I take a moment to look at Quasi, watching him as he places his hand on the stone. Nothing unusual happens, but I notice that whatever he gained is impressive enough to put his trademark cocky smile on his face.

I move my eyes away from him and settle them on the smooth stone. I take a deep breath.

“Eir, guide my hand,” I mutter under my breath as my hand reaches out to touch the stone. Upon making contact, information immediately enters my mind.

You are now a level 96 [Priestess]

You have gained the skill [Delayed Regeneration]

[Delayed Regeneration]: After casting any form of healing skill, the target will temporarily obtain [Minor Regeneration] for several hours.

You have gained the skill [Healers Flow]

[Healers Flow]: Healing skills cast by you will radiate outward from your target and heal others nearby for a fraction of the power of the original skill.

I take a moment to let the information sink in, my eyes widen at the two new skills I had obtained

I can't believe it.This is the second time that I gained two skills at once. The first time was actually a month ago, after the fight with that Berosus monster which Quasi seems to be borderline obsessed with... and I don't understand why.

Berosus is large, ugly, slow, and nowhere near as reliable as Mule. Even now, I know that the bony Mule is behind me, watching out for threats to my life like a guardian angel. If only my summonable angel was as rel-

Due to excessive use of the skill [Healer’s Authority]it has evolved to the skill [Tyrant’s Authority].

No… no.... nononononononono

“Jessica! I need to get another class. Any recommendations?” I hear a voice coming from besides me, but my mind is too distraught to register the words as it attempts to comprehend the message I just read.

A loud snapping sound close to my ears pulls me from my daze, and I am met with Quasi’s fingers snapping in my face.

Realizing what is happening, I quickly shake my head to get my thoughts in order before I remove my hand from the stone.

“You okay?”

Quasi’s voice comes from besides me. His words are caring, with a hint of worry in them. And that is, for some reason, all I need to respond with a slow nod.

“Well then, if you are actually ok, even though you don't look ok, mind telling me what new skills you have gained?”

His question almost makes me fall back into my melancholic thoughts, but I don't allow my mind to wander this time.

“S-s-skill change,” my voice cracks. ”My [Healer’s Authority] skill has changed to,” I start, remembering the nickname I had been given, which had now become the name of my new skill, “[Tyrant’s Authority].”

There was a pause, and then, much to my annoyance, I watch with mounting distress as the [Hero] starts laughing loudly and obnoxiously. So much so that he is forced to use the stone to keep himself upright and not fall on the floor from laughing too hard.

Oh dear Eir, why, why did I tell him this.

I look around, expecting to see others laughing as well, but instead I find most of them staring at Quasi with looks of bewilderment. Even the civilians, those who not even part of our group, are looking confused. The only people not sharing that look are Dragkenoss and Thorous, with the former smiling and the latter shaking her head.

Am I really a Tyrant? I don't even have the [Tyrant] class. Why would I get such a skill. Was I really so forceful? But I needed to be, otherwise more would die and I wouldn't have been able to save as many. This way was the most efficient!

“Wh-why are you looking so sad,” Quasi exclaims, taking deep breaths as he looks at me with a beaming smile. “Your skill just became even stronger, right? Before, you could only manipulate the other [Healers] with it, but now you can do the same to anyone.”

Quasi takes a deep breath and regains his posture. He turns his head to me, his eyes look straight into mine, beaming with confidence.

For some reason, I can't help but blush at that.

“The skill may sound bad, but what matters is what you use it for. Think about the good you can do with it, and not the fact that you can now manipulate most people to do your bidding.”

“But,” I start to say, but he just raises his hand to me.

“Think about it later Jessica, and then come talk to me if you still have questions,” he says, and then points towards the large centaur which had been leading us the entire time. “Arther here is starting to get annoyed at how long we are taking and at the distraction you have made.”

“But I didn-”

“Later,” he says, interrupting me as he looks to the centaur named Arther, “Sorry for taking so much of your time, shall we go to that big wooden building at the center of the city?

Arther opens his mouth to say something, but seems to quickly change his mind as he turns towards the city’s center.

“Come then, we have delayed enough.”

The centaur exclaims, and then starts to trot away slowly. Quasi follows after him a beat after.

“But it wasn't my fault,” I whisper to no one, annoyed that he had put the blame on me.

He asked the question, I merely answered! How was I supposed to know he was going to start laughing hysterically?

Grumbling under my breath, I start walking too, matching my pace with Thorous, who takes a moment to look at me before giving me an understanding nod.

Probably a good twenty minutes pass before we finally make it to the building. All I can do is agree that Quasi had been right when he said that the building was big. In fact, massive might be a more apt term to describe its size. Granted, it only has two floors and is only made of wood, but its sheer width and length make it massive in both size and scope.

Which, given the fact that Centaurs are also large in size, does make sense. They’d want to be able to move around freely with plenty of space in a building like this after all.

As we enter the building, the centaur named Arther stops and turns to look at us contemplatively, specifically focusing most of his attention on Quasi.

