

Chapter 68

Secondary Class Evolution And Perks

“What have you gotten yourself into now, momma Cass?”

That was the question I invariably found myself asking. I was in the middle of an audit, I had just broken away from the yoke of oppression at the Mage’s Guild, meaning I would start making experience nearly comparable to my true market value. Actually, who was I kidding, I would still not make my real market value, at least not for the next year, which was why my getting paid extra in experience was something that I appreciated. Until these last nine months passed, and I was done with my **Broke** flaw. I had finally learned how terrible flaws really can be. At first you wonder to yourself, just how hard is it to stay under 100 gold, but then you realize that you like wearing clothes, that apparently going around nude is bad, this is especially true now that I have multiple bodies that I can use to help hide my different actions. Interestingly enough, it seems that my different **Doppelgangers** can all gain experience for me, but I can do quests that improve their standing in a particular society, which will then ultimately show better on me.

After all, my **Doppelganger** for Guild Master Quencher just improved in their standing from passing an impromptu audit. I’m still not quite certain how I passed said audit, but there it is, I passed it, and now I am stronger for it.

So what is my Simulacrum doing now? Are they out solving a massive quest that involves toxic spores under the city? No. Are they out coming up with new magical cures, no. Are they even getting the standard experience they can gain by just staying in the Healer’s guild office? No.

So where are both Cass and Zero, my familiar, they are both at the Thieves Guild. Yes, the same one that we have been trying to avoid like the plague for the last few days.

Seeing where they are, I decide to meld my senses with those of my Simulacrum. After a second’s worth of meditation, I feel my new skill *Twin Consciousness* take hold and suddenly I am there with Cass. Or maybe it is better to say that I am Cass, sort of. I can tell that she is basically me, with my normal impulses, and that the longer I stay synchronized with her, the more our thoughts will meld and merge into one whole, but until we are fully melded together, I have to slowly try to adjust my thoughts to try

to understand where my Simulacrum is coming from, all so I can further define where she is mentally, and most importantly, how she will react to any given situation.

“I’ve told you already, the Tournament Committee has already left.” Terrone, one of Lenny’s goons is speaking. By the sound of his voice and his body language, he appears more than a little exasperated by the question being asked.

“When?” My Simulacrum asks.

“About four hours ago.”

At that my Simulacrum and I both do the math and realize that the Tournament Committee, the same one that cheated us out of a quarter million experience left on the same train that brought in our Auditors. It was the perfect cover, we were so focused on passing the audit that we missed the moment that our potential mark had left our area of influence.

Smart, honestly that is the most underhanded trick I could think of, rob us blind, blindside us with a reputation protection quest, then leave with the stolen merchandise. If it hadn’t been against me, or if it hadn’t been for experience, I wouldn’t have minded so much, but the fact that the system seems so bent out of shape on making sure this theft went uncontested, just shows how much the system truly wanted me to be stuck here, at least that is what I take from this whole chain of events.

“When will they be back?” My Simulacrum asks, a note of annoyance filling her, as it is clear that she is clearly bothered by this. In a way, I am glad she too feels annoyed by this, as it means that I don’t have to take it quite so personally myself, which lets me relax slightly as I try to prepare for what Terrone’s answer will be.

“Well, the next time in the tower, will be in just over two and a half months.”

“Two and a half months?”

“Yes, though there is some bad news.” Terrone begins, but then pauses as he takes in Cass’s crossed arms and the way she is just staring at him coldly. Not even waiting for a solid reply, he begins to panic

slightly, as he stammers slightly for a moment, he regains his composure. "Well, you see. Lenny and Mr. Glenn both had words with the Tournament officials."

"Words?"

"Yeah, words."

"About?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yeah, they were both annoyed with the way you were treated before during and after the tournament, even going so far as to call out the first two winners for not having been registered until after the first few opponents had already been eliminated. Meaning they were in violation of the rules."

Hearing that, I get slightly even more angry. Not only did I lose, but I lost to ringers who the Tournament officials blatantly cheated for, and then I was still cheated out of my earnings, despite the odds.

There was a silence as both my Simulacrum and I processed this information. Fortunately, Zero was there to ask the somewhat obvious question during the brief lull in conversation.

"I take it that conversation didn't go so well?" Zero asked.

"Not at all," Terrone began, as if suddenly eager to change the subject and continue with this new topic. "In fact, the Tournament officials officially banned Lenny from ever being able to host another Tournament."

At that we all pause, well everyone but Zero who blessedly continues pressing on with the somewhat obvious questions that still need to be answered.

