

## Beast Master 1351

### Chapter 1351 Giant Dragon

Karl used [Behemoth] the moment that he transformed, granting him the form of a World Dragon nearly a hundred metres from snout to tail. He was sitting with his head down and his tail curled, but he still took nearly the entire training ground.

"Oh my Goddess! You are enormous." Princess Rue gasped.

"That's what all the ladies tell him." Cara agreed.

The maid choked as she heard the crude comment, but the innocent mind of Princess Rue totally missed the connotation.

"I can see why. Are we even flying? It's like three steps for someone that large." She asked.

{I will fly us in a loop, so we can make a grand entrance.} Karl explained. He crouched, and Cara helped the Princess up to sit between his shoulder blades, held in place by two ridges in his spinal scales.

Then, Cara settled behind her, and Karl cast [Eternal Lightning] to hold them securely on his back.

Then, he spread his wings and soared into the sky over the city.

Half a second later, the small grey form of the maid rushed after them, straining to keep up with even Karl's casual touring speed. It was like she was a young drake or a whelp next to an Elder, his form was so large compared to hers.

But he wasn't trying to outrun her, and he simply allowed her to fly along beneath his wing, so she could be in position should either of the riders slip. Karl circled the city, and flew low over the ocean, so that Rue could feel the salty breeze on her skin. Then, he rose up over the castle and found the balcony with two bronze dragons on it.

{That is the right balcony, isn't it?} He asked.

(Yes, Emissary. I will land behind you, then help the others down, so you can transform back and greet the others. The King should not be there yet, but there will be Princes from the main family, as well as some guests.) The maid replied.

Karl heard the gossip before he even landed.

"Is that a Divine Fire Dragon? I thought that they were more red?"

"How close must he be to Immortal Rank to be so large?"

"Oh, how I would warm his clutch."

The last one made Cara laugh. These noble dragon ladies had no idea what they were up against. Even the best polished scale couldn't compare to the Dana Mage.

Karl had to clutch the edge of the balcony with his back claws, as it wasn't designed for a dragon as large as he was.

[You went overboard. But they look suitably impressed.] Cara noted.

[That's the important part. Remember, we're here to help Rue make friends. Even if they're trying to find a reason to talk to the two of us, it's still easier for them to talk to Rue first, as they all know her.] Karl agreed.

The maid helped Cara and Rue down, then turned away so she wasn't seen laughing at the way that Cara waved to all the shocked guests in the dining

room.

The two girls were wearing beautiful black dresses in a foreign style that had the immediate interest of the fashion minded. But even that couldn't distract most of the guests from the enormous dragon on the balcony.

Karl stepped forward and smoothly transformed into a Tengu in black folded robes.

The dragons on guard looked thoroughly confused. What generation was this guy from? He looked so young, but he dressed like their grandfather.

Which was saying something when they were Totem Ranked dragons and centuries old.

Perhaps it was a case of "everything old becomes new again", and it was considered fashionable where he came from.

Certainly, the girls' outfits must be high fashion in Cyhosasa.

The moment that Karl walked into the room, everyone went silent. They hadn't seen it before, as he was larger than the door, but his name tag was surrounded by a golden dragon themed frame.

It was customary to keep the System Interface active, so you could see everyone's names and pretend you remembered who they all were. But nobody had ever seen anything like his name's display on a guest before.

"Greetings everyone. My apologies for the ostentatious display, but it does feel good to stretch my wings now and then." Karl greeted the room.

"Not a problem at all, Emissary. The King will be relieved to know that the Supreme Lady sent such an outstanding dragon to tutor his daughter" One of the older Princes replied.

"Crown Prince Lukas, right? It's a pleasure to meet you. Congratulations on making Mythic Rank." Karl replied.

The Prince smiled. "Thank you, Emissary. I wasn't aware that Cyhosasa kept track of our progress."

Karl shook his head. "I can feel it in your aura, you have only just received the Mythic Blessing. Here, a small gift to celebrate your glorious accomplishment." Karl handed over a small vial of one of Remi's growth potions. It wouldn't do much at Mythic Rank, but it would help stabilize his aura. That would make him feel more experienced to those around him, and reduce the chances that someone would see him as vulnerable in his freshly advanced state.

Prince Lukas stared at the potion for a moment, unfamiliar with the concoction.

"It's a growth potion, a specialty of the Naga Queen Remi. For a Myth, it's no more than a trifle, but she has had some success giving them to children in

need of a little push." Karl explained.

Lukas' eyes went to Rue, who was being escorted away by Cara. The Badger had found new species of dragons to meet, and she wasn't interested in formalities to begin with.

But the Crown Prince couldn't help but wonder if his least promising sibling was about to see a sudden growth spurt that would put her on par with the

full-blooded dragons.

That thought led to the realization that there was a better use for this potion than his own stabilization.

"I believe that my daughter will have the most use for this particular potion. She is right at the Commander Rank bottleneck, and about to hatch."

Oh? That sounded fun. But Karl couldn't contact Remi to see what would

happen.

"I don't believe that the potion has been tested on unhatched eggs before, but you are certainly welcome to try. Please do tell me the outcome, though."

#### Chapter 1352 Not That Kind Of Emissary

The Crown Prince rushed off and out of the room, eager to test the potion on the egg of what Karl assumed to be his heir.

{The difference between Ascended and Commander Rank at birth is a huge deal for the Royals' status. If she doesn't make the standard, she will not be taken seriously as his heir.} The maid whispered to Karl.

He nodded in response, then greeted a few more of the local dragons.

"What brings you here, Emissary? Is Cyhosasa considering trade ties with Gathuzan?" One of the older shadow dragons asked.

Karl shrugged. "I'm not that sort of Emissary. I was sent to train Princess Rue so that her advancement can catch up to her potential. The international politics are not my area of expertise."

The nearby guests made a mental note of that. If Karl was more of an academic than a political sort, then he might not be as jaded by Palace life and all the schemes that came with it.

Perfect for befriending, as he was far less likely to try to leverage their friendship to improve a deal between their nations.

While Karl answered questions from the adults, Cara and Rue were surrounded by the children of Noble families.

"Princess, you finally got a class. What one is that? I don't recognize the colour." One of the girls asked.

"Void Avatar is the name of the Class. A Void Element mage class. It's pretty awesome, and I can even fly without wings." Rue informed her, becoming excited about her new skills.

