

Beast Master 1211

Chapter 1211: Trial Tested

Joram was battered as he exited the trial, where the clerics immediately healed him.

"That trial is cruel. At first, I thought it was going to be alright. But at the end, it was just picking on me. However, I did get a reward." He informed them with an exhausted smile on his face.

"A reward? So, we should send priority members first, before the rewards are gone?" The Vice Principal asked.

Karl shook his head. "No, I set a bunch of reward templates in the trial. It is actually making random rewards on its own, based on performance and the will of the gods."

"That is truly impressive. Is that something that you have learned in the Dragon Isles? Perhaps you were exiled to a true paradise." Nacht asked.

Karl shook his head. "I actually learned it on the Neia Continent, when Supreme Lady Matilda sent me to look into the restrictions on System Activation that are still present there."

"Never mind. Just having to deal with that woman gives me a headache."

Karl chuckled at the Dragon's immediate change of heart. But soon, he would realize that she was their wedding planner, and everyone was going to be under her supervision, since she was the only one who knew all of the plans.

Everyone else knew a part that was relevant to them, but she was the one with the master plan, and the future sight to keep things from going wrong.

"Should we call for pickup?" Dana asked.

It would be getting late in the Dragon Isles, and they'd managed to collect everyone that they came looking for in just one day.

That was much better than expected, and it would give them at least a few days to prepare for the ceremony itself once they were in place. Matilda had been collecting all the guests from the Dragon Isles, and with her efficiency, they should be the last to arrive.

Mostly because she was unlikely to listen to complaints that they were busy with something else when she came looking for them.

Matilda's original idea had been simply to perform a summoning ritual, which would pull every guest on the continent to her at the same time. But after a common-sense intervention by Tessa, who had reminded her that someone might be in the privy or naked in bed when she performed the ritual, she had vowed to give them all warning.

[Matilda, could you open a portal? We've got all the guests from the Golden Dragon Nation collected.] Karl messaged.

[Of course. I'm just cleaning up a minor issue here first.]

Karl frowned. [Has someone been causing trouble?]

[The Blue Dragon has an issue with my schedule, and she decided to fight me when I took her notepad away.] The Chaos Dragon replied.

That had to mean Sapphire, but Karl could see any of the blue dragon Priestesses starting a fight if someone interrupted their study time.

[Tell her that she can work on the guests that we're bringing from the Golden Dragon Nation. Some of them have advanced already, but we've still got some who have not.] Karl replied.

[Yes, that calmed her for a moment. I will open the portal now.]

The portal she opened led to what looked like something between a fantasy wonderland and a fever dream, just a touch 'wrong', in a way that Karl couldn't quite place.

It was most likely in the Chaos Plane, but he had to admit that it was beautiful.

Well suited to hosting weddings.

"Welcome guests. My name is Matilda, and I will be your host for the duration of your stay. Please, follow me this way to the lodging." She declared, while the guests stared at Karl with a look that conveyed their absolute reluctance to go along with the strange dragon.

She looked friendly enough, but her smile was a bit too much like the smile that a fat man gives a whole cake.

Predatory joy.

Everyone stared at the surreal scenes all around them, and then hundreds of small flying creatures, possibly Faeries and Pixies, but not like any picture of them that Karl had ever seen before, appeared to guide guests to their rooms.

"Lady Rae has prepared evening wear for you all, and I have planned a lovely evening at the hot springs and spas for everyone.

You can trust that your assigned guides will take wonderful care of you. Do not worry about their size, their magic is enough to solve any sort of issue you might have." Matilda instructed.

Karl extended Soul Sight and found that there were already dozens of people on the other side of what must be their hotel. They were lounging in natural springs, and Karl wondered how he could have forgotten to add those to his tiny space.

He had a wonderful lake, and a flowing river, but both were cool and refreshing. The polar opposite of the sort of relaxation you got from a hot spring.

Perhaps he should add one on the back side of the house, up in the hills and out of sight of the majority of the space.

Rae handed Karl a bath robe, which he swapped into as they entered the building, headed for the showers, so they were clean before they entered the hot springs.

"Men to the right, ladies to the left. No mixed bathing today." The tiny flying creature following Karl around insisted.

Karl winked at the little creature. "So, there might be mixed bathing later?"

Its laughter was like the tinkling ring of wind chimes, but with an otherworldly echo that seemed to shake the soul.

"There is a private hot spring in the honeymoon suite, Sir."

The little creature winked at him, then giggled and began to fly circles around his head.

Matilda had done a wonderful job planning this outing, but Karl still had one important question.

"Where exactly are we?" He asked.

"This is the Fae Realm. Lady Matilda wanted to hold it at her own estate, but not all of the guests would be comfortable in the Chaos Realm, especially with so many chromatic dragons present. So, the decision was made to hold it on this plane instead."

Chapter 1212: Fae Springs

Karl nodded in understanding, then remembered that he actually had a skill suited to travelling to places like this.

{Planeswalker} World Dragon Patron Exclusive Skill. 100 Points. Allows portals to open between adjacent Realms the user is familiar with.

It hadn't mattered before because he hadn't been anywhere but the Chaos Realm, and he was able to leave there easily enough, thanks to his affinity for the Fundamental Rule of Chaos.

But being here was more like being on a whole other world. Not nearly as easy to simply come and go from.

The men's side of the hot springs were already rowdy when Karl arrived because someone had made a joke about the Dwarves accidentally drowning in the bath if they sat down, and that turned into an argument about proportionate anatomy.

Karl's dad walked in behind him and chuckled at the sight.

"You know, for all that has changed, it's good to see that you didn't forget your own people. Even though they're so much more powerful than any of the miners, it's still the same rowdy lot as you grew up with." He whispered.

From the edge of the springs, Slate Petros laughed.

"Come and sit, Senior Karl. Let me tell you about the Dwarven Mines."

Karl's dad removed his robe, then got a shocked look on his face when it actually vanished.

[Oh, that is new.] The little Fae's voice rang in Karl's mind.

