

Chapter 1 Network unreachable

Autumn winds brushed past yellow leaves, a cool breeze flowing through the Maar valley. The afternoon sun reflected off the distant rivers and creeks, forests of red, brown, and yellow spreading down the slope and up again towards the faraway mountains on the other side of the vale.

Kate sighed, smiling to herself as she relaxed on her favorite bench so far removed from the bustling life of the city. She shivered, taking a sip from her hot canteen, steam rising to her face as she tasted the sweet flavor of black sugarless coffee. The heat and caffeine went straight into her blood as far as she was concerned, her eyes closed as she took a moment to enjoy the taste.

She brushed away the red hair flowing into her face, closing the canteen as she listened to the birds and crickets. Most of the valley would be covered in snow in just a few months, the serene quiet that would descend over the landscape something she very much looked forward to. *Spring is good too*, she thought. *And then autumn. Fuck summer.*

The climb had taken her about three hours, her rented apartment in Keilberg specifically chosen for the surrounding routes and scenery. There were so many rivers, hills, and mountains further up, she'd be busy for years just trying to see it all. Some of the peaks she saw from down here were already covered in snow. She was glad the area wasn't particularly well known among tourists, or her team would have a lot more work on their hands up in the mountains.

Most of the locals at least had reasonable gear, good shoes, and maybe even a first aid kit with them when they walked the more challenging routes. She had an early shift the next day, which meant she wouldn't be going farther than this. Checking her pack, she grabbed the sandwiches she had prepared and started eating.

A flock of birds took flight from a set of trees farther down the valley, their calls traveling far.

Kate watched them fly down towards Falstadt, only a small part of the bordering Weywater lake visible from here, the curve in the valley just managing to hide the city. *Perfectly chosen after all*, she thought, a smirk on her face as she watched the birds. She blinked her eyes, looking down at a butterfly that seemed to have a trail of blue light following its tiny form. Kate tried to focus on the little insect, the blue streak vanishing within a set of trees.

She glanced at the canteen before she rubbed her eyes. *Too much coffee. Too little sleep*, she thought, accounting the phenomenon to some weird trick of the light coupled with neglected bodily needs. *Maybe some kind of rare species?* she wondered, taking out her phone to google shining blue butterflies.

There were plenty of blue butterflies, and some illustrative art depicting fantastic made up creatures. She felt a little weird, seeing as the fantasy ones were the closest to what she had seen. *Really fucking difficult differentiating what's real and what's made up when you have no academic background in butterfly science.*

She tapped on one of the pictures, the background colors incredibly well done. The website didn't load however, a message written in black informing her about an apparent server timeout. She went back and tapped on another one. *This one too*, she thought, checking her connection. Everything seemed in order, but she checked youtube just to be sure. *No connection. Hmm, guess they have an issue with the mobile network.*

Kate put her phone away and finished her sandwiches, another breeze flowing through. She rubbed her hands together, standing up before she packed her things. *Already getting cold*, she thought, deciding to make another stop on the way down, once her body had warmed up again from walking. Shouldering her pack, she turned away from the bench to go back when she heard a loud rumbling noise move through the entire valley.

She thought of a helicopter at first but the sound only got louder, and it wasn't exactly the same. Kate went back up to get a better view, seeing two gray military jets pass the mountain peaks. They were gone in seconds, the sound still thundering through the vicinity as birds took flight.

Training exercise? she wondered, pretty sure she hadn't heard any in the few years she had lived here. Of course she knew the country had them, and the air force would surely find a way to train over the alps of all places, but she assumed they had designated areas to do so. *Can't be good for all the animals.*

She followed the narrow and neglected dirt path down, climbing over shrubberies and branches that tried to reclaim what had been taken by the local populace. When she came out onto a clearing, her eyes narrowed. Kate used her hand to cover her eyes against the sun. "Shit," she cursed, seeing the distant white smoke rising from the direction of Keilberg. *Why now?* she thought, changing her course to a more direct approach as she jogged lightly down the mountain side. It wouldn't help anyone if she stumbled and broke her ankle on the way down. But she had to hurry.

She opened her pack and got her phone, dialing the Falstadt fire brigade. A little ironic perhaps, her being one of their employees, but she couldn't exactly take on a fire by herself, with nothing but a bunch of buckets. What she could do, was get people out, and assess the situation. One hand holding the phone to her ear, she turned up the sound, to hear something over her own breathing, her quick steps, and snapping twigs below her heavy boots.

Kate heard the busy signal resound. *That should never happen*, she thought, remembering their phone guy talking about the backup systems and redirects they had implemented. If nobody at the fire brigade picked up, the call would get redirected to the police, then the regional emergency services, and so on.

She kept on jogging, the phone back in her pack that she now secured around both shoulders, tightening the straps for it to not get in the way. She got a hair tie out of her pockets and quickly tamed her hair. *Don't run into a tree*, she thought, slowing down as she reached a steep slope. She slid down, glad to have worn her work pants. When she arrived at the bottom, she saw movement next to a few of the nearby trees.

Kate assumed the noise had startled a deer or rabbit but what she found staring at her was instead a one meter tall green skinned leather armor wearing creature with pointed ears and yellow eyes. She kept on moving, her brain unsure what to do with the information her eyes relayed.

The creature didn't seem quite as confused as she was, pulling back on the bow string of its medieval weapon, an iron tipped arrow whistling past the trees and bushes, only missing the jogging form by a hair's breadth.

Still unsure about what she had seen, Kate switched gears, changing into a full on sprint through the forest. *An arrow?* she realized, a moment later, forcing herself to not run in a straight line, moving past trees and bushes in an angle to avoid the being. *A goblin? Or some child in cosplay shooting a real fucking arrow at me?!*

She yelped when another arrow flew past, the aim far worse this time around. And still it sunk into a nearby tree with a dull thud. *Am I being hunted?* she wondered, coming out of the thicket and onto a dirt road. Kate crouched and looked to both sides, seeing a few small creatures cross the road upwards about a hundred meters away. *Shit.*

One of the creatures bellowed something towards her, the others jumping up and running towards her with small but quick steps.

She didn't wait to find out what exactly they were or what they wanted, instead jumping into the forest ahead and continuing her run. Kate decided to put a lot of questions on hold, instead trusting her instincts and her body to do what her mind still failed to truly process. She was being hunted. The creatures were small, meaning they'd be slower than her. They had bows and arrows, which meant she had to get as many trees behind herself as she could, never running straight down.

A part of her was reminded of the games she used to play when she was a child, running away or hiding from her friends. She laughed, forcing herself to stop a few strides later, the absurdity of the situation slowly catching up with her. For several minutes she ran, unsure of what to do. Reaching Keilberg would take at least an hour. She couldn't exactly run all the way, and sooner or later she'd hit a tree or rock.

Kate forced herself to slow down again, stopping behind a large oak tree before she glanced behind, trying to spot the creatures. *Nothing*, she thought, turning away and pressing her back against the tree as she took hasty breaths, calming herself down. *Need shelter, somewhere to hide. A weapon?*

She smiled at the idea. *What is this? Some kind of fantasy rpg?* she thought and shook her head. There was no time to consider the why or whats. *Priorities.* She checked again to see if she was being followed and continued running, not downwards but along the slope. Kate had spent quite a bit of time in this forest and she knew there was a hunter's hut about a ten minute walk down the road she had just been on. She was pretty sure it wasn't in use anymore or at least not well maintained, which made her hope it wasn't locked.

She slowed down when she saw the silhouette of the hut through the thicket, checking behind herself again before she made sure there weren't any other creatures in the vicinity. When she didn't find anything, she rushed to the hut, grabbed the handle and opened it. She was relieved to find it unlocked. No key was stuck on the other side.

A single table with a few chairs stood in the middle of the small room, two dirty windows letting in faint sunlight from outside. A tiny kitchen with a few utensils stood in one corner, an old bedroll in another. Behind the table she saw a simple oven and a few stacks of firewood. Kate slid down to the ground with her back against the wooden door, her breaths quick as she tried to calm down. She grabbed her phone and tried to call the police. Another busy signal. She tried to check the news on google but nothing loaded.

What the hell is happening?

She slowly stood up and looked around the room, her eyes locking onto a small radio. She checked it quickly, turning it around before she found the on button. A small red light turned on, sound instantly coming from the small boxes.

"... st on all other public radio frequencies. Please remain calm and stay at home. If you are outside, seek shelter. Lock your doors and turn off all lights. We repeat, there have been sightings of wild animals and unknown creatures throughout the Falstadt region. Emergency services and the military are resolving the situation. Do not engage the creatures or any animals under any

circumstances, they are aggressive and dangerous. For further instructions listen at 102.6. This message is being broadcast on all other public radio frequencies. Please remain calm and stay at home. If you are outside, seek shelter. Lock your doors...

Kate could feel her heartbeat increase, her trembling hand turning the a knob on the radio only to find the volume going up. She grabbed the other one and turned, changing the frequency to 102.6 before she checked behind herself.

Aggressive and dangerous. Throughout the Falstadt region? We're nowhere near the city!

She opened all the cupboards and drawers, finding old cutlery, a few plates, mugs, towels, and a lousy first aid kit. *Outside, there was a box*, she thought, ignoring the talking people on the radio for now as she made the thing more quiet, opening the door slowly to check if the creatures had followed. Kate rushed out quickly and found a toolbox sitting on the ground at the side of the hut. It had a combination lock.

"Fuck," she cursed, looking around to see if she could find anything useful. A large rock was the closest thing she could find. She grabbed the thing and started smashing it against the lock. Both the chest and the lock looked incredibly old, which made her hope this attempt would work. She had gotten stronger looking things open with less brute force. Small locks like these were often made as a deterrent more so than to actually withstand a determined break in.

With the tenth strike, the thing broke, not the combination lock but the hinge itself. She threw the rock aside and opened the box, finding a large set of gardening shears, a simple hammer, a pair of old boots, and a crowbar. She took the crowbar, the weighty steel in her hands something to cling to in the chaos of her mind.

Back inside, she put the crowbar aside and started shoving the wooden table against the entrance. Sitting down in one of the corners and away from the windows, she held her improvised weapon and the radio, sipping some hot coffee from her canteen as she made the radio louder again.

"... beasts the likes of trolls and dragons. It's unclear what has caused the sudden appearance of these monsters but they're here and they are hostile. Conventional weaponry is effective, so if you have any guns or know someone who might own a firearm, it may be advised to seek them out. However for now it's best to remain home behind locked doors and wait until the military has brought more clarity to the situation. We are informed that the event is not a local occurrence only, the neighboring countries dealing with similar inexplicable appearances. Mobile towers and network infrastructure has been damaged, such devices not guaranteed to work. Under any circumstance, do not panic. Do what you can to prepare. Many of the monsters have been seen wielding medieval weaponry. To protect yourself and the people close to you, layer clothing, preferably winter clothes with padding. Ski helmets, and sticks may be helpful too if you have any..."

The connection broke off, the small light on the radio flashing.

Kate checked the batteries before she simply turned it off. She had heard enough. *In the neighboring countries too? This isn't some random event. This is the bloody fucking day of reckoning.*

She started giggling to herself, bursting out in laughter as she clutched the crowbar. Laughing was how she sometimes reacted in incredibly high stress situations. Her team knew about it and they all had their own ways of dealing with things. The brain was a curious thing after all but Kate didn't

think it particularly weird. Sometimes the world was just so fucked up, all you could do was laugh straight back.

Medieval fantasy creatures. I did see that butterfly. Which means those little buggers were goblins or something. At least I didn't run into a dragon right at the start of this thing.

She didn't know how extensive this was but if there were monsters near Keilberg, there were monsters fucking everywhere. All emergency lines were fucked, the internet was down, and the radio broadcast was doing damage control. If the state warned people about going outside, the situation wasn't enormously promising.

Leaving the hut was a gamble. But she could imagine the little buggers armed with bows had some ability in tracking and hunting. She could make a run for it and go to Keilberg, but there was smoke rising from there already. She could imagine that any settlements would be targeted first, if the creatures were attacking humans. And according to both her own experience and the radio broadcast, they very much were. If the military was fighting back, they'd clear out Keilberg last, if at all.

Any medieval technology monster should get absolutely destroyed by modern weaponry though, she thought, hoping her assumption was right. The butterfly looked pretty magical now that she thought about it, and as soon as magic entered the playing field, the rules changed entirely.

She took a deep breath and slowly stood up, looking out the windows and checking the glass. She assumed they could take an arrow or two before breaking, but she had no real reference. Again, she searched through the drawers, her crowbar always close by. There were a few old cans of beans and ravioli, expired but likely still edible. She put them into her backpack, adding some of the cutlery. She grabbed the first aid kit too. The one she already had with her was more modern and definitely more sterile but she didn't know how long she would be stuck out here and she could use whatever she could find.

Should get the hammer and shears too, she thought. What a ridiculous fucking day.

Kate found a set of batteries, sitting back down before she switched them out with the ones in the radio. The frequency she had listened on only sent static. She turned to another and the same initial broadcast resumed. *Not promising, she thought. I hope you made it, radio man.*

She turned it off and put it into her pack as well, quickly dialing a few of her friends' numbers, trying to call her dad as well, none of the calls going through. For now she was glad he was on vacation and not in Falstadt. Her eyes went to the small stand next to the door, old brochures showing the nearby mountains. *Non digital maps would be useful, she thought, grabbing all of them and putting them into her pack before she paused, looking at the picture of a place she had visited years ago. A castle overlooking a glistening river with a horrifically designed lettering inviting tourists to Keilberg castle.*

Kate nearly jumped when something impacted and shattered the window to her left. She went into the corner near the door and clutched her bar of solid steel, still looking at the brochure depicting the stone walls of the decrepit old castle. *Medieval problems... require medieval solutions.*

A grin came to her face as she heard an unfamiliar language from outside, malicious laughter of hunters who had just cornered their prey. She stared at the steel in her hands before she dropped the marketing material. Kate closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

Chapter 2 Human

Another arrow came through the window, more hitting the wooden wall.

I get it, I get it, Kate thought, her hands shaking despite her firm grip on the crowbar. She had been in plenty of dangerous situations, but none of her training or experiences could have prepared her for this moment. The occasional games she had played a few years back were the closest thing really, and as the media might be shocked to learn, games had little to do with reality.

“It’s self defense...,” she muttered to herself. *They’re monsters. They’re monsters. Focus on that. You can think of the consequences later. For now, you have to survive. Whatever they are, they’re trying to kill you.*

The door rattled, the table pushed back slightly.

“I’m a living thinking being you pieces of shit! Fuck off!” she shouted. Kate knew the sound would give away her position, but right now she simply didn’t care. A small part of her knew she had to try, knowing what would follow.

The creatures didn’t stop, hitting the door as another arrow whistled in through the open window.

Kate locked eyes with one of the beings when the door was pushed back further, a small blade in its hand as it looked at her with a grin, sharp teeth showing in its mouth.

It’s so small, she thought, focusing as much as she could. *They have bows. Why are they pushing inside? They should just wait for me to come out and shoot me.*

Her eyes opened wide. She realized how confident the creatures were in their hunt, even now two of them pushing against the door, barely able to move the table. *Monsters. They’re monsters. Actual, real life Goblins. Fuck.*

And if they realize how dangerous a human is, they’ll wait me out or set this hut ablaze.

She tightened the straps of her backpack and gripped her crowbar. *Forget it all. Don’t think*, she thought, preparing herself much like she did whenever she rushed into the flames. Her boot came to rest on the side of the rattling door, and then she pushed.

The table slid away, the door opening with two of the small green creatures falling forward.

Kate hesitated for just a moment, her body tensing as she brought down the crowbar. She had trained to use an axe to both cut down doors and other obstacles, but she had never thought that she’d ever seriously attack a living creature. A dull sound came from the impact, the goblin going down with its eyes rolling back. The second one looked up, its smile turning to confusion as it looked at the much larger human, its head ripping to the side when the heavy chunk of steel hit it with enough force to send it flying.

Kate didn’t look back, running out of the hut in a zigzag, finding two more goblins staring at her, one more to the side with a bow. An arrow whistled past as she stepped sideways, reaching the small creature with three steps before her knee slammed into its chest.

The being was flung backwards, its companions rushing her with their small blades.

Kate used her weapon to keep them at a distance, stepping over to the downed and wheezing goblin before she brought the iron down, imagining a log she would split for firewood. Or a tent peg to slam down into the ground.

Something bit into her leg, Kate swinging her crowbar behind herself as she turned, the force sending the goblin stumbling before her next hit connected with its overly large head. Teeth were flung to the side as blood splattered onto grass. She swung again, the wet impact silencing the groaning creature.

Kate stared at the last one with wide eyes, an arrow released before it struck her leg. Adrenaline and panic pushed her forward. *I'm killing these creatures*, something in her mind realized, a scream resounding as she tackled the creature, her metal bar slamming down into the struggling being, its movements stopping after the third hit. The screaming lasted until Kate noticed the wet sound of her weapon impacting the bits and pieces of torn flesh that remained of the goblin's head.

She looked down and stumbled back, doubling over before she puked up her sandwiches and coffee. Her left leg hurt. She looked around and walked away, limping on the leg without an arrow sticking out of its thigh and a cut on her calf. *You killed them. You... why did you scream, you idiot. Everyone heard that. Everyone*, she thought, her mind swimming as she brushed tears from her eyes.

Kate faintly noticed distant sounds of fireworks and screams much like the one she had just heard so very close by. *That was you*, she reminded herself, stumbling down the slope and back into the forest. She stopped a few meters into the underbrush behind the remains of a fallen tree, crouching down as she got her pack. *Wounds*, she thought and got out her first aid kit.

She fiddled with the opening latch before it sprung open, all the contents luckily strapped down to prevent them from spilling out. Finally, she looked at her leg, seeing an actual real life arrow sticking out of it. *Like some kind of larping accident*, she thought to herself, and ripped open her pants a little more to see the wound. Blood had already seeped into the fabric. *Artery and I'm dead*, she thought, feeling herself getting lightheaded. *Just leave it in.*

Infection will fuck me too, she thought, and checked the wound. There was blood, yes, but she didn't think it had hit anything major. Kate grabbed a nearby branch and bit down on it. She closed her eyes while stabilizing the wooden stick as best she could, focusing before she broke off the part of the arrow sticking out. She winced, making as little noise as possible. More blood flowed out before she pressed a bandage onto the wound and around the remaining piece of the arrow. She groaned in pain, using one hand to look for the disinfection spray. *Don't pass out now, Kate.*

Sitting as still as possible, she cleaned away all the blood she could manage before she liberally sprayed the area with the antibacterial mixture. Another layer of pain. She pressed down a second, clean bandage, wrapping it around her leg and the arrow before she pulled hard. Screaming into her branch as the wood partially gave in against her teeth, she wrapped her leg once more. Kate made a practiced knot, nearly passing out with her eyes going black for a second before she came to once more.

She carefully moved her leg to check the cut on her calf. It was deep, but had missed any major blood vessels. She doused it with the spray too, trying a few times until she got the angle right without moving her leg too much.

God, what a shit day, she thought with a sigh and spat out the piece of mangled wood. She noticed the earthy taste, glad her mind bothered to inform her about it. She might actually survive this. And then the world turned black.

Kate woke up with a sore throat. She coughed a few times before she winced, the pain from her calf reminding her of what had happened. It was evening, she noticed, the sunlight only faint. She didn't know if a full day had passed or only a few hours.

Meds, she thought and checked the first aid kit again. *Ibuprofen... blood thinner. Fuck. Should I? Could help against infections too.*

She decided the risk was worth it and downed two pills, gulping before she grabbed a sealing band aid. She sprayed the wound on her calf once more and covered it. Most of the pain remained but at least she didn't feel like she was going to die any moment now.

I fought. And killed, she thought, gulping as she shoved the memories away. Instead she checked her pack, finding a bloodied bandage spread on the ground. The canteen was there, the smell of incredibly strong coffee waking her from her doused and pained state. She took a sip and found it still warm. *Same day*, she thought, just now noticing something in the corner of her vision. She focused on it and found it expanding. Letters, written in English, inside of her eyes like some kind of digital lenses.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]

What

The

Fuck

This isn't like some kind of rpg, it literally fucking is one, she thought, resting her head against the fallen tree behind her. *What kind of wicked shithead of a Norse god thought up this masterpiece of misery?* she asked herself, checking if she could summon a fireball or lightning. Her hand remained painfully covered in dried blood. Her own blood, perhaps some from the goblins.

She wiped them off on the grass and checked her phone. No new messages or calls, still a connection but nothing loaded and another quick call brought her only the same lack of answer. Her weapon lay bloodied next to her, Kate grabbing the chunk of steel just in case. She sighed, lifting herself up a little with a moan before she glanced towards the hut. There was no movement. Nor were there any unusual noises.

Should I check the radio again? she wondered, deciding to do so later, just in case the sound would attract more monsters. *Monsters. Actual fucking monsters here to kill me.*

Her stomach grumbled and she needed to pee. *There's too much going on*, she thought. What had happened to her friends, her dad? What had happened to the world? What did the messages in her vision mean? Was she a murderer now? Were there more creatures hunting for her?

She slapped herself, the movement straining her leg as she hissed at the pain. *Pee. Food. Castle*, she thought, focusing on those three things only. The longer she stayed here, the more dangerous it would become. Blood and corpses would attract predators, or worse. She packed her bag, taking the

bloodied bandage with her too before she forced herself to stand up. It hurt, but that just meant the nerves were still there and working as intended.

Kate carefully lowered her trousers and peed on the forest floor, a few drops hitting her pants but she had bigger things to concern herself with. Pulling them back up, she put on her backpack and grabbed her bloodied crowbar. *If anything hunts by smell, I'll be a bloody beacon.*

She grinned to herself before she winced again at the pain. The next few minutes, she searched the surrounding bit of forest for a suitable branch, finding one with a helpful angled top. Not exactly a professional crutch but it would help take some weight off her injured leg.

Kate bit down on another piece of wood, noticing the noises she made with each step. It would help her keep a grip against the pain. She knew where the castle was located, about a two hour walk southeast, a little higher up the slope and closer to the Willow river.

She walked slowly, staying off the dirt road and making as little noise as possible. Her injuries forced her to go slow, any additional fight she'd get involved in now far more dangerous and more than likely to be her last.

The sunlight sent long shadows onto the leaves covered ground, Kate struggling to move without producing noise from both her own pained groans and the twigs and leaves rustling below her boots.

She didn't encounter another creature for about half an hour, the occasional distant gunshot echoing through the valley, Kate unable to determine how far away the shooter was located. The frequency made her worry. A military unit would surely fire more regularly. *Where are the tanks and jets?* she wondered, freezing up and hiding as best she could when she saw a moving figure walking through the bushes ahead of her.

Kate sighed when she realized it was a man, medium length black hair falling onto a hoodie of the same color, something colorful depicted on its front. He seemed young, probably in his teens. She was about to call out when she hesitated, seeing the weapon he held in his hand.

Is that. A fucking katana?

The man glanced around, his eyes wide as he turned around and held the blade up with shaking hands, a random noise having startled him.

"Stay calm," Kate said finally. "I'm human. Are you from around here? Keilberg or Falstadt?" she asked, hoping to calm him down with the familiar names. It was a risk but she was damn glad to have found another human.

The man now turned towards her, finally noticing the two brown eyes staring back at him. He took a step back, his blade still raised. "W... who are you?"

"I'm Kate, from Keilberg. I'm a firefighter who worked in Falstadt, was out wandering when this thing started, whatever it is," she said, stepping out of the bush but keeping a healthy distance from his weapon. "Can you take that thing down?"

He hesitated for a moment but obliged. "This... is not... this isn't at all what I thought it'd be," he said, sobbing once.

"What's your name? And why the ka...," she said, now seeing the gundam depicted on his hoodie. "I see," she said. *At least it's not some enormously voluminous anime girl.*

"I'm... Grey," he said. "I..." he stuttered and looked at the katana, moving it away slightly as he stared at the ground.

"Don't worry about it, it's good that you have a weapon. I have my own, see," Kate said and showed him the crowbar.

His looked up before his eyes opened wide. "Is that... blood?!"

She hissed. "Quiet it down. We don't want to attract any of the monsters."

"Wait... y... you're... injured," he said.

"Oh no! Where?" she asked, her eyes wide open.

"Your leg," he said in a quieter tone.

"Ah yes, I nearly didn't notice the horrific fucking pain and blood loss. Thanks for pointing that out, Grey. Do you have a plan? Because if not, then you should come with me. There's a castle this way, maybe we can get there before nightfall," she said quickly, checking around them to see if any goblins had sneaked up on them. "And keep moving, the goblins had bows."

"G... goblins?" he asked, gulping.

"So you don't have a plan?" Kate asked, walking past him while gritting her teeth.

He shook his head slightly.

"Then come with me. Better chance to survive if we work together," she said.

Grey followed without another word, keeping a few meters distance between them. "You're from... here... a... aren't you?"

"I told you I live in Keilberg," she said in a whisper.

"I'm from Falstadt," he said quietly. "So it's not an isekai," he whispered to himself.

Kate glanced back but continued onward. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Do you have an idea of what's happening?"

His eyes opened wide as he moved his hands into a defensive gesture, nearly stabbing a close by tree with the weapon. "I... there... stories. About... it's fantasy," he got out before he looked to the ground.

"Fantasy stories? I was more thinking of an rpg myself, but I'm not super versed in all that anymore," Kate said. "There were messages before... in my eyes, as if it's some kind of HUD."

His eyes lit up a little. "Yes!" he said and forced himself to continue in a whisper. "Yes... in isekai people are transported into a fantasy world where they often get stats and rpg like elements, like skills and magic. What are your stats? Did you get anything else yet?"

"What do you mean stats? Like strength and intelligence?" Kate asked.

"You have to focus on your own person, I figured it out when I thought of my own name," Grey said.

Kate tried. After her day she wouldn't think anything ridiculous anymore.

Kate Lindgren

Class: None

Status:

Vitality: 10

Endurance: 12

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

“Awesome. Mostly hovering around ten. That Intelligence score is insulting,” she murmured. *And I’m clearly wearing clothes.*

“That’s good, I think,” he said. “Mine are seven vit, six end, seven str, eleven dex, nine int, and six wis.”

“You’re pretty comfortable with this whole thing, hmm?” Kate asked, avoiding the road as she continued to check for monsters.

“I... eh... I read and watch... stories with this... stuff,” he murmured. “D... do you... want the... sword?”

Kate glanced back. “No. I’d just hurt myself. You trained with it?”

He turned a little red. “Y... yes... b... but only... with youtube tutorials... and stuff,” he said, trailing off.

“Good, then you’re the best one we have to wield that weapon,” Kate said with a smile. “Just remember that there are monsters. If they try to kill you, go for it, or at least don’t get in the way. That acceptable?”

“Of c... yes,” he said quickly.

They walked in silence for a few minutes, Kate checking the road to both sides before she gestured to Grey. “We get over as fast as possible,” she whispered, hopping over with her injuries before they hid again on the other side. *Nothing moving*, she thought, waiting for about half a minute before she gestured to her blade wielding companion. “Up here, and then we circle back to the castle.”

She paused a little further up, carefully leaning her side against a tree, panting at the exertion. Grey seemed worse off but powered through. “Anything in your stories that could help us here?” she asked.

“I don’t... I don’t know. They’re all... a little different. It seems like... a system apocalypse,” he said.

“Apocalypse doesn’t sound good,” Kate mused, the radio messages sadly suggesting he wasn’t entirely wrong.

“No... b... but we have the system. Stats... w... which means...,” he said, trailing off.

“There’s levels and stuff to gain. Magic to help fight whatever these creatures are,” she surmised. *But if they’re all different, we’ll have to figure out most of it ourselves.*

Kate Lindgren

Class: None

Status:

Vitality: 10

Endurance: 12

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 3 Persevere

“Any idea why my clothes don’t count as torso and legs things?” Kate asked her well read traveling companion.

“They probably need to be magical. Did y... you... kill... something?” he asked.

Kate gulped, nodding lightly.

“M... maybe... they had something,” he suggested.

She chuckled to herself and continued walking. “Sure, maybe. Didn’t think about that in my delirious state of blood loss. You kill anything yet?” she asked, more accusing than anything. His blade was still clean.

He shook his head, avoiding eye contact.

“Sorry,” she said after a few more minutes had passed. “A lot... to process.”

“Sure,” he said, his voice quiet.

Kate winced when she slipped on a loose stone, catching herself as her hand automatically went to the bandage on her leg. She cursed in a hissing tone.

“A... are you okay?” Grey asked in a careful tone, leaning away from her a little as he clutched his sword.

Are you fucking blind, she thought, gritting her teeth as she sighed. “Let’s just get to the castle. I need to lie down,” she said in a near hissing whisper, the stress and pain getting to her. *Or we’re going to get killed by even more monsters. Who knows, maybe they even came from the castle.*

The forest opened up a little by now, the slope far less steep than before. Brown leaves rustled in the wind and under their boots, crickets and birds occasionally calling out. “We should be getting close,” Kate whispered, the trees casting longer shadows by the minute. If she wanted one thing out of this day, then it was not spending the night outside. Keeping watch with two people was not something she was looking forward to either way, but to trust a random boy she met in the woods to stay awake was more than just a stretch.

Kate hoped the castle was empty, abandoned, its gates unlocked. They could surely find a cellar where they could hide. She started to question her sense of direction a few hundred meters later when she finally spotted the battlements through the thicket, flowing water audible in the distance. They had made it with the last half hour of sunlight.

She leaned against a nearby tree, giving herself a minute to take a breather. The pain remained constant, her leg throbbing but at least only from her thigh. *Burns are worse*, she thought, the knowledge not doing much in form of consolation. Pain was pain after all.

“Is that it?” Grey asked in a soft tone, keeping his distance from her and trying to stay hidden.

Kate glanced over. “No, we’re looking for the next castle three streets down the road. Their breakfast offers are...,” she said and trailed off, gritting her teeth. *The situation is dire*, she thought. *If I can’t even finish my dry remarks.*

Her companion remained silent, neither confused nor appreciative of her humor.

The situation perhaps demanded a more serious outlook but as far as Kate was concerned, she'd have stand up comedians at her own funeral.

She felt something touch her arm and looked up to find Grey much closer, a concerned look on his face.

"Y... you... c... you didn't respond," he stuttered out.

Kate rubbed her eyes, the edge of her vision a little blurry. "Let's go," she said, carefully taking one step after the other until they reached the tree line about fifteen meters away from the simple castle. She could see a car, parked in front of the high reaching old stone wall. One of the two heavy wooden gate doors was slightly ajar, noises coming from within. "Someth-" she started when a high pitched scream resounded from within.

A *kid*, she thought and ran, her teeth gritted as adrenaline took over, each step sending throbbing pain to her head. She wedged her shoulder between the two gate doors and pushed them open until she could squeeze through, finding herself on a paved stone yard with a small ticket shack on the left, followed by a two story house, and a stone building without any windows. She saw towers and what looked like barracks on the right, a tree at the end of the long yard, the last third not paved. Little sunlight remained but she could see the small forms of goblins running to the largest of three buildings on the left, the only one on that side which seemed truly part of the castle.

Kate didn't think, following the creatures with her crowbar at the ready. She knew the wounds would open but it didn't matter. She heard the people now, shouting and screaming. *Put out the fire. Get them out.*

There were corpses near her, goblins and larger bodies. She reached the entrance, her crowbar slamming into the head of a surprised green monster, its body slapping against the pavement as she already aimed for the second one. It barely managed to lift its tiny dagger when the steel bar came down from above, not quite managing to connect.

Kate locked eyes with the creature, its body unbalanced from the strike as she instinctively kicked forward. An impact resounded but she nearly blacked out, stumbling to the side as a blinding pain shot up from her leg. She cursed, hitting the side of the building before she pushed on, dragging her leg now and using the stone wall to stay upright.

The creature had fallen from her kick, stumbling up when it was swatted down with a heavy two handed strike.

Kate nearly fell on top of the small goblin, balancing before she brought down her weapon one more time, a wet crunch the response before she ripped the steel out of the twitching creature. *Don't stop.*

She found the door and went inside.

Smells of fresh blood, fire too. Wood burning.

A large green man stood before her, holding a blade stuck inside of a human, his satisfied snort the next thing she heard before a high-pitched noise started in her left ear.

Kate forced herself forward, stumbling when she saw the creature glance back, his vicious blade still stuck inside the young man. Blond hair, she noted, and probably dead. *Put out the fire*, she thought and rushed forward, ignoring his quick movement to rip the blade out of the body. She

aimed for the head and swung in a horizontal arc, her crowbar going far as the man ducked, turning in the same motion.

Her arms were high when she brought the weapon back, a cold feeling spreading through her stomach as she locked eyes with the creature. It had tusks, she noted, one of its eyes blinded by a scar from a long past battle. It seemed confident, mocking even.

Kate heard another scream from above, her arms tensing before she brought the crowbar down with all the strength her body could muster.

The creature tried to catch the weapon with his arm, only managing to slow it down slightly.

The bent top of the crowbar sunk into the orc's face, its nose, working eye, and cheekbone pushed to the side in an unnatural way. Kate still heard the high pitched noise in her ears, feeling the orc's grip on her weapon weaken as she ripped it out and brought it down again, knowing that he was doing the same to her with his blade.

The next strike cracked his skull, the fourth one bending his head to the side, his body slackening as he stumbled backwards, hitting the large wood stove with an immediate sizzling sound. He didn't react anymore, slowly sliding down before he came to rest half propped up by the very man he had killed before.

Kate didn't dare look down. Her body was growing weak but something pushed her forward. She couldn't hear anything, her vision limited, focused only on the small open door that led to a spiral staircase.

Put out the fire.

Get them out.

She hit the wall and pushed on, taking each step with renewed vigor. A part of her knew it was over, knew she would die. And yet she refused, anger, fear, and fire mixing in her chest and stomach, a feeling now all that made her stand. One green creature, she struck. Two, she missed, and hit. Her vision grew dark. She stood up again, metal clanging to the floor. Humans. Afraid. Corpses. One last enemy, green, scared. Her weapon struck, a dull thud resounding as she smeared its skull against the wall.

Kate turned, gripping her weapon as she looked for the next monster to kill. Were the humans here monsters? Were they enemies? A part of her considered as another wanted to move, to kill. She fell to her knees, looking down as her weapon clattered to the floor. Blood, there was so much of it. Too much. She should not be alive, a part of her knew. And then her vision went dark, her ears still ringing. *I got them out.*

Kate woke up to darkness, her eyes failing to focus as she felt the pain in her stomach and leg. It was dulled, she noted, her body and mind too tired to even groan. *Painkillers... strong ones*, she thought, her head swimming as she closed her eyes again. Everything felt sore.

"What are we gonna do?" a male voice whispered somewhere nearby.

"We wait out the night, and think about that tomorrow. You should rest, dear," a woman said quietly, her voice sounding tired.

Kate could hear several people breathing, one snoring even. *Am I in the castle? What happened?*

“Peter died... and Chloe, that thing must’ve...,” the man whispered, his voice cracking slightly.

“It’s not your fault. There was nothing you could’ve done,” the woman said.

He paused, shifting his body in the dark. “*She* did something about it. Maybe if I had the same will... and now she will die too.”

Kate gulped.

“She’s still alive. And her fever has lessened in the last few hours. Don’t lose hope, Jon. We’ve been through worse,” the woman said.

He huffed. “No we haven’t.”

“Maybe not,” she said with a chuckle. “But we’ll get through this too, and so will she. Now sleep, the door is locked and I’m right next to you.”

“Two hours,” he said.

“Yes, yes,” the woman answered in a reassuring manner.

Kate smiled to herself. Perhaps it was the medicine, but she felt safe. *I did get them out*, she thought and fell asleep.

Three green tusked men rushed her from all sides, blood covered blades in their hands as they struck her down.

Kate saw the blades bite into her flesh, blood dripping down from the stumps as flames enveloped her surroundings. She could feel the heat and sweat as her skin melted, the monsters around her hacking their vicious swords into her unmoving form.

She woke with a start, breathing fast as she felt her heart beating. A groan escaped her as she felt the wounds, Kate forcing herself to lie still, her breathing slowing down.

“Don’t move too much, or the cuts will open again,” a woman said.

Kate opened her eyes, her sight focusing. She had survived the night, light pouring in through some cracks in the ceiling.

The woman wrung out a piece of cloth above a steel bucket filled with water, walking over before she carefully placed it on Kate’s brow. “You had a pretty bad fever. I cleaned up your wounds but honestly, you should probably be dead,” she said with a smile.

Kate looked at the middle aged woman, her brown hair bound in a simple braid. She wore jeans and a beige jumper, a brown leather jacket on top.