“So despite that, they are still coming back here within two and a half months?” Zero asked, a bit confused, as he pointed a claw down at the ground, to indicate the Thieves Guild hall.

“What, here? No.”

“But you just said, they would be back.”

“They will.”

“Here?”

“Not here, here, but the Tower here. You know.” Terrone said.

At that we all paused, even Zero. Fortunately, by now my Simulacrum had regained enough of her mental bearings to try to pick up where this conversation had ultimately gone to.

“So where in the Tower?”

“Why the Fiftieth floor. By that point it will be the sixth month anniversary of the place being identified.” Terrone said.

“How does the Tournament Committee plan on getting there?”

“Why the same way they got here, through the trains of course.”

There was a moment's pause as everyone tried to piece together that statement.

“How?” Zero and Cass asked at the same time.

“By the golden line rails of course. A special luxury liner that will run from the entrance of the tower up to the fiftieth floor and beyond. Well beyond if and when other floors eventually open up. But for now, there will be a stop at the Ghost Town that is just waiting at the end of the fiftieth floor.” Terrone answered.

At that statement, a number of plans begin forming in both of our minds. They are slightly different, but at the same time all ultimately end up with the same end goal. Thankfully since we are both variants of the same mind we don't need to actually stop and talk out our plans out, rather we just have to sort of think our thoughts out loudly for each other. It is an odd sort of way, sort of like trying to shout over each other, while building a plan out of Legos, but you both have the same set pool of Legos to pull from, and while you are building different sculptures entirely it is best to find ways that you can overlap your sculptures in order to save pieces and get the most economy of resources.

In the end, what we come up with is a bucket list of goals, plans, projects, and benchmarks needed in order to be able to move on from here.

Right away, we realize that the only true reason we still stuck here is due to Lenny's quest of filling in for a few months until Lenny's true number two comes into town. That will be a good stopping point, and seems to almost coincide with when the Tournament will be going through here, in order to reach the fiftieth floor of the tower.

Taking the train up to the fiftieth floor will also solve a lot of problems for me. First and foremost, it will solve the quest I got here, when I first arrived.

Hidden Quest Updated: First Arcanarus Tower Climber: Your goal of getting a recognized degree from Arcanarus University has been noted. Explore the tower, reach the fiftieth floor and receive the reward that you seek. Reward: Experience, Arcanarus University Diploma, Title: **Arcanarus University Graduate**. Floors completed (2/50).

While I no longer needed the reward, it would still be nice to complete this. Amazing what happens when you wait around for a few months, suddenly a quest that seemed almost too good not to accomplish suddenly becomes fluff. Other than an indisputable title over having to use my Badges all the time, I don't see much purpose for completing this quest. Though I do know that as the first visitor to the tower, the entire length and size of the tower is predetermined based on how far I go. Something like fifty levels plus whatever I get to. That is why most Towers have it as a base quest to get to level fifty for

the initial discoverer of the tower, that way the tower can grow to at least level 100, which is considered to be a standard level for any true tower.

Honestly the golden train car is likely a way for the system to say that I have spent too long on the second floor of the tower and it is about time to get going. By the system giving me two and a half months to prepare, well that is just icing on the cake, as I can make sure all my ducks are in a line for me to leave. Actually, hearing this, my goal will be to have it so my Simulacrum will stay at the Healing ward, earning constant experience for the two of us, for even without providing intel to Lenny, Healing anyone, or Reading to the blind, I am looking at making close to seven hundred experience per day. Not including what my Simulacrum can gain by reading additional books and what not. This means that every day I am out trying to steal back my earnings from the Tournament, I will be making over 300 experience points per day per class. Speaking of which, for the seventy-five days, at that rate I would be looking at 22,500 minimum experience per class until the next time the Tournament rolls through. That will be more than enough to a minimum of level 22 in my secondary class, and if I pressed making level 25 and unlocking better Perks and evolutionary paths for my secondary class will be ridiculous.

Two months will also get me enough time to finally solve the stupid quest that I have all but been handed the answer to.

Quest: The Toxic Nature of Crossroads: *You have found that the guards of crossroads have an open contract with the Apothecary Guild to create Detox potions. You can either create Detox potions to turn in for money, or you can investigate the cause of why so many Detox potions are needed in the first place.*
Reward: variable.

At this point I have been holding off on solving it, just because by now the experience I would gain from completing that quest would be next to nothing. At least, that is what I assume of the original quest, that is unless this quest has been leveling and scaling with me, if that is the case, then solving this quest now would be very prudent, as it likely means we are but a few days away from a dungeon break, or worse.