"Wait, you got void magic? Really? We were all starting to question if you were really a Shadow Dragon descendant." One of the boys sneered.

Rue clenched her hands impotently, unable to beat him in a fight, and forbidden from attacking him with magic in the dining hall.

But she had Cara as backup.

"Is Void Magic really that impressive? I mean to someone other than a bare-bones warrior with zero skill points." She retorted.

The Nobles stared at her for a second, then one of the boys in the back whistled.

"Ooh, burn. Go ahead, see if you can bully that one into admitting warriors are stronger." The boy taunted.

"She doesn't even have a class. Her name is the same grey as trash mobs in the dungeon. You think that I can't win?" The boy demanded.

The other kids turned to stare at him, and one girl gave him a sad pat on the head. As much as she hated to admit it, this cousin might just be an incurable idiot.

"We will pray over your grave." She informed him in her most earnest tone. Cara turned to Rue. "I will show you the ultimate anti-bullying technique now." Rue smiled as she realized that the boy didn't have strong enough senses to be able to tell that Cara was a Mythic beast. He just thought that she was a nobody, and he wasn't bright enough to realize that having a nameplate with no class colour was likely not good news for him.

"Normally, I wouldn't hit a girl. But you need to know your place. The boy insisted as his fist flashed forward.

The guards were about to move, but Karl raised a hand to stop them as Cara nimbly dodged the boy's attack, then pulled his shirt up over his head, pinning his arms.

"Now normally what you is, you tug the head down, and you feed uppercuts into his face. But as we're at dinner, and I don't want to make a mess, we will

finish with the second-greatest move." Cara explained.

The boy stumbled as Cara spun him in a circle, then she grabbed his underwear and yanked it up to his shoulders before leaping into the air with him and

hanging him from the crossbar of an ornamental spear.

Naturally, that was the exact moment that the King of Gathuzan entered the room, and found that nobody was even looking at him.

They were all focused on the irate boy with his shirt over his head, hanging by his underwear.

The King cleared his throat, and the Herald's voice boomed through the room. "The King has arrived."

Everyone turned to bow to the King, and all the kids scattered. They ran to their tables, using their reduced height as an advantage to hide behind the adults, while pretending that they didn't know Cara and Princess Rue, whose table happened to be right next to where the boy was hanging.

"Will someone please get him down from there? As much as I enjoy the performing arts, dinner is not the time." The King announced.

The nearest guard snickered at the King's casual comment, ignoring the fact that someone had clearly been bullied. He wasn't blind to what went on around him, and the boy was somewhat notorious within the Palace.

If the tables had been turned on him today, he had almost certainly deserved it.

However, the transformed Chaos Badger did look a bit too smug, and he suspected that this was not the last incident they were likely to see tonight.

Everyone quickly took their seats once the King was seated, and Karl found himself between two older Princes and across from a group of government ministers at the large main table.

The King was seated with the Queen, and who Karl assumed were the Dowager

King and Queen. Or perhaps the Queen's parents.

But the King wasn't watching the room, he was intently staring at the Queen, who was glaring at Princess Rue and Cara.

It looked malicious to Karl, but that might be for a number of reasons. It could be anything from her hatred of Rue, to a fondness for the boy that Cara had taunted, or even just a dislike of Chaos in general.

All were possible.

"My Queen, is something troubling you?" The King asked gently.

"That Rue child has awakened a Class." She replied.

"I see that. Better late than never. Perhaps now she will begin to grow properly. The Supreme Lady has done us a favour by sending a tutor for her. Did you see

the size of him?

I don't recall a World Dragon of his power being in Cyhosasa, but given who sent him, he might have come from another world to assist." The King agreed.

The Queen's frown only grew. If Emissary Karl had been brought in from another world, he might really turn that brat's life around.

#### Chapter 1353 Dragons Come In Flavours

The other kids at Cara's table were all staring at her in awe as she mixed condiments in a saucer, and then added spices from her own space.

"You should try this, it will put scales on your chest." She insisted.

The kids giggled at the dragon humour, but moving too close to the super spicy concoction made their eyes water.

Rue frowned, but didn't want her new best friend to be an outcast, so she took a careful bit on the end of her spoon.

Her eyes went wide the moment that it touched her tongue.

"What is that? The scent is so spicy my eyes water, but it tastes... sweet and sour at the same time?" She asked.

Cara nodded happily. "Perfect, isn't it? Hot, sweet and sour all at once. The perfect dipping sauce for meats of all sorts."

Rue tried again, taking a bit onto a bite of chicken.

"Oh, you're right. But the mana is making my head spin."

"Minor technical difficulty. Some of the spices are Mythic Ranked. But more mana is good for you. It helps you grow up big and strong. I will help you train tonight, and we should be able to get you to break through to Commander Rank without having to use any resources.

Those we can save to get you up to Royal Rank, so you can keep up with your peers. Cara agreed.

The little girl who had spoken to Rue at the start smiled. "Really? Princess Rue will catch up to the boys?"

Cara gave her a double thumbs up. "Yep. With an advanced class, it will be easier for her to grow, and she won't hit as many bottlenecks. Everything for the next three or four advancements should be easy going."

"Oh, so she will make it to Palace Officer or General strength before she has troubles? That's good even for a Princess." The girl gasped.

"I guess you don't use the same version of the ranking system that we do." Cara noted.

Princess Rue smiled. "Officially, we probably do. But here in Gathuzan, almost everyone is a dragon, and if they're not, they're usually Totem Ranked or higher. So, everyone just uses local slang"

Cara smirked. "So many new flavours of dragons."

"Dragons come in flavours?" One of the young Dragon nobles asked.

Cara nodded wisely. "Both their species and their class power have different flavours. So, a Shadow Dragon Mage and a Shadow Dragon Warrior will taste different, and a weak one won't taste as good as a strong one."

The kids looked confused, then one of them licked the back of his hand before grabbing the hand of a server and licking it.

"Young Master, if you're hungry, I can get you more to eat." The Maid admonished.

"No, I am good. I just had to see if the Badger was right. The boy replied dismissively.

But the maid wouldn't let it go that easily. "Young Master, please don't take life advice from badgers. It won't end well for you. The ladies will think that you're some sort of deviant if you go around licking people."

The kids table all laughed, while the boy blushed. "Ew, not just anyone. Girls have cooties. But she told me that every species innate magic tastes different, and she's right. I tasted my hand, and your hand, and they're not the same."