“Not sure if I’ve ever seen someone lose that much blood, let alone wake up again in the morning without a transfusion. But I haven’t seen sword wielding monsters before either, real ones that is. I’m Melusine. Grey told us you’re Kate,” she explained.

“I am,” Kate said in a quiet tone, her throat sore. She received a cup with water before she could even ask.

Melusine smiled and gently touched her shoulder. “You saved us, you know. Thank you. Do you need anything else?”

“Radio... my... my crowbar,” Kate said. “Just... in case.”

“It’s right there,” Melusine said, pointing next to the simple bed. “You seemed quite capable at using it. There were a few radios here too, but there’s nothing on, other than the general warning. I’ll bring you yours later, but Jonathan said it’s best to conserve the batteries. For flashlights or anything else.”

Kate glanced at the crowbar, seeing no more blood on it. She too was dressed in fresh clothes, more or less fitting. Work pants but not her own, with a shirt and sweater above.

“I was a certified nurse. The bandage you made is good but we’ll have to get that arrow out later today. Now rest, I’ll check on you every so often,” the woman said and stood up.

Kate got a good look at the room for the first time, the walls made of large stone rectangles layered on top of each other. The wooden floor boards creaked with each of Melusine’s steps, the woman leaving through a thick wooden door lined with steel. There were a few glass cases, medieval weapons and armor resting inside. Mattresses and bedrolls were spread out on the ground, a few plates and cups sitting between them on the boards. The simple light bulb hanging from the ceiling was off.

She laid back, closing her eyes with a deep sigh. *You survived the night.*

Kate didn’t feel like checking her injuries. She trusted the woman, based on her experience with people, especially ambulance drivers and other emergency workers. The woman gave off the same calm. *Never met her before, I’m pretty sure,* she thought. Falstadt wasn’t tiny but it was by no means a metropolis, or even a city based on some definitions.

By now she noticed the weird dot in the corner of her vision, there even with her eyes closed. It got larger when she focused on it and expanded into writing when she willed it.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Orc Raider]’

More of those rpg messages, she thought. *Might as well look them through.*

She knew she shouldn’t be moving with the injuries she had sustained. Perhaps not at all, forever, but Kate was glad to be alive either way. *Being alive is dope.*

‘ding’ ‘Requirements met for Class acquisition: Berserker’

Unyielding rage. You have slain five or more creatures with utmost brutality, wielding a two handed blunt weapon while not wearing armor or wielding a Class. You have fought through pain and injury to slay your enemies. You have killed a formidable adversary while being at five percent of your total health, intent to slay your remaining foes after your unlikely victory.

The Berserker wields their fury in continuous battle, pain and injury but fuel for their unstoppable frenzy. They refuse to wear anything but light, non metal armor, carrying heavy two handed weaponry to strike fear and terror into the hearts of their enemies. Savage, hungry for

blood and death, they fight on as if entranced until nothing remains. Go forth, Berserker, slay all that stands in your way.

Unique stat: Perseverance

Would you like to acquire the Class: Berserker?

'ding' 'Attempting to force acquisition of Class Berserker in subconscious effort to preserve life - Will to live required – Will to live: present'

'ding' 'New Class: Berserker'

Stat points: +2

Unique stat acquired: Perseverance +1

Skill slot acquired [Berserker]: Active +5

Skill slot acquired [Berserker]: Passive +5

Support Class slot acquired: +1

Support Class requirements: Berserker lvl 10

Skills gained in Berserker:

Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 1

Tune out all but the sound of battle. Sacrifice what is not required to increase your resistance against pain, shock, and trauma from both injuries and enemy attacks by 5.5%. Auto activates when at 10% health (set value).

Active: Furious Dance – lvl 1

Give in to your coldest fury and become one with the blood and pain of battle. You strike harder, increasing your damage with melee weapons by 5.5%, using 5.5% more stamina for each attack. Your senses are focused on battle alone, making you into the very embodiment of bloodlust until all of your enemies are slain. Each creature you kill while Furious Dance is active returns 2.75% of your damage dealt as stamina.

Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1

You rush forward with a sudden burst of speed. Choose a distance between 1 and 3.25 meters, each use requiring 20% of your total stamina. None shall flee the field of battle.

Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 1

Your anger knows no bounds. When you slay an enemy, you absorb 2.75% of their total health. Find and kill them, all.

Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 1

Your body is a tool for war, forged in battle. While you are not wearing armor made of metal or

above 25% of your body weight, your skin, muscles, and bones are 5.5% more resilient to both physical and magical damage.

Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 1

You have chosen to forego both shields and subtlety. While wielding a weapon with both hands, you deal 5.5% more damage.

Didn't get a choice with that one eh? Well it did save my life. No wonder the blood loss didn't do me in, she thought, smiling to herself. It felt weird. To know that magic was a thing now, at least in some capacity. Kate didn't question these weird messages for a second, she knew all of it was true. How any of those percentages were calculated was beyond her, but if all that somehow helped her stay alive for a few more days, weeks, or months, she'd be happy to have it.

What a fucking day, she thought and closed her eyes.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 2

Class: Berserker – lvl 1

- **Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 1**
- **Active: Furious Dance – lvl 1**
- **Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1**
- **Active:**
- **Active:**
- **Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 1**
- **Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 1**
- **Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 1**
- **Passive:**
- **Passive:**

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 10

Endurance: 12

Perseverance: 1

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 4 Pain

Kate woke up with her stomach rumbling, the pain of her injuries already less pronounced. She turned her head to find the familiar face of Melusine smiling back at her.

“You’re still alive,” the woman noted.

“Well observed, now I know you really are a nurse,” Kate answered.

Melusine raised her hand and giggled. “You’re lovely, Kate. Here, Eloise made some broth. I hope it doesn’t just flow out into the bandage, but you should be fine.”

“Very reassuring,” Kate said, moving her arm before she winced, hissing at the pain.

“I can feed you,” the woman said.

“Thanks, but I’m a little too old for that,” Kate replied and moved slower, going for the spoon.

Melusine looked at her with a curious expression, her eyebrows quirking up before she cleared her throat. “It wasn’t a suggestion. Your wounds shouldn’t even allow you to move, let alone... please lie down,” she said.

“It doesn’t feel like I’m doing as bad as you think I am,” Kate said, lifting her sweater and shirt to show the expertly made bandage.

“The painkillers should’ve worn off... you should be screaming,” Melusine said.

Kate glanced at her. “Should I? I can scream pretty loudly. Jokes aside, I agree. I mean I should’ve died yesterday night... wait, how many goblins did I kill when I came up here?” she asked, ignoring the queasy feeling in her stomach.

“Three, I believe,” Melusine said.

“I got... a Class, I don’t know if you figured out how to see your status already,” Kate said.

“The nice boy that came with you, Grey was it, he showed everyone and keeps talking about skills and potential combinations and stat efficiency. To be honest, I’d probably suggest various medication if I didn’t see a status myself. I didn’t quite understand what this all means, but it seems to be something like a game?” she said. “How is that relevant to your injury?”

“I got a Class through the things I did, fighting and killing those... monsters. The Class gave me skills too, like... special abilities, think something like a magic spell. To make light, or fire. One of them lets me get back health from enemies I killed,” Kate explained.

Melusine gave her a puzzled look before she focused on the plate of broth. “So you absorb a part of their soul...” she murmured. “That’s pretty scary,” she said and gave her a bright smile.

Kate blinked her eyes. “Yes, yes I suppose it is. Not quite as scary as the monsters now walking through this forest. How are things outside?”

Melusine got up and moved the chair near Kate’s torso. “I suppose you really can eat yourself. But don’t overexert yourself and check the bandages. I don’t want to see you bleed out, even with the screaming remains of monster souls inside of you.”

Kate ignored the remark and started eating, expecting a plain oat broth but instead tasting a creamy mix of flavorful vegetables and oats. She sighed, smiling as she forced herself to move and eat slowly.

“The others are doing... as well as can be expected considering the circumstances,” Melusine said, her expression more serious now. “We closed and locked the gates but Jonathan is still arguing with Bert. Ah you don’t know them. Jonathan is my husband, we were on vacation in Keilberg with our daughters Eloise and Celeste. The latter was allowed to choose a destination yesterday, and Keilberg castle was her choice.”

“Vacation in Keilberg, not the usual destination,” Kate said with a smile.

“Exactly, but I’ve been to Falstadt before and knew how beautiful the area was. Not very touristy either,” Melusine said. “You’re from here then?”

“I am... or was, a firefighter in Falstadt. I lived in Keilberg, was hiking when this thing started,” she said.

Melusine sighed. “A travesty it is, and the weather was so nice. Now the kids have to work through all that horror. I’m glad to have you here then, and again, thank you for saving our lives.”

“It’s part of the job,” Kate said, smiling lightly. “And I was too late to save everyone.”

Melusine looked up at the ceiling. “One step at a time. Always forward.”

They both remained silent for a few seconds, sitting with their own thoughts and memories.

“So who’s Bert?” Kate asked, taking another spoon full of broth.

“An old grumpy man, and the caretaker of this castle. We had to argue for nearly an hour to even get in here yesterday, despite the radio messages, military planes, gunshots, and screams,” Melusine said. “He has also complained about us moving everything into the armory. Jonathan thinks none of the things here are insured, hence the concern.”

Kate couldn’t help but laugh, wincing again at her stomach tensing up. “I think we have more pressing concerns than insurance companies.”

“Says the firefighter,” Melusine murmured with a smile as she stood up. “I will go talk to the others again, let me have a last look at your wounds. When you feel a little stronger, I’ll have a look at that arrow.”

Kate’s smile dropped. “I don’t suppose you have some morphine?”

“Oh, darling. I wouldn’t waste it on that. You’re a tough one, you’ll be just fine,” she said, checking the bandages before she grabbed the empty plate and left.

God, I’m glad she’s here, Kate thought. And I’ll have to thank Eloise for that broth.

Left to her own devices, Kate fiddled around with the information at the edge of her vision, checking the status to see if she could gain any more than the obvious.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 2

Class: Berserker – lvl 1

- **Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 1**
- **Active: Furious Dance – lvl 1**
- **Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1**
- **Active:**
- **Active:**
- **Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 1**
- **Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 1**
- **Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 1**
- **Passive:**
- **Passive:**

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 10

Endurance: 12

Perseverance: 1

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Berserker. That doesn't sound like me, she thought but found herself enjoying the title regardless. It had helped her survive, and allowed her to protect the people now taking care of her. The abilities had all sounded terribly game like. She wouldn't try them out here in her bed, especially in such a wounded state.

The tunnel vision and focus on battle seem a little questionable. Was that what helped me yesterday? After I killed that monster?

Kate found herself not regretting that one in the slightest, reminded of the dead human. If she could change anything about it, she would've come in and killed the orc before he even attacked.

Adrenaline and stress often brought her into a state similar to what she had experienced, but never quite as pronounced. She could still think, mostly. *Could've also been the blood loss. And pain. Though I don't remember being in much pain... just being... angry.*

She grinned to herself, shaking her head in a slow manner as she considered the implications. Some kind of magical Class that now influenced her behavior in profound ways. *A survival instinct in a way, she thought, comparing the effects to performance drugs, or enhanced coffee.*

Thinking of which, she mused and looked around, finding her backpack below the bed. Her canteen was still inside, the coffee now obviously cold but she didn't particularly care. It lacked the same punch but she knew the caffeine was still there. It would suffice. For now.

Mindless Ferocity is some kind of defensive thing? Sacrifice what is not required... well that could be a lot depending on interpretation. Guess I'll have to test it. And five percent doesn't seem like too much, but I suppose that gets better with higher levels.

She had to look around the room, feeling a bit ridiculous at these considerations. *We're here now. Gotta use what is available.*

Kate changed the value of auto activation to twenty five percent, not planning to find out what it felt like to get to that level of health. *Losing both arms and legs? Half my head? I'd think you'd die pretty quickly when you reach that level of health. How can something like a health value even be associated with the human body? I suppose it's just a general state. So if I'm bleeding out, I would continuously lose health?*

She couldn't find an actual health number anywhere however.

Furious dance is pretty straight forward. I assume I'm just going to be more reckless while it's active, justifying the increased damage and stamina consumption. Now Reckless Charge... that's like an actual game thing. I suppose that's the spell I have for now.

Kate didn't know how to feel about magic. Some kind of force bending the rules governing physics. *Or it's just some new source of energy that allows for it to have a real impact?*

She had to smile, thinking of all the scientists currently tearing out their hair to try and figure out what the fuck had happened. Assuming of course this was as widespread as the radio broadcasts suggested. *I suppose it's better than a black hole or solar flare just wiping out everything in an instant. If only just a little.*

Toll for the Living... likely what saved me yesterday. I didn't even notice getting the Class but I guess it must've been after killing that Orc.

She confirmed it by going back through the messages, seeing three Goblin Scout notifications after all her Class information. *In a way they saved my life too,* she thought. At least she had confirmed that everything wasn't some kind of misunderstanding and the Goblins were in fact just straight up murdering people.

Not that it was really ever hard to understand, she thought, reminded of the arrows immediately fired at her back in the forest. It had just been so very absurd. *Must've been the last thought of a lot of people... just straight up confusion.*

She tried not to think about it, shoving the fate of the world, even that of Keilberg and Falstadt to the back of her mind. She couldn't deal with the implications right now, and there was nothing she could do in her current state.

Courage of the Unarmored... seems kind of... weird. Some steel armor is probably still better, but if the numbers go up... or if I wear something like leather or hide armor, she thought and chuckled. *Like some kind of cosplayer.*

Kate had seen some impressive pictures before but the hobby seemed entirely too complex and expensive to her. She had no talent in sewing or fashion design. *Should be around seventeen to nineteen kilos? Less than the heavy gear at work, but that's not suitable for... fighting monsters... that's just weird... should still allow for some useful equipment however, if not heavy medieval steel armor,* she thought, looking at the museum pieces in the room.

The two handed weapon fighting skill was more than self explanatory. Kate considered using a shield instead but wielding a weapon to fight moving creatures would be difficult enough. *One*

handed with a shield in the other hand would require a lot more training that I never had. There's a reason we use both hands when handling chainsaws, hoses, and axes. If I really have to fight, might as well do it in a way I'm somewhat confident in.

"I'm really considering the pros and cons of different weapons to fight actual monsters," she murmured to herself. I'd leave myself open without a shield or armor, but the Class is kind of pushing me towards that anyway.

She thought about it for a while and came to the conclusion that she didn't dislike the style. The overly aggressive approach had worked for her the day before, and she didn't see a reason to switch it up for now. Less to think about.

Now I have two stat point thingies, and a lot of stats.

She tried to focus on the first one.

Vitality – Determines your total health pool and overall ability to sustain damage without dying.

Figures. And most certainly what I'll be focusing on for the foreseeable future.

Endurance – Determines your total stamina pool and overall ability to subject your body to continued physical activity.

That makes it sound like physical activity is some kind of horrific torture. Another really good one. Being out of steam in a flooded basement while clad in gear is not an enjoyable experience.

Strength – Determines your ability to lift things and the damage you deal with blunt, two handed, or heavy weapons.

Concern for later... my crowbar seemed plenty effective so far, she thought, resisting her gag reflex when she thought back to the goblin pulp she had produced.

Dexterity – Determines your ability to be light on your feet and the damage you deal with slashing, piercing, or light weapons.

Yeah, no. I'm not about to study fencing.

Intelligence – Determines your ability to think quickly and the damage you deal with abilities using mana.

No spells so far. And my abilities require stamina, she thought. There was a part of her a little disappointed at her lack of elemental spellage, but Kate didn't really see herself as some kind of witch or wizard. Even in the few role playing games she had played, she usually ended up with something a little more direct.

And Wisdom is for mana.

Wisdom – Determines your total mana pool and your ability to resist spell fatigue.

Wait, I also have the unique one from Berserker.

Perseverance – Endurance specialization. Increases your ability to continuously focus on a single task. Slightly increases your ability to resist damage over time effects.

Useful I suppose. But indeed a specialization. Are the stamina costs just reduced as I focus on something? she thought, wondering if a single task constituted something like cutting wood, or if it

could be vague like fighting monsters for an extended period of time. Kate hoped for the second, assuming her Berserker Class wouldn't award the unique stat otherwise.

The obvious choices for now are Vitality and Endurance, no matter how many points I get.

She tried to select Vitality and managed to put both of her available points into it, seeing as her Endurance was already at twelve. Kate felt her chest heat up. She could hear her heart pounding in her ears before her body calmed down again. *Freaky*, she thought, noticing that her wounds didn't hurt quite as badly anymore, the ones on her leg barely noticeable if she didn't move.

Ah magic, my salvation. Now I just need a bunch of health potions and I'm golden. Maybe some coffee spiked with them.

The food section in her status still didn't show anything but Kate assumed it was similar to the clothing situation. Maybe it just needed something with magical energy in it to provide benefits. She would certainly not consider eating goblin flesh, not until she was literally starving. A blue butterfly however, she might actually try.

Kate moved back slowly, trying to sit up in the bed while constantly checking her bandages. They held up. *Did she give me stitches too?*

She knew she should be resting but at the same time she really wanted to know what was going on. The previous day nearly felt like a nightmare of sorts. Kate knew it had all really happened, but accepting these changes would take more than a single day. "Melusine?" she asked, repeating the word with increasing volume. She decided not to actually shout, in case any monsters were nearby. The paved yard outside was rather spacious however and the walls would probably eat some of the noise as well.

The woman came up a few seconds later, immediately rushing to the bed. "You shouldn't sit!" she said as she checked the bandages again.

"I should be a little more sturdy now," Kate said. "I increased my Vitality."

"You're a woman of flesh and blood. Don't talk about Vitality like you're not covered in severe injuries!" Melusine said but didn't actually press the issue, her checkup apparently satisfactory.

"I think you can get the piece out now," Kate said. The longer they waited, the higher was the chance for infection. With anything unpleasant, she'd rather have it done and over as soon as possible.

"Are you sure? I would've suggested at earliest tonight. How do you feel?" the woman asked.

"I'm good. The pain is barely noticeable at this point, and I don't want to sit in a bed while the world is ending," Kate answered. "Also my coffee is cold."

"I can heat it up for you, but I understand. Let me grab a few things and then we can start," she said.

Kate didn't have to wait for long, the woman soon bending over her leg. Pants down and a piece of at least furnished wood between her teeth, Kate held on to the bed frame and looked at the nurse slowly open up the bandage on her thigh. It didn't look pretty. "Remind me," Kate said as she removed the piece of wood. "You've been working in your field recently?"

Melusine looked up and gave her a bright smile. "Oh no, it's been at least a decade. Let alone something as delicate as this. But don't worry, while it's not easy to process, I've seen people die. I'll work through it."

“You’re lovely,” Kate said as she lied back, a dark grin on her face as she bit down on the wood.
“Don’t bullshit me.”

“I won’t lie to you, Kate,” the woman said in an absentminded tone as she started examining the wound. The pain started a moment later. “Not a lot of blood flow. I think it missed anything important,” she said. “But I can’t tell for sure without any scans. If it’s the same type of arrowhead as the other creatures had on them, it’s going to be difficult not to cause more issues when I remove it. And I’ll have to do it slowly, or it might break off inside.”

“Do it,” Kate said and bit into the wood.

Melusine looked at her with an expression of pity before she stood up and closed the door. “You will scream,” she said and sat down, glancing at Kate again as she hesitated. “I could... look again, if there’s morphine or something else to knock you out.”

Kate just gave her a glare. And then she screamed.

Chapter 5 Cooperation

Kate had her eyes closed. Tears still flowed as she occasionally twitched. Her jaw felt weird from the pressure she had put onto the wood.

“Is she gonna make it?” a male voice asked in a whispering tone.

“I made it worse, but the piece is out. And the bleeding already stopped. She’ll make it. But we should give her some space,” Melusine said quietly. “I’ll go make her some coffee. Eloise, just try to be quiet while you’re here.”

“Coffee?” the man asked as he followed her out.

Yes, Kate thought, quietly crying to herself. She opened her eyes wide. *Wait. She doesn’t know how I drink it!*

Her eyes landed on a young woman sitting on one of the bedrolls. The girl hugged her knees and stared back. She wore yoga pants and a black jacket, blonde hair shoved into a wild bun on her head. Her eyes were bloodshot, her mouth quivering slightly. She looked to be in her late teens.

Neither of them said anything for a while, both with tears in their eyes.

“You made that broth, didn’t you?” Kate asked finally, breaking the silence as she slowly wiped at her eyes, the movement creating a stinging sensation from her numb leg. “It was really nice.”

The girl didn’t respond but she hugged her knees a little closer.

“You’re Eloise, right?” Kate asked.

She reacted to the name and nodded lightly.

“I’m Kate. Nice to meet you. Was that a recipe you came up with yourself? Or did you try out and alter something?” she said. Kate knew the last thing the girl wanted to hear was anything goblin related, but perhaps the same was true for herself. She smiled, unsure when she had last talked to someone traumatized while having to deal with some or all of it herself.

“I learned it last year, but Geoff thought it didn’t fit into the menu,” Eloise said.

“You think it would’ve fit?” Kate asked.

The girl shrugged. “He has more experience.”

Kate chuckled, groaning when she moved a little too much. She ignored the scared look on the girl’s face and continued talking. “I didn’t ask about Geoff. I asked about your opinion. I really enjoyed it, would totally order that in a restaurant.”

Eloise smiled at that before her face went slack again. “I don’t know,” she whispered. “I heard you... screaming.”

Oh no.

“Melusine removed an arrow from my leg,” Kate said.

“That must hurt really bad,” Eloise said, her eyes going wide. “I’m sorry... I didn’t...”

“It does. But it’s going to get better now,” Kate said. “Didn’t expect to be shot with an arrow,” she murmured to herself.

The girl giggled, covering her mouth when Kate looked her way again.

She giggled too, lying back and closing her eyes.

“Delirious, I hope this room is getting enough air,” came Melusine’s voice as she returned.

Kate was brought out of her tired state by a familiar scent. It managed to briefly push through the blood and the sterile smell of antibacterials.

“How are you two?” the woman asked, handing a steaming cup to Kate, and another to Eloise. “I can get milk and sugar too if you like.”

“No,” Kate whispered, taking the darkness with joyous glee. She took a deep breath and started drinking.

“You’ll burn yourself,” Melusine remarked.

“Oh, that’s what this feeling of heat is,” Kate said, looking up sheepishly. The coffee wasn’t bad. It wasn’t great either.

“Grey has been asking about you, he seems worried,” Melusine said. “But he didn’t want to come bother you.”

“He’ll get to see my beautiful face again in no time. I have a feeling we’ll be spending the foreseeable future together,” she said.

“I’m sure the military will come soon enough,” Melusine said, giving her a look before she moved her eyes in the direction of Eloise.

“Sure,” Kate said. “But it might take a while because Keilberg is so small.”

The woman smiled. “Nothing new on the radio. I saw a pair of crutches in the ticket shed, so you can use those tomorrow. If you’re feeling better, I can get the others.”

“For what exactly?” Kate asked.

“To discuss. Jon is already planning things but your experience will be valuable,” Melusine said.

“I don’t need more time,” Kate said. She’d rather focus on what could be done than sit and wait while everything burned down around her. “You can get them now.”

Melusine gave her a look but ultimately nodded. She left without another word.

“Th... thank... you,” Eloise whispered, warming herself on the cup of coffee she held in her hands.

“You already thanked me with that broth,” Kate answered. She carefully moved to sit up. It took a few attempts as she tried not to move her wounded parts too much. “What time is it?”

The girl got a phone out of her pocket and checked it. “Two thirty.”

“Still no internet?” Kate asked.

She shook her head.

Steps resounded from below, a few people entering the building and coming up. The first to join them was Melusine, holding the hand of a girl she led into the room. The woman had a gentle smile on her face as she sat down next to Eloise, hugging her daughters close.

Kate thought the second girl to be between twelve and fourteen. Deep brown eyes looked at her with a curious expression. She hadn't said a word so far and simply sat down with her mother. Compared to Eloise, the girl seemed mostly calm, unbothered by or simply not quite comprehending the situation in its entirety.

Next followed three men. The first was Grey, his black hair a little more greasy now. He wore a leather jacket over his hoodie, one that didn't exactly fit very well. Neither in style nor size. He held on to his blade, the weapon sheathed now in a scabbard that seemed to be a bit too broad.

Behind him entered who Kate assumed to be Jonathan, Melusine's husband. He was quite tall at about a meter ninety, with broad shoulders and mid-length hair, well-cut and graying. His build and posture suggested more or less regular visits to the gym but she could tell he wasn't someone who worked with their body. His ice-like blue eyes glanced at his family, a warm smile sent to Melusine before he shifted his attention to Kate. He looked calculating and scared, but most of all just tired.

Kate had seen plenty of men trying to keep their shit together when their houses had burnt down, or worse. Jonathan was doing a commendable job, little of his stress showing despite the situation. She even wondered if he worked in a similar field as Melusine, but comparing the two she still felt like he seemed a little more lost.

The last to join them was a scowling old man. He walked with a limp in his right leg, his back bent a little. He breathed hard after the one set of stairs, an actual double barreled shotgun held in his hands. His nose seemed a little crooked and the hair that remained on his head was thin and gray. He closed the door behind them.

Jonathan grabbed a nearby chair and set it down next to the old man.

Bert gave him a glare and refused to sit down.

Grey had found a corner and shrunk away.

"There's no reason to be that stubborn," Jonathan said in a smooth voice and walked over the bedrolls and to one of the glass display cases. He turned around and rested his back on it.

"I'm not your grandfather, boy," Bert said. "Now why did we have to come here? Much better to be out in the fresh air." He gave Kate a glare.

"You remember the woman who saved us with her intervention last night? Kate is a firefighter from Falstadt. This situation demands that we discuss our priorities, and frankly, I'm not well versed in this outlandish scenario," Jonathan said and gave her a smile. It didn't reach his eyes.

Bert took a step forward and gave her another look. His weary eyes looked downright dim. "Ah, city folk. No need to discuss anything with a firefighter, all they do is come up here and ramble on about safety codes and fire escapes."

Kate sipped from her coffee, closing her eyes for a moment before she addressed the old man. "I live in Keilberg. And if you're too old to keep this place up to regulation, maybe you should finally retire." She had never met the man, nor did she care about the state of fire safety in this castle prior to today. But she knew his type. He would come around.

He growled, one side of his mouth going up in a wicked grin. “Keilberg. Shit village, not what it used to be. I’m more than capable of keeping this place running, girl.”

Jonathan closed his eyes and put a hand to his brow.

“Then I’m sure you have an inventory of all the food and weaponry ready and with you? Escape routes and ways to enter and leave the castle, access to water, and a map with all the hiking paths, roads, and storage or hunting sheds in the vicinity?” Kate asked. “I also hope you’re not too senile to hold and use that rifle. I’ve already been stabbed, I don’t need to be shot too.”

He smirked now, cackling a few times. “Maybe Keilberg got out one or two capable youths after all. I have what you asked for, in my house.”

“The one next door,” Jonathan informed.

“This place is more defensible. We should have it here,” Kate said. “Or does anybody disagree?”

“I suggested that already,” Jonathan said, giving him a look.

The old man scowled. “We’ll have it here then,” he muttered.

Jonathan gave them all a look. “I’m glad you survived, Kate. And I know you’re not the only one who would need a few days of rest after everything that happened.”

He sighed and glanced at his daughters. “But it doesn’t look like this situation is going to get resolved anytime soon. We need to prepare what we can to deal with it all. I’ve made a few plans already and discussed some things with Bert and Grey, but let’s make sure we make the most reasonable decisions. With everyone here.”

Nobody seemed to object to that, exchanging a few glances to gauge each other.

Jonathan continued.

“Yesterday, in the early afternoon, monsters started to appear in and around Keilberg. Based on the radio broadcasts, gun shots, and military jets, we have to assume this is a country wide thing. Maybe even worldwide, as Grey suggests,” he said and gave the man a nod.

“The monsters don’t seem willing to negotiate... despite their obvious intelligence, which leaves us few options to deal with them,” he said and looked at Kate, breaking the eye contact again quickly.

“We already lost people. I think our goal should be to protect the ones that are still here. If we work together, we should have a better chance of survival, but I completely understand if you want to leave, to find your loved ones.

“This castle should provide far superior shelter than most everything else in a few hundred kilometers. I think it would be reasonable to stay for at least a while. Until we better understand what is happening,” he said and looked at everyone again.

“The best case scenario is the military clearing out the creatures that now walk through these forests,” he said and paused. “Anything to add so far?”

“We’ll need food and water,” Kate said.

“Enough food here to last a few weeks,” Bert grumbled. “Water we have.”

“For now,” Kate said. “If this is a widespread thing, it’s possible that we won’t have working water lines in about two to four weeks. We should think about a way to get water from the Willow while staying behind the walls.”

“Bucket and rope,” Bert said.

“Do you have that much rope?” Kate asked.

He shrugged. “Yeah.”

“We’ll have to treat the water too. Keep an eye out for water treatment tablets or pumps. We can’t have everyone get sick,” Melusine added.

“Right. There’s a wood stove below. Is that cleaned out and usable?” Kate asked.

“It’s been usable for hundreds of years,” Bert said.

“Yes. But is it usable now?” Kate repeated.

“Gotta clear it out. Can’t reach the back, not with my knee,” the old man answered.

Jonathan nodded. “Grey, you can help him later. The nights are going to get colder, Kate is right. How much wood do we have to burn?”

“Not much,” Bert supplied.

“We’ll consider that later then. Kate, how long can we expect the heating to work? Same with electricity,” the man asked.

“Hard to say. Depends on what kind of heaters there are, where the electricity comes from, who takes care of those facilities. I think we should prepare for the worst. Stacking up on wood will be a priority nearly as important as food. Without an internet connection and a wood stove here, we won’t need a lot of electricity. Light sources will become an issue so we should figure out how to make torches and get all the batteries and flashlights we can,” Kate said.

“But we looked through everything here already,” Eloise murmured.

Jonathan gave Kate a look.

“We will have to go out for supplies,” Kate said. “Who thinks themselves capable of fighting?”

Grey looked back at her, as did Bert, Melusine, and the little girl in her arms.

Jonathan looked to the floor, grinding his teeth.

“Bert knows the castle the best, and is frankly too old to be of any help outside. No offense,” Kate said.

He just grumbled something about the old days and of course lacking respect.

“I can... f fight,” Grey said in a near inaudible tone.

“You’ll come with me then, once I’m better. Jonathan, what did you do before?” Kate asked.

The man looked up again. “I...,” he started and shook his head. “I’m the owner of an architecture office.”

“Do you feel capable of taking on the organization of everything here?” Kate asked. “We have a group of people with different talents, resources, and knowledge. Efficiently using all that will be the key to our survival.”

He looked into her eyes, seeming vulnerable for a split second before he steeled himself. He gave her a grateful look and smiled ever so slightly. “If everyone agrees to that.”

“I won’t take orders from a city brat like you,” Bert muttered.

“It doesn’t matter where I’m from,” Jonathan said. “I’ve organized projects involving hundreds of people from different companies and contractors. If you think yourself more capable of doing this, we can have a vote.”

Kate gave Bert a nod.

He grumbled and finally sat down on the previously offered chair.

Jonathan took a deep breath. “Alright. Alright. Eloise, you’ll be the cook for everyone. I want you to organize and store all the food we have in the cellar of this building. Categorize everything and plan to ration. The people who will go out need to get the most food. Everyone else, just as much as we need. Can you do that?”

The girl looked at Melusine and gulped. She wiped away at her eyes and glanced at Kate, a light smile coming to her face. “Yes.”

“That’s Eloise for you. Melusine dear, choose a defensible place in the castle and set up a field hospital of sorts. Make a list of the medicine and materials you’ll need the most. If there are survivors in the area, they might know about this castle and come here. And if there are injuries in the future, we’ll need to be able to treat them in an efficient manner. As a second priority, take care of sanitation in general,” he continued.

Melusine smiled and gave him a look.

Not now, woman, Kate thought and sipped on her coffee.

“Celeste, you help where you can. Do you think you can do that?” Jonathan said, looking at the girl.

She nodded, a serious expression on her face.

“Kate, as much as Bert will complain, I think it would be good to give the place a thorough fire safety check. I know you can’t move yet,” he said.

“I’ll do it once I can move. Just get me those crutches you mentioned,” she said, addressing Melusine with the second part.

“Grey, we’ll take care of the bodies first, after that we help the others,” he said.

The young man seemed a little conflicted. He opened his mouth and closed it again, looking to the floor.

“What is it, Grey?” Kate asked, looking at him as she finished her cup of coffee.

“I...,” he started and gulped.

“You all saw the numbers,” Kate said. “I know it sounds weird but I think they might become the most important thing to help us survive this thing. I think I already survived just because of the Class I got.”

“A Class?” Grey asked, glancing up with an excited look on his face.

“Yes. And it turns out that this scenario much like zombie apocalypses and alien invasions is not something people haven’t turned into fiction already. Grey knows a shit ton about what he calls a system apocalypse. Jonathan, I think it’s best if you listen to him when it comes to everything that seems otherworldly or has to do with the numbers we see in our minds,” Kate said.

The man gave Grey a look and sighed. “This is ridiculous...,” he murmured and rubbed his temples. “Very well. Grey, you’ll tell me what you know. And I think it would be best if you could suggest our course of action when it comes to these matters. Kate I’ll want you to double check that all. Can you do that?”

Grey nodded and looked at Kate. He hesitated as most of the people looked his way. “The... b... bodies. We s... s... should not bury them.”

Kate started chuckling, slowly lying back down. “This is just bizarre,” she murmured. “But he’s right. You should burn them.”

“Why?” Jonathan asked, glancing between the two of them.

“Undead,” they both said at the same time.

Chapter 6 Siege

Kate dozed off again after everyone had left, her body still weak despite the caffeine it had received. She felt much better now that she had met the others, everyone bringing something to the table. Even Bert. A shotgun would surely be useful.

She dreamed of undead and goblins. Monsters coming to kill her. Kate felt she could fight this time, felt like she was armed. She had power flowing around her. Something new. An ally to help her survive, to help her fight, and kill. The monsters attacked with a loud crash, and she woke up.

The armory was dark, the air stuffy with the smells of blood, sweat, and sterile medical supplies. She could hear people breathing, voices speaking with quick words. Steps on wood. Her groggy mind couldn't decipher it all as she turned her head.

"You have children here...", a male voice said, one she didn't know.

The man was massive. Just under two meters with short black hair, likely in his forties. He wore a black shirt, wet stains visible on it. The blood was even more obvious on his jeans. He certainly weighed about twice as much as Kate but she knew it wasn't just fat. The man reminded her of her friend Maurice, a firefighter and the strongest man she's ever met. Physically that was. She hoped he had survived.

Her eyes adjusted as she rubbed them, now aware of the two people lying on the bedrolls. A young man in his twenties, mid length red dyed hair mostly obscured by a black hoodie. She noted the different shade of red on his brow. He wore green work pants just like the second person on the ground.

A woman, she saw. Her body twitched, a whimpered moan coming from her. Long blonde hair. A wound on her stomach. She wouldn't survive.

Melusine knelt next to her, emptying a syringe into the young woman's bare arm. She cradled her head and lightly brushed her hair. "It's alright," she whispered. Looking up to the man, she shook her head ever so slightly.

His body slackened before he steeled himself, his eyes going around the room. "Keys?" he asked when he reached one of the larger glass cases.

"Over there," Melusine said and pointed to a long glass cabinet. She moved over to the young man on the ground and checked him quickly without letting go of the woman's hand. Her grip was firm and she continued to say reassuring words.

"What is happening?" Kate asked. She forced herself up to rest her back on the wall. Only now did she see the two girls she already knew hiding in their corner of the room.

Nobody replied. The man grabbed the keys and started opening the glass cases. He began to rip off pieces from the medieval armor inside before he fitted it around his chest.

"Talk to me," Kate said and moved out of the bed. The action elicited a sharp look from Melusine but she didn't scold her. *Not a good sign.* She saw the crutches next to her bed and grabbed one of them. With her other hand she took the crowbar.

"Monsters at the gates," the man said, fiddling with the leather straps of the chest piece.

Kate got up. She felt a sharp sting from her abdomen but made herself walk. “You can’t put that on yourself,” she said and grabbed the straps, quickly knotting them closed. “Shoulders,” she said.

The man glanced at her for a split second and handed her the piece. He moved on to the first leg piece he could put on himself.

She finished securing the steel shoulder piece and rattled it to make sure it would hold. Kate had no idea how exactly a medieval knight’s armor would have to be assembled but knots she knew, and she had improvised enough to get an acceptable result. She made sure to glance at the leg piece too but found the man knew what he was doing. The armor was absolutely massive. Just large enough to fit him.

