

The camp occupied the entirety of the crater. Walls had been raised up all around the crater’s lip, some five metres high. The only glimpses they got of the inside was when the heavy stone gates were swung open to admit returning teams of cultists, constructs and converted.

The walls were the result of earth-shaping powers. These were crude affairs created by the cultists rather than the formidable walls the Builder had created around their previous fort. These fared poorly by comparison but were still five metres high and two thick. Anything less would have trouble holding up against silver-rank monsters.

The cultists had completely decamped from their original fort, to the dismay of the team. The fort would have been much harder to attack, but the objective was the tower, not the

cultists around it. If the cultists had still occupied their original encampment, the team wouldn't need to deal with them.

Through their magnification crystals they had managed to get some sense of the interior, having set themselves up for the best view through one of the gates. The slope of the crater had been earth-shaped into a series of flat tiers, like exceptionally wide stairs. The cultists were set up on those tiers, that led down to the tower itself.

The tower was thrumming with magical energy, to the point of overpowering any magical senses. Even as far back as the building they were hiding on, their magical senses were washed out with the raw potency of it. It didn't present any danger, but even at range it was headache-inducing. They suspected that up close it would be hard to tolerate at all.

Periodically, groups of cultists would return to the camp, having made their way back to the city from the external towers. None of them were leaving, suggesting that the Builder was consolidating his forces.

"There she is," Humphrey said as another such group appeared. They were the usual mix of a couple of cultists, a few constructs and a contingent of the automaton-like converted. One of the gates in the wall opened to admit them, but only the observing team noticed one of the converted peel off to hug the exterior of the wall, beside the heavy stone gate.

"I still say this is a bad idea," Clive said. "She's so exposed. What if the Builder or the silver-ranker senses her through her shape-changing powers?"

"We're all taking risks," Humphrey said. "She knows the dangers and she chose to go anyway. If we can lead the monsters into the camp instead of just around it, we have a much better chance of infiltrating the tower in the chaos."



Hugging the wall of the cultist camp, the shape-changed Belinda took a steeling breath.

“How are those monsters coming along?” she asked through voice chat.

“Getting close,” Sophie’s voice came back. “You should start hearing them any moment.”

“I’ll get started then,” Belinda said, moving to the front of the gate and pulling a stick of chalk from her storage space.

“You can do this,” she assured herself as she started drawing out a ritual on the large stone door. “You definitely won’t be caught and flayed alive by an evil god-thing.”

She continued drawing, willing the gate not to open.



In the camp, Zato shook his head. The tower had increasingly been building up magical energy, to the point that was now bombarding the senses of everyone around it. The constructs and the blank-faced converted were not visibly affected, but his cultists were growing increasingly aggravated.

His cultists were being driven to the edge by the sensory bombardment. They were snapping at each other and he had already needed to intervene once after a fight broke out. He couldn’t care less what they did to one another but it demonstrated an unacceptable lack of discipline. He refused to let them make him look bad in front of the Builder.

He tilted his head, listening as he heard what sounded like thunder. He looked up at the sky, the vibrant blue as empty of clouds as ever. The sound continued, even getting louder. The rest of the camp didn’t share his silver-rank perception and hadn’t heard anything yet, so no one around him reacted.

He got up from his chair and quickly made his way up the tiers of the crater to the walls. There were stairs periodically placed around the insides and he took them two at a time to quickly reach the top.

He looked out at the surrounding area. The crater had been located at the centre of a huge square, surrounded by buildings damaged by the explosive detonation of the Order of the

Reaper's tower. Between the walls of the camp and those buildings was completely open space. Zato crested the wall just in time to see monsters pour out from between a pair of the buildings and into that open space. It was one of the gathered herds of intermingled monsters that had been forming in the city, now running towards the camp in a frenzy.

“What the...?”

He spotted two figures running ahead of the frenzied tide of monsters. His eyes easily made out the shadowy cloak drifting behind one of them as they ran.

“Rejector,” he muttered. He was about to shout the alarm when someone teleported right in front of him. It was a large man with a large sword, stylised in the shape of a dragon wing. He took advantage of Zato's startled pause, breathing fire over the cultists.



Humphrey spotted the man move onto the walls just as Jason and Sophie led the monsters into the square. Seconds mattered, so he made a snap decision, conjuring his sword and teleporting right in front of the man. Humphrey's senses told him that this was the other silver-ranker but he didn't hesitate. Immediately breathing fire, he unleashed his unstoppable force attack and sent the man tumbling backwards and over the edge of the wall.



Zato crashing to the ground was alarming, but not so much as it would be should he have actually called out the alarm. It gave the monsters precious time to chase Jason and Sophie closer to the gate, which meant less time for the camp to ready itself.

With Jason and Sophie on the approach and Humphrey already in the fray, Clive knew it was time to act. He called out Onslow, picked up the puppy Stash and climbed onto the

familiar's shell, Neil climbing up with him. The rune tortoise floated off the rooftop, drifting to the ground on a cushion of air. At ground level, Onslow's speed picked up as he hovered over the ground, moving towards the camp with increasing haste.

The people in the camp barely had time to register the thundering sound of the monster herd before Belinda completed her ritual and the gate exploded inward. With the horde of monsters descending on her she used one of her abilities to join Clive and Neil atop Onslow's shell.=

**Ability: [Bait and Switch] (Trap)**

**Special Ability (dimension, illusion).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 1 (87%).**

**Effect (iron): Effect (Iron): Teleport self or nearby ally to a nearby location. The subject is rendered invisible for a brief period, leaving behind a lifelike illusion. The illusion has no substance or aura.**

**Effect (bronze): Illusion explodes when approached by an enemy, inflicting disruptive-force damage.**

"This is quite roomy," she said as she appeared on Onslow, with Stash immediately hopping into her lap. Her own familiars she didn't call out yet.

"He's a good boy," Clive said, giving Onslow an affectionate pat.

Even as fragment of the shattered gate were still falling to the ground, Jason and Sophie dashed through the gap with monsters on their heels. There was a blast as one of the monsters lunged at the illusion Belinda left behind. The rest of the monsters ignored it, continuing to chase Jason and Sophie unabated. Once through the gate, Jason and Sophie split left and right, but the camp contained more than enough enemies to keep the monsters occupied.

The changes in magic to the astral space had given the monsters an affinity for one another, but a wild aggression towards anything not monstrous. It was akin to the berserk fury that overtook monsters at the end of their life cycle, but the monsters in the astral space were being affected far too early. As they poured into the camp, they found themselves with a cornucopia of things on which to unleash their unquenchable rage.



Zato got to his feet, ignoring the fact that he was on fire. Thadwick and Dougall had their essence powers consumed to prepare them to contain a sliver of the Builder's power. Zato's essence powers had likewise been consumed as fuel for the Builder's power, but in a fundamentally different way. Instead of a vessel, Zato had been transformed into a weapon.

Humphrey's flames burned at Zato's clothes and skin but he paid it no attention. Where his skin burned away, it uncovered a second skin of gleaming metal beneath. His hair burned off and the front of his eyes was seared away, revealing the crystal orbs that were his true eyes. He panned them around the camp, taking stock of the situation.

As he had been tossed to the ground, the gates had been blasted open and monsters had come spilling into the camp. They poured down the tiered steps of the encampment, attacking anything that moved and destroying anything that didn't. Tents were torn up and the converted and constructs were triggered into action as they were attacked.

One of the monsters came Zato's way, leaping through the air at him. He grabbed it by the face, plucking it out of the air. He clapped down with his other hand, crushing its head between his hands and dropped the corpse to the ground.

He looked down at his chest, the skin all burned away. There was a good-sized dent left behind from the blow that had sent him tumbling from the wall. He was surprised that the big bronze-ranker with a sword had been able to damage him

that much. The metal rippled like water and the dent was smoothed out. Zato looked up at the spot on the wall he had been knocked down from, but couldn't spot the man who had sent him tumbling.



Humphrey hadn't been foolish enough to wait around for a silver-ranker to recover and had called up his dragon wings. He flew over the monsters still streaming into the camp and towards Onslow to join the group. He was joined by Sophie who had run up the inside of the wall and leapt off, regrouping with the others.

"I'll get to one of the other gates and let you in," Jason told them through voice chat. "Make your way to the first gate to the left of where the monsters are coming in."

He started making his way through the camp, which had become a wild melee. Monsters clashed with the constructs and the converted. Some cultists were trying to organise their unthinking minions into some kind of order, while others scrambled in a futile attempt to find safety as monsters continued pouring in.

Jason noted that the converted and the constructs had both picked up new abilities. Some looked like those they had encountered before, but they were now able to separate into wholly separate segments, able to operate independently. The smaller constructs were better equipped to chase down smaller and faster enemies.

The constructs were dividing into two types. The majority were the original constructs, modified to separate. Once divided, their component parts were rather bizarre in form, having not been originally intended for the purpose. The newer constructs were purpose-built, and while they were less physically sturdy than the originals, their divided parts were faster and more dangerous.

The converted had acquired grotesque new powers of their own. Some were fighting with huge, retractable blades coming



out of their arms. Others were segmenting their limbs, which remained connected with wires and gave them strange, flailing attacks.

Shade's bodies moved through the mess. It gave Jason pathways to shadow jump in the direction of the gate, although he did not go unmolested. He had to stop and deal with a persistent pair of monsters and then one of the converted. He quickly unleashed a storm of afflictions that rotted the flesh off its bones, but it kept fighting, even when it was little more than a skeleton draped in scraps of black flesh. Jason used his execute ability to finish the job.

Before he reached the gate he also took the time to dispose of a cultist that looked to be doing a decent job of directing the constructs. Jason wanted as much discord as possible to cover the team's activities, so he dealt with the industrious cultist before she could start getting things in order.

Finally reaching the gate, he found it unattended in the chaos. There was no mechanism, just a heavy bar, but his bronze-rank strength was enough to remove it and pull open one of the heavy stone doors.

"About time," Neil said as Jason found the team waiting outside. "You've obviously been lazing about in there."

"We need to get in that tower as quickly and quietly as we can," Humphrey said. "Put Onslow away, Clive. He stands out a bit much."

Onslow let out a sad squeaking noise that was oddly high-pitched for a creature so large, but dissolved into blue sparks that flew towards Clive, sinking through his clothes to take the form of a tattoo.

The team started making their way through the mess of combat, fighting through as a unit. They were slowly carving a path down the steps of the sloped encampment towards the tower when the Builder descended from the sky, although he did not land close to the team.

The Builder either didn't have a slow falling power or just didn't care, crashing into the ground like a boulder. The

monster that had been between him and the ground was killed instantly. It looked as if the Builder had simply leapt from the tower's upper reaches.

As it stepped off the carcass, the Builder blasted out an aura. It was at the very peak of silver rank, powerful and terrible, like the weight of a building pressing down. Jason's aura had an echo of transcendence that only someone skilled and sensitive would recognise. The Builder's aura was thick with it and the effect was oppressive to the point of feeling like being at the bottom of the ocean.

The team, like all the monsters around them, had their auras suppressed, leaving them feeling vulnerable and exposed. Only Jason's held firm and the Builder turned its head on a swivel and the pair locked eyes.

For a single moment, the camp went still as everything was suppressed by the Builder's aura, the strongest he could produce with his current vessel. The sound of battle faded as the Builder's minions fell still and the monsters were cowed. In the strange, eerie silence, Jason and the Builder looked at one another. Jason walked forward, past the stilled minions and fearful monsters, holding the Builder's gaze.

The Builder was not a rancher, farmer, or anyone else who worked with cattle or other livestock. If he had been, he might have had some idea what happens when a very large number of very scared animals are held together in an enclosed space. The fear-induced stillness of the monsters only lasted for a strangely silent moment before the spell was broken.

Panic took over. Chaos exploded over the camp like a bomb as the monsters went wild and screams of terror rent the air. The monsters tried to stampede but they had packed themselves into the camp and the walls now boxed them in. That didn't stop their mad scramble to escape, the crush turning the camp into a furious meat grinder. Even the previous melee seemed like a quiet church service in comparison.

The converted and constructs were once again triggered into combat mode, but the monsters didn't even fight back in

their desperation to escape the terrifying presence of the Builder. They were more dangerous in their panicked crush than they had been in berserker rage.

The team's aura training had included having their auras suppressed, so they weren't debilitated, although it left them extremely uneasy as they once more fought their way towards the tower. Sophie made to go after Jason but was yanked back by Humphrey.

"He has his job," Humphrey yelled at her over the din, "and we have ours."

The eye of the storm was the empty space around the Builder, the place the monsters were pushing into one another to avoid. Jason stepped into that space. The two looked at each other in a calm bizarre amidst the fury going on around it.

"Here we are." Jason said. "I'm just telling you now, so you don't say you weren't warned: this time I brought pants."



## OUTMATCHED

The walls of the encampment had become a prison to the monsters driven to panic by the Builder's aura. They were stampeding with nowhere to stampede to, a wild crush that was catching up the cultists and the construct and converted that served them. It was somewhere between a juice press and a meat grinder.

The air was filled with the sounds of combat and terror. The monsters let out a menagerie of shrieks, cries and roars. Cultists were yelling, trying to direct the constructs and converted. The automaton servitors made no sounds themselves, but the sounds of their destruction at the claws of frenzied monsters added to the storm of noise.

There was one space of eerie calm. No matter how scared or driven to madness they were, no monster would draw close the Builder. In the eye of the storm, two figures stood still, staring each other down.

The Builder wore Thadwick Mercer's face. Instead of the snide, entitled expression, there was now an incredible presence animating what were actually quite handsome features. Instead of arrogance, there was a confidence that transcended the mortal shape it inhabited. That shape was still intact, the Builder's power not yet taxing it to the point of breaking down.

The Builder cut a heroic figure, facing off against Jason's sinister, shadowy appearance. Over flowing, black combat robes was his cloak of night, a veil of darkness and starlight with the promise of mystery and power.

“You have an inflated sense of your own importance,” the Builder said.

It spoke softly, yet its words carried perfectly to Jason, even over the cacophonous din around them.

“Yep,” Jason agreed. He also spoke softly, having no doubt the Builder could hear him as well.

“You think all this will let you stop me?” the Builder asked.

“It would be a lot of trouble to go to if I didn’t,” Jason said.

“I’m not going to kill you,” the Builder said. “You have caused me trouble enough that I will make an example of you. The next person looking to cross me will think twice when they learned what happened to you.”

“Really?” Jason asked, his voice this with derision. “You try and use my soul as a hand puppet and you want revenge because I didn’t let you? For a great astral being, that’s very human.”

“Do not try and bring me down to your level.”

“You’re already here, mate, but that’s not on me. I’m just some random, low-ranked bloke trying to make his way in the world. Or worlds, plural, I guess. You saw some idiot sling a soul your way, you tried to snatch it up and it didn’t work out. You could have left it at that but you just couldn’t let it go. You brought yourself down to my level and here we are. Well, slightly above my level. Frankly, you could do with a nerf, just for fairness. For all your vast, cosmic power, at the end of the day you’re a sentient being, just like the rest of us. I guess pride is a hard vice to shake, operating at your level.”

“Do you think I don’t see through what you are doing?” the Builder said.

“Engaging in classic hero-villain banter. I won’t lie; this is something of a dream come true for me.”

“Whatever your companions are doing, they will not succeed. Zato will stop them.”

“That’s funny,” Jason said. “I believe in my friends too. We have that in common.”

“I adjusted Zato’s body modifications personally,” the Builder said. “Even after the consumption of his essences, he is stronger than he ever was as a mere essence user.”

“The team knocked off a silver-rank essence user already. They can deal with your little hand puppet.”

“You killed Hendren through the escalating power of your flesh-rotting abilities. I reforged Zato in such a way that those powers cannot harm him. Even if you were with them to help, your powers would be futile. But you are not with them. I will capture you and he will capture them. I will claim their souls and they will be the ones to kill you, slowly and painfully. I will record it all, that every being that serves me will see for themselves the fate of the great Rejector. You will be a useful recruiting tool.”

“Yet, ironically, the one acting like a huge tool is you.”

“Name calling is the best response you can muster?”

“You’ve been inside my brain,” Jason said. “So, you know that it pretty much is, yeah. I’m being facetious, though. In all honesty, that was some solid villain monologuing. You should look into getting a weather machine.”

“You still believe you can win,” the Builder said. “This is not a matter of win or lose. It is a matter of how long it takes for my intentions to be realised.”

“How about a compromise?” Jason asked. “We could give you something else instead of huge strips peeled off the side of reality. How do you feel about delicious sandwiches?”

“You are tiresome,” the Builder said. “It is time to end this.”

Jason felt magic surge in the ground beneath him. He vanished into his shadow as two slabs made of the ground beneath him rose up to snap together like a bear trap. All they caught was the body of Shade left behind, which was unharmed.

“Just a tip,” Jason called out from within the monster scrum. “You shouldn’t warn that people you’re about to make a sneak attack.”

The Builder gestured in the direction Jason’s voice had come and a wave of stone spike rose up from the Builder’s feet and crashed into the monsters. Jason, in the meantime, emerged from the other direction and lunged at the Builder. A wall rose up in his face, blocking him off, before exploded over him, thousands of razor fragments storming over him over him like a hurricane in a gravel quarry. His cloak danced to life, a forest of dark tendrils zipping out to intercept the projectiles. Most of the fragments blew past him, while the rest fell harmlessly at his feet.

Jason dashed into the melee. As it turned out, great astral beings had little use for martial arts skills, and the one’s the Builder inherited from Thadwick were significantly sub-par. Jason’s dagger flashed rapidly, scoring quick marks on the Builder’s flesh.

**Special attack [Punish] has inflicted [Sin] and Mark of [Price of Absolution] on [Builder’s Vessel].**

**Transcendent power within [Builder’s Vessel] has negated these effects.**

**[Sin] does not take effect.**

**[Price of Absolution] does not take effect.**

“That’s not good.”

The Builder grabbed Jason by the face. Gordon appeared with a surge of Jason’s aura and beams of blue and orange energy blasted from his four orbs. They focused on the Builder’s arm and the Builder let go of Jason, who vanished into his shadow again. A dozen spikes burst out of the ground and floated between the Builder and Gordon. The air around them shimmered and the spikes launched out, tearing large rents in Gordon’s incorporeal body. Gordon dissolved into a nebula and shot away into the crowd of monsters, where Jason has escaped to. Jason reabsorbed his familiar back into his aura.



Each of the combatants were making unpleasant discoveries as they fought. Jason was the worst off, with the realisation that he had no means to effectively harm the Builder. Even his strongest trump card, Colin, would be of no use when afflictions couldn't take hold. The best he could hope for was that his sword would be effective, which was a slim chance against the most powerful enemy he had ever faced.

The Builder was discovering the limits of its vessel as well. Vessels were meant to be generals, not soldiers, and channelling even moderate amounts of power through them accelerated their degradation. This vessel in particular was weaker than it would normally tolerate but this was a pursuit the Builder would undertake personally.

Jason's words had found their mark when he said the Builder's pride as a great astral being had been pricked. Even with the considerable luck and circumstance that made it possible for Jason to win the battle for his soul, the fact remained that he had won. Given the disparity in their power, it was an intolerable record for a being of near infinite power.

If Asano died by any means but the Builder's own design, he would achieve a kind of immortality as the Builder remembered the mortal who bested it for all eternity. This was not an outcome the great astral being was willing to tolerate.

Unable to effectively fight, Jason was forced to flee. Unable to let him go, the Builder was forced to give chase.



When the camp had been plunged into chaos, the rest of Jason's team started fighting their way through the madness. Like an icebreaker ship they were a solid wedge, smashing a path through hostile and inhospitable territory.

After the Builder's attempt to pacify the situation with its aura backfired so wildly, it had withdrawn it. This allowed the team's own auras to recover but the damage was done as far as

the monsters were concerned. The crush would not abate until they died or escaped the walls.

The team had to fight past monsters, constructs and converted as they slowly made their way down the tiered levels of the camp. They didn't bother finishing off anything tough enough to survive a handful of attacks. Stopping to secure kills would only slow them down and nothing was following them in the crazed, shoulder to shoulder press.

As they closed in on the tower, they found the monsters were pushing away from it, clearing something of a space as they jammed into one another to get away. The magic throbbing from the tower carried a similar feel to the Builder and the monsters were terrified of it.

The team spotted a large archway leading inside and made straight for it. As they did, a silvery metallic figure with crystal eyes stepped out. It radiated a silver rank aura, but not that of an essence user. It was strange and alien, like that of the Builder itself.

"I am Zato," it called out loudly over the noise. "If you submit now, things will go better for you. Either way, your souls will belong to the Builder, but if you join us willingly, you will keep your own mind. It is better to be a willing servant than a mindless slave."

"As much as we'd love the chance to turn into a shiny doorknob like you," Sophie said, "we're kind of busy, so we're going to start the fight now."

True to her word, Sophie lunged forward, Humphrey close behind. Belinda moved to protect the team from any stray monsters. Stash did the same as he took the form of a marsh hydra. Clive called out Onslow to join them and Neil chanced pouring a salt circle to call up his golem. With the support of the familiars and the summon, Belinda formed a wall to cover the team's backs while they faced the danger in front of them.

Months of constant fighting in the astral space was a whetstone that had honed the team to a razor-sharp edge. They each knew what the others would do before they went to do it,

turning them from a team with strong synergies into a singular whole, moving and acting as one.

They had experienced what amounted to three monster surges back to back, struggling to keep up as the monsters grew more and more powerful. It had brought their skill, power and experience to the point where they were literally transformed from the people they had been at the beginning.

Even with all that growth in their power, skill and teamwork, they barely managed to avoid immediate death as Zato counterattacked.

Zato was not an unthinking construct, despite surrendering his organic body for shining metal. Nor was he a monster driven by instinct. He immediately broke through Sophie and Humphrey, bowling them out of the way in spite of Humphrey's strength. Zato knew that the backline members were the key to breaking apart the team and charged at Neil like a silver rocket.

The attack landed on Neil, who exploded in a wave of force, blasting Zato back. Belinda's perfectly timed bait and switch ability had teleported Neil to safety, leaving an illusionary trap for Zato.

**Ability: [Bait and Switch] (Trap)**

**Special ability (dimension, illusion).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (09%).**

**Effect (iron): Teleport self or nearby ally to a nearby location. The subject is rendered invisible for a brief period, leaving behind a lifelike illusion. The illusion has no substance or aura.**

**Effect (bronze): The illusion explodes when approached by an enemy, inflicting disruptive-force damage.**

With Zato's first attack blunted, Sophie and Humphrey moved back in, while the others repositioned defensively. Zato was barely staggered by the explosion, suffering little worse

than the arresting of his momentum. His metal body was resistant to the disruptive force released by the ability, which was more effective against magical defences. It was resonating-force damage that would be most effective against Zato's metal form. Humphrey knew this and swung in with shield breaker, his resonating-force special attack.

Zato's body was incredibly resilient, even against Humphrey's special attacks. They were just threatening enough that Zato was forced to engage, rather than ignore him. Even with his dragon armour, Humphrey would not hold up to Zato's sustained attacks. While he lacked Sophie's evasiveness, he had his own means of adding to his defensiveness.

Humphrey's attacks were hard to avoid and Humphrey himself was hard to hit, as there seemed to be four of him attacking at once with his huge dragon wing sword. One of the illusionary doubles was from Humphrey's own ability, attack of the mirage dragon, which created a double each time he attacked. It didn't inflict any damage, but Humphrey could switch-teleport with it, making his true attack unpredictable.

The other two illusionary forms came from Belinda's familiar, Gemini. The living illusion could duplicate Humphrey's appearance, including his own illusionary double.

Zato proved to have far more capability than merely the strength and fortitude that came with his metal body. His silvery body flowed like quicksilver, reshaping itself to produce a versatile slate of combat abilities.

In close, he could produce spear-like protrusions from anywhere on his body, making unexpected attacks from unexpected angles. He also grew extra limbs, which he transformed into blades. At range, he could project metal spikes, which he threw past Sophie and Humphrey to target Neil, whose healing and shields were making up the difference between Zato and Humphrey's combat abilities.

Sophie focused on intercepting the projectiles as Humphrey held up Zato's forward movement. Zato then revealed that the spikes were far from his only trick. By

plunging his hands into the ground he could make spikes spring up at range, then explode them into splinters. That attack savaged Neil, appearing within his mana shield and exploding to send shrapnel digging into his body. Sophie and Humphrey redoubled their efforts to hold Zato's attention while Neil tossed back a healing potion and followed up with a life bolt spell on himself.

The one key advantage the team had was a curse levied on Zato by Belinda. It took multiple attempts to latch on past silver-rank resistances. Fortunately, the cooldown didn't trigger until it finally landed.