There was still something very off with the badger's logic, and she couldn't help but suspect that the innocent look on Cara's face was a deliberate provocation. But the next words out of the badger's mouth only added to the confusion.

"While learning the taste is important, nobody actually eats dragon. What is important is knowing the essence of their personal mana signature so that you can learn to pick it out by scent and aura.

Once you can do that, then it is impossible to sneak up on you or truly disguise yourself without the finest of magic." She explained.

Now the maid was completely confused. The description made perfect sense, and Cara had a point. Once you were familiar enough with the scent of someone, you could tell who they were without seeing them.

So, it wasn't theoretically impossible to generalize that to work with entire species if you tried hard enough.

But since when did Chaos Badgers give good advice?

[The sweet, innocent dragons do not know the true ways of Chaos.] Cara gloated.

[If there is no trust, there is no prank. First, you must prove that your words are worth considering. Only then can you lead them down the path of entertainment.] She finished.

[Play nice. Remember, we're here to make friends for Princess Rue, to help her become a Queen and not terrorize the people.]

Karl felt like he had said that before, but somehow the message was getting lost

in translation.

[Relax. We're making friends. She's got a class, next is getting power. But today, my mission is to make the Princess seem more relatable, so that people will feel bad about bullying her, and she will stand a chance of making real friends.] Cara explained.

[Alright, I trust that you know what you're doing. It's better than being stuck here with boring people who just want to talk about politics.]

Normally, talking politics wasn't all that bad. But Karl had just realized that they were a thousand years into the last resurgence, and he didn't even know most of the names of the cities or countries, much less their current leaders or the political strife that came along with their individual circumstances. What he had realized was that it was a good thing he had claimed that the old Chaos Dragon had sent him because she was considered to be eternal, and at this point neither Zilaz nor Drodh existed as cities.

The southeastern island, where Drodh was in his timeline, currently hosted mostly nomadic Orc tribes who were looking for the lost Dragon Scale so that they could preserve the System and keep the resurgence going forever.

The Demons hadn't even begun to settle there yet.

While Zilaz was currently in a major drought, and the dungeons were in a state of constant conflict, with dozens of major factions fighting over them. Claiming either of them would have made him seem like a fraud from some backwater Tengu tribe.

## Chapter 1354 Not Subtle

Dinner went relatively smoothly until the dessert course was served, and the Queen noticed the friendly laughter and smiling from the children's table where Princess Rue was seated.

In her mind, that would never do.

She was about to speak up, but the King's expression caught her attention. He looked pleased with the situation, and he had always had a soft spot for that particular Princess.

Something had to be done.

A brief message to the older Princes, her own sons, set the stage. Today, the brat wouldn't escape without humiliation. No bastard child was going to suddenly make a run for heir. Not on her watch.

[The Queen needs to work on being subtle. Even the King has noticed her open scheming.] Cara laughed as a pair of older boys stopped a server to add something to the dessert trays headed for the kids table.

For a moment, she seriously considered pretending to be poisoned by whatever they had sent over, just to watch everyone's reactions when they realized that a pair of Princes had poisoned a foreign emissary.

But when the maid arrived at the table, she was very insistent on which dessert went to Princess Rue, and then remained after serving, as if to be certain that she actually ate it.

That just made it even easier on Cara, who had already sniffed out the magic.

[It's the opposite of that potion that Cara got from the new demons. It gives you mana poisoning if you eat it.] She informed Karl.

[Are you going to nullify it?] He asked, curious what her approach was.

[Nope. I'm going to eat it. I've never been mana poisoned.]

The question was how to do it without causing a scene.

The dessert for the Princess was slightly fancier than the ones for any of the other kids at the table, so it was clearly intended specifically for a member of the Royal Family.

Simply snagging it would be poor manners.

So, the obvious answer was deception.

"You get a different flavour? Are you allergic to one of the ingredients?" Cara asked the Princess, using her best 'curious and innocent' tone, but a regular conversational volume that would carry to the other tables.

Rue shook her head. "It should be the same, they just make one fancier, so the Royals know what one has been double-checked."

Cara smiled, and the Nobleman sitting next to Karl leaned over to whisper to him.

"Shouldn't we stop this before it gets out of hand?"

Karl shook his head slightly. "No, let it play out, my associate has already identified the additive and I can reverse the effect. I just want to see their reaction when that cake doesn't make it to its intended recipient.

Besides, isn't this scheming just a bit too obvious?"

Honestly, none of them would have noticed if Cara hadn't pointed out that one slice of cake was not the same flavour to her senses, and that the ingredients were different.

It should just have a bit more icing on top.

But now that it had been openly announced, everyone in the room was discretely taking notice.

Everyone, that was, except the kids at the table, who hadn't realized that it was a poisoning attempt, and not the Princess getting a special cake. Secret special cake, at that.

"Princess, would you like to switch? I've got an extra big slice." One of the boys suggested.

Rue stared at him suspiciously. Cara had said that it was a new flavour of cake, which meant it might be better.

But he had more cake.

"Halfsies?" She suggested.

The boy nodded eagerly, and waved over a maid to cut each slice in half to share them.

The look on the Queen's face nearly made Cara laugh out loud and ruin the whole game. But the Princes who had actually done the poisoning were stone faced, as if completely unconcerned about the fallout, or exceptionally skilled at hiding their emotions.

"One moment please, Princess. We will send for a knife." The maid agreed.

Cara gave her a twisted smirk, as her scars caused her face to curl up on that side naturally, and the maid knew that she was done for.

"Forgive me, Highness. We will take them to the kitchen to split them evenly and put them on fresh plates. Please wait."

Karl laughed quietly as the maid left the room, and he heard the sound of dishes clattering into a garbage can, followed by running feet.

"Not as confident as she seemed at the start. But the real chaos is about to start

if those cakes aren't replaced." He joked.

Cara was thinking the same thing, and held off on starting her own dessert. If there was no more cake coming, she would share. But she was interested to see if someone would try the same stunt twice in one meal.

The first thing that Cara noticed when the cake came back was that while there were two narrow slices on each of the plates as expected, they were not from the same cake as the first ones.

They were the same flavour, but the pattern on the edge was different. They had attempted to make every cake served at dinner the same, but no two cakes were identical.