They worked in silence. Melusine’s reassuring words the only voice close by. Her entire focus was on the young woman now. Kate heard crying from the corner of the room.

“It will be alright. It’s okay,” Melusine said, her voice steady and calm. Kate believed her, even though she knew the words to be a lie. Nor were they meant for her.

Eloise moved out of the corner with slow steps, hands fiddling with bloodshot eyes.

Melusine looked up and smiled. “Come, hold her hand,” she said.

The girl’s eyes lit up as she moved forward. She knelt down and did as asked.

“Just keep holding on,” the woman said.

Dull pounding sounds came from outside.

The armor was done. The burly man transformed into a terrifying knight of old. He put a helmet on his head, the visor revealing light green eyes below. They looked tired.

Kate saw something else too but she wasn’t sure exactly what it meant. “Weapons are over there,” she said and pointed at another large display case.

He opened it quickly and grabbed an absolutely massive two handed sword nearly as long as he was tall. The man took a deep breath and heaved the large steel weapon onto his shoulder.

Kate already moved to the exit. Her steps were slow but steady, the pain just a dull reminder of her injuries. She wouldn’t be particularly effective but considering the circumstances, she knew her choice.

“You’re injured,” the man said as he stepped up behind her. “And in the way.” His voice was neither accusing nor belittling.

“Then you better help me down,” Kate said. She was calm. Ready. Something had changed, she knew. Perhaps it was what had happened the night before, or the weird magic she could feel within her very core, a part of her now. It didn’t matter. She wouldn’t let another person die.

He looked at her for less than a second before he stepped next to her. A massive gloved hand went under her shoulder.

They walked together down the tight spiral staircase, his sword and armor clattering against the stone as they tried to stay upright.

“I’m Kate,” she said when they reached the bottom. She continued on with her crutch and shook his hand away.

“Logan,” he said and moved past.

They came out onto the yard. An arrow whistled through the air in a high angle, coming down before it dug into the soft earth near the lone old tree to their left. The pounding came from the gate. The wooden bar put in place rattled and shook.

Kate closed the door to the ground floor of the armory and gripped her crowbar. “What’s outside?”

“Goblins. Orcs. Either they followed us, or they just happened onto this place,” Logan said.

“They were here last night,” Kate answered. “Do you have a Class?”

“No. Only Ethan had one but he’s out for now. But I have this,” he said and gripped the large handle of his oversized sword.

“A shield might’ve been better,” Kate said.

She received a stare and light nod at her crowbar.

“Fair enough. Plan to wait until they break through?” she asked.

“With an old man on the ramparts and a bunch of teens to defend the yard?” he asked.

“Right. We should find out what we’re dealing with,” Kate said and made for the tower nearest to the gate.

The man followed. They could hear goblin cries now and the occasional guttural sound from the orcs.

More than one of them, Kate thought and gripped her weapon.

“How injured are you exactly?” Logan asked as they entered the tower. Again he helped her up the stairs.

Kate didn’t reply at first, not until he stopped at the door to the ramparts and glared at her. “I have a Class okay? I can absorb health from creatures I kill. Now move, we don’t have time for this.”

He turned and opened the door.

They did their best to crouch, quickly reaching the wood and stone ramparts above the gate. Jonathan, Grey, and Bert sat behind cover, all waiting with loaded crossbows, bolts strewn about. Arrows stuck in the wooden wall behind them.

“T... they... they’re waiting,” Grey got out. “More t... than a dozen. Wi... with bows.”

“They’re good shots,” Kate supplied. She stood behind Logan and lifted her shirt lightly. The bandage had a darker color.

“I know,” the armored man said. “Any other way out?”

“No,” Bert answered.

“It’s not that high a jump,” Kate suggested.

“You want to go out there?” Jonathan asked in a hissed whisper.

“Too many to fight head on. We need a distraction. Go back, we go down between the towers, circle around. When they notice us, you shoot. Aim for the orcs,” Logan said and moved without waiting for a response.

Kate walked as fast as she could. She left the crutch behind and grit her teeth. The wound was open already. The longer she waited, the worse it would get. At least the pain was manageable for now and the thick bandage would keep her steady.

They reached the section between the two towers. Logan checked over the wall and threw his sword down. It landed on the earthy ground with a thud.

Kate did the same with her crowbar. "I shouldn't make that jump."

He gave her another look and started to climb. "I'll catch you," he said and climbed over. He lowered himself as far as he could and let go, landing in a heavy roll. He stumbled and stopped his remaining momentum against a nearby rock. It took him a moment to stand back up. Logan shook his head and looked around before he glanced up.

No time to distrust his catching abilities, she thought and climbed over. She lowered herself and glanced back. Kate aimed and jumped, pulling in her knees and elbows as she fell. She kept her back towards the ground and hit something hard a moment later.

Logan nearly fell as he softened her fall, the impact still enough to push all the air out of her lungs.

She coughed, her hand coming away with blood as she stood up and looked for her crowbar.

"We separate," Logan said. "You're smaller, harder to spot. Go from the back, I come from the side."

Kate nodded and moved into the underbrush. She winced with every second step now before she remembered her abilities. Before she could question her decision making in the last ten minutes, she activated Mindless Ferocity. A flow of warmth moved through her, the pain soothed just a little. She could no longer hear her own breathing. Her focus sharpened, now entirely tuned to the excited noises the goblins made, the throaty commands of the orcs. *Almost taunting*, she thought and activated her second ability, Furious Dance.

The world around her shrunk, her thoughts dulled and limited, focused on a single task. She gripped her crowbar with both hands and moved through the trees while slightly crouched.

Quiet.

Move.

She heard the goblins, knew how far away they were. Her muscles tensed. She wanted to rush forward, to kill them all. She needed to.

Quiet.

Calm.

Fire.

Kate forced herself to move farther. Behind the position the goblins had taken. More arrows were loosed.

Go.

Kill.

She was behind them now. Kate didn't care to think about Logan or her allies on the ramparts. She had fulfilled her obligation. She had moved behind them and it had taken all of her willpower to do so. And now, she was free to let loose.

Her form moved out of the trees like a shadow, her steps quiet and fast. She heard the goblins. She knew there were six of them to her left, short distances between them, bushes and trees to obscure their position. The one in front of her turned around at the noise but it was too late.

Kate struck the small creature with a horizontal blow. It slapped to the ground with a weak groan. Again, she struck, this time from above. Two times. Wet sound and a splatter of blood and goblin bits. They had come to kill them.

She stepped through the trees, tense but at a walking speed. The second one hadn't heard. They were still excited, chattering insults in a language she did not speak.

Silent.

Kate got the second one without it even noticing. The full force of her strike hit it in its face, half of it caved in by the steel bar. It hit the ground already dead.

Delightful.

Something made the creatures move, orcish commands bellowed by the monsters near the gate.

Distracted, she thought and felt herself grin. She waited for a few seconds with a steel grip on her weapon. Her eye twitched. *Go. Fight.*

A part of her knew she had to wait. Just a little bit. It felt like hours.

Finally she moved.

Four goblins now stood on the small field in front of the castle, their backs towards her, bows aimed at the armored figure behind the two parked cars.

She must've made a sound because two of them turned around. It was too late. She struck the first one, its small body raised from the ground before it slapped down with a wet thud. Kate saw the second creature pull back the bow string. Reckless charge activated. Power flowed through her as her body was propelled forward. She held her crowbar sideways and with both hands. Her form impacted the small being, the bar slamming into its brow with a crack, its arrow whistling up and away. She left the downed creature and moved to the next. Three heavy strikes smashed their skulls.

They had noticed her but it didn't matter. Not anymore. Kate ripped out an arrow from her chest and finished the injured one she had downed with a heavy stomp of her boot. She heard a laugh and knew it was hers. It was a good night after all.

Logan swung his massive weapon with a scream. The steel cleaved through three goblins at once, blood and guts slamming to the ground as the armored man retreated in a defensive stance.

Five more goblins tried to circle him, now more cautious than before. One orc lay dead near the gate, two bolts deep within its shoulders. The remaining two orcs moved to circle Logan, occasionally glancing back towards the ramparts.

Kate ran. She watched one of the orcs shout something in her direction before he turned away to face the armored man with its ally.

Five goblins ran at her with daggers.

Good.

Come to me.

Kate kept running, her reckless charge activating just before the first of them reached her. She moved through them with an incredible rush, her bar of steel held at the height of their heads. Blades cut into her legs but she remained standing. Two of them had been downed, another one falling in front of her when she came to a stop. She slammed her bar down with all her strength and the momentum she still had.

The remaining three goblins looked at her with wide eyes before they turned and ran into the forest.

Logan blocked a strike and swung his sword wide. He struck the first orc, a gashing wound on its side. The man brought his sword back with a heavy swing that went through the stunned monster's neck. Halfway at least before it got stuck.

The second orc rushed forward. Its blade slammed against Logan's shoulder piece, slightly denting the metal before the creature kicked against his chest. Both strikes combined made Logan stumble back and fall.

The sword was ripped out of his hands, firmly stuck in the falling corpse of the other orc.

Kate rushed at the monster when it turned around and slammed his fist into her face. She heard something break, her vision swimming as she stumbled back. She ducked to avoid a horizontal swing and gripped her weapon.

The orc returned to the downed knight and struck against his head. His blade slid off the helmet with the impact.

Logan groaned and rolled to the side, one hand to his head.

No.

Kate tried to use reckless charge but it wouldn't activate. She closed the distance with a few steps and managed to deflect the orc's sword with her crowbar. The two weapons were entangled as she pushed back. Its free arm struck her face. The first blow didn't come in straight but the second nearly knocked her out. More breaking bones.

Her arms didn't relent, his weapon pushed back as she saw the armored knight stumble up to his feet behind the monster. She grinned, half her vision gone and the taste of blood in her mouth. It didn't matter.

The orc moved his arm to the side when a thin blade cut through his hand. A guttural sound came from its tusked mouth.

Kate didn't think. She let go of her weapon with one hand, grabbed the shaking blade, and pushed it forward. The weapon sunk into the orc's neck but it still pushed back. Massive armored hands grabbed the monster from behind, its arms restrained.

Good.

Allies.

Kate let go of the blade and grabbed her crowbar. She slammed it down against the monster's head, her third strike cracking its skull. The armored hands let go and the blade was gone but she continued. The orc was on the ground now. Kate stood above its chest and turned its head into

mush. She took a deep breath when she knew it was dead and shuddered, her attention moving to the distant sounds of running goblins. She knew where they had gone and started towards the direction.

“Stop,” someone said, barely audible to her.

Something grabbed her arm but she ripped it away. The fight wasn’t over.

“Kate,” a voice said, concerned.

It didn’t matter.

“Kate,” this time the grip on her arm was firm.

She turned around and found herself looking at an ally. The armored man. *Who?* She balled her fist and slammed it against his helmet. It hurt, just a little. He wouldn’t hold her back.

Someone else grabbed her other arm before she could strike again. “Kate, it’s us. It’s me, Grey, come back.”

The armored man moved his head back slightly before he tried to take her weapon.

Kate held on. She knew something was wrong. Why were they holding her back? The battle wasn’t over, or was it? She no longer heard the enemies. Her body felt heavy. Hot. She couldn’t see very well. Blood was in her mouth, her head was thrumming.

“Kate,” Grey repeated, his voice pleading, fear in his eyes.

Fear of what?

Her eyes opened, the tension in her body gone as Logan pulled away her crowbar. “I...,” she stammered out and tried to hold up her hands.

“You’re back,” Logan said. “Come we can’t stay out here.”

Chapter 7 Shock

Kate stood there for a few seconds, confused as to what had happened. The dull pain she felt from her legs and face slowly crept to the foreground with her skills now disabled. She grit her teeth, bringing a hand to her head as the exhaustion came over her. It felt similar to coming down from an intense adrenaline rush, just ten times more extreme.

“Got to get back,” Logan murmured as he turned around.

She wiped at the blood dripping from her brow. *Shit.* Her focus was on the crowbar on the ground. The bloodied crowbar. Corpses, goblins and orcs. Heads smashed in. Kate doubled over and puked her guts out.

“Are you...” Grey asked but stopped himself when she held up a hand.

“Help Logan,” she said, blinking her eyes to regain some resemblance of focus. Her head thrummed. Something had cut into her legs. *Blood. Gotta get back. Where’s my crutch?*

She remembered leaving it on the ramparts. *Wait... my stomach doesn’t hurt.* She raised her shirt and found the bandage still covered in blood but the pain was gone. *Shock?* she asked herself but it didn’t make sense. She felt the pain from her legs and face. *Focus. Focus. Not important now. Get back inside.*

Grey had gone to Logan, unsure how to help the man. Logan looked over and put an arm around the young man’s shoulders, his steps really more akin to shambling.

Kate followed when she saw the large two handed sword still stuck inside one of the orc’s necks. She froze, the sight simply bizarre. *What the fuck?* she grabbed the slightly raised handle and ripped on it a few times until it came loose. The wet sound reminded her of preparing meat. *Of course it would. It’s the same thing, Kate,* she thought, smiling for some reason. *Go back. You lost a lot of blood.*

She dragged the large weapon behind herself, the thing sliding on the earthy ground and occasionally bumping into a rock. *He needs the weapon. For more battle.*

A sudden confusing thought made her stop. She stood there, bathed in early moonlight before she turned towards the line of trees. There were goblins still alive. Her right eye twitched, a drop of blood rolling down into her eye. Kate wanted to rub it but found the sword too heavy to lift her hand. And she couldn’t let go either. *We didn’t kill them all.*

A part of her knew that fact was bad news. Scouts, reinforcements, information on their location, numbers, abilities, armor. But what confused her more was that she felt angry. Something cold. The enemy had to die, but it had escaped. Why?

“Kate, don’t stop, come on,” Jonathan walked closer. His movements slowed before he came to a halt a few meters away from her.

She turned to look at him with the one eye not blinded. Was he scared? Was there a monster behind her? She looked and found nothing. *Well, I’m covered in blood and whatever else stuck to my clothes. That was quite the rampage... anybody would be scared.* She grinned at the thought before her face turned serious. *What the fuck is happening to me?*

“It hurts,” she said.

The look in his eyes changed and he rushed to her, grabbing the large sword before he moved his arm below her shoulder. “I’ll help. You did well. We won. We survived. Come, it’s just another few meters.”

Kate didn’t talk. She felt the pain, the confusion, the joy of killing. *Joy of killing?* Her breathing sped up. She was panicking. It had happened before, she knew what it felt like. Mostly when she had still been a child. Unable to do anything, unable to fight, or help. That wasn’t her. Not anymore. Kate didn’t panic. Kate was in control. Kate was experienced. And yet even though she knew what was happening, she was powerless to stop it. *Just let it pass. Focus on something else. Blood. No. Something nice. Death. NO!*

“It’s gonna be okay,” Jonathan said, his voice calm now. They were through the gate.

Something snapped, the spiral gone as she broke down to her knees. She took a deep breath, then another one, and a third.

“Mel, Kate is injured too,” Jonathan said.

Too? she looked up, smelled puke and blood now. Her own. A hand went to her nose but the touch stung. *Broken.* She snapped it back into place, groaning at the pain. Her hand came away bloody, but what else was new? Someone shut the gate behind them. The sound of the heavy wooden bar sliding into place somehow grounded her, just a little. Something heavy between her and the monsters out there.

Beside her lay the armored man, Logan. Kneeling next to him was Melusine. She checked the armor for cuts before she went on to the dented head. “Nobody move him. Grey, go get me a pillow.”

“He was hit on the head...” Kate said, still on her knees. *I hit him. Why did I do that?*

“Kate, I need you to focus. Listen to me, look at me,” Melusine said.

She did as the woman asked.

“Jon, come and hold his head. Careful,” the woman said and slowly handed him over before she walked to Kate. “I need light. Bert, move over.”

The old man grunted and stepped over with the lantern in his hand, an electric one giving off a warm light.

Kate blinked at the light and turned away slightly.

“You’re in shock. Lie down,” the woman said and helped her. “Tell me where you’re injured.”

“Cuts on legs. Face, broken nose, blood,” Kate murmured.

“Good. You’re gonna be fine,” the woman said and moved to her legs. She checked each cut in the pants before she sighed. “Nothing dangerous. I’ll disinfect them later but you’ll survive. No stretcher here Bert?”

“Nah,” he muttered.

“One of the beds then,” Melusine said. “We can’t leave them out here.”

“What about the corpses in the barracks? I don’t know what I should believe but we should keep the door closed. If Grey and Kate were right about the undead...,” he said.

Grey returned with the pillow and gave it to Jon, the two carefully stabilizing Logan’s head, eliciting a groan from the large man.

He moved his hands up.

“Stop! I’ll take it off soon. Just lay down, you’re probably concussed. At least,” Melusine hissed and raised Kate’s legs as well as she could. “Grey, get me a bed frame and mattress from somewhere. How are we doing, Kate? Talk to me.”

Grey nodded and rushed off to Bert’s house.

The old man muttered something before he put down the lantern and followed with a slight limp.

“Spinning,” Kate said.

“Good. You will spin for a while. But it will get better,” Melusine said.

“Killing... I killed... killed so many... it... it,” Kate said before she sobbed. She rubbed her eyes again but all she did was smear around the blood and tears.

“They came to kill us. It was self defense,” Jon said in a calm tone.

You don’t get it. I enjoyed it. I loved it. I want to go kill more! What is happening?! She gulped, forcing herself not to share the insane thoughts flashing through her mind. It was her Class, she realized. It was obvious. Berserker. Isn’t that what Berserkers do? Lose their minds? Go and kill until they’re incapacitated? Until they can’t move anymore? Is that happening to me? Is it infecting my brain somehow? Changing me?

She closed her eyes and took in a sharp breath. Everything that had happened in the past days came crashing down on her. The monsters, the magic, all that death, and killing. All that violence. The feelings, fear, confusion, pain, anger, the frenzy. She felt goosebumps. *Fires are out. What you saw. What you did. Think after a good night’s rest. You lost a lot of blood. You’re not yourself. But you will be again. This magic shit saved your life. It saved everyone’s lives today. That’s all that matters.* The thought helped. Calmed her just a little. Gentle hands led her onto a soft mattress. She looked up and saw Melusine’s face, slightly strained but smiling. The world rocked lightly, then up and up until she was moved down onto a bedroll.

“That was the easy one,” Melusine said as she brushed sweat from her face.

Eloise stood up.

“You can help carry,” the woman said as they once again heaved the frame and mattress down and away.

Kate smelled the blood, the stuffy air. And death. She smelled death. Not her. *The woman. The blonde haired woman. Did she come with Logan? Who was she?*

“Are you okay?” a voice asked.

Deep brown eyes stared down at Kate, the girl crouched and with her arms crossed. “You have blood on your face,” she added.

“Thanks. I didn’t know,” Kate deadpanned, exhausted and apparently in shock. *Where’s my blanket?*

The girl smiled. “No problem! Do you want to wash it off? There’s a rug here.”

Kate smiled back. “That would be nice.”

Celeste stood up, a few quick steps resounding before she was back, water dripping on Kate’s face. She carefully brought it down when she noticed Kate didn’t grab for it.

A cool feeling came to her face, her eyes covered by the wet fabric as a sigh went through her. “Thanks. Celeste?”

Two small steps resounded, the girl moving closer.

“Is there a blanket somewhere?” Kate asked.

More steps before something rough was pulled onto her. The girl didn’t quite manage to cover her but the effort alone was warming.

“Thanks,” Kate whispered.

The girl returned to her corner and sat down, the two of them silent for a while, their breaths the only sound in the room. Whistling wind moved past outside, the noise dulled.

Kate snuggled into the blanket. She felt safe, the spirals in her mind slowing down, exhaustion taking over near entirely.

“Did the woman die?” Celeste asked in a whisper.

She was quiet for a while. “I think so. I’m sorry.”

The girl didn’t reply for a few seconds. “Oh.”

Kate didn’t know what to say. Dealing with kids that age wasn’t exactly her strong suit. The truth in a gentle way was her usual approach.

“Will you die too?” Celeste asked, the sound a little weaker now.

“Someday,” Kate said and turned towards the girl. She moved her hand and lifted the rag slightly. “But not today, or tomorrow. Not for a long time,” she said and flashed the girl a grin. More confident than she felt.

Celeste giggled. “I think you’re right.”

“How come?” Kate asked.

“The monsters hit you yesterday. And now there’s more blood. You’re like Logan!” she said.

Kate put the rag back and rested her head on the shit pillow. “He was pretty strong with his armor, like a knight.”

“No. The one with the claws,” the girl said.

With the claws? What does she... ah. I see, she thought and started laughing.

Noise came from below, the remaining people bringing up the injured man before they shut the door behind themselves. Melusine spent the next ten minutes carefully taking off the man’s helmet before she applied an ice pack. He muttered complaints but lacked the strength to stop an experienced nurse from doing her job.

Kate fell asleep what felt like a few minutes later, the cool rag coupled with the warm blanket bringing her back to ages past, her mom bringing her hot soup when she was sick. She heard someone talk about a brave knight facing down a dragon, unsure if it was Jonathan's attempt to distract his daughters, or just a dream. Either way, she was glad for it.

The rest of the night, she slept like a rock. Chirping birds woke her coupled with shuffling steps. Sunlight came through some of the cracks in the ceiling, the air even worse than she remembered. She felt her face sting, just like her legs. Her whole body felt like she had gone through a sixteen hour shift twice in a row. Her stomach rumbled. A good sign, she thought and turned to the side.

The blonde woman was no longer there, dried blood on a bedroll the only thing that remained of her. The red haired man was still sleeping. He twitched occasionally. Neither of the girls were there but Logan lay in his bed, her previous bed, and glanced her way. Green eyes, tired, with bags under them. He had a bandage strapped around his head, an ice pack entangled within. Logan no longer wore his armor, the pieces stacked up in a pile nearby, his sword resting against the wall.

"Good morning," he said.

"Morning," Kate said and rubbed her eyes. Her skin was dry, bits of blood flaking off when she touched it.

"You look horrible," the man said.

"Appreciate the pep talk," she answered in a dry tone. "You're charming too, with that head wear." He smiled ever so slightly. "Glad you made it."

Kate stood up, slow movements to prevent her from getting dizzy. She looked down and found her work pants cut in several places. Everything was covered in blood. "Lovely," she muttered. "I need about eight baths."

Logan huffed. "Go get them then. I believe in you."

"Feeling okay?" she asked.

"Better than yesterday. Concussion probably. Can't really move straight," he said.

Oddly straight forward, Kate thought with a light smile. "You'll survive. Thanks for yesterday, and... sorry for hitting you. I don't know what got over me."

"Some magic shit probably. Don't worry about it, you hit like a woman," he answered.

Kate blinked. "Well. Yes." He was bullshitting her of course. His helmet alone had prevented worse coming from that punch.

"I did get a Class too," he said and closed his eyes, resting his head.

"Oh really? Valiant Knight?" she asked with a smile.

"Something like that," he said. "I think Eloise made food by the way, said she's in the kitchen next door if either of you wake up and can move."

"Sounds wonderful. I'll go wash my face first," Kate said, mumbling the second half.

“Good idea,” Logan mused.

Kate glanced at the sleeping red haired man. Logan had mentioned his name but she had forgotten. She glanced at the large knight and decided not to ask right now. Plenty of other things interested her too but that could all wait. She was filthy. Filthy and hungry.

She stepped down the stairs and out to the courtyard. A few clouds were visible in the sky but it was mostly sunny. A chill wind blew through, reminding her of the autumn. Nobody else was outside, so she went over to the old barracks, wooden stairs leading her to the second floor where a toilet sign led to an open door.

Inside the small room, she found two closed doors, a basin, and a broad mirror. She nearly took a step back, seeing the zombie staring back at her. *The undead are real. But it's me. Holy shit,* she thought and glanced to the door, hoping nobody else had seen her. *Bert might actually just shoot me on sight.*

She turned on the faucet and carefully washed her face. Several bits burned and stung, others near entirely numb. Her nose definitely didn't feel right but it mainly just hurt when she touched it. She could still breathe and smell. Kate looked back up and smiled lightly. *From Halloween costume to MMA fighter.*

Her face was covered in bruises and cuts. Her cheeks felt numb, the right side of her visage a little swelled. *Looks like I got into several fights.* Kate's grin vanished when the thought crossed her mind. She lowered her head to the basin and retched for a few seconds. Nothing of substance came out. She brushed away the spittle hanging from her lips and shuddered. Images of smashed in goblin heads came to her mind. She forced herself to think back, reliving the battle with a clear mind. *There were so many. I didn't hesitate at all. Just went out into the forest and killed them all.*

She no longer felt the strange joy. More apprehension, fear of a loss of control, and a strange confidence. Her dream made sense. Of course it did. She had thought she could fight, and she really could. Injured and armed with a crowbar of all things. Kate checked the bandage now, still seeped by now dried blood. She pulled on the fabric and raised it a little. *Skin... perfectly healthy.*

“Hmm... toll for the living indeed,” she mused. Kate closed the door for a moment and pulled down her pants. Most of the cuts were indeed shallow, two bandages likely taking care of the worst ones. The wound from the arrow didn't hurt anymore, a quick check revealing the skin perfectly recovered as well. *Scary. But I won't complain.* She forced herself to look at the corner in her vision, messages expanding when she focused on them.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Archer]'

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Archer]'

...

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Archer]'

There were nine in total.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Orc Raider]'

'ding' 'Berserker reaches lvl 2'

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

'ding' 'Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 2'

'ding' 'Furious Dance reaches lvl 2'

'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 2'

'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 2'

'ding' 'Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 2'

Kate instantly allocated the new stats into Vitality.

The whole thing definitely felt weird. But right now she was more worried about getting some fresh clothes, food, and most importantly, a coffee.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 2

- Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 2

- Active: Furious Dance – lvl 2

- Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1

- Active:

- Active:

- Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 2

- Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 2

- Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 2

- Passive:

- Passive:

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 12

Perseverance: 2

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 8 Eggs and Bacon

Kate closed her eyes as a warm feeling spread through her, the feeling likely caused by the two new points added to her Vitality. The stinging pain from the many cuts and bruises didn't feel quite as present anymore. She closed her hands into fists. It almost felt like her skin had become harder, or thicker. She stretched and flexed her muscles before she allowed herself a small smile. *It does feel better. Definitely the right decision.*

She grabbed her crowbar and rinsed it under warm flowing water. A rag helped get rid of the dried blood and the few pieces still stuck to it. Kate tried not to look too closely, her eyes focused on the reflection of herself in the large bathroom mirror. She thought her cheeks had a little more color compared to before, but it could've just been the light. *Not an absolute mess anymore, just a mess.*

Done with the quick cleaning, she went to the bathroom and washed her hands after. Her stomach growled. "Yes. I agree," she murmured.

Kate left the bathroom, greeted by the morning sunlight and an expanding view of Maar Valley, snow topped mountain chains in the distance. The air was crisp but not yet freezing. A sweater alone wasn't quite enough anymore to stay outside for long. She took a deep breath and walked over to Bert's house. Hearing voices from within, she opened the door and went inside.

Kate rubbed her hands as she entered, shivering at the sudden change in temperature. It was a little too warm for her liking, but she assumed it was the old man's doing. The ground floor was split into an open kitchen and a spacious living room. An older TV sat on a long wooden cabinet, a yellow leather sofa in front of it with a brown arm chair to the side. The kitchen housed various shelves and cabinets mounted to the walls, yellow tiles with inlaid flower designs giving it an eighties feeling. Sunlight came in through the front windows, a floor lamp in the living room adding its warm light. Wooden stairs to the right led up to the first floor of the home.

Jonathan, Melusine, Celeste, and Grey sat around the dining table in the kitchen, most of their plates already empty. If not for the tired expressions on their faces, one might've mistaken them for a family on vacation. Eloise wore a white apron, her hair bound in a messy bun when she turned and looked at Kate. "Eggs and bacon?" she greeted with a light smile.

"God, yes," Kate murmured. "Don't suppose anyone has a fresh sweater?"

"I'll fetch you one," Melusine said and stood up. "Your pants are all cut up too."

"I noticed," Kate said, looking for coffee when Eloise handed her a mug.

"Black, no sugar, right?" the girl asked.

Kate smiled, receiving the mug with near divine care before she sat down on one of the empty chairs and rested her crowbar against it. She closed her eyes and drank. Hot but not scalding. She sighed and set down the mug, half empty already. Eloise walked over with a smooth motion and refilled it.

"Thanks," Kate said.

Melusine joined them again. She put down a set of clothes on the table. "The shower is upstairs. You're filthy, darling."

Kate just smiled at her.

“You look better than yesterday,” Jonathan said. “How are you feeling?”

Kate looked at him and sipped from her coffee. “Hungry, tired, scared, confused. I’m focusing on one at a time.”

A light smile tugged on his lips. “And here I hoped you’d be the hero we saw last night.”

That wasn’t me. Not fully.

She didn’t dare voice the thought, silence descending on the room. Her spoon clinked in the mug as she took another sip.

Eloise put down a plate in front of her, the scent of freshly fried bacon getting her back on track.

She wolfed down the food in less than a minute before she sat back and slid down in her chair a little. Kate took her mug and sighed. “So, any plans?”

Jon scratched the back of his head and looked at Melusine. “It depends on... how everyone’s doing. You, Logan, and Grey most of all. We... need supplies. Ethan is getting worse. The faster we can get them the better. I-”

“I’ll go,” Kate interrupted him and took a sip of coffee. “Grey, think you can come with me? I’d take Logan too but he didn’t seem perfectly healthy.”

“Concussion. He has... magic,” Melusine said. “Without it, I didn’t like his chances.”

Him as well. Hopefully something that doesn’t change him into a thoughtless murder machine, Kate thought and puffed. Deep dark energy filled her veins, her body supplied with caffeine and calories to burn.

“I... yes, if,” Grey said and glanced at Jon.

“Bert is on guard duty now. I’m up next. The gate is closed and it should hold for a while, even if... monsters come again. We have crossbows and if all that fails, Bert still has his shotgun. Nothing else attacked since the group last night,” Jon said. “Others will be scavenging what they can as well. If we can find more people, that would help too, but medical supplies are the priority.”

“I used up nearly everything we had here already. I prepared a list. Painkillers and fresh bandages are the highest priority,” Melusine said and put a piece of paper on the table.

“There’s a pharmacy in Keilberg. We can check out the general store too,” Kate said.

Grey gulped.

“Cars outside yours?” she asked.

Eloise had sat down as well, eyes focused on the table.

Jon showed her the keys. “Yes. The Mercedes.”

She looked at him but he avoided her eyes. “I’d prefer the other one. Looked smaller, less loud probably.”

“It’s a hybrid. Noise shouldn’t be a problem. Probably better secured too, more space, and less likely to break down,” he said.

“Fair enough,” Kate said. “Can you drive, Grey?”

The man shook his head.

"I can," Jon said.

Melusine touched his hand. The two shared a look, quiet for a few seconds.

"We will just get supplies," he said. "I can take Bert's car. He gave us the keys, I think he understands the gravity of the situation now as well. Maybe the... battle, last night got to him."

"We take one car. His has too little space. If we find the time, we can get another one in town. I know Lars has a truck. We'd get ten times as much stuff back with that one," Kate said.

Jon nodded, his eyes not meeting hers. He looked to his daughters instead. "Celeste, do you want to go check on Ethan and Logan? You can bring them some food as well."

"Okay," the girl said and stood up. She grabbed two plates and left a minute later.

"Have you dealt with the bodies already?" Kate asked. "Even if the undead thing isn't going to happen, we shouldn't leave them around."

Jon hesitated. "Is it really necessary? Can we not just bury them?"

"Maybe. Look, we all know pretty much nothing about what the hell is happening. But with what we Do know, I think it's best we make sure. The smoke might attract other things but so will the bodies of all those goblins and orcs," Kate said. "And maybe it will attract survivors."

"You want to burn the m... monster bodies too?" Eloise asked.

"Wild animals and disease would be troublesome," Melusine said. "Especially without access to an equipped hospital. The nearest one is in Falstadt, and with everything happening, it's not sure we'll have electricity forever."

"Nothing new on the radios either," Jon said. "Bert says he saw a plane earlier, but likely not military. The valley has quieted down too."

"Same warning still on all frequencies?" Kate asked and received a nod in response. "Thank you for the breakfast, Eloise. We'll try to get some nice food back too. Before it all goes bad," she said and stood up, not about to waste anymore time. If they wanted to survive, they had to prepare as well as they could. *And there might still be people in Keilberg, hiding.* She pushed away any thoughts of people she knew there. Worrying would not help. *Keep busy. Do what you can,* she reminded herself. *Don't let it overwhelm you. The flames will spread, every step can be the difference between saving a life and losing one.*

Kate stood up and grabbed the clothes. "I'll get that shower. Melusine, I'll need a first aid kit with everything you can put together. The thickest pants, jackets, and gloves you can find for me and Grey. Knives, a fire axe, small weapons in case we lose ours. Food, water, backpacks, and bags. And anything else we could need," she said and touched Grey's shoulder. "You're sure you're ready for this?"

He gulped and avoided her eyes. Then he nodded, ever so slightly.

"That's my katana guy," she said and squeezed his shoulder. "Good job last night. You saved our lives," she added and walked up to find the shower.

Warm water ran down her hair and body, the experience not exactly pleasant with all the small cuts she still had. And still it felt good. Important. She dried herself off and put on a fresh shirt. A little

too large for her, then a hoodie, boxer briefs, a pair of jeans, and her slashed work pants on top. The bathroom was small, a shower and toilet squeezed into the room with a tiny basin and a mirror. Her reflection looked less dead by now, red hair wet and clinging to her face. She took a deep breath and bound it all into a secure bun. “You can do this, Kate,” she said, noticing her lightly shaking hands. She made fists and then grabbed the crowbar.

The preparations took half an hour, everyone decked out with warm and thick clothes, weapons, water, food, and small backpacks. Larger ones and bags were stored in the car’s back seats.

Grey wore a brown skiing helmet and a blue balaclava that covered all but his eyes. A green and pink winter jacket over a few pieces of mismatched armor, black skiing pants, and thick military boots. He looked like a kid who had raided Bert’s closet, holding his katana with slightly drooped shoulders.

Good thing the old man is a fucking hoarder, Kate thought, her own jacket and gloves a little tight around all the clothes she wore below. Everything was quite used and rather old, but high quality.

“Return before nightfall,” Bert said, holding his shotgun in a casual manner. He had donned a hunting hat, the existence of the accessory giving Kate a bit more confidence in his ability to wield the weapon.

“We will. And you shut yourselves into the armory while we’re gone,” Jon said. He had donned a few pieces of armor just like Grey, a scabbard with a short sword strapped to his belt and a crossbow in his hands, currently not loaded.

Kate gripped her crowbar as she waited for the man to say his goodbyes to Melusine and their daughters. She had wondered many times if the walls she put up with other people were worth not having what they had. Right now she was glad she didn’t have to worry as much. It didn’t feel right to take him along, but three people had a much better chance than two. And they could get another car. Jon was afraid, but so was she, and so was Grey.

“We should get going,” she said and started towards the castle gate.

Grey followed, Jon too a few seconds later.

“I didn’t ask before, but do you have relatives in Keilberg?” Kate asked as she removed the heavy bar at the gate.

“My... m... mom. But she’s... on a business trip,” he said.

Kate looked up. “Where is she?”

“I d... don’t remember,” he said, looking at the ground. “She’s not here... often.”

“I see,” she said and slowly walked outside, checking for any creatures Bert might’ve missed before. Visibility was good and she could neither hear nor see anything. “Looks clear,” she said and opened the car. They had agreed that she would drive, knowing the area much better than Jon.

Jon got in next to her. He fumbled with the crossbow and his sword but finally sat down and put on his seat belt. Grey got in one of the back seats, his Katana sheathed and held with both hands.

Kate turned the key and the car sprung to life, near fully silent. Jon gave her a quick run down before she drove out of the parking spot, the gravel ground below the tires, bodies already moved aside. Melusine and the kids waved from the battlements, Bert ushering them back down.

They had about fifty kilometers left on electricity before they'd have to switch to the combustion engine, more than enough for a few trips down to Keilberg. "The drive shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes. But I think it's best if we park at a viewing spot above the town. Higher chance of not getting detected if we move down on foot."

"A map would've been useful," Jon said.

Kate got her pack and gave it to the man. "Phone in the small pocket at the top. Code is four five four five."

"Google maps needs internet," Grey said.

"Exactly. Which is why I downloaded the offline maps, both for wandering and from google. Open the latter, it has all the buildings in it too," she said.

Jon fiddled with it for a little while before he glanced over. "I'm getting a lot of errors."

Kate took the phone and held it behind herself, eyes on the road as she drove slowly through the forest, trees moving past on each side with sunlight breaking through.

