

Beast Master 1341

Chapter 1341 Why It Is

Karl was finally beginning to relax, with the students all sent to their new dorms, and the teachers mostly off to settle themselves in as well.

The bunkers were empty now, though in need of cleaning. But that could wait until they replaced the lost supplies.

"Is this normal for your world? It sounds like this location should be one of the finest academies of the region, but they're... so weak." One of the rescued Demons whispered to Karl.

"This continent has a very low mana level, and it's only just beginning to recover from a downturn, where the planet's ley lines retreated below the surface. They truly are weaker than average, but the quality of their knowledge is quite impressive." Karl explained.

The Obsession Demon didn't look convinced, but Dana had an explanation ready.

"They're somewhat the opposite of your group. You have latent ability, nearly as much as anyone on a Mortal Realm world can hope to obtain. But the Immortals kept you from learning to utilize it properly.

Here, the people are weak, but every demon can use at least one or two innate skills, and most can do much more.

I know that Karl promised to help you all get classes sorted out when we were finished here, and I see that he's gotten to most of you already. But the real limitation that the people of the Golden Dragon Nation have is that they don't have the power to make durable spells.

A Mythic Ranked being with proper training could shatter anything that they created with little more than a casual swat.

So, all they can do is stare in frustration, knowing that they have spells and skills to solve a problem, but not enough power to use them effectively." She explained.

"Oh, that would be the worst. Knowing that there is nothing you can do is all the comfort that most of us in the cells ever had." The demon realized.

Dana nodded. "I'm glad you understand. It's a frustrating time for them, but they're all happy to get upgraded facilities on a level that only someone as powerful as Karl could make.

Now, they'll be good for some time.

I don't know how long it will be before the next wave of attacks start, but now that our planet's guardian has advanced to Legendary status, we might have a bit of a buffer."

The Demons who had come from the Immortal Realm all shared concerned looks, which made Dana highly suspicious.

"What do you know that I don't?" She asked.

"You can't have Legends in the Mortal Worlds. It isn't possible, their mere presence will warp and alter the world.

If a Legendary Chaos Dragon remains here, there is no telling what will become of your world.

Best-case scenario, the world ascends to the Immortal Realms. Worst-case scenario, the backlash from the Fundamental Laws of the Mortal Realm colliding with the Legend's Nascent Divinity will tear the planet apart." He explained.

"So, you're saying that now that the planet's guardian is a Legend, they can no longer effectively defend the world from invasion?" Dana asked.

"Exactly. They might be able to hide the world to prevent most of the invasions. But they can't be here in person for more than a few months or a year at a time. It's the same when Legendary Heroes or their Avatars are summoned to a Mortal World.

They are on a timeline to complete their tasks, or something horrible will happen."

Dana remembered that from the children's stories. Heroes always needed to complete their task in a hurry before the enemy gained the power to control the world, or some other urgent reason.

She had never considered that the mere presence of a Legend was enough to upset the balance of the world.

But her knowledge was from fairytales, which could hardly be called a complete historical record. At most, the sentiment of the story was likely to be correct, but all of the rest of it was long since lost to time, despite the efforts of the blue dragons.

"We are going to have to arrange something with her if she can't be on the planet all the time.

She's a Chaos Dragon, so she's often hiding in the Chaos Plane, but she has responsibilities here, and a whole nation waiting on her requests.

Disappearing would cause great unrest." Dana sighed.

"I thought that you were going to say it would cause Chaos." The Demon replied with a smirk.

"If it would cause Chaos, she would have done it years ago."

"So, what do we do now?" The elderly lizardfolk shaman asked, her face lined with worry.

"We wait. The Chaos Badger is still recovering from her fight, but after she is healed, she will be able to go speak with Supreme Lady Matilda. Surely, after all this time, she will have some sort of plan for the world she had been protecting for a hundred thousand years." Dana replied.

The others looked shocked. "It has been that long? Yes, she should have some failsafes in place to protect her territory. Though it is surprising that she hasn't raised any Immortals."

Dana shrugged. "I believe that she did at some point, but they left for the Immortal Realms. Only a few Immortals remained behind on this world, just enough to maintain the balance and stability behind the scenes."

Fortunately, they hadn't lost any of them in this round of attacks.

"Then she might call some back from the Immortal Realm, right? Enough to keep this place safe from monsters like Oobleck?" The elder lizardfolk woman

asked.

Dana nodded. "That is a possibility. Though, I doubt that it will be necessary. She has the ability to block portal openings from off world, even when she is in the Chaos Plane. We will have to wait and see"

The only one able to easily go visit Matilda was Cara, but the badger was currently resting in her space, covered in bandages and wounds that didn't want to heal. She would go soon, but with the instability of the Chaos Plane, she didn't want to do it when her life was still in danger.

Even the most Chaos attuned of creatures might still suffer from the nature of that place.

Chapter 1342 Still Stylish

While Cara didn't want to risk the Chaos Plane pulling a lethal prank on her when she arrived, she also didn't want to waste too much time sitting around waiting to heal naturally.

Matilda could surely repair her body, and she had things to do.

So, as soon as minor movements no longer tore stitches or started any new bleeding, she moved herself out of her space to the Chaos Plane to go see her friend.

[Congratulations on Legendary Status.] She greeted the bemused Chaos Dragon.

[You taste tested a Demigod. How was it? Worth the pain?] Matilda asked.

[Yet to be determined. But can you patch me up? Even the Chaos Beast constitution and my home space don't want to heal these injuries.] Cara complained.

[You were cut by Divine Claws, with the Fundamental Rule of Order imbued into both the attack and the claw itself. I can heal the worst of the damage, but it's not going to be perfect.] Matilda agreed.

[What do you mean, 'not perfect?']

Matilda gave the irate badger an indulgent look. [What I mean is that you don't get to escape causing that level of chaos unscathed. You're going to have scars when I remove the effects of the Fundamental Rule from your body. The damage is already done, and inflicted by divine energy, which not even I can fully nullify.]

[Will I at least look cool?]

That made the dragon laugh. A real, honest laugh.

[Indeed. I have looked into the future, and you will look cool even with scars.]

That was good enough for Cara, and she nodded for Matilda to begin the work of healing her lingering injuries.

The scars were going to be inevitable, she decided.

