

## Beast Master 951

### Chapter 951 Thunderstorm

Finding a random reason to create a massive thunderstorm over the area was no easy feat. Someone would definitely notice, and the Shamans might panic when the weather started to change.

Especially as [Thunderstorm] was technically an offensive spell.

"Hey, since everyone wants water, why don't I make it rain? The shamans have things pretty well in balance now, so it shouldn't take much for me to cause a rainstorm and get everyone a single dose of rainfall." Karl offered.

"I will take rain just for the sake of rinsing Ragnar off. He's getting a bit ripe out here in the sun. One of the Dwarves joked.

The nearby vendors laughed. "Give us time to put up an awning if you're going to make it rain."

Karl nodded. "In that case, you have five minutes. After that, expect to get wet. This city does have drainage, right?"

The Dwarves smirked. "A Dwarven city without drainage? What do you think of us?"

Karl began building power and moving it into the storage items that he had.

{Why are we making it rain?} Dana whispered.

{Rae needs cover for something that she's doing, and she requested it.}

{You know that you're the one in charge, right?}

{Do you want to deal with sulky Rae if we make her stop torturing someone for information?}

{Pardon? Why is she torturing anyone?}

{Forget I said anything.}

"Alright folks, I'm about to start forming the storm. It will take a few minutes to start raining, as I'm going to try to get the farms in on the goodness as well." Karl announced, deliberately ignoring Dana's look that said the conversation was not over. Remi didn't come out, she just joined in the spell to add more mana to it and help shape the outcome, so the spell became a much less dangerous storm over a truly massive area.

The really hard part would be to have the lightning not take out livestock, small children and unfortunate farmers.

Karl focused on just eliminating all the Dwarves, Beastkin and Trolls from the spell's targets, but making it that broad was an issue. So, he changed the tactic to make it target Stone Rats and other rodent species that were not beastkin.

That gave the lightning something to target, without going after all the livestock. The spell spread rapidly through the region, stretching for dozens of kilometres, then sixty, eighty and finally a hundred. At that point, it was close to the horizon from ground level. That should be more than enough spectacle to keep the locals talking about everything but whatever Rae was up to.

The news was spreading quickly through the market, that there was someone here who specialized in large-scale water magic. So everyone was getting ready for the rain.

For some, that meant packing up. For others, it was just an awning over their stall. But for many of the Dwarves and the beastkin men, it meant taking their shirts off in preparation for the incoming free shower.

Water was precious here, so very little was used for washing, and a full on shower was

rare.

The news was spreading quickly, as most people in the Dragon Isles had system messaging active for at least one person in their family. That warned everyone to check that their eaves troughs were clear and to get rain barrels out to collect whatever fell on their roof.

They only got used a few days a year, but nobody wanted to miss out on the bounty of the sudden storm.

The rain began as a few heavy drops, just a scattered bit of moisture that splattered in the dust of the city streets. Then, over the next ten seconds, it increased to a steady drizzle.

For a moment, the city celebrated. Even a drizzle over the whole area was as much as they had seen in months.

Then, the rain began to increase, going from a drizzle to a downpour and the wind began to pick up.

The downpour turned to torrential rain, and the shirtless Dwarf who bought the [Flooded Canals] statue began to laugh.

"So that's why you asked if the city had drainage, you were planning to flood it. But. the jokes on you. There is a cistern under the city, from the glory days when we still had regular rainfall. All along the city walls and the low spots, there are drains running to the cistern." He explained between heavy guffaws.

The rain seemed to be falling in sheets, making it impossible not to be drenched the instant that you stepped outside, but the ladies were safe within the booth.

Correction. Most of the ladies. Lotus was dancing in the street with the Dwarves. Then a massive bolt of lightning struck down at the edge of the market, causing an explosion of stone, and screaming from the nearby shoppers.

"Oh, bad luck that. Can't have a thunderstorm without a bit of lightning." One of the Dwarves shouted over the chaos.

While that was true of a normal storm, this was a magical effect. For someone to be so specifically targeted by the lightning at full strength, they had to have identified

themselves as a threat to Karl's group.

Then another strike hit down on the exact same spot, and the locals began to suspect that the scorched and twisted form at the impact site might have had it coming. That was an Overlord Ranked lightning blast, and he had taken two of them in under five seconds.

Then he took a third, and an amulet hidden under his clothes exploded in a puff of unholy magic, the sort that the Necromancers used. The lingering miasma had a stench of rot, not demons.

A spy from Bomgon was in their midst, and he had been trying to do something to stop it from raining.

At least, that was the immediate reaction of the locals standing nearby. The amulet was all the evidence that they needed after the repeated Lightning strikes.

But the rain was continuing to increase, and half the men in the market had stripped to their skivvies and brought out soap.

A free shower in the desert was a free shower, and they weren't going to miss out on it. Even if this rain was harder than any shower that they had ever experienced.

Chapter 952 Make It Rain Trick

[Rae, how is your work going?] Karl asked.

[I can't find any more spies. I think that the lightning guy was the last one. I also washed the warehouse, so nobody will complain later.

You should make Cara go out and take a shower. She's always rolling in the dirt.]

Cara turned towards Rae's space and stuck her tongue out, though the spider was not

in it.

[Dammit, there is too much rain. I can sense the lightning hitting the mice.] Hawk complained.

[You know, with a wind barrier, the water won't even touch your flames.] Karl reminded him.

[I will go look for the survivors after the storm.]

That was the expected answer from Hawk. If he could avoid flying in the rain, he most certainly would, and he wouldn't go out in the rain just to go look for mice. At least, not until his last pile of mice started to run low.

Of course, Karl fully expected that Remi would increase the rain wherever Hawk flew, as well as trying to target the mice near him with lightning so that he couldn't hunt them himself.

But that was part of Hawk's calculations.

The streets were running with a deluge of muddy yellow water, but the Dwarven engineering was proving its worth, as the streets were draining as fast as they were being flooded, even with this torrential downpour.

Water barrels outside houses were already beginning to overflow, and everything was looking cleaner by the second, including the people, who were beginning to finish their impromptu outdoor showers.

"How long were you planning to make it rain for?" One of the Dwarves asked cautiously.

Rae appeared in between Karl and the young man. "Not more than an hour. I have a suspicion that there has been a curse placed on the land, and the abundance of water should shatter it.

If the curse doesn't show signs of breaking within the hour, we will stop the rain before any major flooding happens. But at that point, the reservoirs and canals should also be full, while the fields will be muddy.

