

Beast Master 1371

Chapter 1371 Hiding Spot Found

And the annoyed guardians coming to collect the kids was exactly what happened.

"Where is my wayward sister? And why are there so many young dragons here? There are Nobles all over the Royal Wing looking for them. Nobody knows what room you are in." Prince Lukas complained.

Karl's expression changed from confused to bemused as he realized the chaos that they had inadvertently caused.

The Palace staff had relocated them to an unused section of the Palace because the Princess' room wasn't suitable to be exposed to outsiders, and foreigners weren't traditionally housed in the Royal Wing, except to place them close to residents of the wing.

So, when the other Noble Children's parents came looking, everyone who knew where they had gone was already at the suite, watching the children.

That led to dozens of Nobles wandering aimlessly, looking for an Envoy that only a few of them had properly met, and most of them couldn't describe properly outside his Dragon form, which had been what made the biggest impression on them.

Fortunately, that was enough for some of the servants who were up on the gossip to lead them in the right direction, but this wing was so unused, that there wasn't anyone nearby to guide them when they got close.

At least not before the first of them found it, entirely accidentally.

"Oh my! This is quite the room. Tell me, what did you have to do to get the King to grant you a training facility like this? And why wasn't this in use before?" The Mythic Ranked dragon pleaded as he entered the training area.

"This is actually a standard visitor's suite and a rooftop patio that I converted with an Illusionary Domain. That's why you don't recognize it.

Now, I take it that one of these younglings is yours?" Karl asked.

"The one with the missing front teeth." The dragon agreed.

That made it easy. The boy was missing his front teeth in both dragon and humanoid form, and they left a very noticeable gap.

"He's on the ground over there by the obstacle course. I think that he clipped his wing on the hoop again." Barry noted.

"Thank you, Librarian."

The mother dragon tried not to laugh as her boy got to his four feet and cursed fluently in draconic, then flapped back to the end of the line to wait his turn to start again.

"You brat, get over here. Don't tell me that you lost track of time, I can see the maid I sent to fetch you." His mother shouted.

The boy took one look at her and bolted, headed for the edge of the illusion.

Unfortunately for him, he was flying the wrong way, and that side of the illusion was an interior wall of the suite in reality.

He couldn't escape in that direction.

With a resounding thud, he bounced off the barrier at the edge of the spell, put in place by Karl to prevent anyone from wandering into someone's bedroom, or falling out of a castle window.

The little dragon rubbed his head as he got back to his feet, and glared at the barrier that didn't let him flee his mother, while the woman stood with her hands on her hips.

"Nice try. Now, transform back, it's time to head to grandma's."

Sheepishly, the boy transformed back into a humanoid, but his mother's lecture as she led him out of the suite was loud enough that it attracted other parents from two floors away.

That caused an influx of parents, and a tide of children rushing to find their assigned servant and escape before their own parents found them loitering far longer than they were supposed to have.

If mom didn't catch them before they got back to their own rooms, it didn't count, right?

With all the troublemakers gone, the Crown Prince took Rue's hand and turned toward the door.

"Emissary, I will return Rue to you after dinner. Sisters, this is Emissary Karl, of the Darklight Host in Cyhosasa." Luke announced.

"Greetings Emissary." The two older Princesses responded with a curtsy.

"Are we going to food now? I'm hungry." Rue asked.

"Not quite yet. We've got to pick up the suitors for these two before we eat. But they're on the way, you won't have to wait long" He explained.

Rue looked at Karl, and her brother patted her on the head. "No, he's not a candidate. He's already a married man. Now, come help me scare the Noble brats into behaving at dinner."

Rue giggled, but gave her brother a suspicious look when he turned away.

Was it always like this when you had power and respect? Nobody was ever this nice to her before, not even her biggest brother, who she had always considered one of the good ones.

Getting a class really was an overpowered boost to your social status.

While Rue was led away by her siblings, Dakkarian and Barry were left with Karl and some time to kill.

"The actual dinner time won't be for another hour and a bit. How much time would it take for you to plan out the design for a duplicate of this room, in permanent form?" Librarian Barry asked.

"If you want it the same as this, I can have it done in half a day. But if you have a room in mind, I can come up with something that suits the space in the next hour, and then I will do the actual upgrading later, when I have time." Karl suggested.

"Oh, that would be lovely. I was thinking of a room two floors beneath this one and just down the hall. It doesn't have roof access, but there is a large patio that you could use to expand the Illusionary Domain if you needed." The Blue Dragon offered.

Karl nodded. "It's the obstacle course for flying that needs the most space. The other training areas are only a quarter that size, so they're not an issue at my Rank."

"Perfect, let's head over there first, and then we will all go to dinner together.

Tonight they will have a buffet in the main hall for anyone who wants to eat here. I would suggest going into town to try something fancy, but it's nearly impossible to get a good seat without booking in advance or kicking someone out." Barry offered.

"Kicking someone out?" Karl replied, wondering what sort of system they had in place.

Dakkarian shrugged and answered for the embarrassed Librarian.