“The mee-”

“I know,” Quasi exclaims quickly with a cocky smile on his face as he waves his hand, “As soon as your [Scout] saw that my army was approaching the city you sent the order for the council of herds to assemble. I imagine that somewhere deeper into this building the [Herdmasters] are already in position, awaiting my arrival so that it can begin immediately.”

“I-”

“But,” Quasi continues, “They have also ordered to make sure that when we enter for the meeting, our weapons would be temporarily confiscated. Unfortunately for you, the Patriarch of the Kitsune has a class which doesn’t focus on utilizing physical weapons, but instead on the use of magic, which can of course be an even more potent weapon. Thus, you are in the predicament of not being sure how to disarm such an individual.”

Quasi’s smile widens, his posture straightens. Then he flicks his coat out, seemingly airing it, “Thus, allow me to help you ease that decision.”

His hands travel behind his back, when the sound of an explosion startles me. I turn to look in the direction of the sound.

Noooooooooo! I just sewed on a new cloak for mule last week!

I watch as several dozens of bone discs slice up all my hard work, and then proceed to float up into the air. The discs start spinning everywhere around us, creating a seemingly impenetrable protective barrier around our group.

And then, as though that wasn't impressive enough, I watch in utter amazement as lightning begins to jump from bone disc to bone disc, creating continuous flashes of light around us.

I look around, watching as every [Guard] in the area unsheathes or unlatches their weapons, only to point them at our group. It is clear though that they are extremely confused about what is happening, and unsure how exactly they should respond to this. Even more so since Arther is located within the vortex that Quasi has created.

What is he up to?

My thoughts, seemingly always relaxing when facing danger, start to wander. I turn away from the flickers of light, and instead look towards Arther, who seems to be very uncomfortable after suddenly being surrounded by this spinning maelstrom. He is frantically looking around, his weapons at the ready, unsure about what to do or how to react.

“Now Arther, I will be blunt with you. Me and my group will be keeping our weapons and belongings on us. We will enter and join this meeting as we are now. If you deny my demands,

then I will order my minion outside the city to bust down your walls and have it rampage its way towards my location. During that time, I will defend myself against your paltry defensive forces you have stationed here for security."

And then, as though to make a point, Lightning flashes brightly from the vortex while simultaneously creating an excessively loud bang. When I slowly regain my vision after being blinded for a couple of seconds by the flash, I see that the discs are still spinning and discharging small bolts of lightning but the floor and ceiling inside the spinning domain is completely scorched. The smell of burnt wood is hanging in the air.

Quasi leans forward, his face coming close to Arthur's, who looks extremely frightened. His eyes have become wide as saucers.

"Well? What will it be?"

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"Why can't you just make some other undead carry your stupid discs? Why does it have to be Mule? Do you have any Idea how much work I put into making that cloak for him?"

Why is it that I always find myself in the weirdest predicaments? Like really. I am about to enter a room filled with arrogant, idiotic [Herdmasters] with various stupid personal agendas, but before that, I for some reason have to get yelled at by Jessica over a stupid cloak that she made for an undead!

Like seriously, how am I supposed to get into the demanding overprepared political mood if I am getting yelled at by what most people would immediately think is my wife or something.

Heck, even Arther who almost pissed himself at the earlier display is regaining his confidence as I get lectured about putting things into her undead.

I am the one supplying Mule with mana! Mule is my undead!

Gahhhhhhh.

"Ok, ok, I will ask next time before doing anything to Mule. Just, please, let me focus," I say, pointing at the door leading into the stupid meeting hall.

Jessica frowns and folds her arms, but thankfully seems to have finally decided to stay quiet.

Finally. I was beginning to wonder whether I should gag her like I did the three other [Herdmasters].

I turn and take a look, staring at the three bound [Herdmasters] who have all been tied together with a rope. Doreson is the one pulling the rope.

“Alright, let’s have some fun,” I say as I turn towards the door and kick it open.

Bang!

The sound reverberates through the chambers, loudly announcing my presence to all those waiting.

I stroll in with my head held high and my back straight, all while giving a lazy look towards those present.

The [Herdmasters] are gathered in a semicircle in a fashion resembling that of an auditorium. They look at me with various different expressions; curiosity, annoyance, surprise, and of course, contempt.

Each [Herdmaster] in the room has armed bodyguards standing behind them. These bodyguards are centaurs of a high level, many of them even have a second-tier class. It is obvious that their only purpose here is to protect their respective [Herdmaster].

And these fuckers thought they could disarm me.

My feet quickly take me to the platform where the [Speaker] awaits with a fervent frown on his face. His eyes are however not gazing at me, but at Arther.

The [Speaker], a rather large centaur, steps forward, “Welcome, patriarch Quasi,” he begins while placing a fist on his chest, a gesture equivalent to humans shaking hands.

Normally, it would be customary for the other party to do the same back.

Normally…

Without slowing or even moving my head, I walk past the speaker, ignoring him completely. Gasps are heard from the audience, but I ignore those as well. I walk up to the podium and turn my head towards the audience of [Herdmasters], many of whom are looking confused.