It was a shame that Hawk wasn't here to see it. He had become quite the foodie since he got the skill to enhance his meat roasting skills.

The new maid looked relieved when Cara sniffed delicately, but didn't object to the new cake.

That was the first test that they had to pass, and the senses of a Mythic Beast were too keen to get much of anything past them. Why the Queen had forgotten that, they didn't know.

Or she might not have cared. She was used to getting away with anything that she did, and acting with impunity because she had married into the throne. There were rumours about what she had done to get to the top of the contender list, but the fact remained that she had given the King four healthy clutches, and she held immense political power.

Power that was making her look increasingly unhinged. If the King didn't act soon, someone else would certainly use it against him.

#### Chapter 1355 The Art of Flattery

Once dinner was finished, the kids all ran off to another room to socialize, while Karl remained with the more powerful Elder Dragons.

They all had questions for him, and Karl knew that he had no answers for most of them.

"So, Emissary, tell us more about your home." Crown Prince Lukas suggested as the dragons gathered around Karl.

"I'm afraid that it isn't all that interesting. I don't spend much time in the

outside world. I either spend time in a separate space researching or I vacation near the shores of Lake Naraledum to enjoy the dungeons." Karl replied with a casual shrug.

The Crown Prince frowned. "You vacation in a war zone?"

"It's not as bad as all that. You just need to prove that you have the power to back up your words and they will back off.

I'm not one to brag, but I do have a rather impressive duelling record." Karl agreed.

"Really? Do you have any merits?" One of the nobles asked.

Karl equipped his Guild Tabard, and the dragon gave an approving rumble. "Three over rank Guild Challenge victories, including one when you were at Totem Rank?

I understand now why you don't fear the Great Lakes War."

The Crown Prince pinched the cloth in his fingers and nodded. "It's not fake, that's a System Generated Guild Tabard."

"My Class is particularly well suited to combat, though I share the blue dragon's affinity for discovering new magic.

There is nothing quite like finding a fun new spell to test out.

But really, after I gained an Epic Constitution and Limited Invulnerability, fighting at my own rank became much less fun. Research and crafting is the far superior way to acquire knowledge of the Fundamental Rules." Karl agreed.

Now he had everyone's full attention. Improving their understanding of the Fundamental Rules was the primary goal of every Mythic Ranked dragon. It was their only shot at true immortality.

The oldest among them, those who were already showing grey in their hair, had been alive for millennia, born before the resurgence, and they were becoming desperate for that last missing link that would allow them to ascend.

The Crown Prince smiled at Karl. "You know, my grandfather said the same thing. Except, he took up painting to help him understand. He said that the fundamental rules related to combat would never be fully comprehended here, as there were no battles challenging enough to reveal the missing portions."

"Oh? He sounds wise. Is he still around? I wouldn't mind a long chat if he has some leisure time." Karl requested.

The Prince shook his head. "No, he was successful, and left for the Immortal Realms to continue building his power. While it is possible to become an Immortal here, that is the limit, as there is no suitable mana to continue growing.

Instead of crippling his progress, he decided to move on and spend eternity learning what comes after."

"Understandable. It's difficult to blame a man for prioritizing his search for knowledge when he has such capable heirs to take over from him."

Behind the Crown Prince, a young woman giggled. "He's smooth. Tell me, is the art of flattery a Tengu specialty?"

Karl bowed elaborately. "Princess, I assure you that my flattery is a natural art, not a species gift. But I am not actually a Tengu. If anything, you could blame it on the World Dragon."

"Ah, a natural-born heartbreaker." The Princess joked.

Karl held up his hand with the Soul Bonding ring on it. "There will be no heartbreaking on this journey, you have my word. It would be entirely too difficult to explain to my wife, and she's not a forgiving sort when it comes to infidelity."

The Crown Prince laughed. "The Supreme Lady thought of everything when she sent you here, did she not? Married, impressive in physique, a rare dragon species, and you brought a beast girl to keep an eye on your young charge while you are busy."

Karl smiled. "She even picked the beast companion from among my friends who was the least likely to go on a murderous rampage."

The Crown Prince drummed his fingers on the table. "You have an affinity for beasts, then?"

Karl nodded. "My class started from the Beast Ranger type template. I am bonded with a number of Divine Beasts, but only Cara came with me on this trip. If it had been any of the others, I might be driven to day drink."

"That bad?" The Princess asked.

"The other options would be a Divine Fox puppy, a lovesick Behemoth, or a Blood Destruction Demonic Spider."

The dragons paused. "You managed to bond with a Blood Destruction Spider?"

"She's really quite sweet. Her taste in art isn't for everyone, but there is no more reliable friend to have your back in a fight." Karl agreed.

The dragons disagreed. The children of the Spider Goddess were universally terrifying in personality. The very concepts of morality, mercy and civility tended to be vague at best when they were involved.

"Librarian Barry! You missed dinner again. Did you know that the new Emissary was a skilled researcher? You two might get along well." Crown Prince Lukas

called.

The blue dragon gave him a long-suffering look. "Yes, I am intimately familiar with his particular version of research theory. Are they still serving

refreshments?"

Prince Lukas gave the dragon a confused look. What had happened with the Librarian? He was normally extremely excitable when anything related to research was mentioned. Hopefully, the two hadn't argued when they met

earlier.

If Karl was as devoted to research as he claimed, they would need the Librarian to distract him.

The servers brought him a drink, and the Librarian took the entire tray from them, emptying drinks with one hand and placing them back on the tray.

"You might want to bring the whole bottle. Librarian Barry has worn himself out studying a new skill. Perhaps some cake as well. A bit of sugar never did anyone wrong." Karl suggested.

That explained the issue, in the opinion of everyone else. The Librarian must just be surly and haggard from being presented a new skill to research and not

enough time to finish.

Cyhosasa surely had many rare skills that nobody else had access to, so it wouldn't surprise them if Karl had introduced one to the Librarian here in Nar

Palace.

## Chapter 1356 The Right Affinity

Karl's attempts to ingratiate himself with the Elders were not going nearly as well as Cara's attempts to make friends among the children.

After the "suspended atomic wedgie incident" as the kids were calling it, she had many admirers, and even Rue was getting more respect among her peers for being the new cool kid's friend.

If she was good enough for Cara now that she had a class, then she wasn't all bad.

No matter what her bully brothers said.

