

Chapter 2.33

Become Legendary

"Maybe they were poisoned or something." Sally flexed to check all around herself. "Do I have any Status Effects?"

"That's not how you check." Humphrey sighed. "You know this."

"Knowledge is a burden for the empty mind." She brushed her hands off. "I feel better now anyway - you want to check the next door?"

The Death Knight looked up to the doorway leading to the supposed next room. "I think it's your turn."

Sally exhaled through her nose for far longer than necessary. She glanced at Edward, who remained watching from afar - with a hint of amusement in his face.

"Actually, why don't I open my Legendary Box now?" She shrugged. "I know it's not a key moment where I could build suspense, but it's been sitting around for a while, and I don't want to forget about it."

"Wasn't that yesterday?" Humphrey rubbed his chin.

"If they aren't going to give me Daily Rewards anymore, then I'm not going to keep track of days, see how the System likes that." She spun her STAR around and brought up the Inventory, prodding at the box to open it. Again, a list of all the weapon types was brought up.

"I know you said it was First Area stuff - but Legendary should be good damage, compared to my Rare one, at least?" She wrinkled her nose up. Picking a dagger seemed rather cliché, but there wasn't really much else she cared to use.

"Depending on the random enchantment rolled, yes." Humphrey crossed his arms.

"They just give these out to anyone who finishes the Daily Reward chain? We didn't find any Legendary weapons on the Zeroes we killed." She narrowed her eyes at the Death Knight, who just shrugged in response.

With a sigh, she selected *dagger*.

[Error]

She ground her sharp teeth together as nothing happened. She pressed dagger again a few times, each attempt bringing up an Error message.

"Can you see this? *Honestly!*" She hissed at the intangible screen, which Humphrey walked over to watch.

Sally tried pressing faster. She tried pushing down harder on the button - more deliberately. Each time, the same result. There was a hesitation to try anything else in case she received something she didn't really want.

“Why is this so hard to understand System?” She withdrew her [Dagger of Luck]. “Look, I want the dagger!” She jabbed at the button with her dagger, and the screen flickered away. “...ah, crap. I think I killed the System.”

[Err-]
[Legendary/y/y Weapon Rec%d]
[Dagger of Daggers]

She winced. Typical - something she should have expected. Dare she even have a look?

“Ha-ha, what is it with you and daggers?” Humphrey beamed as he stepped away. “And with Errors, you really are a problem.”

“Save it.” She waved him away as she tried to focus on her Inventory - picking the dagger out to try and view the description.

[Dagger of Daggers][Legendary Dagger - Ignores defense depending on how many [Daggers] you own. Subtype ERROR//reference overflow:]

“Okay. So it’s both broken and busted.” She half grinned but was half confused. “I could literally use this one weapon forever if I had enough daggers to hand.”

“Let me see?” He stepped behind her and narrowed his eye sockets at the description. “Ah. That is not meant to do *any* of that.”

“Right?” She held it in her hand. It was a reasonably plain weapon, with smooth silver and soft curves to the handle. The grip was wrapped in a leather dyed orange, and there was a reflective sheen to the blade - almost like a polished mirror.

“Hey, Edward?” She turned with a grin and waved the weapon in the air. “Look at me failing upwards again.”

He raised his eyebrows and shrugged, not sure what they were really up to.

She flipped the dagger in her hand and gave the air a few test swipes. Pretty much standard. Theo would definitely be jealous of this. “I need to find a merchant where I can exchange all these junk items for more daggers,” she murmured.

“No, what you need is to go through the door.” Humphrey wiped his sword off on his cloak.

Sally turned her nose up at the stone door. Knowing her luck, it would be something even worse than the last two. At least there weren’t multiple choices; she would hate to get lost. She placed her hand on it. Not too cold, not especially warm. It didn’t scream out danger - but then, she would probably ignore it if it did.

She pushed through and walked into the room beyond.

And stopped with a furrowed brow.