Indeed, it was. His father had just gained a system interface when he tried to remove an equippable item in the Fae Realm.

And he was a Warrior.

Of course, he was.

"Interesting. The System can still activate here, as long as it's a system linked item. I didn't even know that was possible." Matilda cheered from right behind Karl, making most of the others jump.

The Dragon was in the form of a mature and extremely busty Elven woman today, wearing a towel around her body, as was the custom for ladies outside the actual bath.

The men were much less modest, and Karl's dad was shocked at the intrusion.

"Madam, I believe that this is the men's bath." He stammered.

"It's fine, I just came over to see how you had activated a System Interface when we're not on the right planet. Sit, relax, this will only take me a few minutes." She declared, then tossed her towel to one of the small flying Fae and pulled him down into the springs.

Jake looked scandalized as he turned to his son, but Karl just shrugged. "Neither dragons nor Elves are usually body shy. But you will enjoy learning about the Dwarven Mines. They're absolutely incredible, and they have some excellent worker practices that might work well at home."

Jake sighed, then did his best to ignore the naked woman who was intently staring at him.

Thor waved as he came into the springs, and a surprising number of the guests greeted him in return. Thor was still the King of making new friends, and they had arrived a full day earlier than Karl had, giving him plenty of time to get to know everyone before the bride and groom got to the venue.

"Karl, welcome back. You are going to love this place. There are so many fun new people, and they even have a training ground." Thor announced.

"Oh? Somewhere with smashing poles?"

Thor chuckled and nodded. "Indeed. I was sparring with a group of young Fae warriors earlier in my natural form. They are quite skilled."

Lord Drodh chuckled. "Mostly, they're good at not getting stepped on. The Fae are notoriously agile, beyond what should be physically possible. Just trying to catch them to hit them is hard enough.

Thor has an advantage in that his attacks all hit a large area, so the Fae have to dodge more than just his foot.

But even then, they put him through his paces. I've never seen a Behemoth move like that before."

Thor thumped his chest proudly. "I practiced all my life to smash targets. But the Fae are the trickiest ones I've found yet."

His praise made all their hosts glimmer with sparkling lights, similar to the effect that Opal gave off in the sunlight. It gave the baths an extra layer of relaxing effects, and Karl heard Lotus complaining on the other side of the dividing wall that the boys were getting all the good stuff.

In her mind, that was completely unacceptable, and Karl suspected that the Green Dragon Priestess would be pushing for mixed bathing tomorrow, just so that she didn't miss out on sparkly Fae.

Her complaints did earn the other side of the bath a short light show, as the Fae's amusement at her antics spread through the bathing area.

The men's side of the bath chuckled as Lotus' complaints turned to cheering, and Karl's father turned to ask him about the commotion.

"Is that the child of one of your friends? Or is it just a particularly excitable sort of lady?"

"The latter. She is a green dragon cleric, and her love of all things fluffy, sparkly, and even remotely huggable has been cranked up to an extreme degree. She's an incredible healer, though.

There are very few things that she can't cure in a few seconds, and she can even heal a whole section of a battlefield or an entire neighbourhood at the same time." Karl explained.

Jake chuckled. "We met one of them in town last year. Quite the character. The first thing that she asked us was if we had seen a Dire Bear nearby. She had never seen one in person and wanted to see if they were actually as aggressive as she had been told."

Niall sighed and shook his head. "I remember that one. We had to send a team to rescue her when she actually found the Dire Bear, and it chased her all the way to a farming village trying to recover its cub."

The dragons present all snickered at the man's exasperated tone. That sort of behaviour was one hundred percent on par for a Green Dragon Cleric. Especially if she had heard that there was a way for certain classes to bond magical beasts.

Chapter 1213: He Still Got A Baby Dragon

After an hour of socializing in the hot springs, the hosts informed them that it was time for the midday meal.

Karl hadn't considered the time difference when they had arrived, but it was at least manageable.

Everyone simply changed into comfortable loose robes provided by the hotel, and Karl waited by the changing room for Dana to come out.

But she did not come out alone.

Button and Lyric were with her, brought from the Tiny World by Cara, along with an older supervisor that Karl didn't recognize, but that Dana apparently did. The little dragon and Lotus were animatedly discussing the various ways that you could use plant growth spells, while Button held hands with Dana, so she didn't get lost.

Ophelia smirked when she saw that Karl had noticed them, and took Lotus' hand with a sly wink, then walked beside Dana, so the short people could continue to talk.

It looked a bit odd to see them both talking and gesturing with just one hand, because someone was holding their other, but the guests found it absolutely adorable.

"Are you adopting a baby dragon after I told you that you couldn't have a dragon egg?" Nacht joked when he saw the scene.

"She lives in a Tiny World that I created. She's become attached to Dana, and to anyone else who will spend time with her while everyone else is busy." Karl whispered back.

Then he realized something. "I've actually obtained a number of dragon eggs lately. There was a group of dragon hunters from another world who were capturing dragons and breeding them for combat. Similar to the drake riders, but I didn't see any signs that they were riding them, just causing them to go berserk and accompany their forces to attack."

The black dragon frowned. "I have heard of them. There were some in Newbon not long ago, but the Emperor and General teamed up to eliminate them. It was quite the pain, as they brought a number of berserk dragons with them.

What did you do with the dragons that they had trained?"

Karl shrugged. "I just broke the spells on them and let them free on the Neia Continent. They'll have to figure things out from there on their own.

But there were a number of leftover eggs whose mothers were not present, or not willing to claim them.

So, I brought them into the Tiny World and placed them in an appropriate environment for their development.

I have a group of druids and Nature Priestesses, the group that Button belongs to, caring for them until they hatch."

Nacht nodded slowly. "And then what?"

"And then I have two hundred baby dragons?" Karl asked hopefully.

Nacht rolled his eyes in dismay. "I will arrange for someone to come collect them after they hatch. We can take them to the church, or specifically a Red Dragon Orphanage for raising.

The first few years can be a bit chaotic, but plenty of dragons are raised in them, so we have the experience."