She wasn't the only one that they picked on, just the easiest target. But they couldn't do anything with Cara here. She might be their size in humanoid form, but the power differential was immense.

"Did you come with Karl as an assistant?" One of the girls, a Sand Dragon, asked.

Cara shrugged. "Yes, but also no. I help Karl, but that's not the reason that I got to come along on this trip. I have an affinity for Void Magic, as does Princess Rue.

So, I can help teach her.

I was actually born a winged Void Badger, and evolved into a Chaos Badger as my understanding improved. So I've got many skills that can help her in the early stages of her training"

"That's too cool. Everyone wants Void Magic, but almost nobody has an affinity for it." The girl sighed.

Cara nodded. "You are an Earth and Fire Element mage, right?"

The girl shook her head. "No, wind and fire."

"Oh, that is interesting. I totally thought that you would be earth element, as a Sand Dragon."

The boy who had been sitting beside Cara at dinner gave her a look that had the girl immediately on the defensive.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Cara said that different magic tastes different." He explained.

"Put your filthy face near me and I will claw it off."

Princess Rue laughed. "She's on to your tricks. You'll never steal a kiss with that level of skill."

"Hey! How did I become the one under attack here? I wasn't trying to kiss anyone!"

The children were all laughing, while the staff supervising them watched quietly from along the walls. For once, the kids were not fighting, not playing power games relying on their family's status, and not making ridiculous demands.

It was almost relaxing.

Once the after dinner socialization was finished and all the other kids were taken away by their parents, Cara brought Princess Rue back to their room with a promise that she would come to see some of the Noble dragons' kids the next day.

The mission to make Rue well respected was off to a good start, Karl thought. One day with a bit of power, and already there were a few who were treating her like she wasn't a pariah.

At the very least, they were likely setting her up on the path where she didn't become an Immortal Rank nightmare for the whole nation.

But then, you never really knew. Perhaps making her a small group of friends and giving her some power was what caused her to rampage, not the awakening from rage that she was about to do when they arrived.

Fortunately, he didn't know anything about history, or whether the nation actually deserved a good scourging, so Karl wasn't too concerned about failure.

The pressure to win just wasn't there.

"Mister Karl, can we train skills now? You're not tired, are you?" Rue pleaded.

Karl winked at the sugar fuelled dragonkin. "Fear not, there is plenty of training coming tonight. First, you don't know anything about combat or efficient mana use, so we're starting from the basics."

Then he activated [Illusionary Domain] and turned the spare bedroom into a large combat training facility with targets along one wall and training dummies moving back and forth.

"Now, have you found a sneaky chance to cast the spell yet?" He asked.

Rue shook her head. "I don't know how dangerous it is, so I didn't try."

"In that case, go ahead and cast it on the dummies. Focus the energy in your body as you think of the skill and where you want it to target."

Cara demonstrated with an Ascended Rank Void Blast, the same spell that Rue was going to be using.

"Oh, that's what it does. That's pretty awesome."

A second later, a rather weak version exploded at the training dummy, but missed to the left as the dummy moved.

"Perhaps moving targets is too high of difficulty at the start. You can go for the stationary targets."

The little dragonkin growled in frustration, and Cara quietly laughed. That was what she needed. A bit of motivation.

The next Void Blast exploded over the training dummy, and then two more.

The targeting wasn't perfect, but she was at least hitting them, which was better than most beginner mages managed for weeks. She was a natural talent at this, and her power level was starting to come up as she practiced. But she was still using too much energy, and Karl could see that she was starting to get tired after only a few minutes of constant casting.

"Take a seat, relax and drink this. The body only holds so much mana, and you need to know what it feels like to deplete it. If you go too far, you'll make yourself pass out." Karl explained.

"Is that how mages fight? They just throw a couple spells then take a break?"

Rue asked.

Karl shook his head. "Magical stamina is the weak point of mages. It takes time

to learn, and until they do, warriors can defend until they're tired then beat them up. So, we are going to work on your targeting, your spell power, and

your stamina all at once.

Once you have mastered hitting moving targets, I will create smarter targets

for you to fight.

Then, once you have mastered that, I will have you do it while flying."

"Why while flying?" She asked.

"It simulates defensive spell use, a constant draw on your mana and focus while you fight. You need to stay mobile and keep your defensive abilities up while in

combat.

Then, once you can do all those things, we will see about teaching you some new spells, or even a skill to help you.

Do you have a goal? Something you want to do in life?" Karl suggested.

Princess Rue nodded eagerly, then frowned. "Is it bad if I say that I want vengeance? I want to end their arrogant bullying culture. Plenty of young dragons leave the city to live in the smaller towns simply because they were a

bit slow growing up.

It's not just dragonkin like me, even the real dragons get the same horrible treatment if they're like me."

Cara wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "I think that we might be able to

help you with that. All you need is the right support and enough power to make

all the changes you could want."

Karl sighed. They were definitely on the path of Chaos.

#### Chapter 1357 Fashion Of The Times

That night, they practiced until not even a mana pylon could bring enough energy back to Princess Rue to get her up off the ground.

"Alright, Cara will tuck you into bed. This lovely maid will wake everyone up in the morning for breakfast, and then we will spend the day working on your stamina. Now, sleep well." Karl announced.

Rue nearly cried in relief. He looked so friendly, but the Karl was an evil taskmaster.

But the one who was the most shocked was the maid on duty.

She had just watched a girl who had awakened her System for the first time be drilled into a trainee battle mage who could hit randomly moving targets with [Void Blast]. But Princess Rue's power had grown from low ascended to the bottleneck before Commander Rank.

Locally, it was known as Servant Rank, as that was the standard to even apply as a Palace Servant. But progressing through most of a Rank by brute force and mana overload was an insane training technique that not even their military leaders would consider.

The fact that it had been used on a Princess was difficult to accept.

More importantly, it had worked. And, the Princess didn't seem any worse for wear because of it.

Dawn came far too early, and Rue rolled over in bed to find that she was wrapped around something large and furry.

Cara had transformed back to sleep, but hadn't been willing to go back to her space when there was a perfectly good living pillow available.

Rue tried to get up, but the badger shifted, and a contented rumbling vibrated her chest as Cara's dream was interrupted.

"Excuse me, can I get up?" She whispered.

Cara opened one eye, then harrumphed and lay back down.

"Please? I have to pee."

Those were magic words, and Cara reluctantly got up, but grabbed Rue in her claws to fly her over to the bathroom.