So many things to do, but first thing is first, now that I know I have to begin planning for the future, it takes little coaxing for me to mentally pull my Simulacrum to me. With my Simulacrum in tow, my seemingly easily distracted familiar also follows.

Only a minute after they leave do I see Glenn and Lenny both come to the ops floor. There is a slight pause as they are talking to each other, and then they both head over to Terrone. A few words are exchanged, then suddenly the two get a panicked look on their faces and rush out of the guild hall. They glance over, but by the time they got to the street my Simulacrum and Cass had already entered the Mage Guild hall.

There is a moment.

Both Glenn and Lenny both stare at the Mage Guild Hall for a second, almost wondering whether they should tempt fate or not. Then looking back at each other for confirmation, they both seem to read something in each other's gazes, before nodding in resignation to each other, before turning back around to re-enter the Thieves Guild.

Honestly, I am more confused by this than anything, why are they going to the Mage's Guild? Are they afraid of something, or is there something more that I am not aware of? Did someone say something? Did I say something, well not me, but the Guild Master that I am currently in the form of. I am lost in my own headspace, when a set of female voices suddenly sound more than enthusiastic to have found me.

"There you are. And to think, we thought you had all but disappeared on us." Trista began.

"Oh, my apologies. I did not realize you two were still here. Where are my manners." I say, trying to play up the role of the old forgetful mage guild leader. I assume forgetful grandpa is a lot less attractive than Smoldering Intensity Grandpa.

"No, it is we who should be apologizing to you. We realize now that with the possible entrapment, and then our failed approach, it might have come across as we were being less than genuine. That is why, for now, we have opted to drop any attempts at a personal relationship with you, though know, just because we have stopped for now, doesn't mean we are by any means done with this. We just want to show you that you are in fact wanted." Trista said.

At that I just stare at Trista, not quite knowing what she seemed to be trying to imply she was hinting at.

"What she means to say is that, this will be our last official Audit. After this we will be putting in a transfer request to be stationed out here." Amelia states.

Hmph.

Oddly enough, that wasn't me that made that sound, while I was more than willing to do so, it seemed that Zero and my Simulacrum both had overheard the whole conversation. Now you might assume they

were eavesdropping, but in reality we were inside Cass's office, well my normal office, but my Simulacrum and familiar both had every right to be here.

"You don't believe me?" Trista says, a slight challenging tone coming to her voice.

Rather than Zero answering, my Simulacrum answers for the three of us. "Let me guess, you two are young, attractive, and intelligent. You get sent on these audits as honeypots, trying to get the lecherous old Guild masters to paw at you so you can slam them. Then when you find one that is actually decent, rather than stopping your attacks, you double down, trying to prove they are as broken and depraved as you seem to insist they are. Look I don't know what happened to you, to make you both so jaded, but please stop trying to tear down one of the few good role models I have in my life. I don't know if you know this, but I am an orphan. I grew up never knowing my parents, having to scrounge for scraps and loose pocket change. I was never really even accepted by the guild until recently. Even then the only person who ever gave me a chance was this man, so please stop trying to break a perfectly decent human being."

And the award for best supporting actress goes to *me!* Wow, lay on the guilt trip. By the end both Trista and Amelia are near tears, though this only causes my Simulacrum to cross her arms and stare defiantly at the two.

"We mean it. In fact, to show you how committed we are to this, I will renounce my role right now and formally request a guild transfer." Trista begins.

"Me too." Amelia also answers.

There is a slight pause, as I am then hit with two system notifications.

Guild Member Trista Preventine wishes to become a permanent member of the Crossroad Mage's Guild. Due to her current ranking in the Guild, a flat-out denial of this request is not permitted. Current options are: you can either accept out right, leave up to a vote, or provide an introductory quest to let her join.

Guild Member Amelia Everheat wishes to become a permanent member of the Crossroad Mage's Guild. Due to her current ranking in the Guild, a flat-out denial of this request is not permitted. Current options are: you can either accept out right, leave up to a vote, or provide an introductory quest to let her join.

“So you two are that serious about pushing this, even going so far as to come here in an attempt to get me to try to abuse my power while you two are my subordinates?” I ask, trying to understand exactly what is going on with this.

“I assure you, that is not my intention at all.” Trista says, coming over and all but trying to wrap her arms around me. Remembering my flaw, I back up, and then I see a look of hurt cross her features as she looks stunned by the act. “I see, I have scarred you. Tell me, what is it I can do to prove my devotion to you, to making this transfer work?”