**Ability: [Power Lock] (Magic)**

**Special ability (curse).**

**Cost: High mana.**

**Cooldown: 1 minute.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (47%).**

**Effect (iron): When the target uses an ability, a random other ability also goes on cooldown, as if it had been used.**

**If the target has no other abilities, the cooldown on the ability used is doubled or, if the ability has no cooldown, it becomes unavailable for a brief period.**

**Effect (bronze): The ability placed on cooldown consumes mana as if it had been used. If the ability had no mana cost, the target suffers disruptive-force damage commensurate with the strength of the ability.**

Belinda's curse meant that Zato had to constantly change up his powers while waiting for others to become available. Many of his best abilities were locked out before he even had a chance to use them and his combination attacks were neutered as key steps were denied to him. It was a frustrating and effective impediment that was crucial to the team's survival, as even impaired he was on the constant verge of overwhelming the team.

While he was stuck using them almost at random, Zato had no shortage of powers to go through. Most were either some variation on shape-changing or firing metal projectiles. As the

fight dragged on, he threw balls that exploded into shrapnel, turned his arms into razor whips and his fingers into knives.

Sophie desperately intercepted the storms of projectiles thrown in the direction of their healer. As quick as the mercury Zato's body resembled, her flickering figure was a steadfast barrier for Neil.

Many of the ranged attacks Zato threw out were wide-area shrapnel attacks, from which Sophie suffered a beating. Weak, multitudinous attacks were what more traditional defenders were best at, while Sophie specialised in dodging or negating powerful, singular attacks. The peppering of attacks was precisely what she was worst at handling, which Zato quickly picked up on.

He threw more and more shrapnel attacks at Neil, knowing that she would surrender her vaunted evasiveness to body-block the shrapnel. She was able to blast many of the attacks away with her wind wave, but Zato was both sneaky and prolific with his attacks. Neil was hard pressed to maintain shields and healing on both Sophie and Humphrey, but he smoothly churned out spell after spell, power after power, all with impeccable timing.

Sophie's damage was too negligible to be a real threat to Zato, relegating her to the frustrating but critical role of meat shield. The one advantage of the constant attacks she was subjected to was that her powers grew stronger as she suffered attacks.

Her karmic warrior power stacked up instances of two holy boons with every attack. One increased her power and spirit attributes, while the other reduced damage from subsequent attack by the same person. As with the fight against Nicolas Hendren, she was stacking up enough instances to have a real impact. On top of the damage reduction, the holy boons also combined with another of her powers.

**Ability: [Strong Soul] (Mystic)**

**Special ability (dimension).**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (57%).**

**Effect (iron): Disruptive-force damage dealt to you is reduced by a large amount; other damage dealt to you is reduced by a small amount. Resistance to dimensional or astral effects and energies is increased. You can physically interact with incorporeal entities.**

**Effect (bronze): Increased curse, magic and unholy resistance. You cannot receive unholy boons. Each instance of a holy boon on you increases the damage reduction of this ability.**

With each attack she received, Sophie's defences grew. The agent of karma boon made her tougher as it increased her power attribute and strengthened her magical abilities by enhancing the spirit attribute. This affected both the damage reduction from the good karma boon and the damage reduction from the strong soul power.

The layering bonuses didn't change Sophie's role as a meat-shield for projectiles, but it made her better able to weather the storm. She was still hopelessly outmatched, however. Beyond the simple disparity of silver-rank versus bronze-rank powers and physical abilities, she had to deal with the resistances of rank disparity that Humphrey's hero's drive power allowed him to ignore.

Humphrey had received the giant's might boon from Neil, adding weight to his special attacks that were the only real source of threat to their opponent. Zato was still stronger and tougher by a good margin, more so than the silver-rank essence user they had fought. If not for his superior skill and the support of his team, Humphrey wouldn't have been able to force Zato's attention as much as he did. Zato would have already broken through and ravaged their backline.

As resilience accumulated, Sophie was growing frustrated at her inability to have a real impact on the fight. Her power grew stronger as she soaked up more and more attacks, but frustration became impatience. She knew she was a more than

match for Zato's skill, and, tired of passively intercepting attacks, she dashed in, determined to make an impact.

Using her eternal moment power to massively accelerate, she unleashed a barrage of attacks. Her passive damage powers included resonating-force damage, which had been amplified by the boosts to her spirit attribute. With her fleeting, time-stopped moment, she unleashed a furious flurry of strikes, all of which took effect as she returned to the normal passage of time.

Zato's whole body rippled at the accumulated impact. He immediately retaliated by growing a half-dozen extra arms that ended in hammers, rather than fists. They swung in on Sophie, who could have dodged but didn't. Instead, she used her moment of oneness power to absorb the blows and then deliver all the damage back with an elegant palm strike that punched a large indentation in his torso.

Despite having a huge dent into his chest, Sophie saw Zato's grin and realised she had made a mistake. After baiting out her power to absorb a strong attack, Zato used one of his trump cards. His whole body exploded into a huge mass of shrapnel.

Humphrey was the most physically resilient of the team, but he was also very close and very large, courtesy of Neil's spell. His armour softened the blow, but more than a few chunks of shrapnel pierced right through it.

Sophie had her accumulated damage resistance, which was the only reason she survived. She was quick enough to shield her head with her arms, which were flayed along with the entire front of her body. Her accumulated damage reduction and light armour weren't even close to absorbing that level of damage and her armour was shredded to ribbons, along with most of the skin on the front of her body.

Clive, Neil and Belinda didn't suffer the attack as the shrapnel stopped in the air, forming a perfect sphere, then reversed course. The metal shard flew back together to re-form Zato's body. It wasn't just a matter of returning him to the state he had been in, however. Zato was unmarred and



unharméd. He had repaired not just the damage from Sophie but all the damage Humphrey had managed to build up.

Humphrey was severely injured and Sophie was a bloody wreck, barely standing upright. Their enemy was completely refreshed, his silver skin perfect and unmarred. Every bit of the damage they had done had been undone in a moment.

“You really should have submitted,” Zato told them imperiously. “Now you are going to suffer.



## THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

Once again, the team's pinpoint timing salvaged a very poor situation from what would otherwise have been a total disaster. Sophie used the last of her strength to throw out a bloody fist, though barely able to lift an arm from which half the muscle had been shredded. As she did, Neil's bolster ability landed, enhancing the power the punch carried.

**Ability: [Deny the Reaper] (Balance)**

**Special Attack (counter-execute, healing).**

**Cost: Moderate mana.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (16%).**

**Effect (iron): Target enemy suffers a small amount of transcendent damage and you are healed for a small amount. As a counter-execute effect, the damage and healing scale exponentially with your own level of injury.**

**Effect (bronze): Provides a heal-over-time effect. Healing scales exponentially with your own level of injury at the time the ability was used.**

With Sophie's bedraggled state, plus the boosts to her spirit attribute and the enhancement from Neil's spell, it was by far and away the most potent use of a power she had ever executed. The healing it provided was near-miraculous, knitting together muscle and regrowing skin between one breath and the next. Even with perfect circumstances, though, it was not enough healing to fully restore her condition. The

ongoing heal component of the ability started going to work, aided by a life bolt spell from Neil.

Sophie's fist was buried in his chest and she yanked it out with an unpleasant wet sound. Her hand glistened with liquid silver, mixed with a little blood, although that could easily have been hers. Her body began emitting an amber glow.

“Gift evolution!” Clive exulted through voice chat. “I’d put money down on it being a rank-jumping power.”

**Celestine racial ability [Astral Affinity] has evolved to [Boundary Breaker].**

**Ability: [Boundary Breaker]**

**Transfigured from [Celestine] ability [Astral Affinity].**

**Increased resistance to dimension effects and astral forces. Dimension abilities have increased effect and transcendent damage is increased.**

**Ignore the enhanced resistances derived from rank disparity. This only affects the enhanced resistance from being higher rank, not other sources of resistance.**

**Ignore the enhanced aura suppression and aura suppression resistance derived from rank disparity. This only affects the enhanced effects from being higher rank, not the inherently superior strength of higher-rank auras.**

The rest of the team sent their congratulations, even as they kept fighting, but Sophie herself was conflicted. She had received what she needed most of all, though not from a triumph but a costly mistake.

“It’s not about the reward you earned,” Humphrey told her. “It’s about the lesson you learned.”

Much of the wisdom Humphrey had to offer were sayings that had been drilled into him by his mother. This statement very much had the cadence of that, which mollified Sophie somewhat. She had come to respect Danielle a lot when Danielle helped her get a handle on some of her powers that were similar to Danielle’s own.

Humphrey found himself in an odd position in the wake of Zato's explosive power— he was both too damaged and not damaged enough. He needed healing to get back into a state ready to fight Zato, as a half-recovered state would quickly be punished. He did have his immortality power, but he was not so damaged that he wanted to use it. Even after her self-heal, though, Neil was focusing his healing on Sophie. Humphrey knew it was the right choice, given that Sophie could inherently suffer fewer hits than he could himself.

He made a decision. He pulled a potion vial from his belt and downed the contents. It was a silver-rank health tonic they had taken from Nicolas Hendren; the over-ranked potion gave Humphrey an overcharged burst of healing. The price was that the magic would linger, meaning that the fight would be done one way or another before he could use another potion. It was the best compromise he could think of, not fully healing him, but letting him recover enough to keep up the fight while keeping immortality in his pocket.

As for Zato, he had suffered the first true blow of the fight that inflicted real, lasting damage. His last attack had completely healed him from the slow build-up of damage he had sustained from the team's earlier attacks. The transcendent damage from Sophie's counter-execute, though, went through him like his body was made of water. It didn't care about his rank or the metal that had replaced his flesh. Not even the power the Builder had gifted him with could withstand that power.

The odd pause following Sophie's strike was ended by Clive. He hadn't made a large impact on the fight, throwing out a few buff spells before drawing out ritual circles as fast as he could, which turned out to be pretty damn fast. He'd always been a strong ritualist, but months of throwing out combat rituals had honed his skills to a fine point. In this case, his circles empowered his weapons and reconfigured their damage from disruptive to resonating force. Having finished his preparations, the twin blast from his wand and staff was the starter's gun for the next phase of the fight.



Jason was playing mouse to the Builder's cat. The frenzy of stampeding monsters fighting with cultists and constructs made it hard for the Builder to easily sense him. The vessel's senses had been enhanced beyond what Thadwick had possessed but to an entity of the Builder's power, even diamond-rank senses would have felt like blindness.

A seemingly incongruous aspect of auras was that the more powerful they were, the harder they were to detect if their owner didn't want them to be. The feeble aura of an iron ranker was easy to pick out, while the potent aura of a gold-rank soul was easily hidden. The key was control, with a stronger soul able to exert more control over the strength radiating out of it. This was assuming that a person had an aura power, therefore meeting the minimum requirements to exert that control. As Farrah had once warned Jason, a powerful soul with no means to control it was unruly to the point of being dangerous.

Jason's expertise with aura control was quite possibly the area in which he excelled the most, which was combined with an aura strength realms beyond the ordinary. It was a strength born of his close call with the elemental tyrant, his meeting with the gods and, more than anything else, his soul battle against the Builder itself. The result was an aura strength more akin to a silver-ranker than a bronze.

Jason's expert control and formidable aura power combined with the ability Gordon granted of making his soul even harder to detect. The result was that even the enhanced silver-rank senses the Builder's vessel produced had a hard time picking out Jason's presence.

Hidden amongst the teeming monsters, Jason was not just a mouse, but a mouse with an invisibility cloak in a pile of other mice. Unfortunately, the Builder was a cat with a flamethrower. It had begun the chase with little understanding of its vessel's limitations, but it was a very quick study. It had gone from crude attacks to destructive waves of rippling earth

spikes that maximised power and area with as little strain on the vessel as possible.

There was an inevitable cost to repeatedly channelling power, the strain on the vessel beginning to show as it grew increasingly pale. It was an acceptable rate of decay, given that the Builder's design was already in motion. So long as Asano and his companions were kept from interfering, the situation would resolve itself without further intervention from his vessel.

The Builder's powers all involved manipulating the physical material around it. Simply reshaping it had the least cost, thus the spike waves that were a simple reshaping of the stone underfoot. Imbuing materials with additional power, was more costly. This ranged from imbuing it with disruptive force to harm incorporeal entities to animating the material, like a short-lived construct creature. The effect that levied the greatest cost to the Builder's form was transmuting one material into another, such as stone into steel.

The Builder was sweeping whole swathes of the battlefield in spike waves, even as its senses probed for Jason. It didn't care what got in its way, be that monster, construct or converted. Even the Builder's own cultists were mowed down ruthlessly as wedge-shaped chunks were cut out of the stampeding crush with every wave of impaling spikes.

The Builder was single-minded and methodical in its pursuit of Jason, but Jason nonetheless took the effort to provoke it. Having one of Shade's bodies move close enough to speak through allowed him to constantly harass the great astral being.

“Do you have a name outside of just ‘the Builder?’ It doesn't come across as imposing as you seem to think. It just makes you sound like an intergalactic brickie. Actually, I take it back; that sounds kind of awesome. Invaders from beyond the stars is done to death. A guy from beyond the stars who knocks up an outdoor dunny while unrepentantly flashing bum crack? That's a fresh idea. You might want to write this down, mate. I'm giving you gold here.”

“I will be giving you unimaginable torment soon enough.”

“Oh, nice. Solid villain line; good job on the banter. You’ve already tried shaving chunks of my soul off like lemon zest, though, so I’m pretty sure I can imagine it. Having my friends kill me though? That’s a prick move. I’m pretty sure my friends are going to beat your friends, though.”

“I am beyond your mortal imagining. I have no friends.”

“Well, that’s just sad. Not because of the loneliness thing, although that too. You just admitted defeat.”

“There is no defeat. My will is inexorable.”

“Mate, this is the climactic battle and I’m the only one rocking the power of friendship. You’ve got no chance. You better knock out a back-story flashback toot-sweet or it’ll be a total walkover.”

As demonstrated when it sent Nicolas Hendren after the team, the Builder had some ability to track Jason’s location through the bond to his familiar. For this reason, it tolerated Shade’s presence without eradicating the familiar’s body. Jason knew this as well as the Builder, but kept Shade nearby anyway. While he knew there was no goading the Builder any more than he already had, he needed the Builder to have at least some idea of his location. It allowed him to lead the Builder and his destructive power away from his team.



Despite Sophie’s heavy blow on Zato and a timely gift evolution to give her a greater impact on the fight, it had not been the turnaround moment that the team needed. While her attacks were more effective, she still needed to spend most of her time dealing with the projectiles Zato continuously hurled at Neil. Her power upgrade meant that she was able to deal with the attacks without taking the same level of damage but it was still eating into time she would rather use to pile on damage.



Belinda assisted Sophie in this regard, splitting her attention between keeping monsters off their backline and playing meat shield for Neil against Zato's projectile attacks. She had activated her warrior-form power, counterfeit combatant, and was sporting heavy armour and a large shield, along with a long-handled war hammer.

No matter how much damage they inflicted, Zato was the immovable object to their apparently stoppable force. Aside from the one gaping wound in his chest, which did not seem to impair his combat ability, even Humphrey's powerful attacks achieved little more than superficial dents. The more they attacked, the more their enemy seemed dishearteningly indestructible.

Clive had entered the fray, blasting away with his ritual-enhanced weapons. While the results were visible, they were as minimal as everything else. Zato insultingly disregarded Clive's threat, continuing to hammer on Humphrey and Sophie while trying to land a decisive strike on Neil.

The team was not without their own gains, with Neil's perception power giving them a slight edge. Its ability to see vulnerabilities was something he normally used for assessing the team's injuries, but it also spotted one of Zato's few vulnerabilities.

"Parts of his body become fluid when he uses a shape changing power," Neil alerted the others through voice chat. The ability to communicate without being overheard or needing to yell over other noises was a critical element of facilitating teamwork. "If you can time a disruptive-force attack instead of a resonating one in just the right moment, you'll do some extra damage."

In spite of the team refining their attacks, the power gap remained. Even with Sophie's growing might, Zato was too strong, too tough and boasted too many forms of attack. Even with the team's focus on keeping Neil safe, Zato's attacks would still sometimes get through and land some damage on the healer.

The team retained more injuries as Zato's damage started outpacing Neil's healing. The team's key cooldown powers were used at critical moments, not to swing the battle in their favour but to keep it from getting away from them entirely. Humphrey's immortality, Belinda's full cooldown reset. Their last trump card was Neil's hero's moment power, but it would cripple whoever it was used on when the power ended. Until they would get within striking range of finishing the job, it was a power that was off-limits.

Despair started to set in as they looked down the barrel of what seemed like Zato's inevitable victory. They could not deal enough damage. That gap was normally filled by Jason, but it was clear his powers would not work against Zato's silver body. In any case, Jason had his own overwhelming enemy to face.

"You really thought you could derail the Builder's design?" Zato taunted. He sensed that victory was close and tried to push to his enemies' morale to the breaking point. "We have been planning this longer than any of you have been alive. You thought to stop the efforts of years with your meagre abilities and pathetic ideals? You think that you possess the power to undo all that we have wrought? You won't just fail here. You won't die. Your souls will be taken. You will each become weapons against everything you love and all you sought to protect."

Humphrey's weariness and the seeming futility of his efforts had eaten away at his spirit. He rallied his determination but Zato's words stirred up fear of become exactly what Zato said: a weapon against his own people. Exhausted, he watched, sword hanging limply from his hands as Zato and Sophie engaged in a wild struggle. As her power grew over time she had been taking on more of Humphrey's frontline role. Humphrey told himself to move, to lift up his sword and keep going, but his arms wouldn't move.

Just as he was on the verge of giving up, his mother, Danielle, appeared out of nowhere and slapped him hard across the face. He stumbled, startled as she glared at him in fury.

“What is your name?” she demanded, her voice hammering down with righteous anger.

He looked at her in confusion, then his eyes went wide. His shoulders firmed as he stood up straight, resolve returning to his posture. He had not recovered stamina or mana. He had not been healed. His immortality was long gone, used and used again when Belinda reset it. He had received no fresh boons, gained no extra power. All that changed was his resolve.

Humphrey head swung on a pivot, from his mother to Zato, who ignored him while trying to overwhelm Sophie. Humphrey’s gaze locked onto the enemy as his mother turned back into Belinda and returned to where the familiars were holding the line against the monsters.

Humphrey hefted his dragon sword in one hand and hurled it, spinning end over to end to clang off Zato’s head before dissolving into nothing. The attack did not harm Zato but it got his attention and he wheeled on Humphrey.

Zato knew that his victory was imminent. He knew that the adventurers were no match for his power. They were a spent force, an arrow at the end of its flight. Their situation was hopeless, their defeat certain. But for a single, fleeting moment, passing as quickly as it came, something he saw in Humphrey’s eyes sent a chill to the very core of his soul.

“My name,” Humphrey announced, stepping forward one slow step at a time, “is Humphrey Francis Eugene Geller. My family have been adventurers for sixteen generations. We aren’t alchemists or weaponsmiths on the side. We aren’t ritualists or scholars. For hundreds of years we have done one thing, and one thing only: protect our world from people like you. You say that we aren’t ready? That we can’t match your years of preparation? We’ve been preparing for you for sixteen generations, and do you know what we’ve been building to for all that time?”

Humphrey raised his arm to point at Zato and a sword appeared in his hand. Not the heavy, powerful dragon sword, but the light razor wing sword, aimed right at his enemy.

“We’ve been building,” Humphrey said, “to me.”

Amber light flooded out of Humphrey as he stood, sword levelled at Zato. The team and Zato both stood stock-still.

“Gift evolution?” Neil wondered through the voice chat. “Humphrey had all his gift evolutions. Is it even possible for that to happen again?”

“No,” Clive said, his voice dazed as he looked on. “But I don’t think he cares.”

The amber light shining out of Humphrey turned blood crimson.

**Human racial ability [Attack of the Mirage Dragon] has evolved to [Hero’s Sacrifice].**

**You have evolved an already-evolved ability, breaching the limitations of your soul’s potential. You will experience a brief surge of enhanced power, followed by a significant backlash.**

**Ability: [Hero’s Sacrifice]**

**Transfigured from evolved ability [Attack of the Mirage Dragon].**

**Previous effects of racial ability [Attack of the Mirage Dragon] have been lost.**

**Sacrifice your health to enhance the power of your special attacks.**

“I’ll use hero’s moment,” Neil said through the voice chat. It allowed the team to communicate silently as no one moved in the strange stillness.

Humphrey and Zato stood facing one another, eyes locked.

“If you’re going to going to crap out soon anyway...” Neil said.

“No,” Humphrey responded firmly. “Red tights.”

“No!” Sophie exclaimed. “I can’t just leave you here alone! You’ll all be dead by the time—”

“It’s the only way,” Humphrey cut her off. “We’ll hold until you get back.”

“But—”

“RUN!” Humphrey roared out loud.

The spell was broken. He and Zato lunged at each other, Zato sprouting four extra arms, each ending in razor-sharp axe blades. He lashed out with the full speed of his silver rank attributes and the enhanced strength of his metal body.

Humphrey’s skill had been a match for Zato’s the entire fight. Just as he had said, he was trained from birth for the life of an adventurer. Sixteen generations of knowledge and experience had been poured into him, the Geller family a foundry for the strongest steel. Martial techniques, combat philosophies and insights formed by centuries of adventurers, refined and distilled into the latest generation of a grand tradition.

From the beginning, Humphrey had been pitting his lesser strength against Zato’s greater, caught up in the idea of needing as much power as he could muster. Once he accepted that he could never muster enough power, the tenor of their combat entirely transformed.

Six blades came at Humphrey. He parried four and dodged two with a grace that he had spent the whole fight surrendering in the name of strength. He didn’t have Zato’s speed but his technique and economy of motion more than compensated, his razor wing sword moving in an elegant dance. Not only did he evade the attacks, but he immediately retaliated, raking his sword across Zato’s body.

Blood seeped from Humphrey’s eyes as he used his new hero’s sacrifice gift, but for all the adventurer’s grand declarations, Zato had not grown any weaker. Humphrey’s sword was lighter and less powerful than his dragon sword, barely slicing a shallow line across his enemy.

“That’s it?” Zato mocked. “All that big talk, light shining out like you’re some mighty hero, and that’s all you can muster? You’ll have to do a lot better than that!”

“I’m working on it,” Humphrey shot back, his sword continuing to snake over Zato.

**Ability: [Relentless Assault] (Might)**

**Special Attack (counter-execute, healing).**

**Cost: Low stamina, increasing with each attack.**

**Cooldown: 30 seconds.**

**Current rank: Bronze 2 (16%).**

**Effect (iron): Each use of this attack in quick succession increases the damage of this attack. Damage is of the same type caused by a normal attack.**

**Effect (bronze): After a threshold of successive attacks is reached, escalating resonating-force damage is dealt with each attack.**

In the brief moment that Zato and Humphrey had been clashing, Sophie stood ready to run as Neil used his bolster spell on Belinda, enhancing her next power. Belinda then used her mirror magic ability to copy the spell, using the bolstered version of Neil’s own bolster spell back on him.

Neil was unable to use bolster on himself, but Belinda’s power to mimic spells not only let him do so, but made it doubly effective with the bolster enhancing itself. He then used the double-strength bolster to cast a massively empowered hero’s moment spell, which he used not on Humphrey, but on Sophie. It was what she had been waiting for. She erupted from the team, flooded with a terrifying power. She fled the site of the battle, vanishing into the ongoing monster brawl around them.

Humphrey continued to clash with Zato, lashing out again and again. Blood ran from his eyes, nose and ears as he chained his relentless assault attacks. He could taste the blood, copper in his mouth as he enhanced every attack with his new power. The escalating cost of the special attack increasingly sapped his stamina as hero’s sacrifice sapped his health.

He ignored both as he continued his flowing stream of attacks, cutting away at Zato, not with a hammer but with a

scalpel. Despite this, his attacks still had limited effect and would continue to do so until he reached his special attack's resonating-force threshold.

Despite Humphrey's skill, the damage was not a one-way street. His own attacks were hurting himself as much as they were Zato, yet he did not relent to use his new power. Zato was raining his own attacks down on Humphrey, who was coming off worse from the exchange. It was only a continuous stream of healing and shields from Neil that allowed him to struggle on.

Humphrey's fluid expertise and rapid strikes reached the resonating force threshold of his special attack in fairly short order. The harsh reality, though, was that even with his new ability and the surge of power that came from awakening it was simply not enough. Zato's body remained all but impervious, even as the special attack escalated to potent levels. Zato was taking dents, but nothing he couldn't shrug off.

Zato realised that he had been dragged into Humphrey's pace, suddenly remembering that he was the one with the power. He was the one with the advantage. Sophie was gone and Humphrey's attacks were all show, with no genuine threat behind them. With that realisation, Zato turned his attention once more to the healer. Once Neil was dealt with, the fight was as good as over.

