

*In order to save the world from the Waves of Calamity, four heroes will be summoned from another world. Each hero wields a distinctive weapon: a sword, a spear, a bow or a shield...*

Or so the legend says. But sometimes, even the heroes need help to fight off these waves of calamity. And this was one of those times. Just as it had happened during the fourth wave, which occurred in the Cal Mira Archipelago, the heroes requested help from the Queen and her army to fight against the new wave of calamity that was coming upon their world.

This time the wave brought a gigantic cyclops with it, accompanied by a horde of horse-riding spectres. As the first one dealt devastating blow after another, the second ones made their job to disperse formations and isolate groups of people to weaken their opponents. It was one of the latest who pushed the Queen and a small group of two female soldiers and two female mages into a cave, soon after, one of the cyclops blows hit the entry of the cave, leaving the five women stuck inside. It wouldn't take long for them to conjure a pair of glowing orbs and start moving around, trying to find an exit. But the more they walked, the more the place didn't seem like a cave. It looked more like a... forgotten temple.

"Keep your eyes open, we don't know what's inside" The Queen ordered to her small battalion as they stepped inside a big hollow room.

The chamber was gigantic, with high stone columns that climbed all over to the cold tall roof. The dim lights of the orbs allowed the group to see that the columns were packed with eroded inscriptions almost impossible to read. Those same lights allowed them to reach and see that the walls and ceiling were filled with mural paintings that had long lost their colour, leaving only fragments of their past majesty. The sound of their steps were their only company on that silent cave full of nothing but stone. With swords and staffs ready to strike, no one dared to interrupt that silence. Not even the Queen.

The group kept walking through the chamber, and as they did, they couldn't help but notice that the mural pictures started changing, getting darker. At the entrance, they depicted everyday scenes, happy families, and festivities. But as they walked, they turned into scenes of war, hills full of bodies, burned fields... And still, only silence around them.

"Have you heard that?" One of the mages asked, stopping in her tracks and raising her staff towards the entrance.

"Hear what?" One of the soldiers asked, also raising her sword towards that spot.

"Do not break formation!" The Queen quickly ordered them. They were only five people down there, they had to stay together if they wanted to get out. Who knew what monsters lurked in the darkness.

As soon as the mage and the soldier moved back into formation the group resumed moving. The Queen noticed though, that the group was starting to get nervous. Both mages were shaking a bit, and the soldier who had raised her sword earlier was breathing faster. The atmosphere didn't help much either. As they kept walking, those paintings became even darker, depicting dark monsters. At some point the ceiling and walls started being unpolished, not totally carved, and the artists had decided to use the natural protrusions of the rocks and the stalactites as parts of those very same monsters, creating big fangs, menacing wings...

"What was that?" The same mage from before jumped in place. This time everyone raised their weapons towards the spot she was aiming at, near the entrance that they could not reach to see anymore.

"This silence... is so loud!" The other mage said.

"The darkness and silence are playing tricks on your minds. Don't let them get the best of you." The Queen said with a steady voice. She was squinting at the dark, trying to see if she could find something in there, but it seemed empty. And she couldn't hear any noise coming from it either. "Let's move out of here." She said, turning around to look to the front. But just as she turned, she saw something from the corner of her eyes. She quickly looked back, but there was nothing there.

"Is everything alright?" One of the soldiers asked.

"Yes, it has just been my imagination." She said to not make the rest panic. She was the Queen after all, she had to keep her composure to reassure those at her command. "But just in case, keep your eyes open. I don't like this place."

The group of five women kept walking. Slowly. With watchful eyes and vigilant ears. Not long after, the gloomy, dark mural paintings reached their end. The imagery changed to a polished white one. Just plain white over the smooth walls. And after the murals had changed, it didn't take long for them to reach the end of the room. There was no exit there, just another plain wall. But in that wall, and surrounded by the white paint, there was painted the tall figure of a peaceful woman, in calm and silence, as a saint. She wore a white dress and a black sapphire on her forehead and had long dark hair. She was solemnly looking down right in front of her, where there was a single chest with a padlock and, next to it, an inscription in an ancient language that the Queen could not understand.

"Be careful, we don't know what it may contain." She said, careful as always. One false step could be fatal. "Use your magic to see if it contains something dangerous." She ordered to one of the mages.

The woman raised her staff and touched the chest with it. She closed her eyes and focused for a second. The rest of the group looked around, making sure they were alone. "Nothing dangerous inside." She said. "Just some papers... and ashes... I think."

“You think?” The Queen raised an inquisitive brow. The mage gulped as everyone looked at her and their majesty. “What about the inscription? Does anyone know what it says?” Everyone negated with their heads.

“It’s an ancient dialect. I can understand some words... Salvation. Merry. Light. Waves.” One of the mages said, pointing at some of the words inscribed. “But not much more. I’d need more time to study them.”

“The waves?” Asked the other mage. “Maybe there is some useful information inside. Should we take this with us?”

The Queen weighed their options. On one hand, if there was any information that could help them fight off the waves it’d be very welcome. On the other hand, she had heard enough stories of monsters setting traps to catch adventurers off guard. Maybe that was one of those traps. But one thing was for sure, they had to leave that place, they could not stay there forever. She pondered her options for a while, but in the end, she decided to take the risk. If there truly was information about the waves, it was far too valuable to leave behind.

“Everyone, be careful. I will open the chest. You two pay attention to the dark, I don’t want anything attacking us.” She ordered to one soldier and one mage. “You two be ready here, if there is any kind of trap inside, I want you to be fast.” She ordered to the other soldier and to the mage who had translated the few words that had led them to this decision. “I will open the chest.” The four women that stood with her nodded and got in place for their assigned tasks.