It will take a bit before things are back to normal, but not more than three or four days at the most."

"A curse? How did you come to that conclusion?"

Karl immediately stopped Rae before she could go into detail about her interrogation methods.

"We overheard a few men who claimed to be working with Lord Bomgon requesting reinforcements before the Shamans here could break the curse." Karl explained on her behalf.

He wasn't sure what sort of sign they should be expecting, but Remi was back in her space, keeping careful watch now that her batch of potions was finished. If anyone would know what to look for, it would be her or Lotus.

Karl checked the area to make sure that their nature cleric hadn't wandered away, and found her trying to convince a beastkin girl to come out from under the counter of her stall. The lightning strikes had terrified her, and the vendor was still flat out refusing to come into the open, even with the curtain lifted, so she could see that there was no more lightning nearby.

The problem was that sensitive beastkin hearing could still pick up the lightning strikes out in the fields, where the storm was eliminating the rodent problems.

She was far from the only one terrified by the lightning strikes near the edge of the market, but she was the first one that Lotus had found.

As the rain continued to pelt the city, Karl and Remi adjusted the downpour rate a little, so it didn't overwhelm the city's drainage system, but that only got them to the forty-five-minute mark.

At that point, the underground cistern was full to ground level, and nothing could drain anymore. So, the excess water was beginning to run down to the walls, and then out the gates.

That began to fill a long forgotten moat outside the city walls, which was filling with a substance that was distinctly neither dirt nor water.

The guards noticed right away, but none of them knew if boiling oil had been deployed during a previous invasion. That was almost what this looked like, but it was bubbling in a most disturbing way.

It almost seemed like it was boiling, but there was no heat coming from it. Then, the black sludge burst into deep green flames, which sucked the heat out of the air, chilling the walls of the city so much that frost began to form, and the guards rang the state of emergency alarm.

Only, nobody inside the city understood the issue. Of course, it was a state of emergency, the city was flooded. Ringing the alarm now was just annoying.

But when the strange green fires began to spread upward over the wall, it was clear that something was very wrong, and it was not the rain.

The flames seemed to be attracted to the water, dissipating it wherever they touched.

That was a good sign to Remi, and she began to adjust the rainfall to miss most of the city, while forming a nearly solid wall of water on and outside the walls.

The fires went insane, trying to stop the land from being soaked, then began to sputter and die under the forceful deluge.

Karl wondered how many other points in the area had been cursed in the same way as the moat had been. If there were random curse fires all over the land, it might not totally break the effect with a single rainstorm.

But they were going to keep it going anyhow, with only a light drizzle on the city, for the next fifteen or twenty minutes.

That should give any shamans who were in the rural areas time to spot curse fires and put them out, breaking the curses. If they got enough of them, the effect should begin to fade, and the region might start to get its normal sparse rain for the season again.

But the real benefit was not the removal of the curse. It was the removal of the smell of a city that went months without bathing.

## Chapter 953 Blue Skies

As the rain ended, the city Governor and his bodyguards were out to find the ones responsible for flooding his entire city.

The magic had definitely started somewhere in the market, and it was continual at the Overlord Rank, so there was little chance that it was being done without public approval, but it was most definitely not an approved activity.

Who just flooded a city for fun, or because the local drunks put them up to a prank?

The further he walked, the worse his mood got, until he came across a group of celebrating, shirtless, Dwarven men and a stall full of magical goods designed to create water.

That milk sipping son of an Elf.

He would just set up an entire stall dedicated to water magic, and then flood the city to gain customers?

"City Governor Ironforge, it is a pleasure to meet you. I apologize for the rain, we were working with the shamans to break the drought curse on the region, and things got a bit soggy." Karl greeted him as the dour faced Governor stomped through the crowd.

"That's all you have to say? You apologize for the rain?" Governor Ironforge grumbled. "The city cisterns are full to the brim now, and the local farmers bought a few statues to keep the irrigation canals flowing.



So, over the next few weeks, the crops should start to recover. Also, I believe that we broke the worst of the curse.

The green flames should have been it attempting to prevent the rainfall, and when they were extinguished, the majority of the curse would have lost its effectiveness."

Karl added.

"And you didn't think to ask permission?"

Karl shrugged. "I asked the Elders for advice, and they said go for it."

The Governor looked around at the mass of white bearded old drunks and craftsmen that were celebrating the rain. From a chronological standpoint, they were the city's Elders, but that didn't mean they were trusted to be responsible for anything.

Governor Ironforge stroked his beard in annoyance as he tried not to begin shouting at this impudent young Demon.

"So, you're saying that this was a gift to the city?" One of the bodyguards suggested, hoping to mediate.

Karl nodded happily. "The whole region, really. We made it rain everywhere within a hundred kilometres of here. A bit more than was necessary for the crops, but overcoming the curse took a lot of water, many years worth of your regular rainfall." A slender, blue-skinned Troll Shaman came over with a smile on his ritualistically scarred face.

"Governor. He speaks the truth. The curse of no rain is broken. The Shamans managed to keep it from taking over for years, and with the effort of an outsider, it all

crumbled." The Shaman announced.

"What difference does it make that he's an outsider?" Governor Ironforge asked.

"He isn't affected by the curse. We all are. Only because he doesn't belong here, and he wasn't here when the curse formed, could he even activate such a large rain spell. I am an Overlord as well, but with the curse in effect, I could hardly fill my own water barrels.

Now, if I knew the same spell, I could make the whole region rain. I do know [Weather Control], but that's a natural rainfall, not whatever just happened here!" The Shaman explained.

Shamans might be the most compatible with the sort of [Thunderstorm] spell that Remi had inherited, but that didn't mean that they would all have it. Her version of elemental spells were much more aggressive, in line with the personality of the Naga as a species.

In contrast, the Trolls were much more 'go with the flow' when it came to altering nature.

"We should do the healing tree thing" Lotus suggested, bored now that she had gotten the terrified beastkin shopkeeper out from under her table.

Karl shrugged. "Sure, we can hang around for a while. But you can just set up your totems on the corners of the stall and have the same effect."

Lotus considered the option for a second. It would work, but then she would still have nothing to do.

Fortunately, Ophelia came to the rescue with a container full of brownies and other snack type squares. That was enough to convince Lotus she didn't need to be a tree to pass the time, and she quickly set up her totems to heal everyone who happened to be nearby in the market.

