

When you are attempting to make an impression, there are many things you must keep in mind. And I don't mean an impression like dressing well and putting on a smile, which is pretty easy mind you. No, when I say impression, I mean something that cannot be forgotten.

Like if you are a young kid who, intrigued, walks into his mother's room to find three big men slamming on her. That is an impression. One which cannot be forgotten.

Unless of course, your subconscious makes you forget. Which is quite different. That memory is merely being repressed, not removed. And even then, it may still affect how you grow up. Repressed memories change people without the person realizing why. And in rare cases, those chains which hold those memories down... Well, they can rust.

But I Digress.

For a successful impression to take place, you must have several key points.

The first and most important point is 'Timing'. If you are too late or too early, then everything can be fucked up. If those three men weren't in the middle of ripping into the woman, then the timing would be off.

The second point is the 'Audience'. Who or what is your audience and how can you affect them the way you want. A child, especially a young one, is a sponge. If a child sees something and it interests him enough, you can bet your gaping asshole that the image will be firmly indented into their mind.

The third point is 'Effect'. What do you want your audience to remember? Is the women screaming in pain or are those screams of pleasure? Or is it both?

At this point in life, after several lives mind you, I don't know what effect it had.

But I do know the exact time and moment in which my ability to perceive and understand was obtained. When my soul expanded itself, reforming its measly simplicity to something exceptional.

Which, by the way, is extremely useful in quickly understanding a situation and creating a proper reaction to it.

So when I arrived towards a location bristling with screams, I was quite surprised to find centaurs. And centaurs they are. A lower body of a horse with the upper body of a humanoid... thing. The centaur's upper body is covered in fur while its head is very human like. Except of course for the horse type ears.

The fact that I am finding centaurs on the second dungeon level even though I was told they live on the third level is annoying. Clearly, I am lacking information and neither Zorren nor Anathema are good at making sure that I am informed correctly.

But that is something that cannot be dealt with until I return to base.

For now, I must deal with the situation. A situation that as I watch from the air is coming to its end. All because of a giant raptor with a yellow horn, that comes out of the woods. A viscous thing that I feel it necessary to activate my [Advanced Analysis] skill on.

Dungeon Awakened Alpha Thrasher. LVL 96

Known as pack hunters, thrasher are maneuverable, fast hunters of prey with a high breeding rate and impressive learning potential. Combined with their ability to climb trees and jump distances, the beasts are a dangerous force to fight.

This specific thrasher had been chosen by the dungeon and had been gifted with greater size and intelligence.

Dungeon Awakened? Really? Why do people not explain shit to me?

I shake my head, dispelling such thoughts for the time being as I access my large fountain of mana. I immediately send that mana into the discs attached to my massive mount, taking control of them and making them orbit my position.

The awakened monster screams, signaling his lower leveled brethren to charge. But I don't act yet. Even when one of the raptors gets a lucky bite onto a centaurs throat and rips it open, I still do not react.

Instead, I gather mana into my hand and point it at the Awakened Alpha.

Seconds pass, the centaurs start to fight desperately. And then, one of the centaurs which seems like the leader loses his spear and trips back.

I release the purple liquid cloud like a hose, covering the yellow horned monster in it while simultaneously ordering several dozen of my discs to descend. I save the leader while killing off the other thrasher around his position before focusing further out.

The horned monster starts to scream in pain and agony as the acid burns through its body. The screams cause the thrashers to panic, which I use to kill more of them.

I release some gas and control a couple of discs to spin around me, molding the purple acid gas as though it is fully within my control. I then fold my arms and stare down at the squirming Enhanced Thrasher while donning the most bored look I can make. I even take great effort to not divert my eyes. Instead, I am using my mounts glowing purple eyes to help me direct my discs.

Amazing and terrifying would be words with which Zoteal can describe the slaughter which is happening at this very moment. Even the others of his kind share that same look of wonder.

Around them, the clearing is covered in blood and corpses, all of which continue to pile up as the confused thrashers have little idea of what is killing them.

Even the trees farther out are no exception to the dismembering. Some have already fallen, others have lost several branches.

And all of this is being done by a single individual who, if Zoteal is being honest, looks as though the slaughter he creates is as easy as turning his hand. He does not seem to even move or activate skills.

“Who is that? Is it possibly a kitsune?” his cousin asks, one eye closed as he stares at the being hovering in the air on a beast that could kill a centaur with ease.

“No... he does not have any tails,” Zoteal says, having already seen a kitsune when he was younger. The woman that he saw had three tails.