Grey took it and handed it back to Jon a few seconds later. "It's in airplane mode too," he said. "Might use less power if it doesn't try to connect all the time."

"Thanks," Kate said, tempted to put on the radio before she remembered it only had one channel at the moment and that one wasn't music.

"Oh... the pharmacy is pretty central... baker... the skiing store might be good too. No police?" Jon asked.

Kate puffed. "Really? In Keilberg? Nothing happens here, other than one brutal murder every thirty years."

"Really?" Grey asked.

She sighed. "No. But I wouldn't be surprised. It's always towns like this in thrillers."

"In reality as well?" Jon asked. "Not much else other than a few restaurants and hotels."

"How should I know? I'm a firefighter, not a police woman. And yes, not much around here. Hotels should be quiet too. Even in the skiing season they're not particularly busy," she said.

The conversation died after that, everyone sitting with their thoughts for the rest of the short drive, there sure as hell was plenty to process.

Kate parked in the first spot at the viewing point, the entire parking area empty. She waited for a moment and turned to Jon. "Leave it running?"

He nodded, hands white as he gripped his weapons.

"Let's move then," she said and left the car. Down here it felt a little warmer already, but she assumed it had more to do with her clothing than the change in altitude. A simple paved road led down into the small town. Houses dotted the area, most of them rather old with brown or red tiled

triangular roofs. The forest moved into the town from the slope of the mountains, brown and golden leaves rustling in the wind.

Kate had chills on her arms. It was quiet. Granted, Keilberg was always quiet, but never quite like this. "Get that crossbow loaded," she said.

Jon did as she suggested. It took a moment because he looked up a few times but in the end he managed.

Grey had strapped the scabbard to his backpack, the sword held with both hands and aimed towards the ground.

Kate led them, her crowbar at the ready as she walked down the slope in the hopes to get some more cover in the trees. They soon reached the first building, so far no sign of any monsters in the area. She moved close to the wall and walked towards the edge. Looking around the corner, she could see the side street leading down into the town proper. Kate was about to turn around when she heard a tearing sound from the left, her breath caught as she signaled her companions to wait.

The sound came from within the house. A few growls in between the tears.

Something biting down... into flesh, she thought and gripped her weapon. "Something inside, eating," she whispered to the others, listening to hear if the being heard her speak. She crept towards the door a few meters ahead, the house a single story home with windows all around. Kate couldn't see anything until she came to the open entrance, the wooden door splintered and broken in. A glance around the corner revealed a dog like being. She thought it large and downright made of muscle, its maw biting down into a corpse.

She moved back and held her breath, taking a few seconds to calm herself as well as she could. Kate pointed at Jon's crossbow and then towards the door, she made a monster like expression to indicate what was waiting inside. *The legs were moving. It's eating a person.* The thought was pushed back as she gripped her weapon.

Jon crept closer and took a look as well. His arms shook as he aimed. He took a deep breath and held it, his eyes focused on the monster before he fired.

The twang of the string resounded as the bolt was fired forward.

Kate pulled the paralyzed man back as she prepared her weapon. She looked around the corner and saw the beast turn around with a staggering motion, a whine resounding as it tried to get to its back with its clawed front paws. Its face looked hideous, long teeth lining its jaws, beady black eyes looking down the small corridor as it growled and charged.

She trusted her weapon and stepped aside, the being staggering out of the entrance before she slammed her crowbar into its skull.

Kate jumped back when it lashed out with its clawed hands. Another strike punched its head to the side before Grey slammed his blade into the monster's neck.

The thing sagged down, whimpering one last time before it died.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Warg]'

Kate shuddered, waiting for more monsters to come but nothing happened. She started towards the corridor when Jonathan touched her shoulder.

"No time," he said with an apologetic tone.

“Right,” she murmured and tried to at least close the door. The hinges were broken. She gulped before she crouched down and pulled out the crossbow bolt from the monster’s back. Her companions had strained expressions on their faces. They were looking at her. *Fucking hell.*

Kate took a deep breath and started towards the main road.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 2

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 2***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 2***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 2***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 2***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 2***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 12

Perseverance: 2

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 9 Carnage

The group of survivors continued through the town of Keilberg. So far there were no signs of any other humans in the area. Living ones that was.

Kate gulped, a flash of the corpse she had just seen going through her mind. *Stay focused.* She checked behind herself, the two men following with quiet steps, making as little noise as they possibly could.

The outskirts of the small town consisted mostly of lone standing houses much like the one they had gone into. A few of the roofs were burnt, some walls entirely broken in and every door opened with force. She wasn't sure goblins alone could've done that kind of damage. More Wargs perhaps or even Orcs. If they wielded their blades or hammers, a door made out of wood couldn't withstand an assault for long.

Compared to large cities, the people living here had little reason to add security doors to their houses. Kate hoped a group of people had managed to stay safe in the core of the town. The buildings there were larger, and she was sure a few of them had bunkers. Still there from the cold war era.

"Wait," Grey whispered from behind, pointing at a single house about forty meters to their right.

Kate squinted her eyes and saw a single goblin. The green creature wore simple brown pants and a padded long sleeved chest piece. A dagger was strapped to the string going around its waist. It looked out into the forest.

She moved forward, ushering the others to follow. A few steps and they couldn't see the creature anymore.

"S... shouldn't we kill it?" Grey asked in a whisper.

"We don't know how many there are," Kate answered. "Could be a few, could be hundreds," she added. "Thanks for the warning."

They spotted a few more single Goblins in the next minutes, growling noises from within the buildings growing more frequent as well. Blood now dotted the streets here and there. More of the houses closer to the center had been set aflame, their windows shattered, some even fully collapsed.

Her heart sank when they reached the central square. She took a step back and nearly stumbled into Grey. He just barely stepped aside, focused enough to react.

"Wh..." he got out when he saw the same thing. He was about to make a noise when Kate's hand covered his mouth.

She pointed to the building behind them. A square slab of concrete that housed the local tourism office and a few apartments above. Kate shook her head at Jon before he had rounded the corner to see the square.

The building seemed clear, no noises coming from within.

Kate gripped her crowbar and went inside, the glass door broken down like everywhere else. She checked the few rooms on the ground floor and went upstairs. The others didn't talk as she stopped near the first apartment door, forced open.

She nodded to the others and went inside.

The living room had been turned upside down, picture frames, pots, and furniture broken and strewn about. The door to the bedroom was open but her eyes fell onto the bathroom instead. No lights were on but sunlight flickered in through a few of the windows. She walked to the door with quick steps and closed it, the person inside not someone she could help anymore. *Like a wild animal attack*, she thought and sat down on the couch, both hands gripping her weapon as she tried to stop the shaking.

"S... should I close t... the door?" Grey asked in a whisper.

She looked up and gave him a light nod. *Right. Not why we're here. Not why we're here.*

"I remember this building. We're not far from the center are we?" Jon asked.

Grey drew his sword and checked the bedroom before he came back.

"There's... I've never seen anything like it," Kate said. The image of the square covered in blood, half eaten corpses, bits and pieces of humans. It was all she could do not to puke up her breakfast. She felt sick. Out of her depth. There had been Wargs too, more than one, still feasting on the humans. Humans she had known. Most not in a personal manner but she had seen most everyone in the small town at least a few times.

Jon grabbed both her shoulders. "Kate. We need you. Here. I can't do this."

"R... right," she said and took a deep breath. *If we don't move, we're just going to be adding to the bodies.* She stood up and sneaked to the bedroom. The blinds were open, two sets of windows looking out onto both the main square and the street on which all the main stores were located. She looked out onto the square, three Wargs visible within the carnage. She focused on the knight statue at the center of it all. The stone sculpture stood beheaded, his sword broken and left on the ground, blood covered just like the horse he still sat on.

She ground her teeth and sat down for a moment. An absolute slaughter and an attack on her home. Kate felt something click in her mind, as if a calm came over her. Maybe it was part of her magic, one of her skills, or her Class itself. But she knew just getting supplies wouldn't be the end of it. Not for her. She grit her teeth and took a deep breath.

A glance out onto the main street showed a similar scene, albeit less extensive. Bodies still littered the ground, some as if thrown out from the windows of their homes.

Kate walked back. Her teeth ground as she pointed towards the street. "No Wargs towards the store. Out through the back door and onward behind the buildings. The pharmacy is the fourth one," she said and walked to the door. She hesitated. "Bodies out on the street. They're all dead," she added, perhaps in part for herself. "We stay quiet."

Jon nodded, his face strained and crossbow ready. Grey did the same, both waiting for her to lead the way.

She opened the door and left, down the stairs and out through the back door. A glance around showed no creatures in sight, a single body in the small field ahead. A man in his thirties, four

arrows sticking out of his chest. His face looked familiar but she had never learned his name. Kate ripped her gaze off the form and moved onward, quietly through the trimmed and yellowing grass.

A cool wind picked up, the smell giving her pause. Blood and death. *We'll need those masks*, she thought, checking for any monsters as they crept through the mostly quiet town.

It had been her home, desecrated and turned into nothing more than a ghost town. Filled with savage beasts and the corpses of her neighbors. Kate knew then that no matter what happened that day, she would come back.

The doors to the pharmacy were broken in, just like everywhere else. Blood covered parts of the floor, whatever had been injured here, dragged out and away. Most of the glass cabinets had been broken. Wooden drawers lined the walls behind the counter, some of them cracked open but the majority left alone. Medicine was strewn all about the bloodied and glass covered floor, the storefront smashed in but in the shade.

“Close the door, we have some cover behind the counter,” Kate whispered behind herself. “We need keys,” she said and got her backpack. Her crowbar still in hand, she started to chuck every intact box and pill blister she could see into her pack. “Only small glass bottles,” she said as Jon started doing the same.

Grey checked the counter itself, searching through the open drawers until he motioned towards Kate. He held a set of keys.

“Let me check,” Kate said as he handed them to her.

It took them near twenty minutes of quiet and tense work to open all the drawers and empty the contents into their packs. None of them cared for the actual list Melusine had given them. They just decided to take everything they could get before this building too was burned down or searched by someone else.

“We s... should leave... a note,” Grey said. He had reserved a single pack of near everything they had found and put it into one of the drawers, the keys returned to where he had found them. “Others might come.”

Kate glanced at him and nodded. “Good idea,” she said with a light smile, walking over as she grabbed a random piece of paper and a pen.

Come to Keilberg Castle, humans inside. She wrote the words and hesitated. *Can they read and speak English?* She didn't care. The chance of a human searching through the pharmacy was much higher than them going through everything again. Not with the lack of care they showed in their actions. She added directions, estimated walking time, and kilometers before she added the piece of paper to the collection of medicine Grey had prepared in one of the drawers. They locked it and shouldered their packs.

“Mine is nearly full,” Jon informed with a shaking voice.

“Same here,” Kate said. “But we should check the skiing store anyway. They should have larger packs. We'll circle around afterwards,” she said and checked her phone. “Half past two.”

The two men nodded.

She glanced over the counter, the door to the left slightly ajar. *A side room? Storage or a cellar?* “I'll check the door quickly,” she said and was about to go when Jon touched her shoulder.

“We go together,” he said.

She looked at him for a long moment before she nodded.

The door led into a small hallway, one door revealing a toilet. Stairs on the other side led down into the cellar. Kate turned on the lights. They found boxes of medical and cleaning supplies ripped open and strewn about. A human corpse sat against one of the walls, her eyes open, deep cuts on her stomach with blood pooling below her legs. Kate stopped and turned off the lights. "I think we have enough for now."

Her companions didn't complain, the group moving up and out the back of the pharmacy before they made their way to the next store.

Whoever had gone through the skiing store didn't do a whole lot of damage. Some of the clothing rails were on the ground and the skis themselves were piled up on the wall they would normally rest against. The front door leaned against the hinges, sunlight coming in through the high windows but most everything inside shrouded in shadows. They checked but found no monsters.

Kate took off her ripped work pants, her jacket, and gloves. "Let's gear up," she said in a whisper and started going through the trove of high quality equipment. A pair of mountaineering pants for seven hundred bucks, a backpack worth four hundred. She moved on to thermal underwear, gloves, hunting and army knives. There was so much useful stuff in the store that they had to consult with each other on what to take. Their previous backpacks fit into the new ones, dark green colors to help obscure their large forms.

Kate strapped four large hunting knives to her belt, Grey copying her as soon as he saw it. There was enough here to equip half a town for a month long expedition into the mountains. Which was essentially what they tried to accomplish, for the smaller group they were at least. "Can you carry more?" she asked the two.

Both looked at her with strained expressions, the heavy packs already more than enough.

She didn't say a word, grabbing a large sports bag and filling it with more gear.

"Kate..." Grey whispered from near the storefront. He was crouched and looking out onto the street.

She moved over and followed his gaze.

A single goblin stood in front of the Golden Swan, the little creature shooting arrows into a nearby corpse from time to time, looking around with a lazy expression.

The large establishment was the jewel of Keilberg, the rustic restaurant and hotel attracting more tourists than anything else in the area.

"Why is it there?" she whispered. *What are you guarding?*

They moved back to Jon and told him about the goblin.

"Should we do something?" he asked.

Kate glanced at each of them in turn. "What if there are people inside?"

"You want to fight it?" Grey asked.

She hesitated. "I've... killed a lot of them already. I can take one," she said. "If you two don't want to risk it, you can wait here..."

Jon gulped.

Grey looked at her. "I'll come too."

"I..." Jon whispered.

"Watch from the storefront. If you see us running back, get the bags and move them out back. Or shoot whatever is following us," Kate whispered and put down her two bags near the back door. She took off her boots as well and motioned to Grey.

He did the same and unsheathed his katana.

Jon gave her a nod but avoided her eyes. "I... I'm sorry... I j... my daugh-"

She grabbed his shoulder. "It's fine. Time for that later. Grey, we move," she said and went out the back.

The two of them sneaked past another building before Kate glanced around the corner. She could see a piece of the bow the creature was holding up but its body itself was obscured. "I go, you follow. Once it's dead, I'll check inside. You follow half a minute later, in case I have to come out quietly. If you hear fighting, you come inside."

Grey nodded.

He listens, good, she thought and crept forward while checking her corners. It was eerily quiet. Kate didn't remember if she had ever experienced Keilberg so bloody silent. She focused and glanced around the corner. The goblin was right there, just a few meters to her left.

It snickered to itself as it prepared another arrow.

She waited until it shot, three quick steps bringing her next to the creature.

Yellow eyes turned towards her when a hunting knife slammed into its neck.

Kate moved behind it and covered its mouth with her gloved hand, the knife deep in the gurgling monster's throat. It stopped moving a few seconds later, a message appearing in the corner of her vision. The goblin was dead.

Grey had managed to grab the bow before it fell to the floor, the man now standing next to the entrance with his blade at the ready, the weapon shaking ever so slightly.

She lowered down the corpse and rested it next to the entrance. A quick glance towards the square in the distance showed no monsters on the way. And so she went inside. The lock had been broken with brute force, allowing her to simply push the heavy thing open without much effort. Inside, she slowly closed the entrance again with a last glance at Grey.

The entryway led into a small coat room, a door to the left marked with the signs of toilets. The one to the right was open, the sound of a crackling fire coming from within. *I missed the smoke*, she thought and crept inside on her socks. The room was warm, strong smells of sweat and roasted meat coming her way.

All the tables and chairs of the main room had either been smashed or pushed aside, some stacked and covering the many windows, others reduced to wooden bits and piled up. The goblin didn't guard any human prisoners. Kate froze near the door with her eyes on over a dozen sleeping monsters, all of them goblins.

She forced herself not to gulp, not to breathe. *Get out*. The thought made her take a step back. Another one, and then one more.

Kate sneaked out and put a finger to her mouth. She waited until the door closed behind her as well as it could before she moved her face close to Grey. “A shit ton of goblins inside. They’re sleeping. We’re leaving, now.”

He nodded quickly and turned.

Kate sighed, taking a last glance towards the square when her eyes fell on the corpse riddled with arrows. A burly man, jeans and a brown leather jacket, his one remaining eye open and lifeless, his hair and stomach covered in blood. She knew him. It was Lars, the man she hoped would’ve somehow managed to hide himself away with whoever had survived.

Her lips quivered, her head slightly tilting to the side. She inhaled sharply. The sound made Grey pause and turn around. Kate looked from the corpse to the young man. A beeping sound started in one of her ears, then in both. The broken in homes, the massacre, all the blood, all the bodies. It had all seemed so surreal, a lucid nightmare, their task in the town clear and rational. She had known that she would come back, had known that she wasn’t ready, not for what she was about to do. But Kate knew that if she left here. Right now. That something would break within her.

She wanted to protect those who had survived. A part of her knew it was all she could do, all she should do. But another part demanded more. It demanded blood. Payment for what these creatures had done to her home.

She stood there for a long moment, gripping her crowbar as she stared into nothing. Her eyes focused again, her breathing steady, her heartbeat slow. “Leave,” she said in a whisper and turned around. Her magic activated, her senses sharpening as she went back inside.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 2

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 2***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 2***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 1***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 2***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 2***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 2***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 12

Perseverance: 2

Strength: 9

Dexterity: 8
Intelligence: 7
Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 10 Blood

Kate couldn't hear her own breath or her own heartbeat. The ringing in her ears had stopped. *Quiet. Sleeping.*

She repeated the words inside her head as she crept into the restaurant she had once known. They had taken it, were sleeping on the floor as if it was theirs.

Kate felt the resistance as she pushed down the sharp hunting knife. She removed it and crept on to the next monster. Bloodied blade in hand, the woman crouched down to each of the small green creatures. She stabbed into their throats with slow and calculated movements, the gurgling sounds now louder as they drowned in their own blood.

She grit her teeth. *Quiet. Fight! Quiet.*

Her body twitched as she bit her tongue, the taste of blood filling her mouth as she continued through the room. The dull pain felt good, calmed her down. She wanted to use her crowbar, wanted to crush their skulls, wanted to see their fear, hear their dying words. But she stayed calm, forced herself to move through the room.

Another was by her side now. An ally, she remembered. He helped. Killed with her in tandem. And he would fight, when the time came.

His mouth moved when their work was done but she didn't listen to his words.

There were more, she knew, upstairs. And so she crept onward, ignoring the sounds of all the monsters they had left to die. *They have to pay. All of them. Have to pay.*

She ground her teeth, blood dripping from her chin. A glance around the corner revealed a monster at the end of a long wooden corridor. Its yellow eyes were half closed, the creature forcing itself to stay awake.

Too far, she knew. Quiet. Impossible.

She tried to communicate her frustration but failed to form coherent words, maybe because of the blood in her mouth. It was terribly hard to focus on talking.

Her ally looked at her and glanced around the corner. He lightly tapped the wall near the stairs.

Not quiet!

She grabbed his chest but he just pointed towards the corridor, fear in his eyes.

Kate stopped. She heard the sound of tapping feet, confused sounds coming from the creature woken by the noise. *Smart*, she thought and pressed herself against the wall, blade at the ready.

She turned the moment the creature came close enough, her knife ramming into the being with a hook like blow, the weapon penetrating into its chin and through half its skull as she raised it up from the ground. She let it fall and stabbed it a few more times to make sure. Blood splattered onto her clothes, the stench of shit and piss mixing in with everything else.

"Kate, we should go," her ally whispered.

She looked at him with a confused expression. *More enemies.* The thought was clear, she could tell there were more. The one green monster was guarding others. Six closed doors remained in the hall and she had to kill what hid within. She stepped over the mutilated corpse and ripped her arm free of the pathetic grip of her ally.

He was scared. She could downright smell his fear.

Kate opened the first door. *Quiet.* A dark room lay within, a bit of light coming in through the half closed blinds. She shut the door behind herself and moved, quick steps bringing her next to the large bed. A sleeping orc lay within. Kate aimed her blood soaked hunting knife and stabbed down at the large monster's exposed throat.

The weapon sunk into its flesh. Yellow eyes shot open as it went to grab its throat, the creature rolling out of the bed and clattering to the floor with a gurgling sound.

Kate raised her crowbar and waited for the opening. It came a second later as the beast looked up. She ripped off half his face with the first strike. The next one broke something. It took another five strikes to kill it. She closed her eyes and shuddered, blood pooling below the cooling corpse.

Her ally had entered the room as well, his stare the same as it had been before.

Fear.

She touched his shoulder and squeezed. *Quiet.*

"We... will... win," she whispered and locked her eyes with his. "Not... afraid."

He took a deep breath and got out of the way, his blade half covered in blood.

She smiled at the sight. He was with her.

The opposite room was much darker but she could hear the enemy. Could see the silhouette. A single goblin, sleeping on the floor and on top of a blanket. He wore more clothes than the others, trinkets and monster pieces in its thin gray hair and beard. The creature died the same as all the others. It gurgled and sputtered as it tried to raise its hand towards a small wooden staff. Kate stomped her foot down on its small fingers, bones breaking as the creature whined. *Yes. Die,* she thought and grabbed its bleeding neck, her knife falling onto the blanket. She raised it up and looked into its eyes. *You made. A mistake,* she thought. The words didn't come out but she knew it understood. *Pain and fear.*

She let him fall onto the blanket and grabbed her knife again.

Her ally stood next to the door, waiting with his blade.

Kate turned around, alert as she heard steps from beyond the closed door. Heavy impacts shook the wooden frame as her ally jumped back. She pointed at a dark corner and threw her knife aside. More noises, a set of shouts. Doors slamming. She pointed at the entrance and then down towards the ground floor, two fingers there. "Three. Enemies."

The door was opened with a strong push, a massive orc stepping inside with his chipped and bloodied curved sword in hand. He uttered something as his eyes fell on Kate. He charged with a shout when he saw the dead goblin.

Kate sidestepped the powerful strike. She swung her crowbar in return but found the orc crouching before he slammed his shoulder into her. The blow raised her off the ground, all the air in her lungs

punched out with blood splattering from her bitten tongue. She landed on her legs but stumbled, hitting the wall behind her as she watched his blade descend from above.

She held up her crowbar with one hand, just barely slowing the blade before it dug into her jacket covered shoulder. It severed the fabric and bit into her flesh. Kate grinned and raised her other hand with another one of her hunting knives, the weapon digging into the underside of his left arm. She let go of the blade and pushed up with the crowbar, using both hands now. She just barely managed to get the hooked weapon out of her shoulder before she kned him right between his legs. A steel blade came in from the side and stabbed into his neck before he staggered back and growled something in his guttural tongue.

Kate didn't let him finish. She had taken another of her knives and held it up at the height of his face. Reckless charge activated as her body was forced forward with a surge of energy. Her blade impacted his face with a dull sound. Her wrist broke from the impact, the two falling down with her weapon embedded deeply in its head.

She stumbled up and heard steel hit steel, something clattering to the ground. Kate rushed up to see her ally dodge a blow before he was stabbed in his stomach.

No.

Her charge activated once more, her crowbar swinging forward and impacting the large orc in his chest. She took a step to the side, the orc doing the same as they glared at each other. A gash showed on his chest, his weapon gone as he reeled over. Her descending crowbar was caught in his hand before a blow hit her head. This time no teeth went flying. Her nose didn't break. The second strike made her head snap to the side, her hand going for the last knife on her belt, too slippery to grip the handle.

Another strike hit her head, Kate falling to the ground with her vision swimming. The ringing sound returned. A kick sent her on her back, the air pushed out of her. She scrambled up as the orc recovered his sword. He swung down at her but she rolled aside. The being staggered when the bloodied tip of a blade broke out of its stomach.

"Fuck you," Grey murmured before they both went down in a clatter.

Kate grabbed the knife and moved to the orc, a heavy strike into his neck severing the spine. She felt her vision go dark when a bit of energy returned to her. The world had gone back to normal, her focus gone, pain coming from her face and shoulder. She fell to her knees and puked. Her eyes opened wide. "Grey!" she turned him around, a slight smile on his face as he looked up at her. Blood soaked through his jacket. "Fuck... we have to get you out of here... there was another one," she said with a stuttering voice, grabbing one of the knives and pushing it into the sheath on the side of her belt.

"It... s... okay," the boy got out.

"You shut the fuck up and stay awake," she answered.

Kate grabbed her crowbar and raised him in a princess carry, hoping the sword hadn't penetrated all the way through. He wasn't heavy, but neither was she in any state to carry someone. And yet she pushed on. She listened as she stumbled down the stairs. Her eyes fell on the near twenty goblins on the ground, all their throats cut. She knew it had been her. Her and Grey. *What the fuck did I do?! Why? We were supposed to get supplies and leave. We're not here to...* She remembered the face of Lars, an arrow in his eye, thought back to the massacre on the main square, the moving legs of the man eaten by a Warg. She gulped. She understood.

It was supposed to be me. Just me, she thought and hurried out into the open. An orc lay in front of the skiing store, a wooden bolt stuck in its head. She walked past and inside. “Jon. Help me, he’s bleeding out,” she said, forcing herself not to shout. She knew there were more monsters around. At least her state of battle didn’t push her to fight on. In a way she was glad the orc had punched in her face. She set Grey down at the back of the store and opened her pack. Jon did the same, spilling out the medical supplies he had in his, hands shaking as he looked for something appropriate.

Kate grabbed the first large bandage she could see and rushed back to Grey. She opened his two jackets and moved back his shirt, wiping away the blood from his stomach with a clean cloth. The wound looked bad but there was no time to consider. She pushed the gauze down and grabbed another. “Jon, come here, put pressure on it,” she said and started moving the bandage around him.

Jon listened to her words, stepping next to her and applying pressure to the bandage.

Quick breaths and adrenaline kept them going, the three people entangled as layer after layer of cloth was wrapped around the injured man’s abdomen. Kate slapped his cheeks when the second bandage was done. “Stay with me, Grey,” she said and wrapped a third one around him. “We need to get out of here. Fast,” she said.

Jon just shook his head slowly, eyes on his blood covered hands as his breathing sped up.

Kate grabbed his face with both her hands. “Focus. We’re here. You’re here. Wipe the blood on a cloth, pack the bags again. I’ll get us that truck,” she finished and stood up. Kate ran towards the exit when her legs gave under her, just barely managing to catch herself on the door frame with her vision blurring. *Magic.* She focused on the bottom right of her vision.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Warrior]’

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

...

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Orc Scout]’

She moved past the kill notifications to what she deemed relevant.

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 3’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 4’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 3’

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 4’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 3’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 4’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 5’

'ding' 'Reckless Charge reaches lvl 2'

'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 3'

'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 4'

'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 3'

'ding' 'Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 3'

Stats, I can't fucking run anymore. Endurance, and we have to carry him. Strength.

She put two points into each of the stats. The plan had been more Vitality but if she wanted Grey to have a chance at survival, she had to move. Now. Kate felt a surge of energy flow through her, as if someone had injected her with a cocktail of steroids, caffeine, and methamphetamine, only one of which she was familiar with. But it sure as hell felt like a punch. Her vision had returned to normal and she felt ready to run for hours. Kate could feel the muscles in her arms and core straining. She took in a deep breath and blinked her eyes. Then she ran.

Lars lay where they had left him. She turned him around and searched his pockets, ignoring the panicked thoughts and sinking feeling in her stomach. The keys were there. *I'll come back for you, I swear it*, she thought and grabbed her crowbar, running off towards the general store on the same street. Kate looked at the road and gulped. There were no monsters in sight at least, but a few corpses would be in the way.

The windows to the store were shattered, a chaos on the floor inside. The vegetable and fruits section was emptied. Much of the rest seemed either damaged or thrown to the ground.

She didn't go inside, instead running past the building and to the parking lot at its side. Three cars were parked, the last one being the white truck of Lars. Kate could see various dents and scratches on the vehicles but most of the windows were still intact. *Too high for goblins and wargs*, she thought and rushed to the door. Kate fumbled with the keys until she managed to get it open. A glance to the loading area showed a few empty crates but more than enough space for her companions. *Don't you dare fucking dying.*

The car sprung to life, a quick check of the fuel gauge showed just about full. "Thanks old friend," she murmured and reversed, punching the gas to get out onto the street. Kate hadn't exactly known Lars well. They had exchanged pleasantries whenever she had bought something. She distinctly remembered him hitting on her a few years back. A nice gesture really, but her stance on dating hadn't changed, and with the shit that was happening now, she didn't think it ever would.

"Don't get too close to people, you idiot," she said to herself in an angry whisper. Kate felt goosebumps on her arms when she drove through the bloodied street in reverse, wincing when the truck went over a bump. She stopped in front of the skiing store, a last glance taking in Lars's prone form. It still didn't feel real. And in a way she felt more connected to him than ever before. Kate opened the door and stepped out, her hand gripping the crowbar as she looked towards the central square, dull pain coming from her shoulder. Concerns for later.

She rushed inside and shoved a jacket under the door. "Get the bags, I'll take him," she said.

Jon nodded and rushed past her. He had moved the bags closer to the entrance, now chucking them into the back of the truck.

Kate moved down to Grey. He still breathed. She lifted him with one arm below his knees and one below his back. Kate had trained carries like this one many times before but not once had she been able to lift an adult this easily, let alone a man. She looked at Jon's strained face as he came back inside.

"The d... dogs," he said.

"Get your crossbow, and jump on the back," Kate said and moved outside, Jon coming out behind her. "Help me with him."

She raised Grey onto the loading area of the truck, Jon helping from the other side as they set him down as gently as possible.

He's gonna feel that drive, if he survives, Kate thought as she went back into the car. The growls she heard coming closer were muffled when she shut the door, two approaching wargs visible in the rear view mirrors when she slammed her foot onto the gas.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 4

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 4***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 5***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 2***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 4***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 3***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 3***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 4

Strength: 11

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 11 Calm

The wheels spun against the gravel before the truck was propelled forward, Kate steering past the Golden Swan and out towards the edge of town. She saw movement through the rear mirror but focused on the road. She tried to dodge the bodies and debris as well as she could. Not a task she entirely succeeded at but they got out of town a few minutes later, the car nearly drifting as she left the main road.

Kate didn't dare ask about Grey. Instead she checked their surroundings. The dirt road led westward but she knew the area well enough to get them back in the fastest manner possible. She just hoped it was enough.

Dark clouds had started moving through the valley, moving eastward towards Keilberg and Falstadt. It would likely take an hour or two for them to reach them but she was glad at least that they had managed to avoid the rain. Kate gulped, the adrenaline starting to leave her body as her breathing sped up. She glanced right and saw distant fires in the valley. Not houses or patches of forests in flames but what seemed like bonfires. Tiny creatures moved around and between them, some much larger. Hundreds, if not more.

She looked back at the road. Nothing followed them. A few goblins they had missed in town pointed at the moving truck but they wouldn't make it. Nor did their bows reach them at the already considerable distance. *We'll get back*, she thought and shuddered. A glance down showed her hands still covered in blood, whose she didn't know. Her crowbar was wedged between the high seat and the door, a dark red sheen visible on the top half of the impromptu weapon.

The sound of the engine rattled on, wheels moving on the dirt road. The air felt stuffy, smelled of blood. Her shoulder hurt, more with each passing minute. She didn't really care. It didn't bleed, not badly. She would be fine.

Kate wiped at her face, more just adding blood to her cheeks than getting rid of the itching tears. *Pull yourself together*. She just focused on driving, as fast and safe as she could. *Melusine will know what to do. She can save him*.

Memories of corpses in the armory flashed before her mind's eye, her hands shaking. She tried to keep them steady. Kate focused on her breathing before she turned on the radio. Lars must've stored some songs on the device itself because the moment she turned it on, Metal started blasting through the speakers. She turned it down a little but didn't change the song. It fit the urgency and fear she felt, pushed her onward. *Lars' music. A dead man. Survive. Survive*. She started repeating the word, in a whisper first and then louder, talking to herself as she sped through the forest.

A peaceful forest, once a space to find calm, beauty, balance to her dangerous and hectic work. Now it was just another hellscape, full of unknown dangers. She didn't dare open the windows, her focus on the road, on the music.

Kate didn't know when they arrived at the castle but they did. She honked several times before she got out of the truck, glad to see no new monsters in the area. "How is he?" She got out and opened the loading area.

"Still breathing," Jon replied in a shaking voice, his face covered in sweat.

“Help me move him out and then go get Melusine,” Kate said as she got onto the loading area. They carefully lowered Grey, Kate shouting for help as they went. The boy looked pale, his eyes closed, bandage soaked through with blood. She bit her lips and carried him towards the gate, Melusine running out as soon as she saw them.

“Medical supplies,” Jon said, rushing towards the gate with two of the backpacks.

“Inside,” Kate said when the woman reached them.

“Talk to me, wounds, treatment?” Melusine said instantly, walking next to her as they passed the gate.

“He got stabbed in his stomach. Bleeding badly, not all the way through,” Kate said as she set him down in the yard.

Melusine immediately went to work. She checked the bandage, touched his cheeks, checked his pulse then went through the pile of boxes Jon poured out next to her.

Kate just knelt there and watched. She grabbed Grey’s hand and glanced between the boy’s face and Melusine. Bert and Eloise closed the gate in the meantime, the truck still running out front.

“He’s losing too much blood,” Melusine said and looked up to Jon with a tense expression. “Dear, I need your arm.”

He took off his jacket and rolled back his sleeve in a hurry. The man started laying down next to Grey when Melusine stopped him.

“I need you higher up than him. Kate you have to hold him,” she said and started preparing syringes, unpacking various tubes as she rolled back the sleeve on Grey’s arm.

Kate did as she asked. She assumed Jon couldn’t handle needles. She walked behind him, holding his back and arm in place.

He closed his eyes. It didn’t help. The man started wobbling as soon as Melusine pushed the needle into his vein.

She connected the tube and pushed the other end into the arm of Grey. She needed three attempts to get to his vein. “I hope this works,” she murmured as a red flow of blood started moving out of Jon’s arm. “He’s still losing blood... I can’t remove the bandage...” she murmured in a slightly shaking voice, looking through the pile of medical supplies when she glanced up. “You have to lie down,” she said in an absentminded voice before she grabbed a thick bandage.

Logan had joined them from the armory, a hand to his head as he walked over with stumbling steps. He fell to his knees near Grey and gagged. The man refocused and put both of his hands on the injured stomach of the boy.

Kate could hear her jaw grind as she kept the semiconscious Jon as steady as she could, his arm held up to make sure the blood flowed towards Grey. Her eyes went wide when a warm light came to life around Logan’s hands. She could feel the hairs on her arms stand up, both her and Melusine staring at the large man and what looked like magic.

He started sweating a few seconds later, blinking his eyes before he swayed to the side and puked. Logan forced himself back up and moved his hands towards the blood covered bandages again.

“Stop,” Melusine said. “We don’t need two dead,” she added and touched the bandages, waiting for a few seconds before she moved up again. “It’s better. Lie down Logan, I can give you something

too now,” she added and grabbed a package from the pile. She ripped it open and took out three pills, stepping over to the man before she shoved them into his mouth.

He gulped them down and closed his eyes, head hitting the ground as he passed out.

“I’m not a fan of this magic,” she murmured and checked her husband. “A little more,” she said and looked at Kate. “How are you holding up? You look horrendous. Seen death?”

Kate didn’t reply, her eyes on the dying Grey, the smell of puke and blood irritating her senses. Something wet touched her shoulder, the sudden piercing pain making her twitch. She glanced up to see Melusine tapping the wound with a soaked cloth.

The woman looked into her eyes and smiled. “I’ll need a lot more than what you got me if this is how you return from every trip.”

Kate sighed and turned her attention back to Grey. “Is he gonna make it?” She held her breath, the sound of her own heartbeat audible in her ears.

“With Logan’s magic touch, maybe,” Melusine said and checked her husband. “The only reason I married him was his type O blood,” she murmured and touched his cheek. “You’ll be fine, dear. Just a little longer.”

“Thank you,” Kate said.

“I’ll have a look at your face and shoulder later. You’re all too reckless,” Melusine murmured. “Eloise, can you get something to clean up the puke?”

The girl nodded and ran off.

Bert moved over with his shotgun at the ready. “Ye don’t look so good.”

Kate carefully set down Jon after Melusine had removed the syringe. She went to Grey and held his hand. His pulse felt strong, the spread of blood through the bandages stopped, his breathing more steady. *God you fucking idiot. I told you to leave*, she thought and let go of his hand. Kate stood up and took in a deep breath before she refocused. There was work to be done.

Melusine touched her arm. “You need stitches. Sit down before you pass out.”

Kate nodded slowly. *That makes sense.*

She sat down, eyes on the three half passed out men as Melusine threaded a needle. She twitched slightly when the woman started closing the wound on her shoulder. They didn’t speak. Slowly, she started to calm down, taking in deep breaths as she relived the intense last hours in her mind. *We killed them. And nearly died.* A deep breath. She noted with an absent mind how Eloise cleaned up the puke. They were out in the open. Rain would soon come. *We have time.*

Bert went up to the battlements, complaining about the running car as he did so.