The Shaman smiled at Lotus. "You've got the good healing, little dragon cleric. But what is in those brownies?"

Ophelia smirked and offered him the container. The troll picked out a single brownie and examined it carefully, then took a bite and moaned in pleasure.

"Oh, them be so good. Magical almonds? Or just grown in high mana?"

Ophelia shrugged. "Both, I think. They came from the Winged Void Badger. She grew them in a high mana environment, but I think that they were a magical ingredient to start with."

Cara honestly didn't remember. She had collected all sorts of nuts one day to grow new flavours, and she didn't actually keep track of what was a magical plant and what

just tasted good.

They might have come from Lotus.

Governor Ironforge sighed as he realized that he was being ignored again. Warriors might not get the respect that some of the other classes did, but wasn't it too much to just ignore the city Governor when he was standing right in front of you?

Karl collected some snacks on a plate and handed them to the Governor. "Here you go. Let me find a mug, and I'll pour you an ale while we talk. Please come in, we've got good chairs."

That was better, but all of the anger that had driven the Governor to come over here and berate the ones who had soaked the entire city had faded, and now his whole prepared list of grievances seemed irrelevant.

Whether they had intended to or not, they had broken a curse on the city.

"I don't suppose that you would like to purchase a [Flooded Canals] statue for the city's cistern. The price is quite reasonable." Karl offered as the Dwarf took a seat. Governor Ironforge sighed. Perhaps he really did have a reason to be annoyed with this capitalistic Demon. The man knew just where to hit a man's pocketbook.

Yes, he wanted that statue.

Chapter 954 Inland Lore

People began to come over to see what the commotion was, thinking that it was a larger sale.

Many shops were putting on sales now that there had been rain for the first time in ages, and everyone liked a good deal. So, when they found that one of the magical goods shops had healing totems set up on the roof, they were pleasantly surprised, but it somewhat fit the theme of the day.

"While I have you here, I have a question for you, Governor. We came west from Bara looking for unattended Monster Spawns. The Dragon Gods want them dealt with, to restore balance to the region.

Do you have an idea where we should start looking? None of the local adventurers could seem to agree on what we would find when we went inland." Karl asked.

"That's because nobody knows, now isn't it?"

Karl gave the Dwarf a confused look, so Governor Ironforge elaborated.

"Every time we send a group to the centre of the nation, the reports come back different.

Now, there are two major schools of thought on this one. One is that there is a massive illusionary domain in effect. The second is that there might be time distortions, so it's all the same region at different points in time.

But the most common is the third.

That that damnable Chaos Dragon is fucking with us and keeps changing the layout of our country!"

Karl chuckled. "Honestly, I can't blame you for thinking that, and she might do it just for fun if someone mentioned it. But the last time that I talked to her, she was more interested in her own lands. Well, that and her new Vampire."

"You spoke to Supreme Lady Matilda? And what's this about a Vampire?"

Karl nodded. "Well, we are in the same Guild. However, I have met with her a few times now, and the last time, she claimed a Totem Ranked Vampire as her own. Apparently they had an agreement that the Vampire would never let Lady Matilda see her again, and when they met on the battlefield, the Dragon simply took her."

That bit of news seemed to have overloaded Governor Ironforge's brain.

"The Supreme Lady was on a battlefield? Wait, you're in the same Guild? How does that even happen? You didn't invite that psychopath to your Guild, did you?"

Karl shrugged. "We were both in the same Guild before the last resurgence ended. Now that the System functions are coming back online, we're still both in the same Guild, but different branch locations.

We don't really have any connection other than that, and her branch only had two people in it the last time that I checked."

The City Governor rubbed his temples and sighed. "Pretend that I never asked. Just speaking that dragon's name is bad luck. You never know if she's got some sort of monitoring spell active, listening for people to speak about her so that she can turn their lives into a living hell."

Karl chuckled. "I don't think that she would actually need a monitoring spell to tell when there was ill-will being directed towards her. At her power level, it's more likely that her senses are just that powerful.

The dwarves made signs of protection, and the beastkin nearby laughed.

"Kind of like when your mother knows from halfway across the city that you're up to no good, but on a larger scale." One of the wolf-kin laughed.

A few others nodded in agreement. "Exactly like that. It's definitely a mom power, and the Supreme Lady is older than any nation on the planet. Who knows how many generations of descendants she has."

"What are your plans now that you've washed a year's worth of dirt and dust out of the streets of Barukth?" One of the beastkin asked.

Karl shrugged. "We were planning to leave after we finished selling our goods, but things got a bit out of hand."

City Governor Ironforge laughed. Dwarven hospitality demanded food and a night of drinking after a favour of this magnitude.

Everyone in the city would know within an hour or two that their rain issues had been due to a curse, and that today's storm had broken it. With that rumour spreading already, it would be bad form to let Karl and his team simply leave.

"How much more did you plan to sell?" The Governor asked Karl, with a glance towards the mostly full case of assorted rings.

Karl gestured out towards the crowd. "Whatever sells before dinner. It's not like we're travelling merchants, in need of a sale to pick up new goods. We're a crafting Guild, so we just peddle our wares as we go.

It helps us make new friends.

It also makes money, but more importantly, it spreads the good name of the Darklight Host."

Governor Ironforge smiled. "Well, I imagine that you won't have too many issues selling, now that you've proven the effectiveness of your magic. I'm more concerned about what happens when you leave."

Karl smirked and winked at the Governor. "So, you did want one of the water creation statues?"

"Yes, but that's not the issue I was thinking of. The water district is broken up into sixteen separate irrigation districts. Filling one of them will not fill the others."

Karl nodded in understanding. "And there aren't sixteen statues, so the question becomes, who will hoard theirs, and who will profiteer off theirs to keep the canals near their district filled?"

Governor Ironforge paused. "You don't have to keep the statue active all the time to fill the canals?"

Karl shook his head. "An Overlord should be able to fill the canals in their entire district in about an hour, after they've been filled the first time. So, it's not unreasonable that they might go to the districts on either side of them for a couple of hours to keep them watered as well.

I think that the larger issue will be which districts have a statue, and which are going to have to pay for water until the rainfall normalizes."

A large Werebear laughed at Karl's comment. "Even in normal situations, the canals were rarely full, or even flowing well. So, once the rain starts again, and this round has dried up, there will still be a significant demand for the water from the statues."

Governor Ironforge nodded in agreement. "How about we let you get back to business and I will bring the council back to get you for dinner?"