Me myself, I am at a complete loss.

Fortunately my Simulacrum is there, trying to knock out my goals in a way that makes it look like this would only benefit her.

“Actually, there is toxic spore that you two are apparently aware of that grows somewhere in this town. If you two are truly intent on coming here and proving your loyalty to this guild hall, then finding out the source of those spores and eliminating them would go a long way towards earning my vote for your acceptance here.” My Simulacrum says.

“Really?” Trista and Amelia ask the young healer at the same time.

My Simulacrum just nods.

“Right away.” Trista says, as she dashes out the door.

Chime.

The doorbell to the Mage Guild door opens up, causing the bell to ring.

“We will be right back.” Amelia says, as she looks first to my Simulacrum, then locking eyes with me I can see the moment her resolve hardens, as she too leaves.

Chime.

Only once they are both gone, do I let out a long sigh, as their transfers are almost a certainty at this rate.

“Why are you so down?” My Simulacrum asks, as she comes over to me and stands by my side.

“You know they will make short work of this quest for you. They are drastically over leveled for whatever it is they might face down there, right?” I ask.

“I’m aware.”

“Then aren’t you worried that they will cause more problems once their transfer requests are accepted?”

With that my Simulacrum just shakes her head. “You forget, they will still need to get Lowiski and Hilda’s approval.”

“Yeah, and?”

“What do you think Hilda’s response will be once she realizes those two are only transferring here to get their claws into you, the only eligible male mage for miles around?”

At that, I have to laugh, it is a good plan, and I wish I had come up with it. Though since it is my Simulacrum, doesn’t that prove that I would have thought of this scheme eventually.

“Also, wait until Lowiski finds out that both girls don’t like vegetables.” I add.

“That’s a bit too much.” My Simulacrum says.

“That’s too much?” I ask incredulously.

“Yeah, how would Lowiski ever believe someone doesn’t like vegetables. No, instead we need to make sure our amazing receptionist realizes that one of those two will likely be gunning for her position.”

And just like that, I realize I might have the most overpowered secondary class ever, why? Well simple, there are now two of me to wreak havoc, along with testing out plots and schemes.

“My dear, I think this will work out perfectly.” I say. Then as if the system is in full agreement with how powerful my secondary class is, I am met with a system message.

Class Perk Unlocked: Simulacrum Schemes: *You have been blessed with the creation of a Simulacrum that is not just like you, but is part of you. As such you can rest assured that every plan they create will work to benefit the both of you. Effect: +50% to Strategy, +50% to Tactics, +50% to Schemes, +50% to Plans.*

That was an amazing perk. Very limited, but the fact that it was so limited is what helped ensure it was truly amazing. It also further cemented the fact that I officially had the most OP class in the game. With that little revelation in place, my Simulacrum and I broke to complete our self-appointed tasks. I went to the receptionists, to tell her to start thinking about new quests, for her possible future replacement to take. While my Simulacrum went about telling Hilda about the fact that not one, but two new members were asking to be transferred in, just to take away her Guild Master.

Chime.

“We completed the quest.” Trista says, she is panting, her uniform is torn in multiple places as apparently the battle she had to fight was sever.

“Yes, it was a giant spore queen that had taken over most of the population of the city and looked like they were about to start a zombie uprising here shortly.” Amelia added.

“Fortunately, we destroyed the giant fungus, before it could go too far.” Trista concludes.

Then as if to prove that they had completed their portions of this quest. I received a system prompt.

Quest Complete: The Toxic Nature of Crossroads: *You have found out the cause for why so many people have been getting poisoned. You also managed to deal with the true threat behind the disappearances of so many Crossroads citizens. Reward: Experience.*

Experience Gained: 500/500.

Ding.

Level up.

Your level in Simulacrum Master has reached level 6.

Seeing that, I couldn't help but feel that solving this now and in this particular way was the best use of all available resources. "Good job." I say.

"You mean it?" Trista asks, a look of hope filling her disheveled state.

"Yes, a deal is a deal." My Simulacrum says, as she enters the room, appearing to have been listening in to the whole conversation. "You have my vote to transfer."

Hearing that, I realize this next part is all me. "Yes, now all you need to do is convince the other three members of the guild to let you in, and I will have no choice but to accept your transfer requests." I say, loud enough so that my current receptionist can hear me.

"Right, well let's get started." Trista said, as they both eagerly turned to our devout little receptionist.

Seeing the look of resentment that flashed across her face, I smiled inwardly, knowing that what came next might very well be the death of these two.