

# Levitating crown

Varenah looked at their leader, a human with a big grey moustache and too loosy clothes to be taken seriously. He was arguing with the scout, a handsome elf called Girïo. She got closer.

“—this forest better than anyone !” *loosy pants* said.

“What’s the problem?” she asked.

He turned to face her, “Don’t come into this, newbie, you know nothing about this forest.” He turned back toward *handsome*. “If we want to reach the abandoned temple and avoid those goblins, we must go to the Mountain left for two days. That’s my decision!”

“Ok, boss,” said Girïo. He then dashed toward Melöd, touched her on the shoulder and ran into the forest.

“Let’s get going folks!” said *loosy pants*.

They resumed their expedition in the abandoned forest. It was her first true quest and without any much responsibility, she passed the days training with her second life, Roy. Today, she was doing *hold the rock*. Her eyes were fixed on the levitating stone in front of her, trapped in an air conduit between her hands, sliding right and left as Roy was switching the direction.

*We are getting good at this*, she told Roy. *We can hold an hour now*.

*Yes, but ‘hold the rock’ is boring*, Roy said, *let’s do something else*.

She agreed and they passed the day by doing *throw the rock*.

At dusk they installed camp near a small creek. Hammer set his pylons in a larger perimeter for precaution. Git-Dar-Pow went hunting and came back an hour later with a dear and three

rabbits. Varenah ate her whole rabbit, famished after her training. Then they all went to sleep.

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“— under attack!”

Varenah woke up and dashed out of her blanket.

Hammer was running to her left, he shouted, “Goblins! Gobl—” He took an arrow through the neck and fell. Goblins were pouring out of the trees.

*Roy now!*

Varenah felt Roy sucking air from one hand and blowing it to the other. She trapped a stone from the ground, aimed a goblin and used a burst to shoot the stone. It pierced through the goblin’s torso but another one appeared just behind. *We can’t fight all of them by just throwing rocks*, she thought. *Gareld warned me it was too dangerous but we must do a fusion of fluxes. We need to focus.*

To her right, *loosy pants* was fighting, he looked twice bigger and his skin was stonelike. BenaFur was on his shoulder, shooting bolts with his crossbow. More goblins appeared around them. *Focus.*

Near the creek, Git-Dar-Pow was alone, surrounded by goblins, she had several arrows jabbed in her back. *Focus!*

To her left, the two elves were fighting hand in hand, Girïo fell on the ground, Melöd screamed. *FOCUS!*

A second conduit appeared behind her. Roy merged with it, forming a perfect ring. She gave in all her strength and the ring expanded in a thunderous clap. It caught the goblins as Melöd was holding Gorïo on the ground, they shrieked, sucked into the vortex.

Roy kept expanding. On her left, *loosy pants* grabbed BenaFur just before it reached them and stood firm as the goblins were caught into the flux.

The vortex expanded further. In front of her, Roy struck the goblins and Git-Dar-Pow, who was simply heaved from the ground. The goblins were slammed into each other and into the trees.

It reached the creek, the water began to rise. She couldn't handle that much weight—she fainted.

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Varenah awoke in a blanket looking at the sunlight passing through the forest canopy. She started to get up when she heard *loosy pants*, “You saved us newbie.” She turned, he looked normal with his oversized clothes.

“Who made it?” she asked.

“Hammer is dead and Girio isn't in good shape. The others survived.” He took a slice of dry meat from his coat and held it to her. “You should eat, after what you've done I'm surprised you're still alive.”

She took it and while she was eating, he got closer. He looked above her head, then said, “Congratulations, you just became a revealed doubler!”

“No way!” She walked toward the creek and looked at her reflection. She gasped; on top of her head she could see a faint swirling halo of air, like a levitating crown.