Lotus stepped in front of Karl and gave the Dwarf two enthusiastic thumbs up. "We will be here. Well, probably. We've got lots of stuff to sell, if people keep buying it." She liked the Dwarven cities. She wasn't the short one here. Well, most of the time. Some of the Dwarven men were still her height or slightly taller.

That was unfortunate, but unavoidable in her opinion. Men were meant to be taller than women, and while she wasn't a Dwarf, it was perfectly reasonable for Dwarven men to be taller than she was.

If anyone else had thought about it that way, they would certainly have questioned their sanity. But Lotus had long since accepted that she was made in size small for a

reason.

She just didn't know what the reason was yet.

## Chapter 955 Dwarven Sensibilities

As soon as the Governor was gone, the locals flooded in to see what Karl and his group had for sale.

Most of them hadn't been interested in buying magical accessories today, but once the adventurers left, they would still be living in a desert, and water was a precious commodity.

The cistern below the city might be full, but it also contained the runoff of the city streets. It was good enough for washing, or feeding animals, but only the most desperate would drink it themselves, even after boiling it.

There were purification spells widely available, but those who would drink cistern water or puddle water were unlikely to be able to afford one.

But now that the cistern was actually full, and not just an emergency backup, perhaps the Dwarven Clerics would purify the whole thing, and make it safe enough for general use.

The stall was quickly crowded with shoppers, even after they had realized that the runic magical items were prohibitively expensive.

They already had arrangements with the Trollish Shamans to come around and fill their water barrels or household cisterns, so it wasn't like they would die without spending a month's salary or more on a magical ring.

But for the shopkeepers, especially the restaurants, this was a golden opportunity. Purifying water for many trades, like pottery and paper making, was a long and painful process. But the rings made pure water.

The restaurants simply saw an opportunity to get ahead of their competition.

How luxurious would it be to be able to offer free water at the table in the desert? Normally, it was a limited item that they charged for. They could steal customers every day with service like that.



Then, someone realized that they had forgotten one minor detail during the massive rainstorm.

The effect that Karl and Remi had caused was roughly a hundred kilometres in radius. But the next two cities, Banar to their west and Shatholaled to the south, were roughly one hundred and twenty kilometres away.

How mad were they going to be that a massive storm had washed away the drought, right up to the farms closest to their city? Wouldn't that feel like a direct slight to them?

Also, were they all cursed? Shatholaled wasn't in the desert, and it got regular coastal storms, so it was likely fine. But Banar was definitely in the desert, and built along one of the few rivers that carried runoff from the mountains in Nulnalgat through Gabil.

It might still be suffering from the curse, and the storm didn't make it to their city walls.

"Mister Karl, will you be stopping at Banar? They're in a similar situation to us, and outside the storm area. I bet that they would thank you for breaking the curse on them as well." One of the beastkin men asked as he examined the details of a [Ring of Tidiness].

Karl frowned. "I hadn't intended to, but if they might also be cursed, perhaps it would be best if we did. Their curse might have broken due to the storm, even if it didn't make it to them.

There is so much water here that it would have caused their curse to activate once the storm got close enough. That should have alerted the Shamans to the issue."

Lotus poked Karl in the side, and he sighed.

"Alright, we will stop in and see how things went there. If they need help, we can try to break whatever curse is going on there as well." He amended.

Rae giggled in Karl's mind. [Good call. There might be more Bomgon spies there as well. They're kind of dumb, but they're fun to hunt.]

Karl smiled at Lotus, who had no idea that the conversation had taken a very dark turn after her well-intentioned suggestion. Instead, Lotus simply thought that she had managed to win a victory for the balance of nature.

Technically, she wasn't wrong. It would be a victory for the balance of nature. But it would also be a stealth hunting trip for Rae, who had already cleared all the spies that she could find from Barukth.

"This ring, will it clean my entire hotel?" A large Werebear man asked.

"It should. Most would do it a room at a time, so they know that it's doing it properly, and not tossing a guest's belongings around. But if you put effort into it, cleaning the whole hotel shouldn't be too big of an issue." Karl agreed.

Lotus nodded in agreement. "If you do it right, it will clean your laundry as well. Takes the mess right out."

She had one hundred percent used one of those items to clean up spilled snacks before. Karl was certain of it. Bonded clothing could just be returned to your space and come back clean. But the furniture could not.

One after another, the items in the case were snapped up by the locals, until finally, what was left were craftsmen who didn't need the original items in the case. The cleaning rings were useful, but not enough that many of the Dwarves who had apprentices would pay the fee.

They already paid an apprentice who was fully capable of cleaning.

So, Karl brought out a few more options.

"These are Commander Rank, not exactly the peak of the art, but I thought you might like them. I have rings with an increased chance of a higher grade outcome while crafting. We also have ones with Increased Focus, which is good for preventing spelling errors and random mistakes. Then I have a single Overlord Ranked bracer that increases both the chance of increased item grade, and the chance of success when crafting a new type of item." Karl announced.

The Dwarves began to take their shirts off, and Lotus gave Karl a strange look.

"What are they up to?" She whispered.

"I believe that they're predicting a fight over who gets the Overlord Ranked item, and they don't want their favourite shirts torn."

#### Chapter 956 Dwarven Negotiations

Lotus rolled her eyes, but the argument started within seconds.

"Now, I'm standing closest, so I'm next in line. Just accept defeat and walk away" An Overlord Ranked Dwarf who had the {Master Blacksmith} tag under his name announced.

"Your brain's as janky as your work if you think that you're walking away with that bracer." One of the other smiths declared.

\*Thwack\*

The sound of fist hitting face made it clear how the Dwarf felt about having the quality of his work questioned. But another smith immediately stepped up to the counter.

"As they're busy, I'll take that bracer off your hands. I've got materials to trade. Totem Ranked." He offered.

"You greasy son of a Gnome, don't you go sweet-talking the Demon while we're still settling an insult." The first Dwarf insisted.

"Your mother's a Gnome, now beat it. I'm shopping."

The situation in front of the shop turned to an all out brawl, so Karl settled into one of the swinging chairs and pulled Dana into his lap while they waited.

From the corner of the booth, a smiling young beastkin knocked on the wooden counter.

"I'll take one of the cleaning rings if there are any left. It took me a bit to get my boss to agree to spend the money." She requested.

Lotus took the gold and handed over the ring, then patted the girl's ears.

The catgirl just shook her head and smiled. "I swear it's physically painful for a Green Dragon Cleric not to touch the fluffy things."