Zato left Humphrey behind and dashed at Neil, only to be struck with a reality of his own: Humphrey was part of a team. Clive's juxtaposition spell swapped Neil and Humphrey's positions, leaving Zato once again facing off against Humphrey, whose special attack sequence continued unabated.

While the team's big-ticket powers had been spent, they still had a variety of tricks up their sleeve that could buy them precious moments, whether for Humphrey's attack to grow stronger or for Sophie to come.





## A WAR OF STOLEN MOMENTS

**S**ophie was dashing through the camp like a spectre, swift, ghostly and untouchable. She ended up running along the inside of the wall and onto the top, sprinting along it to reach her maximum speed. With a double-enhanced hero's moment empowered every speed ability she had, even she felt like her breakneck speed was wild and precarious. She did not relent on the pace, whatever she felt, as speed was the only objective

**Ability: [Avatar of Speed] (Swift)**

**Special ability.**

**Cost: None.**

**Cooldown: None.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (86%).**

**Effect (iron): Your movement abilities have increased effect and reduced stamina and mana cost.**

**Effect (bronze): Periodically gain instances of [Momentum] while moving at speed. The greater the speed, the faster instances are accrued.**

With every moment, more and more stacks of momentum were gathered. She kept moving, determined to drain every drop out of the hero's moment spell.

“How are you holding up?” she asked through voice chat.

“Quite well, thank... argh!” Jason's voice came through.

“Good to know, but I think she meant us,” Clive said. “We're doing the flasher move you came up with.”

“The what?” Jason asked.

“The guy with the red tights,” Clive said.

“The Flash, not the flasher,” Jason said. “Also, they’re not tights.”

“They sounded like tights, the way you described them,” Neil chimed in.

“I think we’re all a little busy for this conversation!” Belinda yelled.



Jason had given up taunting with Shade. The Builder had thinned out the monsters and even his own forces as he scoured the camp for Jason. It was becoming increasingly hard to both stay ahead of the Builder and clear of the team, with more than a couple of near misses as the Builder came close to snatching him up.

He had been injured several times and had been using the monsters as a source of life drain, randomly laying out afflictions as he went. That was becoming harder and harder as the Builder continued to thin out the herd.

The close calls were getting closer with every passing moment. Frustrated that the greatest contribution he could make was running away, he desperately willed the team to success.



The tyranny of rank was an inescapable reality. For all that Humphrey’s morale was renewed and reinvigorated, his body was not. He had reached the point that little more than will alone kept him moving. His body was ravaged by Zato’s attacks and his own ability in equal parts. The team’s bag of tricks was running low and Humphrey’s stamina had reached its limit. His attacks had finally started doing real damage, but while his spirit was willing, his body was spent. He stumbled,

faltering, breaking the chain of attacks he had almost miraculously maintained through nothing but muscle memory and willpower.

Zato had taken some real hits and a magic tattoo appeared on his body, shining brightly before dimming. Belinda recognised it as the upgraded version of her own magic tattoo that reset the cooldown of an ability. Hers had disappeared with her ascension to bronze rank and she was chilled as she saw it appear on Zato. She knew what power he wanted to use again.

Every member of the team had a gold spirit coin to use in absolutely clutch moments. Steeling herself, Belinda slipped it into her mouth to ensure the special attack that followed would work.

**Ability: [Power Thief] (Magic)**

**Special attack (boon, affliction, magic).**

**Cost: Very high mana.**

**Cooldown: 5 minutes.**

**Current rank: Bronze 3 (32%).**

**Effect (iron): Make a magical ranged attack. You become able to use a random active-use ability of the target, who cannot use that ability until you have done so. It can be an essence ability or the inherent ability of a magic creature, but functions at your rank, not the rank of the target. You may not use the ability more than once. This ability cannot be used again until the copied ability is used. If not used within 24 hours, the copied ability is lost, restoring the target's ability to use it.**

**Effect (bronze): You can choose a specific ability of the target. If the target does not have that ability, a random ability is stolen instead.**

Zato roared with fury as a light flashed from Belinda's hand, striking Zato and zipping back to her in an instant. He had just used one of his biggest trump cards, making the explode-and-heal power that damaged Sophie so badly available once more, only to feel it snatched away.

Zato lunged at Belinda, still under the effects of her counterfeit combatant power, clad in armour and holding a long-handled war hammer. In his fury, Zato didn't notice the gold-rank aura emitting from Belinda, who met his charge with the hammer, with gold-rank strength behind it.

The blow staved in Zato's head, yet even that wasn't enough to do more than stagger the metal man. Belinda, by contrast, felt the coin's power drain away and collapsed under the weight of her own armour.

Humphrey was too exhausted to move and with Belinda sharing his fate through the use of her spirit coin, Clive and Neil were suddenly left vulnerable. Zato looked grotesque with the huge dent deforming his head, but he was only staggered for a short time. In spite of his hideous disfiguration, he fought on.

While Zato recovered, Onslow and Stash moved from the edge of the fight where they had been on monster shepherding duties, placing themselves between Zato and the last members of their team both present and standing.

Zato began to move on the valiant familiars but he didn't get to make his attack as Sophie returned to the battlefield in a blur of motion. The hero's moment spell was on the verge of ending, and she stuffed a gold spirit coin in her mouth as she arrived in front of Zato.

Between Neil's double-enhanced spell and the gold coin, only her temporarily gold-rank power attribute was enough to hold her body together with the absurd power coursing through it. She ignored the pain, slapping her palm into Zato's chest. All the momentum she had built up over the duration of Neil's spell was triggered, the power multiplied again and again and again by the empowering effects layered onto her. The resulting attack had so much power that simply unleashing it made the air crash like thunder.

**[Momentum] (boon, magic, stacking): When making an attack, all instances are consumed to inflict resonating-force damage. Multiple instances can be accumulated and instances are lost quickly while not moving.**

The seemingly indestructible Zato exploded into a rain of liquefied metal.

**You have defeated [Zato].**

Jason grinned, but he knew that his true contribution started now. His team had done their part and all they needed was time. It was up to Jason to buy them that time.

He gave up hiding and appeared before the Builder, who was staring at the tower with a rare display of emotion on the vessel's face. It wasn't rage but affront. The great astral being was less confused by the success of the lowly mortals than it was by their temerity in standing in its path. Jason did so literally, planting his feet on the ground between the Builder and the tower.

"What did I tell you?" Jason said. "The power of friendship."

"Your friends will be the ones to kill you, still."

"You get your shot first, mate," Jason said. "Your opponent is right here."

"You cannot harm me."

"Should be an easy one for you, then."

"Pleasure is a mortal concept," the Builder mused. "Even in these vessels I have only felt it for no more than a few fleeting moments across a span of time longer than your former species has existed. I think I will take pleasure in watching you suffer."

"I do aim to please," Jason said, drawing his sword. "Shall we?"

Shade's bodies spread out from Jason to surround the Builder, although Jason kept one in reserve. The Builder could easily damage incorporeal creatures and, assuming he got out alive, Jason would need one of Shade's bodies to reconstitute the rest.

Jason, the Builder and all the remaining monsters felt the shift in the tower's magic, starting from the base. With that,

the Builder lost interest in Jason and started striding in the direction of the tower.



As they moved into the mid-range of bronze, the team had broken through the limitations that were part of human, or human-adjacent, existence. They could run faster than any Olympic sprinter, with stamina that would make a marathon runner shudder.

Sophie and Belinda were slumped on top of Onslow's shell as the familiar zoomed up the ramp on a cushion of air. Belinda was barely conscious, while Sophie was barely alive. Neil's magical intervention had been the only thing that had prevented her body from giving out after the power she had sent coursing through it.

Humphrey was in no better a state. His new power had brought with it a surge of strength, but as that passed, the lingering soul damage had left him debilitated. He was slung over the back of Stash in the shape of a heidel, desperately clinging to consciousness as he sought to see the task to completion.

Neil was running, along with the dragon-tooth warriors Humphrey had managed to summon before collapsing entirely. His own summon was too slow to keep up and had been left at the bottom to block anyone who tried to follow them up.

Clive also sat atop Onslow, carefully maintaining a ritual circle around the crystal cube floating in front of him. It was a device he had cobbled together from materials originally intended to open a path back home, a plan rendered moot by the changes to the astral space's ambient magic. He had repurposed the materials to create a device that would invert the tower's magic. It was a process Jason has insisted on referring to as 'reversing the polarity.'

The function of the device was straightforward enough. They simply had to take it from the bottom of the tower to the

top. If that were all there was to it, Clive could have simply handed it off to Sophie and let her run up the outside of the tower. The trick was that Clive's cobbled-together device was made from improvised components and worked in accordance with theories he was only just beginning to understand.

In order to keep it operational, Clive needed to keep it encircled in a magical diagram that he needed to alter in real time as they moved the device. It was a ludicrous feat only possible because of Clive's power that let him draw ritual circles in the air, combined with his incredible skills as a ritualist. Even then, only months of drawing out rituals in combat had honed his reflexes enough to keep up. It took every ounce of his concentration as they made the way up the spiralling ramp inside the tower.

"The Builder has to be coming, right?" Belinda asked. Her coin-hangover left her feeling fearfully vulnerable.

"All we can do is trust Jason," Humphrey said.



Jason Asano was a lot of things. Mouthy to people he really shouldn't be was certainly one of them, as the Builder had long discovered. The Builder was now discovering that for all the things Jason was, one thing that he was not was easy to ignore.

The strongest of the Builder's minions had, against all odds, fallen. It was finally forced to act personally to see its intentions fulfilled and had intended to leave the matter of Jason for later. While it might derive satisfaction from what it intended for the Rejector, its intentions for the world Asano struggled to protect took precedence.

The Builder didn't give a lot of thought to the vessels he occupied. Knowledge of the mortal form was beneath it. It used and discarded the vessels as needed, without regard for them. If it had ever thoroughly explored their memories, it might have known that there was such a thing as Achilles tendons.

The Builder's vessel was not as physically resilient as Zato's metal body by any means. If the Builder could have eschewed a fleshy vessel then it would have. No artificial construct was sophisticated enough to contain its power, however. Only the magical matrix that operated the body of an essence user was sufficient, and even that required elaborate reinforcement.

A vessel might be far more sturdy than an ordinary body, but it still adhered to basic, physiological truths. One of them was that without certain muscles, it was a lot harder to stand up.

It taxed the Builder's vessel very little to repair the kind of small injuries that Jason was capable of inflicting. Those brief moments of delay, however, were more valuable than gold for the team rushing up the tower.

The Builder had strode away from Jason, ignoring him in the belief that Jason was unable to substantially damage its vessel, which was true. What Jason could do was educate the Builder on the critical areas where a small wound could cause specific, debilitating problems. Even if immediately healed, each one stole away another precious moment.

Jason did not undertake this task alone. Colin's afflictions, as Jason suspected, were no more effective than his own. What Colin could do was teach the Builder that eyes did not respond positively to rings of pointy teeth.

Jason was only stealing seconds, but he and the Builder both knew that those critical seconds counted. Recognising that ignoring Jason was hurting it, the Builder attacked. Crippling would be ideal but killing was acceptable. Asano's immediate fate was unimportant compared to the Builder's other goals; so long as that fate was decided by the Builder itself, it would be satisfied with the outcome.

Pinning Jason down was easier said than done. The Builder was still limited by the physical integrity of its vessel and could only levy silver-rank attacks.

Although he was no longer running, Jason remained elusive, using Shade's bodies to jump around, avoiding the



attacks the Builder made by reshaping the ground beneath him. Shade was likewise on the move, avoiding the force-wreathed projectiles the Builder flung his way, providing Jason with an ever-shifting series of shadow-jump portals.

Now that he was forced into open combat, Jason knew that, for all his mobility, he would not be able to keep up the fight for long. Luckily, he didn't need to. The magic of the tower was an obvious presence to anyone with magical senses. The change rapidly ascending from the base stood out like a beacon of light.

The Builder was faced with a conundrum. It could wield a single burst of gold-rank power, but that would tax its vessel to breaking point. It was forced to decide between using that burst to put an instant end to Jason or save it for the rest of his team.

Ultimately, stopping the team was the imperative. The tower's magic made it clear that they were entering its upper reaches and the Builder needed to move swiftly. It shot into the air on a rising column of stone and earth that carried it towards the open windows running up the outside of the tower. The column was a compromise that consumed the vessel faster than the Builder wanted, but left it with vitality enough for that single burst of gold-rank power.

Again Jason proved himself an annoyance not so easily cast aside. He called out Gordon, still ragged from the Builder's earlier attack. Gordon's two resonating-force orbs shot out as Jason's direction, colliding as they met the column and exploding, cutting the column off.

The column collapsed and the Builder fell with it, creating a huge cloud of dirt and dust as huge chunks of stone fell to the ground. The Builder walked out of the cloud unharmed. Anger showed on its increasingly withered face, but was quickly schooled back into blankness. It looked up at the tower where the shift in magic was nearing the upper reaches. The Rejector's companions needed to be stopped, forcing the Builder's hand. Its vessel started to wither in front of Jason as it invoked a gold rank power while reaching a hand towards the tower, which it clenched into a fist.



The tower was literally coming to life to impede the team. Stone flowed like water into crude, humanoid shapes, animated creatures that attacked the team even before they finished forming. They were no stronger than Humphrey's dragon-tooth warriors, but the team was already at the end of their tether with most of the team unable to fight. Stash left Humphrey to Neil as it took on a hydra form, barely able to fit on the ramp. They fought through the animated stone, but their progress was massively slowed.

Slowing the team gave the Builder time to crush the scurrying bug that was Jason. Gordon had been called back for safety, a choice proven well-made as the Builder abandoned any idea of maintaining its vessel, burning through its vitality with a storm of disruptive-force-empowered projectiles. As Shade's bodies were cut down one by one, the Builder started making something. The materials were conjured up from the ground, like everything else, but this was smaller, taking form more slowly and carefully. Stone was transmuted into metal and magic was imbued into the device.

Finally, Jason ran out of moments to steal. As Shade's bodies were cut down, Jason's mobility was cut down with them. Despite its increasingly decrepit state, the Builder's vessel was still fast and powerful, dashing forward and grabbing Jason by the face. With its other hand it slapped the suppression collar it had made around his neck. The vessel continued to rapidly wither as another column rose up, carrying the Builder and his new pet towards the tower.



The team were aching close to the end of the ramp, leading up to the flat roof of the tower.

**Party leader [Jason Asano] has had his magical abilities suppressed.**

**Ability [Party Interface] has been negated.**

**Your party has been disbanded.**

There were large, open windows placed regularly up the tower's length and the Builder stepped through one of them, blocking their path. It dragged Jason with it, holding his collar like he was an unruly dog.

“You have done far better than I anticipated,” the Builder told them. It was a withered husk, now, its voice inhuman and raspy. Even so, the team knew they would not be getting past it.

The Builder's eyes rested on the cube, floating in front of Clive.

“While I am not one to offer enemies second chances,” the Builder said, “the brute-force enslavement of your souls would be a waste of good material. I offer you another chance to come willingly, which you should accept. Your souls will be mine either way.”

Jason crawled pitifully in the direction of his friends, who looked on with miserable expressions. The Builder let him slink away. If Asano enjoyed a last moment of camaraderie before those companions were turned against him, he would just suffer all the more. What the Builder didn't realise was that Jason was not looking for companionship. He was looking for a run up.

Very few things truly surprised an entity as old as the Builder. Jason's aura pushing back the suppressive force of the collar was one of them. The collar's power was strong enough that Jason was only able to successfully push against the suppression for a few scant seconds, but Jason's entire battle had been a war of stolen moments. It was time enough to retrieve a gold spirit coin from his inventory, which he slipped it into his mouth. Immediately he leapt up, exploding forward with gold-rank strength and speed.

The Builder was able to react, even against gold-rank reflexes, causing a wall of spikes to rise up between them. Jason ploughed right into it with his gold-rank power,

impaling himself a dozen times but still breaking through with momentum to spare. Just as he had smashed into the spiked wall, he smashed into the Builder, sending them both tumbling out through the window.

“GO!” Humphrey shouted, jolting the team into a final race against time. Still leaning on Clive for support, Humphrey had been ready to react, realising Jason was up to something the moment he saw him acting submissively.

The team raced up the final stretch to top of the ramp, feeling the last of the tower’s magic turn as they stumbled onto the roof.

“That’s it,” Clive said. “The world engineers are done, as is the magic to let them penetrate our world.”

“The job’s done, even if we die here,” Humphrey said.

“How about we don’t?” Clive said, dropping down off Onslow and looking darkly towards the edge of the tower. “Not any more of us, anyway.”

Before leaving the tower at the edge of the city, they had removed the portal arch from the top and stowed it in Clive’s inventory. He pulled it back out and started drawing a ritual circle around it. If he was right, all the portals had opened, leading back to their own world. All he had to do was reconnect this one to the magical systems already in place and their path home would open.

As Clive worked, the rest of the team looked towards the edge of the tower.

“Maybe he survived,” Belinda suggested weakly. “He’s always doing impossible things.”

“He did do something impossible,” Neil said, his voice hollow. “He gave us a chance to defeat the Builder.”

Humphrey’s face was filled with anguish and he took a step towards the edge of the tower until Neil put a hand on his arm.

“He wouldn’t want us getting ourselves killed to bring back a corpse,” Neil said. “We open the gate and we go.”

Sprawled atop Onslow, Belinda gave the unconscious Sophie a worried glance, but said nothing.



Jason tried to yell something pithy about pants as he and the Builder tumbled through the air, but there was a stone spike through the bottom of his neck. Everything was a blur as he spun around. Then it all went black.

**You have died.**

**All equipment has been returned to your inventory.**

**[World-Phoenix Token] has been consumed.**

## EPILOGUE CHAPTER 1

## CLIVE TAKES CHARGE

Clive led the way through the portal, followed by Neil and then the familiars. Belinda and Sophie were atop Onslow, Sophie still unconscious and Belinda not much better off. Humphrey had insisted on bringing up the rear, despite remaining on his feet only with the assistance of Stash, who had replicated Humphrey's own form to provide a supporting shoulder.

They emerged in the ruins of the ancient village under the lake, the water held off by the magical dome maintained by Emir's people. There were numerous tables set up with magical paraphernalia, from the months of study the portal had undergone both before and after the team had gone through it.

There were no people present, until a sleepy-looking man emerged from one of the semi-intact buildings.

"Hester," he said, rubbing a face over bleary eyes. "I hope you remembered to bring the..."

He stopped dead still, realising the sounds that had roused him from his nap were not that of a supply run. He was suddenly very awake, his eyes pivoting from the team to the open portal arch they had just come through.

As he stood there looking stupid, Clive was already moving. Throwing a glance over the magical tools arrayed on the benches, he snatched up three small crystals in one hand while using the other to draw a magic circle in the air. It was vertical, placed between himself and the portal. As soon as it was complete, he threw the crystals through it one after the

other. The first lit up with a blue-grey light before passing into the portal, the second an amber light and the third a cool silver light.

“What is it?” Humphrey asked, limping over.

“I suspected that opening the portal this way would eliminate the rank-gating, which I have just proven,” Clive said. “We need to get the strongest adventurers we can get in short order and go back for Jason.”

“We can’t be sure where Emir and the Remores are,” Humphrey said. “My family estate always has silver-rankers on site.”

Clive didn’t pause to discuss, pointing a finger at the ground. He moved it around in a large circle and runes appeared to form a ring in response. When the rune circle was complete, a portal shimmered to life in the middle of it. Clive stepped through, Humphrey managing to follow under his own steam.



The Builder landed on its feet, dropping to a crouch as Asano’s body crunched into the ground nearby. It felt the magic of the tower complete its transition, the cascade of power that had been flowing into the world engineers now irreversibly inverted. The giant golems were nothing more than power sources for the portals now.

The Builder did not fume with rage. It was older than the species of creatures it could sense scrambling around at the top of the tower, begrudging them neither their resistance nor their success. They were fighting for their lives and their world and the Builder had weathered setbacks before. This was but a battle in a world-spanning war.

It turned to Asano, who did raise the Builder’s ire. It could weather the failure of its minions, but the Builder and Asano had clashed directly, will to will. Its inability to force Asano into capitulation before the star seed gave out had been the



Builder's personal failure and Asano still needed to be put in his place.

Asano was dead but that did not have to be the end. The astral space had no god of death to guide the soul into the astral; it would have to slowly drift into the Reaper's grasp on its own. That gave the Builder a window to act.

As it considered this, Asano's combat robe vanished. A glow lit up from within his body, which started radiating heat. The Builder felt the surge of a familiar power and was filled with a fury that no mortal, even one as frustrating as Asano, could engender.

“World-Phoenix.”

The Builder abandoned its vessel which fell to the ground, an abandoned puppet.



Along with the permanent guard contingent, the guards of the Geller Estate included elites from the family itself. Basic duties were a core part of the Geller training ethos, teaching both diligence and humility. Humphrey had spent time guarding the estate, as had his mother before him, and he would be assigned to do so again in the future.

When Clive's portal appeared in the atrium of the Geller Estate's main house, the two Geller family guards went on alert. Clive heard this as he stepped through the portal, glanced around and found the pair of bronze-rankers pointing weapons at him inadequate to his needs. Humphrey followed him out of the portal and waved down the guards.

“Young Master Humphrey!”

Clive casually fired a blast from his staff into the high ceiling. It left spiderweb cracks in the magically reinforced glass of the atrium skylight, but it was the secondary effect he had wanted to trigger. Sounds of alarm rang out around the estate.

Humphrey's sister, Henrietta, had been on guard duty outside and rushed in with the first wave of respondents, spotting Humphrey.

“Hump!”

She didn't get the chance to talk as more people poured in, both guards and Geller family members, ready to fight. Humphrey and Henrietta were trying to calm things down when Danielle arrived in a blur, her conjured dimensional blade ready at hand. Her eyes went wide on seeing her son.

In the midst of the commotion, Clive's voice cut over the noise, its fierce and commanding timbre startling those who knew him.

“Lady Geller,” he barked. “Gather the strongest force you can immediately muster and teleport them to the portal arch under the lake.”

Not waiting for a response, Clive stepped back through the portal, completely disregarding the chaos left in his wake.

Humphrey looked between his mother and the portal.

“What he said,” Humphrey added. “Seconds matter.”

He followed Clive back through the portal. As the passage of four bronze-rankers was the limit of Clive's portal, it closed behind him.



The ghoulish had no memory. It barely had a sense of self at all. Its body was still strong but it felt weak. It knew it should be much stronger. It knew that it was dying. More than anything else, it knew hunger.

Hunger was the ghoulish's identity. Hunger was its purpose. It opened its eyes and pushed itself to its feet. There was a body on the ground, rich with power but burning with a heat that every instinct told it to run from. Run it did, feeling the magic around it, looking for sustenance.

There was much activity, but the ghoul paid it no mind. It cared only for magic that it could feed on, which was not present within the teeming throng fighting around it. Empty vessels made of stone and false souls in bodies filled with worthless magic were of no use to it. The only true souls were tainted and poisoned.

Spreading its senses further, it detected pristine souls far above it. It turned its gaze upward, only for those souls to vanish, one by one. The ghoul let out a roar of frustration.

“Lord Builder?”

The ghoul turned to face the person talking at it. It was one of the worthless, tainted souls.

“No,” the tainted soul. “Thadwick?”

Some murky thought fought its way clear of the hunger consuming the ghoul’s mind. This tainted soul’s name was Timos. It didn’t matter, since it could not sate the ghoul’s hunger. The tainted soul scrambled away and the ghoul let it go. It was neither obstacle nor sustenance, leaving the ghoul’s mind the moment it was out of sight.

The ghoul picked up on something else. Something distant but rich and incredibly potent. Even far away it could smell it. It set out at a loping run. None of the things around it challenged it, rather scrambling to get out of its path.



Clive paced back and forth in front of the portal as he waited, the passage of every second an interminable wait. Danielle had mustered a small army of bronze-rankers, who appeared around the portal arch. She had also dragged along another silver-ranker, her husband, Keith. She took in the open portal, the bedraggled state of the team and immediately spotted the absence.

“Where’s Jason?”

“He held back the Builder so we could get clear,” Clive said, already striding towards the arch. “The rank-gate on the

portal is gone. Follow me.”

Neil moved into step with Clive and they went back through the arch. Humphrey was the only other team member with the mobility to go, but he held back, face filled with anguish. He knew he would be more liability than asset until the after-effects of the potions he had taken passed and he could replenish his mana and stamina.

Danielle threw him a glance, seeing his nod before leading her people through after Clive. Henrietta approached Humphrey as the others passed through the portal.

“What happened to Clive?” she asked.

“The same thing that happened to all of us,” Humphrey said darkly.