Kate felt absolutely drained. Every muscle in her body ached, her arms especially. Her face hurt, as if a train had slammed into it. And her shoulder stung. She could feel her legs fall asleep and moved them. A familiar smell made her look up, Eloise holding out a cup full of steaming liquid. *An angel, in the dark of night.*

She took a sip and sighed, watching as Melusine prepared two needles, a few bottles, cloths, and several bandages. Kate watched her check the medical scissors before she got to work. She gulped when she saw the large incision, messy too.

Melusine paused for a split second right after she had wiped away the blood. Then she got to work, first cleaning as much of the wound as she could before she sewed it shut, covered everything up and finished with two sets of fresh bandages. She took off the medical gloves and threw them on the pile of blood soaked materials.

“Why is his skin so hard to pierce... Oh... now that is something...” she said, lost in thought as she stared into nothing.

“What is it?” Kate asked, drinking from her coffee as she closed her eyes.

“I think I unlocked a Class. Based on all the medical care I provided, I can become a Healer,” she explained and glanced at Kate. “I suppose I should accept. Wisdom was the thing that helped with more magical energy, was that what Grey said?”

“It’s usually like that, yes,” Kate confirmed.

Melusine was occupied with reading for a few minutes before she looked up again. She touched Grey for a moment, moving her hand over the wound and to his heart. “He will survive,” she said and touched the fresh bandages with both hands. They glowed in the same warm light as Logan’s had. “But this might help.”

“You can heal wounds with magic?” Kate asked.

“As absurd as it sounds, but yes, it appears to work that way. Care with medical tools and supplies is supposedly better too, and the healing is more efficient if the injuries are properly taken care of,” she said. “Five point five percent.”

“Did you get a new thing as well, a stat? Like Vitality and Endurance,” Kate said.

Melusine glanced at her. “Yes. It’s called Calm. This is all very confusing.”

“Just take care of them,” Kate said. “I’ll get the rest of the supplies and clean up. You should get them inside soon, I think it will rain.” She finished her coffee and stood up.

Eloise took the mug. “Can I help?”

“Sure, let me get the rest. You can get it to the armory and start to sort everything,” Kate said and went to the gate. “Bert! Is the outside clear?”

“Yes, yes,” the man said as he looked out from the battlements. “No need to shout,” he murmured.

She opened the gate and went to the car. The bodies were all still around. Somehow she felt light on her feet. Kate turned off the car and got onto the loading area. Checking one of the bags, she got on fresh gloves over her still blood covered hands. Cleaning up now didn’t make much sense. She jumped down with the bags and the third backpack. *Weird*, she thought, looking down at the bags before she raised them up a little. They were light. Lighter than they should’ve been.

All that from two points in Strength? she wondered and checked the forest around her. Nothing came running at her and she went back to the gate. She left the bags on the ground and looked around. Logan and Grey were still passed out, Jon now sitting up with a hand to his head. She spotted a band-aid on his arm and smiled lightly.

Eloise had packed up the spilled out supplies in the meantime.

“Let’s get them inside the armory,” she said and went for Logan.

“Let’s get the bed fra-” Melusine started when Kate lifted the large man with a puff.

She took a step back to stabilize herself but held on. "I'll m... manage," she said and walked towards the armory with steady steps.

The large man in her impromptu princess carry opened his eyes at some point and smiled. "Sure..." he murmured and closed his eyes again. "Why not."

She helped with Grey and Jon, everyone but Bert back in the armory. Eloise had brought the bags and already started sorting through things.

"Melusine, where did you put all the bodies?" Kate asked. "We should get started on that pyre. I don't want to find out what kind of monsters will be attracted by all those corpses," she said, thinking of the wargs and the large humanoid beings she had seen in the distance. *Will they come here? What if they see the smoke?* She pondered the thought for a moment before she made a decision.

"In the old barracks," the woman replied, mixing something into a glass of water before she held it to Jon's mouth.

"I'll... get rid of them. The monster ones that is," Kate said and went back outside to open the gates fully. She walked to the truck with her crowbar in hand and got to work. All the goblins they had killed, and the orcs. Even the latter she managed to lift and put into the bed of the truck. She was breathing a little when she was done but nothing like what she had expected from the exertion. *Endurance. Right. These stats are pretty fucking useful.*

She drove the truck inside and parked in front of the old barracks. Jumping out, she went to the door and hit the wood with her blood covered weapon. She listened for a few seconds but nothing resounded from within. The key was stuck. Kate opened the door and looked inside. "Any zombies?" she asked and took in a deep breath. When nothing answered, she went in.

A few minutes later, she had added the monster bodies to the bed of the truck. The only ones she left in the barracks were the two humans. She didn't dwell looking at them. The light wasn't good and she had seen enough for a single day already. The door locked once more, she drove the car back outside and closed the gate.

"Will you be alright on yer own?" Bert asked.

"I'll just dump them and come back," Kate said and got back into the car. A few minutes later she stopped, having driven a little farther up on the slope towards the mountain chain. She waited for about a minute to see if something would attack the car before she got out, her crowbar at the ready.

Each monster corpse was dumped into the underbrush, one at a time until she threw the last goblin down onto the pile. She looked at them, lifeless bodies. Intelligent beings once. Somewhat at least. And yet she didn't feel bothered or conflicted. All she thought of were the dead humans in the barracks, the injured and nearly dying Grey, the dozens of bodies down in Keilberg.

She gripped her crowbar and went back into the truck, turning on the radio as she reversed. She checked the available frequencies but received only the same warning message from before. A last glance went to the pile of bodies before she switched the radio back to the music stored on the drive.

Lars apparently had an eclectic taste. From Metal to Techno, to pop, and even piano only. She arrived at the small castle when the first rain started to fall, the skies now gray. Kate stopped the car and turned the key, the sounds replaced by the silent pattering of rain. She sat there for a minute, looking at the shrouded form of Bert behind the wood covered battlements.

Her muscles ached and she felt tired. They still had a few hours till nightfall but she didn't exactly know what else to do. *Shower. A shot, and some food would be nice*, she thought and finally left the car.

Bert came down to open the gate, the rain and wind picking up with every passing minute.

She went inside and gave the old man a nod. "You should probably get inside as well."

"Ain't as frail as you think," Bert said with a grin. "You go warm up. We'll need ya if more of 'em come at night."

Kate left without another word, towards his house and the shower inside.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 4

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 4***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 5***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 2***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 4***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 3***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 3***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 4

Strength: 11

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 12 Rest

Kate sighed, a smile almost coming to her face when she put on a set of fresh clothes. Just a pair of trainers and a shirt, the supply surely running low at this point. The shower helped, it really did. She hoped the thing never stopped working. *We'll need someone versed in plumbing, and replacement parts for the future.*

Putting on her wandering boots, she went downstairs. Nobody remained in the kitchen and living room space, the lights already out. She saw a thin drizzle of rain outside. An early autumn evening. *Could just cuddle with a blanket and watch something on the TV with a hot chocolate,* she thought, looking at the thing. *Maybe later.*

Instead she poured herself a bit of coffee, heating it up in a small pan when she realized it had turned cold in the meantime. She leaned against the kitchen counter and tried to think through what had happened today. Monsters had come to Keilberg, had killed everyone? She didn't know. *Maybe there are people hiding still. Somewhere.* They had killed a lot of beings. Goblins, Orcs, half of them in some kind of magic induced haze. She hated the loss of control, hated that her abilities demanded things from her that she didn't want to do. And yet a part of her reasoned that it was rational, no, maybe even what she really wanted.

Kate didn't know if that part was her own mind or whatever magic had invaded it. What she couldn't deny was the fact that they were still alive. Both herself and the others. *Barely.* She gulped, thinking of all the blood, the panicked look in Jon's face. What would she have done if Grey had died? If Jon had died, and they had returned to his daughters and wife. Her introspection was broken by the sound of her coffee reaching a boil. She turned and filled her cup, turned off the stove, and left the home.

People had already died. She didn't have the resources to consider scenarios like that. What she had to do was focus on the now, focus on what she could and should do. What ifs and regrets were what destroyed the mind. *You're alive. You have coffee. And you fought against the monsters that dared invade Keilberg. One step forward. Through the smoke, until the fires are out.*

She reached the armory, going inside with slightly wet hair. It didn't exactly pour. Faint voices could be heard from above, the ground floor cool but not cold. They really were lucky to have the old castle, especially the wood stove. Kate walked upstairs and knocked on the closed door. "It's me."

Someone turned the key before Eloise looked at her from the other side. She smiled, looking just a little embarrassed when she stepped aside.

The two girls were sorting through the loot haul they had gathered from the town, most of it medical supplies but there were plenty of useful items from the skiing store as well. *And we'll go back for more.* Melusine sat on her knees above the still unconscious Ethan, his red hair now flowing freely, the blood she had seen on his face cleaned off. She saw the familiar look of burn scars on his brow. Something old.

Kate closed the door behind herself and locked it. She hopped up on one of the glass cabinets and leaned her back against the stone wall. *Cold. I'll gear up later.* She sipped on her coffee.

Jon lay on one of the bedrolls, same as Grey, neither of them in a state of particularly high consciousness. They seemed calm, and alive. Logan had glanced at her once but had closed his eyes again in the meantime, a wet towel covering most of his face.

“How are you, Kate?” Melusine asked, turning her way as she stood up and wiped a bit of sweat from her brow.

“Could be better,” she admitted. “The coffee’s nice though. And I’m glad we now have all that to work with,” she said, gesturing to the large pile of medical supplies, clothing, and wandering tools.

The woman smiled. “They’re all better. Much better than they should be,” she said and paused, giving her a look. “How do you handle it? The magic? It is magic I think, or some advanced technology we don’t understand yet.”

Kate considered the question for a few seconds, drinking from her mug again. “It’s kept me alive.”

The woman chuckled into a raised hand, the image reminiscent more of a high class politician at a social event than the woman who had just saved the life of another human.

I suppose it’s unfair to think both couldn’t apply, Kate thought.

“A very pragmatic approach,” Melusine said, a knowing look in her eyes.

Kate just sipped from her coffee. She would’ve liked some music, to escape, to think of nothing for a while, get rid of the memories, but it would disturb the injured and sleeping. And she still had some things to prepare.

“Were there monsters in the town?” Eloise asked in a quiet voice.

Kate nearly snapped but she managed to stop herself. The teen just wanted to make conversation. She could handle them the day before but after everything that had happened, she could tell her batteries weren’t exactly charged. “There were,” she said simply and downed the last bit of coffee. She crouched down above the pile without another word and started looking through everything.

Thermal pants and shirt, sturdy pants with plenty of pockets, a good belt, thin skiing jacket against rain and wind. She focused on the labels and made herself a pile in her size. She added four non blood covered hunting knives as well and chose one of the larger backpacks, a dark gray color that wouldn’t stand out too much in most environments. Not as good as green but that was generally reserved for military gear.

She put the whole pile into the pack and started looking through the cabinets. The armor was right out, near all of it either made of metal or entirely too bulky for her. *No female knights in ye olden times. Sexist fucks could’ve done me a favor.* Her eyes fell on one of the weapons. It looked a little like a simple hammer, just larger. Nothing ridiculous like she’d seen in popular fantasy movies but definitely something you wouldn’t use in one hand. Not if you weren’t two and a half meters tall and four times her weight.

I am stronger, somehow. And I’d have a little more reach. Thing is made of solid steel as well and that spike on the backside looks nasty. No need to use daggers if I have that thing. The front bit of the hammer was a solid chunk of steel, one side flat, the other one a straight spike, a matte gray just like the rest of the tool. A tool quite obviously made for one purpose only. She couldn’t find any seams, suggesting the thing was a single piece of metal.

Kate grabbed the keys and unlocked the respective cabinet, the jingling of keys mixing in with small boxes being moved and the faint sound of rain pattering against the wooden ceiling above the attic.

She expected the weapon to be heavy, at least twice as much as the crowbar. Grabbing it, she raised her brows. Kate felt the weight, heard the sliding sound when she lifted it. Solid steel. And yet it didn't feel heavier than the crowbar had. Maybe a little bit, but the weight was good. When she took it out and held it with both hands, she could tell the balance was taken into consideration. *Not a toy, or a tool made to open doors.* She looked at the weapon for a few seconds, questioning if she had gone insane. *Monsters, magic, classes, a fucking war hammer.*

The top bit was maybe twice as thick as her closed fist, the spike a little longer than her index finger. The handle was as thick as the crowbar, the grip even better. She rotated it and looked at the spike. *Was this ever used? It feels real enough.* Even the spike was blunt but she assumed it didn't matter, not with the weight and momentum she could put behind it. She shook her head, thinking of the fighting earlier. It was good she didn't have much left in her stomach. *Keep the coffee down.*

"You look terrifying. Did you lose your mind yet?" Logan asked in a tired voice.

Kate looked at him and rotated the spike towards his chest. "You'll be the first to know." She locked the cabinet again and put the keys away. Her pack ready, she held the hammer with one hand. The weight felt good. Something grounding. A sense of security. Using it would be similar to a fire axe.

"Are you going to change?" Melusine asked.

"Yes," Kate replied.

"I should look after them for a while but I'm sure everyone is getting hungry," the woman said and glanced at Eloise and Celeste.

"I'll be in the house," Kate said. "And I can help with the food."

The woman smiled and gave her a nod. "You heard her girls. Get out of this sick room and go make something nice. They'll need a lot of energy."

Looks like it's gonna be me and Bert tonight. Let's hope nothing shows up, Kate thought as she left.

Dressed in her fresh and comfortable wandering clothes, she put her shoes back on and got on her jacket. Everything fit rather well, not too large or too small, except for the slightly too long sweater. Granted, except for her height at one seventy seven, everything else wasn't out of the ordinary. She liked the feel. *More prepared than just a sweatshirt.* The pants were a mix of black and gray. The thermal pants and shirt, including the sports bra were a simple gray, the jacket more going towards black. Everything was the same brand of course, and they knew what they were doing.

Were doing. Probably won't be making winter gear anytime soon, she thought as she walked down the stairs, her jacket open, backpack around one shoulder, and her hammer in hand. The coffee had helped calm her down a little, as did the warm set of clothing. The fact that most of what she wore was from the same line of clothing helped too in some weird way. She assumed it had to do with her usual firefighter uniform. *Work mindset thanks to something vaguely familiar? Hell if it works, it works.*

Eloise had started setting out ingredients, cans of beans, chopped tomatoes, spices, and a variety of cold cuts, some of the packets already open. Celeste sat nearby and played with one of the cans.

The cook nearly jumped when she noticed the sounds and turned around.

Kate tried to force a smile but could tell it didn't exactly come out perfectly. "Hey."

"H... hello. Y.. you look good," Eloise said.

"Thanks," Kate answered. "Look, sorry about before. Today was a lot."

"It's okay!" the girl said immediately, holding up a tube of tomato puree. She lowered it when she realized the absurdity of the gesture.

"Can you use the hammer?" Celeste asked and looked over.

Kate raised the thing and threw it up a few centimeters before she caught it again. "I hope so. It's not the most complicated tool."

The girl seemed thoroughly unimpressed, returning her attention to the can of beans.

"Chili?" Kate asked.

Eloise nodded. "Something like that. Not a lot of variety around."

"I'll get you more soon," Kate said and leaned her hammer against the table, her pack put on the floor next to it.

"You'll go back?" Eloise asked, gulping as she turned to look at her.

Kate started looking through the cabinets, taking out a cutting board and a few bowls. "We don't exactly have enough supplies here," she said. "Even if the military or someone else comes to help in a few weeks." She doubted that would become a reality but everyone was stressed enough as it was. *A little optimism felt nice. At least we have walls and some weapons. Most people wouldn't be that lucky.*

She focused on the onions instead of her thoughts, Celeste soon leaving her chair because of her stinging eyes. Kate didn't mind. She glanced at the pink bluetooth boxes sitting on one of the shelves but decided it would be irresponsible to listen to music right now. *Maybe tomorrow. If the others are feeling better.* Instead she started humming a tune whilst cutting onions, then garlic, and finally carrots.

Eloise worked silently, her hands moving all over the place as she put together the meal with practiced efficiency. A few minutes later a nice fragrance had already spread through the apartment.

"Celeste, can you check what movies the old man has?" Kate asked. She felt a little like a babysitter, not that she would've ever considered doing that job. *Maybe for a cat or a dog.*

"Okay," the girl said and jumped up from the armchair, falling to her knees before she started digging through the TV cabinet. "Band of Brothers, Saving Private Ryan, The Winter War, there are lots of soldiers on the pictures," she said and held up a few of the dvd boxes. "This one has women on it. The Backdoor, part four, with Extra Jui... Juicy-"

Kate grabbed the thing with her knife in the other hand. "That's... not. Let's not check these right now," she said and put them back inside. *And here I had thought him a more conservative fellow.* She wasn't particularly keen on war movies either. Not before the monsters and not after. *Will have to bring some of mine after I get to my apartment.*

“Do you two watch a lot of movies?” she asked instead, back to cutting.

“I do,” Celeste said.

“What do you watch?” Kate asked, seeing the side glance from Eloise.

“Aliens is my favorite!” the little girl exclaimed before she jumped on the chair, grabbing the rests. “Get away from her, you bitch!” She looked around before she started giggling.

Kate just looked at her before she glanced at Eloise.

“I don’t know why they let her watch stuff like that. She’s seen it twenty times already,” she said. “I tried to talk to dad about it but he doesn’t think it’s an issue.”

“What about Melusine?” Kate asked.

The girl shrugged. “She thinks most of the movies Cel watches are harmless.”

“I want to fight Aliens when I grow up,” the girl said, making punching motions with her arms.

It would’ve been cute if not for the state of everything. Kate still smiled to herself, finishing the last carrots. She was a firefighter, not a parenting counselor. *Maybe it helps her rationalize the whole thing. She seems the most calm out of us three.*

Kate reminded herself that the girl was a kid. She didn’t understand the implications of these events, not to the same extent as they did. *Not that I know what the fuck is going on beyond the suggestions from Grey. The game stuff doesn’t really help with everything.*

“I’ll take over the guard duty for a while,” she said when she was done with cutting. Her jacket closed, she grabbed the hammer.

“I will bring you something when it’s done,” Eloise said. “And some coffee.” The girl smiled.

Kate smiled back, the gesture genuine now. “Thanks. I appreciate it. Look after your sister.”

“Easier said than done,” Eloise replied and glared at the child who had started going through the dvds again.

Kate sighed and quickly collected the pornographic content, putting it on top of a nearby shelf before she went outside.

The rain had intensified a little but it wasn’t particularly windy still. She put up the hood and walked to the tower near the gate. “Bert, it’s me, don’t shoot!” she shouted preemptively as she walked over the stone part of the yard.

The old man stood up on the battlements, looking out into the forest from the wood covered section, two loaded crossbows resting against the low wall. His shotgun lay on the ground behind him.

“Go get warm,” she said. “I’ll take watch for a few hours.”

“You were out there and fought, girl. Take some rest,” he grumbled, eyes focused forward.

Kate leaned against the back wall and put both hands into the jacket, hammer resting against her leg. “Yeah, but you’re ancient.”

“Back in my day, women showed some respect when talking to their elders,” he said.

“In my day, men are supposed to be less sexist, I don’t grumble about it like some bitter old shit,” she answered. “Get your ass inside before you freeze.”

He chuckled. "You remind me of my granddaughter," he murmured and grabbed his shotgun. "Times are changing fast for an old man like myself. First all these smart telephones, and now there are small green monsters in the forest." The man stepped past her and touched her shoulder. "You keep yer eyes open. A storm is coming."

"What is that some kind of fucking prophecy?" Kate asked.

"Cursing a lot, are we?" he asked.

"Fuck off," she replied.

He snickered before he pointed westward. "Heard thunder. Been up here for a long time, Kate. A storm is coming. Get inside when it's here. No monster would come out in that weather."

Kate gave him a light nod. She wasn't so sure about that herself but she wouldn't stand outside in the worst visibility if an actual storm came.

Bert trotted off, protecting his shotgun from the rain.

Storms had a special place in her heart. Close to heavy drinking. Enjoyable in the evening and an absolute pain the next day. *At least there's the silver lining of not having to work tomorrow. Just well... likely going back into a monster infested forest. Can't have everything,* she thought and pulled up the already high collar of her jacket. *This thing is amazing. No wonder it's like six hundred bucks.* She watched the forest, rain pattering onto the leaves, the first noise of thunder rolling through the valley.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 4

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 4***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 5***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 2***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 4***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 3***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 3***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 14

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 4

Strength: 11

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 13 Instinct

Kate smiled when Eloise brought her a bowl with chili and rice, her hands warmed immediately when she received it.

“It’s cold out here,” the girl said. “Are you sure you don’t want to come inside? Jon said we will hide in the armory anyway.”

“I’ll be there soon,” Kate answered. “Still seems like a good idea for someone to be up here.” *If only in case any survivors find this place. We won’t hear them with the rain and wind.*

“If you think so. At least take these as well, it’s already really dark,” Eloise said and handed her two small flashlights. She shuddered when a gust of wind moved through, the rain at least stopped by the wood above this part of the battlements.

“Thanks,” Kate said and put them into her jacket. “For the food too. Go and sleep.”

“I will. You should come inside soon as well,” Eloise said again, a shy smile on her face before she left, pulling up her jacket against the rain. She wore the same one as Kate.

The battlements would give them a massive advantage in a fight as well, at least with a few people using crossbows. If they hid inside the armory and the gate was breached, they’d have to fight in the yard or the buildings.

Kate tried not to think about the hordes she had seen down in the valley. *But what am I hoping for? That they’d just move on? To where? Falstadt? And then?*

The chili warmed her. Not quite spicy enough for her but it was an acceptable heat, everything cooked down to a hearty stew of fine tasting energy. *What if we run out of cans to raid. Do we have to start hunting?*

The food gave her something nice to focus on, the many questions and uncertainties floating through her mind popping in and out without anything managing to stick. Not after the day she’d had.

Kate finished the bowl and set it aside, leaning back against the battlements hidden from anything that would arrive near the walls. *Another few hours*, she thought, rubbing her hands together. The thermal set of long undergarments really shined in that moment. She would’ve been half frozen with so little movement otherwise.

Eloise brought her a rough blanket half an hour later, a gesture Kate gratefully accepted. Another coffee followed soon after, the warmth and caffeine helping with her aching body and mind.

When night fell, the rain was pouring, the rumbling thunder closer now. And with it came flashes of lightning. Kate hoped none of it would strike the tree in the yard or any of the buildings. The rain would maybe prevent a fire but it really was the last thing they needed right now.

Melusine and Bert checked on her every half hour or so, making sure she had everything she needed. The healer’s request for her to come back inside was ignored. Kate was too tired to determine her real reasons. Did she think herself some knight protector? Did she hope for survivors to come? Did the magic in her body push her into something dangerous and stupid? Or was it just

her, preferring to be out here to gain some sense of illusory control instead of being holed up with the others, hiding in the dark.

About two hours into the night, Kate started to hear a strange slapping noise through the still pouring rain. Not entirely sure what to make of it, she grabbed her hammer and sneaked up to the other side, making sure not to show her head. Dim moonlight came through patches of the sky not covered in clouds. Her presence up on the battlements was questionable with the crappy visibility, even to her. And yet she had remained nonetheless.

The cramped room in the armory, all the injured in there, survivors more than anything. It wasn't where she wanted to be. Not when she could be doing more out here. *You're just scared of being trapped.*

It didn't matter. The slapping noise happened one last time, Kate just barely able to make out the silhouette of a rope catching around a slab of rock a few meters to her left. *Even in this rain.* She grimaced and held on to her hammer. *What should I do? Cut the rope? Get help? Wait for them to come up? Scream for the others? Who would even come? They're all injured and exhausted. We can't go on like this.*

Waited too long, she thought when she saw the goblin jump over and onto the battlements. She had no more time to think. The others were safe for now, and she had tools at her disposal. Surprise being one of them. Her magic came to life, the sounds around her dulled but intensifying at the same time. She could hear the silent breaths of two more goblins coming up on the side of the wall behind her, one more on the same rope she had already seen. Yellow eyes stared up at her as she brought the blunt end of her hammer up in a slightly angled strike.

It felt light to her, more so than the crowbar even. She knew her senses were dulled but it was no longer an unknown sensation. Even the part of her that remained rational accepted the magic for what it was. Her ability to not only survive, but to fight back, to defend what may very well be the last living humans in Keilberg. And to kill the monsters that had slaughtered everyone in the town she had called home.

Her weapon struck the goblin's head with a heavy impact, the rain and wind deafening most of the sound as the small creature was lifted up, dark blood splattering against the stone. Kate didn't see well, but she could make out the unmoving form lying before her, and she struck again, a cold feeling in her chest when the monster's head was smashed down onto the stone. She put a boot against its body and pulled out her weapon, crouching and moving silently to the closest sounds.

Attack.

No. Wait.

Let them come.

Her arms were tense, her every sense focused on the approaching enemy. She was still hidden. A better hunter than these beings. *Arrogant. Stupid.*

A part of her knew she herself was doing the same, not getting help, choosing to fight alone. And yet it felt right. She had to use every advantage that she had. And right now she was still hidden.

The next goblin jumped over the stone, landing with a wet impact, a dagger taken from the simple belt on its waist.

Kate had waited, the spike of her hammer slamming right into its head. She kicked off the body and went to the last on this side of the wall. *More cautious.* She saw the creature looking over before it jumped.

Her hand reached out and grabbed, catching its slippery arm before she pulled. *So light.* The goblin fell and hit its head against the other side of the battlements, Kate's hammer crashing into its face a second later. She heard the crunch resound, ripped out the weapon and turned it around, the spike slammed into what remained of its head.

She turned when a lightning strike illuminated the walls, a single goblin standing a few meters in front of her with its yellow eyes wide open. The night went dark again and thunder rolled through the trees. *Fear.* Fast steps brought her to the creature, its dagger held up against the large steel hammer. Her strike only brushed against its shoulder, a kick against its chest sending the creature reeling back, staggering as it let go of the weapon. Kate didn't hesitate. The spike struck it from above, into the goblin's skull before the small body sagged down.

Weak.

Kate used one of her knives to cut the ropes, moving at a fast pace along the walls while crouched. Three more of the monsters had managed to get up, one even down the stairs and onto the yard. She caught them all.

The last one noticed her and turned around, looking for its allies with nervous yellow eyes, the previous smirk of a predator on a silent hunt replaced by a very contrary expression.

Kate had her magic up, the slight discomfort she had still felt from her shoulder now entirely gone, as was most of the exhaustion she had experienced before. She didn't say a word as she walked towards the being, hammer casually held in one hand until she reached it. Kate watched as the goblin moved forward with a fast set of steps, dagger angled at her legs. Her hammer struck first, the middle part of the long handle catching the skull of the advancing goblin, her arms long enough to negate the reach of its short weapon. Stunned by the strike, the creature tried to reorient itself when the blunt end of her heavy tool of war struck the side of its large skull. A single heavy strike was enough, but she made sure with another one.

No corpses.

She grabbed the body, easily lifting it with one hand as she moved back up to the battlements, throwing it out. *Let them know.* All the others followed, Kate slowly moving back to the gate as she watched and listened, the latter much more useful in the night. When the last goblin hit the gravel down below, her head turned left. *Noise.*

In the underbrush just beyond the parking lot. *Fleeing.*

She didn't look back. Her rational side reminded her that she had to protect the others, but what better way to protect them than to kill the monsters lurking in the forest? The monsters that had killed so many humans already. The grip around her hammer steeled as she climbed over the wall. She let herself down as far as she could and jumped, landing in a roll. She felt the heavy impact, the dull pain in her thighs and tendons. A small price to pay.

Hunt.

Kate followed the noise, running into the underbrush with little regard for her own safety. Within the trees, she could no longer see, the night too advanced and the clouds too dense. *Light.*

She moved one hand into her jacket and grabbed the small flashlight she had put inside. Turning it on, she bit down on it with her teeth and continued running, both her hands on the blood covered hammer made for war. Her own breathing she could filter out, the rain now less pronounced below the canopy of branches, leaves, and needles. The small cone of light bobbed as she ran, Kate now hearing the running creatures ahead, one of them screeching when it looked back and saw the light.

They were too slow to get away. Instead they scattered, the one that had looked back now crawling on the floor with one hand to its broken shoulder.

Kate killed the being with the spike of her hammer. She wondered if they would understand. Keilberg Castle was their own. And the people inside were prepared to fight. *Two directions.*

She chose the one going down the slope, catching up with the running goblin two minutes later. Her knee slammed into its back, Kate stumbling from the impact, the goblin instead falling. She reached its rolling form and brought down her weapon, the streets of Keilberg in her mind, blood covered and full of death. She struck again.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Warrior]’

...

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Assassin]’

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 5’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 5’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 6’

‘ding’ ‘Toll for the Living reaches lvl 5’

‘ding’ ‘Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 4’

The two new points went into Vitality, the short moment of calm enough to let her make the choice.

Wind and rain brushed against her face as she turned off her light and listened. The noise was gone but her hunt hadn't ended. She took in deep breaths, calming her body before she looked up into the darkness. Something was approaching.

Heavy steps resounded, two large yellow eyes looking straight at her as the being grumbled something with a slurred and guttural set of sounds.

Kate turned on her small light, just barely managing to roll away when an axe came down. The heavy piece of steel crashed into a nearby tree. It sank in a third of the way. Wood groaned when the creature pulled out its weapon, the long handle made of wood, untreated and as thick as Kate's arm.

She took a few steps back, watching the nearly three meter large being take in her form, some intelligence in its eyes as it stepped to the side. It wore simple leather armor, more or less directly stripped from whatever animal it had come from and thrown onto its form, a mix of brown and

black on its sickly green skin. Fat and muscle gave it the same advantage Kate had against the goblins but she found herself neither scared nor worried. Those senses were dulled. Her focus was on every move of the creature, her body tense, her breathing calm. A dangerous foe. *Finally.*

Attack. The thought barely in her brain, she rushed forward, watching as the monster ripped out the axe from the tree, bringing it back with a swiping motion. Reckless Charge activated, moving her past the attack and its leg, all her momentum, strength, and skills working together to deliver a single strike against its knee. Kate felt something shatter, her arms shaking at the impact but she managed to hold on to her weapon. The beast roared in pain and swiped its left arm at her, the back hand hitting her shoulder and chest.

All the air was pushed out of her lungs as she was sent tumbling to the ground, the flashlight gone as she pushed herself up, coughing. Something splattered onto the leaves but she barely saw anything in the darkness. Her jaw hurt and her shoulder didn't feel right. But she heard the howls and steps, jumping aside when the axe came whistling down, hitting the ground with an earthy thud.

She stood up and moved through the darkness, away from the sounds until she found a tree and leaned onto it. The second flashlight out, she turned it on and saw the large monster shuffling towards her, a pained and angry expression on its face as it dragged the dirtied axe behind itself. It tried not putting any weight on its left leg.

Kate bit down on the flashlight and held her hammer, slowly circling around the creature, bringing trees behind their forms. Warm blood dripped down her jaw, her left arm feeling weaker but still functional. Her entire focus was on the monster's movements, each shuffling step eliciting a pained groan. Her own body hurt, kept moving by adrenaline and her magic, more so the latter. She had injured its leg and could likely get away, but right now, Kate would not consider that an option. Not if it would follow. A few strikes of its axe would break through the castle gate. She had to kill it. She wanted to.

The monster stopped and struck at the trees in front of her, a single strike going halfway through the first one. She waited, getting into position as she focused on her breathing. Another strike, the axe stuck. Reckless Charge moved her forward past the hand still gripping the axe. The being was large, but not particularly fast. The same strike as before, this time aimed at the other leg and followed by a blind roll onto the ground. She heard the howl and felt the axe pass over her before she came back up. Her flashlight illuminated the monster's form, falling to its knees with the momentum of its angry strike. Another painful growl.

She stepped up and used her whole body, weight, and strength to strike its head, her reach just enough to get there. The impact sent the monster reeling back, gritting its teeth as it came back around, one of its eyes now dim, blood rolling down its head. Kate brought her hammer back from the other side, the spike end biting into its massive skull just before it grabbed her left arm and shook its head.

The movement ripped the weapon away, flung into the darkness. It pressed down on her arm and pulled. She yelped, dragged to the side as her limb was crushed, her skin and muscle torn at the shoulder. Her right arm flailed before she reached her belt, her vision blurred as she got out a knife and started stabbing down into the large hand. She heard another howl, her ears starting to ring, the flashlight still held down by her jaws, vaguely angled forward. Kate saw the large fist coming her way and activated Reckless Charge again. Her body was moved forward and under the large monster's limb, the grip it still had on her arm making her spin slightly, something in her shoulder breaking before she managed to get free.

She fell and rolled, stumbling up and away from the sounds with her flashlight moving over the ground. The pained growls behind her continued, her ears still ringing. Kate found the hammer, blood covered on the ground, her magic the only thing that kept her focused on the fight instead of the pain. Her entire left side felt mangled. She didn't look. Instead she grabbed for her weapon, the glove on her left hand gone and her jacket torn. Blood dripped from her fingers, the limb uselessly slapping against the steel handle. She couldn't move it.

One hand would have to do.

She turned the weapon, the bloodied spike facing downward as she tried to stay steady. The flashlight shined into the forest, coming to a stop on two dim yellow eyes, blood flowing down from the deep wound on the monster's head. It had stopped moving. Kate stumbled back, taking in a sharp breath when she felt her mangled arm shake, energy flowing into her as she hit a tree with her back. It wouldn't be enough. *Stay awake.*

Thunder rolled through the trees.

Keep.

Moving.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 5

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 5***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 6***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 2***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 5***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 3***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 4***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 16

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 5

Strength: 11

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 14 The Forest

Kate kept her magic active, her state of mind dulled to everything but battle. And yet there was nothing to fight. The pain started to overwhelm her, sharp breaths leaving her mouth as she bit down on the flashlight, glad the thing was sturdy. A part of her knew that she had to keep her magic active, no matter what. The new blinking messages in the corner of her vision were easier to focus on than her thoughts. She knew they might help and started stumbling through the forest, listening for prey.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Ogre]’

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 6’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 7’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

The new points she immediately put into Vitality, her chest heating up with the allocation. Some feeling returned to her left arm, the bones in her shoulder cracking. She kept biting down on her flashlight, the pain in her body slightly less overwhelming. Her breathing remained ragged, her steps stumbling. She walked downwards, lost entirely in the dark forest. Her hammer dragged along and through the leaves, her vision swimming.

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 6’

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 7’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 7’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 8’

‘ding’ ‘Reckless Charge reaches lvl 3’

...

‘ding’ ‘Reckless Charge reaches lvl 5’

‘ding’ ‘Toll for the Living reaches lvl 6’

‘ding’ ‘Toll for the Living reaches lvl 7’

‘ding’ ‘Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 4’

‘ding’ ‘Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 5’

‘ding’ ‘Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 5’

‘ding’ ‘You have unlocked the passive skill: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1

Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1

You have chosen the path of the Berserker. No battle will end before you will it so. Damage you deal and resilience against physical attacks is increased by 5.5% for every minute you remain in or seek battle. To a maximum of 25%.

Kate assumed it would help but she didn't much focus on the messages besides increasing her Vitality. Her skills were getting stronger too but she felt more than read that. After a few minutes of walking, she collapsed. Her magic deactivated, Kate entirely spent. She was glad now for the flashlight as clarity returned to her and with it the whole experience of what she had gone through.

Her head pounded, silent tears flowing at the pain of her injuries. Every breath felt like sandpaper moved through her lungs and jaws. Her vision remained blurry, shaking hands turning off the flashlight in an attempt not to announce herself to every stray being in this part of the woods. *The trail of blood will do that anyway.* She had to move. Had to get back, or at least away. But her body didn't listen, even simple movements nearly making her black out.

She was too exhausted to blame herself. Of course it had been stupid. Everything about the night. Staying out had been selfish, facing the goblins alone had been a risk. And going after them really took the cake. But she was still here. Still alive. She had killed the monsters that had come for them. Even the giant. *One more hit or a single strike of its axe and that would've been it.* She gulped, then winced. *It hurts.*

It hurts.

But I should be dead. Should've died many times already. But here I am.

There was too much going on for her to reasonably handle. Kate had dealt with plenty of things before but nothing came even close to the flood of emotions, thoughts, and possibilities of everything that had happened in the past few days. And so she focused on the now. The flashlight helped, turned off but still gripped between her teeth. Either her gums were bleeding or she had coughed up blood before, the taste of iron obvious between the flares of pain.

I need to rest, and then I have to either get back or find more monsters to kill. Something less dangerous than that fucking ogre. Fuck. But if I kill a single thing, I'll continue on again, looking for more and more.