Lotus nodded. "Did you know that the Green Dragon God's largest temple in the world is in a nation populated almost entirely by beastkin?"

The girl laughed. "Oh, I don't doubt it. It's either among the beastkin or lost in a forest. somewhere."

Karl turned his attention to the brawl, and noticed something odd. Though the Dwarves would grab and flip each other, even go for choke holds and give a noogie, not one time did he see one grab another's beard.

They would punch the chest behind it, but never grab the beard.

The unstated rules of the Dwarven brawls were strong.

Eventually, the city guard came to break it up, and the third Dwarf, the one who had offered the Totem Ranked materials, stood victorious over the scrum.

"Well then. Good effort, gentlemen. But today's victory is mine." He declared, then placed a large bag on the counter, which creaked under the weight.

Karl looked in the bag and nodded, then handed over the bracer.

There were a half dozen Totem Ranked elemental stones and a bunch of metal alloys in the bag. So, it was certainly worth as much as the bracer, and Ashbringer would be happy to see the new materials for his forge.

With the fighting over, the market began to calm down, and the last few shoppers who were hoping to get something from Karl's stand were quickly handled.

Mostly by Ophelia because the beastkin had quickly realized that Lotus could be bribed into giving heavy discounts to those with fluffy ears.

But they did eventually sell all that they had intended to sell, and the town was now well stocked with water creation items, so hopefully they would not suffer if there was some lingering curse effects once the ground began to dry.

If nothing else, at least they now had the tools to keep the crops and the city watered. "Well ladies, should we head off to Banar and see how they are doing? We can spend the night there, and see if there is any talk of the curse fires to go with the rain. That should tell us enough about whether the curse has broken." Karl suggested.

Lotus nodded. "Does that mean I get to fly on Nachtia?"

The black dragon raised an eyebrow at her. "Who says I'm flying there and not taking a nice nap in the Tiny World?"

One of the Dwarves who was at the counter, buying the last remaining cleaning ring, smiled at the pair.

"It must be quite the luxury for a group to have multiple flying mounts. It certainly beats three days with a farmer's cart to get to Banar!"

Remi smiled back at him. {Flying is a great skill. I can fly in Spirit Snake form, but I'm still too slow for travel.}

The Dwarf chuckled. "A flying snake fast enough to challenge a dragon's travel time would be quite something. I wouldn't feel bad about not being able to keep up with her."

Remi laughed. {I can't even keep up with Karl's flying speed. He just runs through the air, but his legs are so much stronger that his sprinting is faster than my flying.} The Dwarf nodded. "Cat demons are tricky like that. You never know what sort of hidden, sneaky spells they have in reserve."

Remi nodded in agreement. Karl had more hidden skills than most.

Karl shrugged and then motioned for Rae to take down the stall. "Let's get packed up, and then we can free the booth for anyone else who wants it."

Many of the vendors switched out partway through the day when they ran out of goods. They didn't hang around to sell the last few items, they would just pack them back up for next week, or sell the perishables to another booth at a discount and call it

a day.

Then someone else would set up at the booth, or their neighbours would spread out, if nobody came forward to claim the open spot.

Here in the core of the market, the stalls were in high demand later in the day. Unlike the stalls like the part-time bakeries and vegetable dealers, their goods wouldn't lose any quality being out in the sun all afternoon.

It didn't take Rae long to take down their stall, and get everyone ready to move.

"Everyone, say goodbye, and we can go." Karl announced.

That confused the group, but Hawk was up in the sky, hunting for mice who had survived the storm, and he was within clear view of the city they wanted to visit.

There were many signs of chaos outside the city walls, but most of them were farmers opening the irrigation canals, so the flooding from the storm would spread west to the regions that hadn't been reached.

Karl opened the entrance to the Tiny World to let everyone in, then opened a Portal to Hawk and stepped through himself. The feeling of weightlessness overtook him as he watched the ground rush up at him from a thousand metres in the air.

He let himself free fall for a few moments, then activated [Swims Through Air] to stop

his descent.

[You're close enough. I'm going to keep hunting.] Hawk decided.

"I will call for you when I reach the city, so they don't mistake you for a threat to more than their rodent population."

Karl realized that they had just ditched the City Governor of Barukth, who would have

wanted to socialize all night, in return for the favour of having broken the curse on his city, but they had enough things to do without starting tomorrow morning with everyone nursing a hangover,

## Chapter 957 Banar Farms

Karl changed into his best black suit and opened a portal and stepped through to appear beside a group of Trollish farmers.

The trolls stopped what they were doing when the black striped Cat Demon in a suit appeared beside their effort to open the canals, which had been unused for most of a year, and had filled with blown sand in a number of spots.

"Good evening. Would you mind answering a few questions for me? I will trade you a boon for answers." Karl offered.

The Trolls smiled, well aware of the tricks of the Cat Demons.

"We will answer what we want. Ask your questions." The oldest of them asked. "When the storm was raging, were there patches of green fire?" Karl began. "Curse fire? Yes, all along the edge of the storm, like a wall. It raged for half an hour, then faded." The Troll Elder agreed.

"Were there any patches outside the storm?"

The Troll nodded. "The fire ran up the canals when they began to flood. Even the city moat filled with fire, but our Shamans broke the curse."

He was obviously proud of the accomplishment, and for good reason.

The curse had gone unnoticed for years, and only the massive storm had revealed it. So, the fact that they had managed to break it so quickly after it was revealed was a huge thing. The Shamans in Barukth had waited until the curse fires were nearly out to even start trying to break it.

But they were also getting drenched the second that they stepped outside, so the reluctance was understandable.

"Excellent. If the drought curse was broken, half the work is already done."

[Rae, you can go hunt spies now, if you think you'll find them.]

Rae laughed and activated [Night Hunter] then raced off to the city, where Karl saw her easily vault the city walls, with the guards oblivious to her presence.



"Those are all my questions. Now, I offer you a choice of boons. Do you want me to flood the canals you have recently cleared? Or do you want a trinket to fill your drinking water barrels at home?" Karl offered.

The old Troll smiled, and a steady stream of water poured from his hand.

"This old Shaman can still make enough water for drinking. Please flood the canals that we have opened, starting from that point."

The troll pointed to a spot a hundred metres away, so Karl jogged over, fast enough that the Trolls hardly saw him move.