The Geller force emerged on the tower top from the rigged portal Clive had set up for the team’s escape. The tower was some thirty storeys high, further up than any of them had expected and higher than most of them had ever been.

Clive had already reached the edge of the tower drawing out a magic circle with one hand as he perused a book held in the other. While his spirit attribute reaching bronze had a positive effect on his already prodigious memory, there were far more rituals than he could ever memorise. This included the slow-fall ritual he drew out, which took the form of a floating ring as it was completed, hovering off the edge of the tower.

“Everyone who doesn’t have a flight or slow-fall power, use this,” he announced to the group, then leapt off the tower and through the ring. Neil didn’t hesitate to follow.

Danielle rushed to the edge of the tower, looking down. At the base of the tower was a wild battle of constructs and macabrely altered people, akin to those she had fought in the desert astral space. It was all contained within a wall that ringed the tower.

Her people followed, with her husband joining her at the edge of the tower.

“There are silver-rank monsters down there,” her husband said, prompting her for direction. “What did we send our boy into?”

“Let’s go find out,” she announced loudly, then jumped through Clive’s magic ring.



An unattended soul was a greater bounty than the ghoul could ever have expected, let alone one so powerful. It floated around a sword in a block of crystal that the ghoul ignored, interested only in the transcendent light of the soul. It plunged itself into that light, which soaked into it like rain on desert earth, sating an insatiable hunger and bringing forth a grand transfiguration.

The ghoul’s ruined body was not just replenished but transformed, bursting with strength and saturated with magic. Even so, the miraculous effect on its body paled in comparison to the changes affected on its soul.

The Builder’s power had hollowed out Thadwick’s soul like a termite colony in a rotten log. What remained was an empty shell, broken and helpless. Feasting on that powerful soul instigated a powerful change, making whole what first the star seed and then the Builder itself had ruptured.

It was not a restoration of the soul. The result was not Thadwick, not as he had been. It was a new beast, something powerful and voracious. The wreckage of Thadwick’s body, mind and soul was the foundation from which it built itself. The body and soul were reconstituted, the brain still holding Thadwick’s memories. It also held a few scattered fragments left behind by the Builder’s alien and unfathomable mind.

As the last of the soul was consumed, the object it had been encapsulating remained. On a plain, stone plinth was a sinister black and red sword, encased in crystal. As the last skerrick of soul vanished, tiny cracks started appearing in the crystal, glowing red and leaking wisps of black smoke.



The intervention of the Geller force eventually brought the wild chaos to order. Danielle dispatched people to open the gates and give an outlet for the frenzied monsters to stampede out of. The blank-faced converted that had once been Purity priests were now macabre monstrosities and were cut down, while the cult's constructs were shattered to pieces. There were no surviving cultists, all either dead or fled by the time the Gellers arrived.

Danielle went over where Clive and Neil were standing, numb, some distance from Jason's body. There was no question of its state, with death offering no dignity. The fall had been unkind, as had the stone spikes impaling his body.

They could not get close, even to cover the body, because of an intense heat radiating from it. It was lit up with an internal glow, as if a fire were burning inside it. Bizarrely, it even affected Henrietta, whose fire essence gave her a power that should have shielded her from heat strong enough to melt stone.

"Any sign of the Builder?" Clive asked, not looking away from Jason. He was a little too close, the heat leaving his face glistening with sweat, but he didn't move.

"No," Danielle said. "You said he's in Thadwick's body?"

"Yes," Neil said. "We only saw him briefly, though, and he was barely recognisable. I think the Builder's power left him more dead than alive."

"If he's here, we'll find him," Danielle said. "How stable is that portal, Clive?"

"Intractable," Clive said. "It would be harder to close than it was to open."

"Don't let your people just run off exploring, though," Neil said. "This place has dangerous secrets, and the monsters have grown stronger."

“What is that fire?” Clive wondered aloud, eyes still locked on Jason’s corpse. “Did the Builder do something to Jason’s soul?”

“We’ll figure it out,” Neil said, moving closer to put a hand on Clive’s shoulder. “We won’t let this stand. We’ll find a way to...”

Neil trailed off as wispy, rainbow smoke started rising from Jason’s body, which dissolved away completely in short order. All that remained was a horrid stench and the lingering heat.



With the dissolution of Jason’s body, there was nothing else binding the team to the astral space and they were portalled back to Greenstone. In the wake of the astral space being opened, the site of the portal arch below the lake became a hub of activity, even more than when Emir, Clive and his people were trying to open it. The astral space was a realm of dangers and opportunities to be explored.

A few days after the astral space had been opened up to the Adventure Society, more people arrived at the bottom of the lake to find everyone around the portal dead. Especially concerning was that there were two silver-rankers among the fallen. In response, the three gold-rankers present in the city were dispatched to investigate.

Emir arrived, along with Rufus Remore’s parents, Gabriel and Arabelle. The pair had remained in Greenstone to help Rufus launch the Remore Academy Training Annex. The last member of their old team, Cal, had departed Greenstone months earlier.

“Have you ever seen bodies like this?” Emir asked Arabelle. She was a healer and more familiar with various forms of death than the other two. The corpses looked normal to ordinary vision, but to magical senses they seemed desiccated and drained, so bereft of magic that they were like holes in the ambient magic around them.

“Energy vampire,” Arabelle said. “A strong one.”

“I’ll talk to Hester about portalling Cal back here,” Emir said. “We’re going to need him if we’re going to hunt this thing.”



## EPILOGUE CHAPTER 2

## LESSONS

**A**sano was dead but that did not have to be the end. The astral space had no god of death to guide the soul into the astral; it would have to slowly drift into the Reaper's grasp on its own. That gave the Builder a window to act.

As it considered this, Asano's combat robe vanished. A glow lit up from within his body, which started radiating heat. The Builder felt the surge of a familiar power and was filled with a fury that no mortal, even one as frustrating as Asano, could engender.

“World-Phoenix.”

The Builder abandoned its vessel which fell to the ground, an abandoned puppet.



On another world, a diamond ranker stood in the throne room of an imperial palace. His name was Shako and he had pale, freckled skin, wild red hair and eyes so brightly green they almost seemed to glow. Those eyes glared down at his descendants, the imperial family sprawled on the floor in supplication. There was no sign of the arrogance that had forged a planet-spanning empire.

The elaborate throne of gold and ivory was empty. The emperor was on his hands and knees with the rest of the family, at the feet of their ancestor. Outside, the fires of rebellion were burning the imperial city to the ground.

“Ancestor,” the emperor begged, not daring to raise his eyes from the floor. “Please reawaken the guardian golems, we beg you.”

Shako had not needed to draw breath for centuries, yet he did so in order to sigh at the people arrayed before him.

“When I bestowed the golems on your ancestors, you were warned,” Shako said. “Their purpose was to protect the dynasty, not to be tools of conquest. If used as such, then their power would be spent in the hour of greatest need. They were a gift from Builder, for assisting him in claiming the astral spaces of this world. But this gift was a shield, not a sword.”

“We were foolish,” the emperor beseeched. “Please, reawaken the golems and we will use them in the future only as you have sanctioned. We have learned our lesson!”

“If I did so,” Shako said, “then the lesson you learn will be that you can ignore the correct path because I will step forward to correct your mistakes. Your lesson is to be found with the armies outside. It will come at the hands of a world full of essence users you oppressed with the power you were given.”

“Ancestor, I do not think that any of us will survive this lesson. Our diamond-rankers have abandoned us or even turned against us. Our enemies have put up a barrier that we cannot portal out of and only the relics you left behind have allowed us to hold out this long. If you cannot save our empire, then at least save our lives. Only your might can take us away from this place to safety.”

“When I was a boy,” Shako said, “our family were not kings but farmers. We understood that the seed you plant is the crop you harvest. You have sown the seeds of discord, fury and retribution. Now the harvest has come, the yield is heavy, and there is no one to blame but yourselves.”

“Ancestor,” the emperor said, finally looking up. “Will you truly let your bloodline die?”

Shako laughed coldly.

“Is that what you were relying on? That I would not let my bloodline expire? You are not my only descendants in this

world. You are merely the ones that sought to leverage our connection to aggrandise yourselves instead of accomplishing anything on your own. My blood flows all across this world, in families that have heeded my lessons and treasured my gifts, instead of squandering them in pursuit of decadence and unearned glory. Many of them are even outside, leading the charge. They do not know that their revered ancestor is the same one their oppressors have used to justify their tyranny.”

Shako spat on the floor in front of the emperor.

“You have disgraced me. Used me as a banner under which you performed atrocity after atrocity. You beg me to act but I assure you, you would have nothing but regret if I did. It would not be to save you but to scourge you, in ways even the armies baying for your blood would balk at.”

Shako’s gaze turned to the empress. Through her aura he sensed her steeling herself and she rose to her feet, raising her eyes with determination.

“Ancestor,” she pleaded. “At least take the children. They are not to blame for the sins we have committed and are still young enough to learn better. Let the rest of us die, if you must, but do not make them pay the price for the transgressions of their forebears.”

“Wife,” the emperor snarled, looking up at the empress.

“No,” she shot back. “There is no saving us, husband. Do not be blind now, at least. Now we have reached the end.”

The emperor opened his mouth to speak but did not as Shako’s aura fell on him like a boulder. Shako stepped up to the empress, who matched his gaze, even as her aura wavered fearfully.

“That figures,” Shako said. “The only person to show moral responsibility is the one that married into the family. It seems the ability to grow a spine has been weeded out of this branch of the bloodline. Very well, Empress. I will take the children, and you. It is time this family learned the lessons of being farmers once more, so farmers you shall be. Of course, there is nowhere in this world that your name is not hated. You

will have to hide it, lest anyone learn whose blood the children carry, for it will surely be spilled. You will have enough to get by, and no more. There will be those who can teach you the ways of the land. I will visit in a few generations and see how you have done.”

Shako waved his hand and the empress vanished, along with the children gathered in the back.

“Ancestor...” the emperor managed to choke out.

Shako ignored him, tilting his head as if listening to something.

“I have duties,” Shako said. “You have woven your own fates and I shall intervene no more. Thank you for reminding me of the other relics I left behind, Emperor. I shall take them with me.”

Shako vanished, the hope of his descendants vanishing with him.



Physical realities existing within the astral came in vastly differing sizes. At one end of the scale were sprawling universes that spanned hundreds of billions of galaxies, existing for so long that they were, by most practical measures, eternal. At the other end were small, astral proto-spaces, flickering into being only to disappear again just hours later.

Size was largely a good determinate of how long a physical reality would last. There was, however, a physical reality that was barely the size of a small sun, yet had been in existence longer than most universes. This reality was a single, flat plane. It had no sun and no stars, containing only one thing: the city world of Interstice.

Interstice was, as far as anyone with the power to check was aware, both the oldest and largest metropolis in existence. Oceans had interlinked, artificial islands with magical batteries charged by the great waves. Mountains were hollowed out,

volcanos turned into foundry cities. Intelligent species of every stripe could be found, in jungles dotted with grand ziggurats, connected by magical skyways passing over the trees. Underwater cities connected by glass tunnels, with magical subways running not just on the floor but on the walls and ceilings of the tunnels as well.

There was no sun, yet there were days. No moon, yet there were tides. Climate affected not just weather but gravity. It was a realm of impossibilities that some called the capital city of the cosmos.

There were administrators in Interstice, but no rulers. When the great astral beings had business in a physical reality, this was the physical reality they used. In the face of that, who would be so bold as to claim to be anything but a caretaker? It was a place where the most powerful mortals in existence vied for the chance to be servants.

One of the many city-regions of Interstice was the island Glim. An artificial island, it defied the equatorial heat of its location to be made almost entirely of ice. The ground and buildings were all crafted from ice stained in rainbow colours, extending high above and deep below the surface of the water. The magical ice did not chill the bones and did not melt. The only cold it radiated was just enough to cool the tropical heat to a pleasant warmth.

Shako arrived via dimensional teleportation in the submarine bowels of the city, deep below the surface. He appeared in one of several portal squares that existed for the purpose. The local authorities noted arrivals and made various checks before allowing them into the city proper.

Portalling into just any region of Interstice was frowned upon and magically obstructed. Shako was powerful enough to circumvent such measures but had no reason to do so. He flew into the air towards a shaft in the ceiling, stopping at the checkpoint building affixed to the ceiling.

As he was a resident, a diamond-ranker and a favoured servant of the Builder, the civil authorities did little more than note Shako's arrival as he passed through the checkpoint. They

delayed him no more than required to give a respectful welcome before he flew into the shaft and towards the surface. Emerging into open sky, Shako flew up and over the city. Glim's buildings of colourful, shimmering ice were a kaleidoscope under the clear blue sky.

At the very heart of Glim, as was the case with many city-regions, were the districts claimed by the great astral beings. The great astral beings could no more visit Interstice than they could any other physical reality; their servants and agents were the ones to occupy the space. Each astral being that wanted one had their own territory, with the districts forming a ring around a shared communal district in the middle.

The Builder's district had the most varied and outlandish building designs as the Builder was not to be outdone on architecture. Shako had the finest residence in the Builder's district, making it one of the most impressive, if least subtle, homes in the entirety of Interstice.

Shako did not head for home, instead heading for the border where the communal district met the Reaper's district. The Reaper's territory was marked by buildings whose ice was shaped and shaded like dark glass to look like towers of delicately carved obsidian.

He alighted on the ground at the border of the Reaper's territory and went into a large, dark building. In the atrium, blue light shone through windows of ice, lighting up the dark, glassy walls. People moved out of his way as he crossed to the man sitting behind a desk.

"Master Shako, sir," the man greeted.

"The Builder wishes to speak," Shako told him.

"The Reaper has anticipated this, Master Shako. Master Velius is waiting in the dome chamber."

Shako raised an eyebrow, but did not enquire further.

"Thank you," he said, and rose up into the air.

There were elevating platforms but Shako flew directly up and into a shaft in the high ceiling. There were magical barriers between each floor of the building but they vanished

to admit Shako as he ascended all the way to the top. The shaft opened into a room that took up the entire top floor of the building, covered by a dome of glassy ice. It was a pleasant lounge area with rich but understated décor. More used to the Builder's indulgent opulence than the Reaper's preference for minimalism, Shako found it rather plain. A man rose from a chair to greet him, offering him a friendly smile and a hand to shake.

"Velius," Shako greeted warmly. "It's been too long."

"It has," Velius agreed. He was a tall celestine, with dark skin and a bushy mound of curly, silver hair that matched his eyes. "You've been back to your home, right? Is your family still ruling that world you're from?"

"For the moment," Shako said. "And I do mean moment. There's a horde at the gate situation."

"Ah. They took something you gave them and got carried away?" Velius asked.

"Exactly."

Velius nodded sympathetically as he waved Shako into a comfortable lounge chair before sitting back down himself.

"I had similar problems," he said. "It's almost a rite of passage for diamond-rankers. Did you decide to help them out or leave them to their fate?"

"They needed a lesson they were not going to get from me."

"Very wise," Velius said. "I made the mistake of getting my descendants out of trouble again and again. That just made them worse every time, until I just had to wash my hands of them entirely. I check on them every century or so, now, to see if any of them are still around. They were purged pretty thoroughly once I withdrew my protection."

"I decided to protect the children," Shako said. "Take them away, get a fresh start. Humble beginnings."

"That's a good idea," Velius said. "You know, we should write a book. A guide to the newly diamond-rank. A lot of



them have never even left their own worlds before. I was like that and could have really used the advice. We could get together with some of the others, make a list of all the things we did wrong.”

“Not a bad idea,” Shako said. “I know a couple of...”

He broke off mid-sentence.

“It’s time,” he said. Velius nodded and both their auras underwent a change as their respective great astral beings inhabited them.

“I know why you’ve come,” the Reaper said through Velius. The rich, warm tone of Velius’s voice became cold and bleak as it spoke the Reaper’s words. “The answer is no.”

“Asano is dead. He should stay dead.”

Shako’s voice was heavy but clipped as the Builder spoke through him.

“I agree,” the Reaper said, “but he carried the World-Phoenix’s token. Those pacts are older than you and I will not violate them for your childish indulgence.”

“I am not a child,” the Builder said.

“Are you not?” the Reaper asked. “You play around in mortal affairs like a child with toys. You have not been mortal for so very long, now. The rest of us grow tired of waiting for you to realise that and act with decorum appropriate to your station.”

“What is the point of being what we are if we allow ourselves to be bound by petty rules?”

“We are the rules,” the Reaper said. “To deny them is to deny ourselves.”

“We could be so much more,” the Builder said.

“More?” the Reaper asked. “You have built a world that you might play god, when being a god is so far beneath you.”

“Gods belong to one, meagre planet, which they share,” the Builder said. “I will be worshipped by an entire universe. I

will be great astral being and god both, becoming more than either. A god beyond gods.”

“Good luck with that,” a female voice came drifting through the room, accompanied by the arrival of a potent presence. The World-Phoenix’s vessel was also a celestine, like the Reaper’s, but with alabaster skin and ruby hair. Her expression more alive than the blank faces of the other vessel’s, with a teasing smile and an amused twinkle in her red, gemstone eyes.

“World-Phoenix,” the Builder said. “Why are you here?”

“I requested her attendance,” the Reaper said. “I wish to settle things now before you make a foolish decision that will force the rest of us to act.”

“Your unbecoming obsession with mortal concerns is beneath us,” the World-Phoenix said as she joined the others in sitting down.

“You are the one who gave Asano a token. He’s your outworlder.”

“I did not make Asano an outworlder,” the World-Phoenix said. “That was happenstance. I simply gave him a gift as his soul passed through the astral.”

“This is the correct way to intercede in mortal affairs,” the Reaper told the Builder. “If you want a tree, plant a seed. Do not send an army to transplant it for you.”

“How I conduct my affairs is my business,” the Builder said.

“Yet you came here to ask the Reaper to interfere in my affairs,” the World-Phoenix said.

“What right have you to claim the dead?” the Builder asked. “They are the Reaper’s concern.”

“And the integrity of dimensions is mine,” the World-Phoenix said. “It is only with my permission that you can conduct your little game, and remember well the conditions I have placed upon it.”

“I remember,” the Builder said.

“Do you?” the World-Phoenix asked. “You have already pushed things to the limits of my tolerance. Gods are beings of singular planets, yet you gave one the means to interfere with not just another world, but another reality. I only stepped in because you have pushed conditions to the breaking point. Your divine accomplice has made a mistake that threatens to blow a giant hole in the side of a physical reality, taking an entire planet with it. That, in turn, could threaten the integrity of the reality as a whole. An entire universe, not even fourteen billion years old. I provide someone with an actual chance to rectify the situation and not only do you not thank me, but you come here and try to stop him?”

“You really think Asano can accomplish anything?” the Builder asked.

“He stopped you,” the World-Phoenix said. “He’s becoming a pleasantly effective little seedling.”

“He didn’t stop me. That was the ritualist.”

“It was, wasn’t it? The Celestial Book wanted me to remind you about proportionality, by the way. The ritualist is one of his, and one that he has high hopes for. He will not tolerate you sending some gold-ranker to kill the boy out of spite.”

“I’m not so petty as that,” the Builder. The World-Phoenix laughed. Even the impassive face of the Reaper was tinged with scepticism.

“You are literally here because you want revenge against one mortal,” the World-Phoenix said. “You were not raised up from mortality yourself in order to reign over those you left behind. You need to turn your attention to the higher concerns to which you were brought up to attend.”

“I was not raised up,” the Builder said. “I took this power for myself.”

The World-Phoenix and the Reaper shared a glance.

“Of course you were,” the World-Phoenix said.

“I asked the World-Phoenix here to discuss a compromise,” the Reaper said.

“Why bother?” the World-Phoenix asked. “We both know that he won’t learn until he crosses a line and faces the consequences.”

“I think we can all agree it would be better if it did not come to that,” the Reaper said. “I have terms that may not please either of you, but should, at least, be tolerable.”

“Speak your terms, then,” the Builder said.

“Builder,” the Reaper said, “you will be forbidden from interference of any kind with Asano’s birth world. You will send no people, recruit no followers and produce neither star seeds nor tokens.”

“That is no concession,” the World-Phoenix said. “Asano’s world is unstable enough. He already knows that if he acts upon it I will intervene far more directly.”

“A price, at this point, he might be willing to pay,” the Reaper said. “This will be a formal pact, with all the consequences of breaking it that would entail. Further, his intercession in the other world will be curtailed.”

“I already have plans in motion,” the Builder said. “You have no right to interfere.”

“And you shall not be restricted from carrying them out,” the Reaper said, “but only with the ample resources you have already put in place. No new star seeds, no new tokens, and no more vessels. You will withdraw from your existing vessels and unmake all the unused seeds and tokens. That means the world itself, along with any attached astral spaces.”

“That’s barely a concession either,” the World-Phoenix said. “He has already made star seeds fall onto that world like rain drops. His invasion will not need more of them.”

“What do I get for these concessions?” the Builder asked.

“The World-Phoenix will offer Asano a power. It will aid him in the task ahead, but at a cost: no more resurrections. No force shall return him from the dead again. Not his soul entering a physical reality as an outworlder or any other force. When he dies, he dies.”

“If he reaches the upper ranks,” the World-Phoenix said, “that would leave him vulnerable compared to other essence users who could be brought back with gold and diamond-ranked essence magic. The power I offered in return would have to be formidable to be worth the trade. It would also be incumbent upon him to accept it. Even we cannot reshape a soul without permission.”

“It can be powerful, but only in such that it is a tool for completing the task that lays before him,” the Reaper said.

“It’s not enough,” the World-Phoenix said. “You wish me to trim my own tree and credit the Builder for trimming he has already finished?”

“I will make a concession as well,” the Reaper said.

“Why?” the World-Phoenix asked. “What concern is any of this to you?”

“Asano has died twice already. It concerns me that you would find a way to bring him back again and again until you are done with him. If you make him an outworlder countless times over, you make a farce of my role.”

“I’m not the Builder,” the World-Phoenix said. “I do not play callous games with the rules.”

“I also have some gratitude to Asano,” the Reaper said. “He and his companions gave final release to a number of souls that had been trapped. Many of them were my people. I am not opposed to helping him face the challenges ahead.”

“Favouritism,” the Builder said. “Asano has one of your shadows chasing him around.”

The Reaper gave a brief, fatherly smile.

“Of all my children, Shade has ever followed his own path.”

“What is this concession you’ll make?” the World-Phoenix asked the Reaper.

“Asano is going to need a companion he can trust for the tasks ahead. Where he is going there will be those that have his trust and those that have the knowledge and power to help

him. There will not be anyone with both, but I can provide such a person.”

The World-Phoenix narrowed her eyes. “You’re talking about another outworlder.”

“Yes.”

“How is that acceptable?” the Builder asked. “I came here asking you to leave a soul where it belongs, and not only do you refuse me, but offer to take another one out?”

“Yes,” the Reaper said.

“Why would I agree to any of this?” the Builder asked.

“Because the next time your people kill Asano,” the Reaper said, “he will stay dead.”

“Still not enough,” the World-Phoenix said. “This outworlder. I’ll agree if we bestow blessings to evolve her racial gifts. All her racial gifts.”

“Each of us can only advance one power,” the Reaper said.

“Which the three of us will,” the World-Phoenix said. “We also convince three more to do the same.”

“That’s outrageous,” the Builder said. “Why would I participate in this?”

“To demonstrate to the others that you are anything more than a selfish child in dire need of being admonished,” the Reaper said. “Do not forget how your position amongst our number became available.”

The Builder looked at the Reaper for a long time before speaking.

“Very well,” the Builder said finally. “I agree to the terms.”

“As do I,” the World-Phoenix said. “I will remind you again, Builder, that Asano’s world is already off-limits to you.”

“I know.”

“See that you remember,” the Reaper said. “If you violate the World-Phoenix’s conditions, you will be censured.”

“I said that I know.”

“You are known for saying one thing and doing another,”  
the Reaper said. “It’s very mortal of you.”

EPILOGUE CHAPTER 3



## RECRUITMENT

Both the seal and the rank-restriction on the astral space aperture had been removed by Jason's team. Clive had turned the world engineers that were meant to invade their world into magical batteries that opened a passageway back to it. This not only allowed the team to escape, but also opened the astral space up to thorough exploration.

The first step was securing a foothold in a zone still steeped in danger by the rapid-spawning monsters, so Emir and his people moved in to secure what had formerly been the cultist camp. A number of Greenstone's local silver-rankers volunteered to assist. Aside from the potential wealth to be found, if they could forge a relationship with Emir, opportunities may well open up for the younger members of their families.

What they discovered was a truth that Emir, as a professional treasure hunter, already knew well: exploring the unknown came with unknown danger. While Emir's people were making preparations and learning everything they could from Clive, Humphrey and the rest of their team, two local silver-rankers were left to watch the portal, along with a number of Emir's support staff. They had all been found dead days after the portal had been opened up.