Karl smiled. "Why didn't I think of that? I can just recruit more Red Dragon Clerics for the job. I've already got some in the work space in Drodh. I volunteered them some extra space in exchange for having the older Orphans work the market while they look for full-time work."

Nachtia crept up beside them and bumped shoulders with her uncle.

"He's slowly collecting them all. All we need now are gold, bronze and white. We've even got a silver dragon living at the Drodh Guild House because he wanted to study the experiment that the blue dragons are doing." She greeted them.

Karl smiled at her, then realized that the dragon smelled different than he remembered.

"You're about to reach Totem Rank." He realized.

Nachtia nodded. "Indeed. Being with the Darklight Host has been good for me. I'm years ahead of schedule. By the time that the wedding is over, I should be there. And I've got a solid start on my power matrix, so I shouldn't slow down too much after I advance."

Nacht smiled at his niece. "It's good to see you again. At least the Karl has someone reasonably responsible looking out for him."

She giggled and winked at him. "I'm not the responsible one. That would be either Tessa or Librarian Sapphire. That dragon is absolutely driven to organize things. You should see how tidy the Library in the Guild House is now. She thoroughly organized the tomes after she arrived.

Originally, we just had them separated by themes onto shelves. Now they're in the proper Dragon Library organizational order, by title and age."

Nacht poked her in the side. "By Librarian Sapphire, do you mean..."

"Yep, that one. The Myth who refused to pick a trade skill. She's actually got one now, though. Karl granted her Runecrafting, and she's been doing wonderful things with it.

But mostly, she's been making skill books to help with her mission to eliminate the base warrior Class from Overlord and higher Ranks." Nachtia laughed.

That made the old dragon laugh. "I should have known that the day she finally left the Library to accomplish something other than training generations of Blue Dragons to organize books, she would pick something so absolutely insane."

Nachtia shook her head. "Oh, I wouldn't call it insane. It's actually working. They've converted hundreds of them so far.

Mostly into Paladins and Crusaders. But they've also created some Blood Knights, advanced Berserker Classes, and one Mystic Blademaster. That one shocked everyone, but a Warrior managed to learn a Monk's fighting style on his own, and asked to try to learn Lightning Bolt.

Somehow, it actually worked, and he got a new class.

We suspect it's because he's a lightning affinity Dragonkin, but they are waiting until they can replicate the phenomenon to prove the theory."

Nacht frowned at Karl. "You really are a bad influence, you know that, right? Even after they sent you to the Dragon Isles, you're still causing chaos."

Cara preened with pride, and Karl smirked at the black dragon.

"Did I ever tell you the story of how I managed to defeat a Mythic Ranked Warrior in a one-on-one Guild Duel?"

Chapter 1214: Dinner and History

Sitting at Dinner, the conversation was lively, and Opal had colluded with Matilda to have multiple illusionary screens playing back dozens of interesting scenes from Karl and Dana's lives.

The crowd was enthralled by the spectacle, as most of them had been present for at least one of the events shown, and Opal had tactfully skipped over the private moments when she created the montage.

Well, most of them.

Karl could see that there were a few touching scenes included, including one from just the other day, when they were sitting on the mountaintop and meditating while Button slept on Karl's lap.

"Who are the cat and the fox? I don't see them here." Karl's father asked quietly.

"That's me and Dana. It's a transformation skill, and the furred form really is more comfortable to relax in. The temperature control is spectacular, like being in the upper levels of the mine, where it's not too hot, but never gets cold." Karl explained.

Jake's eyes lit up in joy as he realized that all those scenes were actually his son, and not something that he was present for or had helped orchestrate.

Some of them he couldn't understand, either because the sight was too bizarre, or because the superhuman physical abilities made it impossible for his eyes to keep up. But now that he knew who all the people were in the scenes, it made much more sense.

The servers at dinner were all Elves, and they giggled as they saw Lyric sitting next to Dana with a cloth napkin tucked in her collar. It was the only way to convince Button not to continually remove her own, but though the Elf appeared to be barely a teenager, she was closer to forty years old in human years.

Far too old to not know how to eat without making a mess.

Button was intent on disassembling her dinner so that she could identify every single ingredient. Most of them didn't grow anywhere that she had ever been, but the food was wonderful, and she needed answers.

"Why don't we ask if you and Lotus can talk to the cook after dinner? They will be able to tell you all the right ratios to recreate the meal." Karl suggested.

Button paused her disassembly and smiled. "I get to bring Sister Lotus?"

Karl nodded. "She has a skill known as Mystic Cooking, and I believe that it might be necessary to create these dishes."

The flying Fae overhead giggled. "Oh, he got it right the first time. He's good."

It wasn't just the foreign ingredients. Part of the taste was also the magic that went into the creation.

One of the flying Fae landed on top of Karl's wine glass and waved to get his attention.

"Do you really have people who can use Mystic Cooking?" She asked.

Karl nodded. "Out of the ones here, I think there are just two of them, but yes."

"I must tell the cook. They love to discuss food with people who actually understand."

Then the Fae was gone, just a streak of shimmering light as she raced off toward the kitchen.

"You just make friends everywhere that you go." Dana laughed as the Fae flying overhead all began to chatter about the prospect of new foods from the kitchen after the cook met Lotus.

The meal wasn't all vegetarian, which was surprising to Karl, but on closer inspection, not all of the Fae were vegetarian. The Elves had either mushroom or tofu dishes in place of the meat dishes, but some of

the Fae servants could be seen snacking on what looked like chicken wings as they waited for their skills to be needed again.

Plates were cleared, and a round of coffees were brought out by the staff for those who wanted them.

Nobody was in a hurry to go anywhere. They were all well relaxed from the hot springs, and the staff had promised them that there were more fun activities later.

"Fun" being a relative term. They had obstacle courses, training grounds, hiking trails, an aerial exploration route, a full-service spa, luxury shopping, and even an amusement park.

"Ophelia said that she will take me, Lotus and Button for a nature hike, so we can see all the new plants." Lyric announced as Karl tried to decide how to spend his day.