A controlled casting of [Thousand Year Flood] pointed from the closed gate where he had been directed to start, then toward the city, caused a raging torrent of water to enter the canals. Canals that Karl quickly realized were actually lined with stone, and exquisitely fitted by generations of Dwarves.

That interlocking stone couldn't be anyone else's handiwork.

The raging flood pushed a wall of dirt and debris before it as it spread through the canals, and Karl smiled as he realized that this spot was open to most of the east side of the city. It would take some time to flood the entire canal system without flooding the entire region.

While he channelled and the Trolls celebrated, Remi was studying the spell.

[I have it. I understand how the Thousand Year Flood works. The caster is the river.] The Naga announced.

[Oh, how is that?]

[The larger the river, the greater the thousand-year flood. If I do it at Monarch Rank, it is only a few thousand litres over a minute, like a stream flooding once in a thousand years. But if we increase it again, it will increase a thousandfold]

once more.

So, a Totem Ranked Thousand Year Flood will be a billion litres a minute for every user Rank, and a Mythic Ranked casting will be a thousand billion litres per user Rank.] She explained, unsure if there was a specific world for such a large amount.

Maybe you were meant to change measurement units? Cubic metres instead of litres? That was a thousand to one reduction. Perfect for measuring this increase.

What sort of insane scaling was that? A billion litres a minute would truly live up to the Legendary Grade status of the spell. But the spell couldn't even be used below Monarch Rank.

That might be why they hadn't encountered such high-grade spells and items before. They simply weren't usable by someone of his level.

But didn't that mean that someone like Supreme Lady Matilda could cause a small sea to flood with this spell? Or was there perhaps a limit?

Either way, he wasn't going to ask her to try. She would probably think it was funny to flood a random country.

Cara certainly would, and the two seemed to have a lot in common.

While Karl finished flooding the cleared canals, and tried not to laugh at all the drenched farmers downstream, who hadn't known that there was a flood coming until the wall of debris arrived, Remi pondered the potential of Legendary Skills.

Couldn't you create your own country, reshaped to look just like you wanted it to, if you were a Mythic creature with a Legendary Earth Element or large area

skill?

If her Naga Swamp was Legendary, and not just Epic, wouldn't it create a swamp many times larger than the ten metres per Rank? With that and the Thousand Year Flood, she could create a whole Naga Nation, flooded swamps as far as the eye could see.

She needed to upgrade her skills.

Upgrading Overlord Ranked skills to Totem Ranked wasn't going as smoothly as the [Skill Master] advancements had at lower Ranks. By now, they should certainly have had at least one more skill at the Totem Rank.

So, she focused on stretching her abilities within the Tiny World. Not damaging the world, but pushing the limits of her skill power, trying for an upgrade to her comprehension that would let her activate [Skill Master].

She was the first one to advance, so logically she should be the first one to get a reward. If Cara managed to get both Void Blast and Nullify to Totem Ranked before anyone else had a Totem Ranked skill, they would never live it down. The smugness would be overwhelming.

## Chapter 958 Banar City

Karl smiled as the canals began to level out near the upper safe usage line.

The trolls were staring in awe at the massive amount of water that Karl had generated, unaware of the chaos that it had caused further downstream. They suspected, but without the advantage of Hawk watching from overhead, they couldn't be certain.

Fortunately, it was all adults working on the canals, so there were no major injuries, and no weaker people washed downstream when the water arrived. "There you go, boon granted. Thank you for your answers." Karl informed the old Troll.

"Does this mean that we will start getting normal rainfall again?" The aging shaman asked.

"As long as someone finds and eliminates all the spies from Bomgon who cursed your region in the first place." Karl agreed.

The Troll made an annoyed growling noise. "I should have known that it was them. It's always them."

Karl nodded. "They have been spreading all over the coastal areas, from what I hear. I don't have all the details, but I'm also not from here, I am just visiting to hunt for Monster Spawns. The abundance of insane creatures has upset the Dragon Gods and the balance of nature."

The Troll gave Karl a strange look. "You are worried what the Dragon Gods think?"

"There are multiple Dragon Clerics in my travelling group, including a Black Dragon. Once the imbalance got large enough that even the Black Dragon Clerics got annoyed, it was certainly time that someone went to deal with it." The farmers all nodded proudly at Karl's determination. Trolls always did what they set their minds to. But thinking that he could make a difference with one single group and a whole country full of troubles bordered on Orcish levels of delusions of grandeur.

Even the Demons didn't usually aim that high with their mission goals.

"Are you going to the city?" The shaman asked instead of commenting on Karl's mission.

"Yeah, I thought we might spend the night inside the city, to see if there are lingering signs of the curse. If it's broken, we can just move along and go hunt the interior. If not, we can make it rain again, and try to shatter the remaining curse here, so the edge of the desert doesn't spread any further."

The troll nodded. "I think that you should keep it quiet that there are known spies in the city. If they start hiding, we might never find out who they are."

Karl patted the old man on the shoulder. "My spy hunter should have found the first of them by now. When things go wrong, spies always go hide in an abandoned building and gather to discuss their plans."

The Troll laughed. "What else would they do?"

Karl shrugged. "If they were smart, they would shut their mouth and pretend that their cause never existed."

In Karl's mind, Rae laughed. She had just found a group of thirty spies. In an abandoned warehouse. But there was a local city spy in the rafters beside her, listening to their plans as well.

Now, she had a dilemma. Did she wait for them to finish, so the local city's spy got all his information? Or did she traumatize him for fun?@

Oh, who was she kidding? They were at the point of making new plans now. Those didn't matter if nobody left the room alive.

[Oh, this time the undead spell made knights.] Rae informed Karl.

Karl could only wonder how the city was going to take that bit of knowledge. Rae was supposed to be eliminating Bomgon's spies, but it was going to look like she was actually a Bomgon Agent, punishing them for their failure.

[Just don't let anyone see you while you're using the Undead in the city.] Karl reminded her, just to be safe.

[Got it, boss. Stealth mode.]

As Karl had expected, the local spy had freaked out the moment that the Knights had attacked the hapless agents of the Bomgon army.

There were Overlords among them, but the undead simply shrugged off their attacks with their innate damage reduction and [Void Body], active from Karl's Epic Guard. That was an impressive range for the skill link, Rae decided. It would greatly expand the range of her extracurricular activities if the skill was always active from dozens of kilometres away.

{Fuck, who called those Spectre Knights?} The Banar agent whispered to

himself as the undead tore through the Bomgon agents with brutal efficiency, silent except for the sound of blades colliding when the Necromancers and their Acolytes managed to defend themselves.