The deaths caused a furore in Greenstone's adventuring community. Aside from those who spent most of their time away from the city, like Thalia Mercer and Danielle Geller, the local silver-rankers were a risk-averse lot. Most were older,

having slowly worked their way through bronze using monster cores.

Arabelle Remore led the investigation, and quickly reached an unpleasant conclusion. She had seen the work of an energy vampire in the past and speaking with Jason's team quickly identified its most likely source. The Builder's last vessel, Thadwick Mercer, had never been found. Humphrey led her to the location in which they had left the soul imprisoning the sword, to discover that both were gone.

It was clear that the Builder had cut its losses, leaving the abandoned vessel to consume the loose soul and transforming into a potent threat. It had managed to approach the portal in secret and escape the astral space, stopping to feed on the other side. To help hunt the creature, Arabelle called her teammate Cal back to Greenstone.

"Have you ever tracked an energy vampire before?" Emir asked him, after Cal was briefed on their situation.

"I have," Cal said. "They can come into being a few different ways, with varying results. When they started out as a ghoul, they frequently wind up deficient, intellectually. They remain creatures of hunger and instinct. If that's the case, it won't be hard to track. Bodies will start dropping fast, so we should check the villages around the lake."

"And if it is smart?"

"Then finding it will be rough. It'll know that we're after it, so it will most likely look to avoid causing trouble and get out of the region entirely. Fortunately, Greenstone is an isolated region with limited means of departure. We can investigate them while keeping an eye out for deaths. Even if it's laying low, an energy vampire still needs to feed."



The Mercer family compound was composed of five equidistant towers, interconnected by walkways. From the air above, the compound looked something akin to a magical

circle. Thalia Mercer stood atop one of the towers, leaning on the stone balustrade as she looked out over the city.

The fortunes of her family had not been great in recent times. The defection of Thadwick had been crippling in numerous ways. The family's reputation had been savaged and Thadwick's insight into the Mercer family operations had led to a series of costly raids on their interests by the Builder cult. If not for their connection to the Duke and taking the lead in the purge of the cult from the city, the results could have been catastrophic. Even so, it would likely be generations before the family fully recovered.

For Thalia herself, the worst part was the realisation of just how badly she had failed her son. She had taken Cassandra to teach her the ways of an adventurer, while her husband had groomed their son to take over the family's local interests. She had known he was a spoiled boy, but only discovered the degree to which her neglect had harmed him when it was too late.

Her husband's shortcomings were not a mystery to her. There was a reason his younger brother had been named heir to the Dukedom, while Beaufort had been married off for political gain. She should never have had let him have full control over their son's upbringing, but it had allowed her to take their daughter to see a larger world.

Her neglect had allowed her husband to impress upon Thadwick his importance, without ever tempering it with responsibility. Now she wondered if there was any of her son left. First, she had been told of his fate as vessel for the Builder. Now he was some kind of vampiric monster.

"Do you even still exist, my little boy?" she whispered to herself.

"He does not," a voice behind her said and she whirled around.

She hadn't sensed the presence behind her and still couldn't, even looking right at him. Her aura and magic senses told her there was nothing there, but her eyes saw the face of

her son. He looked strong and healthy but she looked into his eyes and did not see Thadwick behind them.

“You’re not my son,” she said.

“No,” the energy vampire said.

“Then who are you?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “Your son was the soil from which I grew. I know the things he knew, but those memories are not mine. I remember his thoughts, yet they make no sense. The things he did are not things I would do. The things he said are not things I would say.”

“What does that even mean?” Thalia asked.

“Your son is gone,” the vampire said. “I am what’s left.”

“They told me that you’re a monster,” she said. “Did you come to kill me?”

“No,” the vampire said, “although I have killed. I’m trying to understand who I am. What I am. Your son’s memories are the only guide I have, but I cannot understand the feelings and events that I remember. Your son hurt the things he loved. Turned against the family that gave him everything. Abandoned the friends who worked so hard to help and protect him.”

Tears crawled down Thalia’s face. Despite wearing her son’s face, this thing looked nothing like him.

“I failed him,” she said. “I should have helped him. Guided him.”

“Will you help me?” the vampire asked. It sounded so vulnerable, like a lost child.

“No,” she said, steeling herself. She squared her shoulders and wiped the tears from her face on the back of her arm. “The only thing left that I can do for my son is to destroy the thing that he has become.”

Thalia erupted forward in a blur, only to be stopped short, her fist caught in the vampire’s hand. He casually flung her

from the tower rooftop to plunge towards the ground below. He knew that it would not harm her.

“I’m sorry, Mother,” it whispered.



The former cultist camp in the astral space had been left in shambles by the battle that had taken place. The blood of cultists and the converted stained the ground, their dead bodies scattered amongst the broken remains of constructs. The monster blood that had drenched the place had all evaporated into rainbow smoke. Buildings made with stone-shaping powers had been broken and shattered, crates of supplies left ruined and spoiled.

After the death of the silver-rankers, the Adventure Society stepped in, taking over from Emir’s people and heavily securing both sides of the portal arch. Emir wasn’t boxed out, still free to explore the astral space, but the Adventure Society’s action helped stabilise things after the loss of the silver-rankers. Ever since the disastrous expedition into the desert astral space, the families of Greenstone had been very wary of losses.

After being cleared out, the cultist camp had been repurposed as a base of operations for a thorough exploration of the astral space. The lowest floors of the tower had space for occupation and Clive was sitting in a room he had claimed, books splayed out on tables as he moved from one to the other, scribbling notes in a book.

Clive was kept busy organising the materials being salvaged that had belonged to the Builder’s ritualists. All the supplies, books, notes and tools that were found were piled up around him. The camp around the tower had been largely trashed, but the original walled fortress where the cultists first arrived was more intact. A lot of the ritualists’ paraphernalia discovered there remained undamaged and Clive was working to better understand the magic the Builder cult used.

If he could better understand the process of turning someone into a vessel, he might be able to find useful information for hunting the energy vampire. The books Knowledge gave to Jason, along with all the notes Clive had taken on them, would have been excellent supplemental material, but they were lost along with Jason.

More important to Clive than the vampire was something he was desperately looking for in the cultist material but found not so much as a clue to. Engrossed in his work, he didn't notice a beautiful young woman in the robes of a Knowledge priestess appeared at the open door.

"You won't find it," Gabrielle told Clive, who looked up at the intrusion.

"Acolyte Pellin," he said. His hair was unruly, his face covered in stubble. There were thick bags under his eyes.

"You need to sleep, Mr Standish."

Clive narrowed his eyes at the priestess.

"You said I wouldn't find it."

"Yes."

"Then you know what I'm looking for."

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"I can tell you a part," she said, offering a sad smile that mixed sympathy and apology. "There is only so much my Lady will allow me to say."

"Then say it," Clive said, too tired for niceties. "What was that heat coming out of Jason? Did the Builder do something to his soul?"

"My Lady does not wish to tell you what that fire is. She will allow me to say that it was not the Builder's doing. Jason Asano's soul was vouchsafed upon his death and sent on its way. The Builder cannot touch it."

"Your goddess is certain? We inquired with the goddess of Death and she didn't know. This place does not fall under the

eyes of our gods.”

“My goddess is certain,” Gabrielle said. “Asano’s soul is exactly where it is meant to be.”

Clive deflated like a balloon, letting out a long, slow breath. He said nothing for a long time as Gabrielle waited patiently.

“Thank you,” he said finally. “And thank your goddess. It’s been preying on all of our minds.”

“Normally she would not speak on it,” Gabrielle said. “The fate of the dead is not the business of the living. Under the circumstances, she felt it was best to alleviate your concerns.”

Clive pushed himself wearily up from the wooden stool where he was sitting and onto his feet.

“I need to go tell the others,” he said.

“I have something for you first,” Gabrielle said. “You have fought the Builder and you will again.”

“You’re damn right.”

Gabrielle slid a satchel off of her shoulder and rested it on the desk.

“This dimensional bag has copies of all the books my Lady gave to Jason and all the notes you took while studying them. She wants you to have them, for the fights to come.”

Clive looked at the satchel, then picked it up and slung it over his own shoulder.

“Thank you,” he said. “And again, thank your goddess for me.”

He hurried past her and out of the room.



Gabrielle exited the astral space through the portal arch, arriving back in her own world. Since the deaths at the hands of the energy vampire, the security around the portal arch was

much tighter. Anti-portal barriers had been set up, inhibiting teleportation into or out of the underwater dome. Visitors were required to physically return to the lake surface before they could teleport away or travel overland back to the city.

Gabrielle stepped onto one of the bubble platforms that had been set up to deliver people to and from the surface. It moved out of the dome, maintaining a bubble of air as it ascended through the water.

“It’s done,” she said.

“I know,” Knowledge’s comforting voice spoke directly into her mind. “You’ve done well, but you are uncertain that this is the right approach.”

“Why not tell them?”

“Because this is not a time for comfort,” Knowledge said. “This is a time for war. Asano’s death will drive his friends to be more dedicated weapons against the Builder.”

“I think they would have been motivated even without wanting to avenge him.”

“But now they are not just motivated. They are zealous. In any case, Asano may never return.”

“But you think he will,” Gabrielle said.

“Yes.”

“If he does, I don’t think he’ll be happy that you let his friends think he was still dead.”

“If he returns, he will have greater concerns than that. His friends are more effective weapons believing he is dead and gone. It is objectively better for them to think that.”

“I can’t help wondering if this is one of the times that people aren’t going to react the way you think they will,” Gabrielle said reluctantly. “I don’t think objective results are what Asano is going to value.”





Humphrey and Sophie rose up through Emir's cloud palace on the elevating platform, arriving in his private study. It was on top of one of the palace towers, under a shimmering dome of translucent mist. The floor was riddled with water pools, from which lush green plants were growing. There were more than the last time Humphrey visited the space; it had become more of a rooftop garden than a study.

Emir was behind a desk, glancing up from the papers he was reading. When he saw his guests he waved in front of him. A pair of cloud chairs rose up from the floor. Humphrey and Sophie moved to sit as Emir put his papers into a folder, then looked up with a smile.

"How are you both doing?" he asked gently.

"Jason's memorial is done," Humphrey said. "We're ready to take the fight back to the Builder."

"Right back," Sophie agreed. "We're ready to taste cultist blood."

"Easier said than done," Emir said. "The Adventure Society is confident, now, that the cult activity in this region is finished. They put everything they had into claiming the last astral space. The church of Purity as well."

"We don't mind travelling to find them," Humphrey said.

"It hasn't reached the point of open fighting," Emir said. "The cult is still being clandestine in their activities, sneaking into astral spaces. Only when we catch them at it does it turn to fighting, but at least we're more prepared than the expedition here."

"Maybe we should go after the church of Purity," Sophie said.

"The church of Purity maintains that only a rogue faction is responsible for collaboration, and that they are rooting them out themselves."

"That's crap," Sophie said.

"I agree, and we're not alone," Emir said. "It's a delicate issue, though. For the moment, it's best to let the other

churches pressure and investigate them.”

“You have something you want us to do,” Humphrey said. “We’re not looking to be kept busy. We want to make a difference.”

“What I have in mind isn’t busywork,” Emir said. “The world still has problems that won’t stop and wait for us to handle the Builder.”

“What do you have in mind?” Humphrey asked.

“Things carried on during your time in the astral space. The monster surge still hasn’t happened. We’ve been getting precursor signs for most of a year, now, but it still hasn’t happened.”

“So I’ve heard,” Humphrey said. “A number of my family’s bronze-rankers have crossed into silver from fighting the regular stream of silver-rank monsters.”

“There have been other developments as well,” Emir said. “Did Jason ever tell you about what he learned when he claimed the Reaper’s scythe?”

“All he told me,” Humphrey said, “was that there was some kind of club and the first rule was not talking about it. I’m pretty sure he was doing that thing where... well, you know the thing.”

Emir and Sophie both nodded.

“What he learned,” Emir said, “and the thing he was told not to tell, was that the Order of the Reaper were not, as previously believed, wiped out.”

“That’s not much of a revelation,” Humphrey said. “I think everyone suspected that.”

“But only those who became certain of it were granted access to the final room of the test to have their thoughts confirmed. They each received various prizes that came with the confirmation—the scythe, in Jason’s case—and an admonition to tell no one.”

“That’s stupid,” Sophie said. “Why bother to confirm it, then turn around and tell them to keep their mouths shut?”

There's no way that doesn't leak."

"But what if that was the point?" Emir asked. "One of the few who made it to that last room died and had her entire contingent wiped out along with her. It happened right in the middle of the lakeside camp, without anyone around them noticing. Later investigation discovered that she was the one who leaked the secret."

"If the secret was already out there, why kill them?" Humphrey asked. "That just brings more attention to it."

"Again," Emir said. "What if that is the point? In the time you've been away, there have been signs cropping up all over the world that the Order of Reaper is ready to reclaim their old position as a semi-hidden force in the global order. The events here seem to be part of a much larger campaign to make the order's return an open secret."

"Does that mean that the person who hired you to open up the astral space is a part of the Order?" Sophie asked.

"That was my suspicion as well," Emir said. "I have since been convinced otherwise. My client, it seems, was used as a tool by the Order. Any guesses on how a diamond-ranker feels about being someone else's tool?"

"Ready to kill some people?" Sophie asked.

"Ready to kill some people," Emir confirmed. "I'm washing my hands of the astral space as the Adventure Society moves in to explore it. They've brought in more high-rankers, given the locals are of limited value. My client has asked me to continue my investigation of the Order of the Reaper, and I would like your team to help me."

"Not interested," Sophie said. "If some old order of assassins wants to run around playing politics, I'm happy to let them. It's the Builder that I want."

"All the Builder's known areas of operation have a higher level of magic than here," Emir warned. "That means higher-ranked adventurers, which means that if you go there, you'll be told to shut up and do what you're told. Given that Jason

Asano had such a large hand in your training, I don't imagine those are skills you picked up."

"So I should just give it up?" Sophie asked combatively.

"No," Emir said. "I suggest you take a longer view. I doubt the Order of the Reaper is making their appearance now by accident. It seems likely that they are going to try and leverage action against the Builder to re-establish themselves in the eyes of the world's various authorities."

"You're saying that if we go after the Reaper's order, we're likely to stumble into the Builder's cult?" Humphrey said.

"Honestly, that is just postulation on my part," Emir said. "I think the chances are good, though."

"Why us?" Humphrey asked. "Aside from the personal connection, what do we have to offer you, when you have no shortage of silver-rankers, let alone bronze?"

"To be frank, I don't need you, Humphrey," Emir said, then turned to look directly at Sophie. "I need you, Sophie. Most of what we've managed to learn about the Order of the Reaper, we're fairly certain that the order itself has put in our path. You, Sophie, are the strongest lead we have on the contemporary activities of the Order of the Reaper that I'm fairly confident didn't come from the order itself."

"You're talking about the fighting style my father taught me," Sophie said.

"Yes," Emir said. "I want to explore your past and see what we find."

"I'd rather just go right after the Builder," she said. "The Builder is going to pay for Jason."

"I understand your feelings," Emir said. "As I said, there are only so many opportunities to go after the Builder directly. Even if you do agree to help me, I think you'll get your chance anyway, courtesy of Clive."



In the astral space tower, Clive was at work combining what had been left by the cultists with what Gabrielle had delivered.

“Mr Standish?”

Clive turned to see a man and a woman in the doorway. They were wearing Magic Society robes and both radiated silver-rank auras.

“You’ve come for the cultists’ material?” Clive asked.

“We have,” the woman said. “We’ve also come for you.”

“For me?” Clive asked. “I’m not a Magic Society official anymore. I’m just a regular member; I’ve gone full-time adventurer.”

“We are aware,” the woman said. “Let me introduce myself. My name is Lorelei Grantham and I’m a researcher assigned to work with the Adventure Society’s Continental Council. As we’ve been collating information about the Builder cult’s activities, we realised that a small, provincial city was making discoveries about the cult just as quickly as the major centres. When we looked into it, we discovered that you were crucial in many of these discoveries, but had already entered this astral space to take the fight to the Builder.”

“I’m an adventurer,” Clive said. “We fight the bad guys.”

“That’s an odd turn of phrase,” the man said.

“I had a friend who was prone to odd turns of phrase,” Clive said. “He died stopping the Builder from using this astral space as a weapon.”

Clive gestured at the materials stacked up around him.

“I’m still putting it together,” he said, “but I’m certain that if the Builder’s world engineers had been activated and used to invade, the destructiveness of their arrival would have dwarfed the results of simply claiming an astral space. The destruction may well have reached Greenstone, which is hundreds of kilometres away.”

“Do you know how long the portal will remain stable?” Lorelei asked.

“The portals around the edge of the city didn’t activate,” Clive said. “I thought they would, but I was very much improvising, so I was bound to get things wrong. The portal arch we transplanted to this tower will probably hold up for another few weeks before becoming unstable and collapsing. I think the Adventure Society intends to use it as a place to help people rank-up until then.”

“That’s my understanding, yes,” Lorelei said. “Mr Standish, I’ve been looking at your record with the Magic Society. You’ve been wasted here. I’d like you to come work for me at the Continental Council. If you want to avenge your friend, that will put you at the forefront of resisting the Builder’s efforts.”

“I have a team,” Clive said. “I’m not going to leave them to go off and do research.”

“We anticipate that there will be a goodly amount of fieldwork involved,” Lorelei said. “That is one of many reasons that make you so appealing. Your skill set and your team will be ideally suited to acting against the cult directly, as needed. Mr Emir Bahadir has a use for your team, but we have made arrangements to portal them in should you have a need to go into the field.”

“Is it true that you use combat rituals?” the man asked.

“Dennis,” Lorelei scolded.

“It’s really rare,” Dennis said.

Clive’s left hand flashed, drawing out a simple diagram in the air. He drew the wand strapped to his hip and jammed it into the diagram, which lit up brightly as it affixed itself to the tip. Clive fired the wand at the pair, which showered them in harmless, rainbow sparks. The whole process happened in the time it took to draw a breath.

“Yes,” Clive said. “I use combat rituals.”

## EPILOGUE CHAPTER 4

## DUCKING RESPONSIBILITY

Arabelle and Emir talked as they made their way through the cloud palace.

“Are you sure about this?” Emir asked. “I like Sophie, but she’s a damaged girl, in more ways than one. I’m not sure that she’s in a state right now where I want to entrust my granddaughter to her.”

“This is a good match,” Arabelle said. “Sophie lived a life where she couldn’t trust anyone but Belinda. A complete stranger came along and transformed her life, only to be snatched away as she was coming to terms with that. What she needs now is a place to channel everything that isn’t self-destructive. Being responsible for someone else, the way Jason took responsibility for her, is exactly what she needs.”

“That’s fine, but what about the things my granddaughter needs?”

“Ketis is at a tricky stage, right now,” Arabelle said. “She got her essences so young, so she’s been waiting longer than most to get out into the world. She’s full of rebellious ideas.”

“That much I know,” Emir said, a long-suffering expression on his face.

“Sophie isn’t like the authority figures your granddaughter knows. Ketis is used to pushing around people who won’t stand their ground for the simple reason that she’s your granddaughter. They know how soft you are with her and are afraid to be harder. Sophie is not. She’ll provide the boundaries and life experience that Ketis needs right now.”



They entered one of the lounges to find Sophie drinking Emir's expensive alcohol straight from the bottle.

"She's also the kind of person a rebellious young girl can look up to," Arabelle said.

Sophie nodded a greeting without putting down the bottle from which she continued to quaff. She finally lowered the half-empty bottle, replacing the stopper as she looked over the bar.

"Where did this one come from again?" she muttered to herself.

"You can go ahead and take it," Emir said.

"Nice," Sophie said, slipping it into the dimensional pouch on her hip. "So what did you want to see me for?"

"Well, as you know better than most," Arabelle said, "the experiences we have at iron-rank are important in shaping the adventurers we become."

"Is that why you turned out the way you are?" Sophie asked Emir. "You said something about a giant metal duck, right?"

"You told her that was at iron-rank?" Arabelle asked Emir.

"Probably," Emir said. "It was probably what she needed to hear at the time."

"You should never take what Emir tells you at face value," Arabelle warned Sophie.

"I know the type," Sophie answered with a sad smile. "So he wasn't iron-rank?"

"No," Arabelle said. "In fact, it was the very last job our team did together, about eight years ago."



Emir crawled out of the mud hole, Gabriel and Arabelle crawling out after him. They found Cal waiting for them, as neat and clean as they were filthy.

“How do you always do that?” Emir asked.

“That’s nothing,” Cal said. “I’ve been in the real mud.”

“What does that even mean?” Emir complained.

“There’s little point in explaining,” Cal said. “You’re giving up the adventuring life.”

“There’s brown sludge packed into my underwear like I ate a bunch of clay and then soiled myself,” Emir complained. “I’m gold rank; I haven’t used a toilet in thirty years. If this is the adventuring life, I’ll be glad to see the back of it.”

The team made its way back to the cloud house, where the three mud-caked adventurers spent an hour in the shower. They vociferously expressed their gratitude at finding an array of food waiting, courtesy of Cal.

“So, how’s it going, collecting the materials to upgrade the cloud flask?” Gabriel asked.

“The last of them should be waiting for me when we get back to Vitesse,” Emir said. “Once I can turn this place into a nice big ship, then my storied career as a professional treasure hunter will begin.”

“I can’t believe anyone would hire you to find anything,” Cal said. “Unless it’s hidden in a brothel.”

“You didn’t hear, Cal?” Arabelle said. “Our sweet boy, Emir, has mended his sexually adventurous ways.”

“I don’t believe it,” Cal said.

“This is what you miss when you pick up extra contracts instead of taking a break with the rest of us,” Gabriel said.

“You don’t get to diamond rank by taking breaks,” Cal said.

“That’s true enough,” Arabelle said. “He really does seem to have come around though. He’s met someone.”

“Man, woman or fish?” Cal asked.

“Merfolk are not fish,” Emir said. “They happen to be very sensual people.”

“Very sensual fish people,” Cal muttered.

“It’s a capable young bronze-rank girl,” Arabelle said. “I quite like her.”

“Bronze rank?” Cal muttered. “Cradle snatching.”

“In all seriousness, you be careful,” Gabriel told Emir. “Cal’s not wrong that she’s young. Between the rank difference and the fact that she’s going to be working for you, there’s a lot of ways you could take advantage. Don’t let me hear that you did.”

“What kind of sleaze to you take me for?” Emir asked, only to meet by three flat expression. “Oh, nice.”

“If you like this girl, be patient,” Arabelle said. “She’s not a match for you, right now. If she’s working for you, she’s not going anywhere. Give her time to come into her own.”

“How much time? I don’t want to be going around a decade from now, still mooning over her.”

“She’ll definitely have someone else by then,” Cal goaded.

“That’s fine,” Emir said. “Highly suspicious accidents happen every day.”

“No,” Arabelle scolded. “Bad Emir.”

“I’m not a naughty puppy,” Emir said.

“You kind of are, though,” Gabriel said, the other two nodding their agreement.

“See, this is why I’m retiring,” Emir said. “If all the people I’m working with are getting paid by me, they have to show me some respect.”

He looked to Gabriel and Arabelle.

“I know Cal won’t stop taking contracts, but what about you two? Will you callously replace me and get right back to adventuring?”

“Rufus is old enough to start training properly now,” Arabelle said. “We’re going to step away from contracts for a while and be home for the next monster surge. We’ll be taking

a more hands-on approach instead of just leaving everything to the academy.”

“I wouldn’t go expecting him to get his essences too soon,” Gabriel warned. “All the boys in my family are later bloomers.”



The team returned to the village the mud monster had been threatening, only to find it disturbingly devoid of people. In their place, they found piles of mud throughout the village, which had the clothes of the villagers inside them.

“What in the world happened?” Gabriel asked, crouched next to a pile of mud in the mayor’s house. He fished out a necklace he remembered seeing around the mayor’s neck. “Did they all turn into mud?”

Cal turned, looking through the wall.

“There’s someone here. He’s skilled; I can barely sense his aura.”

The team went out onto the street. The man there was wearing sandy-coloured leathers with numerous tribal markings sewed in. They were designed to blend in with the tattoos on his skin. He was an elf with stark white hair, reddish skin and golden eyes.

“Greetings,” the elf said. “Did you kill the mud lord that was inhabiting this region?”

“If you mean the awful mud monster in a hole in the woods, then yes,” Emir said.

“I have been pursuing its progenitor,” the man said. “An emperor ooze.”

“Are you from the Walsh tribe?” Cal asked.

“You recognise our markings,” the elf said. “I am Brian, son of Kevin.”

“As in, Kevin, son of Jeremy, son of Dennis?” Cal asked.