Dana smiled. "I will take our mothers for a spa day. It shouldn't take more than six or eight hours. Unless we fall asleep in the spa."

Karl saw that his dad was deep in discussion with the Dwarves about the merits of various mining techniques, so he chose to leave them to it for now.

"I think that I will head for the training grounds with some of the others, and then bring father and the Dwarves to the tavern.

Fae liquor promises to be a new experience." He agreed.

A few of the Fae laughed.

The Dwarves had a grudge against the Elven Wine that was the most popular alcoholic beverage in the Fae Realms. But there were other options, and none of them would ever be considered the equal to Dwarven Ale.

At least not by the Dwarves.

Fortunately, there were Dwarves in the Fae Realm, so they did have it available. But if Karl was looking for a new experience, he was unlikely to find one with that particular group.

Even his father smelled like he was a good part Dwarf to the Fae.

But before they could say anything, Karl was already off to the training grounds, where the majority of the Demons and Dragons had gone to compete with each other.

Even Sapphire was there.

Whether that was for the eye candy or because she wanted technical data for an experiment was unclear. However, she was in attendance, and sitting in the bleachers.

"Karl, are you going to join us? We're having a wrestling match. No skills, no flying, no striking." Lord Drodh asked.

Karl smiled. "Sounds fun to me. Just let me standardize my size a little. Being short and strong is an unfair advantage in a grappling match."

Chapter 1215: Spa Day

While Karl transformed and prepared for a bit of sport, Dana led a group of women into the spa area.

"Ladies, prepare to be pampered. Matilda has promised me that this is one of the greatest resources of the entire facility, and her skills in party planning are legendary." Dana announced.

An aged Elven woman smiled at them as they entered. "Ah, the wedding party, including the mothers. The Supreme Lady informed us that you would be along soon.

Now, would you like to start light, or would you like the full experience?"

Dana shrugged. "We might as well go all out. How often will we even have the opportunity to come back here, right?"

That made the old Elf laugh. "Well, if you live as long as I have, there will surely be more chances. But I hear that your groom is an Avatar of the World Dragon, it shouldn't be hard for him to return here in the future.

Now, would you like to start from the hair down, or the feet up?"

Karl's mom shrugged. "Feet up sounds good. I spend far too much time on my feet, and they can always use a bit of loving.

My husband, bless his heart, is still terrible at giving a foot massage, even after two decades of practice."

He still tried. Every time they had a day off, he would attempt to pamper her. But years in the mines had numbed his hands, and he had no concept of what was too hard or too soft.

She didn't criticize him openly, but it would be wonderful to have a proper masseuse.

They were all led to comfortable chairs, and their feet placed in tubs of what looked like milk.

"It's a rejuvenating potion, with Fae Coconuts as the base. Don't worry, we checked everyone for allergies when you first arrived." The attendant explained.

Three younger Elves came out to attend to Dana, Wendy and Ella. But Nachtia, who was a few chairs down from them, got very different treatment. Her attendant was a two-metre tall shirtless Dryad man.

The black dragon winked at the two older women, who looked faintly scandalized, then Nachtia sighed as he began to massage her legs, letting her feet soak in the rejuvenating potion.

The Elves laughed quietly when the dragon moaned as the masseuse began to work the stiffness out of her legs, but Nachtia didn't even notice.

His hands were magic.

In the most literal sense.

All of the Masseuse staff were healers, and they worked healing magic into the body along with the tonics as they performed the massage. For the black dragon, who served the God of Death, the reaction to that steady influx of life force was rather different from the others.

The euphoric feeling of a foot massage by a healer had Dana in a blissful fog for most of the next hour, until it was time to move to the massage tables for the rest of the relaxation therapy.

Nachtia was taken to a separate room, and both mothers had to do their very best not to giggle at the situation.

"I can't believe that they actually offer such services." Karl's mother whispered.

The Elf massaging her back winked at her. "We offer all sorts of services here. But it's probably not as unwholesome as you are thinking. Well, maybe. They seem to have pretty good chemistry.

Surprising for a black dragon."

Ella looked shocked. "She's a dragon? Right, I forgot that they can just transform. I haven't had a chance to meet most of these people before, you see."

The Elf nodded. "When you are stuck at the Common Rank, it's not safe to be hanging around in areas where everyone is at Totem Rank or higher.

There are regions of the Fae Realm where even I don't go, just so that I don't get overwhelmed by the auras of all the Immortals.

They don't mean any harm, but when they get excited or angry, they release quite a potent aura."

She was at the Monarch Rank, strong by Golden Dragon Nation standards, but compared to most of the guests or even the average of the Dragon Isles, it was hardly impressive.

Wendy, Dana's mother, sighed. "It's a shame that I was born before the Elites started to awaken across our nation. It might have been cool to be able to go on adventures instead of just reading about them."

Dana smirked. "You know, if I spend a bit of time making a book, we might be able to help both of you awaken. Especially here, where there is so much magic."

Both mothers froze to stare at her.

"You can just awaken people's System Access like that?" Ella asked.

"Yes. And it doesn't seem to matter that we're on another world. Jake already did, and entirely accidentally. He's become a warrior. That's where Matilda vanished to earlier. She wanted to examine the changes in someone who awakened that late." Dana explained.

Ella paused. "Were they not all still in the bath when she left?"

Dana laughed. "They were. And I can only imagine what the look on his face was when she showed up in the men's bath. But she's hundreds of thousands of years old. Nobody tells her where she can and can't go."

That made sense to Ella, in a way. After so long, it would be like seeing your grandchildren nude. Hardly interesting at all.

Or so she assumed.

"I think that it would be harder to make him stop talking to those miners he found than anything else. If there is one thing that Jake can talk about for hours, it's stone and the mines." She sighed.

Given his nature, she wasn't worried about the dragon woman stealing her husband.

Dana chuckled. "You know, we realized when we got to the Dragon Isles that Karl is at least part Dwarf. If he is, then so is his father. So, it's only natural that he would inherit their racial instincts.