{Right? Very scary.) Rae whispered back, then laughed as the spy promptly ran out of the warehouse, no longer concerned about who might see him.R

The screams would bring the city guard in a few more seconds, so Rae hopped down to join the battle, still invisible. Judicious application of [Vibrating Blade] and [Entangling Vines] with [Lacerate] for both her own attacks and her summoned undead made a suitably gory scene for a few seconds before she used [Essence Transfer] to clean up the blood.

The spell seemed to supercharge her, giving her life force beyond her base for a moment before it was absorbed.

But the guards were coming, so she reluctantly memorized the Spectral Knight form and dismissed her [Army of the Dead]. Then, she returned to the rafters to watch the show, as the guards carefully approached the emaciated corpses

of the spies.

"Fuck. What happened to them? Thirty dead in under five minutes, and I see the corpses of over a dozen Overlord Ranked mages, what could have killed them all without any sign of collateral damage? The walls of the warehouse aren't

even scratched, not a single missed attack.

Could it have been an ambush? And why?" The team leader muttered to himself

as he examined the area.

One of his team members, a fox eared beastkin, looked around the room

cautiously.

"Whatever did it isn't gone. I can sense the danger in the room, but I can't see or smell anything. It might be an observation spell," he whispered.

The guards drew their weapons, and Rae resisted the urge to bring out the popcorn while they tried to understand what happened.

Then the city spy slid back into the room, and closed the front door behind

himself.

{It was a dozen Spectral Knights. All Overlord Ranked, and they tore through the group like nothing. These mages were Bomgon spies, I recorded their conversation about how they would rebuild the curse we broke during the rain.} The spy whispered.

(Whatever killed them is still here.) The fox man whispered back.

The spy began to tremble in fear. "Then we need to not be here. It snuck up on

me and whispered in my ear. Literally right in my ear, I could feel its breath. But there was nothing there."

Rae lost interest in their fear, and used [Shadow Step] to move a few buildings over, searching the shadowed areas of the cities for more spies that might still

be meeting.

One group was good, two would be better.

But even if she didn't find more spies, there was so much tea spilling and debauchery going on in the shadows that she couldn't resist a few detours. Who knew that there could be so many hidden romances and intrigues in one city? And the City Lord's heir wasn't actually who everyone thought it

was? That was unexpected. Also, definitely popcorn worthy, Rae decided, as she watched the Dwarf whisper empty promises in the ear of his mistress, while their son showed off his school reports.

Sister Butterfly would love this show. The Karl needed to teach [Night Hunter] to everyone.

## Chapter 959 Rae Loves Tea

While Rae spied on the intimate lives of the City Lord and his mistress, Karl began to jog towards the city walls.

The farmers were all busy setting up their irrigation equipment so that they could make the most of the influx of water, so they wouldn't have time to stand around and chat, even if Karl had more questions.

On the other hand, the city guard had many questions for him.

"Overlord, a moment of your time, please.

We have been informed that you have some knowledge of the recent events involving a curse on the region, a massive rainstorm, and then the flooding of the irrigation canals." The gate Guard announced as Karl approached.

"Of course. Perhaps I should call out the rest of my group for this. It might be easier if you got the story from everyone's perspective." Karl offered.

In response, Hawk dove from the sky and shrunk himself to land on the wooden fence rail near the side of the road, which confused the Dwarf, as the bird would obviously not be answering any questions.

But when Karl opened the Tiny World, and the ladies stepped out, along with Thor in his humanoid form, plus Cara and Remi, it made much more sense. The bird wasn't there for input, he was just part of the group.

Karl cleared his throat and began. "The people of Barukth asked us to help them out by making it rain. The curse had prevented any regular rain, and greatly limited the amount of water that the locals could create.



But the effect wasn't as strong on new arrivals, and it didn't stop us from creating the storm, which didn't quite reach you, but did drop significant rainfall.

That caused the curse to react, which was the green flames you saw, and the Shamans nullified the curse after it revealed itself.

It is believed that Bomgon was behind the curse. There were some spies captured in Barukth, and they admitted that they were working for Bomgon before suffering a tragic accident.

The flooding of the irrigation canals was a request by local farmers. I granted them a boon in exchange for information, and they wanted water."

The Dwarf shook his head in dismay, then sighed. Flooding all the irrigation canals might have caused some side effects, but he could completely understand why the farmers would pick that as the boon to be granted them by a Cat Demon.

"So, you watched it all happen?" The guard asked, directing the question at Remi.

{Saw it? We did it. All those things, it was us. Well, me and Karl. We're the ones best with water magic.}

The Dwarf made a note on the ledger at the gatehouse and motioned them forward.

"Thank you for your time. Please enter the city, and enjoy your stay in Banar." Karl led the group through the gates, and found that the city of Banar made the city of Barukth look positively pristine and modern. The whole city was filthy, stinking, and crumbling.

How the Dwarves could stand to live with crumbling stone buildings was beyond Karl, but perhaps there was some reason for it.

{Perhaps we should make it rain here, even though the curse has broken.} Remi suggested as they walked through the bustling city streets.

Karl saw a sign for an Inn, and considered getting a room and just leaving the bodyguards in it while they went to the Tiny World. But when they stepped inside, the smell faded, and the interior of the place was clean and well maintained.

Karl wiped his boots clean on the mat, and nodded to the waitress, who gestured towards the mostly open tables.

"This whole city is beautiful." Dana noted as they took their seats.

Lotus nodded in agreement and Ophelia shrugged.

"There's something off about it." Tessa disagreed.

Karl turned to Nachtia, who had a pensive look. "There is an illusion over the city. I don't think it actually looks like this."

She gestured around the room, and Karl shook his head.

"The interior seems to look like I see it, but the outside is crumbling and filthy. I thought that everyone was just used to it, but if you don't see it, that makes

total sense." He explained.

Cara came out to explore the city of illusions, prime territory for a Void Badger with time to kill.

Starting with the Inn.

[Nullify] spread over the building's interior, and the waitress's dress went from plain to ragged, while a young Dwarven woman shifted to become a much older Goblin woman. But the room was otherwise unchanged.

The Goblin woman's date screamed in horror at the new appearance of the target of his affections, and the waitress paused to stare at her dress in

confusion.

"What the hell?" The Innkeeper asked as he stomped out to the main room, looking around furiously.

But Cara was already gone, out into the streets and on a hunt for the source of the illusion, or shiny things.