“That is my father, yes,” Brian said.

“You come from a strong line,” Cal praised.

“I am proud to trace my lineage all the way back to Jeff, Lord of the Hunt,” Brian said.

The team introduced themselves.

“I have heard the Remore name,” Brian said. “It is said that you raise fine warriors.”

“Do you know what happened to the villagers here?” Arabelle asked.

“There were never villagers here,” the man said. “They were homunculi of the mud lord.”

“Then why would they send for the Adventure Society to come kill it?” Gabriel asked.

“Only the truly capable can defeat a mud lord in their lair,” Brian said. “They like to call the strong to fight them, then consume them to grow stronger. It seems that you were more than it could handle, however. You have my respect.”

“I’d rather have your soap,” Emir said. “You don’t have any crystal wash, do you?”

“Again with this?” Gabriel asked.

“It was your job to stock up the potions,” Emir said. “I very specifically reminded you that we were low on crystal wash.”

“You have a magical cloud house with crystal wash in the shower water!”

“Diluted crystal wash. It isn’t the same.”

Arabelle gave Brian an apologetic smile while Cal ran a frustrated hand over his face.

“So this isn’t a real village?” Arabelle asked.

“I told you it was weird that all the buildings were new,” Cal said.

“I intended to recruit aid before challenging the emperor ooze that produced the mud lord you fought. You have proven

yourself capable and I would be honoured if you would join me in my quest.”

“Actually, we were just about to head back to... ow!”

Emir was cut off by Cal stamping on his foot.

“Are there magic spikes on the bottom of your boots?” Emir asked.

“The honour would be ours,” Cal said to Brian, ignoring Emir. “To fight alongside a warrior of the Walsh tribe is a privilege.”

“We’d be happy to help,” Arabelle agreed.



As Gabriel’s attacks threatened the emperor ooze’s core, the ooze minions melted back into puddle shapes and rapidly flowed in the core’s direction. They formed a thin, gelatinous barrier around it that reformed with every attack.

“Get ready,” Brian called out. “I’ll expose the core to let you finish it off!”

No longer under attack after the sudden retreat of the oozlings, Brian took the opportunity to pour powdered iron onto the ground in a circle. He quickly finished the summoning and an enormous iron duck rose from the circle, earning a sceptical eyebrow raise from Emir.

“That thing looks ridiculo—”

The iron duck let out a sound that was a quack by way of an earthquake, the air shimmering as noise blasted out in a tsunami of force. The continuous barrage of sound struck like a fire hose streaming full bore into a jelly dessert, splattering ooze everywhere. As the cacophonous blast finally subsided, a V-formation of iron mallards swooped into the hole that had been burrowed in the emperor ooze’s protective sheath. They each let out smaller sonic attacks of their own before exploding into metal fragments, the accumulated damage once more revealing the emperor ooze’s core.

Gabriel and Emir didn't waste any time, dashing forward into the hole in the monster that was already starting to close. They destroyed the core and the ooze lost all cohesion, rapidly liquefying. Inundated in the dissolution of the ooze, Gabriel and Emir were washed up at the feet of their companions like bedraggled sailors from a shipwreck. Emir got to his feet, looking at himself with disgust as he shook his arms to fling off goo.

"Tell me again about how it doesn't matter than you forgot to get more crystal wash?" he asked loudly, ears still ringing from the thunderous quack.

Gabriel tried to get to his feet, slipped on ooze and fell over again.

"I think I may have to acknowledge the point," he conceded lying in the stinking residue.

Brian ignored the mess to wade in and help Gabriel to his feet.

"You are a credit to your name," Brian said. "You fight well."

"Thanks," Gabriel said. "You too."

"Okay, this time I'm *really* done with having adventures," Emir said.

"You are giving up the path of the warrior?" Brian asked.

"Damn right," Emir said. "I'm going to be a treasure hunter. Professionally. For money. Plus treasure."

"Uncovering hidden secrets, unravelling ancient mysteries and exploring unseen horizons," Brian said. "An admirable way to spend a life."

"Nice," Emir said, pleasantly surprised. "This lot think I'm a quitter."

"Warriors claim the glory," Brian said, "but who builds the homes they live in? Sing the songs of their deeds? Each of us must find our own path and contribute in our own way."

“You know, I like you, Brian,” Emir said. “Have you ever considered treasure hunting in a subordinate capacity?”



Rufus led Ketis into the lounge as Emir was wrapping up his story.

“Emir was just telling Sophie about how he met Brian,” Arabelle told her son, whose face took on a grimacing smile. “He told her they met while he was iron-rank, but you were iron-rank when you met Brain’s son, right?”

“Yes,” Rufus said flatly. “Yes, I was.”

“Why don’t you tell us about it?” Arabelle asked sweetly.

“Mother...”

“Son...”

Rufus sighed.



Although Roland Remore was rarely spotted on the Remore Academy campus, the presence of the diamond-rank arch-chancellor was always felt. When he did make an appearance, it drew all eyes. Whenever he acted personally, the ramifications were much discussed.

Most recently, he was rumoured to have personally brought in some boy from the remote countryside to join the academy. Roland Remore looked like a well-preserved forty, a tenth of the reality. He was tall, strong and handsome, with a round bush of dark, curly hair and a neatly trimmed goatee. Walking behind him was a boy of fifteen, wearing plain leather hide and sandals.

Rufus Remore was the prince of Remore Academy, the talented heir-apparent to the power and prestige of his family legacy. He was lounging in the duelling courtyard with his friends, watching the friendly matches. He didn’t bother to



participate as there was no one there who posed a challenge. He wasn't going to go punching down.

Everything stopped the moment the arch-chancellor appeared, no one paying attention to the boy moving in his wake. Rufus immediately leapt to his feet, rushing to respectfully greet his grandfather, although he would not address him as such on campus.

“Arch-chancellor,” Rufus greeted, bowing his head.

“Just who I was looking for,” Roland said. “Rufus, I've brought in young man to join the academy.”

Rufus looked at the boy for the first time. He was a white-haired elf, packing more muscle than most of his race. He could sense the boy's aura, in the early stages of iron-rank but well controlled. Rufus felt a familiar pang of jealousy at the boy's youth, having had to wait until he was nineteen before his body was ready to accept essences.

“I thought,” Roland continued, “that there would be no better way to introduce him than a friendly spar with our finest student.”

A susurrus went through the crowd of students looking on. The arch-chancellor personally bringing a stranger to fight Rufus Remore was the kind of event everyone not present would be sore over missing.

Soon, illusionary doubles of Rufus and the boy were in one of the courtyard's arenas, their bodies inert on nearby on projecting platforms.

“I exhort you all to watch closely,” Roland announced to the gathered students, as if there was even a single one whose eyes were not glued to the spectacle. “I believe that this will be an important lesson for all.

“I am Rufus Remore,” Rufus said formally as he conjured a golden sword.

“I am Kenneth, son of Brian,” the boy said, calling out his summoned familiar. It was a duck.

EPILOGUE CHAPTER 5

## SHOW AND TELL

DS Adam Cosgrove was thirty-one years old and looked like a detective from a TV show. He wasn't good looking enough for it to be an American show, but he had a dishevelled intelligence that was compelling enough for a middlingly successful British or Australian crime drama.

He was in the middle of an apartment building, standing next to a uniformed officer. An older woman, this officer had the air of having seen it all—in her case, that meant all the horrible things people do to one another.

“Have you ever seen anything like this?” Adam asked.

“Nope. I've seen some weird business, but this is a new one on me.”

The apartment building was ordinarily an unremarkable one, on the upper end of lower class. Melbourne, like most cities, had more than enough of them to go around. This particular one, however, had developed an unusual feature. Despite the exterior wall remaining intact, a large chunk of the interior was missing.

It hadn't been destroyed in an explosion or collapsed in some kind of structural disaster. There was no debris or collateral damage. It was just gone; an empty space inside a building where an entire apartment should have been. The exterior wall was intact but the rest the apartment was gone, along with portions of the apartments around, above and below it.

What truly made the space remarkable was that it took the form of a perfect sphere. It was as if someone had lifted off the top half of the building and taken out a scoop, before putting the top back on. Walls, floor, carpet and furniture were cut with the smooth precision of a laser. Pipes now just ended, requiring the building's plumbing to be shut down due to spillage.

"It mostly affected the one apartment?" Adam asked.

"Yep," the officer said, looking at the clipboard notes she was holding. "It touched on the surrounding apartments, but centred on this one. The guy above got banged-up pretty bad when the floor under his bed vanished and he dropped two apartments down. It was a lucky thing he didn't land on anyone."

"That's how it was described?" Adam asked. "Just vanishing? No explosion or anything."

"Some of the neighbours described a sucking air noise. Like in movies, when someone shoots out an aeroplane window and the air goes rushing out."

"What about whoever lived in the apartment? Has anyone else been significantly hurt?"

"Just the one man who dropped two floors was hurt badly. There were some minor injuries amongst the other occupants, but not many. We've been tracking down residents, making sure they're either here or otherwise accounted for. The only one we couldn't find was the sole resident of the apartment that had occupied the centre of the missing space."

"It happened in the middle of the night." Adam said. "The poor sod is probably in the same place as the rest of his apartment. Do we have a name?"

"Yeah, it's..."

She checked her clipboard again.

"Jason Asano."



“Are you serious?” Adam asked.

“Detective Sergeant, this matter is not a concern for the Victoria police. It’s a federal issue.”

“It’s an apartment building where you claim there was a simple accident. How is that a federal crime?”

“It will go better for everyone if you don’t go around asking questions like that, Detective Sergeant.”

The apartment building had been evacuated of people, ostensibly on the basis of structural instability due to the damage. Now, what looked like a small army of forensics people had claimed a number of the apartments as set-up areas and were crawling over the interior like ants.

Adam was in a ground floor apartment where the federal police had set up a command post. Their goal seemed to be to create as small a visible footprint as possible, although they were having little success. The displaced residents and rumours spreading were made all the worse by the media, which had already been present. The military had been conducting one of its unannounced terrorism readiness exercises nearby through the night, part of a new program that was starting to draw press attention.

The local police had been directly and explicitly instructed to completely remove themselves, outside of the uniformed officers being used to secure the exterior of the building. Adam might have left it at that, if the explanation he was given wasn’t so patently absurd.

“You’re seriously going with a gas explosion?” he asked. “A gas explosion in a building with no gas service, blowing a perfectly spherical hole with no debris and a blast area that completely annihilated everything up to a point and then completely stopping dead. An explosion that no one heard, despite being in a building full of people.”

“Detective Sergeant, we have already asked you nicely to leave this matter be. We highly recommend that you move on and do not give this incident any further thought. Otherwise, we will have to move on from asking, the ramifications of which will fall directly on you and be unambiguously negative.”

Adam glared at the woman. The federal police officer had a nicer suit and nicer hair than him. She was not a large woman but her stern features and short-cropped hair radiated professionalism.

“Are you threatening me?” he asked.

“Yes, Detective Sergeant. You need to forget all about this incident or you will find the weight that drops down on you from a very great height sufficient to squash you and your career like a bug under a shoe.”

Adam glowered. In addition to the feds there were military personnel and some less conventional people busying themselves. There was a group talking quietly amongst themselves that Adam’s trained eye picked out as not being law enforcement or military, in spite of the expensive suits. From the looks of things, however, their presence was wholly unchallenged, unlike his own.

He turned to leave.

“Detective Sergeant,” the federal officer called out.

“What?” he asked.

“I need to know that you won’t interfere further.”

“I’m leaving, aren’t I?”

“You need to tell me that you understand. I want to hear you say it.”

“And I want you to get run over by a bulldozer,” Adam said. “We don’t get everything we want in life.”

“Detective Sergeant, I’d better not hear that you’ve been talking to the media. And if you do, I will hear about it.”

He left, not bothering to respond.



Someone stopped Erika Asano outside the café.

“I just bought your new cookbook!”

“Thank you. I hope you enjoy it.”

“I was so sorry to hear about your brother.”

“Thank you.”

She took a selfie with the fan before going inside, making her way into a secluded booth in the back. She sat down opposite a man who looked like he had slept in his suit. He smelled like he was several days past his last shower but only minutes past his last drink. He had bloodshot eyes and a scratchy beard.

“Hello, Detective,” she said, voice and face both filled with concern.

“Not anymore,” Adam said.

“I’m sorry to hear that. I hate to think that I pushed you to \_\_\_”

“You didn’t push me into anything,” he said. “I walked into this with my eyes wide open.”

“What do you have?” Erika asked. “You didn’t sound optimistic over the phone.”

Adam took a battered folder from the satchel on the seat next to him, placing it on the table. Then he took a flash drive from his pocket and placed it on top of the folder.

“I’ve taken this as far as it will go,” he said. “I’ve been chewing my way around the outside, but there’s no way into the middle. It’s like there’s a giant hole at the centre of all this and nothing that would fit makes any kind of sense.”

“What are you saying?” Erika asked.

“This is as far as it goes,” Adam said, patting the folder. “This is everything I have. There’s some photos in there of the

space where your brother's apartment should be. I shouldn't have those, so be careful where you flash them around. Or don't; I don't care."

"There's nowhere else to take the investigation?" Erika asked.

"I've put together enough of the puzzle to see that there's one very big, very weird piece missing. There's a secret here and I promise you that neither you nor I will be able to crack it. I know it's somehow connected to all those terrorist-readiness drills the military are doing. I know someone is influencing government bodies at an incredibly high level and I know there is some kind of operation working completely in the dark. I don't know if it's some kind of off-the-books intelligence program or what, but they have a stupid amount of pull."

A waitress came by and Erika ordered some tea. Adam ordered coffee.

"I don't care, as long as it's strong and hot."

"So what now?" Erika asked after the waitress walked away.

"Now, I go spend my rent money on bourbon. This is the end of the road, Mrs Asano. There's a secret here and it's a lot bigger than you and me. The only thing I kept out of this folder is a number of deaths I'm pretty sure happened to keep that secret. I won't let you go poking around and get killed too."

"Are you in danger?" she asked.

Adam let out a bitter laugh.

"Frankly, I'm amazed I'm still alive. I was advised to leave this alone multiple times. Then I was told, then I was fired. Don't make my mistake. I know you don't have answers for what happened to your brother, but you need to find a way to let it go."

"You're going to sit there having thrown everything into this and tell me to walk away?" she asked.



“Mrs Asano, not everyone who told me to back off had something to hide. They knew what keeping at this would cost me, and they were right. Just look at me. I don’t have anyone. You have family. I know he was your brother, but would he want your family to get hurt chasing answers when he’s already dead?”

Erika’s face scrunched with unwillingness, but she gave a slight nod.

“I don’t like this,” she said.

“The people behind this don’t want you to like it,” Adam said. “They want you to shut up and stop poking into this or they’ll kill you.”

“Are you seriously suggesting I would be murdered by some conspiracy group? That’s absurd.”

“Mrs Asano, those deaths I mentioned? There weren’t any murders. There were car accidents. House fires. Suicides.”

“Which could be exactly what they seem.”

“Suicide will be how they do you, by the way. Celebrity chef kills herself after brother’s tragic death in gas explosion. Friends say she became erratic in the months following her brother’s death, obsessed with conspiracy theories. She was known to associate with disgraced former detective...”

The return of the waitress with their drinks forestalled Erika’s response.

“Do you really expect me to believe any of this?” she asked, once the waitress was gone again.

“I barely believe it,” Adam said with a wry, weary smile. “But remember, you were the one who found me. We both know this thing has stunk from the word go. But don’t make my mistakes. You have people that can still get hurt.”

He placed a hand on the folder.

“This is almost everything I’ve been able to put together, from copies of police reports to my personal notes. You can take it, but I’m asking you not to. Go home and look after your family.”

“Detective... Mr Cosgrove. I did come to you. I can’t help but feel I am, in part, responsible for the circumstance you find yourself in.”

“I may have bought a first-class ticket for the self-pity train, Mrs Asano, but I know who put me where I am, and it wasn’t you.”

She looked at the folder under his hand for a long time before standing up without touching it.

“I’ll take your advice, Mr Cosgrove. I know we probably won’t meet again, but do not hesitate to contact me if you ever need something. I appreciate how much you’ve sacrificed looking for the truth about my brother.”

“It was never about you or your brother for me, Mrs Asano.”

“I appreciate it, nonetheless.”

She took out some money, leaving it next to her untouched tea.

“For the drinks.”



Adam shuffled wearily through the bottle shop. Standing in front of the bourbon was a woman dressed in an exquisite suit. She was looking right at him. His memory stirred.

“You’re one of them,” he said. “You were there, when Asano’s apartment went wherever the hell it went.”

“I was there, yes, although we never actually met. You have a good eye and a sharp memory, Mr Cosgrove. It’s what makes you a good investigator.”

Adam snorted.

“Being a good investigator is about legwork and persistence,” he said. “You can shove that Sherlock Holmes crap up your arse.”

He moved forward to take a bottle and she stepped into his path.

“Lady, if you think I won’t kick your arse right here then you’re underestimating how little I’ve got to lose anymore.”

Adam drew a sharp breath as the woman’s presence seemed to strangely swell until it felt like she was towering over him, despite not having moved. He suddenly felt incredibly vulnerable and exposed, with no idea why. He fought back against the feeling by calling on the wellspring of anger that had been simmering inside of him for months, grabbing the front of the woman’s suit with both hands. Her own hands gripped his forearms like a pair of industrial clamps, pulling his hands off of her with a mechanical inexorability.

“Jesus, lady. Are you a frigging terminator?”

“Mr Cosgrove, I’m here to offer you the thing you have been chasing since this all began. The things that destroyed your life. The secret you’ve been circling without ever being able to see.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“We’ve been watching your efforts, Mr Cosgrove. You are a dogged and determined investigator who looks beyond the obvious and is unflinching when others lack resolve.”

“And hasn’t that worked out well for me?”

“Mr Cosgrove, come work for us. All the answers you’ve been looking for are just the beginning of what you’ll receive.”

“You want me to work for you?” he asked, incredulous. “Everything you’ve done and you want me to throw in with you?”

“Mr Cosgrove, your life is not in a good position right now.”

“Because of you, you wretched harpy.”

“We can make amends and more.”

“And if I tell you to shove it up your arse?”

“Then you can drink yourself to death in ignorance,” she said. “You don’t have the credibility to cause us any problems. Convincing Erika Asano to let it go was a smart move. You were wrong though; it wouldn’t have been suicide.”

Adam’s hand flashed out, snatching a bottle from the shelf and swinging it at her head. Her reflexes were too fast for him to follow and the next thing he knew he was stumbling back and falling over, the bottle in her hand.

“That’s disappointing,” she said as she put the bottle back on the shelf. “I think you could have been quite remarkable, Mr Cosgrove.”

She waked away as Adam pulled himself to his feet. She turned the corner and he didn’t see her again.



Adam walked out of the bottle shop with a half dozen bottles in a cardboard box. He glanced around the parking lot, habitually taking in the details. There was a man who had been sitting in a car before Adam arrived, who now got out and started walking in his direction.

“She’s a bitch, isn’t she?” the man called out. He was wearing a pastel shirt with the top two buttons undone and a white jacket over white slacks. He was white, looked around Adam’s age and had an American accent.

“Excuse me?” Adam asked.

“Miranda,” the man said. “She probably didn’t tell you her name, though, did she?”

“Look, Miami Vice,” Adam said. “I’ve had my fill of mysterious pricks, so how about you sod off.”

“Yeah, I get why you’re bitter. Can I call you Adam?”

“You can bugger off.”

Adam resumed the walk to his car.

“She’s not the only one who can tell you the big secret, you know,” the man called after him. Adam stopped and turned around.

“Save it, mate. I’m not buying.”

The man chuckled.

“I’m Dash,” he said. “And yeah, I’d like to recruit you as well. Say what you want about Miranda, but she knows good material when she sees it.”

“I told her to stick it up her arse,” Adam said. “You can stick it up her arse too.”

Dash laughed again.

“You know, I like you, Adam. Here’s the difference between me and Miranda. She’ll let you in on the big secret if you agree to join her little group and follow orders like a good boy. Me, though? I’m going to tell you the secret. Right here, right now. If you want to throw in with us after, then great. If not, then all it cost me was a little time.”

“You’re okay with me knowing, then just going my own way?”

“My organisation isn’t like Miranda’s. We don’t care about keeping the secret. The thing is, the secret wants to be told. Every year it gets harder and harder to keep it under wraps, and we have no interest in helping.”

“Then what do you do?”

“We’re getting ready for the day that the secret isn’t a secret anymore. I’ll be happy to tell you all about it, but you’re going to want answers first. What is this great, big, important secret that I’m walking around?”

“You’re going to tell me, just like that?”

“If I just told you, you wouldn’t believe me,” Dash said. “I’m going to show you.”

EPILOGUE CHAPTER 6

## BEYOND OUR ABILITY TO CONTROL

The Adventure Society and the Magic Society had both sent people flooding into the astral space. For the Adventure Society, it was a precious chance to rapidly advance some of their more promising members. It was currently ideal for skilled bronze-rankers and even freshly ranked-up silvers to advance their abilities. For the Magic Society, it was a chance to get a handle on the advanced astral magic the Builder's cult had been wielding. For both, it was a chance to prepare for the battle against the Builder's forces still escalating around the world.

Once again working for the Magic Society, Clive's first task was to return to the astral space from which he had recently emerged. It would only remain accessible for a limited time, but now the limitations of rank were removed from entry, it was a treasure trove of knowledge and opportunity. It was also a treasure trove of actual treasure, but that was the Adventure Society's area.

Clive had not revealed the materials that Knowledge had given first to Jason and then to him. He implicitly understood that the goddess had already been pushing boundaries. That said, any of it he could link to what they found in the astral space, he did so immediately.

He attributed any suspicious leaps of insight to having studied the Builder's magic during his previous time in the astral space. It wasn't exactly a lie. To the best of his understanding, the information Knowledge had given them was taken from the Builder's people. It was also true that

Clive had studied materials they had taken from the Builder cult's two camp sites.

The cult's original arrival site had a building apparently occupied by the cult's ritualists and containing much of the material handed over by Knowledge. That freed up Clive's ability to share the information and eased his scruples. He abhorred the idea of being credited for magical breakthroughs he did not actually make himself.

Atop one of the portal towers at the edge of the city, Clive was explaining some of the magic involved with the portal arches, although the tower arches were still inactive. His audience was a group of Magic Society astral magic scholars who had portalled to Greenstone from far and wide. Information that would help them stop the Builder from seizing more astral spaces was currently the world's most precious commodity. Any doubts the assemblage held about Clive's capabilities as a provincial scholar had been quickly expelled by his expertise.

The group were protected from the dangers of the astral space by a contingent of Adventure Society members, led by a silver-ranker and including Clive's own team. Although they would each be following different pursuits in the near future, for the moment they followed him into the astral space. Despite the assurances of the Adventure Society that they would all be kept safe, the team would not be dislodged. They were not going to lose another member to that place.

Of Clive's team, only Belinda had joined the Magic Society people in listening to Clive's lecture. The rest of the adventurers were placed around the edge of the tower. These were not Greenstone locals but more capable imports, part of a much larger group brought in for the exploration of the astral space.

Only the most elite of Greenstone's own adventurers had even been allowed to participate. This was a small handful of bronze-rankers, including Henrietta Geller and Cassandra Mercer, both of whom were edging up on silver-rank. Beth Cavendish and her team had reached bronze-rank while Humphrey's team were in the astral space, although they were



not as advanced as Humphrey and the others. Months in the pressure-cooker of the astral space had allowed them to leapfrog their peers.

Humphrey stood right at the edge of the tower, eyes panning from the water stretching out to the horizon and back to the city. Experienced eyes picked out the potential approach points of the familiar buildings of the crumbling brick, struggling under fecund jungle. Next to him was the silver-ranker, a man with wild dark hair named Pranesh.

“You don’t need to be so vigilant,” Pranesh said.

“If you don’t respect this place, it will kill you,” Humphrey said.

“The Builder’s vessel is gone and we mopped up what was left of his people,” Pranesh said. “All that’s left are monsters.”

“This place keeps dangerous secrets,” Humphrey said. “I’m not so foolish as to think we found them all.”

“Don’t bother trying to tempt my little brother into slacking off,” Henrietta said, walking over to them. “They train all us Gellers, but Humphrey is the measuring stick now. He always embodied the training, but now he’s been through the fire. He’s exactly the adventurer we’re trying to make.”

“You’re exaggerating, Henri,” Humphrey said.

“See? Modesty. Just like good little Geller boy.”

Nearby, Sophie glanced back at Belinda, seeing her engrossed in Clive’s impromptu lecture. She wandered over to stand next to her friend, giving Belinda a companionable shoulder bump. Belinda flashed her a smile before returning her gaze back to Clive.