The Queen kneeled in front of the chest and looked at the padlock. It was rusty, but strong enough to not be easily opened without the use of magic. With a silent nod to the mage, the woman understood and pressed her staff onto the padlock. She casted a spell and the rust took over, consuming it. Now there was nothing keeping the chest locked. The Queen gulped and placed her hands on the chest before she slowly opened it.

Big mistake.

Just as the queen opened the chest a little, she managed to discern what looked like a row of fangs protruding from the inside of the opening. But she didn’t have much time to react, as the ashes and papers inside shot out from within like a blast of black and white air. This blast was accompanied by a group of tongues that quickly grabbed and shoved her into the chest and then closed.

“My Queen!” The soldier yelled, running to the chest and hitting it with her sword. The two women keeping guard on the darkness turned and tried to pry open the chest, but it did not work. It didn’t bulge much, just enough to show them the long row of white fangs of the mimic.

“My darlings. Don’t be so worried.” A female voice said from above them, making a slight pause in between words. The four women looked up and saw the silhouette of a woman, forming on top of them through the papers and ashes pressing together to form flesh and robes.

“Who are you?” One of the mages demanded to know, raising her staff towards her and casting a lightning. The figure dissolved in the air as the lightning bolt shot through her and reformed a few seconds later, on the ground and a few steps away from them, just enough for the dim light of the magic orbs to reach her.

“My name is Pesigo.” She introduced herself, becoming more and more human by the second as the ashes and tiny scraps of paper came together.

“Release me at this instant, Pesigo!” The Queen yelled. Her four women looked at the chest from where her voice had come from. Right under the lid of the chest, a set of three cushioned holes had appeared, with the central one being bigger than the two lateral ones. The Queen’s head was sticking out from the central one, and for some unknown reason, from the other two holes were sticking out her now bare feet. They were slender, long and well taken care of, with toes painted in the same purple colour as her eyes. The Queen was trapped in there, but she could not feel the insides of the chest, in fact, she felt the rest of her body numb.

“Oh, but I can’t.” The creature said, it seemed that she was now fully formed. She resembled the woman on the mural right behind her, she even had the black sapphire on the same spot in the forehead. The differences were that her eyes seemed empty, she looked older and all over her white skin there were many cracks, as if she were about to crumble to dust again at any moment. “I need you. For my comeback.”

When she said those words, the mimic chest opened its mouth a bit, just enough to set free the same tongues that had pulled the Queen inside earlier and to startle the rest of the women there. The two soldiers attacked the tongues with their swords, carefully to not hit the Queen, but the attacks bounced off them.

“What’s this?” The Queen demanded to know, looking at the tongues moving around her. They were dripping saliva, but none of them seemed dangerous. If the mimic had wanted to eat her alive she would have already been eaten.

“I am. Pesigo.” The humanoid creature repeated, leaning on the wall and covering her face with her hands. “I feast on. Merry and joy.”

Suddenly, one of the mages giggled. “Hey, the tongues tickle! A lohohot!” She laughed as one of the tongues caressed the bare part of her leg. She jumped to a side to get away from it, but the Queen saw how some of the cracks on Pesigo’s arms closed a bit.

“I feast on. Merry and Joy.” Pesigo repeated. The Queen felt a drip of saliva fall on her left foot and realized what was happening. Or rather, what was going to happen.

“Attack Pesigo! Quick! Before she becomes stronger!” She ordered the women under her command. “We have to defeahahahahahaha!” Her orders were interrupted by a high-pitched laughter as a pair of tongues started lapping at her feet. They felt like a warm and very tingly velvet that tickled more than anything that had ever touched her already ticklish feet.

The soldiers attacked, thrusting their swords forward, but the Queen’s laughter seemed to invigorate the creature with strength, erasing the cracks and revitalizing her to a state where

she seemed young and healthy. Pesigo waved her hand and a shockwave pushed the two soldiers away from her.

"I... must... not... laugh..." The Queen muttered to herself, focusing on not laughing. She scrunched her toes as much as she could and moved her feet to escape the tongues. The wide grin on her face and the constant twitching made clear that it was no easy task for the ticklish Queen. But it was obvious that her laughter had given Pesigo that surge in power, and she didn't want to give her another one.

"Tsk." The monster clicked her tongue. "Your efforts are meaningless." She said to her prisoner as the two soldiers surrounded her again. The mages had readied their staff and were already preparing a spell.

But all their actions against Pesigo would soon prove to not be enough. The trapped Queen felt a second pair of tongues coiling around her feet, focusing on her arches this time. It was already bad with the first pair of tongues, but when the second pair hit the tickling sensations took the best of her and she bursted into laughter.

"PFHAHAHAHA!" She laughed again, having the whole mimic tremble. Just in time for the moment where her mages shot their spell, a big fireball.

Pesigo simply dismissed the fireball with one hand. With a small wrist movement, the woman monster undid the fireball as easily as one would scatter a pile of leaves. The black sapphire on her forehead was shining now more than ever, and with a stomp of her foot, pillars of stone raised from the ground and trapped the mages and the soldiers. They didn't even have a chance to fight back.

"NOHOHO! PFHIAHAHAHA!" The Queen laughed. There wasn't anything she could do in her position. Especially when even more tongues decided to join in the tickling game played on her soles.

"We are going to have so much fun." The creature said, taking a few steps towards the Queen. There were no cracks on her skin anymore, and suddenly, the laughter of the other four women started filling the room alongside the Queen's. "And do not worry, dear, I've transformed the pillars of stone into new mimics. I love you all, you are all my beloved treasures." She said with a sweet caring tone that didn't match her facial expression. A big, inhuman smile filled of long white fangs, just as the mimics in which she had trapped all the women. "I want to get out of here and find new prey. But first... first we'll spend a very long time in here together, making sure I'm in top condition..."