The maid dodged as she was almost run down by a badger carrying a small dragonkin.

"This job is going to need a drink." She muttered to herself.

Karl came out in a simple black silk housecoat with sleep pants. "Oh, I see that the little one is up already. Good, that saves time.

Please call for breakfast to be brought to the suite. Or are we expected in the dining room?"

"All Royals and Emissaries are expected at Breakfast and Dinner services, unless travelling with a spouse." The maid replied.

Karl sighed. "I should have brought my Dana Mage."

The maid frowned. "What is a Dana Mage?"

From the bathroom, Cara laughed. "It's his wife. It's better that she's not here. She's too adorable, and it always causes trouble!"

The maid gave Karl a confused look, and he shrugged. "She's not wrong. I married a Divine Fox beastkin. Fox Charm is insanely overpowered at Mythic Rank, and the Totem Ranked Guild Challenge on my tabard is directly because another Guild wanted to recruit her by force."

The maid bowed, and finally realized what Karl was wearing. "Sir, would you like for us to prepare suitable clothing for breakfast?"

Karl shook his head and changed into a black suit that matched the wings of his Tengu form.

"This should be suitable for breakfast. It's a good thing that the transformation spell works with bonded clothing, as I don't normally have wings in humanoid form."

The style of the suit was strange, far different from the layered robes that Karl was wearing yesterday.

"Is that something from home, or from a distant land? I have not seen a suit like it before." The maid asked.

So different that she wasn't even sure how to decide if it met dress code. It had three layers, but did they count? And what was around his neck?

Karl sighed, and changed into layered robes again.

The maid smiled. "Yes, that is perfect, if a bit dated. Most in Nar Palace wear black as the outer layer, with grey underneath to honour the Shadow Dragons, but it does go quite well with the red base!"

Karl smiled at her. "I thought about using Chaos Realm silver as the colour of choice for the under layers, but I have been told that others cannot see it. Wouldn't that be awkward? Showing up in my most beautiful robes, only to have everyone think I was naked."

The maid looked scandalized, then began to laugh as she realized that Karl was serious.

"Wait, there are colours that not even dragons can see?" She asked.

"Only certain dragons. You need to have an affinity to the Chaos Plane to be able to see it. I can, and Cara can, but most of my Mythic Ranked Guild members and friends cannot.

It's a bit of a pain, as the Supreme Lady wanted to use it as a wedding dress for my bride, but most of the guests would not be able to see the fabric." Karl announced with a dramatic sigh.

The maid blinked slowly as the implications of that sunk into her mind.

"Oh my. I have had nightmares about that exact thing. I had the most fantastic and impossibly beautiful wedding dress, then halfway down the aisle, I realized I was naked." She whispered.

Cara laughed from the shower. "See, your mind knows something that you do

not.

I told the Dana Mage that all she really needed to do to get her man was just show up naked and wait for his will to break, but she informed me that was not

how things worked.

I even asked Sister Opal, and she agreed."

"Is Sister Opal a Green Dragon Cleric?" The maid asked.

"Good guess, but no. She's a butterfly" Cara called through the closed door.

Karl smiled at the flustered worker. "I don't think that any of the Nature Clerics would have argued with her, though. They're quite pragmatic about such things, and entirely too fond of fox type beastkin.

It's the tail fluff, you see."

The maid smiled. "It's a common weakness of the green dragons and those like them."

#### Chapter 1358 Still Part Troll

The trip down to breakfast was a shorter one than yesterday's flight to dinner. Only two staircases and a hallway brought them directly to one of the doors. The moment that they entered, Cara and Rue were surrounded by young dragons who had questions for them, and had very clearly been directed by their parents to make friends with the Princess now that she was showing promise.

Soon, Karl would have to teach the young Princess about politics, or at least find out how much she understood.

Letting Cara teach her how to deal with annoying people was funny, but probably not the wisest of ideas. It would almost always end in some level of violence, and until Rue was more powerful than her opponents, that should be the last resort.

[You have ideas that are better than violence?] Cara asked.

[I'm working on it.]

The girls were dragged to a large table full of kids, and Karl found himself cornered by Librarian Barry and Crown Prince Lukas.

"Gentlemen, it's a pleasure to see you this morning. Will you be joining me for breakfast?" He asked.

"I do believe that we will. The Librarian tells me that you have a most curious ability." Prince Lukas agreed.

Karl laughed. "Yes, you could call it that. Though, it's more of a prank skill than anything. You see, it has rather extreme limitations. If this place wasn't full of dragons, it would be nearly useless."

The Librarian looked like he wanted to take actual notes as Karl was speaking, but the Prince led them to a small table for four people in the corner of the

room.

Then he called over an ancient dragon whose scent seemed entirely too familiar to Karl, but who he couldn't quite place. It was very close to being someone that he should identify immediately, but it was just slightly different in a way that was confusing his senses.

His name plate said that his name was Dakkarian, but Karl didn't recall seeing or hearing that one before.

"Mythic Lord Karl, it's a pleasure to meet you. I am the current Avatar of the Black Dragon in this world. It's a rare occasion to meet another Avatar, but I am told that the young Princess Rue has become the Void Avatar candidate for this generation.

That's two in one day, a new record in my five millennia holding this title." He explained.

"So, it is more than just a class title? My understanding was that the class was more shamanistic in nature, but focused on the Void Element." Karl asked.

The Avatar of the Black Dragon smiled. "You could call it Shamanistic. Or perhaps we are a form of Cleric? Certainly, we can use the magic that is holy to our patron.

If my guess is right, you have an affinity for living things and creation magic?" Karl nodded. "Good guess. My affinity for creating and summoning grows with every advancement, but my class started out focused on magical beasts. Like a ranger, but far more versatile."

"Better than the Bronze Avatar. He started with an Inscription class, and then spent centuries as a Lawyer before he was chosen."

"That sounds... very bronze dragon of him." Karl agreed.

The Crown Prince chuckled. "That it was. However, I'm more interested in your skills. Do you really think that you can get Rue up to a standard that will make her a respectable Royal?"

"I really don't see that being an issue. Give me a couple of weeks and I will make a Royal Rank mage out of her and max out her mana affinity growth rate.

I won't stick around forever, but I might stay until her class advances, just to see what happens if I teach her some interesting new skills." Karl suggested.