“You should do it,” Sophie said quietly.

Clive had asked Belinda to resume her previous position as his research assistant. Since that meant separating from Sophie, if only temporarily, she had declined the offer.

“You’re going to go off with Emir, looking for your family,” Belinda said. “A family who, as best anyone can tell,

are some kind of ancient order of murderers. How can I leave you alone for that?”

Sophie glanced back at Humphrey and Neil. Humphrey was his usual, diligent self. Neil had his legs hanging off the edge of the tower, Cassandra Mercer sitting next to him as they chatted quietly.

“I won’t be alone,” Sophie said. “It’s not just you and me anymore.”



“You’re saying that there’s no way to stabilise the portal and maintain access to the astral space?” Lorelei asked. She, along with the other Magic Society members, were still struggling to get their heads around the astral magic concepts Clive was explaining.

“Maintaining a stable portal isn’t the issue,” Clive said, patting the portal arch he was standing next to. “This isn’t an astral space, in the traditional sense. It’s a vehicle. A transcendent-rank vehicle in the shape of an astral space. A vehicle that is now slowly pulling away from our world, which is beyond our ability to control.”

“Why is it pulling away?” Lorelei asked.

Lorelei was a fair-skinned woman with blonde hair. The beautifying effect of her bronze rank hadn’t made her as radiant as someone like Sophie, but she still had the healthy, athletic look of a magically idealised body. The effects on the body of ranking up were more pronounced on those who didn’t already have the looks and physique of a Humphrey or a Sophie. For them it was akin to polishing an already stunning gemstone, rather than carving a beautiful sculpture from a mundane rock.

“The Builder was taking control of this place,” Clive said. “Only a being of his level could actually do so, but we were lucky. The limits of his vessel meant that he still required an intermediary control, namely, the tower now standing the in centre of the astral space.”

All eyes turned as Clive gestured. From their position on their own tower, they could see the central tower even from the edge of the city. The thirty-storey edifice was the tallest building in the astral space by a factor of six.

“As you all saw descending the tower after your arrival,” Clive said, “it isn’t a building in the traditional sense. Only the bottom floors have space for occupation, and even they only have doorways with no doors.”

They had all arrived at the astral space through the portal Clive had appropriated from a tower like the one on which they stood. Since then, he had done a more thorough job of keeping it open, compared to the rushed connection they had made on their initial escape.

“When the Builder started taking control of this place,” Clive said, “we had no means to seize that control. The best we could do was interfere with his intermediary mechanism, the central tower, inverting the considerable energies involved. This caused the vehicle to draw away from our world instead of breaching it. Using the towers the Order of the Reaper built around the Builder’s giant golems was just a bonus, as was siphoning off enough power to fuel a portal. If the dimensional forces involved hadn’t been just right, and if the Order of the Reaper hadn’t designed these portals to use the golems as a power source, then my team and I would have died without ever escaping this place. Frankly, I’m amazed that it worked at all; I really hadn’t expected it to.”

“You never told us that!” Neil called out from behind the assembled Magic Society people.

“What good would that have done?” Clive asked him.

“I could have played the odds,” Neil said. “Thrown in with the Builder and sold the rest of you out.”

The assembled strangers looked at Neil with shocked disbelief, as did Cassandra, standing next to him. His team just shook their heads.



Pranesh was the first to detect the approaching adventurers with his silver-rank senses. They were bronze-rank, moving fast, their auras flecked with panic. Then he sensed the wave of monsters following after them.

“Idiots,” he muttered shaking his head. The point of not using the locals was to avoid stupid mistakes.

“What is it?” Humphrey asked.

“It looks like the patrol team ran into one of those monster packs still roaming around,” Pranesh said. “They’ve led it right back here.”

“I thought you people were meant to be the good adventurers,” Neil said, overhearing.

“We were,” Pranesh said. He called out for the group’s attention and explained the imminent situation.

“There is a wave of monsters heading this way. From the proportions I’m sensing, two-thirds of the pack are bronze-rank and the rest are silver. As for absolute numbers, I’m not sure, but it’s a lot. Adventurers, gather on me. Magic Society people, gather at the centre of the tower. Unless the pack has flyers amongst them, we’ll make sure the fighting doesn’t get near you.”

Clive left the scholars to join his team, lining up at the edge of the tower. Lorelei followed, looking concerned.

“You don’t have to fight,” she assured him.

“You don’t get it,” Neil said. “We’re here to kick ass and chew bubblegum, and we never actually found out what bubblegum was.”

“You have gotten so weird,” Cassandra told Neil. “You used to be the sensible one. You’re a lot more like Jason now.”

“I think he always was,” Humphrey said as he conjured his dragon armour and giant wing sword. “He just never had the chance to be himself when he had your brother to deal with. Too much responsibility and too few people to rely on. Now he can afford to let himself loose a little.”

“I think he may have gotten a little too loose,” Cassandra said.

“You know I’m still right here,” Neil said. “You’re talking about me like I’m a child with behaviour problems.”

“Can’t imagine why,” Sophie said.

They lined up on the edge of the tower as their senses began to pick up the oncoming monsters.

“This is good,” Sophie said. “I haven’t killed a monster in more than a week and it was starting to feel weird.”

“This monster train is what we did to the Builder cult,” Belinda said. “You don’t suppose this is some leftover cult people getting their own back?”

“I hope so,” Sophie said. “I never got the chance to thank them as thoroughly as I wanted to.”

“I’ve never faced this many monsters before,” Cassandra said. Neil reached out and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

“Don’t worry,” he told her. “This is what we do.”



The adventurers confronting the monster wave were caught up in a sprawling pitched battle that filled the overgrown streets and spread into the ruined buildings. The monsters held a massive advantage in numbers as well as in rank, with numerous silver-rankers amongst them. There were no second-rate adventurers present, however, only elites. They were not overwhelmed; many of the bronze-rankers were able to go one-on-one against the silver-rank monsters, although there was no such thing as a clean fight amongst the chaos.

The only silver-rank adventurer, Pranesh, was a literal dervish of swords. Surrounded by conjured swords, they whirled around him like a dust devil of steel, carving a path through the battlefield. He served as a pressure valve for the adventurers, stepping in when fights got too hairy.

The ranged attackers, like Clive, had prime position atop the high tower. Clive himself had set up a row of ritual circles to empower the ranged attackers standing on them. He had added further circles floating at the end of his weapons as he blasted away with his wand and staff. Next to him was Emily, the celestine archer from Beth Cavendish's team. Her gold hair was trimmed short in a practical pixie cut, leaving nothing to fall in her face as her eyes darted back and forth over the battlefield.

With a racial gift evolution that gave her the human aptitude for special attacks, she was conjuring magical arrows by the multitude and raining them down on the monsters. The power to conjure her deadly reaper's bow had been bestowed by the awakening stone of the Reaper she earned in the trials. Her myriad essence gave her an array of powerful attacks that combined deadly precision with area attacks. Her gathering and onslaught essences were less discriminate, with powerful charge attacks and arrows imbued with potent explosive magic.

On the ground, the other adventurers confronted the monsters directly. Beth's and Humphrey's teams worked together, joined by Cassandra and Henrietta. The pair's own teams had, like them, returned to their homelands in readiness for the monster surge that still refused to arrive.

The stormshard pangolin was a silver-rank monster that could send steel-hard and razor-sharp scales flying from its body, then control them telekinetically to create a storm of blades. The effect was not unlike Pranesh and his sword dervish, but the scales-blades were smaller and far more numerous. A trio of the pangolins were overlapping their blade zones, creating an obscuring cloud of biting teeth.

The shifting blade wall was thick enough that even attacks were being absorbed, the hardy scales deflecting physical projectiles and absorbing magic. With multiple monsters in the same space, even area effects weren't breaking through.

Sophie had learned important lessons from her battles in the astral space. The biggest one was that avoiding attacks would only get her so far if she did so little damage that the

enemy could ignore her and go after her team. It was the hard-fought battles against silver-rank enemies that had taught her how to ramp up her damage, if the enemies were up to the task.

She dashed into the middle of the blade storm, knowing that just few seconds of exposure would tear her to ribbons. She activated her moment of oneness power, absorbing all damage she took for two seconds, after which she had four more seconds to deliver that damage against an opponent in an attack or suffer it all retroactively.

The scale blades blasted her like rain in a hurricane, even as she pushed through the dense cloud at speed. Her scant seconds of protection ended before she could break through and for a fleeting moment, was subject to the full fury of the blades. They slashed open her armour and flesh alike, leaving her cut and bloody in an instant.

It was only a moment before she reached the eye of the storm, close enough to the monsters that they would not risk cutting themselves with their wild blades. Their control was crude, so they gave themselves a comfortable margin, especially with three together combining efforts.

It had only been a single moment that Sophie was subjected to the razor cloud, but it was enough to leave her a ragged, bloody wreck. Her expensive, bronze-rank armour was in tatters, while the flesh under it had fared little better. By the time she reached the pangolins, she was painted red in her own blood, her silver hair looking like a sword bloodied in battle.

The weakness of the stormshard pangolin was that in casting off its scales, it was left vulnerable to anything that made it past the blade wall. Only the head retained scales and Sophie could have ignored it to go for the exposed body, but she didn't. A bloody fist landed on the long face of the middle pangolin.

Sophie had been subjected to countless attacks from the blades, immediately pushing her karmic warrior ability to its limits. The damage reduction it gave her was the only reason she was still standing after making it through the blades,

bloody and ragged as she was. The real reason she subjected herself to such suffering, though, was the ramping increase the ability gave to her power and spirit attributes.

With the ability pushed to its maximum, her power and spirit attributes now rivalled a silver-ranker, giving her a spirit-coin-like boost without the short duration or the backlash.

Sophie didn't just release the damage absorbed by her moment of oneness power in the punch she landed on the pangolin. She also unleashed her counter-execute, deny the Reaper. The effect of the ability was massively inflated by her severely injured state.

Sophie's ability was enhanced as Neil sent her a bolster power from somewhere else in the battlefield, flooding her with power. The healer's ability to monitor a sprawling battle and pick the perfect moment for his abilities had been refined by their experiences in the astral space. His timing was now sharper than the scale-blades of the pangolins.

The result of these cumulative effects coming together in Sophie's fist was an explosion of damage, no small part of which was transcendent, right into the creature's skull.

Sophie's boundary breaker power eliminated the damage reduction from rank disparity, and the transcendent damage would have ignored it anyway. Even so, silver-rank was silver-rank and the monster didn't die. Sufficient damage from a single strike to inflict sufficiently massive head trauma that could have a monster fall comatose would be startling enough from a silver-ranker, let alone a bronze. That it was a defence specialist rather than an attacker was all the more startling.

Sophie was recovering fast with the massive burst of immediate healing from her counter-execute, which also left behind a potent heal-over-time effect. Added to the healing from her karmic warrior ability, it left her in a far better state than her bloody visage and ragged armour would suggest. The other two pangolins looked at her, standing beside their unconscious companion.

Even ramped up to the maximum, Sophie could only do so much damage on an ongoing basis. The kind of massive



damage attack she just unleashed took specific circumstances and the use of abilities now on cooldown. She was undeterred, since all she needed was to raise her damage from a low range to a moderate one. If she couldn't attack hard, she would just attack fast enough to make up the difference.

It had only been a few moments in which she had rushed through their defence wall to attack the pangolins. They had sensed her presence, but never imagined the bronze-ranker charging through their barrier to attack, allowing her to blindside them. They had not reacted by the time the first of the number was felled and Sophie activated her eternal moment power before they could.

Time seemed to stop for her and she racked up wind blades that froze as soon as she unleashed them. With her amplified spirit attribute, each was much more potent than normal. When she rejoined the normal flow of time, the blades gouged their way into the exposed flesh of one of the remaining pangolins.

Both monsters recalled their scales to protect their bodies, cancelling the blade storm. In the case of the injured one, blood from Sophie's wind blade attacks seeped out from between the scales. It immediately fled and Sophie let it go, turning to the other. It reoriented the scales on its body to cover itself in blades, then curled into a ball and rolled at Sophie.

Such a charge attack would have been too slow to hit her even if it had time to gather momentum, which it hadn't. The simple reality was that without the blade wall, the pangolin was far less of a threat. The largest part of this was that other adventurers were no longer held at bay, allowing them to move in on the beleaguered monsters.



In the aftermath of the battle, Pranesh and Humphrey stood atop the tower once more, watching as adventurers looted the sea of monster corpses, sending plumes of rainbow smoke into the air. Neil alone had covered most of the battle in his aura,

which allowed him to loot the creatures within. Since he lacked a personal storage space, he wasn't able to embezzle, making him a popular source of looting in spite of two others with looting powers. The spoils were collected up to be disseminated later.

“Your guardian doesn't fight like a guardian,” Pranesh said to Humphrey.

“She's always fought against anyone telling her what to do,” Humphrey said. “Even her own power set. If she wants to attack, gods help anyone who tries to stop her.”

“You need to get her to fight less recklessly,” Pranesh said.

“She's fought hard to realise that she's strongest when walking on a knife edge,” Humphrey said. “I won't tell her to throw away everything she's gained.”

Pranesh frowned, but didn't try to convince Humphrey further. Humphrey frowned in turn. His secondary power evolution was a sacrifice power and he empathised with Sophie's bloody dedication. He had been forbidden from talking about that in no uncertain terms, both by his mother and a startling high-level Magic Society official. Humphrey and the rest of his team had all been sworn to secrecy.

“You've got the look of someone thinking about doing something for my own good,” Humphrey said. “If you make the mistake of trying to interfere with my team, it will go very badly for you.”

“Are you threatening me, Young Master Geller?” Pranesh asked.

“You're damn right I am.”



Neil finished healing up Sophie. Belinda conjured up a privacy screen with her power to create simple objects and Sophie pulled off what was left of her armour. It was the only thing intact enough to stay on her, the rest of the ragged clothes

falling away. She slung the bloodied armour over the privacy screen.

“That’s going to take all day to self-repair,” she said as she tipped a bottle of crystal wash over her head. She tipped the last of it over the armour before pulling on a fresh set of clothes supplied from Belinda’s storage space, handed over the top of the screen. She looked at the empty bottle of crystal wash, remembering the man who loved it more than anyone. The bottle shattered in her fist, drawing fresh blood.

EPILOGUE CHAPTER 7

## A TIME FOR PARTING

When Isabella Pantero heard the bell on the door to her bakery jingle, she came from out back to behind the glass counter.

“Mr Asano!” she exclaimed. “I was told that you died!”

He looked quite unlike his usual self, the confident grin replaced with a furtive expression dominated by a bushy moustache. She knew he had gone away on some kind of adventurer business, hearing just recently that he failed to return alive.

“Coming back from the dead is kind of my thing,” Asano said. “I want biscuits, please.”

“I’m glad to see you made it back after all, Mr Asano. What kind of biscuits, and how many?”

Asano reached into his pockets, grabbing handfuls of loose objects that he dropped onto the countertop. There were spirit coins, iron, bronze and even silver. Mostly it was roughly coin-shaped objects, like buttons, and flat, round stones.

“I have this many monies,” Asano said.

“Are you alright, Mr Asano?”

“Biscuits!”

Isabella sorted through the assembled debris on the countertop. The inclusion of a pair of silver-rank coins alone was sufficient to empty out the store and then some.

“Mr Asano, this is far more than enough for all the biscuits we have.”

Asano's face lit up. Soon after, he was navigating his way out of the store with multiple bags clutched in each hand.

"Mr Asano, what about the rest of your money?" Isabella called out as he awkwardly navigated the door.

"Thank you, nice lady!" Asano responded, stepping outside. "I got them!"

He hurried out of sight, only to pass in front of the glass storefront moments later, riding what appeared to be a flying tortoise. As she cleared the coins and other objects from the counter, she considered it to be at least the third strangest encounter she had with the eccentric customer.



"He's acting out," Humphrey said. "He misses Jason too."

"That's no excuse to wear Jason's face," Sophie snarled. "Does he not understand what it does to us to see it?"

"No, Sophie, he doesn't," Humphrey explained calmly. "He's smarter since ranking up, but he's still a child, with a child's mind."

"You need to make him understand," she said.

"Maybe you could do that," Humphrey suggested. "I know talking about your feelings isn't really your thing, but maybe you can share with him. It might help him to understand."

They were making their way through the trade hall towards Gilbert Bertinelli's shop. Under normal circumstances, Gilbert dealt exclusively in menswear. He had made an exception in the case of modifying Sophie's armour, which had originally been made by another craftsman on Gilbert's recommendation.

Gilbert had undergone a significant transformation during their time away, now that he was a full-blown essence user. His hair had filled out, while his physique went from plump and visibly squishy to firmly barrel-chested. He looked ten

years younger, finally showing some resemblance to his silver-ranked brother, Bertram.

“Here we are,” Gilbert said, presenting the modified armour to Sophie and Humphrey. “I’ve incorporated the hydra leather and significantly enhanced the self-repair aspect of the enchantment. The critical areas still have hard-panel protection, but those sections won’t self-repair as quickly as the softer armour.”

“That’s fine,” Sophie said. The armour looked closer to what Jason’s had, with increased areas of dark grey amongst the black, although her version was still more form-fitting than his combat robes.

“Unfortunately,” Gilbert continued, “enhancing the self-repair came at the cost of diminishing other effects, such as the poison resistance. It does now slightly enhance self-healing effects, however, so I believe you’ll find it a worthwhile exchange. To be honest, I was somewhat worried about the modifications, but I’m rather satisfied with the result.”

“So am I,” Sophie said, then asked about the price. Gilbert was adamant in refusal of any money.

“I’ve heard what you all did. Not the details, of course—I’m not that well connected—but I know you saved us all from something terrible. Consider this a last service for Mr Asano. He truly was my favourite customer.”

“That’s nice of you to say,” Humphrey said.

“Oh, I’m not just saying, it, Young Master Geller; he genuinely was. He always knew what he needed, yet was flexible in how those needs were met. Firm, as necessary, yet open to suggestion. He was personable, patient, courteous and gracious. He appreciated salesmanship and was a source of wondrous materials. And, of course, was always willing to spend what it took to meet his needs. No offence, Young Master Geller, but he was most likely the best customer I’ll ever have.”

Gilbert gave an awkward smile, having said more than he intended. “I apologise, sir and madam, I’ve overstepped my

—”

Both Gilbert and Humphrey were startled when Sophie embraced Gilbert in a hug, throwing her arms around his barrel chest. He somewhat awkwardly patted her on the back.



Two men sat in a café, just off Greenstone’s divine square. Both wore the robes of clergymen for the church of the Healer. One was Neil, who had long been a churchman. The church of the Healer, like most faiths, made little call on the time of adventuring clergy with a lot of potential. The benefits of having high-ranking members outweighed the need to keep low-ranking essence users under their thumb. It was a widespread, but not universal approach, with the church of Dominion being the most prominent outlier.

The other man was much newer to the cloth. He had been working with the church of the Healer for more than a year, first at his clinic, then more directly in the last couple of months. Having grown up in an area where the local Healer church was so corrupt, travelling around and seeing the church’s work elsewhere had been a revelation. Watching the church’s dedication to helping people had compelled him to join their ranks.

“My understanding,” Neil said to Jory, “is that your low-cost potions are predicated on local ingredients. Does that make them of limited use, elsewhere? Especially given the rather specific nature of the delta’s environment.”

“It was never my potion recipes the church was after,” Jory explained. “It’s my research methodologies. If it was just about recipes, then the church would be better-off leaving me here to cook up as many potions as I could. The reality has been exactly the opposite; I’ve done very little hands-on alchemy lately.”

He paused to sip at his tea.

“It’s all lectures,” Jory continued. “Teaching people how to replicate my results by researching their own local



ingredients.”

“And that’s been working?”

“It’s still quite early into the program,” Jory said. “It took me years before I started seeing results. The idea is for others to do what I did, just faster, with the benefits of what I learned along the way.”

“But you think people can do it?”

“Flexibility is the key,” Jory said. “You have to develop your recipes in accordance with the ingredients you can get a lot of for cheap. That’s the only real lesson, because most alchemists take the opposite approach. They start with the recipe they want and try to make the ingredients do that. Ultimately, I’m not trying to impart a skill, but a perspective.”

“But what if the local ingredients aren’t any good for making cheap healing and mana potions? Those are what people are after, right? Especially with the spreading conflict with the Builder cult. It’s hard to imagine how the prick managed to recruit so many of them.”

“Distribution is the other aspect of the church’s program. I lucked out, with the natural affinities of the delta’s magic, which is what inspired me to explore this as a field of alchemy. Not everyone has that good fortune; they have to make what they can make. That’s where the church comes in establishing a distribution network of cheap alchemy products. Whatever your people make will be useful to someone. As long as you have sufficiently robust distribution, you can trade what you have for what you need.”

“And the church is playing middleman?”

“The god of trade is working with us, so we don’t encroach on their territory with what will hopefully be a huge undertaking. The idea is to prevent the kind of gouging that relying on the usual mercantile system would inevitably draw and prevent the whole system from getting bogged down by cartels.”

“And is Trade alright with that?”

“We struck a deal. The essentials, like healing items, are going to be shipped at cost. The rest will have small margins, so as not to mess it all up, but the volume should still make it worthwhile.”

“I hope you aren’t trying to recruit me into joining your administrative team.”

“Definitely not,” Jory said with a chuckle. “For that kind of work, solid logisticians and administrators are more valuable than essence users. The church has high hopes for you. They want you to get up to silver, even gold, so you can really promote the church’s interests.”

Jory’s expression turned sombre.

“In the days to come,” he said, “we’re going to need you on the front lines.”

“Front lines?” Neil asked, sitting up sharply. “Are you talking about war?”

“Haven’t you already been to battle?” Jory asked. “The Builder cult may be done here in Greenstone, but we’re a small part of a big world. I’ve also been hearing rumbling from the Council of Faiths. There are rumours that the other gods will declare Purity a fallen god.”

“What would that even entail?” Neil asked.

“I don’t have any reliable information on that front,” Jory said. “From what I’ve heard, it involves the other gods sanctioning Purity, whatever that means. Suppressing the church, somehow. I think the idea is that the existing clergy are meant to step away from the church, while any who refuse to are... dealt with.”

“That sounds ominous,” Neil said.

“Yep,” Jory agreed. “I’ve only heard this ‘sanction’ the gods are looking at in vague terms, but it sounds as bad, or worse. I think the idea is that the god of Purity either gets brought into line or is somehow replaced, after which the clergy who stepped away from the old church can return to the new one.”

“That sounds way above our level,” Neil said.

“Good thing Jason isn’t around to stick his head right in the middle.”

“Oh gods, he would too,” Neil said with a wincing chortle. “He’d run around, firing his mouth off and making trouble. Mostly for us.”

The pair shared a sad smile.

“I’m sorry we won’t get to see it,” Jory said.

“Of course you are,” Neil said. “You’re not on his team.”

Then Neil’s expression fell, his gaze moving down to his hands, speaking his next words softly.

“You weren’t the one responsible for keeping him alive.”



In the morning, Jason’s team would be parting ways, if only temporarily, to go off on varying assignments. Clive and Belinda would be working with the Magic Society, while Sophie, Humphrey and Neil were going with Emir.

The farewell gathering was held in one the sprawling bar-lounges in Emir’s cloud palace, the largest collection of Jason’s friends since his memorial service, more than a month earlier. There were a few notable absences, people who had left Greenstone and only returned briefly for the memorial.

Prince Valdis had portalled in for the service, but was once again back in the Mirror Kingdom, where they had their own battles with the Builder cult. Gary had retired from adventuring after Jason and his team’s departure, returning to his home and becoming a full-time weaponsmith. He had also been portalled in for the memorial but had departed immediately after.

Rufus was unsure when his big friend would return to the adventuring life, if ever. Rufus’s team had vanished around him and he was left feeling adrift. He had thrown himself into

developing the training annex project, giving him some much-needed purpose.

Jason's team had laid claim to a cluster of seats around a low table, with Jory sharing his plush cloud chair with Belinda.

"You aren't worried about Clive luring away your lady with the sexually charged lifestyle of the research academic?" Neil asked Jory.

"Nope," Jory said confidently. The kiss on the cheek he received as a reward left a big grin on his face.

Next to them, Sophie was sitting with puppy Stash on her lap, absently scratching him behind the ears. As had been the case since waking up to find that Jason had died covering their escape, her expression shifted between unreadably blank and a dour veneer pasted over a rage that had no place to go. Humphrey, looking at her with concern, picked up his glass from the table in between them and held it up.

"Without Jason Asano," he said, "we wouldn't all be here. He didn't care what my name was or who my family were. He became a true friend, which was always hard for me. And he led me to finding many more."

Neil picked up his own glass and raised it.

"He became a friend to me, even though I hated his smug face," he said, getting a laugh.