"Pulling Rank and simply taking a reservation made by a commoner well below your Rank is an option for Mythic Dragons. It's rude, but what are they going to do about it?"

The black dragon's words were harsh, but Karl could tell that it wasn't something he routinely did. It did give Cara ideas, though.

Not of kicking people out of their reservation.

No, that would be no fun.

She wanted to randomly crash someone's dinner party, just to see how far they would go to try to make her leave. If she was paying, Cara was pretty sure that

she could just sit down at random people's tables whenever she wanted to eat. The look on their face would be priceless.

Chapter 1372 Bring The Tutors

The room that Librarian Barry led them to was coincidentally a large storage room directly across the hall from his own suite beside the Library.

And he wasn't even going to try to pretend that it wasn't intentional.

Somehow, Karl had to respect that level of honesty. But the room that he had picked, while it was likely chosen for proximity to both the Library and his own room, was perfect for the job.

It was far larger than a standard suite was, and looked like it was intended to hold seasonal furniture for this entire section of the Castle. Only, nobody was normally using it, so there were only a few boxes scattered around the walls.

"I will have the staff clean out the last of what is in here, and move it to another storage room. There isn't much, but the other storage room is nearly full, so it might take them an hour or two." Barry noted.

"Well, that's alright. We've got time for them to work while we eat. Then, we will come back, I will upgrade the training room by the Library, and all the kids will have an excuse to come visit your wing of the Palace." Karl joked.

Dakkarian laughed. "Getting them to even come close to the library is hard most of the time. It's like they're allergic to education."

Karl shrugged. "You just have to make it fun. If you can involve enough entertainment in class, they will actually go home and study for it so that they don't lose tomorrow. Keeping kids in class all day generally requires tying them to their chairs."

The black dragon avatar laughed, while Librarian Barry let out a long-suffering sigh.

"Why do I get the feeling that if we keep talking about this, it will lead to a full revamp of the educational policy?" He asked.

Karl shook his head. "Unlikely. There are far more blue dragons than there are Karls in the world, and convincing the Church to change educational policy to introduce more hands on learning and energy burning exercises into their classroom time is unlikely to be a fast process."

Karl knew that firsthand. The process still hadn't changed by the time that the next resurgence came around, so any changes that they were likely to make here would not spread outside the Palace.

Or at least they wouldn't affect the whole church.

Dakkarian smiled fondly at the memory of his training as a youth. "You know, I grew up in Zindab, to the south of here, and most of our training was done on our wings. The blue dragons made us fly while we recited the answers to their questions.

At the time, we thought that it was just them ruining a perfectly good flight, but now I get your point. Burning off all that young dragon energy is a good thing. Once they get older, it's easier to get them to sit all day."

So, it wasn't a new idea. It just wasn't how things were done here.

The dining hall was unusually empty today, with only visitors present, and a few who did not have family in the Palace, or near enough to fly out and visit for the day. The Kingdom only took one day a week off, but the palace took it completely off, with only a small staff left on duty.

Even the serving staff was just one young dragon with a large cart stocking a buffet, instead of the dozens of staff and fancily plated dishes of every other day.

Karl loaded his plate, and followed Dakkarian to the nearly empty table, only to find that they were suddenly popular.

"I heard that you made up a new challenge for the kids." An adolescent dragon began the moment that he sat down.

"Indeed. A modified training scenario, but it's excellent for youthful challenges.

Though, with a bit higher difficulty and some larger obstacles on the course, it could work for anyone." Karl agreed.

"I am the personal tutor for two of the girls who were with you today, and I was hoping to learn a little about it before they started demanding it tomorrow." He continued.

Karl smiled, and Barry nodded. "You should come with us when the Emissary makes the secondary training room later."

"Oh? You're an Emissary? My apologies, Sir. I thought that you were one of us."

Dakkarian laughed, while Barry swatted the boy on the head. "If he were one of us, you should still be more polite. But he's a Mythic World Dragon, not a Librarian of the Blue."

"It's you! I heard that you made quite an impression the other day, flying in. I don't typically come to these dinners except on the weekend. They're too crowded, and my position would put me in a dark corner somewhere." The tutor noted.

"Well, the Librarian will be in charge of the new room, so there is no harm in showing the tutors. A bit of extra practical exercise might help the kids focus." Karl suggested.

"It seems that we will have a big day ahead of us." Dakkarian noted.

"We should have probably picked a bigger room." Karl agreed.

The Palace was practically a city within the city, and there were over a hundred children roaming its various wings. But most of them were the children of servants, not Nobles. They didn't have access to the wing where the Royal Library was.

The total number who might want access to the room wasn't more than sixty, in three major age groups.

The youngest didn't have their Class yet, and spent their days with the red dragons at the daycare. The next was the group who was with Princess Rue today, the younger kids who had just gotten their classes, and the last group was that of her older brothers.

The teenage brats, as Barry called them. The whole age group was a pain, as they pushed the limits to see how much they could get away with and to establish their status as young Nobles.

After that, they were out of basic training, and no longer his problem.

They could join the army, take up Noble duties, or move out of the Palace and start their own lives.