“He can't be a Gajen either? Right?”

Zoteal stays silent, knowing full well that the being he is staring at is not one of the lizard kind. He had seen them, a large group of them, and they had passed through the city not that long ago.

A couple of minutes pass and the awakened thrasher stops screaming, its body twitching before it finally dies. The clearing is now devoid of living thrashers, no sound is made except for the whirring of the dreaded discs as they seem to move through the air, seemingly hunting, waiting for blood.

Finally, the being's glowing purple eyes turn to the centaurs, eyes that hold unparalleled strength and authority.

And with unheard authority, the flying mount flaps its wings, turning towards the centaurs and descending while moving forward. The gas surrounding the being disperses while the discs in the area converge upon him, protecting him from any and all threats.

The beast lands about ten meters from Zoteal. Its purple glowing eyes look devoid of emotions.

The being dismounts and takes a couple of steps forward.

Its eyes make contact with his own as he smiles while lifting an eyebrow.

Zoteal, cursing himself for his mistake, quickly aligns his body with the being and lowers his front hooves, bending them and allowing the knees to touch down on the dirt. He then slams his fist onto the floor, ignoring the strike of pain, while his other hand touches his chest. He lowers his head and speaks.

“I am Zoteal of Herd **‘Four Hooves’**. I kneel in respect to you great one. I thank you for saving my life.”

Immediately, the other centaurs copy Zoteal, kneeling on the ground in the same posture one would when dealing with a very respected [Herdmaster].

“I am Sinian-”

“I am Absan-”

“I am Halistos-”

The other centaurs say their own lines, similar to Zoteal’s, one after the other.

Finally, as the last one finishes, Zoteal slightly raises his head, stopping momentarily as he sees a disapproving frown upon the being’s head.

Confused, Zoteal attempts to speak.

“Great one. I something wr-”

“SILENCE.”

Like a beast’s roar, the clearing shakes as the sound waves bounce off the trees, resonating with them, creating what Zoteal would consider an echo. A very loud and painful echo.

“Your brethren, those who fought and bled beside you. Those currently on the floor, many dead, others still breathing, but barely. They can be saved.”

The being stops, a feeling takes Zoteal's heart, a pressure. It makes it hard for him to breath, the being's words feel like needles stabbing at his head. Hundreds of needles. Each seemingly laced with the being's anger and disappointment.

"Instead you lay your faces down in the dirt, preaching your respect to me when it is your dying allies who truly need it."

The being's eyes glow a menacing purple as the spinning discs increase in speed, the air seemingly vibrating as though it were angry. The pressure builds, needles multiplying.

"STOP BOWING AND FUCKING SAVE THEM OR I WILL HAVE YOU JOIN THEM."

Like animals fearing a predator, the centaurs jump into the air and quickly turn, looking around them frantically, finding the few centaurs still breathing.

And while that is happening, I am glaring at them.

Because I'm angry. Actually very angry. Heck, I'm outright pissed off right now.

Which is annoying. Because when I'm angry, actually angry, I tend to kill stuff. But my anger is a rare occurrence. Almost never happens. People dying, it happens. Slavery, it happens. Child slavery... ok, that pisses me off and requires killing.

This though. Forgetting your injured allies? That also pisses me off... a lot. And I want to kill things... but I killed everything already.

Which is pissing me off!

"Halistos, this one's alive. He's breathing, help me lift him."

I watch as two centaurs with reddish brown fur move dead bodies, allowing them to lift a badly injured centaur with its back legs bent in the wrong direction. The centaur is unconscious, most likely from pain.

Another centaur, this one actually awake and moaning is lifted up but is clearly lacking the strength to stand.

My eyes swerve, gazing as the centaurs quickly check the bodies, looking for pulses, finding very few, others dying immediately upon being moved.

“Halistos, I need you to run back into the city. We're going to need [Healers] and a lot more people. We're going to need to carry them,” the one named Zoteal exclaims, quickly applying some kind of paste on the wound before covering it up with a bandage.

“That will not be necessary,” I say, lifting my hand.

The centaurs turn, looking at me, giving me a confused look.

With my hands lifted, I activate my [Loud Voice] skill, a skill which actually just increases the volume of any sound I make.

So when I tap my fingers-

BOOOOM

A loud explosion of sound goes off.

I immediately follow that sound with a mental order.

With perfect coordination, my bird undead takes flight from afar, jumping off the branches and flying to my location, circling above me.

Their expressions of bewilderment and amazement are almost enough for me to forget my earlier anger.