If she had Matilda heal her, it would scar. But if she didn't have the dragon clear the Fundamental Rule of Order, it would only take longer to heal, and then still

scar.

The process of extracting the excess energy was excruciating, but here in the Chaos Plane, she had the advantage, in that she could immediately alter her surroundings to soothe the raw wounds.

How long it took, Cara couldn't say.

Time was an ethereal thing here, but mostly she was so focused on the healing process and trying to upgrade her own healing skills that she completely lost track of her surroundings.

For the first time, she had advanced but didn't get a skill that was a Rank above her own. That was an annoyance that she was intending to rectify as soon as possible.

Hopefully, with the Chaos Beast Constitution.

If she could upgrade that to Immortal Rank, she might be able to adapt to the lingering power in her body more efficiently, instead of suffering from it.

Finally, the process was over, and Cara grabbed an ornate mirror from her loot mountain to examine herself.

There were long scars down her left side, and the back of her black leathery wing had a tattered notch in it. But her paw smoothed the fur over most of those marks with ease. The real damage was to her face.

Her muzzle had a long scar that started just behind her mouth and ran up over her left eye, clipping her ear.

[Irony really. An ear for an ear.] Matilda joked.

Not that the badger's ears actually extended far from her head, but the left one was definitely scarred.

[Not bad, I kind of look like a gangster now.] Cara noted.

[You've always been a hoodlum.] Matilda replied casually, already returning her focus to the proper preparation of deep-fried Supreme Ranked Cephalopod.

The energy of her defeated foe was an incredible boost to her life force, helping stabilize her advancement. But there was still something that she could share with Cara.

The recipe.

Cara had a mostly complete Immortal Octopus in her collection, and it was of the same species, so the flavour should be very close to the same, despite the difference in Rank.

Now, that was a wonderful idea, Cara decided. She would get started on it as soon as she got back. With Hawk's assistance, they would have no problem frying the octopus, and they might even get a bit of benefit from it, other than a good meal.

Karl noticed that Cara was back, but she was already making plans for dinner with Hawk. Her bandages were gone, and while she was still limping a little, she looked much better than she had been.

A childish voice distracted Karl from watching Hawk and Cara prepare the fried

octopus.

"It's about time that you arrived. Now, where were we? Right, we have things to do. Grab your badger." The annoyed girlish voice demanded.

For a moment, Karl didn't recognize it. But when he turned, he recognized Bishop Misty, the Time Dragon, immediately.

Only, this time she was an Immortal.

"How does that work anyhow?" He asked, voicing his thoughts before he could

stop himself.

"A Time Dragon is exactly as powerful as they need to be at the moment they need their power. Now, are you going to make me wait until after dinner so we

can go?" She asked.

"That depends on how long we're going to be gone."

Misty frowned. "That's an interesting question. Do you mean in relative or

absolute terms?"

Karl laughed. "I will take that as 'long enough to get hungry. Give me five minutes and Cara will have a snack ready. Do I need to gather everyone else?"

Misty shook her head, then waved at Dana.

"Nope, this time, it's just the three of us. Everyone else can wait here, and when we are done with the things, we will come right back.

Well, they'll hardly even notice that we left. But that's not the point. I've been waiting ages for this moment, and now we need to go take care of business." "You actually enjoy being mysterious, don't you?" Karl asked.

"Oh, totally. It's one of the best parts of my job. I mean, even if I told you, it probably wouldn't make sense, so there's no need to tell you at all, other than to help you prepare for the dramatic parts of the show." She agreed.

"Have you met my friend Opal? I think that the two of you would get along stunningly."

Chapter 1343 Go With Misty

"I haven't met Opal yet, but I will. Don't worry, I've got all the time in the world to meet and greet my friends. But some things cannot be changed, and the timing needs to be just right.

So, it is time for us to go." Misty explained.

Dana waved as a white mist began to form around Karl, and then the pair were gone, leaving her with the rest of the beasts, and an Academy full of awestruck students and curious recently freed slaves.

"We might as well have some fun, since we're here anyhow, and Misty took the Karl away. What do you say I let a golem loose in the basement and have the kids play hide and seek?" Rae suggested.

Unaware of the horrors that Rae planned for the students of the Academy, Karl found himself staring at a simple stone room in what appeared to be a Dragon God temple.

"So, what's first on the list of things to do?" He asked, while Misty rummaged through the pile of blankets and clothes on the bed.

"First up is to find my favourite hair pin, then we can start the list of things that you have to do while you're at this point in the Mythic Rank." She explained.

"There is a list?"

"Unfortunately. But look at it this way: If you do them all now, it feels like you only have to do one set of things, and then you're done. That's much better than coming back in time to convince the old you to do them a bunch of times." Misty explained.

"You have a point there. Is this the hair pin?" Karl asked, indicating a jade hairpin set on her dresser.

"Oh, there it is. Thank you. Alright. First up, we need to go to the city of Nar in Gathuzan. Your task is to stand up for a young dragonkin girl when she's bullied.

This one is important.

If you do it right, and restore her faith in people, she becomes the Queen of Gathuzan. If you mess it up, she becomes the Scourge of Gathuzan, an Immortal Rank terror that levels most of the country and wipes out the Shadow Dragons on this world."

"So, no pressure?"

Misty shrugged. "It's fine. If you mess it up, the worst that will happen is that Matilda will yell at me again."

Karl gave her a suspicious look. She was clearly only considering the direct impact to herself. The fact that someone would wipe out a whole species of dragons if he didn't get this right hadn't even registered on her list of dangerous side effects.

"Is there a reason that I was only supposed to bring Cara?"

Misty shrugged. "If you brought anyone else, she would have recognized you the moment that you stepped foot in Drodh. That would create a whole other world of things to fix in the timeline.

Oh, you also can't go as yourself or as your cat form."

"That part would have been important to know in advance." Karl noted.

"It's fine, I remembered before you left."

Karl sighed and switched to the [Unholy Beast Transformation] that Hawk was using to allow himself to become a Demon Crow. The other option was a Tengu Demon, with large black wings.

That wasn't a form that Karl had ever used in public, so there should be near zero chance that anyone would recognize him.

"Oh, good choice. Elemental's Wrath would have been fun too."

Karl shook his head. Showing up as a raging fire elemental would definitely make it harder to restore anyone's faith in society.

