

# An Extra's POV

## Chapter 7: Meeting The Royal Council

[The Next Day]

"Good morning, everyone. I hope you all had a good night's rest."

The Chief Warrior, Brutus, faced the group of students gathered in their living room, each finding their comfortable spot.

He was the same man with a bushy beard they had met yesterday. After the students introduced themselves, the geezers followed suit.

The old ones were the nation's most accomplished Mages, and they had all been involved in the Summoning Magic that brought them to this world.

Once the introductions were in order, Adonis proposed giving his classmates time to rest and process the whirlwind of events that had occurred, so Brutus and the guards escorted them to their living quarters.

And, just as expected for the world's chosen saviors, their residence was nothing short of spectacular.

Each had a personal room, and they shared a spacious parlor big enough to host a crowd thrice their number without feeling cramped.

The furniture might have been medieval, but it was the best they could have asked for. The décor and vibe exuded a royal essence, making their quarters feel regal in every aspect.

The twenty-nine Otherworlders found themselves treated like royalty from day one, despite the fact that they were foreigners.

Of course, the absence of modern amenities like air conditioners or running water made it a little difficult for some to get used to the new environment.

The students were initially oblivious to these difficulties, but as time went on, they slowly realized the downsides of their new, unfamiliar world.

Fortunately, they were able to adapt just fine.

Their needs were met by attentive servants, ensuring they never lacked water or other basic needs. The natural airflow in their rooms and the spacious parlor kept them comfortably settled.

It wasn't perfect by any means, but considering the world they were currently in, it was the best they could hope for.

The following day, Brutus paid them a visit.

"We slept well. Your hospitality is remarkable," Adonis replied on behalf of the group. No one voiced any grievances.

"I'm glad to hear that. I bring news today. If you don't mind, I would like to proceed." Brutus continued, eager to share important information.

Adonis took his time to look at his classmates, and all of them seemed pretty cool about the whole thing.

He then turned to the Chief Warrior and nodded.

"Alright. Go ahead."

"Thank you, Hero," Brutus acknowledged, his stern expression tightening for an unknown reason.

"The rulers of the land wish to meet you. Since learning of the successful Summoning, their eagerness to see you has grown. However, out of respect for your need to rest, the meeting was postponed until today," Brutus explained, awaiting their response.

"Rulers of the land? There isn't just one?" Alicia's voice broke the silence.

Apart from Adonis, it seemed only she would occasionally voice out her opinions. The others were content to remain silent.

"Indeed. Humanity has united under an alliance due to the looming threat we face. We are the United Human Alliance, and our nation is led by the Royal Council," Brutus elaborated.

Brutus went on to explain that the Royal Council comprised rulers of the separate human nations that were now unified under one banner.

"So this Royal Council was responsible for the decision to summon us too?" Alicia asked.

"Correct," Brutus confirmed, his head respectfully bowed.

Adonis found the prolonged bowing uncomfortable.

"We'd be happy to meet them. Will you lead the way?" Adonis redirected the conversation.

"Yes! You can count on me." It seemed Brutus had been anxiously waiting for an answer, and upon getting one, his face lit up with joy.

"Alright, everyone. I guess it's time to meet the rulers," Adonis addressed his comrades.

"In these clothes? Shouldn't we change into something more suitable?" a voice chimed in.

"Into what? We only have one attire, right?" questioned another.

"I'm sure Adonis will ask if we can have more options," someone suggested.

Despite the murmurs exchanged among them, the students stood up, ultimately choosing to follow their leader's direction.

"Let's go!"

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As Adonis led, trailed by the rest and followed by Brutus, they walked through hallways, then out into an expansive field, finally arriving at the grand Royal Palace.

The Palace was what you would expect from a medieval fantasy world. It had a towering height, and its structure was vast and sprawling.

It glistened under the golden sun, and its outer walls gleamed with prestige.

As for the interior, it was even more impressive.

Murals lined with gold and precious stones adorned every corner of the hallway, stealing their breath away.