Chapter 1373 Azov Was Married?

With Librarian Barry's suggestion, they gathered a dozen more tutors to come watch Karl work on the new training room.

"Why are we going to watch a construction team?" One of the later arrivals asked.

"Dunno. Barry says we need to see it." Another replied.

Karl smirked at Dakkarian, who shook his head in dismay.

"The World Dragon thinks this is funny, doesn't he? I have long theorized that the system is one grand, epic prank on the world, and we all just missed the point." The black dragon Avatar asked.

Karl shrugged. "I don't know if I would call the system itself a prank, but it definitely loves playing pranks on people. Have you ever met someone who chose the [Randomize] option when given it?"

"Randomize?"

Karl nodded. "Sometimes, when you activate your system class, and you qualify for more than one option, or when you are being given a class upgrade from a trial ground or other system reward, it will give you the option to randomize. But you must be very sure to read WHAT it is asking to randomize. I have seen it turn a young soldier into the most lustrously furry Worgen woman. They chose to randomize at a set of System Stones in a trial instance, and it randomized everything from their new class to their hair colour, gender and species."

"That is... terrifying" Dakkarian replied, but Karl could see that he was trying not to laugh.

Librarian Barry turned to them with an excited look. "Oh, like the story of Queen David."

"Queen David?" Karl asked.

The blue dragon nodded eagerly, happy to get to tell the story. "David was a mighty Dwarven Warrior, once known as the Dragon Slayer of Shumunz. During his adventures, he tracked an evil dragon into a trial ground near lake Vupjess in Cyhosasa.

Mighty as he was, the trial ground was no challenge to him, and upon his victory, he was given two choices.

One choice was to surpass the mortal bonds and ascend to Immortality, but it demanded a price. Never again could he set foot in the mortal world.

The second option was one that none had seen before. The System asked him if he would like to randomize his reward. Now, the hero was no fool, and he extracted a promise from the System before he chose.

The trial ground promised him that there were no outcomes that would weaken him.

So, he chose to randomize.

And the system played a joke on him so cruel that none could have ever expected it.

The reward that he was granted was ultimate political power. For a moment, he rejoiced. He believed that now, he could finally change the laws of the lands to punish the rogue dragons and other evil creatures who plagued the Dwarves. But how it was done was the problem.

In one moment, he was a mighty Dwarven Warrior, stout and proud. And in the next moment, he was an adolescent white dragoness, standing as the blushing bride to the Immortal Regent of the Dragon Isles.

While the Immortal Regent was also confused by the situation, the System declared them husband and wife, and David the Dragon Slayer became David the Dragon Bride of the Immortal Regent."

Karl laughed so loud that it echoed through the hallways. "Wait, you mean AZOV was married to a white dragon girl by the system? Oh, I am not letting him skate by without telling this story the next time I see him."

Karl stopped as he realized nobody else was following him.

"You... know the Immortal Regent?" Dakkarian asked.

"Of course I do. He's known the Supreme Lady for longer than I've been alive, and she likes to drag him to important events." Karl explained.

"It's a fairytale. He's not supposed to be a real, living person." One of the tutors noted.

Karl shook his head. "He might wish he was imaginary now that I've found out that he got married and never introduced me to his wife. This is the sort of fully brewed tea that I need."

In his mind, Cara cheered for gossip time. [Opal is never going to forgive us for leaving her behind. Do you know how much she loves romance stories with a wild twist?]

"How does the story end, anyhow?" Dakkarian asked.

"Supposedly, the Immortal Regent's Queen ascended to Immortality and left him behind to pursue power. It's not the same legend, but the story of his heartbreak is also told by many bards as a cautionary allegory about pursuing ambitious women." Librarian Barry noted.

Dakkarian smiled. "You know, if you assume that both stories are true, it really tells a different story when you put them together."

Karl nodded. "It raises so many questions. Did the Queen ever change forms again? Does becoming a white dragon come with the level of devotion to the white goddess as being born one does? Was David as adorable in human form as most young white dragons are?"

Dakkarian raised a hand. "Wait, back up. One of those questions does not belong."

Karl shrugged. "Cara needed to know. Young white dragons in humanoid form usually have shockingly white hair and delicate features, almost like Faeries or Elves."

Cara nodded eagerly. She was taking notes.

The Librarian pinched the bridge of his nose. "I don't know, and I really don't want to know. Thinking of someone known as Dragon Slayer as an adorable new bride is just disturbing"

"Haven't you met Cara? Small and adorable doesn't mean that they are not deadly." Karl noted.

The blue dragon smiled. "That scar makes her much more scary than the rest of her transformed appearance suggests. But I can see how the dichotomy would terrify people before she had it."

"Right, you never met her before she had the scars. She's still an adorable badger even with them, though. It's mostly just the mythic rank aura that scares people. But you get what I mean." Karl shrugged.

One of the tutors laughed. "No, I think the scary part is the whole 'that's a chaos badger' part, not her appearance or aura."

The others nodded in agreement. That was definitely the scary part. Even if the young ones didn't realize the true danger.