Whichever came first.

Unable to find the source of the issue, the Innkeeper's anger quickly faded, and he came over to speak to Karl and the ladies.

"My apologies, it appears that all of the vegetables suddenly rotted. I suspect

that there has been some curse put on the city, so it might not be possible for

us to provide dinner tonight."

Karl shrugged. "I can ask the lovely Priestess Lotus to help you with your vegetable issues, but I wouldn't suggest using anything from storage today. Even if it appears fine, it might actually be rotten."

The Dwarf frowned, and looked toward the ale kegs with trepidation.

"I have never heard of ale going bad. Do you know when it was brewed?" Karl

asked.

"Aye, this is this summer's vintage. Still fairly fresh."

The Innkeeper went over to pull a drink, and Karl stealthily cast [Nullify] on it. But the ale appeared to be fine, and the Shopkeeper didn't keel over when he

drank it.

"Can you tell me more about the city?" Karl asked once the Dwarf was assured that his valuables were fine.

"Oh, I can tell you a lot about the historic city of Banar. Not long ago, the city looked nothing like it does today. It was a ten thousand-year-old desert outpost, weathered by time, worn to the nub, and protected by heritage regulations, so everything must be rebuilt back the way that it always was.

Only fifty years ago did we finally get approval for the renovation, and the City Lord brought through a team of Earth mages to redo all the major structures of

the city.

Every historic building was revamped, refreshed back to as good as the day it was built. I put in nearly a thousand hours updating the inside of my Inn, so it would look as good as it does now, but you can see where I left the old stones, with their chipped and pitted edges."

Karl nodded. Indeed, he could see that. The Innkeeper had done a wonderful job on the inside of the building. But he was not going to be happy when the illusions broke, and he saw what the outside of all the buildings actually looked

like.

Chapter 960 Hidden Issues

There was a fuss in the street, and the Dwarf tossed open the door to yell at the troublemakers, only to find that nothing looked the way it should.

Cara had been gleefully nullifying parts of the illusion as she went, looking for hidden treasures and the source of the spell. So random buildings all along the street, including the outside of the Inn, had returned to their actual

appearance.

But more notably, so had a large portion of their population, and there were oblivious undead wandering the streets, unaware that anyone saw them as anything other than Dwarves.

If Rae wasn't laughing so hard at the chaos her sister had caused, she would have likely started a riot already by hunting the Undead who the locals believed were beloved friends and neighbours.

Going on a murderous rampage right now would probably be a bad idea, Rac realized. So, she stopped watching her live action drama and transformed into a humanoid to go find her people.

On the way, she was flagged down by a decomposing Trollish man in a surprisingly fancy suit.

"Miss, would you be interested in our clothing? I can see that you are a lady of great taste." The undead asked her.

Only, it wasn't speaking, the words went straight to her mind.

Interesting.

"Sure, I do love to experience the fashions of each new city that we encounter." The shop that he led her into was falling apart, both outside and inside. But the goods were all brand new, and high quality.

Rae was learning a lot about how the illusions in the city worked. They made things appear new, even though they weren't. But they didn't preserve anything.

Clothes that were only a few months old were obviously fine. However, the stand they were on was falling apart. The cobblestone streets were rutted, but functional. The vegetables in the Inn had all rotted, while the ones in the market were mostly fine.

It was a brilliant bit of magic, and Butterfly was eagerly drinking in the knowledge that Rae and Cara were recovering for her.

Rae examined the outfits and picked two dresses in styles that she didn't have,

then paid the undead man, and went back out to the street.

[The Undead here are strange. They really think that they are alive.] She informed the others.

Remi had a realization. [I think that they were. When the spell was cast, they were alive. So, it preserved their appearance, but not their actual bodies. They're undead and being kept that way by the illusion that is keeping the city looking like it does.]

Go check the first few buildings that Cara examined. If I'm right, they'll be back to normal again.]

Rae turned in that direction, then frowned. [Wait, how am I supposed to know, when I can't see the illusion?]

Oh, the people, she realized. They were now wondering why the building had looked ruined for a while, and thought that was the illusion. Even the Innkeeper was staring at the outside of his building in confusion.

He was obviously seeing it as new again, but couldn't understand what was happening.

It wouldn't be long before a few of the more powerful mages in town put two and two together, though.

[Cara, if you find the core of the spell, you probably shouldn't borrow it, or you'll kill a large portion of the city before we find a solution.] Karl warned the

badger.

[They're actually kind of polite for undead, and it's creeping me out.] Cara replied.

Rae nodded along. It was definitely creepy how they didn't know that they were dead. But she wondered if there was a safe way to find out if the undead could be brought into her space to decorate it the way that the dead-dead could.

Like an interactive exhibition.

There should have been some sort of guidebook with these spaces. Having to find out all the rules as you went was just unnecessary. Look what happened to Hawk. He picked the wrong lunch special, and it became his sister.

Rae stepped into the Inn, and nodded politely to the Innkeeper before joining the rest of the group.

"Where did Lotus go?" She asked.

"In the kitchen making new vegetables. Their stock had some issues." Tessa explained.

That made sense, with what Rae had seen in the city.

Lotus came out of the kitchen a few minutes later, and a few very stressed looking guards came in the front.

"Hey boss. I don't suppose that you have food that is edible, do you?" One of the guards asked.

"Yeah, the Green Dragon Cleric just refreshed our stock. What is going on in the city? Do you have any news?"

The Guard nodded. "There is an illusion all over the city, Once we had the mages start casting specialized detection spells, they could see through it. I don't have all the details, but everyone is looking for the City Lord, so he can make a decision. It's not like him to go missing during an emergency."

Rae looked their way. "He's with his mistress and son right now. It's the boy's birthday, and they're doing dinner."

The Guard choked on his drink. "How the hell did you know that?"

Rae shrugged. "I was exploring the city carlier."

That didn't really explain anything, but the Guard was eager to change the topic

before anyone else noticed.

"Wait, what is this about a mistress and son?" A Totem Ranked Dwarf sitting in

the corner asked.

Too late.

Rae looked at the guard. "Can I tell him, or are you sending guards over to pull

him back to work?"

The Guard Captain sighed. "I will ask them to bring him here. He's got some questions to answer. Especially about the city. It was his initiative and his contractor that did the renovations of the city. Now that the whole city knows it's all fake, he's going to need to come up with something before there are



riots.

Besides, the Councillor is likely calling the rest of City Council here now."