Isn't that good? I'm getting stronger. If I survive that is.

But when does it end?

She knew the answer. *When we're safe. When every survivor is safe.*

And when the dead are avenged.

Kate thought of the monster horde again, the streets of Keilberg, the ogre she had just killed. How many more would be out there? How many would come for the humans left on Earth? *The now. Focus.*

The pounding had lessened a little, but not by much. She could focus between the pain but didn't dare move yet. *Melusine can help me.*

Help yourself.

Kate stood up, or tried to. She groaned, pushing herself up before she fell again, the pain and exhaustion back.

I'm a mess, she thought a few minutes later. She tried again a few minutes later, this time managing to stand, albeit on wobbly legs. This time she didn't turn on the flashlight, shuffling in a random direction with a pause every few steps. The pouring rain had stopped, reduced to a drizzle by now. Powerful gusts of wind flowed through, Kate shivering now with a part of her jacket torn, wet blood sticking to everything, most of it probably hers.

She leaned against a tree a few minutes later, hoping her trail wouldn't be as easily found as before. *Feels like I just killed a monster in a life or death battle*. She sighed, shivering again. The movement made the pain flare up. A wonderful circle.

Steps resounded between the winds and her breathing. Small ones, fast, and multiple. *Coming my way*. She froze, waiting with her hammer gripped with both hands, the left one barely able to hold on. She heard guttural sounds but not as pronounced as with the goblins or orcs. Low growls were added to the mix as she heard the beings fan out around her, moving through the bushes. Something struck wood.

They're here for me.

Kate didn't have a choice. She activated her spells, not knowing if she would collapse immediately upon doing so. She felt the pounding in her head increase before the sounds around her sharpened. The rain was less pronounced, her own breathing and heartbeat gone. Instead she heard fast steps around her, two creatures climbing up the trees and one sneaking up behind her. It jumped.

She ducked away and turned on the flashlight, skittering movements visible where she had just been, a small humanoid creature with brown skin screeched, long clawed arms at its side and bloodshot eyes staring back at her before it ran into the underbrush. She turned at the sounds, two of them running at her. She swung her hammer in a low horizontal strike, wincing at the movement.

One of them managed to jump aside, the other one hit in its shoulder. It fell with a wail.

Kate tried to finish it off when something jumped at her, forcing her to dodge aside. She switched to the spike instead, holding out her hammer to keep the creatures at a distance. There were five in total, one crawling down on the tree she had stood at before. They regarded her with beastly eyes, claws spread as they fanned out again.

She didn't give them time. Kate could feel her energy going out, rushing at them with the intent to kill. Being careful wouldn't save her, not in this fight. The one she had hit before was slower to react, a wide whirl of her hammer keeping the others at bay before she struck the injured one in the chest. The beast was lifted off the ground before it was flung aside, Kate already on the next one.

One of its claws struck her leg, cutting through her pants and into her flesh. She let it, slamming her spiked hammer into its head in retaliation. Some energy returned to her, she could feel it. Her left hand managed to get a better grip on the steel handle. And yet she felt a burning sensation from her leg now, nothing like she had ever experienced. Another one jumped at her, Kate's reaction not as fast as she wanted it to be, barely able to block the overhead claw attack of the creature.

They were locked together for a second before she could kick it away, another one jumping on her back in the meantime. She could feel something hacking into her jacket, whirling around before she managed to shake it off. The creature landed in a tumble, the others rushing her as she ran at the downed one. Kate stopped as abruptly as she could and brought her hammer around behind her. She felt the hot sensation on her back now too, smiling when her flashlight illuminated the impact of her

hammer on the first and then the second monster. Both went down and she finished the second one first, hacking into its back from above before she turned to the other. She could feel herself recover but despite the change, her weapon felt heavy. She raised it up above the downed monster, bringing it down right when the last creature tackled her. Kate let go of her weapon, unable to hold on as she fell.

The monster was less than half her size, smaller even than a goblin, and yet she felt its weight impact her as if it had been an orc. Arms raised, she turned on the ground with the being trying to slash at her, one set of claws cutting past her cheek, the other one stopped by her hand. Kate felt the impacts of its legs kicking against her stomach. Clothing ripped but wasn't cut through entirely, their legs much less dangerous than their arms. She moved her head back as a claw flashed past, unsheathing one of her daggers before she rammed it into the squirming monster's chest. The small blade managed to nearly get through the whole width of the being.

Her cheek stung, Kate trying to get up when she fell to the side, all feeling in her left leg gone. Her back felt numb too. She fell face first into the dirt after trying to get up again. Her spells wore off, the pounding in her head worse than before. She groaned, crawling forward and under some bushes. Kate turned off the flashlight and rolled onto her back, the effect of the poison spreading. *Please don't stop my heart or brain.*

A few minutes later she couldn't move her leg at all, her shoulders and neck having lost feeling as well. Half her face was numb, her left eyelid halfway closed. Her whole body felt hot, and cold at the same time. She simply lay there, letting her immune system deal with the unknown and dangerous substance. The grip on her hammer felt weak but at least she still felt the cool metal. Much of her clothes had been cut through, Kate checking herself in the dark to see if there were any wounds she had missed. Killing the last of the critters had helped her heal the cuts they managed to cause, at least mostly. She was surprised to find her thick pants cut through as cleanly as she'd expect a razor to manage, and yet the wound on her leg didn't come close. *It couldn't get through my cheek either. Not without a lot of force.*

She sighed, unable to close her eyes as she waited. Kate hoped the poison didn't last for days on end, or left permanent damage. Either wouldn't be a surprise but she'd likely be dead if they were the case. *The first one at least. Melusine has healing magic now. Just have to get back.*

I hope they don't go out to look for me. No. They wouldn't be that stupid. Unlike me. She couldn't help but smile a little. A half smile at least. *Lying under a bush next to five monsters I killed. In Keilberg. With my Berserker Class and a bunch of magical stats.* She stopped herself from giggling. Ridiculous things just kept on happening. This one she supposed was mostly her fault. She should've just stayed in the castle, preferably in the armory. But of course she had to act defiant. *Can't argue with results.*

Kate blinked her eyes when she started seeing the leaves above her. *Too early to be morning.* Her body still felt weak and feverish but she did manage to turn her head ever so slightly, seeing through a spot in the bushes that had previously been entirely dark.

Green light illuminated the surrounding forest, flowing through like some kind of mist. She hadn't seen the polar lights but it was the closest thing she could think of based on the images she had seen. The phenomenon was not known to occur in Keilberg. She held her breath as well as she could and waited, one eye focused on the downright magical light. Perhaps it was.

A few minutes passed, the light growing brighter before it started to wane again. She thought she saw something move through past the tree tops but couldn't be sure. Darkness returned a few

minutes later, the sounds of wind and light rain her only companions. At some point she checked the messages again, the last critters not enough to advance her Class level.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Young Bograth]'

...

'ding' 'You have defeated [Young Bograth]'

'ding' 'Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 8'

'ding' 'Furious Dance reaches lvl 9'

'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 8'

'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 6'

'ding' 'Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 6'

Kate checked through the skills, most of them providing half a percent more benefits for each level it seemed.

Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 6

You have chosen to forego both shields and subtlety. While wielding a weapon with both hands, you deal 8% more damage.

I wonder if that multiplies with other damage bonuses. Probably not.

The idea of eight percent more damage to a physical attack executed by her seemed like an impossible thing in the first place. Sure, you could gain experience wielding a specific weapon, getting better at it, but a consistent eight percent more? Overall perhaps one could gain eight percent more muscle mass but even that wouldn't directly correlate to damage dealt with a melee weapon.

She tried not to think about it too hard. Survival was more important. Grey could do the math on all these things, as long as she had some abilities that helped her not die, she was more than content. *And coffee.*

Kate didn't hear any other creatures for a few hours. The poison luckily started to wear off at around that time. She assumed the night had progressed somewhat far but without a clock on her, it was difficult to tell. Her intuition wasn't bad but with all the fighting, her exhaustion, blood loss, and poisoning, she assumed her accuracy would be *slightly* off.

She felt sore and tired but she wasn't about to sleep here. The first thing she wanted to do was get away from the corpses. At least now that the poison wasn't noticeable anymore. Her clothes were drenched in sweat and blood. The left arm of her sweater and jacket had been reduced to a few flimsy strips of fabric and she didn't want to know how her face looked right now.

Kate forced herself to get up in the darkness. The clouds had cleared a little, allowing her to see the silhouettes of the nearby trees. She had a hard time gauging the slope and wasn't about to use her flashlight. The batteries wouldn't hold up forever and she had to have it in case more monsters showed up. Hammer at hand, she started in a random direction. Anything but forest would give her an indication of where she was and waiting until morning was not an option, not with the possibility of more monsters attacking the castle, or creatures tracking down the corpses she had left behind.

She gulped, hoping the others were safe. *One goblin did get away. But so far they only attacked at the start of the night. I should be able to get back before they try again. I hope.*

Kate hastened her pace, walking through the darkness until she heard movement up ahead. Slowing down, she pressed herself against a tree and tried to see.

The now familiar guttural sounds of an ogre came to her ears, luckily still quite a distance away. Cries of pain and frequent attacks suggested he wasn't doing particularly well against what he was fighting.

She rubbed her hands and moved on, changing the angle to avoid the fighting. A few minutes later the sounds had stopped.

Kate finally reached the edge of the forest. *At least I know where I am*, she thought, looking at the distant bonfires. The same ones she had seen driving back from Keilberg with Jon and Grey. *Good thing we left the keys in the ignition.*

She hadn't planned to go back to the town so soon but the idea of waiting for dawn inside a building and then driving back was considerably more attractive than the alternatives. *Let's see if I can get to my apartment. I'm sick of using someone else's underwear. Maybe we can get two runs in tomorrow. God they're gonna be so pissed that I left in the night. I should leave a note next time. Killed some stuff, losing my mind. Have to kill more stuff. At least they know some things about my Class already, maybe they can connect the dots.*

Kate moved along the woods and towards Keilberg, the sky clear now that the storm had passed, the stars and moon providing enough light for her to orient herself. These parts she knew and whatever waited in the town for her, she had her hammer.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 7

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 8***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 9***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 5***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 6***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 6***
- ***Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 7

Strength: 11
Dexterity: 8
Intelligence: 7
Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 15 Necessities

Kate saw the first buildings about twenty minutes later, her pace faster now that she knew where she was. The thought of her own bed, french press, fresh clothing that fit, and a shower pushed her onward, despite the hostile territory and what she knew waited for her in the streets of Keilberg. She felt less anxious than on her earlier tour with the others. Perhaps it was some kind of high from nearly dying twice in the same night, killing dangerous monsters, or really just her being incredibly exhausted.

She slowed down when she got closer, careful to stay in the underbrush at first before she started moving from tree to tree. Her apartment was in an old three story building, the six flats all rented out by the owner who lived in Falstadt. Approaching from the east would let her get there without moving through the town center. Visibility was better now but she still tread carefully, assuming that the monsters could see better than her in the relative darkness.

There were no lights coming from the town, the distant bonfires now hidden behind the structures. She sneaked past and reached her building without alerting any creatures that may or may not have been there. Not even a full day had passed since they had killed the goblins in the Golden Swan. She hoped that meant only a few goblins and the two Wargs on the main street remained. The main door was broken in, wood splintered and glass shattered.

The same was true for the apartments upstairs. She gripped her hammer at the first door. A part of her didn't want to check on her neighbors. And yet she felt it was the least she had to do. To at least make sure.

Her flashlight angled at the ground, she called out in a whisper. Nobody answered. Inside she found a single corpse. Kate put a blanket on top of the murdered man before she moved on. She focused on the goal of getting a shower, too emotionally exhausted to even try and process anything she would find in the other apartments. Just based on the splintered doors, she had little hope to find a survivor.

Ten minutes later, she had the confirmation, for those at least that had been home. Her own apartment had been broken into as well, the door open but still hanging from the hinges. *Came in and left again when they didn't find anybody.* Some of the furniture had scratches and dents but it didn't seem like the monsters cared much about her things. *Just here for killing. Or some weird interpretation of hunting.*

Her apartment was separated into a bedroom and a mixed living room with the kitchen. The bathroom with a shower had been mostly left alone. Kate closed the door as well as she could before she quietly dragged her chest of drawers to block it.

First thing's first, she got a glass of water and downed it, the plumbing luckily still intact and working. Next she searched through her clothes, a sigh leaving her when she found everything undisturbed. *Fuck I'm glad they didn't torch this place.*

All her underwear, shirts, and working clothes piled onto the floor, she went for a shower. With her hammer in hand, the thing definitely requiring some cleaning as well. It felt strange, standing in the dark, warm water flowing down with blood pooling on the ground, a medieval weapon in her hands. *Like some drunk and paranoid party girl that just came home from a medieval festival.* She smiled

at the idea, shaking her head as she tried to focus on the warmth. Being clean. Having fresh clothes. Silver linings in the shit state of the world.

She felt tired after, any semblance of adrenaline gone and the danger around her feeling more surreal than anything. *Could go back now, try to sneak past and get to the car.* It didn't sound like a good idea. Not with her lack of sleep, but even more so with the nightly activities in the forest. The goblins too seemed to prefer sleeping during the day, or at least the mornings. Kate even left her french press for the next day and instead fell into her bed, hair wet and hammer in hand. She fell asleep in less than a minute.

Kate stirred in her bed, yawning as she turned to the side. Something hard pressed against her thigh. She grumbled and tried to push it away before her eyes opened wide. Pushing the hammer away, she raised a hand to her head and took in a deep breath. She had thought it was Sunday, but instead it was the end of the world. Slowly sitting up, she rubbed her eyes, sunlight streaming in through the closed blinds. Her alarm showed eleven forty. *Overslept.*

Hammer in one hand, she stood up and moved to the kitchen. Her clothing pile remained where she had left it. She heated up water in a pan, avoiding anything that would make a lot of noise. She got her largest backpack and her sports bag, filling the former with most of her clothes. Just the utility stuff. She added cleaning products, tampons, creams, toothbrush, a nail clipper, and a pack of condoms, just in case. Kate made herself a large cup of coffee, leaning against her kitchen top to enjoy the beverage. Then she poured herself another cup, eating a few crackers in between. There wasn't much in her fridge sadly, the appliance dented in by a blunt object but still mostly working.

She cleaned up the french press after and put it into her pack with all the coffee she still had in her apartment. Her bluetooth speakers went in too. Necessary items only. The last thing she packed was a photo of herself with her parents, looking at it for a few seconds before she put it in. *I'll come find you when I can.* Kate had no idea how the fuck she would get to Scotland now but if there was a way in the future, she would find it. *If he doesn't come for me first,* she thought with a grin. *And don't you dare die. You old idiot.*

The sports bag was empty but Kate didn't plan to sneak out with just her own belongings. Not while she was here, with a car hopefully waiting for her at the edge of town. There were a lot of things they needed, and now was the time to get them. Before the monsters figured out how useful it all was. She gave her apartment a last look and moved aside the chest of drawers, focused now as she stepped back out into the monster infested town.

The sun was high on the horizon, a few clouds visible in the distance. The cool autumn breeze wasn't quite as noticeable with the sunlight. Kate moved around the building after she had checked the street, crouched and alert. She went from house to house, on the lookout for creatures when she came across a warg sniffing the air in front of a former home.

She activated Mindless Ferocity, leaving Furious Dance out of the mix for now. Her senses sharpened as she moved forward, steady steps up to the creature. Kate let go of her empty sports bag, the sound coupled with her steps alerting the warg which turned her way, right in time to see the spiked hammer come in from below.

Its jaw snapped closed as the weapon entered, its body lifted up slightly by the direct impact. A gurgle was all it could produce.

Kate pushed the hammer to the side, the monster staggering away with blood dripping from its jaws as the spike was ripped out. She finished it off with a direct strike of the dull end, skull cracking before it sagged to the ground.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Warg]’

She looked around and deactivated her magic. Kate heard birds chirping nearby as she went and grabbed her bag. *One down.* She had no time to hesitate, and no reason to consider.

A few minutes later, she stood at the back of the general store, looking around the corners to see if anything was nearby. She heard and saw nothing. The back door was open, the lock broken. Sunlight drifted in through the front, providing enough light for her to see. Her sports bag at the ready, she went inside and filled it with everything she deemed worth the space. High amounts of calories in the form of canned beans, lentils, peas, rice, pasta, and everything else that seemed essential.

The one bag wouldn't get them far but it was at least a week's worth of food for the entire group. She didn't wait any longer, leaving the rest for later as she made her way back outside. Listening for monsters, she continued behind the buildings until she crossed the street to the skiing store. There were a few things she had missed the last time around. Kate grabbed another bag, filling it with rope, binoculars, headlamps, and more clothes.

Her last stop she made at a small electronics store. Broken glass lay scattered on the floor, various devices spread around. She heard an electronic crackle from the back and set down her bags, sneaking in as well as she could, trying to avoid the glass. She found two goblins staring at a flickering TV, the display broken with colorful pixels flashing.

The second goblin saw her right before the brains of its companion splattered against the shelf it had stood next to. It got out its small knife and took a step back, taking in a deep breath.

Kate shot forward with her charge, her knee impacting the goblin's chest and pushing out all the air it had gathered in a quiet yelp. She watched the creature hit the wall and swung her hammer in a horizontal arc, a wet impact resounding before the monster fell. It tried to crawl away when an overhead strike hit its skull.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 9’

‘ding’ ‘Reckless Charge reaches lvl 6’

‘ding’ ‘Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 7’

Her hands were steady, blood on her boots and jacket. *Just as surprised as the people who lived here.* She left the corpses and grabbed what she had been looking for. A few sets of small radios, some smartphones, several handfuls of batteries, and battery packs with usb connectors and solar cells.

Both bags and her backpack full, she went back outside, crossed the street in a brisk pace and started making her way back all around to the southern part of town where they had parked Jon's car. *Hopefully still there.*

The higher Endurance seemed to help more than she had expected, much like the other points she had invested into her status. With all the weight she carried and the speed she moved at, she would've at least expected to be breaking a sweat. It all felt smooth however, a good night's rest and copious amounts of caffeine certainly helped. She saw a few creatures move in the distance, a group walking over the open field beyond the town. Orcs and goblins she surmised but moved on quickly before they could spot her.

Up the slope and onto the parking lot, she found Jon's car as they had left it. The doors were open. Kate moved the bags onto the back seats and got in, the key still in the ignition. *Smart for once. Well done Kate.*

The drive wouldn't be long, the power left in the car enough to make it several times over. She turned the key and watched the lights come on. Turning it around, she drove onto the road back to the castle and hit the breaks a few meters in. "Gods, what the fuck," she murmured, watching a woman stumble out of the forest, jeans shorts and a flimsy top, both blood covered and ripped. She wore wandering boots, the laces on one of them open.

Blonde hair was strung together in a filthy bun, blood and dirt on her face with dried run down makeup. She stumbled closer to the car, saying something that Kate couldn't hear, finally collapsing in front of the vehicle.

She got out immediately, crouching down over the woman before she checked her pulse. *Still breathing.* Kate quickly checked for injuries. There were a few obvious cuts and bruises but nothing she deemed immediately life threatening. Kate moved over to the car and opened the passenger seat, hoping that the woman wasn't some kind of zombie or shape changer. It wouldn't make sense for either to collapse however, that was more an insurance fraud thing. She moved her onto the seat and secured her, closing the door right after when she heard noises from the forest. Growls.

Kate didn't waste any time. She got into the driver seat and drove off. A glance into the section of the forest didn't reveal anything. *Growls sounded different than anything I've faced before. But I might just be getting mad. With all the shit I've already done.* She looked at the knocked out woman, just now noticing the smell. It only took a few seconds for her to find the relevant button to open both windows. *No music for now.*

She drove the way back, much more aware of her surroundings this time around. Though it seemed quiet compared to the previous night. *One benefit we might have compared to most of these monsters. As long as they don't climb over walls.* She shook her head slightly, thinking back on the goblins she had killed. With her skills active it was easy. Like she had fought against monsters for years already. The confidence she felt, wielding her weapons. It felt good. Intoxicating in a way, like dancing to a new song she discovered, when everything just fell into place. But really she was fighting monsters.

Her hands wrung around the steering wheel. She took a deep breath and focused on the now. There was still a lot to do, if they wanted to get some sense of safety. The woman next to her stirred when they came up on the castle, Kate slowing down the car. She leaned out of the window and waved to Jon looking down from the battlements. "Open the gates," she called out.

He nodded suddenly, rushing back and down, shouting for the others. Half a minute later the gates opened.

"Where... wha... who are you?" the woman asked, tired blue eyes looking at her with some apprehension.

“You’re gonna be fine. We have a healer,” Kate said with a smile. “God knows we need her.”

Back inside, she stopped the car and turned it off, everyone rushing towards them with a variety of expressions.

“This is... Keilberg castle,” the woman said and rubbed her eyes.

“It is,” Kate said and got out.

“Injured?” Melusine asked immediately.

“Not much, check her instead,” Kate said, pointing behind herself. She opened the other doors and grabbed the bags.

“What happened?” Jon asked.

Kate’s shoulders sagged a little, smiling when she saw Grey and Logan join them too. They looked better.

“Your Berserker Class,” Grey said, a shy smile on his face as he looked at her. “I t... told them it w... was fine. That y... you were out there.”

“Good thing you took care of the goblins first,” Logan said. “We saw the corpses. Thank you. For her as well,” he added, nodding towards the woman being led out of the car by Melusine.

“Who is she? Why did you go to Keilberg... what is all that?” Jon asked, looking between her, the car, and the bags.

Kate didn’t answer, steadying herself against the near jumping hug from Eloise. The girl had tears in her eyes, holding her tight before she stepped back with an embarrassed expression.

“Sorry,” Kate said. “But I have a feeling this won’t be the last time.” She looked to Grey.

“We have to look at the... system... and plan t... things. Test the skills. It’s important,” he said.

“Yeah, that sounds reasonable,” Jon said and grabbed one of the bags Kate was holding.

Logan did the same from the other side. “I’m glad you made it back.”

“Yeah,” Kate said with a sigh. “Me too.”

Melusine brought the woman into the armory, sending her daughters to fetch various things from Bert’s home.

The others gathered in the old man’s living room, looking through everything she had brought.

Kate set down the backpack and shook her head at the look Logan gave the pack. “That’s my stuff,” she said and carefully took out the french press.

He smiled and started taking things out.

Eloise smiled brightly when she saw the food, redirecting it towards Kate before she vanished again with a wet cloth.

“What’s all the commotion about?” Bert asked as he walked down the stairs. He looked even more grumpy than before. “Survived eh? Told em they shouldn’t worry. You’re not like those city folk.”

“Yes Bert,” Kate said as she carefully put away her coffee. “Thanks for the confidence.”

“Headlamps and radios... good idea,” Logan said, opening the plastic packaging.

“It was dark. I wouldn’t have made it without the flashlights,” Kate said.

Grey gulped and looked at her. “You were in the forest at night?”

She gave him a nod.

“Any different than during the day?” he asked.

Jon sat down at the table and opened a notebook, looking at the labels as he started taking inventory. He flipped to another page when she started telling them about the monsters, the man asking specific questions about the creatures. “Only if you’re comfortable with that of course.”

“Are you starting some kind of monster manual?” Kate asked.

“Yes,” he answered seriously. “I am.”

Chapter 16 Team

Jon finished his notes, the smell of coffee drifting through the open kitchen. He sighed, giving Kate a slight smile when she handed him a cup. “Berserker hmm?”

“Yeah,” she said.

“Mine is called Assassin,” Grey said. He couldn’t fully hide how cool he actually thought that was.

Kate puffed, drinking from her mug. “Of course it is.”

“And I have the Precision stat that comes with the Class. I think it’s one point per level, two normal stat points for the Class level itself, I’m at level two already from what we’ve done in Keilberg. I... don’t know if I would’ve survived... without it. The four points I had to put into Vitality...” Grey said, frowning a little at the last bit. “I guess it makes sense as a hardcore character. Nobody respawned yet, right?”

“What do you mean? Grey you need to use normal people language, not gamer speak,” Kate said with a sigh, making herself another mug of coffee.

“Well... you know rpgs. The Classes, they usually adhere to some kind of roles. I don’t know how this system works exactly but so far it seems to go that route at least. Precision increases my ability to hit weak spots with my attacks for example, which fits with the Assassin Class. I get bonuses to light bladed weapons, throwing knives, nimble movements, all that from passive skills in my Class. The system is basically telling me to invest into Dexterity. Because I’m moving fast and attack with nimble weapons, not for example like you... I assume Berserker is more a Strength thing?”

“Yes, I suppose it is,” Kate said, taking a sip of coffee. “What was that about respawning?”

Grey moved a hand through his hair as he walked in a small circle. He wrung his hands and bit his lip. “Well you see... in most games an Assassin wouldn’t really level Vitality much. Because you’re going for the kill basically. DPS, damage per second. But the issue here is of course... we might not come back to life. And testing that would be insane. So I think it’s best if we all invest some of our stats into Vitality. I tested a little with a fork earlier and my skin alone is... well watch,” he said and grabbed the aforementioned utensil. The man proceeded to stab his arm with the metal piece.

Jon stood up from his chair but Kate just sipped from her mug. She knew nothing would happen, her own Vitality was at twenty after all.

Grey stabbed a few more times and showed them, his skin only slightly red where he had rammed the fork down. “I don’t know how, but these stats are making more than noticeable changes. As to the hardcore comment, some games have an option to play a character that is permanently gone when they die once. The entire meta is different for those... meta being... like the best gear and skills to level, often more on the defensive side for obvious reasons. If you can come back to life you’re basically fine with using a single high damage spell before being one shot.”

“Gamer speak,” Kate reminded.

“Yes. Well it doesn’t matter. This is hardcore, which means we have to consider our defenses,” he said, cupping his face with both hands before he took in a deep breath. “But it’s good. Our composition so far isn’t bad. Logan has a Paladin Class and I talked to him about his skills already. Bonuses to heavy armor, large weapons, and he has a light heal. Nothing quite like Melusine but it’s

still substantial. That brings us to your wife, Jon. Having a healer this early on in this mess is key. We wouldn't be talking here at all without her, but recovering somewhere on our own. If we had the chance to recover at all," he said and gulped. "Do you mind sharing your skills with us?" he said finally and looked at Kate.

She looked at the coffee before she closed her eyes. "I suppose I can," she said, noting that the young man hadn't stuttered a single time in all the talk so far. Kate went on to describe her special stat and her various skills, reading the descriptions to the others.

"Pretty much what I expected," Grey said, now sitting next to Jon who noted everything down with his fast handwriting.

The older man looked at Kate with some apprehension. "That's why you ran off..."

She didn't say anything.

"It's good," Grey said. "I mean she was the first one to fight and kill things. We couldn't have adjusted as quickly without your Class. Now in a game I'd just send you in from the side, or as a frontal attack while everyone else is at the rear but that's obviously quite dangerous."

"I can control it to an extent. I managed to stay quiet and wait before attacking. The problem is... stopping," Kate said, gulping.

"Maybe there's a way to snap you out of it. We will have to test, but our abilities and levels are just not high enough yet to know a lot. Five percent seems to be the baseline for every skill that grants a tangible bonus, with half a percent more per level, but other than that... the descriptions could mean anything. We don't have the dev notes or anything so we'll just have to figure things out. I'm interested in the food and gear bonuses, you got anything there yet?" Grey asked.

Kate shook her head.

"We'll have to figure that out at some point. The question also remains if there are support Classes or if everything is battle focused. Even Melusine has a bonus to damage with medical tools," he said.

"Gibberish," Bert murmured from his chair.

"Thanks for the contribution," Kate said, receiving a dismissive wave in return. "So how do we level the skills and Classes? Just... killing?"

Grey tapped the table. "Maybe. It depends. Just using the skills while training together might do the trick but who knows. That stuff is usually possible early on in games but there are exploits too. Though I doubt there are any bugs in this system. And... it might be too dangerous for us to train with your... main buffs active."

"I can go without. But we can't be sitting here training while the world goes to shit out there," Kate said. "There are still a lot of things we can get in Keilberg. I think it's best if I go again today."

"I'll...j... join," Grey said.

"No. Out of the question," Kate replied.

"W... what you d... did. Was right," he said. "And y... your skills-"

"Exactly. My skills. I'm unpredictable. And you followed me in. We could've both died, all three of us even. I don't want to risk that," Kate said.

“We’re here together,” Jon said in a calm voice. He leaned forward slightly. The expression on his face was different now. More, calm. “You’ve saved us a few times already, Kate. The least we can do is not send you into a monster infested town by yourself. Especially with those... skills of yours. If I understand it correctly, your abilities allow you to ignore pain to an extent, and you can... absorb... health. Of the monsters you kill. With a few people having your back, our overall chance of survival is higher.”

She shook her head. “I understand the logic, Jon. But this isn’t a game. You were there, you saw what happened.” She tried hard to stay calm but her voice got louder in the end nonetheless.

“I did,” he said with a sigh, rubbing his brow. “But this isn’t about how I feel about it. I’m sure it’ll take years for me to work through what I experienced in the past few days...,” he said and paused. “Neither is it about how you feel, Kate. If we plan to stay alive, get through this... mess. We have to make the decisions most likely to succeed.”

The man remained quiet for a few seconds before he talked again. “My... daughters... are here. I d... I don’t know what I would do if... I’ll come with you too. I’ll get a Class, whatever it may be. We were given this... system... I know it’s not what you want. I don’t want to go out there either, Kate. I want to hide. I want to hope the military is coming, but I have a feeling it won’t. I have a feeling that these creatures are here to stay. They’ve already killed everyone in Keilberg.”

The man paused and looked at each of them in turn. “I won’t let them take my daughters. We will survive. Everyone here. You included.”

Grey smiled but didn’t say anything. He glanced at Kate before he looked down.

She lowered her mug and sighed. “You pieces of shit,” she murmured. The father, protecting his daughters. The awkward gamer kid turned Assassin. *Maybe we will. Maybe.* She didn’t want to think about them dying on her. Maybe even because of her own actions. Jon was right though, it wasn’t just about her. The rational side was there. She could’ve died several times in the past night alone. Someone to support her or distract the enemies would’ve made a massive difference. She couldn’t deny that. It annoyed her but she knew Jon was right. And most of all she couldn’t deny their guts. It reminded her of her friends in the force. She didn’t like it. Not one bit. But she supposed if the world was going to shit, she too had to adapt.

Kate downed the rest of her coffee and steeled herself. *And though the fires may rage, all consuming. We shall stand. We shall fight. We shall prevail.*

She couldn’t help but smile at the thought. *Fred you absolute idiot.* The firefighter had loved his quotes and catchphrases. Silly really, but so were goblins and orcs roaming the forests of Keilberg. *Perhaps I could use a bit more of his optimism.*

“We’ll prepare to leave momentarily. Grey, get your gear ready, we have enough clothing now thanks to our expedition yesterday and thanks to Kate. I think it’s best if we use the truck,” Jon said and finished his notes. He closed the notebook and put it into one of the cupboards. “Bert, you’re tasked with protecting the castle.”

The old man coughed. “Boy. I’ve protected this castle for fifty years.” He got up and grabbed his shotgun. “Just come back without nearly dying.”

“Sure you’re up for this?” Kate asked the two. She thought back to Grey nearly bleeding out on the ground just out in the yard.

“I could ask you the same,” Jon said.

She smiled. "Don't act cocky now, Mr. Crossbow. I've killed an Ogre all on my own."

"And you nearly died doing it," he said and stood, starting to prepare his own gear. His hands shook ever so slightly but he looked into her eyes now. "Next time, we'll kill it together."

Kate smiled and finished her coffee before she too started to prepare. Her gear was mostly already on her but she grabbed one of the radios and tuned it to one of the few available frequencies before testing quickly.

"The range is not very good on these," Grey commented.

"You're into radios too?" Kate asked as she put one onto her belt. She added a headlamp and a few extra batteries before she shouldered her pack and grabbed her spiked hammer.

"I r... read the... package," the man admitted, scratching the back of his neck.

That makes sense, she thought with a smile and left.

Back in the armory, Melusine had sat down the newcomer on the ground floor. She had cleaned her wounds and cuts. She looked better. Much less grimy and pale.

Kate noted her blue eyes as she glanced her way. Her makeup was cleaned off now but Kate assumed the woman made quite a few heads turn wherever she went regardless. "You look better," she said, glancing to Logan as he joined them.

"Ethan is awake. Already mentioned the stinking bedrolls, the nerd gallery of medieval garbage, and this fuckface," the man said as he pointed at himself. "He still needs rest but he'll get around. Melusine, let me know when he goes too far."

The woman smiled his way as she cleaned off the last of the blood on the newcomer. "I've handled worse, Logan. How are you feeling Allison?"

"Less shit," the woman said with a sigh. "What were those monsters? You h... you have a hammer. Is this really happening?" she asked with a shaking voice.

"I'm afraid so," Melusine said in a calm tone. A tone which said that everything would be alright.

Kate took in a deep breath hearing her. *Guess I needed that too.*

Allison rolled her eyes back. "Fuck, this sucks. At least festival season is over. Internet doesn't work and now there are monsters. Thanks for bringing me here, I'm Allison," she said, addressing Kate. "I don't know how much longer I could've ran from those things."

"Happy to have stumbled upon you," Kate said. "You were around Keilberg when it all happened?"

"Yes. I was hunting for squirrels," the woman said and rolled her eyes at Kate's brow rise. "Dead ones. I'm not a monster."

"You were hunting for dead squirrels in the forest?" Kate asked.

Allison sighed. "That's why I don't tell people about this stuff. Yes. I make stuff. Here, look," she said and pulled out her phone. The screen was cracked and it didn't turn on. "Shit. I make cosplays alright?"

"You do? You don't look like someone who does cosplay," Kate said.

"At least you know what it is. It's so annoying to explain all the time. And yes. I have... well had, an instagram with over a million followers. Horny nerds but it pays well. I do a lot of personal

projects too but I guess that's over now. God I hope Heather is alright," she said, sharing the words quickly before she tried to check her phone again.

"I'm lost," Logan commented.

Allison glanced at him for the first time, her eyes lingering on the man for a second before she turned back. She opened and closed her mouth before she spoke. "I'll explain it to you later."

Kate smirked and pointed to her left. "Brought back a bunch of phones if you want to grab a new one. If you have a storage card or something you might be able to use it. Reception and internet are fucked of course."

"Are you going somewhere?" Logan asked. He glanced past her to see the others moving about outside.

Kate looked at him for a moment. "Yes. Back to Keilberg."

"Didn't we just come from there?" Allison asked. She groaned when Melusine tabbed a cut on her arm with a piece of wet cloth.

"You should eat something, shower, and get some rest," Melusine said to her, touching her brow. "I got rid of the infections."

"How?" Allison asked.

The others looked at her.

"There's magic now," Kate said.

The woman covered her face with both hands. "Oh my god."

"I'm good again," Logan said. "I will join you."

Kate looked at him and shrugged. She was too tired to have another argument about the same thing. He could heal with magic. Their chances would be better. *Jon is right.*

Melusine didn't comment on anything, her focus on the injured and exhausted woman.

"Put on your armor then, big man. We're leaving in about ten minutes," Kate said.

He nodded and went upstairs.

"Did he decide on his own?" Melusine asked when the man had left.

"Jon? Yes. I wanted to go alone," Kate said.

"Holy shit, you're like some medieval fighter or something. Are you alright in your head?" Allison asked before hissing again.

"I'm a firefighter," Kate said in a matter of fact tone.

"That's good then. Thank you, Kate. And you stop insulting the woman that saved you," Melusine said.

Kate smiled. "She's tired and hungry. Can't exactly blame her."

"You understand. Good. Reasonable people. Speaking of which, it does smell really nice," Allison said and stretched.

Kate left the two alone and prepared herself as best she could. Her bags were empty once more and she put them back into the car when Jon stopped her.

“We’re taking the truck. More space,” he said, checking the quiver on his belt.

“It’s louder,” Kate said.

“We know there weren’t any goblins near the parking spot. And we know most of them are asleep during the day,” Jon said. “And we have to assume there’s another attack coming tonight. We have to get everything we can, as fast as possible. Before Keilberg is full of creatures. I do hope that horde you saw doesn’t come up here.”

Me too. She didn’t disagree with anything he said and moved the bags out to the truck instead. She had a few knives on her belt again and her hammer. *As prepared as I’ll get.* The clothes felt good at least. As did her weapons. She looked at Grey and Jon, the two men now dressed in black and gray, weapons at the ready. *Not exactly a military force, but at least we’re no longer a miss matched skiing group.*

Logan managed to improve the look further with his steel armor and greatsword. The others didn’t argue when he got onto the back of the truck without a word.