I wonder if they're still talking about stone and digging, or if they're on to a new topic yet?"

Chapter 1216: Dwarven Instincts

Not only were they on to another topic, the Fae had taken great interest in Jake now that he had gained a System Class.

The System wasn't active in the Fae Realms. Or, it normally wasn't. So, this was a whole new experience for them. When you lived for thousands of years, new things were one of the greatest experiences of your year, even when they were seemingly mundane to others.

So, Matilda and Jake had gained a large crowd of onlookers who were enthralled with his attempts to master the activation of his new skills.

Slate had given him a war pick as a celebratory gift, as it was the tool that he would be most familiar with. The pick on one side, just like he had swung all his life, and the hammer on the other side, the same as was used to pound metal rods into the stone to create holes for blasting charges.

Now, they had drills for that, but when he was young, they were all pounded with hammers and a metal rod.

He only had a few system linked skills, the base ones of the warriors. Cleave and Guard.

But that was enough to get him started on his training, and Remi was working on a whole new set of potions to help late bloomers catch up to everyone else.

The Karl's father had a natural affinity for the war pick, and while he hadn't ever trained as a warrior, he was already very strong. A few more transferred skills and a few potions should make it easy for him to at least reach high Awakened Rank, maybe Ascended before the end of the wedding.

That would make it funny when he went home.

Remi had never been to the Karl's home town, but from what she remembered, there weren't any strong people there at all, or any strong monsters to defend against. So, if she got his father properly set up, he might be able to take over and become the big boss.

That would be a good wedding gift.

Sister Rae had won the wedding preparation contest, since she made everyone new outfits. But Remi was pretty sure that she could make a strong showing if she helped advance the father of the Groom.

She didn't have a potion strong enough for most of the others, though.

She needed better stuff.

But not now. These Elves knew just how to massage her scales, and she was nearly turned into a puddle at this point, just stretched out on the massage bench as she extended her senses into her space to see what the Karl was up to.

Remi was quite satisfied with this level of treatment. She even got a second elf because her body was so long.

They had buffed, oiled, polished, and massaged every centimetre of her body, and even massaged her scalp until her eyes rolled back.

Who knew that Elves could do that?

Could the ones in the Tiny World do it? Or did you have to train them?

There weren't many children here at the moment, unless you counted Button and Lyric. So, there wasn't anyone at Jake's skill level with their abilities. But there were plenty of patient skills instructors, and Jake was quickly getting the hang of keeping his [Guard] up while he attacked.

Karl had refrained from joining the sparring so that he could encourage his dad. But he could tell that it was somewhat embarrassing for him to let his son instruct him in the basics.

So, Karl was just watching, while Raj and Lord Drodh sparred.

Both were on the stronger side of Mythic Rank, but the Drodh Lord had the clear advantage. His skills were faster and more refined, a testament to his ability to hold Drodh against outside threats for centuries.

While Karl watched, he got an interesting idea. He could recreate that desk he saw in the tower, the bookstore they had visited during the winter festival. That would create all the basic supplies he needed to make skill books.

But for now, he could just transfer his father a few more skills directly after he mastered the basics.

Rae was already making him armour.

"Karl, why don't we show him what he's working toward? Do you have an axe and shield or a pick?" Slate asked.

Karl nodded. "I've got both. Which do you prefer? Or I can call a Golem to spar with, so you can show off how to deal with wild magical beasts."

The Dwarf smiled in satisfaction. "That's an even better idea. What can you call as a Golem?"

Karl shrugged. "Most types of standard beasts as my regular Golems. I usually use a Dire Bear. But that might be a bit extreme for my old man."

Jake chuckled. Nobody went one-on-one with a Dire Bear at the same Rank. That was just common sense, according to the movies.

Karl called a pair of Stoneskin Boars, and had one come sit at his feet, while the other went to the sparring ring to meet with Petros. The Dwarf had a battle hammer in his hand, and a large rectangular shield, a favourite of the Dwarves.

As soon as Petros was set, the boar charged, and Karl let it just go by instinct, with instructions not to leave the sparring ring.

They were both at the Totem Rank, so the combat was much faster than anything that Jake could hope to accomplish on his own. But the way that the seemingly slow and stout Dwarven Shaman blocked, turned and attacked as the boar charged was enlightening.

Slate wasn't using any skills other than [Lightning Hammer] an enhancement on his weapon that activated on contact.

That was a better approximation of how a Warrior fought than his usual shamanistic skills. But it also gave him more time to spar with the boar.

The extra exercise was good for him. He spent too much time dealing with city council issues lately, and not nearly enough time on physical pursuits. If he didn't find more time to keep up his training, he was worried that he would get slow and rusty.

Perhaps he could ask the Karl to make something for Bara like he made for the Golden Dragon Nation. A training ground where they could go at any Rank and build their combat skills.

After all, not everyone was an Overlord, but that was the only Dungeon they had.

Chapter 1217: Nuance

"There really is a lot of nuance to combat, even when it looks like you're just hitting things with a hammer." Jake noted as he watched Slate Petros tilt his shield to allow the boar to overrun him, and get the shield underneath its belly, where he could toss it off its feet, where he could attack the more vulnerable underside.

The two combatants separated with the boar limping, and Karl dismissed it.

Slate chuckled. "And that's about how you deal with boars, you see? Same sort of shield you're using, just adapt the attack to the weapon you've got available."

Jake nodded. "I think that I get it now. You don't overpower the beast, you use its momentum against it so that you can strike at the flanks."

The Dwarf nodded. "Exactly. If you're fighting wild beasts, you're unlikely to be the larger combatant, so you need to use the advantages that you have.

Now, I'm a Shaman, so I don't normally fight them up close like that. But Warriors don't have as many options.

I'm sure that Karl can help you gain a few new skills. But the ones that Warriors can use aren't as widely varied as other classes.

If you're good with a bow, you could fight at a distance, but other than that, it's almost all up close and personal."

"That's better anyhow. Some things need to be hit at a distance, but smashing it with a hammer is just so much more satisfying." Jake agreed.

