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London, The Great Governor's Palace

Silence settled down in the atrium again. It was broken only by the notorious waterfalls and lonely applause of the twenty-eighth Governor, Liya the White Branch. The girl really looked like a goddess: she was obscenely beautiful. When everybody looked at her, she stood up, showing them her perfect body. 'Finally something happened, it's even easier to breathe. Fresh wind has blown, hasn't it?'

Ellir cut the victim vexedly in one motion of the blade without regret. It was an earthman prepared to commit first game action in the Blue World. Nobody paid any attention to him.

All those present couldn't keep the lid on, they shouted all at once, requiring a reconsideration for this world possession. Someone wanted to get licenses for hunting immediately, and other demanded apportionment of land grants in perpetual tenure. Nobody was silly here, everyone understood what a treasure was the Blue planet.

Tark had to intervene again. 'I demand silence. You are insatiable,' he rumbled in the voice of the Pioneers.

'We aren't going to change anything, that's enough - we've already tried once, and this world has only intensified.' Tark went again to the illusion of the Earth and rechecked. 'Do you realize that we have almost seventy-five million talented helots under our feet? Yes, the number is reducing, as, of course, there are monstrous beasts here, reinforced, in addition, by the double Transformation, but if only the half of the talented ones survive, it would be too many of them! And if we can tame at least a quarter of those who remain and then bring up their children properly, we will have a new strong caste of military magicians of any kind we want. The White Branch will be able to become a leading clan and to increase its territory and wealth. So let's give the new Governor the required ten years and will not interfere. I will personally punish anyone who violates the covenants of the Pioneers and seduces unauthorized hunting. Swear by The Matrix Of The Ancients! I'd like to add one more thing. In my opinion, we came across the technoworld, where long ago, in ancient times magic existed and was powerful, and it remains in its land, water, air, in the animals' genes. If it is so, and I have no doubt, the Rulers, soon hunting will bring us fabulous profits, new ingredients, relics, plants with unprecedented powers, magical bioresources, rare metals, stones and much more interesting I can't even imagine what!'

Menacing and terrifying in his omnipotence Tark paused, frowning and peering into the audience his cold eyes. Every moment the Great Lord was angry, each elf preferred to look somewhere to the side, not in those icy eyes. Making a decent pause, he rumbled again so that he was heard throughout the atrium.

'Don't annoy me, elves! You're stupid and lazy! Have you forgotten that we could face the curse of the system for breaking the Transformation Protocol? Why don't you worry about the greatness of our clan? The only thing you think about is an endless looting and making a fortune! Be patient, and our huntsmen will receive new combat levels, the magicians will learn new spells, and our

alchemists will be able to synthesize new competitive drugs. Therefore, it's necessary to be persistent and give this world the right time to adapt. Now, let's support the thirty-seventh Governor!' Tark applauded and shouted: 'For the Glory of the White Branch. Possess!'

The elves echoed the Great Lord, no one dared argue with Tark. 'Possess! Possess! Possess!' was heard in a huge atrium. The sound was still rattling in the hall, as Tark quietly said: 'I hope there will be enough hunting licenses for me.'

'Don't doubt, the Great,' The Governor of the Blue World answered him under his breath.

The Governors gossiped and tattled a little, drank a glass of sparkling nectar, and began to leave Ellir's Palace, returning to their Worlds.

Three elves remained near the Earth twin, a blue ten-meter projection. They were the Governor, his chief magician and Liya, who was walking around the projection and examining the planet with great interest.

'Where's that bastard that stole my first hunt twice?' Ellir asked his magician angrily. The magician showed the culprit, highlighting his location: 'He's here, my Lord.'

'All right, send huntsmen there. They must bring me his head.'

'Please, no, your Excellency,' Liya the White Branch interfered. 'Why only head, order them to bring him alive. I will buy him expensively, it'll be little but indemnity.'

'Agreed,' Ellir muttered, nobody can refuse Beautiful Liya. The sovereign beauty came closer.

'Thank you, dear Ellir, it's always a great pleasure to have dealings with you. You are so courteous, I always set your impeccable manners as an example to others.'

But she thought: 'I'm going to send ten thousand gold coins to the First Hunter. If he makes a fool of this fat bastard, he will surely obtain admittance to the General Auction.'

Liya had to give a considerable sum of money even before she had expected. A frightened messenger ran towards them and told the Governor the latest news that his four huntsmen had died heroes' deaths, torn to pieces by beasts, when they had come out of the portal.

'Ha,' Liya said with a smile. 'Tark was right saying that this planet would bring us a lot of interesting things, and now I don't doubt it either.'

For the first time in recent years, she sent gold without regret, and even with some pleasure. 'I'm going to keep an eye on this First Hunter.' She cannot bring herself to call him a helot.

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