“Food, medical supplies, weapons, and anything else useful we can find,” Jon said. “I drive.”

Kate didn’t argue. He knew the way now too. She got in on the passenger seat and checked her radio. “Test, one two three.”

Her voice resounded from three corresponding radios.

Jon grabbed the steering wheel and closed the door, silence coming over the group.

Kate turned on the radio, switching to the usb left behind by the original owner of the truck. She glanced at Jon and then the two others on the back, nobody complaining about the guitar solo in the middle of a Metal track. She moved her hammer to the side a little but kept a hand around the handle. And then they were driving.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 7

- Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 9

- Active: Furious Dance – lvl 9

- Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 6

- Active:

- Active:

- Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 8

- Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 6

- Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 7

- Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1

- Passive:

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 7

Strength: 11

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 17 Bread and Games

Kate turned off the radio a few minutes before they reached the parking lot. She reminded the others that just a few hours prior there were growls coming from where Allison had burst out of the underbrush.

The engine of the car continued to produce considerable noise but they arrived without an interruption. Jon turned the key and got his crossbow ready. Grey and Logan jumped off the side of the truck and grabbed their bags, three each.

Kate got out as well and did the same. The weather was good today, the grass still slightly wet from last night's downpour. A few clouds remained on the horizon but nothing that suggested more rain. She waited in silence and looked towards the forest but nothing showed itself.

"Kate in front, then Grey, me, and finally Logan," Jon said in a hushed voice. His weapon was steady.

She was surprised at his initiative but they grouped up all the same, ready to save what they could from the desecrated town. This time they couldn't spot a single goblin guard as they went into the streets but Kate soon noted a strange difference. "There are fewer bodies."

The others pondered the whispered comment but nobody added anything. They had discussed the possibility of undead but neither were there any shambling creatures to replace the missing corpses.

A few Wargs were growling at each other in one of the side streets, the group circling them in silence.

Kate ground her teeth but she didn't have her spells active. They were here for supplies primarily, not to take unnecessary risks. Soon they reached the general store, this time from the back. Kate stopped the others at the entrance when she heard a sound from within. She activated Mindless Ferocity, the steps and gargled words from within instantly more audible. She held up three fingers and gestured the height of a goblin, then she raised one finger and gestured much higher. She moved the finger to her mouth then pointed at herself then inside.

She tried to explain that the others should follow her with some distance, and most importantly to stay quiet.

Furious Dance activated as she willed it, the sounds clearing even more. There were enemies. Monsters she could kill. Monsters she had to kill. Beasts in the way of their goal. Her allies were around but they were no longer relevant. She moved inside, each of her steps deliberate, slow, careful. Her eyes were focused. She didn't miss a thing. *Silent.*

Quiet.

Kate was inside. She sneaked through the small corridor and came up on the shelves at the back. The monsters were loud. Loud and unaware. The three goblins were to her right, two, maybe three rows down. The orc she saw, its head sticking up over one of the shelves on the left. Just slightly. He ripped something open, sniffing before he murmured a few words. Kate didn't waste the opportunity. *Distracted. Stupid.* She checked her right and saw the goblins but ignored them. They were irrelevant.

Instead she moved farther, coming out into the corridor with the orc. He held his sword with one hand and an open package of crisps in the other. She moved. Reckless Charge activated before he noticed, Kate speeding up with her hammer raised horizontally. She slammed the spike into his head the moment she stopped. A grazing hit, her foe staggering backwards, a hand going to the bleeding wound. She took a step forward and ducked below the wild swing of his sword, coming up with a short handed strike against his jaw. The top bit of her hammer broke something. She did it again and watched him stagger once more. One step forward and she swung with the full force of her body behind it. Her hammer impacted his head with a sickening crunch, his weak counter unable to cut through the fabric covering her arm. Kate watched her prey fall, his blade clattering to the ground as she stepped above the confused and injured orc. She brought the spike down on his head with one last strike, ripping it out before he slumped to the ground, unmoving.

She could feel herself grinning as she turned around, blood on her weapon as she stared at the three goblins now staring at her. They weren't moving. *Fear*. She growled. A low noise, something she didn't know she could produce, but it felt right. *Come*.

A wooden bolt struck the goblin at the back, the two in the front shrieking at the sudden impact.

Kate ran at them. She brought her hammer up from below, hitting one of the small creatures in its chest. A blade flashed past, blood splattering the shelves. She brought her boot down on the creature's head. Again and again, until she felt its skull give, a mush of gore below her as she turned and looked around.

One of her allies stood with his blade drawn, looking at her with wide eyes. The armored one was right behind. The two goblins were dead. She listened for more. She knew there were enemies in the town. There had been wargs, large dog like monsters roaming the streets.

"Kate," someone said.

She felt a tugging on her arm. One of her allies.

"Kate it's over," the voice said.

"She's not there," the armored one said.

She had to go out, find the other monsters. Kate looked up and found her armored ally standing in her way. She tried to walk past. He stepped in her way again.

"Try this," a third voice said. He held a knife and something else in his hand.

She turned and looked at him, her nose sniffing the air. She watched as he poured out more of the powder, holding it closer to her as he approached with careful steps. She took in a deep breath. *That's the stuff*. Her eyes closed before she opened them again. *Disable the skills. The fight is over*, she told herself and did as she asked.

"It actually worked," Logan said, his face covered by his helmet.

Jon smiled. "A simple creature, acting on instinct."

"You know I can hear you," Kate said, squinting at the man. She glanced down at the handful of coffee powder he held and the open package to the side. "And you're wasting coffee."

The man gulped and handed her the open package.

She shook her head lightly but took the thing anyway, looking for tape to close it again. Kate noticed the others staring at the gore but she found herself less caring. They were monsters in their way, and more importantly they were responsible for the carnage out there.

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Orc Warrior]’

...

‘ding’ ‘You have defeated [Goblin Scout]’

‘ding’ ‘Berserker reaches lvl 8’

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

‘ding’ ‘Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 10’

‘ding’ ‘Furious Dance reaches lvl 10’

‘ding’ ‘Reckless Charge reaches lvl 7’

‘ding’ ‘Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 7’

‘ding’ ‘Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 8’

‘ding’ ‘You have unlocked the active skill: Hunting Leap – lvl 1

Active: Hunting Leap – lvl 1

Power surges through your legs, propelling you upwards. Charge your muscles for 15% of your total stamina and jump up to 2.25m high. Not cliffs nor walls shall stand between you and your prey.

A jump? Sounds good, Kate thought as she bandaged the poor injured package. It'll hurt like a bitch though if I fall from that height. Or maybe not? With my high Vitality? She looked at the two stat points she still had and pondered for a few seconds. A look at the orc showed blood pooling under his head, various injuries where she had struck it. That needed so many hits. She decided on Strength, her hands shaking and her muscles tensing up when she allocated the points, feeling the magical surge go through her body.

She panted a few times before she calmed down, sweat on her brow as she felt the weight of her hammer lessen. Considerably so. She took in a deep breath and closed her eyes for a moment, refocusing on their task.

The others hadn't seemed to notice. Grey seemed preoccupied with his own notification and Jon was already packing things.

Kate looked at the armored Logan before she tapped his shoulder. "Are you okay?" His gaze was focused on one of the goblins.

He didn't react for a few seconds before he recoiled, taking a step back.

"Turn around," Kate said and helped him move. She took his sword. "Sit down."

He listened, his armored arms on his legs as he sat on the ground. Jon gave them a look but didn't stop what he was doing. Grey now started collecting goods as well.

"Talk to me, Logan," Kate said and helped him take off his helmet. The man was sweat covered, his eyes slightly unfocused and his jaw clenched to a noticeable degree. She had seen similar reactions before, crouching down next to him as she put a hand on his shoulder. "We won, Logan. Hear me? We're here to collect food and other goods, okay?"

He looked her way and started rubbing his eyes.

"Can you do that? Just the back aisles? Fill your bags and then we go back outside," she said and handed him one of them.

Logan closed his eyes for a few seconds before he opened them again. "I... yes." He stood up and started towards the shelves.

Kate watched him go. *No time for this.* She intended to talk to him later and went to go through the goods herself.

The group of monsters had destroyed quite a few packages but there was still enough to feed half a town. Jon helped Grey figure out what to pack, the others experienced enough to focus on anything that wouldn't go bad quickly. It took them the good part of twenty minutes to fill their bags before they went outside again. The walk back was largely unproblematic. Kate did note that the wargs weren't in the same ally anymore.

Jon and Grey struggled considerably with their bags but they managed it in the end, piling everything into the back of the truck.

"We should go for more while we're here," Jon said.

"Packs from the skiing store? We can clear that one out too," she said.

The man gave her a nod, the others following in silence. They remained alert as they walked back into the streets. This time they did have to avoid a goblin guard they spotted near one of the homes, though it seemed the monsters' ability to see them in broad daylight was limited at best.

The skiing store looked just like they had left it, all four of them going to work immediately. There were many backpacks and sports bags, soon filled to the brim with climbing equipment, hunting knives, clothes, binoculars, and everything else that seemed useful.

"What other stores are there, Kate?" Jon asked before they were done.

"Not much else that would be immediately useful. I got enough from the electronics store," she said. "And we have several sets of clothing now for everyone."

The man looked at her. "What about games?"

"Games?" she asked. Grey perked up.

"Well yes. Games. Boardgames, cards, gameboys or whatever they're called these days. Books too maybe. Bert didn't have the largest collection and I did see his dvds," he said.

"Don't think any of that is a priority right now," Kate answered.

"I think it is. It should be. We can't be thinking about monsters all the time. It's been barely a few days and I can already feel myself spiral. You're good with coffee but I'd prefer something to read," he said.

“And music,” Logan said. The first thing he had said since the general store.

“I mean we can check, sure. There was a small store with board games and the like. I think they had some games and music too,” she said.

“Herbert’s Corner,” Grey said. “I w... went there... sometimes.”

No need to be ashamed about that, she thought. He was looking down, intently focused on his full backpack.

“It was at the northern edge of town, right?” she asked.

“Y... yes. We can g... get there from the car,” he said.

“Then let’s go. Everyone ready?” Jon asked.

They all confirmed, covered in bags and holding their weapons. The equipment was considerably lighter than the dozen bags of rice and cans of veggies Kate had carried before.

“Quiet and steady, there are still monsters out there,” Jon added before he opened the back door.

Kate went first, followed by Grey. As alert and silent as they could, the group continued through the quiet town. There was no sign of the wargs they had seen before, nor any other creatures. Kate glanced around and gripped her weapon. She would’ve preferred to know where the monsters were. Knowing they moved around added a lot of uncertainty to the whole endeavor. They soon reached the truck again and deposited their full bags.

Ready with more storage, the group continued to Herbert’s Corner, the store located just a few minutes away from the parking lot at the northern edge of town. It looked small from the outside, a door wedged between the entrances to a bakery and a butcher’s shop.

Kate opened the door as slowly as she could. She winced when a jingle resounded from the bells above the entrance. A breeze flowed through as she waited, no other noise joining in, no steps, or growls added to the mix. She entered. The ground floor remained lit, most of everything piled on the floor. Shelves had been toppled over, dvd cases smashed, boxes ripped apart. She had trouble finding a spot on the floor that wasn’t covered in pieces.

Grey held the bells in place after Logan had entered, closing the miraculously intact glass door behind himself.

The store was quite narrow, filled to the absolute brim with goods, in front and behind the counter. A back door led to the back of the building and a path alongside the town’s edge. It remained open, a single body lying on the ground a few meters away. Blood had collected below.

“That... that’s him,” Grey said with a gulp.

“We’ll send him off too,” Kate said. “But not now.”

“It won’t do them any good if we die in the process,” Jon said, having heard their conversation. He was looking through the shelves and chaos. “I don’t think any of this is particularly usable. The games have all mixed together.”

Grey stepped aside without a word, crouching down next to the counter before he pulled away a small rug. Below was a latch. He turned and opened it, revealing a step ladder that led downwards. The man reached below and flicked a switch, light now coming from the cellar.

“You do seem familiar with the shop,” Kate said as she walked over.

"I'll stay up here to keep an eye out," Logan said.

Grey gave him a nod before he stepped down, followed by Kate and Jon.

She nearly whistled, stopping herself due to the potential noise. The cellar was near four times as large as the ground floor, and just as packed if not more so. Ground to ceiling shelves were stacked with games, magazines, books, and electronics. Everything was well lit, one corner of the large room dedicated to an old blocky TV, beanbags set in front of it with a variety of consoles hooked up to the large device.

"Let's get to work then. Anything that seems fun," Jon murmured as he started looking through the shelves.

Grey already had his bag half full, the man reaching out with precision and speed, much like his Class suggested. He navigated the tight space with ease, choosing entire stacks of comics seemingly without consideration.

Kate watched him for a few seconds before she started looking herself. *Absolute treasure trove this place. Must've kept the valuable or rare stuff down here.* She grabbed a few board games she was familiar with and put them into her bag, moving on to the extensive CD collection. *Suppose we can't use all the cloud services anymore.* She didn't go for her own favorites and instead chose a varied selection of genres, most of it more than twenty years old at least. Kate stashed all of the CD players themselves too. Most used batteries of which they now had a shit load. Herbert had made sure of that, an entire box full standing next to the stack of players.

Jon chuckled. "Even I know some of these books. Asimov's Foundation," he said and held up a copy. "Might as well start here with the collection of human knowledge, this place might as well be a library."

"Foundation is good. Just wish there was more action in it... and the characters change all the time," Grey said. "If you like sci-fi, you should read Ha-"

A knock came from above, Logan crouching down near the entrance. "Monsters," he hissed through his helmet.

Kate moved to the steps and put on her backpack. They had enough games, books, and music. She got up with her hammer in hand and found Logan hiding behind the counter. She joined him with quiet steps, trying to see the creatures he mentioned. She found nothing.

"Group of Orcs, three or four, and five goblins, maybe more. Walked past and towards the town center," he whispered.

The others joined them with their packs. Grey turned off the light and closed the hatch with a quiet click. He put the rug back and joined them, a hand on his sword's handle.

"Are they patrolling?" Kate asked.

"I don't know, but we should leave as soon as we can. Those were too many for us to fight," Logan said. He looked at her through the slit in his helmet, concern obvious.

"I don't have my skills active, Logan. I won't run after them," Kate said.

"We should go out in the back," Jon said.

Kate nodded and opened the door. She checked the small path and went outside, circling around the building with careful steps, listening for monsters. She reached the road and pressed herself against the wall, slowly moving her head around the corner to get a look at the street. *What are they...*

Four Orcs and five goblins were walking down the street, one of the large beings pulling a modified door behind himself. She watched as the others moved out to collect corpses. One had already been placed onto the board. The sound of wood dragging against concrete continued as more bodies were piled onto the door, Kate grinding her teeth as she watched with her hands gripping the hammer.

“We have to go,” Jon whispered to her.

She was ripped away from the sight and looked at her three companions. “They’re taking the dead.”

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 8

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 10***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 10***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 7***
- ***Active: Hunting Leap – lvl 1***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 7***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 8

Strength: 13

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 18 Haul

Jon glanced between Kate and the others. “Yes. And there are too many to deal with right now.”

She gulped, glancing around the corner again. *He’s right*. One or two Orcs they could handle, but four? It would be a gamble at best and she wasn’t about to make the same mistake she’d done before. Kate grit her teeth and wrung her hands around her hammer, crouching as she started circling back and around to avoid the monsters’ line of sight. She gestured for the others to follow.

Occupied with their task of collecting corpses, the monsters didn’t spot them, their guttural speech soon fading into the distance.

Kate put her bag onto the back of the truck, entering the passenger seat before she closed the door.

Jon started the car and they were off a moment later, the other two sitting between a haul of goods. Enough to last them a while, with both food, gear, and now even entertainment.

The latter felt a little strange. Kate agreed with Jon’s assessment but with actually getting games and books, they accepted that this change wasn’t something temporary. Or at least not something overcome in a few days. She hadn’t had much time to consider it, but with every passing day that the monsters remained and the military failed to show up, it became more clear.

More importantly, she now knew that the Orcs and Goblins didn’t just leave Keilberg after their raid. They were actively doing something. Collecting corpses for food or worse. She clenched her jaw, the sound around her stilling before she started to hear a ringing sound in her right ear.

Jon touched her arm. “Are you okay?”

She glanced at him, the ringing gone. “Yes. Just. I don’t like what they’re doing.”

“I wanted to do something about it too, Kate. Trust me. But we’re not ready. Not for something like that,” he said. The man gripped the steering wheel as they drove through the forest. “But we will be.”

She turned away from him and looked outside. Kate believed him. His tone was sincere.

Fifteen minutes later they arrived back at the castle.

Bert waved at them as they parked.

Logan sighed as he jumped off the back of the truck, stretching as he shouldered his sword and started taking bags. He whistled a tune under his helmet. Grey joined him, the gates slowly opening with both Eloise and Melusine popping out to greet them and help.

Kate wasn’t quite as elated as the others. Sure, they had made it back, with a shit load of goods too but she couldn’t shake the sight of those monsters. *Are they somehow using corpses to make more Orcs? Some sinister magic? There was a druid after all, wielding some kind of magic.*

She shook her head. It wasn’t the time. Instead she focused on what she could do, taking a few bags and helping the others.

The cellar of the armory was chosen as their main storeroom but they distributed some of the goods into the other buildings, in case of a fire.

“We have enough of these backpacks now to equip everyone, and then some,” Logan said as they laid everything out on the ground floor of the armory.

Allison leaned against a wall to the side. She looked better but still a little battered.

“I hear a suggestion?” Jon asked, looking up from the large bag before him.

“Unified packs. Everyone will need essentials but it will help if we all pack them the same way. With specified areas where everyone can put their own stuff. But if I need a flashlight or a bandage, I don’t want to search through your entire pack. It’ll help in emergencies,” Logan explained.

Kate looked at him and nodded slowly. *I see. Now that makes more sense.* They had similar organization at work, but Logan didn’t strike her as a firefighter, or even a cop.

“You decide what to pack where then, together with Kate,” Jon said.

Kate joined the man and picked out a few things, Eloise and Celeste constantly adding more onto the respective piles, sorting everything as Grey and Jon opened the bags.

“Beans should be fine as an emergency ration,” she said. “Canned ones are cooked already.”

“It’s a little heavy, but we don’t have anything better,” Logan said.

They worked in silence, putting together a survival pack with everything they could think of. Rope, hunting knife, matches, rations, water bottle, a few medical supplies, radio, plenty of batteries, binoculars, and heat packs. The process took quite some time, the others adding in suggestions until the prototype was done.

“We’ll prepare the others!” Celeste said.

Logan looked at her and smiled, his face turning serious a moment later. “Don’t miss a thing, alright? Our lives may depend on it.”

The little girl nodded with a serious expression.

“I’ll double check every pack,” Jon said.

“So will I, after,” Kate said. Preparing, cleaning, and checking equipment had always been a part of her job. It was incredibly boring and repetitive, which meant it was good for more than one pair of eyes to go over everything. Because once shit was on fire, you needed to be able to trust in your gear. At least this wasn’t a full firetruck. They had a few hundred pieces of gear in there.

She went out to get a breather, the sky mostly clear. It was cool but not unpleasant, even without a jacket.

Logan joined her a moment later, the man still wearing his plate armor. He sat down on a chair someone had placed outside and set down his helmet and sword.

Kate had her hammer nearby too. Just in case. “Military?” she asked.

He glanced at her before he looked up at the sky. “Yea.”

“Don’t want to talk about it?” she asked.

“No,” he spoke.

“What happened in the store...” she started. It felt wrong to pry, but if he froze in the middle of a fight.

“It doesn’t happen during an engagement. Just... after. Sometimes,” he said, his eyes unfocused. He shook his head and looked at her. “I’m sorry. And thanks, for checking on me when it happened. I have your back. Everyone’s.”

Kate didn’t know if she believed him. He didn’t seem to make things up, which meant he had experience far beyond what most people in these parts ever see. And the reaction had happened before. *Jesus. How much shit did you see?*

They were silent for a while, until Grey joined them.

“Good idea with the b... backpacks,” he said with a smile. It looked a little awkward. At least he was dressed like some kind of assassin now. The sword looked a little less ridiculous. And the few blood splatters on it actually helped.

Kate looked at him. She wasn’t sure what to say, not exactly in the mood for casual conversation. She generally didn’t have to deal with people much longer than an initial talk, some trauma assistance, maybe a smile and a few encouraging words.

“It’s often used in emergency services,” Logan said with a smile. “Because others need to be able to find the gear quickly. Especially when it’s dark or you’re full of mud,” he said and laughed.

Grey visibly relaxed and leaned against the wall as well. “That makes sense.”

“You did well, you know?” Logan said.

Kate was kind of between them. She raised a brow as she looked at Logan.

He ignored her. “It’s quite impressive that you stayed so calm. And you know what you’re doing with that blade of yours.”

“I d... don’t r... really,” Grey said.

“No you do. You treat it like the weapon it is. Not a toy. It’s apparent in the way you hold it. I don’t think it’s just this new strange magic either,” the man said. “And you’ll get better with time. I think your muscles could use some work though. I can show you some workouts you can do with your own body. Come on,” Logan said and stood up. He looked at Kate with a smile. “Isn’t that a thing... something about working out in the apocalypse?”

“Cardio,” Grey said, smiling back.

“Cardio. Yes, that’s good too,” Logan said. “Now let me see if I can’t motivate Ethan to join in. He should be good by now.”

Kate watched him go, taking his chair instead now that he was gone. *Found his calling, I guess. Or he was already some kind of officer in the military. Doubt it though.*

“You got back a lot of stuff,” Allison said, poking her head out from the open door. Her hair was loose now, freshly washed it seemed. She stepped out and sat down on the floor, hugging her knees as she leaned against the wall.

Here comes the next one, Kate thought with a sigh.

“Ah don’t be so bitchy,” the woman said and waved her off. “Your tough firefighter act doesn’t get to me. Did you fight more monsters?”

Kate puffed with a grin. “So very provocative. Yes, in fact, I did.”

The woman clambered up, holding on to the chair. “Really?” her face was very close. She moved back a little. “How did it feel? Did you use your hammer?”

“Yes,” Kate said.

“Can I... can I touch it?” the woman asked with a broad smile.

“Sure, if you get out of my face then,” Kate said.

“Great,” Allison said, her smile downright radiant. She hummed a tune and inspected the hammer, poking the spike bit and smelling on the blood. “This thing is heavy,” she exhaled and put it down again. “You’ve got a Class right? Magic? Does it help with this thing?”

“A little,” Kate said, “Yes. You know... Allison. I’d be far more inclined to have a chit chat with a hot coffee in my hands.”

The woman winked and pointed at her. “I get that. That makes sense. Coffee I can do,” she said and walked off towards the kitchen.

Kate collected the hammer again, her weapon left standing a few meters away. She wanted it close. The following calm didn’t last for particularly long, three men exiting the armory a few minutes later.

Logan had his sword and helmet, a shield now too.

Grey followed with an assortment of wooden tools. Training weapons it seemed.

Third was Ethan, the man who had been unconscious or sleeping throughout the past few days. Both hands in his pants pockets, he came out and glanced at Kate. “What’re you looking at?”

“That’s how you wanna do this?” Kate asked.

He smiled, a downright wicked grin. “No issues, ma’am,” he said, giving Logan a meaningful look.

Another kid, she thought. This time she saw the scar on his brow clearly. Definitely from fire. His hair was fitting in a cruel kind of way, red in color, mid-length and unkempt. She could tell he wasn’t exactly a slouch. Somewhat thin but his posture suggested he was quite sporty.

“We can put up some targets. Ethan, no fire until I say so,” Logan said.

Kate raised her brows.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Bosslogan,” Ethan deadpanned, giving a look to Grey. They glanced at each other for a moment before the latter looked away, Ethan in turn grinning again before he shook his head. He still wore his green work pants and blood covered gray hoodie. He seemed in his late teens, maybe early twenties.

A little older than Grey and Eloise, Kate assumed. She followed his gaze and found Allison walking towards her with two mugs in her hands. She looked back to Ethan, his expression downright lecherous. *Can’t blame him. She’s got coffee.*

“Eyes front, Ethan,” Logan said.

The man ignored him and straight up whistled. “Who are you?” he asked with a broad smile.

Allison smiled back. "The woman who will cut off your cock and feed it to you if you ever look at me like that again," she said without missing a beat.

Ethan was left with a strange expression on his face.

"Now go play soldier or whatever it is you're doing. Hush," Allison said, her expression more than a little dismissive.

"Bitch," Ethan murmured and turned away, hands still in his pockets.

"Here you go," Allison said, back with her smile. "I hope I didn't fuck it up. You seemed really, really into coffee. To an unhealthy degree really. Are you addicted?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Kate said and took the cup. It had milk in it. *Fuck*. She tasted it. *And sugar*.

"I fucked it up," Allison said.

"It's fine. I forgot to specify," Kate said. At least it was warm, and the woman hadn't gone overboard with the white crystal. "Didn't have to murder him."

"No. No I did," Allison said as she leaned on the wall. "You give guys like him an inch, they'll never stop. Trust me."

"Pretty experienced? Black with no sugar, by the way," Kate said. "And thanks for the coffee."

"Thanks for saving my life," the woman said before she laughed in a hollow manner. "Yeah, I had my share. The big guy is pretty hot. Already taken?"

Kate raised a brow. "No, not really."

"Hey, I don't want you to murder me in my sleep so be honest," Allison said as she sipped from her mug.

"No, I meant it. I'm not exactly looking to get with anyone at the moment," Kate said and looked over. "With the apocalypse and all."

Allison grinned. "Your loss."

"I think this is fine," Logan said. He stood next to an impromptu target. A steel chair propping up a metal plate. "Let's see if you can hit it. Try not to get any on the tree."

The two women shifted their attention to Ethan, the young man visibly enjoying the attention.

He moved his hand in a gesture before a fiery wisp flickered to life above his palm. He grinned as the flame intensified, burning in a yellowish red color.

Oh no.

"Cool, give the idiot fire magic," Allison said.

Ethan flicked his wrist and the small sphere flashed forward. Not quite as fast as an arrow, let alone a bullet, but it did reach the target. He missed by a few meters and the sphere hit the cobbled ground, exploding into a two meter patch of flames.

"Awesome!" Grey exclaimed, looking between the fire and Ethan.

The latter glanced to the women while he tried to ignore Grey, neither giving him the reaction he wanted. He frowned when the assassin approached, talking about splash damage and range.

“They’re gonna be best friends,” Allison murmured, taking another sip from her mug.

Kate damn near growled as she too drank from her coffee. *Fire mage.*

“Wow, that’s a sound! I mean I’m good at growling but holy fuck, I just got goosebumps. How did you do that?” Allison asked.

Kate looked over. “What do you mean? I just growled.”

“No seriously. You don’t understand. That wasn’t a normal sound. Did you get a skill or something?” Allison asked.

“No,” Kate said, shaking her head with some confusion. A tearing noise made her turn.

Grey had cut through the metal sheet with his sword, standing in a low crouch behind the target where he sheathed the weapon with a calm motion.

“Not half bad,” Allison said.

“Indeed,” Kate said. *Should see him stab goblins.*

Ethan stood with his arms crossed while Logan laughed, holding his armored stomach.

“Now you choose a weapon too, Ethan,” Logan said.

“Why? I have fire,” he answered.

“You have mana. And that can run out,” Logan said. “So choose something.”

The fire mage went and looked through the pile, finally taking a shortsword.

“Good, that works. Grey, you know some sword fighting theory? Because I don’t,” Logan said.

“I know some!” Allison said in a shrill voice as she stood up and rushed over.

How?

“Really?” Logan asked. “That’s great.”

He just trusts her. She just wants to-

Kate’s thought process was interrupted when Allison grabbed a wooden longsword and twirled it around. She stabbed and slashed the air a few times while still holding on to her mug.

“These are very light. You should train with your real weapons when you don’t fight each other. First, we’ll look at forms. I only looked at theory from medieval England, nordic styles, and some arabic fighting, but I suppose we’ll figure out what suits you best,” the woman said and pointed at three spots on the ground. “Spread out. Grey, straighten up, you’re slouching. Ethan, take your hands out of your fucking pants, you’ll die with them in there. Logan, put on your helmet. It will fuck you over if you’re not used to it.”

Damn, Kate thought as she drank from her coffee. She nearly choked when the woman pointed her sword in her direction.

“You’re joining too once you’re done with that coffee,” Allison exclaimed.

Where did she take that energy from? She was near fucking death just this morning!

“What’s all that noise about?” Melusine asked as she stepped outside. “Oh, Allison is taking charge. I see.” She had a genuine smile on her face.

“You’re enjoying it?” Kate asked.

“Oh but of course. She’s a wonderful addition. Did you know she makes armor? Jon thinks she’ll be a great asset,” the woman said.

“That too? What doesn’t she do?” Kate wondered and finished her coffee. She stood up and grabbed her hammer. “Do you know war hammer theory too?” she asked as she joined the group.

“Not a lot. But then it’s a hammer,” Allison commented. “And you’re a firefighter, you’re fitter than these lads anyway. Grey wants to say something.”

“Y... you should train your skills,” he said.

“Good idea,” Allison said. “Yeah those with skills should work on them now that no monsters are around.”

“Do you plan to fight as well?” Kate asked her.

“No. I don’t... really do violence. But good on you for adapting,” the woman said with a radiant smile.

Can’t tell if she’s fucking with me or if she really just is like that, Kate wondered. She grabbed a wooden hammer and glanced at the target.

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 8

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 10***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 10***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 7***
- ***Active: Hunting Leap – lvl 1***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 7***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 8***
- ***Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1***
- ***Passive:***

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 8

Strength: 13

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 19 Flames

Kate activated reckless charge, rushing forward while holding her wooden hammer in front of her. A split second later, she collided with the set up target. One of the stands taken from the armory. Wooden splinters exploded outwards. The entire thing slapped to the ground like a rag doll, Kate moving past before she walked off the momentum.

“Wow,” Allison called out and clapped.

“You’re not sore from that impact?” Logan asked when Kate propped up the battered target once more.

She rolled her shoulders. “Can’t say I am,” she said. “I know what you mean though. I think it’s part of having a higher Vitality.”

“If it affects the whole body, she would have stronger bones... muscles, skin,” Grey said. “I already notice the few points I have... Kate is at twenty.”

Kate turned around and ran at the target, using the newest skill she had unlocked. Hunting Leap activated while she prepared for a jump, the feeling of hot energy flowing through her veins as her muscles tensed. She jumped and took off, her arms and legs flailing in the air before she landed in a roll. *Two meters*. She had barely felt the impact of her landing. Instead she continued running, towards the target, switching to her forward momentum skill and once again slamming the heavy stand into the ground. She slowed to a jog afterwards, realizing she had a smile on her face.

Stop that, she told herself and schooled her expression as she turned back to the others.

Ethan had gone noticeably quiet after the others had started showing off their skills.

“Y... you’re like.... Some k... kind of terminator,” Grey said with a genuine smile, scratching the back of his head.

“It’s very sexy, yes. We get it,” Allison said and clapped. “How are you feeling after using those skills?”

Kate noticed her breathing. She felt winded but not nearly as much as after running into a burning house. She assumed it had to do with her lighter equipment, and the much more accessible clean air. “A little winded,” she said.

“You leveled Endurance too. Seems like that helps quite a bit too,” Logan said. “Those two stats should be the main focus for all of us. With whatever else is important for our Classes coming after.”

Ethan groaned. “I’m a mage. A wizard. A pyromancer! I don’t want to waste points for useless abilities when I can improve my magic.”

“Then you will die to one arrow. That hit you took already knocked you out for days,” Logan said. “Think Ethan.”

The man opened his mouth but shut it again. Logan was right after all.

“Grey, again,” Allison said.

The man stepped past Kate. He crouched down and put the wooden sword into its sheath.

Kate watched as he rushed forward with inhuman speed, stopping in front of the target before he shifted out of the way, as if moved by an invisible force. Next to his foe, he drew his sword. She tried to see it this time, squinted her eyes even, but the thing moved too quickly. Air was split and a thud resounded when the training weapon struck the dummy, neither giving way.

Grey collapsed to one knee, taking in gulps of air before he fell to his back.

“Are you dying?” Allison called out.

He gave them a thumbs up.

“Does that mean he’s dying or not?” the woman asked again, looking to the others for help.

“He’s fine,” Logan said.

Grey sat up slowly and got out a small notebook. He scribbled something down, still breathing rather hard. “That... doesn’t... no.”

“Calm down first,” Kate said. She noticed the corner of her vision blinking and checked it.

‘ding’ ‘Reckless Charge reaches lvl 8’

‘ding’ ‘Hunting Leap reaches lvl 2’

“The training is doing something by the way. I got two skill levels,” she said.

“I got four so far,” Logan said. “Yours were probably higher to begin with.”

Grey still looked at his notes. He finally managed to stand up and join the group. “So, I’ve got six points in Endurance. Let’s say because of that I have six points of stamina. I use between ten and twenty five percent of that for each skill use... which means no matter how much Endurance I have, I can’t use my skills more often than now. There’s a fixed limit. The same applies to say, Kate.”

“Yes, that’s how percentages work,” Kate said.

Grey kept his focus on the notes. “Yes but you can use your hammer a lot more than I can use my sword... for normal strikes I mean. That one is hard to define because there are different weights, different scores in Strength, and different passive abilities to consider... I do think a higher Endurance stat allows you to strike more often and run longer before you tire. With the skills uses though, we should be able to discover how fast the stamina regeneration is... but it doesn’t make much sense. Not if we consider it a game of sorts. It felt like we recovered at the same speed at first... but later on it doesn’t match up anymore. It’s like...”

“How does any of that help us?” Ethan asked. “You can do stuff, longer. That’s all that matters.”

“I just... t... thought it would be... interesting to figure out t... the math,” Grey said, looking past the other man and then to Kate.

Dragging me into your insecurities?

“Anything we figure out about this magic is helpful,” Logan said. “You should let Jon know about your findings too. But make sure not to take everything as evidence as of yet. Your numbers could just be your attempt to connect these stats to the differences in our endurance as is. You know... based on our training, weight, exertion. It makes sense that Kate recovers more quickly than you, just based on general fitness. If Vitality can influence how resilient your skin is, then I’m sure

Endurance can influence how fast you recover your stamina... but it would be more helpful to see your own improvements and document that, instead of comparing people with different backgrounds and stats.”

“Right... I will keep everything written down.” Grey nodded, a smile now on his face before he left to find Jon.

“The limits are worrying. More Endurance won’t mean more skill uses.” Logan said. “But I do feel your abilities have more of an impact.”

Kate shrugged. “Could just be the higher level. My higher Strength, or even my Vitality. Who knows. I can feel when I get winded. That’s the important bit.”

“We understand each other,” Ethan said.

Kate glared at him for a second until he broke eye contact. “What I do know is that these points allowed me to go far longer than I would’ve otherwise been able to. I do wonder what the other ones do. Intelligence and Wisdom most of all.”

“I’ll figure that out,” Ethan said in a self satisfied tone.

“Not until you have at least fifteen points in Vitality,” Logan said.

“What do you mean? That’s just some random number you pulled out of your ass,” the fire mage said.

“Yes. And you will get there. Same with your Endurance. Then we can talk about the other stats,” Logan said.

Ethan just shook his head with an annoyed expression. He was about to retort when he was interrupted.

“That was a good first session,” Allison said. “We will resume tomorrow. Get some rest. Eat something.” She glared at the young man until he left, muttering to himself. Allison glanced at Logan. “He’s not your son, is he?”

“No,” the man replied. “He hates his parents. But I’m sure he’ll listen... at least somewhat. He’s not stupid.”

“What are you if not his dad?” Allison asked.

“I’m a social worker,” Logan said without adding anything else. “Kate, can we talk for a second?”

Allison glanced at them before she gave Kate a look, leaving them alone a moment later.

“Sure, what is it?” Kate said.

“The bodies. The longer we wait, the more difficult it will get,” the man said.

Right, Kate said. She knew what he meant. Most people weren’t accustomed to death, let alone corpses. “Burying is not the best idea. But if we burn them, monsters might come for the smoke.”

“We know at least that the goblins seem to prefer sleeping during the day,” Logan said. “And the forest was more active at night... based on what you said.”

“What about the group we saw in Keilberg?” Kate asked.

The man considered for a moment. “Right after sundown then. Smoke won’t be visible. We’ll have a pyre to see, in case the light attracts any creatures. And I suppose the others won’t see the bodies very well.”

“We shouldn’t let them see at all,” Kate said.

“No,” Logan said immediately. “They weren’t the last.”

Kate didn’t reply. She just looked at the man. A few seconds later she nodded. “Alright. Let’s start preparing then.”

