
A few minutes before that,

London, The Great Governor's Palace

A huge atrium was filled with the light, streaming through the crystal transparent roof, it was an ocean of greenery with the magic beauty of flowers, small multicolored birds and butterflies.

Several cascading waterfalls and a rainbow gave that man-made miracle the appearance of a natural crater, which fell asleep to the eternal dream of a volcano covered with a crystal roof. Along the perimeter, on the different floors, each in his own apartment, all thirty six Governors of the Worlds of the White Branch clan were sitting. Behind every throne there were personal guards, servants and concubines.

Below, on the shiny dark obsidian floor interspersed with diamond stars, there was a skilful mosaic of colored stones in the form of the solar system. The third planet from the sun was represented by a realistic projection or an illusion of ten meters across diameter. The oceans, the continents, the mountains, the cities, even the landscape were clearly seen. Thirty-seventh Governor Ellir the White Branch and his chief magician, Ollie the Twilight stood next to the spinning illusion. There was a man chained by hands and feet near an iron portal.

Ollie the Twilight stretched out his hands, appealing to the Governors: 'Thirty-seventh Governor welcomes the Great Lords in the Blue World, this promising planet has joined to the Belt of Worlds of the clan White Branch. The Transformation has finished,' Ollie established and made a gesture to the Governor. Ellir smiled. He looked satisfied — finally it was over, he wanted to have a rest, visit concubines and luxuriate in the pool. The Governor drew his shining sword and was about to pierce through the victim's chest, but, like everyone else in this world, got the message of Magic Matrix:

Attention:

The global achievement of the Blue World: a helot ????? has made the first hunt

Achievement: The First Hunter

Silence settled down in the atrium, only the sound of waterfalls filled this dumb scene. 'How could that be?' Ellir the Light shouted, losing control and dropping the sword.

A snow-white haired elf rose from his throne and approached the railing. It was a wise Tark the White Branch, one of the forefathers of the clan. 'Ollie, tell me how many talented helots are left on the Blue Planet after the Transformation?'

The Twilight bowed and put his hand to the spinning ball. His face distorted, he pulled back his hand and repeated his movement, apparently double-checking himself, stood still for a little, opened his eyes and cried out loudly, tearing at the falsetto voice: 'Seventy-six million!'

It was difficult to imagine what began in that silence and tranquility — someone shouted, someone

clapped their hands, someone laughed.

‘Silence!’ Tark yelled with a voice amplified by magic and the walls shuddered, ‘It’s almost the same number as in all of our worlds put together. Maybe you’re wrong, Honorable?’

‘No, sir, there is no mistake,’ the chief magician of the Blue World said with a low bow. Tark did not believe him, and instantly moved to the ball, a small twin of the third planet from the star. He repeated the chief magician’s gestures, and confirmed his words with a nod.

‘The Matrix reports: there’re really seventy-six million helots. Something’s wrong here, it’s clearly a mistake of the great Matrix. I’m sorry, Ollie. I showed you my distrust, but you’re one of the best magicians in the White Branch.’

‘Oh, no, sir, you shouldn’t apologize!’ the chief magician of the Blue World bowed lower. He enjoyed standing next to the founding father, who seemed to be God in the eyes of the majority.

Tark raised his hands and appealed to all Governors: ‘Several thousands years ago the ancients, who created the Universe Magic Matrix, warned that unexplained phenomena could occur as the expansion progressed. Apparently, it’s one of them.’

Loud shouts were heard from the Supreme Governor’s lodges: ‘Repeat! Restart! Let’s do it again! Don’t waste time! Come on!’

‘Well, it is proposed to repeat the Transformation. Who agrees with this?’

All Supreme raised their right hands, having agreed with the Third Governor’s decision.

‘Ollie, can you repeat?’ Tark asked the chief magician of the thirty-seventh world. He nodded and replied curtly: ‘Yes.’

Tark moved to his place.

‘You can start,’ he said, sitting on his throne.

‘I’m ready!’ Ollie Twilight cried out, and was enveloped in a gray shroud. Immediately the neon-white harnesses of power went out from him and went to each Governor. Twilight’s Cocoon started to vibrate accumulating all the energy, and a wide powerful ray hit the prototype of the Earth. It was noticeable that a fiery stripe ran along the planet from the South pole, it kept on expanding and expanding. When the arc reached the North pole, Ollie declared wearily: ‘Transformation is finished.’

‘Beat!’ the magician shouted sharply to the thirty-seventh Governor of the Blue World. He was too exhausted to follow etiquette.

The present time, Saint-Petersburg

Light dimmed again for a moment. The creatures which were at a ladder fell down. Yarik turned round, the pursuing him flock fell to the ground, as if someone’s hand hit the monster toy figures.

'Oh, thanks God. I must get out of here and not hope for luck anymore. Some hell usually begins after such successes. You won't stop it, I know, I had to face such difficult conditions more than once.'

He began to shoot at the lying monsters without hesitation. It was scary to think what he would do if he was not keen on paintball and parkour. Yar managed to calm down one of the beasts on the spot: it didn't come up. The guy had to slow down at the ladder, where he was able to wound and knock down the two most nimble beasts. They were still alive with limbs kicking the ladder, Yaroslav was deafened by their piercing screaming, but kept on running. The young man was shooting point-blank one more awful creature when the nimble beast managed to knock the Kalash out of his hands and hit the forearm of the left hand with the claws. There was a feeling as if a hornet had stung him in the shoulder, his arm went numb immediately. The young man fired a pistol at creature's mouth and beat out its brains. Yar felt that the flock ran behind and was very close, so there was no time to pick up the gun.

Oh, something appeared before his eyes again:

Attention!

The global achievement of the Belt of Worlds: helot ????? of the Blue World completed the achievement The Impossible Is Possible

The global achievement of the Blue World: helot ????? has made the first hunt for the second time

Achievements made: The Impossible Is Possible, From rags to riches.

Rewards:

Personal assistant

Unique abilities: Mage Universal, Designer Magic

Five unique skills

1000 points of chaos

Awarded: Nouveau riche

The Intergalactic Trade Auction is opened

Granted statuses: Forever, Free, Premium, Incognito

Choice and Distribution:

Intuitive/Random/Personal

'Get out!' Yaroslav cried out.

He almost flew up the ladder, closed the hatch, and collapsed to his knees immediately. Running after him creatures tried to open the door a few times but without any success and soon gave it up. Yarik was a little surprised, because he saw how the monsters slashed the concrete with their sharp

claws.

Judging by the terrifying sounds heard from the outside, an awful battle broke out for the corpses at the ladder. Yar did not dare look out of the window. He was breathing hoarsely, his heart was beating in a crazy rhythm. The young man touched his hair. They stood on end.

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