Prince Lukas sighed. "That is what I was afraid you'd say."

Karl turned to Dakkarian. "That's why you're here, isn't it? Every time that I have a fun idea, Black Dragons start appearing like dungeon mobs spawning on a wave timer."

The Crown Prince frowned. "What sort of shenanigans do you get up to that attract multiple black dragons?"

The black dragon Avatar smiled. "It's inevitable. World Dragons are innately attuned to life and chaos, while we are attuned to death and order. Where they are, we must be."

Karl nodded. "He has a point. Even though this trip isn't intended to cause a single casualty, there is still a rather significant chance that someone will start doing dumb stuff nearby. I'm practically a magnet for it."

The Crown Prince looked toward the door that the King had come through last night.

"It's best we don't speak of that. Someone might take it the wrong way. But that might change soon. I hear that Father is not happy with the Queen today." He

whispered.

Karl shrugged. "I would be annoyed, but it's all in the past. I will just keep the protective spells on my young charge, and it's unlikely that anyone will manage to harm her."

"Is that why the Princess has an Eternal Lightning barrier? Just to see if anyone tries to break it?" Dakkarian asked.

"I thought about using [Disintegrate], but it doesn't differentiate between

hostile and friendly contact." Karl joked.

"I know that you didn't actually plan to do that. I would have seen that level of death toll." The black dragon avatar reminded him.

"You're supposed to play along. Look how horrified the next table looks."

The thought of an angry ball of Mythic Ranked [Disintegrate] loose in the castle on a mission to hug everyone who had ever wronged her was enough to give most of them the cold sweats.

Librarian Barry cleared his throat. "If I might interject, where did you learn the skill that you taught me yesterday? It seems tailor-made for blue dragons, but I've never heard of it before."

Karl frowned. "How can you not have heard of it? It's the base racial skill of

Lightning Cerro."

The Librarian stared back, too confused to speak. "That makes no sense. You

can't learn other species' innate skills."

"Unless you're an Avatar of the World Dragon." Dakkarian corrected.

Karl smiled. That was the perfect excuse. It covered anything and everything that he did. But also, what he didn't do.

#### Chapter 1359 Future Preparations

"What sort of future should I be preparing the Princess for? I mean, now that you know I can help her advance her rank to her potential in a reasonable timeframe." Karl asked, diverting the conversation again.

"What sort of potential will she even have? Perhaps she can be a Palace Officer by the time that she's a hundred. That would be fairly decent, but at best, she might get a handful of marriage offers from rural Nobles." The Crown Prince noted.

Karl shook his head. "No, she should be able to reach Mythic or at least Totem in the next century. She's half Elf, she's not stuck on a dragon's slow growth rate. Elves mature slowly, but their power levels grow pretty smoothly."

"You know: that matches Father's theory. You see, Dragons reach puberty relatively quickly. Elves reach puberty slowly. But Elves power grows faster in the years during and immediately after puberty, while a Dragons' rate of growth increases with time.

He insists that once she starts to grow, she should grow quickly, and then keep growing at an increasing rate until she reaches her peak." Prince Lukas explained.

"Not a bad theory. I honestly don't remember how it works out. Usually, it's the Orcs and the beastkin who want to do lewd things with cute elf girls."

A woman at the next table choked on her drink at Karl's comment, while the rest of her table did their best to pretend that they weren't eavesdropping.

Not that any conversation was private in a room full of dragons with sensitive hearing.

Behind Karl, the King mentally smirked. The strange Emissary had a point. Elf girls did have a thing for guys a metre taller than them, with arms the size of their torso. But that was a good description of his humanoid form.

How such a preference had emerged in a species where the men were only marginally less effeminate than the women, he had no idea. But he was deeply thankful for it.

Even if it had caused him years of headaches with the Queen.

Why she had so vehemently opposed adding the Elf to the harem when she hadn't objected to any of the ten other dragons was a mystery not made for a man's comprehension.

However, he didn't show any outward sign that he could hear the quiet conversation between his eldest son and the others.

"But back to your initial question. If she really can reach Totem Rank before adulthood, her status will be much higher than expected, and she will likely end up with a Royal Marriage." Lukas explained.

"Oh? Married off to one of the other nations is a decent option."

Librarian Barry laughed, while Prince Lukas looked a bit embarrassed.

"Well, that is a possibility. However, if she has that sort of power as a dragonkin, it will more likely be a dragon from one of the branch families, a distant cousin." He explained.

"Ah, keeping the Shadow Dragon bloodline strong. Well, as long as it's not one of her own siblings, I suppose that tradition is tradition." Karl replied.

The three men at the table all gave Karl confused looks.

"You know that sort of genetic issue doesn't happen to dragons, right?" Dakkarian asked curiously.

"Well yeah, but still. There are entire novels written about why you shouldn't love your sister that much." Karl countered.

"You've definitely been hanging out with the Green Dragon Clerics." Librarian Barry noted.

"But on our initial point, I don't think that it will be an issue for me to get her to Totem Rank before adulthood. Depending on how slowly she matures, it might be well in advance of adulthood, and then it will all be down to her comprehension rates." Karl explained.

The blue dragon nodded. "With good tutors, that shouldn't be an issue. After all, dragons have a natural advantage over most species when it comes to comprehending the Fundamental Rules."

Karl nodded. "Beasts are the same way. They instinctively understand the elements that they are aligned to, and the issue is getting their body ready for the advancement."

"Are you good with younglings, then?" Crown Prince Lukas asked.

Karl smiled, while Cara laughed.

[Say yes, we might get a baby dragon.]

"I can't deny it. My class gives me a rather strong affinity for hatchlings of all sorts. I've had Cara with me since she was just a young girl, wandering the

world hungry and harassed by Orcs." Karl replied.

"But how is your hatchling doing? I believe that you were planning to give the gift I presented to your youngest." Karl asked.

"My first and youngest, as it was. Her egg looks ready to crack, but she's not hatched yet. However, soaking the shell in the potion you provided was exactly what she needed. The innate power level advanced to Commander Rank without any issues." Lukas explained.

"That is wonderful news. If I'm still here when she hatches, let me know, and I will help her get started." Karl suggested.

Dakkarian got a confused look on his face, then frowned.

"I have a message from my god for you, I think." He began.

Everyone, even the tables around them and the King himself, turned to stare in rapt attention as the God of Death conveyed a message to someone through

their avatar.