It took them the better part of an hour to build reasonably sized pyres. The firewood supplies took a hit but only Bert complained. Kate had never felled a tree but after seeing Logan use his heavy magical sword strike against a target, she didn’t think gathering wood presented an insurmountable problem. And if it really came to that, they likely had enough time as well.

“Think more monsters are coming tonight?” Grey asked, putting down a last set of small logs.

“I don’t know,” Kate said.

“They came every night, right?” Allison asked. “And you didn’t kill all of them. Which means more are probably coming. They know we’re here.”

“Some do, yes. But with what I’ve seen in the valley, they could easily overwhelm us,” Kate said.

Logan grunted. “They use tools, and speak in a language we don’t understand. They’re not wild beasts, which means they won’t just send the brunt of their army to some castle in the mountains. It’s only been three days since this started. There are far more interesting targets.”

“Falstadt,” Kate said. She didn’t want to think about it. Staying here was the reasonable thing to do. They knew too little, were too weak. The hordes she had seen were proof enough. “Nothing new on the radio?” she asked.

Logan shook his head.

It wasn’t just Falstadt either. There were a few dozen villages and towns in the valley and on the various slopes and mountains. Keilberg was just one of them. There were too many places and people to consider. She took a deep breath. *Focus on what you can do. On where you are.*

“But tonight we’re ready,” Logan said. “Grey, Ethan, myself, Jon, Bert, and Kate. With the others helping if anyone gets injured. They don’t know what is waiting for them.”

Kate smiled lightly. *Wish I had that kind of confidence.* She didn’t say anything. Kate could tell he had left an impression on the two younger men, and the overall mood. She would fight with all she had either way. She didn’t need Logan to give her an inspirational speech.

“Get your packs and gear in order before dinner,” the man said, finishing up the second pyre.

Both Grey and Ethan nodded. Jon smiled, as did Allison. The latter with a bit of a hungry look in her eyes. Maybe it was just Kate’s imagination. The two younger men left, their backs a little straighter.

“That was meant for you as well, Kate,” Logan said without looking at her.

She didn’t miss the slight grin on his face. “Shove it up your ass, Paladin.”

Kate was already prepared. After what she'd been through the past few days, she didn't plan to be caught without her gear and weapons ever again. So she went to the kitchen and brewed herself a cup of coffee. Long nights weren't new for her, but the appropriate fuel had to be ready.

Eloise had a few pots already set to cook, putting away dried dishes while Celeste looked through the board games they had gotten.

Kate leaned against the counter and glanced at the sitting Bert, his eyes closed as he snored. The smell of various spices filled the kitchen, garlic and onion more pronounced than the rest. Coffee soon joined in, the hot cup warming her hands. She looked down and smiled. *Seems like the heat is a little less of an issue too.* Normally she wouldn't have been able to hold the steaming mug for as long as she did.

Melusine and Allison soon joined them, the two starting a game with Celeste, laying out cards and little figures on a colorful board.

If it wasn't for the hunting knives strapped to her belt and the hammer leaned against the counter, Kate could see this being some kind of skiing camp experience. She sipped on her coffee and smiled. *Jon was right*, she thought, looking at the smiling Celeste. Her joy was infectious too, Eloise soon joining. Ethan of course refused, muttering something about children's games. He joined as well after some pestering from Allison and Melusine.

Jon sat nearby, reading a book on medieval defenses.

Kate raised a brow. "Where'd you get that?"

He glanced up. "Oh, the game store. There were a few. Some survival and camping ones too, though I'm not entirely sure which ones are serious. I know that one isn't," he said and pointed at one small gray booklet with half a skull on it.

She nodded along, letting him read. *Seems useful. I should probably do a first aid refresher, and some survival bits should be helpful too. Not that we're exactly stranded on a deserted island without any technology.*

"I'll switch with Grey," Kate said after she had finished her coffee. She took her hammer and left. The air was cool outside, the evening sun hanging on the horizon, illuminating the distant mountain tops. There were no clouds. A few strands of red hair brushed against her cheek as a gust of wind moved past. The medieval walls, ready pyres, and the lack of any lights other than from the home behind her made Kate sober up rather quickly.

Back to... take guard. She felt the weight of her hammer and glanced at the castle gates, the walls around. *Hunting Leap isn't quite there yet.* The walls were about four meters high and the second level in the skill got her up to two and a half meters. Kate wasn't exactly a fan of stairs, or ladders. Soon enough, she hoped, neither would exactly be necessary for her. Of course the twenty second cooldown between jumps would still slow her down but she still liked the idea of just hopping up onto the walls. Or perhaps even a building.

The rest of the evening passed without an incident. Kate kept her eyes and ears open for any monsters but the only thing she heard were birds and crickets. The binoculars revealed little of the happenings down in the valley, the dark copses and rivers as boring as they had been a few weeks prior.

"Kate, it's time," Logan said from the yard.

Bert muttered curses as he came up to the battlements. "I hate guard duty."

“Agreed,” Kate said as she walked past him. She joined Logan down in the yard before they made their way to the old barracks. They both covered their faces with a few layers of cloth.

Hammer in hand, Kate unlocked the door and went inside. She turned the switch near the door while Logan used his flashlight to help. A bulb flickered above. Pale light illuminated the depressing hall of cramped bunk beds, two human bodies lying between the line of furniture. Unmoving. White skin. Bloodied clothes.

She walked closer, tapped one of the beds with her hammer to create some sound. Then she lightly kicked the shoes they still wore. Nothing happened. Kate put her hammer aside and grabbed one of her knives, just in case. She turned the bodies around and they remained unmoving. A sigh escaped her. “We should get moving,” she said and sheathed her knife, grabbing one of the bodies in a princess carry.

Logan did the same with the other.

Peter and Chloe. Kate looked down at the woman, her face peaceful, quiet. Blood had seeped through most of her shirt and denim jacket, dried now. She walked to the first pyre and set her down with a careful motion. She looked at the woman for a moment before she checked on Logan, then went to get her weapon.

Ethan didn’t say a word as he crouched next to the pyres, a flame flickering to life above his palm before he touched the wood.

Smoke soon rose to the horizon, the quickly fueled fires the only light in the yard of Keilberg castle. Two bodies once living now enveloped in rising flame.

The young man joined back with the others, the survivors standing in a half circle around those they had lost.

Kate felt the weight of her steel weapon. She grit her teeth and watched. The familiar flickering fires. For once they were comforting. *We shall stand.* They remained in silence as the flames consumed the pyres.

The fires still burned when a shout resounded from the battlements. “Monsters!”

An arrow whistled past through the darkness, landing with a thud in the soft earth near the single tree inside their walls.

“It is time,” Logan said and put on his helmet. He raised his sword to his shoulder. “We fight, for their memory. We fight, so that we may live.”

Kate remembered the shocked face of the man she had seen back on the first day. She remembered the savage sword of the orc. She felt the cool breeze of autumn air, an arrow whistling past a few meters above her. She turned and joined the others. Figures dressed in gray and black, flickering light reflecting off of Logan’s armor. *We shall fight.*

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 0

Class: Berserker – lvl 8

- **Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 10**
- **Active: Furious Dance – lvl 10**
- **Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 8**
- **Active: Hunting Leap – lvl 2**
- **Active:**
- **Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 8**
- **Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 7**
- **Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 8**
- **Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 1**
- **Passive:**

Support class: Locked

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 8

Strength: 13

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -

Chapter 20 Human

Kate moved into a jog, her hammer and knives ready as she rushed up the stairs right behind Logan. The early night was clear but once the pyres were out and a few clouds would move through above, she knew visibility would become a problem. “Headlamps,” she said once they had reached the battlements, more arrows whistling past, Burt grumbling insults while fiddling with a crossbow. Strange gargled shouts and excited guttural sounds came from the trees down below. Kate already saw a few torches.

The others followed suit, opening their packs and pulling out the headlamps from the same compartment. She looked down and flicked it on, turning it off again a moment later.

“Leave it off if you can. It’s an easy target,” Logan said as he put his on top of the knight’s helmet. He grabbed his sword and walked out from the guard tower and towards the area of the gate, crouched to avoid projectiles.

Kate looked back and saw Grey with a steady hand on the hilt of his sword. He looked back and gave her a slight nod. Jon checked his headlamp. Ethan had moved close to the stone wall, his face pale.

It’s good that it rained. She turned and followed Logan, glancing over the low stone wall to see the torches. There were over a dozen, held at the height of a human, the light illuminating green tusked heads, small creatures moving past below. Arrows clattered against the stone, more flying past above. Kate reached the wood covered part of the battlements right above the castle gate. She watched Bert try and come out of cover, arrows striking the wooden structure with dull thuds, forcing him to go back down.

She took one of the crossbows and set down her hammer. “Bert, you load, I shoot,” she said and activated Mindless Ferocity. Her perception changed. She took a deep breath, could feel the blood rushing through her body, the beating heart in her chest. She was calm. Ready. Kate took a few steps to the side, came out above the wall, aimed and shot. She hadn’t trained with the weapon but it wasn’t exactly rocket science. The string shot forward with a loud twang, her arms remaining steady as the bolt was released.

Kate didn’t stay to see if she hit anything, crouching again and handing the weapon back to a pale Bert. Logan aimed and fired next to her, Jon and Grey doing the same a little farther to the left. She watched how the old man loaded the crossbow and tried the same. She found herself able to pull back the string with ease, putting in another bolt. Kate stood up, moving her head to the side when she heard an arrow whistle towards her. She aimed again and fired, two more arrows hitting the stone at the height of her waist.

The sounds became more frantic at the treeline. Kate couldn’t tell how many monsters there were but they had plenty of bolts. She turned back when she saw rope fly up and catch around a part of the palisade. “Ropes! They’re coming up!”

“Grey, Kate! Take care of them and give us cover!” Logan shouted.

She dropped the crossbow next to the focused Bert and grabbed her hammer. She moved in a crouch towards the first rope, both hands on her weapon as more ropes caught around the battlements. Her hearing focused. She came up and swung, a dull impact flicking the goblin off the wall with a spray

of dark blood. Two more had jumped down onto the narrow path on the wall, crude knives in their hands as they looked around with excited grimaces.

Kate looked at them and growled, the sound produced decidedly inhuman. She watched their expressions change as they took in the armed woman. She didn't use reckless charge and instead just walked three steps forward. Kate feinted, making the goblin dodge to the side, its face crushed inward with a jab of her hammer. The second one charged with a wild screech, an upward swing silencing the creature in an instant. She heard whimpers from the first one, turning towards it before she stomped down with her boot. It stopped moving.

More crossbow bolts were fired.

She glanced left and saw Grey slice past the neck of a goblin, its body collapsing before its head slid off. Ethan and Melusine came out of the tower behind them, the latter moving in a fast crouch.

"Logan! They're coming up on the other side!" she shouted, pointing to the yard.

Kate turned and slammed her hammer into a goblin that reached the top. She took a few near jumping steps to avoid the few arrows that still came at her, the momentum of her third step coming down onto the last climber. It screeched with a crushed shoulder, sent flying down the cliff and towards the river flowing below.

A glance back showed the dying flames of the pyres, small critters illuminated beyond.

"The kids are in the armory!" Melusine shouted. Grey had moved past them and stabbed through a goblin that came out of the guard tower.

"Logan!" Kate shouted and watched him look her way. "Have some coffee ready," she said and gripped her hammer.

The armored man gave her a light nod and moved up to shoot another bolt.

She ignored the others and activated Furious Dance, the sounds of battle turning into a rush. A calling. A pulse. She felt herself grinning. She had never felt this alive. Kate turned towards the yard, took a step forward, and jumped. Her hammer held close, she landed with a crouch and roll, the impact hardly registering as she used the momentum to run forward. *Silent*.

Her enemies were overconfident. They were stupid. They didn't know she was here.

Three goblins near the pyres turned her way but it was too late. The first barely got up its shortsword when its head exploded in a splatter of bone and blood.

Kate didn't stop, feeling warm blood against her cheeks as she swung her hammer in a horizontal manner. One of her enemies dodged back but her weapon struck the second one, the spike embedded deep into its skull. She walked a step towards the last goblin, her teeth gritted as she growled, the sound deep, barely audible.

The creature took a step back, unable to avoid the hammer that broke its arm and some of its ribs.

Kate heard bones crack and ended the pained existence of the monster, looking up at the goblins that had spread out onto the yard. An explosion resounded behind her. The fire mage had finally started using his magic. It didn't matter. She looked at the nine goblins, two of them raising up bows with shaking arms as she ripped the hammer out of the corpse.

She could've screamed, could've shouted, or laughed, but the moment was perfect. She was one with existence. One with battle itself. It felt like the world paused in that split second, the yellow

eyes of her enemies looking on with fear. And then motion returned. Reckless Charge made her shoot forward, the arrows aimed at her previous position whistling past before her hammer impacted the first of her enemies. She didn't stop, swinging wide and into the side of another. The critters tried to surround her but she kept her momentum going, her boots pushing against stone, her entire focus on the archers now. She felt resistance as she moved past two of the small goblins, hot pain in her side as she slammed her hammer into the first of the archers. She dodged to the side, the arrow striking her left leg but she kept moving. Her weapon found the creature's chest before it could fire again, the air pushed out of its lungs as it fell on its ass. Kate walked past, stomping down on its head three times before she ripped out the arrow with a growl and looked at the remaining goblins.

They ran.

A mistake.

She ran after them, first in a slight limp, the pain in her thigh still fresh. It lessened when she struck down the first of them. She could hear their breaths, could smell their fear. Death would come for them. Ten seconds passed and the last of them fell. Kate could no longer hear any monsters in the yard. They hadn't gotten to the buildings. She turned her head when a loud bang resounded.

Shotgun.

Light now flickered beyond the wall, screeches and screams of monsters sounding out from beyond as fire exploded in their midst. She rushed towards the tower when the gate exploded inward, an ogre pushing through while crouched. Splinters and chunks of the wooden beam flew to the side. Orcs and goblins moved past, some of them on fire, others with bolts stuck in their bodies. The large creature too had flames sticking to its back but it simply growled, looking around in the yard until its eyes found Kate.

She held her hammer and crouched, a grin on her face. *More.*

The monsters spread out, talking in their guttural language when a loud noise overshadowed everything. Roars from the sky. Low and fast. The creatures crouched and looked up, trying to figure out what kind of being had come to challenge them.

Kate was familiar with the sound. She saw the lights flash through in the sky kilometers above, too small and fast to be commercial airliners. Even in her state of battle, she stood and watched, her eyes wide as the distant military fighter jets flew past the faraway mountain chains. Both herself and some of the monsters started turning back when a bright flash turned night to day. A second flash followed, Kate closing her eyes as she let herself fall to the ground. She covered her head with both hands when the sound came rolling past the mountain chain and through the unaffected valley.

Everything was drowned out, the castle walls and the very earth shaking as strong winds flew past. Kate kept herself down, the effects of her spells gone as she prayed that they were out of range. Her heartbeat had sped up, her breathing fast and frantic. She felt tiny. Insignificant. Kate turned her head to the side and saw the distant plumes rise up, illuminated by the inferno she knew to be there. She understood intellectually what had happened, but seeing it, hearing it, feeling the vibrations, the sheer power. Nothing could have prepared her.

The ogre, she forced herself to get up despite all the thoughts flowing through her mind. Her legs were shaking, her arms feeling light. Her vision blurred just a little. She looked at the group of monsters, frozen and staring at the distant phenomenon.

Kate raised her head. *You have invaded our world.* She grit her teeth and held her hammer.

Some of the monsters started to turn, refocusing on the reason they were here. Flames burned beyond the open gate, lazily moving from side to side. The creatures remained numerous, savage, armed, and on the hunt. But the dynamics had changed.

Kate took her hammer into both hands and started walking towards them. *We will not go quietly into the night.* Her magic reactivated, her enemies once more becoming the only thing that mattered. There were seven orcs, twice as many goblins, and the ogre.

A bolt was fired from the battlements above them, punching through the head of an orc. More followed a moment later, the yard exploding into chaos once more. A sphere of flame flashed down, exploding between a group of goblins.

Kate ignored everything except for the ogre, running at the large creature that turned to face her, a massive crude mace held in its hand.

One of the orcs stood in her way, twirling its sword as it uttered words she did not understand.

Kate didn't stop. She watched as the ogre stepped forward and struck sideways, the orc between them hit with the chunk of spiked metal at the end of its mace. The body was flung to the side, the mace impacting the roof of the barracks as the orc landed on the ground with a wet sound.

The ogre growled more strange words as it raised its weapon to strike her.

Kate jumped to the side as the weapon came down, rolling as the ground shook. She stumbled but caught herself, rushing forward. She heard the mace grind against the cobbled yard as her enemy attacked her with a horizontal strike. Hunting Leap activated when she was in range, her legs charged with power before she jumped off. Kate felt the air below, the spike of her hammer slamming down into the wide eyed monster's skull. She hung on as it shook its head and roared, her legs finding purchase on its shoulder. She held the hammer with one hand, unsheathed one of her daggers and stabbed down, aiming for its eye.

She felt the resistance but slammed the blade through, another roar resounding. Something strong gripped her leg, squishing down before she was flung aside. The hammer came with her as she flew, the world spinning until she impacted the ground, her weapon clattering down as she rolled three times and hit a wall, all the air in her lungs pushed out. She slid down to her side, unable to feel her leg. One of her arms was twisted in an unnatural way but she hadn't heard any bones breaking. Her magic remained active but the pain started to push against her focused mind.

Kate watched the ogre roar, taking stumbling steps as it reached for its eye and head, going down to one knee.

She looked up to see an orc approach with its jagged sword in both hands. The monster uttered something as it stepped closer and raised its weapon.

Kate braced herself and activated Reckless Charge while still lying sideways against the wall. Her body was pushed forward, her arms impacting the legs of the orc with all the momentum generated by the magical ability. She came to a stop and coughed up blood, the orc on the ground and behind her. She crawled up and grabbed another dagger, stabbing down on his leg as he recovered from the fall. Kate pulled herself closer with the weapon. She ripped it out and stabbed down again, this time near his groin. Again she pulled. He struck her head with his fist but the impact was laughable. Her left eye went out when he punched again. Kate groaned, stabbing down with wild strikes as he tried to stop her arm. She screamed as she went for another blade with her twisted arm, stabbing down as the orc struck her again. She didn't have any strength in her left arm but the blade found his

stomach, so she fell down with her chest, her jaws slamming shut at the blinding pain as her weight pushed in the blade.

The orc tried to get the weapon out, his focus on her good arm waning.

She didn't waste it and stabbed upward, the blade cutting into his throat before she ripped it out and slammed it down on his tusked face. She twisted the blade while crying from the pain. Her spells were the only thing keeping her conscious, Kate feeling energy return to her, feeling now back in her leg. She felt the heat of fire when a sphere exploded nearby, forcing another orc back. She looked for and found her hammer, crawling forward until she had it.

It took everything to stand, her left eye still out as she looked at the burning form of the stumbling orc. A bolt struck its back. She stood close now, her hammer swung with one arm and spike forward, the orc falling with her in turn. Her breath was ragged, the pain lessening once more. Her arm wasn't right. She rolled to the side, letting go of her hammer before she grabbed the injured elbow and twisted it. A scream reverberated but it didn't matter. There were more enemies. Her body felt numb. Standing was difficult. *More.*

Kate found four goblins near the gate, unsure as to get out of cover. She grinned. *More.*

Reckless charge slammed her into one of them. Her hammer struck with wild swings, broken corpses all that remained of the creatures. She took in a deep breath, flames clinging to the corpses in the yard and out towards the forest. Her leg felt steady once more, and her arm could carry some weight. Her left eye remained shut. She watched as bolts cut down the last remaining goblins, steel striking flesh resounding from above where the others fought.

She crouched and breathed out, her eye focused on the stumbling and enraged ogre. *Injured. Weak.*

Kate took a step forward. Then another. The ogre turned when she was halfway there, its crude weapon gone when it charged at her. Bolts struck its chest but it didn't slow down. She waited until the last moment, activating Reckless charge while turning to the side. She shot past his leg as he slammed into the castle wall. Both arms raised high, she struck down on its right knee, breaking bone. She jumped back when the ogre swung backwards with its arm.

Another bolt struck its back. It roared and stumbled forward. Kate watched a dark form land near the ogre, rolling to absorb the impact.

Grey stood and crouched, one hand on the handle of his sheathed blade before he rushed forward, glinting light flashing up before he came to a stop past the large monster, his weapon sheathed once more.

The ogre fell forward, the tendons in its legs cut through. It roared, stopping its fall with its arms but Kate had been waiting. Her hammer slammed against its skull with all the strength she could muster. The ogre swung forward but its movements were sluggish now.

Kate stepped back and watched the large creature collapse, its one uninjured eye cloudy and unfocused. She walked up to its head and slammed her hammer down. The skull cracked. She struck again, the metal of her hammer sinking into its head. *More.*

She struck again.

A cloud of brown something hit her face. Kate blinked. She smelled something nice. The enemies were gone. They had prevailed. Her magic deactivated as she rubbed at her face. *Coffee.* Kate staggered back and collapsed, her vision going dark.

Chapter 21 Magic

Kate woke with a start, taking in a deep breath before she started coughing. She whined a moment later when the pain hit her like a truck.

“Keep her down,” Melusine said from somewhere to her side.

Strong arms held her shoulders.

“Bite down,” the woman said, now visible as she bent over and placed something into Kate’s mouth.

She felt the wood and bit down, breathing faster when she felt someone grip her arm. She tried to move up to see but Logan was holding her shoulders, his armor covered in blood, light from nearby flames reflecting off him. Something cracked. She screamed.

Kate passed out when another bone was set but she woke up again a moment later, cold sweat all over as she felt a strange energy flow through her. Stronger than the most intense painkillers she had ever taken. She had goosebumps all over, an itching sensation coming from her eye, arms, her legs, stomach, chest, and her face. It felt both horrible and amazing, her teeth biting deep into the wood as she tried to handle the sensations.

“Kate, talk to me. Who am I?” Melusine said, shining a bright light down and into her blinking eyes.

“Pweath of fuckim woob,” she said, still biting down on the thing.

“Think you can handle it if I remove it?” Melusine asked.

Kate shook her head.

“I think she’s fine,” Logan said in a tired voice. “Back to Ethan.”

Something soft was pushed below her head and knees. “Try not to move. I’ll check on you later,” Melusine said.

Kate closed her eyes, her body twitching from time to time, sending waves of pain through her but it felt strange. Confusing. She trusted the woman and simply lay there, trying not to move her head. Looking up, she could only make out some flickering light around her. She both tasted and smelled blood, and wood of course. That and burnt flesh and hair, not a combination she died to wake up to.

But I didn’t die, she thought with a sigh. Her spells had ended, or was she interrupted? She knew on a downright instinctual level that there were no more monsters close by. None she could’ve heard or seen. The ogre had been the last one alive. Running steps resounded around her, the creaking of a closing gate right after.

“He’ll make it,” Melusine said. It came from somewhere farther away and up, likely on the wall.

“Put out the small fires!” Logan called out, “Get blankets!”

I should be the one to do that, Kate thought, trying to move before she remembered the nurse’s command. *Fuck*. It didn’t smell or sound like anything major was on fire yet. The castle wouldn’t burn easily. Not with what little fire she had seen.

Her eyes opened wide.

Was that a nuke?

A nuclear strike... in Austria?

Monsters she could believe but nuclear explosions? She had expected the worst, but she wasn't prepared to actually see it. *What made them use it? What did they attack? Beyond the mountains. It could've been in Germany.*

She tried to think of something else, noticing herself panic. Getting up and doing something was a bad idea until she knew she wouldn't bleed out or break something, not without an immediate emergency. So she instead focused on her breathing, closing her eyes when she noticed the blinking notifications in the corner of her vision. *Levels mean more options, and possible Vitality.*

Kate noticed the pain had lessened quite a bit, the strange feeling slowly subsiding.

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Rogue]'

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Archer]'

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Archer]'

...

'ding' 'You have defeated [Goblin Scout]'

'ding' 'You have defeated [Ogre]'

'ding' 'Berserker reaches lvl 9'

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

'ding' 'Berserker reaches lvl 10'

Stat points +2

Perseverance +1

That's good. Four more points.

She didn't spend them yet, not feeling like she was on the verge of dying.

'ding' 'You have unlocked the passive skill: Intimidating Presence – lvl 1

Passive: Intimidating Presence – lvl 1

Your enemies will know your wrath. You have bathed in the blood of those who stood in your way. Beings will instinctively be wary of your presence, should you will it so.

Kate instinctively knew how to activate this new thing. She didn't know if it used up any mana but decided it may come in handy. So far it had been somewhat difficult to avoid a battle but if there was an option not to nearly die every night, she would certainly take it.

'ding' 'Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 11'
'ding' 'Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 12'
'ding' 'Mindless Ferocity reaches lvl 13'

'ding' 'Furious Dance reaches lvl 11'
'ding' 'Furious Dance reaches lvl 12'
'ding' 'Furious Dance reaches lvl 13'

'ding' 'Reckless Charge reaches lvl 9'
'ding' 'Reckless Charge reaches lvl 10'

'ding' 'Hunting Leap reaches lvl 3'

'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 9'
'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 10'
'ding' 'Toll for the Living reaches lvl 11'

'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 8'
'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 9'
'ding' 'Courage of the Unarmored reaches lvl 10'

'ding' 'Two Handed Weapon Fighting reaches lvl 9'

'ding' 'Unrelenting Carnage reaches lvl 2'
'ding' 'Unrelenting Carnage reaches lvl 3'

That's a lot of levels. Wait, what's this?

'ding' 'Support Class Requirements met [Berserker] – Show possible options'

Sure.

'ding' 'Requirements met for Support Class acquisition [Berserker]: Flame Wielder'

Let them burn. You have fought overwhelming numbers surrounded by flames. You have killed three or more burning creatures. You have sustained heavy burns and survived. You have run into the flames without regard for your own safety. You have wielded a weapon wreathed in flames.

The Flame Wielder is an instinctual fire mage with a deep connection to heat and fire. They wreath their weapons in bright flames to intimidate and maim their enemies, using their magic to set aflame their surroundings. Their rage burns ever brighter, unstoppable in their pursuit of victory, blood, and death. Return to ash, those who would stand in your way.

Unique stat: Torment

Would you like to acquire the Class: Flame Wielder?

When did I? Oh... my fire axe. I guess it was on fire that one time. No... two times. Also means that past achievements are taken into account. How does this system even know about that?

She read through the description and sighed lightly. *I won't choose fire. And whatever Torment is, I don't want it.*

'ding' 'Requirements met for Support Class acquisition [Berserker]: Silent Striker'

Quiet rage. You have slain five or more creatures with a single melee blow before they noticed your presence. You have fought your instincts to attack at an opportune time, despite present enemies. You have used your vocal ability to strike terror into the hearts and minds of your foes. You have remained calm in life threatening situations.

The Silent Striker wields the elusive magic of sound itself. They inspire primal terror in the enemies they face but prefer to kill them in perfect silence, long before their chosen prey has noticed their presence. A fighter equipped with exceptional hearing and strange disorienting spells. A cold fury in their heart and mind, they are both calculating and ruthless. Fear the still Berserker.

Unique stat: Serenity

Would you like to acquire the Class: Silent Striker?

Sound magic? It seems... strange. Taking out monsters before they even notice me, that does sound up my alley. Exceptional hearing could be a life saver too. And it might work well together with the new Passive skill I just got. Cold fury... calculating... that sounds much better than the mess I am right now. If I use all my abilities that is. And Serenity at least sounds nicer than Torment.

'ding' 'Requirements met for Support Class acquisition [Berserker]: Hammer of Justice'

The righteous warrior. You have slain ten or more foes in an effort to protect or avenge your allies. You have chosen the hammer. You have cracked seven skulls with strikes using a hammer. You have sworn revenge on the atrocities done to your peoples.

The Hammer of Justice wields their weapon with impunity. All those that stand in their way shall fall to their heavy strikes and brutal executions. Their strength is well known both to their allies and enemies, their unrelenting rage in pursuit of justice even more so. None shall stop their charge as they enact justice. Burn with rage. Burn with fury. Until it is done.

Unique stat: Brutality

Would you like to acquire the Class: Hammer of Justice?

Third and last option. Seems the safest. But again, it's just rage rage rage. More hammer abilities and maybe an increase to my strength would be very helpful but right now I'm not sure if I should choose Brutality over Serenity.

Plus magic sounds cool.

She didn't want to admit the latter to anyone, even to herself. *Sound magic*. It just felt right. Kate read through all three again, at first considering sharing the options with the others but her gut gave her a clear answer. And she couldn't find a reason to reconsider. The potential benefits were clear, and getting in even a single strike on a monster before it noticed her would make a massive difference.

Most important to her were the potential effects on her state of mind, while she used her skills. The other support Classes may be stronger in a direct confrontation but she wasn't exactly looking for that in the first place. With long term considerations in mind, she only saw one option.

She tried for a while to get more detailed information on the choices but failed to find anything. *Alright, let's see what this is about.*

'ding' 'New Support Class [Berserker]: Silent Striker'

Unique stat acquired: Serenity +1

Skill slot acquired [Silent Striker]: Active +3

Skill slot acquired [Silent Striker]: Passive +3

Skills gained in Silent Striker:

Active: Frightening Growl – lvl 1

Use sound magic to produce a growl. Enemies who can hear the growl may find their minds and bodies stricken with fear. The nature of this spell makes it difficult to locate its source.

Passive: Heightened Hearing – lvl 1

Your ears are far more sensitive to the sounds around you. You learn to focus on what you are looking for, to tune out unnecessary sounds, and to be alerted by creatures long before your other senses may pick up on their presence.

Well. Seems a little underwhelming. I guess it depends on how... oh. She immediately started hearing the steps of everyone around her, their conversations, even their breathing. She could tell that two of them were in bad shape. Everyone was exhausted. She could hear the remaining flickering flames, and the river flowing past below. She could hear the wind, the leaves rustling in the trees both within the castle and out in the forest.

Kate had to close her eyes at the sudden influx of new sensation, quickly figuring out how to tune out certain things. She spent a few minutes fiddling with the strange magic she felt connected to, the ability adjusting as she wanted, far more flexible than she had feared.

She sighed, refraining from using her growl right now. There were more important things to worry about. She did check the new stat she received from the supporting Class.

Serenity - Wisdom specialization. Increases your ability to stay in tune with your mind. You choose the path ahead. Slightly increases spell and weapon aim.

Well my Wisdom isn't particularly high. Is that going to affect the stat? Or is it a separate thing entirely?

She didn't exactly notice the difference but she wasn't using any of her active spells at the moment, nor was she engaged in battle. *Is the aim bonus going to help with melee range attacks?*

Melusine returned a few minutes later, sitting down next to her. She sighed, a strange glowing light coming from her hands. "You... I thought it was worse. You didn't look well, Kate."

Kate huffed. "I was... hanging on."

"Try using both arms next time," the healer said. "You can move again. Barely any lasting injury. Bones were still there. You did lose a lot of blood... I don't know how well my magic restores that. I would suggest rest but... well, given the situation. Just do your best."

Kate sat up and looked at the mangled corpse of the ogre a few meters ahead. "That was my best."

"It was very bloody," Melusine said. "I decided I prefer movies to the real thing."

"I don't disagree," Kate said and stood up slowly, checking her limbs before she jumped a few times. Everything seemed in order, though she did feel tired. "Thanks, Melusine. I thought I was dead."

The woman just showed her thumb and index finger. "Close. Very close. Any other human would've died five times over."

"Think the magic will help us against a nuclear bomb?" Kate asked, looking towards the mountain chain in the distance. Noticeable light still emanated from beyond, though far less than what she had seen before.

"Let us hope we don't have to find that out," the woman said. She remained sitting on the ground.

"Are you okay?" Kate asked. She saw the gates had already been closed. The light from over the castle walls had faded by now, none of the fires managing to set alight the forest. Logan carried Ethan, nodding her way when he saw her back on her feet.

Jon and Bert stood atop the battlements. Grey walked around and piled up corpses.

"I just need a minute. Using magic is... exhausting," Melusine said.

"Coffee?" Kate asked.

"No, thank you. I don't know if I can sleep as it is," she answered.

"Hot chocolate then. I'll go make a few," Kate said. She was in no state to pile up corpses, dead tired as she felt. But she wouldn't be the first to go sleep. She never was.

She walked around the monster corpses littering the yard. *How many did I kill?* She smiled, shaking her head. *Could just check the list in your mind, dummy.* The thoughts embarrassed her. Taking everything so lightly. *I'm just tired. Cut me some slack, myself.* She opened the door to Bert's home, hitting her shoulder on the door frame. "Strange," she murmured, flicking the light switch. Kate found she had lost her headlamp at some point. Instead she checked her belt and found one of the flashlights. Turning it on, she walked over to the fridge and opened it.

The light didn't turn on. Nor did she hear anything running. She did hear the others moving around outside, despite the distance. *I should hear a bloody rat running around in the walls. Fuse might be busted.* She walked up the stairs, her vision blurring a little as she took the third step on the small stairwell. Kate shook her head which only made the feeling worse. She kept walking and tripped,

her knee hitting the wood with a heavy impact. It didn't exactly hurt but she failed to get up. *Fuck. Come on. Mooove.*

Her hand went for the railings before she pulled herself up and continued. She found the small breaker box and opened it, flashlight between her teeth. She flicked the switch back on but nothing happened. Every room remained dark. Checking the bathroom lights brought the same results. *Doubt anyone has added anything that would cause a short.*

She blinked her eyes and rested against the nearby wall, sliding down slowly until she hit the floor. The ground was comfortable enough. She closed her eyes.

A bright light shined into her eyes.

"Kate, talk to me," Melusine's voice resounded.

"Wh... why... don't," Kate stammered out with her hands moving in front of her face. "Why do you keep doing that?" she demanded, robbed of her rest as she turned away, still on the floor.

"Because I keep finding you passed out in strange places," Melusine said. "Where are you, who am I?"

"You're Melufuckingsine and I'm on the first floor. A good floor I might add. To sleep," Kate said, already feeling herself fade out again.

"No it isn't. You're going to have back pain. Come, we will stay in the armory. In case of more attacks," Melusine said.

"I'm fine here," Kate murmured.

"Then where is your hammer?" the woman asked.

The hammer. Her eyes opened wide, Kate forcing herself to sit up before she blinked at the flashlight. "I..." she got up slowly, nearly stumbling. Melusine supported her as her vision blurred again. Her hand was gripped before something cold was placed into it.

"Here is your hammer. And now you come to the armory. Slow and steady. I did mention the blood loss, I believe?" Melusine asked, grabbing her arm and lightly pushing her forward and towards the stairs.

"Right... the blood," Kate murmured. She walked down the stairs, taking a break near the door before they continued out into the entirely dark castle yard. Kate stopped and looked up. "I can hear them... hunting... growling in the night. Six... no seven, four legs. One is injured." She turned her head another way. "A rabbit or squirrel... hiding. Shivering with fear."

Melusine shined the flashlight into her face again, using two fingers to pry open one of Kate's eyes. "Maybe you did get hit on your head."

"Stop doing that," Kate growled, grabbing the flashlight. It was terribly bright. "I'm tired," she said, gripping the woman's arm.

Melusine stood wide eyed, her lips quivering, heart pounding in her chest. Her hands were shaking.

Kate focused. "What's wrong?" She tried to see or hear if there was anything around but it was just them.

Melusine started breathing again. "Y... you... what was that?" she asked. "That sound..."

"I don't know what you mean," Kate said.

"You... growled... or something."

"Oh..." Kate said. "I did?" She calmed down. It had only been her. "Sorry. I'll... explain tomorrow. New magic."

Melusine raised a finger while grabbing her arm. "Well don't use that on me! Now come, before you pass out again."

Kate Lindgren

Unspent stat points: 4

Class: Berserker – lvl 10

- ***Active: Mindless Ferocity – lvl 13***
- ***Active: Furious Dance – lvl 13***
- ***Active: Reckless Charge – lvl 10***
- ***Active: Hunting Leap – lvl 3***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Toll for the Living – lvl 11***
- ***Passive: Courage of the Unarmored – lvl 10***
- ***Passive: Two Handed Weapon Fighting – lvl 9***
- ***Passive: Unrelenting Carnage – lvl 3***
- ***Passive: Intimidating Presence – lvl 1***

Support class: Silent Striker – lvl 1

- ***Active: Frightening Growl – lvl 1***
- ***Active:***
- ***Active:***
- ***Passive: Heightened Hearing – lvl 1***
- ***Passive:***
- ***Passive:***

Status:

Vitality: 20

Endurance: 14

Perseverance: 10

Strength: 13

Dexterity: 8

Intelligence: 7

Wisdom: 10

Serenity: 1

Equipment:

Torso: -

Legs: -

Trinket: -

Food: -