The white mist surrounded them again, and Karl found himself standing in a palace designed with images of dragons everywhere, and mythic rank mana jade as floor tiles.

It was gaudy, excessive, and opulent to the extreme.

But one thing that he did not see was Bishop Misty. The time dragon had dropped him here to do the work on his own. Only, she had forgotten to tell him what the target in question looked like, or what her name was.

He knew that he was looking for a dragonkin, and with a bit of luck, he would be near her, not entire cities away from what he needed, like when Misty had dropped him in the middle of nowhere to look for Cara and defend Bunga.

In front of him, a young girl skidded around the corner and crashed into the wall, while someone behind her shouted and laughed.

"Get her. Don't let that tattletale get away this time. If she's a real dragon Princess, she will fly when we throw her off the peak." A boy's voice shouted from further down the hallway.

That sounded like Karl was in the right spot.

The girl had a dragon's tail and wings, but even a juvenile dragon would not have either if they were transformed. So, she was dragonkin, and those wings were definitely not large enough to help her fly.

The girl also didn't have a name tag over her head, so she was either too young to have the System activated, or they were in between resurgences. The girl went to race by, but Karl caught her in his arms, then winked at her as he equipped a white fur cloak and cast [Perfect Camouflage] on her as he wrapped both the cloak and his black feathered wing around her.

A group of boys with shockingly black eyes slid around the corner a half second later, then stopped to bow politely as they saw Karl.

"Lord Emissary, good morning. Did you see a half-breed girl just a moment ago?" One of the boys asked.

"Barefoot in a black dress?" Karl asked.

"That's the one. We were asked to help tutor her this morning, but she's

become rebellious and wanted to avoid her studies." The boy replied, using a

formal tone usually reserved for Elders.

Karl smiled. "Bare feet are terrible for gaining traction on jade tiles. She fell out

the window into the garden."

The boy cursed to himself, then bowed. "Thank you, Lord Emissary."

Then he rushed off down the hall, and Karl heard a group of people running

down a flight of stairs.

Chapter 1344 Dragonkin Princess

Under his arm, the girl squirmed, so Karl set her on the ground and

straightened her clothes.

"And who might you be, little one?" He asked.

"Princess Rue, bastard daughter of the King!" She replied with a formal bow that didn't suit her simple dress.

Karl smiled. "So, Princess, what is fun to do around here?"

The girl simply looked confused for a moment. "Lord Emissary, where are your bodyguards?"

Karl laughed. "You think that I need bodyguards? That's adorable. But I did bring one. Meet Cara."

Cara came out, and the girl flinched. "That looks like it really hurt. I've got scars on my back from when the Princes wanted to find out if dragonkin could heal after being whipped, but this looks much worse."

Karl sighed. "Would you like me to fix that? It's really not a problem."

Princess Rue panicked and shook her head rapidly. "No, thank you, My Lord. They would never forgive me if I did. But can I ask a favour? Please forget that you saw me today."

Cara rumbled, the noise halfway between a purr and an idling chain saw.

"Sorry, it appears that my friend likes you. Why don't you spend the day with me instead? It's less of a cardio workout than running from those boys, but it could be fun." Karl offered.

Before she could answer, a guard patrol came around the corner and stopped with their hands on their weapons.

"Halt! Who goes there?" The man, clearly a transformed Bronze Dragon, demanded.

"Karl, Emissary from the Darklight Host."

The dragons paused for a moment, as if only just realizing who and what they were looking at. An unfamiliar face had been enough to put them on guard, but this one was a Mythic Rank guest, with a class they didn't recognize, and strange markings around his name that would normally indicate a boss monster in a dungeon.

Could a dungeon boss have gotten loose to rampage in the Palace?

But he did say that he was from the Darklight Host, so perhaps he was sent here by the ancient Chaos Dragon of Cyhosasa?

"Welcome to Nar, Emissary. Have you found time to check in with the Castle Steward?" The guard asked.

"Not yet. This lovely young lady has agreed to escort me for the day, so we will check in once we find the Steward." Karl replied with a shrug.

The guards gave the Princess a curious look, then nodded.

"Understood. I will inform his Majesty that the Supreme Lady has sent an Emissary, and that the youngest Princess is with you." The guard agreed.

Then he led his patrol past Karl and the shocked dragonkin.

"How did you do that? You just told them who you were, and they left us alone. Normally, they force me to go back to my room." She whispered.

Karl patted her on the head. "You just need to learn the rules, Princess. You see, it is only proper for an Emissary to have a Royal escort. I am assuming that we're not in a restricted portion of the Palace, so there was no infraction for them to enforce.

The fact that you are escorting me means that you have an assigned duty more important than the directive to remain in your room.

Bronze Dragons do not break the rules.

Not ever."

Curiosity flashed in Princess Rue's eyes, and Cara mentally laughed.

[She is learning. This one is a bit too innocent for her own good, she never thought about using the rules against the bullies, even when they were tormenting her.]

That gave Karl an idea of what they needed to do here. Not just getting her to trust him, but helping her to understand that there were standards and limits she could work with to punish those who bent rules to do evil.

Some rules would be ignored if you were the favourite. But if the Bronze Dragons caught the young Princes misbehaving, they wouldn't get off easily. "Now, where were we? Right. Let's go do something fun. What is there to do here?"

Rue smiled slightly. "Didn't you just tell the guards that you would go to the Steward?"

"No, I informed them that I would check in when we found him. The timeline wasn't established. I will keep my word, but that doesn't mean we can't do anything fun in the meantime."

"Well, we can go to the Library if you enjoy reading? I've been studying magic, hoping to activate my Class. I am what they call a late bloomer, since I'm only half dragon." Rue explained.

Cara laughed, and Karl smiled at the girl. "Yes, that sounds like a wonderful idea. I know many types of magic, and I can help tutor you while I am here. I believe you said that was what you were supposed to be doing right now, was it not?"

"Yes, Emissary. Before I fled the Princes, I was with my tutor. But she's just a servant, she won't stop them doing what they want."

Rue's bitterness was clear in her tone, and Karl could already feel the building death energy in her body, resentment being given form before she awakened

her Class.