This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

The Black Dragon cleared his throat, then shook his head before speaking.

"You cannot have a baby dragon."

Karl smirked, while Cara howled with laughter, then thumped the table before holding her middle and tilting out of her chair, still laughing as she hit the floor.

"You know, I seem to recall that I have been told that before. But I'm not trying to steal your baby dragon. I will just pet her and cuddle her and teach her wonderful new skills." Karl announced.

Crown Prince Lukas slowly began to smile as the shock wore off.

"You know, I never thought that I would say this. But the Death God makes an excellent point. You should not be allowed to have a baby dragon."

Karl sighed dramatically. "Think of all the spectacular things I could teach if I started from scratch? Without wasting all those years on basic schooling, we could get right into trade skills, system activations, flying lessons." Dakkarian glanced at Cara, then smiled. "Yes, I understand many things with greater clarity now. Did you know that the Gods also demanded that Supreme Lady Matilda gave up all her clutches to the Red Dragons to raise, though she fully intended to raise most of them herself?"

Cara laughed even harder at the thought of what a baby dragon would turn out like if Karl or Matilda were actually allowed to raise them unsupervised. With the wise guidance of Sister Rae and the Dana Mage, surely it wouldn't end too badly. But the Supreme Lady or Karl alone? That was a disaster waiting to happen.

#### Chapter 1360 Curiosity and Kindness

From the back of the room, small wings fluttered, and a red dragon flew over to inspect Karl after escaping from her nanny.

{He doesn't look scary. There's no sense of violent intentions from him at all.} She insisted, landing on his shoulder.

Karl stroked the little dragon's head, and took a bit of roasted frog from Hawk's space to feed her.

The hatchling tore into it with savage eagerness, and then hiccuped and passed out as the flood of mana filled her body.

"See? Aren't they adorable?"

"She just advanced from Awakened to Ascended." Librarian Barry noted.

"She was already at the bottleneck, but I've got more frog legs if we need them. They are part of the plan to get Princess Rue back on schedule." Karl agreed. Dakkarian sighed and took the sleeping dragon off Karl's shoulder.

"I get it now. The whole balance of the world will be overturned if you get to have baby dragons.

Thirty seconds, and they're starting to advance.

Thirty minutes, and they'll likely be awakening System interfaces before they can even fly straight or understand cause and effect relationships.

Then what? A whole army of loyal whelpings that will follow the Avatar of the World Dragon instead of their own Gods, that's what."

Karl waved his hand, trying to dismiss the other Avatar's words. But Cara's laughter was infectious, and the rest of the dragons in the room were beginning to laugh along with her.

"The God of Death is a god of order, everything in its time and place. The only thing that is more likely to upset them than a Chaos Dragon is a Time Dragon." Librarian Barry noted.

Karl cleared his throat nervously.

Right, can't let them know that you've been sent here from the future. No matter how funny it is to play with the baby dragons.

"I promised that I would behave and not turn this whole mission into one huge mess. But as my mission is to help Princess Rue catch up to her potential and get the respect she deserves, there will likely be some surprise advancements." He informed the others.

[Too late. I pumped her full of mana all night, and she's going to advance before lunch.] Cara added.

[As long as it's not here in the breakfast hall, we should be fine.]

The nanny came over with an indulgent smile on her face while she began to gently disentangle the sleeping dragon from Dakkarian's robes.

She was an expert, and knew not to let the sleeping hatchling grab hold of him again after she got one paw free, so the process was completed in seconds, and the sleepy little red dragon was relocated.

"Avatar, thank you for putting the little one down for her nap. Sorry for the intrusion." She muttered.

The woman was into her later middle years, and still a Monarch Ranked Red Dragon, so her status was presumably low, compared to the Mythic Ranked men at the table. But she was one of the Palace's best nannies, trusted enough to work directly with the children of the senior staff members.

"No need to apologize. The World Dragon Avatar provoked this incident." Karl nodded. "This one is definitely on me. I didn't realize that there were curious young ears around when I was making jokes."

Cara returned to her seat, and noticed that the way the other children looked at Rue was different. Gone was the old disdain for her status, and it was replaced with a mix of mild envy and anticipation.

"Why don't we all get together for some group training on the weekend? I know that nobody wants to be training on their day off, but if we do it as a group, it could be fun." Cara suggested.

The kids looked to each other for confirmation. They loved to challenge each other to games and trials. It was the unofficial method for determining the hierarchy of the young dragons within the Palace.

Even if Rue wasn't there, they wouldn't object.

"That sounds wonderful. What time do you think? Princess Rue, could we do it in the morning, so we can go until lunch?" One of the girls asked.

Rue beamed with excitement at being asked her opinion. "First thing after breakfast sounds really good. Then we have time for multiple contests before lunch. Everyone gets pulled away to do things in the afternoon, so morning is definitely best."

With their plans made, all the children began to go their separate ways, and Karl took that as his cue to return to their quarters so that he could start Princess Rue on a proper training regimen.

There was so much that she had never learned, and that the nation didn't seem to be teaching any of their young Royals.

Perhaps it was intended to be reserved for those who were going into military service, as they were a thousand years into the resurgence, and things were relatively stable. But if Karl was going to teach Rue to be all that she could be, and a serious contender for the throne, she would need to know it all.

Once they were back in their room, Karl created a new Illusionary Domain for Rue to train in.

"Alright, first I need to know if you've been taking all the lessons on etiquette, laws, history and geography that a Princess and future ruler should have?

If you want to get vengeance and be above all the people who bullied you, you will have to know those things." Karl began.

Rue nodded. "Librarian Barry is quite helpful when you ask him to learn a new thing. I might not have gotten all the specialty tutors that most of my siblings did, but I did get free access to the Library, and I did my basic schooling with the red dragon matron like everyone else."

Karl smiled. "Wonderful, then we don't need to go over the basics so early in

the day.

The most important part of gaining support is proving to others that you have the power to back up your words. Or, in this case, the potential.

Nobody expects you to make it to Mythic Rank right away.

What they will want to see is that you have the potential to make it there when you are grown, and the wisdom to manage situations so that they work in your

favour.

Those are skills that it would be better if someone local taught you, as I know very little about the situation within the Palace. So, what I will teach you is how to use your magic in both the subtle and flashy ways.

One to get things done. The other, to show off for a crowd and remind them that you are not weak, even if you have been lenient."