

Penacony was fun.

Kafka didn't expect it but the experience alone was worth it and it had just been a day. The security was a bit finicky and would've been a threat if not for Silver Wolf's ever great talents. You can always rely on her for the more tech heavy aspects that most would have little idea of how to even work the basics. Kafka herself knew the ins and outs, choosing to learn them to both understand Silver Wolf better and to keep herself aware in case any future runs needed such skills. Even if Elio gave her the benefit of foresight it never hurt.

Not to mention it could be useful to mess with that greyette time to time.

So a few backdoor infiltrations here and there, a few rejection letters over here, and soon enough Kafka was traveling just fine in Penacony. More specifically in Dream's Edge, a place quite wondrous in terms of view with how many fireworks and shooting stars-esque sky blanketed the area. When you reached such high peaks of skyscrapers it was expected to feel colder winds so it was a nice experience to have warmer weather here. Her single jacket and regular blouse was enough to keep her warm. Actually even her legs didn't feel cold at all despite her attire so that had to be more from the dream aspect. It never felt like a dream too and very little took away from the realism of it.

Such as the rare times a child would happily drag a parent to one of those televisions that can turn you into a small cartoon character.

Or how about the origami birds that hid here and there, even teleporting from your grasp if you weren't swift enough with your hands? Even with that you can argue the existence of such beings in a distant sky.

There were more obvious events that snapped her out though.

From seeing the sight of a car hitting someone not hurting anyone at all, to the walking advertisement boards, and the living breathing trash cans that picked a fight with anyone.... If the Trailblazer was here they would definitely be excited at the sight of such.

<Kafka I'm gonna hang by the arcade>

<Whatever happened to laying low?>

Texting here safely without being surveyed by the Family was again, thanks to Silver Wolf. Kafka adjusted her shades as a firework exploded brightly. The increased frequency of them exploding alongside the increasing number of people meant an event was set up here. She didn't plan to stay for too long even if there was very little chance she'd be discovered.

<I'll be fine. More concerned about you>

<Aww, it's rare for Darling Wolfie to show concern>

<You know the reason>

<Elio hasn't warned me of anything important so things will go well>

Elio's guidance has been paramount to the success of the Stellaron Hunters. But even without that, Kafka was more than experienced in eluding whoever pursued her. Very few could even stand as a threat to her if she was prepared (This situation is something she prepared extensively too). So it did genuinely surprise her that the hacker would actually show this level of worry for her. It wasn't as if she held back information that only she would know either. Her phone buzzed again as another message from Wolf came. This is also one of the more active times Silver Wolf has been messaging her. Her hand patted the owl that was the **Dream's Eye**.

<What I'm saying is the tech around this place might really screw with you>

Kafka had to giggle.

This really was like a sister showing great concern for her older sibling.

<Wolfie, I've read up on them and tested them all. They're not harmful. Even the Hanu Adventure one>

That was the one Silver Wolf got excited the most. Who knew she would have a simple taste like that? She was about to text a teasing message only to pause, feeling the vertigo from the change of perspective. The world no longer viewed from her own eyes and instead from a bird that gazed down upon her. It made her feel a bit small, but also in awe at the cleverness of how they managed long distance travel. Making it all about a perspective puzzle and having to do some multi-step thinking. It was fun.

<I can tell you're thinking of something rude. But anyway, that's fine. Even if you're careful you might still get screwed over by someone else>

<What could you possibly mean?>

Kafka's senses returned as the owl returned to its perch. The adjustments she made allowing her to get farther on a walkway, before she paused. Hmm. A dead end. Or rather, wasn't this walkway supposed to be rotated already? Was someone messing with it?

<What do you think happens if more than one person is doing a puzzle that involves warping space?>

Kafka wouldn't reach such a message as she let out a soft 'oh' at the platform in front of her turning in a certain way. Someone was doing the puzzle. Considering the controls for such a puzzle was way back there, Kafka turned back, and found herself smiling. It was the Trailblazer, who seemed focused on it. This was a chance meeting that she didn't expect at all. Well, they haven't started their reunion yet and it might be a bad idea for them to meet so early. For now she'd have to find a different spot to head towards. Even if the Trailblazer was never one to put her at risk, if they had companions it would be bad.

"Wait..." Kafka paused, looking around.