This was the starting chamber again - but they were entering from the doorway that was on the right. The rooms definitely hadn’t been able to circle all the way around. She hummed to herself as she continued to the middle, allowing the other two to pass through behind her.

“Interesting,” Humphrey added, tilting his head. The Demon said nothing.

“The silly poem thing hasn’t changed,” Sally waved to the wall. The grinding of stone prompted them to turn to the door behind them, now closed. “Very interesting,” she nodded.

The original left side door was also closed again - unless Edward had shut it, then that was the dungeon itself. Sally rubbed at her forehead. If they went left again, would it be the same rooms, and they’d loop again? So maybe the Right path was the right path. They felt unfair, though - the one she had chosen should have been correct no matter which it was.

“What are your thoughts, Sally?” Humphrey looked rather nonplussed.

She wasn’t sure whether he had some insider knowledge or rather, he just had an idea of how the world would have come to comprise this dungeon. Maybe that’s why he let her go through that door and have the reveal for herself.

Looking around the room again, she exhaled. What would Sally, the Queen of the Dead - or Undead - really do in this situation? With the carving trying to trick her into which path to take. Was she really a path-taker?

With a flip of the dagger, her brow furrowed, and she walked straight at the carving. At first, there was some brief resistance from the wall - before she pushed through into a darkened chamber beyond.

“*Heck yeah,*” she hissed to herself. Two different paths? She would barrel through and make her own way. The magical barrier behind her shimmered as Humphrey and then Edward walked through.

“Didn’t even need to use detection magic,” the demon commented. Neither complimentary nor judgemental - just an observation.

“It was obvious, really,” Sally rolled her eyes. “I just wanted to get warmed up before we headed into the dungeon proper.”

Humphrey narrowed his sockets at her but didn’t say anything.

The room around them was plain - aside from the layer of dirt and dust, it seemed like just a way through from the main chamber to whatever lay beyond the doorway ahead. Which was similar to the other stone doors - but this one had carvings in the corners. Four suns.

“Your turn again, Humps,” she said as she gestured forward.

The Death Knight approached the door and glanced around the edges. The faintest bit of amber light was visible around the cracks - showing that at least the room beyond was better lit than this dim chamber.

“There is a trap.” He pushed the door open and was immediately illuminated by a torrent of fire.

Sally shielded her eyes from the light as she was buffeted by the superheated air. After three seconds, the fire rescinded, and the smell of charred cloth and hot metal permeated the air.

Humphrey brushed off his shoulder plate. “I’ve had worse burns from Theo.”

The zombie rolled her eyes. Despite the armor smoldering slightly, he didn't seem that much worse for wear. She looked over to the demon, whose stoic face had sunk into a little bit of surprise. She smiled at him.

"It's nice when they make the beginning really easy, huh?"

He licked his lips as the words caught in his mouth. "... uh, it's not really meant to be... such an easy dungeon."

A crunch came from the other room. "Disabled the trap."

"Eh, I don't think you really realize who we are, Edward." She shook her head. "You should've seen us take over the Forest Villages."

He nodded but didn't have much to add.

"Glad you opened that one," she said as she smiled at Humphrey and walked into the room. "I smell a lot worse when I'm cooked."

The Death Knight gestured with his head to the other side of the room. Two doors, each engraved in a similar fashion - but much more importantly, against the wall was a treasure chest.

"Dang! Our first dungeon treasure." She crouched down to stare at it. It looked to be made of sandstone, with polished metal struts and bracing. It wasn't large, by any measure - but any size chests were valid. "This one is all yours, Humps."

"I cannot..." he sighed and gave her a smile. "Fine."

She smiled back. Humphrey wasn't able to enjoy the looting experience without a proper STAR or Inventory. He had the same sword since he bound to that body - and it was doubtful he would find one as cool. The least she could do was allow him a little suspense and reward for a change.

Kneeling down to the small container, the Death Knight gripped the lid and with a slight dramatic pause - opened it wide to see the contents within.