The spectators chuckled. He was definitely part Dwarf.

"You said that Karl could teach me new skills. But I heard that he's not a warrior type class." He added.

Karl nodded. "I'm not. My specialty is beasts, but I also have a number of skills related to making magical items and training skills. It's sort of a comprehensive assistant skill set.

Here, this is one of my favourites, and the first skill I ever had. [Rend] is compatible with warriors, and has a bit of range to it, so you can strike from a few dozen metres away and pull a wild monster to you."

{Champion Karl Offers Knowledge} Skill [Rend] will be transferred to the Stalwart Defender Jake.

Jake frowned, then nodded, and turned back to the training dummy. A downward swing of the hammer sent a vertical arc of [Rend] at the dummy, and he smiled, then nodded in satisfaction.

"That's much better than [Cleave]. Similar in usage, but just generally better.

I see here in the System Interface thing that I have a lot of skills available for points, but I don't have any points to buy them with. That's not really surprising, as I'm new to this. But with time I should be able to become a proper warrior type Elite."

Karl nodded. "It usually takes years of practice and missions before new Elites are ready to go out and face the world alone. You've got a fully active System interface, which is an advantage. But going from Worker's Advocate to Warrior is going to be a bit of a change."

The others laughed at Karl's comment. Usually, it was the other way around. You started out fighting your way up through the Ranks, and only when you had reached the peak of your ambition or abilities did you transition to an office job.

But the Golden Dragon Nation was not like the Dragon Isles, and they had so many Common Rank Humans that they needed them to help run things.

That was rapidly changing, and given two generations, it would no longer be the case, but for now, it was the status quo.

The staff brought out snacks, and the men took a break, while wondering what the ladies were up to right now.

The answer was that they were on to the facial rejuvenation phase of the spa treatment, where the Fae used potions and magical massage techniques to reduce or eliminate the signs of aging.

While Elves lived for over a thousand years, they would still age or gain weathered features from years in the elements, so they had perfected this process ages ago.

They had never actually used it on a human before, but it should work well enough.

Both their Immortal bosses and the Chaos Dragon had confirmed that nothing during this visit would harm the guests.

Having someone who could see the future was purely cheating.

Though, it was also a bit of a headache, as Matilda and Misty were making vague jokes about things that hadn't happened yet, while Cara kept rolling around and gesturing to respond to them.

"Can someone find the badger a transformation amulet? Hand gestures to answer are not massage-friendly." The masseuse finally complained.

Cara giggled, a sound reminiscent of a happy chainsaw, and then transformed into her humanoid form, a teen beastkin girl with badger ears, and a white stripe down the middle of her black hair.

"Thank you, that's much better." The masseuse sighed in relief.

"Yes, speaking directly is an improvement, even if I'm only part badger. But the revival of the Bunga Forests, right?"

The other two seers nodded happily, and the Elf shook her head in dismay.

Everything was some sort of inside joke or vague reference with them because they were all talking about things that they had seen in visions, or at a different point in time.

Possibly, even a different timeline.

Misty frowned at Cara. "Are you sure that you don't want me to help you change those future events? It wouldn't be hard."

Matilda shrugged. "Some things are inevitable. Besides, what sort of Chaos Badger would she be if she turned down the chance to taste test the Gods?"

Cara nodded in agreement, and the Elf massaging her scalp looked horrified.

She wouldn't, would she? That was insanity. Practically begging for divine retribution.

But Dana knew.

If there was a chance to find out what a God tasted like, Cara would one hundred percent do it, just to say that she knew the answer.

Chapter 1218: To The Pub

Once the men were all worn out from training and sparring, they migrated to the pub to test out the local beverages.

The bartender didn't wait for them to ask questions, and poured everyone their first drink as soon as they sat down. He already had a good idea of what everyone liked, based on their orders since they had arrived.

The resort was fully booked for the wedding, and all-inclusive, so there was no good reason not to give them whatever liquors they were after, or to wait for them to order.

Some of the answers were obvious. Spiced Rum for the Wrath Demons, Ale for the Dwarves. But some were less obvious. The bartender had no idea what humans drank other than wine, but the human smelled part Dwarf, so maybe he liked Ale?

That was what the bartender went with. Even only part Dwarf, he should still appreciate Fae Dwarven Ale.

Now, the miners at the Lithium mine were not unfamiliar with strong drink. They regularly made honey mead and every spring brought a new batch of maple sap rum. But what they were unfamiliar with was a drink as refined as Dwarven Ale.

The taste, the lingering magic, the overall effect. Nothing that he had ever tasted before could compare to that first sip.

"This is absolutely wonderful. I don't even know what it is made of, but we might have to plant some of it near the mines." Jake sighed.

The Dwarves laughed at his reaction, then nodded in agreement. "You would need someone with a bit more training. The Dwarven Ale is a magical brew in the most literal sense. You can't just brew it with conventional equipment.

But with the power level of your continent coming up, you might actually be able to find a few that were willing to move in order to establish a new brewery.

The ingredients aren't uncommon, they just need the skill to brew it perfectly."

The Fae hosts smiled as they poured everyone's second round of drinks.

"Yes, even here in the Fae Realm, which has entire nations of Dwarves, it is hard to find a true Brewmaster. Though, as I recall, that was once a class option for your planet.

The advantages that the System give to your people are absolutely unfair. One of my cousins went there when she failed out of school, hoping to get enough of a benefit that she could catch up to her peers." One of the Dryads serving food agreed.

"How long ago was that?" Karl asked.

"We were kids, and the timeline between the two worlds doesn't really match. The Fae Realm fluctuates differently. But I would guess that it's about fifteen thousand years ago in your world?" He replied.

Jake coughed as he choked on his ale. "You are fifteen thousand years old?"

The Dryad shook his head. "A little over nine thousand. But as I said, the timelines don't match up."

"In the Fae Realm, Dryads don't die for as long as their spirit tree survives. As long as they picked a good one, and it doesn't suffer from the bad luck of a fatal lightning strike or other tragedy, the Spirit Trees usually live for around ten thousand years." One of the smaller flying Fae explained.