That at least explained why Misty had sent him to this particular moment. Given another few weeks of bullying, she would awaken a death oriented class. If it was a powerful rare class, there was a chance that it would twist her personality, or that the newfound power would let her finally get back at those who had wronged her, and she would warp her own personality into a serial killer as she learned the joy of getting revenge.

The Time Dragon's targeting was spot on, Karl decided. He was in exactly the right place at the right time.

Cara nudged Rue to get them moving, and the dragonkin Princess led them into the Palace, through what were clearly servant's stairs and service corridors, until they came out from behind a hidden door in the Library.

Well, partially hidden. The door had wear from regular use, so it should be the regular servant's entrance for everyone who cleaned the Library or was sent to

fetch books.

"Find us a quiet spot to sit, and I will study with you. I have a knack for teaching." Karl whispered, keeping to the Library rules, as he could sense a Totem Ranked blue dragon in the room.

Chapter 1345 Teaching Rue

Rue led them to a corner of the Library, where a desk was set up with Inscription materials, and a single blue dragon acolyte sat copying a spell tome.

Karl nodded politely as the startled dragon sensed his aura.

"Don't mind us, I am going to tutor Princess Rue in magic." Karl informed the Acolyte in a hushed tone.

The dragon looked shocked, but nodded in agreement.

That was the purpose of this portion of the Library, though he was under the impression that the dragonkin had little to no talent for magic, as she was already nearly ten and had no class activated.

A young Dragon found their calling within months of hatching, most of the time. Even if it took them a while to activate the System.

But Rue was just... kind of useless.

"What kind of magic do you specialize in?" Rue whispered as she darted glances between Karl and the acolyte.

"I have a widely varied base of magic. I can use everything from Shamanistic healing and lightning spells to Rend, Consecrated Ground and Disintegrate." Karl informed her with a casual shrug.

The library acolyte at the table nearly choked on their tongue.

Then, the young blue dragon ran off, directly toward the head Librarian, while Karl settled into a comfortable chair near the inscription table.

"Just tell me what you wish to learn, and I will teach you." Karl offered.

"Is it wrong to say that I want vengeance?" Rue asked.

"Not at all. I like vengeance, it is immensely satisfying. But what after that? Even if you kill everyone who has ever bullied you or treated you wrong, you've still got a long life ahead of you."

Princess Rue froze. She hadn't thought about it that way. Wasn't just becoming an avenging force like a Crusader enough?

"I just like magic. Cool flashy magic, useful magic, things that help. But also magic that punishes bullies." Rue whispered, mostly to herself.

From the other side of the room, shouting and stomping feet interrupted the solitude of the Library.

"I can smell her. That bitch is hiding in the Library. Find her!" The boy from earlier demanded.

Rue prepared to run, but Karl put a hand on her shoulder.

"Let me take care of this. Trust me, it's going to be fine."

Five young dragons, all with the same odd completely black eyes that marked Shadow Dragon lineage, rushed through the Library, shouting and laughing. Then, someone spotted Rue, and they came to surround her.

"How dare you run away from us, half-breed?" The leader of the boys shouted. [Overwhelming Presence] crashed over them, causing a Terror effect that froze them in place.

"There is no shouting or running in the Library." Karl informed them quietly. The boys looked like they were going to cry under the oppression of Karl's skill, but even after he deactivated it and simply let loose his aura, which was normally kept restrained for everyone's comfort, their knees were still shaking. "Lord Emissary, we meant no offence. It's just that, you see..." The boy began. "Leave the Library and come back in properly. Then apologize to the Librarian for causing a commotion." Karl insisted.

"But I am..." The boy began, before thinking better of it and running away.

A moment later, soft steps entered the Library, followed by a hushed "Sorry Librarian" and the sound of the Princes running away.

"See, easy. You just need to be able to remind people that there are rules for a reason." Karl quietly informed Rue.

But the chaos that Karl caused was not going to be so easy to contain.

The aura of an annoyed Mythic Ranked guest shattered the peace of the Castle, and [Overwhelming Presence] radiated in a sphere around the caster. It had frozen thousands of nearby castle occupants in place, utter terror overcoming them, despite knowing that they were not the target.

If that didn't bring the guards running to the library, nothing would.

"But before we are interrupted again, you were saying that you wanted versatile magic, right? I wonder what sort of mage would be best? Perhaps even a Shaman." Karl pondered.

"They say that the King has Void Magic. The Royal Magic of the Shadow Dragon Lineage. Do you know something like that? It might not be as useful in daily life, but Void Magic users get some respect." Princess Rue suggested.

Karl nodded. "I do know some Void Magic. But first, we need to make you look like a Princess before the guards arrive. Here, put this on."

He handed her a black goth Lolita dress from Rae's space, and briefly wondered who the spider had actually made it for. It didn't have any white on it, so it wasn't one of the prank uniforms she made for staff in the Darklight Host

colours.

"There is nowhere to change here." Rue whispered.

"Oh, right. We need to get you a class first. How about I just pick, and you can

sort it out later? You should be able to change classes as you advance."

She was Ascended Rank before puberty and without a class, so her father was surely a powerful dragon. She would have good potential, even without whatever special class had made her Immortal Rank.

[Shadow Dragons are Void Element, just like Void Badgers. Why not give her my skills, since we don't know theirs?] Cara suggested.

[That's not a terrible idea. If nothing else, it will let her deal with bullying on

her own.] Karl agreed.

{Champion Karl Offers Knowledge} Skill [Void Blast] will be transferred to the Terrified Pushover Rue.

{Champion Karl Offers Knowledge} Skill [Limited Invulnerability] will be transferred to the Terrified Pushover Rue.

Rue looked confused for a split second, then her eyes glazed over as she

entered the System Interface to select her Class.

The guards and a few other powerful presences were approaching, while the Librarian stood next to a bookshelf and watched intently, not wanting to miss a

moment of what Karl was doing.

The blue dragon knew that he had used a skill that had caused her class to activate, but he had no idea what it was, or what class she would get, as

Princess Rue was in the class selection interface.

That was also valuable knowledge, though. It meant that she got a choice what class she was going to get.

So, either Karl could give them a free choice, or he had done something that had given her an affinity for certain classes that she did not have before. Either

way, this odd Tengu Emissary of the Supreme Lady had given him more to study than years of living in the Palace.