"I never much thought I needed friends," Clive said, raising his glass. "Jason taught me that I was wrong as he reawakened a passion for adventuring I thought was long dead."

"I watched Jason come in day after day and heal people no one else cared about," Jory said.

"Except you," Belinda said.

"The day I met Jason," Jory continued, "he had the crap kicked out of him by a couple of priests of the Healer. Which he completely brought on himself, just to be clear. Afterwards, he grinned at me and said he'd rather be the guy that got his

butt kicked than the guy who didn't. I knew that I'd never go as far as he did, but he helped me to realise that some things are worth the price we pay. He went and died, proving it, sending my most precious person back to me."

"Jason saved Sophie and me when we needed it most," Belinda said. "He gave us new lives. You all helped us, but without him, you either wouldn't or couldn't. I don't blame anyone for that. Who would go so far for strangers, for no better reason than we needed him to? And possibly because Sophie looks like that. She makes guys go a bit funny."

The group laughed again, except for Sophie.

"Jason saved some of us at the beginning," Sophie said. "He saved all of us and more at the end. Everyone in this city. If I had the choice, I'd bring him back and let the city burn; I don't think they're worth his life."

Everyone looked awkward, not knowing what to say. Sophie raised her glass to join the others.

"But he did," Sophie said, her sombre voice getting lighter. "So I'm going to try live the life he saved, in the way he'd want me to live it."

The others gave her bittersweet smiles and nodded as they clinked their glasses together.

"To Jason Asano," Humphrey toasted.

EPILOGUE CHAPTER 8

## OLD SECRETS

Dawn was a celestine. She had a startling beauty of a diamond-ranker, with alabaster skin and ruby hair, perfectly matched with her eyes. Her flowing robes were off-white, accented with muted yellow and orange. She was at the top of a tower in the pocket city-universe of Interstice, in the city region of Fuegos. She looked out over the city as she waited for someone to arrive.

Fuegos was a region dominated by the cult of the World-Phoenix, which was completely reflected in the appearance. Interstice had no sun, yet light shone from the sky, making the spires of red, yellow and orange crystal seem like towers of fire. There were parks that mixed perpetual autumn colours with trees that had actual fire instead of leaves. The flames did not consume the branches or cause any harm to the yellow grass or surrounding trees.

The tower upon which Dawn stood was the tallest and most glorious of those spires. The way the light caught the crystal mosaic of the flat rooftop made it shine like a garden of flames. A second person joined her on the rooftop, making their way up stairs from inside the tower. Very few things in existence could escape Dawn's peak diamond-rank senses, but she did not turn to meet the new arrival.

Helsveth was a draconian whose glorious red and gold scales would have been camouflage on the crystal tower if not for a white robe, similar to that worn by Dawn. Helsveth approached the other woman with a humility rarely seen in the

draconian people. She moved closer and bowed deeply, even though Dawn was facing the other way.

“First Sister,” Helsveth greeted.

“Please,” Dawn said, turning around, giving Helsveth a warm smile. “Soon, you will be First Sister and I will join the ranks of the Hierophants. Please dispense with the formalities when we’re alone.”

“First Sister...”

“You have much yet to learn, Second Sister, and it will be much easier if we can stand shoulder to shoulder.”

Helsveth gave a nod, albeit an awkward and uncertain one.

“I have a task to perform soon,” Dawn said. “I will be leisurely about it and take my time. In my absence, I will have you assume my full duties. It will be good experience for you.”

“I will do my utmost to live up to your expectations, First Sister.”

“I’m not the one you need to be concerned with,” Dawn said. “Acting as First Servant, even in a temporary capacity, means it is the World-Phoenix itself whose needs you must attend to.”

“Of course, First Sister.”

Dawn frowned, rubbing her chin absently as she gave Helsveth an assessing look.

“This is no good,” she said. “Clearly, you are holding me in too much reverence.”

“Apologies, First Sister,” Helsveth said hurriedly, looking worried.

“It’s fine,” Dawn assured her. “I was much the same in your position. The lesson I received will serve just as well for you. You and I are going to take a trip, Second Sister, and you will see what is deserving of reverence. Come with me.”

Great fiery wings appeared behind Dawn and she launched herself from the tower and into the air. Behind Helsveth wings



also appeared, but these were green and silver, made from a shifting cloud of sparkling crystals that caught the light. She followed as Dawn flew over the city before plunging fearlessly down, plummeting into a shaft that led into the earth. Helsveth dropped down less aggressively, descending in a graceful spiral.

The shaft was quite large, leading underground to what was called the arrival and departure square, although its subterranean nature made it a cube. This was the location through which all comers and goers arrived and departed the physical reality. The magical barriers preventing dimensional transgression outside the arrival and departure squares were some of the largest magical arrays in existence.

The underground area was lit by powerful glow stones set into the walls and ceiling. The square itself was divided into different areas, marked out by floating magical lights. It was managed by local functionaries who recorded all transits and assigned travellers a zone to make the transition to the astral, with magical arrows to guide them to their spot.

No one was exempt from these records, even the most vaunted of individuals. The square had no facilities for dimensional travel itself, offering no more amenities than being the only part of the city where dimensional travel was not blocked. As such, it was a space primarily occupied by gold and silver-rankers, who had the abilities or items required themselves.

Despite dealing with such people every day, the arrival of the First Servant of the World-Phoenix was a prestigious event. Dawn erupted from the wide ceiling shaft, dropping rapidly down through the square to land heavily in front of the transit office. By the time she had been inside and organised departure, Helsveth had arrive more delicately.

Dawn followed the directions of the magical arrow floating front of her, to one of the large spaces allotted for large astral vehicles.

“Have you done a lot of astral travel, Helsveth?” Dawn asked.

“No, First Sister.”

“For the duration of this trip, you may call me Dawn.”

“First Sister...”

Dawn shook her head.

“Let me be more clear,” she said. “For the duration of this trip, you *will* call me Dawn.”

“Yes... Dawn.”

Dawn took out her astral-traversing vessel, which looked like a snow globe without any snow, containing a tiny garden cottage. Dawn tossed it out casually and it rapidly expanded in size as it fell to the floor, stopping just above it to float a few centimetres in the air as it continued to grow. Once the dome and the cottage inside reached full-size, complete with living garden, Dawn stepped forward, gesturing at Helsveth to follow.

Passing through the dome felt like stepping through a sheet of water, but Helsveth arrived dry on the other side. The air within the dome was pleasant and fresh, carrying the scent of plants and flowers. She followed Dawn along a stone path through the garden to an outdoor bench. Dawn sat, gesturing for Helsveth to sit beside her.

“What do you think?” Dawn asked, gesturing at the garden around them.

Helsveth wasn't sure what to say. Although her experience with astral travel was limited, almost every astral vessel she had seen was far more grandiose. From giant ships to floating palaces, they had all dwarfed the domed cottage. She didn't want to lie to the First Sister, but did not want to offend her, either.

“It's very humble,” she said.

Dawn laughed easily, completely seeing through the Second Sister. Helsveth was a rather unusual diamond ranker, with a naiveté that most had long since eliminated. Helsveth was a rare and extraordinary talent, discovered and nurtured at a young age. Reaching diamond-rank before reaching forty

years old was not an unrivalled achievement, but it was extraordinary. In the world where she was raised, she spent her life either cloistered away or sent out to fight the monsters, rounded up in their thousands like a game preserve. Her life had been made up of little beyond study and battle, both carefully curated to produce the person she was today.

Dawn liked the remarkable young woman, but recognised that she was in dire need of seasoning. She did not entirely approve of the accelerated program used to advance Helsveth to diamond-rank, but had limited say in the matter. The cult of the World-Phoenix was neither a military nor a dictatorship, and while the First Servant was ultimately the leader, it did not give her the right to inject herself into matters not directly related to her own duties.

Dawn did not like that all of Helsveth's challenges had been designed, her setbacks and failures engineered. Dawn was of the opinion that only real life could offer the challenges required to grow, not just as an essence user, but as a person. If nothing else, how was the naïve girl meant to handle the political machinations of centuries-old diamond rankers?

The answer, of course, was that she wasn't. People wanted a puppet, which infuriated Dawn. Serving the World-Phoenix was a calling, which the old guard cult families seemed to have lost sight of along the way. What they had created in Helsveth, though, was a true believer. Dawn was of a mind to cut the puppet's strings and bring it to life.

Handing over the reins of First Sister, even on a temporary basis, would be throwing the young woman in the deep end. Whether she sank or swam would determine whether Dawn would hand over the mantle permanently, or if she would have to find a new successor. It would take some time to get her ready for that, though. Dawn had an assignment, but it could wait. The outworlder was going home, so how much trouble could he get into in the little time it took her to check on him?

That would make certain people in the cult pushing for Helsveth's ascension to the position unhappy, but unless the World-Phoenix chose to intervene one way or the other, Dawn was ultimately the one to decide. Helsveth would need to

prove that she could be more than a puppet before Dawn would accept her. She hoped that Helsveth would manage to prove herself, knowing that, regardless of the people behind her, the earnest young woman's intentions were genuine.

"I've been criticised, from time to time, for my astral vessel," Dawn said. "I've been told it isn't befitting the First Servant of the World-Phoenix, when there is a rather impressive astral palace available to use. Do you think I was right to reject it?"

"I wouldn't presume—"

"Then it's time you did!" Dawn barked, standing back up. She gave Helsveth a sharp glance, disappointed and dismissive. "If you're going to be First Sister, the ultimate responsibility won't be with the rules, the protocols or the traditions. It won't be with the etiquette and it damn well won't be with the people who taught you to be submissive."

She poked Helsveth, who was still sitting with a startled expression, in the chest.

"The First Servant is the last line, the ultimate arbiter before the World-Phoenix itself. They make the final choices and bear the responsibility for them. Do you really think you're ready for that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Dawn strode off, further down the garden path and around the corner of the cottage. Helsveth was left sitting on the bench staring out ahead of her. The scene of the departure and arrivals square beyond the dome suddenly disappeared. More precisely, the astral vessel disappeared from it, having transitioned out of the physical reality.



The dome was a pocket of physical reality drifting through the deep astral. Beyond its curved boundary, the surreal and ever-shifting panorama ranged from the beautiful to the horrifying to the downright bizarre. There were myriad colours and shapes that surrounded the dome. Rainbow liquid floating in

wild, fractal patterns. Scenes that appeared physical in nature, only to scatter list mist in a breeze. Some vistas were nonsense, others startlingly real. It was dream logic made manifest.

Dawn stood by the edge of the dome, watching.

“Fascinating, isn’t it?” she asked, sensing Helsveth’s approach. “The centuries go by, yet I never tire of watching it.”

“You rejected the astral palace because our role is not to glorify ourselves,” Helsveth said. Her voice was nervous but had a determined undercurrent as she steeled her courage.

“Our purpose is not even to glorify the World-Phoenix,” she continued. “It is to serve the World-Phoenix. We use glory as we need, but must ultimately remember that we are servants, not masters.”

“That was not what I asked you,” Dawn said, not turning around.

“You asked if it was wrong to reject the astral palace,” Helsveth said, “but the question has a false premise: you did not reject the palace. If using it is the right choice, then you will use it.”

Dawn turned around the face the Second Sister.

“Then tell me why I still use this astral vessel,” she said.

“Because you’re humble. It doesn’t matter what decisions you make, so long as the reasons you make them are sound. That is the responsibility of the First Servant.”

A slight smile made its way onto Dawn’s face.

“Not bad,” she said. “You’ve got a long way to go before you reach adequate, but we might just be able to make something of you yet.”



“As you might imagine,” Dawn explained, “astral navigation is wholly unlike navigation in physical reality.”

The First and Second Sisters were standing side by side, watching the strange visages pass outside the dome.

“Astral geography is to physical geography what a burning passion is to a burning fire,” Dawn explained. “In some ways they are similar, yet at the same time, wholly unrelated.”

“Metaphorical navigation,” Helsveth ventured.

“Conceptual navigation is the widely-used term,” Dawn said. “While you can rely on navigators, it is a good skill to cultivate. Your education was very precise, but you will find, in life, that developing skills you never intended can help you navigate situations you never anticipated.”

“I was taught administration, diplomacy, etiquette,” Helsveth said. “I was also taught to fight.”

“I know,” Dawn said. “I was the one who pushed to have you placed in more and more danger. Every time you made a narrow escape or suffered grievous injury, that was me, pushing at your back.”

“Thank you,” Helsveth said. “I know that I’ve been sheltered. It was only in those moments of true danger that I felt free and alive. Without those moments, I would be languishing at lower rank.”

“Free? Do you resent that we’ve taken charge of your life?” Dawn asked.

“I am powerful enough now that I could leave if I wished,” Helsveth said. “I’ve been given much and have no qualms about returning that grace. Serving the World-Phoenix is a fulfilling life.”

“I agree,” Dawn said, sharing a warm smile. “Things won’t be easy for you while I’m gone. You will ostensibly have my authority, but everyone will know that you’re only a caretaker. The avaricious will push for concessions. Those who raised you will push for power. Those outside the cult will push for influence.”

“All I can do is my best,” Helsveth said. “One way or another, we will learn my worthiness.”

Dawn smiled to herself at the earnest resolve of the Second Sister.

“Do not rush to judge yourself from a single test or a single failure,” Dawn said, “and worthiness is not a set value. No one is asking you to be perfect. Actually, they probably are, but you shouldn’t listen to them. If you learn to pick yourself up and learn from your mistakes, you can do no better thing to advance your case.”

“Thank you,” Helsveth said. “If I may ask, do you really need to carry out the assignment yourself, or are you taking the chance to test me?”

“The mission is quite real,” Dawn said.

“May I ask about it? Why do you have to go yourself, over one insignificant world in one insignificant reality? Does one, low-ranked man really matter? What makes him so important?”

Dawn gave her a contemplative look, then nodded to herself.

“It’s time you started learning some of the old secrets,” Dawn said. “The key is the two worlds that man has lived on. He belongs to them both now, at a point that is critical for both of them. The worlds themselves aren’t especially important, but what they represent. You are aware that the current Builder replaced the previous one, yes?”

“I am,” Helsveth said.

“The reason that the Builder’s predecessor was sanctioned was that he had corrupted his purpose. The Builder’s role is to create the seeds from which physical realities are born. Our new Builder is oddly dismissive of the task, instead obsessing over creating a reality already developed, whose inhabitants worship him as a god.”

“Will he be sanctioned as well?”

“Probably not. The reason the others accept the Builder’s fascination is that it leaves him performing his actual job with dispassion. This was not the case with the previous incumbent.”

“Oh?” Helsveth prompted.

“The previous Builder became dissatisfied with making seeds that contained nothing but the building blocks of reality. He had no influence, no control. This may be a flaw of the Builder as a role, given that each of the incumbents has had the same issue, but the previous Builder did not satiate those urges with a relatively harmless side project. Instead, he started meddling with the seeds he was creating.”

“Meddling how?”

“He was setting patterns into them, taken from existing worlds, that would cause the universes that expanded from these seeds to develop in predestined ways.”

“And that would work?” Helsveth asked.

“No,” Dawn said. “The Builder had only experimented with two such universe seeds when his actions were discovered, which were but early experiments. The others realised that he was perverting his intrinsic purpose and he was sanctioned, then replaced.”

“Sanctioned? Does that mean killed?”

“I don’t know what it means,” Dawn said. “I don’t think we’re meant to know, but I’m not sure a great astral being can die. I don’t know if that’s even possible.”

“What about the two universes?” Helsveth asked.

“They were early experiments, as I said. The effects were designed to be small, contained enough for the Builder to study as the universes developed. The changes were restricted to two planets, that developed in very similar ways, due to being based on a similar pattern. One was more heavily affected than the other, but the two worlds had much in common.”

“Two planets.”



“One from each universe, but mad echoes of one another by their common origin. Patterns from existing universes, woven together. The basic template was the same for both which is why these worlds echo one another in ways great and small. Those echoes linger to the present, affecting everything from the evolution of the creatures that live on it to the myths formed by their inhabitants. It is also why the more magical world has had a higher proportion of outworlders from the less magical one than from other, low-magic universes.”

“Why was this bad?” Helsveth asked. “Did it cause any harm?”

“The cosmos has mechanisms by which it operates,” Dawn explained. “The greater astral beings are the manifestations of those mechanisms, as well as caretakers, responsible for resolving problems with the mechanisms. They are gods of the cosmos. The previous Builder lost its way, forcing the others to sanction and replace it before it caused a cascading disaster that threw the entire cosmos out of balance.”

“So, the Builder is unlike the other great astral beings, in that he was raised up to take a role, instead of being a manifestation of it.”

“Yes,” Dawn said. “It is why he lacks the reverence for his core task that is the defining trait of the others.”

“But you said they others don’t mind.”

“A detachment from his task of creating world seeds means he will not fall down the same path as his predecessor.”

“But that still left the two worlds influenced by the old Builder.”

“Yes,” Dawn said. “Of the two worlds, one was the result of modest changes. Left alone, it would show no anomalies on its own, live out its existence and ultimately end with the rest of its universe. The second world was a more comprehensive experiment, one that was more volatile. The World-Phoenix was forced to step in and strengthen the dimensional membrane of this world, restricting the flow of magic from the

astral. This was to prevent the abnormalities from manifesting and destabilising the world.”

“That is peripheral to the World-Phoenix’s role, at best,” Helsveth said.

“Yes,” Dawn agreed. “Strictly speaking, she should have let the world destroy itself and then repair the resulting dimensional breach. While she is aloof and above we mortals, however, the World-Phoenix does not lack compassion. She did her best to save that world by strengthening the dimensional membrane. It was an imperfect solution, that now threatens to become unravelled. The new Builder, as part of his personal project, provided knowledge to a deity that was used to create a link between the two worlds, using their similarities as a basis.”

“What kind of link?”

“One that siphon’s magic from the more magical world to the lesser one, bypassing the dimensional membrane. It does not diminish the normal magical level, but the cyclical magic flood has been increasingly delayed, to the point of now stopping altogether.”

“You’re talking about a monster surge,” Helsveth said.

“Yes,” Dawn confirmed. “The intention is to siphon magic into the other world until a backlash occurs, rebounding through the link to create a far more drastic magical flood than normal. This will weaken the dimensional membrane enough for the Builder to launch an invasion from his own constructed reality.”

“Surely, he cannot be allowed to do that,” Helsveth said.

“Not so long as he uses intermediaries,” Dawn said. “The people of his created world, his cult, even the gods of the world he intends to invade. He pushes the limits, but has avoided crossing any lines. Thus far.”

“What will that do to the less magical world?”

“I’m not sure anyone really knows,” Dawn said. “The Builder disregards it as unimportant, a means to an end. He cares not if his god and mortal agents destroy it. He

underestimated how fiercely the World-Phoenix would react, so now he needs it to act and prevent that world's destruction, lest he be sanctioned like his predecessor.”

“The outworlder.”

“Yes. The World-Phoenix cannot act directly and does not maintain branches of her cult on mortal realms. As is her way, she has taken various, more oblique steps to remedy the situation. Of the forces she has set in motion, she has determined the outworlder has proven to have the most potential. It falls to him then, to prevent one, possibly two worlds ultimately being destroyed.”

“That is a lot to place on the shoulders of one man.”

“Yes,” Dawn said. “Hopefully, he can stop getting himself killed.”



“Where is it we are going?” Helsveth asked. She and Dawn were still in the astral vessel, which had been travelling for some time. Dawn had led her into the cottage and brewed them a beverage made from seaweed sourced from her home world.

“You have experienced the presence of the World-Phoenix,” Dawn said. “You have carried a star seed within you for more than half of your life. You have even briefly been a vessel for the World-Phoenix itself, as you will again in the future.”

“The communion was the greatest thrill and honour of my life,” Helsveth said. “I am sorry your time as a vessel is coming to an end.”

The First Servant, in addition to being the head of the cult of the World-Phoenix, was the primary vessel of the great astral being. Unlike the disposable vessels the Builder had used, the diamond-rank vessels of the great astral beings could both withstand the strain of power possessing them and retain their selves after it had left them. Even diamond-rankers had

their limits, however, and eventually their souls could no longer withstand the power. This had no lingering effects, so long as they passed on the role of vessel. It even had an effect of strengthening the soul over time, leaving former vessels as peak existences, even among diamond-rankers.

Dawn gave Helsveth a warm smile.

“The communion is a joy,” she said. “What we experience in such cases, though, is but the echo of a grain of sand falling to the ground on the other side of the world. To inhabit the mortal is to be limited by it.”

“The great astral beings cannot show their true magnificence through us,” Helsveth said. This made complete sense to her.

“I suspect it is more than that,” Dawn said. “I suspect that the behaviour of the great astral beings occupying mortal forms is profoundly affected by the vessel they inhabit. They broadly follow their natural direction, but I’ve seen them operating like this enough to conclude that their specific behaviour is heavily shaped by their mortal vessels.”

“What makes you think so?” Helsveth asked.

“The fact that they seem so... mortal. Petty, limited, in a way that I might expect of myself, but not the World-Phoenix, the Reaper or the Celestial Book. Perhaps the Builder, as he began as a mortal.”

“I think I know what you mean,” Helsveth said, brow creased in contemplation. “When I think back to my experience as a vessel, I could sense how much greater the World-Phoenix was. It’s like it needed to use me to operate, but that I somehow tainted it. I clearly felt that I was small and unworthy.”

“You will understand better soon,” Dawn said. “I am taking you to see the World-Phoenix in person.”

Dawn chuckled at Helsveth’s wide-eyed shock.

“In person?”

“That’s right,” Dawn said. “We won’t be close, because diamond-rank or not, the power it radiates would annihilate us. It will know we are there, and we will know it.”

“What’s it like?” Helsveth asked hesitantly.

“I’ve never encountered a language that could encapsulate it,” Dawn said. “You feel like the smallest thing in the cosmos, yet part of something so great and vast that your mind cannot comprehend it. The World-Phoenix will communicate with you, but not like you’ve experienced through the star seed. It isn’t some crude mortal means. Imagine experiencing the entire history of the cosmos as a language.”

“I don’t think I can,” Helsveth said.

“Good,” Dawn said. “That’s exactly the right attitude to go in with.”

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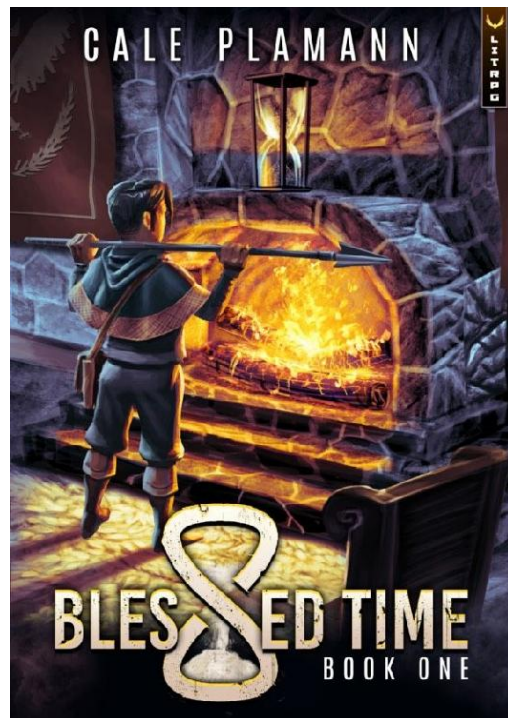
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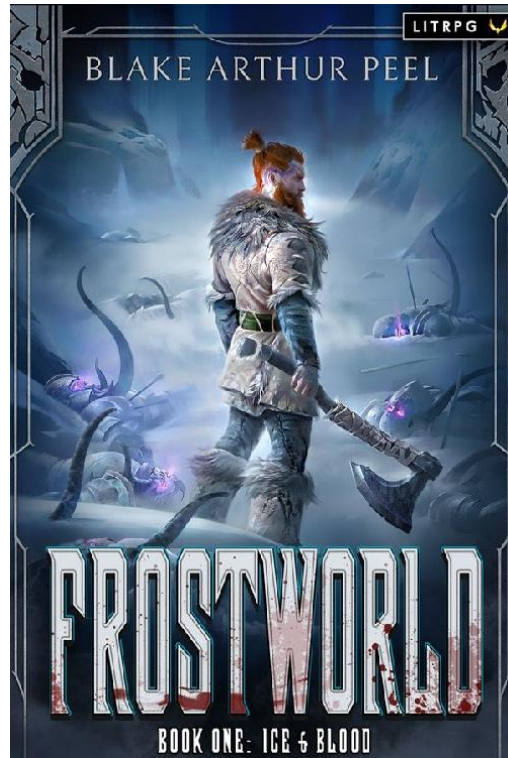


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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Shirtaloon was working on a very boring academic paper when he realised that writing about an inter-dimensional kung fu wizard would be way more fun.

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