The server nodded. "I am in my last thousand now, most likely. My spirit tree is enormous, and has an entire city grown around it. But after so long, the magic begins to fade and change. But I can't complain, I have had a wonderful run of it, and I have completed every task that I wished to try in my life."

Jake hummed in confusion. "You see, in my home, servers are a lower social status job. So, I would have expected that someone working as one during their later years would have many regrets."

The Fae all laughed.

"None of us are here for the money. They pay us well, but that's not why we are here. Everyone who works here was either born here at the resort, or they came here to fulfil a desire to mingle with new types of people. That's what our Dryad friend came here for, nearly a hundred years ago." The little Fae explained.

Karl set out a bowl of the honey infused coconut milk that had been served for the guests who didn't drink, and Tian appeared on the table for a snack.

"Is that... A Stonefur Divine Fox? They're not extinct?" The Fae server asked, shocked by the small white ball of fluff.

"Indeed he is. But they're far from extinct. I have heard of at least a dozen others still living in the dragon Isles. His den was raided, and the rest of his kin were lost, but there are others left on our world." Karl explained.

The small Fae were entranced with Tian, and continually filled the bowl with honey milk until the little fox burped, then sighed and rolled over on his side, milk drunk and sleepy.

That was their cue to get out the brushes and start grooming the fluffy little fox.

"You're after the loose fur, aren't you?" Karl asked as he watched the gentle grooming process.

The little Faeries nodded. "It makes wonderful accessories, and Divine Fox fur will hold nearly any sort of Fae or Holy magic. Plus, the brushing is like a gentle massage."

Tian nodded in agreement. The grooming was really comfortable. Plus, they had given him a cute braided Mohawk.

Karl shrugged. "Well, no harm, no foul. It feels like Tian's magic responds well to this place as well. I will have to see if he wants to stay outside so he can absorb Fae Realm magic and perhaps understand a bit more of the world.

He is still very young, after all."

That comment made Thor chuckle. The others in the group had all matured at a vastly accelerated rate, but according to his studies with Tessa, the Stonefur Fox normally took a century to reach adulthood.

So, even if Tian was growing much faster than usual, it would likely take him years before he was even an adolescent. At least in body. His power was growing very well.

Chapter 1219: Stylish

Watching the Fae work was great entertainment as they drank. But the little creatures didn't stop with just Tian.

Once the Fox was massaged to sleep and groomed to their standard, they started in on the hair and beards of the Dwarves, grooming them to perfection.

With Fae Magic and tiny hands, there were no stray hairs, which would save much time when it was time to prepare everyone for the wedding ceremony.

It was set for the next afternoon, as most of the guests could only stay a few days, and the Dwarves beards would hold a braid at least that long without any issues.

"Who knew that Dwarves could be so stylish?" Lord Drodh asked as the Fae worked to beautify the guests, who were happy to let them do as they pleased as long as this top quality ale kept coming.

Azov, the Immortal Regent, laughed. "You have no idea. Once upon a time, the Hill Dwarves had entire clans of raiders who put an immense amount of work into looking impressive.

The Mountain Dwarves were always less concerned with it, and preferred golden accessories to flashy tattoos and war paint. But it is certainly part of Dwarven culture."

A few of the gathered Dwarves chuckled. There were still Hill Dwarves who wore the old fashions, but the days of Hill Dwarven Raiders were in the distant past.

Once the magic had faded from the surface, even the Hill Dwarves had retreated underground for most of their lives to preserve as much of their magic as they could. That had thoroughly changed their culture.

"Perhaps we should bring back some of the old traditions. I think that being a bit more fashionable might give people a better impression of the Dwarves." Slate joked.

The Fae giggled. "We have Dwarven Tattoo artists here, if you want some proper Dwarven tattoos."

Karl turned to face their conversation.

"You know, one of the ladies is a Witch Doctor, and she's got a skill for magical tattoos that grant permanent buffs. You should see if she wants to visit your tattoo artists before she has to return home.

I bet that she would love to know the skill."

One of the Dryads pulsed with magic, and then a second later, he smiled. "The ladies have two volunteers who would like to know how to magical tattoos. The Witch Doctor called Morgana, and the Blood Destruction Demonic Spider called Rae Bloodbath."

Karl rolled his eyes, while Tian sleepily giggled.

Of course, Rae would be interested in an art that involved stabbing people hundreds of times per second.

Even Cara was interested in the art form. Not so much because it involved stabbing, though that was fun. But because it was graffiti on living creatures.

Cara had zero thoughts of taking paying customers for magical tattoos.

But many thoughts of tattooing sedated or paralyzed people with her desired designs.

The only thing that was likely to stop her was that it was impossible for her to properly hold a tattoo gun in her natural form, and she still didn't really like being a humanoid.

Her current form was cute, but it felt like a disguise, not just an alternate version of herself the way that the others viewed it.

Thor particularly loved his human appearance, while Rae viewed hers as more of an indoor stealth form, or a noncombat mode. It was less combat capable than her natural form, but better able to navigate smaller spaces, like the interior of a house.

"A toast to the Groom!" Azov declared, raising his tankard high.

"To the Groom. May you be the next Mythic Champion of the Dragon Isles!" The men replied, while Karl raised his mug and bowed politely before downing the ale.

The men's celebration was much different from the ladies'. While the men got progressively more drunk and told battle stories, the ladies became progressively more pampered and lazy.

Dana was quite certain that she didn't have a muscle in her body that held any lingering tension at this point, and her skin was glowing with internal energy in a way that she hadn't even known was possible for a human.

Truthfully, it was not. But Dana didn't consider that her advancement had a much more profound effect on her than simply giving her some new skills and changing her beast form.

The magic of the Divine Fox was part of every cell of her body now, intrinsic to her existence.

So, while she considered herself one hundred percent human, from the viewpoint of the Fae, who were much more sensitive to such changes, that was not even close to correct.