{Class Activated} Void Avatar

Chapter 1346 Void Flight

Rue opened her eyes as her class selection was finished, then smiled and lifted off the ground.

"I got [Void Flight] as a class skill." She whispered.

Karl smirked as he pulled the little dragonkin into a hug. The Princes had been threatening to throw her off the top of a cliff to see if she could fly. Now, she could.

"Now you're bullying resistant. Just remember what I told you. There are rules in place, you just need the power to make sure that others don't overlook them. Now, should we wager on who is coming to see us? You made quite a scene." Karl asked.

"Me? How was any of this my fault?" She demanded in a hushed growl.

The Librarian smirked and ruffled her long black hair. "Princess, he is a friend of the Supreme Ranked Chaos Dragon of Cyhosasa. Responsibility is anathema to the Darklight Host."

Cara contemplated his words. That wasn't quite true. Anathema implied that it would harm them.

Annoy them, certainly. Harm them? Not likely.

"It is the Queen, the Royal Guard Commandant, and the Steward, with a squad of guards." The Librarian whispered.

Princess Rue seemed to shrink as she moved to hide behind Karl at the mention of the Queen.

"I take it that she's not your mother?" Karl asked.

Rue shook her head. "My mother is an Elven Chamber Maid."

Cara smiled, the scar at the corner of her mouth turning it into a slightly twisted smirk.

Then, she brought out popcorn.

Both Rue and the Librarian stared at her in shock for a moment, then the Badger realized what was wrong.

No food in the Library.

She tossed a handful into her mouth, then reluctantly put the bag away.

The first to enter was the Palace Steward, here to see who was causing trouble without first announcing their arrival.

"His name is Lucifer" Rue whispered.

The Nar Royal Palace Steward was a Bronze Dragon, well into his later years, and Totem Ranked, very close to Mythic. He stormed into the Library in a full rage, and stopped with his hand on his sword next to a bookshelf.

That had the Librarian glaring at him, unwilling to risk a threat to the books, while Karl smiled back.

"Steward Lucifer, wonderful timing. I knew that you would be here soon. You see, a most lovely dragon has asked that I come here to tutor Princess Rue. Do check me into the Palace's Guest Registry, won't you?" Karl greeted him.

The dragon stared at Karl in wordless rage, while Cara howled with laughter. "You, you...

"Yes, me. Oh, and my assistant, Cara. She should probably be on the list as well. She's in beast form now, but she might be humanoid later." Karl agreed.

[You're on a roll.] Cara joked.

[This is way more fun than I was expecting. I hope that we're doing it right. Do you think that Misty would come give us hints if we were doing it wrong?] Karl replied.

[Probably not. If she was supposed to be here, she would be.]

The Queen entered before the Steward managed to tamp down his rage enough to speak again, and Karl rose to his feet.

"Your Majesty." He greeted her, bowing politely, while Princess Rue fell to her knees and bowed with her face to the floor.

"You don't kneel before your Queen?" She asked, malicious curiosity in her

tone.

"Respectfully, Your Majesty, we are not that different in Rank, and I am not a subject of the Gathuzan Crown. I was sent as Emissary by Supreme Lady Matilda to tutor Princess Rue." Karl explained.

The Queen paused. Nobody casually name-dropped the Supreme Lady. She could hear you if you used her name directly, and she hated to be disturbed. Karl had forgotten that, as he usually didn't mind if she knew he was talking about her.

He wouldn't be saying anything he wouldn't say to her face, so it was fine. But Cara thought that it was hilarious, as they were an unknown distance back in time, so she might have absolutely no idea who Karl was, or why he claimed to know her. The only thing stopping her from investigating might be that he was using her name to cause chaos.

"Only dragons are allowed to tutor within the Palace." The Queen insisted.

"I can be a dragon, that is fine. But then I wouldn't fit in the Library. Isn't this form much more comfortable for indoor use? Even you have transformed." Karl

asked.

The Queen stared at him, wondering if there was something wrong with Karl's brain. She clearly didn't mean dragon form, she meant dragon in species.

"You are a dragon?" She asked slowly.

"Avatar of the World Dragon, no less." Karl agreed.

"Not possible." Steward Lucifer gasped.

"I assure you that it is possible. Should we step outside so I can show you? I

don't mind. The ocean breeze is always pleasant on my scales."

The Librarian cleared his throat. "Talking in circles with an Emissary of the Supreme Lady will get you nowhere. I assure you that his words are the truth, he is indeed an Avatar of the World Dragon."

Right, blue dragons could read your mind to extract knowledge.

So, the Librarian most likely understood that Karl's words were disingenuous at best, but trying to explain the whole situation would just give him a headache. The Steward sighed and took out the Palace register, an enchanted relic in book form that recorded names and detected falsehoods.

Karl took out his own pen with a flourish, and signed his name.

{Karl, Branch Leader of the Darklight Host}

That much was one hundred percent true.

"Those are not all your titles." Steward Lucifer noted.

"Do we have time for all that? It's just a guest list, and my version of the official

description covers the important parts."

The Steward shrugged. "It is good enough, I suppose. The description is sufficient to tell future readers who you were."

The Queen cleared her throat. "And you have been sent here to tutor that

waste of scales? To what end? As you can see, she is so old already and doesn't

even have a class."

"Actually, she does now. Void Avatar, I believe. Give me a little time to build her confidence, and she will be a proper mage." Karl explained.

"But... It's not possible. The curse we placed on her..." The Queen stammered.

Ah, so that is why she never awakened, despite having the potential to become an Immortal.

Chapter 1347 Cursed To Weakness

Karl sensed as the Queen's words sunk into Princess Rue's mind.

She had been bullied for her lack of ability for years now, and for her mixed lineage for all her life. Now, she found out that her lack of ability was because the Queen cursed her to be powerless?

The level of rage that she was feeling was not something that she could put into words, and Cara nodded happily as she realized that they were just in time to avert the first steps of the disaster that Misty had warned them about.

Not that it would have been impossible for someone as brilliant as a Chaos Badger to alter fate after the fact, but the Karl had definitely put them on the right path.

Cara shifted to lay on top of the kneeling Princess, pinning her to the ground and confusing her enough that she was distracted from her rage about having been cursed into uselessness.

Karl knew that the distraction wouldn't last, as the Queen would not forget that someone had interfered in her plans to cripple the daughter of her husband's mistress.