She was at a very specific walkway with no particular escape route. She was a bit stuck, and would have to head back on her own pace to retry the puzzle. But she also happened to be on a very specific spot that moved alongside the stage if the **Dreams Eye** was activated. The Stellaron Hunter looked around, and felt it. The change of perspective. Only this wasn't part of her control. The moment Kafka looked up she saw the approach of a wall. Her eyes widened as she put her arms up, legs preparing to sprint.

She wasn't fast enough.

SLAM

And she got crushed.

...

No.

Crushed wasn't the right word.

It didn't feel right.

It wasn't like she got slammed against a wall. Rather her body was distorted and blurred before it was flattened by the walkway against the wall while pressed against it. Maybe she was more trapped against it and can still push against the walkway? No. Wait. She still had the shared bird's eye view perspective. It was very hard to discern her but she could see her body. Without a doubt she had taken a downgrade on her dimensionality and was no longer three dimensional. That... That was not something she'd expected. No. You don't need any sort of foresight to understand that this was impossible.

"Maybe I can... get out of this," Still incredulous, she didn't let this deter her. With sheer force she began to push against the metal walkway. For a moment she could see it. The bird's eyes view showed the area she was tilting slightly. Her flattened form was beginning to take shape. "Yes! There I can-"

SLAM!!!

Till a rotating walkway spun and slammed against the same walkway that pinned her. All that force now facing two metal walkways keeping her still. Kafka was sure she let out a squeak at that point, and groaned. Her arms felt like it was pinned against her head yet both felt like they joined the same depth level. Her legs that were once pushing against the scaffolding had filled out all the way to the bottom. There was no footing she could gain from this.

No.

She was flatter than before.

From the bird's eye view, at least earlier she could make out her form's slight variation in coloration. Now she can only see the purple section of her hair peeking out from this. This. This was truly embarrassing. Kafka felt herself redden at the idea that she was done in by something like this. No. Wait. This was just a temporary event. The shakiness of a dream. Once the Dreams Eye Puzzle was resolved she'd be able to slip out. Though from her limited vision, she can see who was the cause of that last impact.

"Oh Trailblazer... it was you that did it?" In doing this puzzle, the Trailblazer was the one who rotated the walkway into her. A weary sigh escaped her, poster depth lungs(?), as the person went off on their merry ways. "Sigh. I can forgive them for this much at least."

The familiar feeling of the Puzzle resetting itself made Kafka relax a bit. Finally. She could feel the cold breeze on her once more. Perfect. The Stellaron Huntress began to rise up and take a deep breathe of-- what's that sound?

STOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMPSTOMP

-"OW!? WHA-WHO-GET OF--WAI"

Numerous footsteps.

A stampede? No. Just dozens of people.

"The fireworks are starting soon!"

"It'll be a great view here!"

"So glad we found the ventilation access!"

"Let's go!"

A full minute of that.

The previous observation Kafka had earlier involved the increasing amount of tourists in this area. She was right and made painfully aware of that just now. The Stellaron Hunter had left out

soft whimpers, eyes turned comical and a complete red fluster shrouding her face. At this point she wasn't Kafka sized anymore and looked more like a blanket that had similar coloration to her. Naturally she still felt every step earlier, with each one increasing her surface area (in an undesired fashion) and further shrunk her true volume.

"U-un-unh-he-heard of," Kafka sniffled, trembling as the large blanket like version of her began to weakly rise. "N-never.. Telling anyone th-.. NononononoNOOOO-"

SLAM

A Dreamjolt Troupe Sweet Gorilla looked confused, turning around. It had landed right where it wanted, still carrying two hefty crates of drinks. The mecha monster thought it heard a voice screaming at it but there was no such noises. It looked down on the floor, noticing the strange carpet beneath it... Before simply shrugging and carrying on, heading off to where it knew guests would need some drinks.

On the floor it landed on, the carpet was comically tearing up. It tried to speak, but the gorilla landing on its head area had ensured a complete impossibility for her to communicate. Now the comically teary eyes remained on her face as not even the strongest winds dared to lift her off from the scaffolding.

And to add in insult to injury, the phone that was embedded on the wall she slammed into fell and dropped on top of her.

'Ow!'

With one message from Silver Wolf.

<Anyway if you're not here by 1 hour I'm gonna teleport you here>

If Kafka's face could give out a more horrified and defeated look she would...

But at least... Silver Wolf can fix this... right?