And as they were working Fae magic into her body to relax and refresh her, she was beginning to exhibit more and more of the magic of the Divine Foxes that had been locked away by her human bloodline and a lack of training on how to properly utilize it.

Her world had forgotten much during the years since the last resurgence. But the Fae Realm didn't suffer from any such phenomenon, and even among the staff, there were many old enough to have been alive during the last resurgence.

They knew more about how to express a mixed bloodline properly than humanity had forgotten.

For the Chaos Dragon, who had been a friend to the Fae since time immemorial, they would do their very best to make sure that this wedding was a success, and that every single guest gained something from their stay.

Whether it was something big, or something small, did not matter. What mattered was that they brought a touch of the Fae Realm back to their own world. It would slowly establish the link between the two again, not through the actual Fae mana, but through the minds of the people.

The more welcoming the people were to the Fae, the more easily the barrier between the two worlds could be breached. That was the exponential protection function that had been built into the defences of the Fae Realm.

Some worlds would never accept them, and would never be able to cross the barrier. Others could be stepped through with little more than a thought.

Chapter 1220: Relaxed Schedule

The drinking and celebrations ran late into the evening, but Karl wasn't too worried.

The ceremony didn't begin until mid-afternoon, and the men had a much easier time getting ready than the ladies would.

They already had their outfits for the wedding, courtesy of Rae. They had their Fae staff members assigned to get them ready for the wedding, and even breakfast was scheduled.

So, he didn't feel the least bit guilty about coming into the room well after dark, or about waking Dana up early the next morning to enjoy the private hot spring in their room.

A brisk rap at the door was followed by the appearance of three small girls in the room. Lotus had brought Button and Misty to help get Dana up and ready.

Or perhaps Misty had brought the other two, given that they didn't use the door but teleported into the suite.

"Time to get up and get moving!"

Oh good, you don't have clothes on, so you don't have to get undressed.

We brought special bubbles for the bubble bath, but we have been informed that we are not allowed to use them in the hot springs." Lotus announced.

Karl laughed as he got up and equipped a pair of shorts. "I guess it's that time. I will go meet with the gentlemen and begin to prepare. Let me know if you need me to send anyone in to assist."

Lotus waved her hand. "Everyone will be here soon enough. It's good that the suite is so big, or we would need to move after the bath."

Karl just shook his head in dismay as Dana threw a spare towel at the nature cleric, and then walked to the bath.

"Good luck, ladies."

Then Karl was off to find breakfast, leaving them to the utter chaos that was wedding day bridal preparations.

They were ostensibly finished planning every detail, but now that Rae had seen the staff who worked at the resort, she wanted to change all their uniforms for the wedding.

She had been informed twice this morning that it wasn't possible, mostly because the Faeries would have panic attacks if you wrapped them in Demonic Spider silk, but she was determined to find a way around the problem.

Unlike the chaos of Dana's preparations, the men's side was nearly military efficiency.

When Karl arrived to check the venue, the men had checklists in one hand, breakfast burritos in the other, and they were checking every detail against the plans that Matilda had left for them, or bringing in the final few items that hadn't been part of the resort's inventory.

“Gentlemen, is there anything I can help with?” Karl asked.

“For now, nothing. Just grab something to eat and then prepare for the barber and the stylist.” Lord Droth explained.

Deve, Raj and Hugo were all at the table when Karl arrived, wearing casual outfits for the morning.

“The Chaos Dragon booked the spa for us at noon so that we will all be ready for the event. Why we need to look good, I am not sure. But we will.” Deve explained.

Karl chuckled. “Are the wife and kids here? Or was it just you on this trip?”

“Cara tried to argue in favour of my wife coming along with the kids, but I made plans for them to go visit her mother instead. Letting the badgers plot against you never ends well, so when they get too excited about something, you need to make alternate plans for them to get excited about.” Deve explained.

Hugo chuckled, and Karl noticed that Annabelle, the Mythic Mage that Rae had given an idol dress, was sitting with Raj. They weren’t in the same Guild, so that must be his date for the event.

Raj winked at Karl when he noticed his look. “The invitations included a plus one. Hugo has a plus one around here somewhere as well, but I think she’s still sleeping.”

The restaurant where they had chosen to have breakfast was rapidly filling with guests for the wedding, most of whom were either wearing the resort’s robes or swim shorts in preparation for a morning at the hot springs before getting ready for the wedding.

A quick inspection found that Davis, Ashbringer and Wendy, the Oni apprentice Runecrafter, were all sitting at a table in the corner engrossed in conversation, while Mick was up at the buffet, looking torn between Fae wine or juice for breakfast.

Karl had just finished double-checking that the name plates for the family members were right when a small group of Immortal Ranked men arrived.

“Totem Karl, congratulations on your wedding. The Supreme Lady invited us.” One of the men explained.

“Ah, welcome. Old friends of the Supreme Lady?” Karl asked.

The Immortal chuckled. “You could call us something like that. We are all Guild Masters of the Darklight Host on different worlds.”

That got the attention of everybody. What sort of Guild had locations on multiple planets? And for that matter, how did that even work? Was the system not exclusive to their planet?

“I see that we have caused many more questions than we have answered. Well, I can solve most of those, as it appears that your world has forgotten.” The Immortal continued.

“Thank you. Our world just went through a ten thousand year period where the ley lines were too far beneath the surface for most of the world to access the system. So, you could say that it was a rough time for anyone not an immortal.” Karl explained.

“That does sound troublesome. My world has the same issue, but it fluctuates between Immortality and mortality. So, during certain periods, it is nearly impossible to become Immortal.

The others here mostly live on worlds that the World Dragon scattered into the Immortal Realm.

Well, except Dave. Dave moved his whole planet into the Immortal Realm in a separate space because he got sick of transferring them mana.”

The Immortal that he called Dave chuckled, and Karl checked his name plate with the System interface.

{Davocarakint}

Yeah, he was Dave. That looked much too hard to pronounce in Common.

It wasn't bad in Draconic, though, and the man was a Dragon of some sort. Not a Chromatic Dragon, though. His magic didn't feel right.