With a mental command, a little bird the size of a hummingbird flies down from the ceiling and lands on my shoulder. Its eyes quickly start glowing with a strong purple light, signifying its undead nature.

I take a quick peak in the direction of the [Speaker], who is quickly talking with Arther and pointing in my direction. By reading their lips I can make out that they are talking about why I am still armed.

[Loud Voice]

“I have to admit, you all have balls. Big horse balls considering what you tried to pull on me. I mean really? Disarm me? Even though you all are armed yourselves?”

My words echo rather loudly around the room thanks to my skill, quickly silencing the whispers from the [Herdmasters] and gaining the [Speaker’s] attention.

“Get off my podium, only I may direct the council!” he says, looking rather insulted now.

I look down at the [Speaker].

“Direct the council?” I start before pointing at Arther, **“you mean how you insultingly directed your [Watch Captain] to attempt to disarm me before I entered into a meeting filled with armed bodyguards?”**

My smile widens as I hear whispers coming from the crowd. Many were not informed.

“Please, explain to the council why you would order such an insultful thing to be done to someone who can single handedly destroy this city and slaughter all its inhabitants?”

The whispers from the [Herdmasters] rise in volume as my words direct their eyes towards the [Speaker]. The [Speaker] himself is turning pale.

Ahhh, yes, politics and greed. Several dozen [Herdmasters], probably friends of the three I have captured, promised benefits to the [Speaker] in exchange for disarming me.

And the [Speaker], a class and a person who should be above bribery, had accepted the bribe. From what Dragkenoss had explained to me, it is the duty of the [Speaker] to treat all equally.

Questioning eyes turn to the now slowly panicking [Speaker].

“He is dangerous. It is for the council’s safety!”

“Councils safety? Really now. Is their safety not to be directed by the council's decisions? Is it not the [Speaker’s] job to inform the council beforehand of what you will be doing to enforce their safety?”

My words strike hard and deep. They resonate with an emotion that is felt by most.

The [Speaker] turns to me, eyes wide in panic. He opens his mouth.

“[Silencing Glare]”

Status Effect Mute Resisted.

“Really now? Trying to silence me after your little blunder?” I turn to the [Herdmasters] now, most of them are looking quite peeved. They saw what just happened and the skill the [Speaker] used. Though they also look rather surprised that the skill did not work on me.

“Tell me, [Herdmasters], do you want to have this council directed by someone who accepts bribes? Who speaks for only a select few and not all of the members of the council?”

A loud chorus of ‘No’ is heard from most of the [Herdmasters], with the exception of a few who are looking peeved. Those few are of the highest level here in the council. I mentally remember them and their names for later use.

“Then,” I turn to the [Speaker], **“[Watch Captain] Arther, Please remove [Speaker] Arturius from this meeting. His presence is no longer required.”**

It takes a moment, not a long one, before Arther nods slowly and grabs Arturius by the collar.

“No, Arther, you work for me! Stop, I am the [Speaker]!”

“I work for the council,” his words escape from his lips with unhidden venom as he drags the [Speaker] from the room.

Ahhh, politics. So much fun messing with people. Now that the [Speaker] is gone and no longer in the pockets of a few, Doreson’s job will be much easier.

As the door closes and shuts out the pleading voice of the [Speaker], I look back towards the [Herdmasters] who are all looking towards me with curiosity. In mere moments after entering I had removed the [Speaker], and now they are curious of what I will do next.

“Now then, as many of you may already know. I am the Patriarch of the Kitsune, and I have come here for many reasons,” I pause, taking a moment to assess the crowd, **“which I will allow one of your kind to explain.”**

Whispers start to form from the crowd but I raise my hand, stopping them momentarily.

“Please do not take this as an insult. As I have only recently arrived to your floor, my knowledge of your political factions, leadership, and proper etiquette are sorely lacking. So to avoid any accidental insults, I would like to have Doreson, a [Tactician Captain], to speak on my behalf.”

Well, I wouldn't say that my understanding is lacking. I already understand the gist of their politics and I am sure I could do a far better job explaining than Doreson. Unfortunately, I will be leaving the floor soon, and it would be best to already give the [Herdmasters] the idea that Doreson speaks for me.

My words are greeted with nods from most while I turn and signal Doreson to come up to the podium.

Doreson, seeing my preplanned signal, starts to trot towards the podium with the three bound [Herdmasters] following behind him, his facial expression hides the unease that I know he actually feels.

I start to walk down the podium, passing Doreson. But right before I reach the bottom, my head turns towards the council members.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Please be civil with this meeting, because I will know,” I say slowly.

The room immediately starts glowing purple, causing all eyes to look upward. There they find several hundred small birds on the ceiling, their glowing purple eyes being the reason behind the sudden illumination of the room.

Gasps are heard throughout the entire audience, their eyes locked at the uniform undead gazes of the birds. As they look away from the birds and towards me, they find my eyes glowing brightly with the same light, but with a much stronger intensity than the bird's.

I smirk.

“I will always know,”

The light disappears as fast as it had appeared, and I continue my way to the door, leaving the auditorium in complete silence behind me.