The chandeliers suspended from the ceiling invited attention, while the mirrored tiles they walked upon, reminiscent of their summoning room, caught their gaze.

Well-armored guards stood sentinel at each corner. As the Otherworlders followed Brutus, they were greeted with bows and reverent gazes.

"You'll need to get used to it. You're the saviors of this world," Brutus remarked, noticing their unease.

Of course, not everyone was uncomfortable.

Many relished the attention, but the fact that they were going to meet the supreme rulers of humanity made them a little nervous.

However, any anxiety they had disappeared upon reaching the grand entrance.

"Greetings, esteemed rulers of humanity. I present to you the Royal Council, the summoned Otherworlders," Brutus announced loudly as he pushed open the shimmering gates leading to the throne room.

Following his lead, Adonis and his classmates entered in a line.

"Wow..." escaped from many mouths, attempts to stifle their gasps failing in the face of the room's magnificence.

Forget the Summoning Room, the Living Quarters, the hallways, or the breathtaking design of the Palace exterior. The throne room alone surpassed them all.

It felt as though they were walking on ground paved with gold.

The walls glittered like diamonds, and the brilliant lights that emanated from various precious gems around made it seem like paradise.

A wonderful scent filled the air—an aroma that soothed the senses.

Guards garbed in special armor stood in strategic positions in the throne-room, and on the elevated precipice within the room were five chairs.

The ones who sat on this precipice were the rulers of the United Human Alliance—the Royal Council.

Four men and a woman adorned in elegant robes and crowned heads sat atop this platform.

Their presence carried an indescribable weight that words could not describe, an aura that left the onlookers breathless.

Brutus bowed in the presence of these absolute figures, and when the students confusedly looked at one another, not knowing whether to bow or not, Adonis looked at them and shook his head.

There was no need to bow.

"We're not inferior to them," he reassured his classmates with a smile.

Here stood the same Adonis who had found it proper to show respect to a stranger like Seraph. Yet, he didn't find it necessary to bow before these royal dignitaries.

Of course, his classmates followed his lead and kept their heads up despite Brutus' groveling.

"You may rise, Brutus. You are welcome, Otherworlders." The man at the center spoke, his voice surprisingly calming.

He appeared to be the youngest among the five, probably in his early thirties, yet he was given the honor of speaking first.

Brutus immediately rose to his feet and bowed slightly before assuming a formal stance.

"I don't see Lucielle. Is she still unwell?" inquired the woman among the seated council members.

She seemed only slightly older than the one at the center, probably nearing her forties.

"Yes, your Grace. She's yet to recover from the toll of the Summoning Magic," Brutus replied with a slight tremor in his voice.

Lucielle held the esteemed position of Grand Mage within the United Human Alliance. According to Brutus, she had led the charge in the summoning ritual.

Being the most powerful and skilled Mage in the United Kingdoms, the toll of the summoning weighed heavily upon her.

"We wouldn't have been able to summon you without her help," Brutus emphasized to the students, underscoring Lucielle's crucial role.

Even in her absence, Lucielle's influence reverberated throughout the upper echelons of this world.

Acknowledging her absence, Adonis expressed his intent to visit her afterward. "I should go see her after this, then," he mentioned.

"I am sure she would appreciate it immensely," Brutus responded with his usual courtesy, maintaining his respectful demeanor.

For a moment, silence filled the hall, leaving the students feeling somewhat overlooked throughout the discussion.

However, that soon changed.

"Forgive the diversion, esteemed Otherworlders," the man at the center stood, prompting the other four to follow suit.

"Welcome to H'Trae. This is the United Human Alliance, the dominant nation of the Western Continent," The man declared, his voice resonating through the room without losing its composed tone.

"I am Conrad Listrio, Grandmaster of the Royal Council," he introduced himself with a brilliant smile directed at the young visitors, gesturing warmly with outstretched hands.

"It is truly a pleasure to have you in our midst," he expressed sincerely.

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[A/N]

Thanks for reading.

The story's progression seems a little slow at the start, but all of this is necessary.

Source: Trust me bro.