But for now, it was working, and the furry distraction had made everyone else in the room forget about the Princess.

"Why did you not arrive at the front gates of the Palace, Emissary? We could have arranged rooms for you in advance. Surely, your mission is not so urgent when the young Princess is merely Ascended Rank trash?" The Queen asked, her tone impatient.

"You know how it is. I have never been here before, so I relied on being sent directly to my target. It's the most certain way to ensure that I don't end up in the wrong spot." Karl replied, waving his hand dismissively.

The Queen nodded. She was familiar with the technique, though it was annoying that someone used it on a target within the Palace.

A feat that shouldn't be possible with the barriers they had in place.

Damnably Chaos Dragon.

However, she couldn't complain too loudly about it, as she had attempted to send the Princess away to various remote estates many times in the past, only to be thwarted and reprimanded by the King.

He didn't wish for any of his children to be raised outside the Palace, so the Princess was stuffed into a spare room in the servant's quarters here and, if the Queen had her way, forgotten.

The hope was that with enough time and no class or progression, she would lose her status and become one of the maids that she lived beside.

Unfortunately, that seemed doomed to failure now that there was some meddling Tengu here to tutor her.

The real question was: Why was he here? She knew who had sent him, but she didn't have an enmity or an alliance with the Chaos Dragon, or the Darklight Host Guild that she managed.

It made no sense that they would send such a powerful member here to tutor the daughter of a mistress. If he were an Elf, it would have at least been understandable that there would be some affinity.

But someone had sent this odd man and his badger.

Was it the doing of one of her political rivals? One of the Concubines from the King's court? Perhaps even one of the Noble Houses had seen the potential to train up the half-breed and use her to elevate their standing?

Certainly, it wasn't the Tengu.

No, he had said that he wasn't a Tengu at all, but a dragon transformed into a Tengu for his own entertainment.

The many possible schemes that ran through the Queen's mind took only a few seconds, and then she was back to focusing on the issue at hand.

The fact that someone was training the illegitimate daughter she had cursed. Princess Rue had no idea that the Queen had read so deeply into her situation. For all that she knew, this random visitor had simply taken pity on her and had decided to help her out in a way that had gotten around whatever the Queen had done to stop her from getting a Class.

But mostly, her mind was occupied with trying to get out from under Cara, who was really quite comfortable on top of the little dragonkin.

It was like sleeping on a warm, squishy rock.

"Emissary, perhaps you would like to accompany our staff to your room to prepare for dinner? The King will certainly be happy to see that our visitor here to assist his youngest daughter is well taken care of." The Steward suggested. "That would be wonderful, thank you. Perhaps a room next to the Princess, to save time when I wish to conduct surprise practical tests." Karl suggested. [You're going to make them cry.] Cara laughed as she watched everyone's expressions shift.

[It gets funnier by the minute. Where do you think that they've got her staying? It should either be the far corner of the Royal wing or the Servant's wing.] Karl agreed.

"Certainly, Emissary. Would you object if we relocated both of you for the time being? The suites near the Library are suitably appointed, and Princess Rue is a reasonable child, she will surely not object to taking the spare room in your

suite.

You didn't have a guard escort coming, did you?" The Steward asked.

"No, it's just myself plus Cara. The only requirement that I have is that the suite should be fully private. I do prefer to set defensive spells while I am teaching, and it would be awkward for everyone involved if I blocked a doorway that was in use." Karl agreed.

The Queen nodded, and a maid was called forward. "The Princess' belongings will be brought to the spare room momentarily. We will have to discuss her

fashion sense later."

Rue looked up from where she was pinned under Cara, then realized that Karl had given her new clothing to replace the now filthy peasant dress she was

wearing.

"My apologies, your Majesty. I did not wish to get good clothes dirty." She replied, then squirmed out from under the badger and equipped the dress Karl

had given her.

The Queen frowned as she stared at the dress. It was adorable, but she had never seen anything even remotely similar before.

Where had Rue gotten it?

It had to be from the Emissary, and she hadn't been able to equip it before she

had gained a Class.

"If you will forgive my abrupt departure, I have business to attend to. I will see you at dinner, daughter. Emissary." The Queen declared, then turned and strode out of the room.

Chapter 1348 Trolling Is Tradition

Everyone but one maid left with her, and Karl found himself nose to nose with a curious Librarian.

"You have questions, I assume?"

The dragon snorted, and lightning crackled at his nostrils. "Yes, you could say that I have questions. For one, how did you awaken the Princess? Did you nullify the curse that had been placed on her, or is it something else?"

Curse? Cara cast [Nullify] on the Princess, and felt mana start pouring into the young Princess' body as the negative effect was dispelled.

This place had rather intense mana, stronger than even Zilaz. Given a bit of time, Rue would surely advance to an acceptable standard.

"Oh, now the curse is Nullified. I should have expected that with the Chaos Badger. Might I ask, how did she end up in that state? With her healing skills, the species should be immune to such lingering wounds." The Librarian asked.

"She licked a Demigod."

"Pretend I didn't ask."

Karl winked at the dragon. "I know that you secretly want to know, and that it's going to bother you if I don't tell you. But it's really just as it sounds. We were in a fight and a Demigod of the Beast God Pantheon was called to intervene.

Naturally, she needed to know what it tasted like."

The Librarian frowned at Cara, then slowly nodded. "I understand. I wish that I could say that I didn't. But I do. Now I want to know what a Beast Pantheon Demigod tastes like."

"It's a hazard of the occupation. Once you find out that a thing exists, you need the details. However, as we're the last ones here, I will give you one more tidbit of information." Karl added.

{Champion Karl Offers Knowledge} Skill [Refreshing Lightning] will be transferred to the Curious Librarian Barry.

Librarian Barry stared at Karl for a full minute, while the maid waited silently for something to happen.

Then, he began to tilt.

Karl caught him and set the Librarian in a chair, while the maid began to panic.

"He's fine. He merely forgot that he needed to do things like standing while he's lost in thought." Karl explained.

The maid nodded understandingly. "Oh, just blue dragon things, then. He's infamous for falling asleep while reading at his desk. But you can never tell if he's sleeping with his eyes open, or just thinking really hard until you see if he

answers.

If he's asleep, asking him a question will wake him up."