Almost...

I point in the air, “My minions will be able to carry your allies towards your city. I doubt they will survive if they need to wait.”

Zoteal looks at me, eyes widening. He bows his head, “Thank you great one.”

Ok. Who am I kidding? How can I be angry when I'm being called 'great one'.

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Goddammit, Franky was right when he said I was a praise whore.

Zoteal runs through the clearing, his injuries hurting, but are nothing compared to those that the great one is carrying.

Zoteal takes a look above, watching as the monsters subservient to the great one carry his injured brethren in their claws.

And then he remembers his mistake and frowns.

“Zoteal, don't beat yourself up. We all thought it was proper to show him respect. How were we supposed to know that he would get angry,” his cousin says, shaking his head while carrying a huge relieved smile on his face.

A smile that Zoteal can't blame. Everyone thought they were going to die. The numbers were endless, but he had saved them... and even berated them for being careless.

“Well, I can't blame him. We should have looked towards the wounded first. I was so amazed by the situation that I hadn't realized what I was doing,” Zoteal explains, getting a nod of understanding from his cousin who runs beside him, matching his speed.

“Still, I would like to find out his name and what he is or why he is even here,” Zoteal voices his thoughts, a frown forming on his face, “and how am I going to explain to Dragkenoss that so many of the council's herds are dead. He is already disliked by the council. This failure will just give them a reason to try to replace him.”

Holistos looks up, “Well, clearly he won't be the only one targeted by the council, though I do wonder what the council can even do to someone like him.”

Zoteal looks up and a smile forms on his face, understanding that things may be different after all. The council is rather lenient towards outsiders, especially since half the former council was annihilated by a single kitsune.

Within a couple minutes, the city of **Equus** finds itself quickly on guard after a [Guard Captain] with the [Longsight] skill finds a swarm of volare approaching from the forest. Over twenty of them, seemingly with something in their claws, but the [Guard Captain] cannot make out what it is.

The city is quickly manned by centaurs who find themselves atop the walls, bows ready to be released. Alongside them is Dragkenoss, wearing a thick bone plate and chainmail which had been dyed black while an enchanted bone halberd sits on his muscled back. A useful and expensive enchant which allows the treant wood to extend the massive bone blade, giving him far superior range than is expected.

Minutes go by and the [Guard Captain] supplies more information, getting a clearer picture of the situation, including several centaurs running through the forest and a figure standing boldly

upon a female volare which is many times larger than the males which followed in perfect formation.

An unnatural formation, leading him to believe that those monsters are being controlled, probably by the being standing atop it. Which would make sense. After all, his great-granddaughter is a [Beast Mistress].

Moving his hand, he signals the [Archers] and [Bowmen] to hold fire while yelling towards a [Guard] to open the gates.

After all, if those flying monsters are a threat, then the gates and walls are useless anyhow.

Speeding up, Zoteal flashes past his brother with impressive speed, outpacing him by several times, allowing him to run ahead of the flyers.

A moment passes and he rushes through the open gates, yelling.

“Do not shoot. He is an ally. They are carrying injured”

Zoteal turns around, looking and finding Dragkenoss, the old centaur’s eyes trained on him.

The centaur nods before turning towards a guard and telling him something, which causes the guard to run down the ramparts and towards the inner city.

But Zoteal doesn’t get to find out what the message is about because the monsters arrive, flying over the wall, gently gliding towards the ground before depositing the injured centaurs with impressive delicacy.

Once the bodies are on the ground, lined up perfectly, the monsters take flight and land upon the wall, startling many of the centaurs, but none of them shoot.

Then his brother and the other centaurs arrive, but Zoteal gives them no mind as he watches the great one descend from the sky, standing with a truly impressive posture, one which none in the council could ever reproduce.

Rigid, imposing, a bearing of a leader. The great one’s monster lands at the side of the wall, near Dragkenoss. The monster latches on.

The great one strides forward, each step seemingly perfect and calculated. He walks off the monster and stops in front of Dragkenoss.

“I am Quasi Eludo, a [Hero] outside of this dungeon...”

The words are loud and imposing, powerful and unyielding. All hear him as clearly as though someone were next to you.

“and I have come here to rule the world.”

His words ring loud, none can deny they have heard. And none can deny what happens next.

Dragkenoss steps forward and lowers his knees, bowing his head. Hand moving to his chest, halberd placed upon the ground.

“I am Dragkenoss of herd **‘Black Rain’**, and I pledge myself to you, Quasi Eludo.”