"We can let him sort out his thoughts. Why don't you show us to the suite now, and the Librarian can come find us when he is ready?" Karl suggested.

The maid bowed to Karl, and then led them out, while Cara circled her feet, and Princess Rue hid behind Karl.

She knew that the Queen was not going to be happy about having to move her, but she couldn't leave her in the same room without embarrassing herself in front of the foreign guest.

That would not put Karl on her list of favourite people, but at Mythic Rank, and a personal representative of Cyhosasa, as well as a Guild Member of the Supreme Lady's Guild, there wasn't much that anyone could do to him within the law unless he actually committed a crime.

Even then, there wasn't much that they would do as the Supreme Lady of Cyhosasa was a psychopath who would laugh her way right through a major war, should anyone be crazy enough to start one with her.

Quietly, the maid led them down the hall and up two levels, to a seemingly abandoned wing of the castle.

The hallways were clean, but Karl could see the spots that were habitually missed by the staff when they cleaned, showing that nobody disturbed anything in this hall recently.

Even the epic battle scenes on the wall hangings still showed the faint curling of long-term storage, so they had just been placed within the last few minutes. But the common area was spotless when the maid led him into the suite, and there were two bedrooms, just enough for their purpose.

"At the back of the room is a rooftop training area, so you may work on spells that can't safely be performed indoors." The maid explained.

Karl smiled. "That shouldn't be an issue. You see, I know the Illusionary Domain, and if my young charge here can break that, I might just lose years off my life in shock."

The maid smiled. Karl had a point. There was zero chance that an Ascended Rank mage could do anything that would even make the illusion flicker. And if she couldn't break the illusion, she couldn't damage the room.

"If you need anything, my shift ends at dark." She explained, then moved to stand just inside the door, hidden out of the way in a cleverly designed alcove. Obviously, they weren't going to be left alone, but Karl wasn't planning to do anything that would need to be hidden from the public.

At least not in the next few hours.

His goal here was to help the Princess regain her faith in people, and for that, he didn't need to intensively train her on skills, he needed to get her to talk to

someone friendly.

That might have to wait until dinner, Karl decided.

The Princess was much more interested in playing with Cara, who was

exploring the suite than in talking to anyone.

Rue had new spells that she wanted to test, but she didn't want to test them in front of staff if she could avoid it, just in case they didn't work right.

The staff didn't bully her, she hadn't fallen that far in the Palace hierarchy, but they would laugh at her, just like they laughed at all their other young coworkers when things went wrong.

[Hey, there's a cool statue in here. Can I keep it?] Cara asked as she examined

the bedroom.

[No pilfering their valuables. Leave the room the way that we found it, or it might mess up the timeline. Just focus on making friends with Princess Rue. Maybe try turning into a humanoid again.] Karl suggested.

That sounded interesting. Cara wondered if her new scars would transfer between forms, as they were created with the Fundamental Rule of Order, and

Divine energy.

Only one way to find out.

Cara used the [Humanoid Transformation] skill to shift into her favourite badger kin form, and then frowned when she realized that the scar made her

mouth, cheek and eyebrow all wonky in this shape.

The skin was too tight, and it made her face feel lopsided.

Three out of ten. Not as impressive as she had hoped.

Chapter 1349 Cara The Optimistic

"You are Cara? Wow, that scar is nasty when you're humanoid. Did your friend give you fancy clothes too? We're going to have to go to a formal dinner, and that means pretty dresses for all the ladies." Rue gushed as she examined Cara, who was wearing a tunic with the sleeves rolled up and short shorts with bare feet.

Cara smiled. "Oh, the amount of fashion I have available would blow your mind. My sister is a famous fashion designer at home, and she doesn't mind if I borrow a piece now and then."

"We could go as twins! Well, almost, since you've got that white stripe in your hair." Rue suggested eagerly.

Cara rummaged through the clothing she already had, and came up with a suitably frilly black dress. Only, hers had dozens of pockets sewn into it to hold treasures she wasn't sure if she would keep.

She switched clothes, and Rue smiled. "Oh, that is perfect. Did you get pockets to hide snacks? That is spectacular. So few people know the value of hiding food for later."

Cara smiled. "Even when you're not hungry, keeping a few snacks on hand is never the wrong answer. A wise person never has empty pockets."

Rue frowned. "But now that I have a class, I have an inventory. Don't people keep all their valuables in there?"

Cara nodded. "Of course. But you should always have useful stuff in your pocket. If you're busy, others can grab it for you, and if someone locks your access to mana, you will still have what you need.

See this pocket? I've got a nice slim dagger tied in it, and nobody would ever know without patting me down.

But in an emergency, or when I'm in restraints, I can still get to the blade."

"Do you often end up in restraints?"

Cara shrugged. "It's a minor side effect of my exploration efforts."

Containing a Chaos Badger was not an easy proposition, but many had tried to hold her until Karl came to get her in the past.

Rue likely wouldn't be so good at escaping.

"Where do we sit?" Cara asked, finally realizing that this dinner was a great opportunity to meet new people.

That helped their mission, and it could be fun, too.

"Probably at the small table for children along the north wall? Emissary Karl should be at the main table with the other high Nobles, since he's a Mythic Mage. But the rest of the seating is usually by age.

I don't know what they'll do for you, though. You're also powerful, but still young looking." Rue replied with a frown.

Cara shrugged. "I am young. But beasts grow up faster than dragons."

Her humanoid form was also much less aligned with her physical growth than her personality. She looked like a mischievous teen girl, only a few years older than Rue.

Putting a Mythic beast at the table with children was a grey area in protocol, as far as Karl knew. If you went by age, it was the right spot for them, as they would enjoy the company. But if you went by prestige, they should be with the other Myths.

Perhaps it was decided by species?

Some were definitely more prideful than others, and some would have political or innate enmities that needed consideration.

The whole thing sounded fascinating.

Cara turned to the maid in the corner. "You work here, you must know. Where will we be seated?"

The maid bowed to her. "Madam, I believe they had intended to seat you with Princess Rue. I have already informed them that you will be attending in humanoid form, so they don't arrange a whelp seat for your beast form."

"Whelp seat?"

The maid nodded. "Young dragons often take some time to learn to transform, so we have seats designed for four legged creatures up to a metre long. If the seat was unsuitable, we also have low tables and ground level serving dishes as an option for beasts accompanying guests, though they are not typically permitted in the main dining room."

"Ah, that makes sense. That's wonderful news, Rue. We can make new friends."

The Princess smiled sadly at Cara. "I already know everyone else here, remember?"

Cara waved dismissively. "Just wait. You will find that suddenly people who used to ignore you now want to be your friends. Not real friends, the sort of fake friends that only stick around because you might be useful in the future. But still, those are always first until you find the real ride or die sorts."

The maid smiled at the enlightened look on Rue's face, but refrained from saying anything.

Cara's world view was different from anything that she would have expected, but the Chaos Badger was not wrong. Even within the palace staff, she could count the number of truly reliable friends on one hand, but the number of "friends until it becomes a hassle" coworkers was much higher.

In general, everyone tried to get along well enough that it made their life easy.

The only issue might be the young Prince and his friends. They had bullied Rue relentlessly, and they wouldn't easily change without something to persuade

them.

Cara and the maid were thinking the same thing, but Cara had a very different solution to the issue.

The young Prince was only Royal Rank. Sure, that was two levels higher than Rue, but it wouldn't take much to bump her up to Commander Rank, and then they would only be one apart while being close to the same age.

Plus, the boy was a base warrior class.

Warriors were kind of boring and mundane. They didn't have cool skills that you could show off. The Karl had given Princess Rue [Limited Invulnerability] and that was a skill that she could show off without damaging anything.

At the very least, it would make her difficult to beat up without going overboard and getting themselves into real trouble.

Chapter 1350 How To Proceed

Cara flopped down on the spare bed with Rue until the dinner service was ready, but Karl was already preparing plans for the future of their young Princess.

Misty had said that she would be the Queen one day if they got this just right, so he would need to train her in something that would make her stand out above all the other heirs.

Without killing them all, that was.

Obviously, it couldn't be Runecrafting. That would completely mess up the timeline, as Karl couldn't see any sign that it was in use here.

He would make her an item or two, personal keepsakes, to help her remember his teachings. But he wouldn't teach her the skill.

"Miss, tell me something. What would you say that the Royal Family's signature trade skill might be? Being so far from home, I'm not fully acquainted with the local trade patterns," he asked the maid.

"Certainly, our Skill Books. Our Royal Family has a knack for creating new skill books, though they traditionally keep them for themselves instead of sharing with the blue dragons.

Are you familiar with the rivalry between the Shadow Dragons and the Chromatic Dragons?" She asked.

"I know the basics." Karl agreed.

No, he did not. Not even a little bit of it. But the rivalry couldn't be too intense, as there were blue dragons writing skill books in the Royal Library. Perhaps it was more about being able to hoard rare skill books for themselves, to gain an advantage over others?

The Shadow Dragons didn't have a god of their own. They were part of the Dragon Gods' pantheon, but only a handful of species had a true god representing their aspect.

"In that case, you might not be aware that the Royal Family has a monopoly on Shadow Element and many other Skill Books that the blue dragons can't make for themselves.

As they can't use the skills, and the books are protected with magic, they can't copy them.

That allows the Royal Family to maintain certain skills as their own exclusive property, or as signature gifts for new Sovereigns of friendly nations.

It is traditional that the newly raised Kings and Queens of Audrock are given the [Agile Flight] skill, for example. They are not a dragon nation, mostly bird type beastkin and some human mages that came from other continents.

So, the gift is especially valuable to them, and they lack the ability to replicate it." She explained.

Karl nodded. "That is a wonderful skill. Do you know it?"

The maid stared at him in shock. "Are you saying that you do?"

Karl nodded. "It's an innate skill of the Chaos Badger, we both share the knowledge."

The maid placed a hand on her chest and took a deep breath. "For a moment there, I was going to panic. I thought that you might have a Royal Lineage background that I wasn't informed of."

Karl shook his head. "Nope. My lineage is an interesting one, but it's not a direct one from any sitting Sovereign. What is the practice for dinner?"

The maid blinked once as she processed the change of topic. "You may either walk the hallways and enter from the west entrance. Or, if you wish to make a grand entrance, you may fly from the balcony in dragon form and land on the east balcony of the dining room.

It is clearly marked from above, and there will be two Bronze Dragons stationed there in dragon form."

[Flying!] Cara cheered.

"We will make a grand entrance. I will carry the Princess to the east entrance in dragon form, and Miss Cara can fly with us."

The maid shook her head. "Only dragons are permitted to use the balcony. If Miss Cara rides on your back, that would be fine, but protocol forbids her landing individually."

Karl shrugged. "Then I will give them both a ride. It will help the rest of the guests understand that Princess Rue has an advocate within the Palace now."

"As long as your dragon form is large enough, I don't see any issue with that." She agreed.

The maid was a young adult, but also from a subspecies of dragon, so her dragon form really might not be large enough for her to carry two children. But that didn't apply to Karl.

Did his Tengu form look that young? He had no frame of reference for how old Tengu should look.

So, he had no way of knowing that the particular appearance of his Tengu form was that of someone near his own human age, while the species matured at a much slower rate.

Simply going by his appearance, the Maid had assumed that he was a prodigy who had just finished his mandatory schooling.

Not exactly wrong.

But not quite right, either.

That sort of person would also be the logical choice of Emissary for Cyhosasa

to send to deal with a young Princess. Not only would they have more in common than a tutor of her parents' generation, but Emissaries often ended up in marriage alliances.

Especially Emissaries with compatible bloodlines.

Fortunately for Karl, he was not Shadow Dragon, and unlikely to be pulled

into such an arrangement with the Princess. But that didn't mean that there wouldn't be others who would be interested in him.

As the maids called it, "Flavour of the Week Syndrome".

"The dinner arrivals start in five minutes, Emissary. If you would like to transform now, we can arrange a secure seat for the Princess and your Companion." The maid declared.

"I have magic to secure them. Fear not, I won't allow any harm to come to her."

Karl explained.

The maid nodded, accepting his words, but still nervous about all the things that could go wrong. If the Princess fell off his back, it would be the maid's

head on a pike, not his.

Cara dragged Rue out, and Karl stepped onto the rooftop training grounds. "Princess, please allow Miss Cara to get you settled. I will fly you to dinner."