While money wasn’t everything, it was close enough. Vincent could buy robot bodyguards with Arnold’s AI built in. Unfortunately, the price tag had too many zeroes for him. Some sponsors funded up-and-coming gamers if they made the right splash in the public eye. 6 days after his first Livestream, he found an abandoned tree house on the poor side of the city and started fixing it up. Vincent wanted to prime the anticipation for his next Livestream.

Comments weren’t all great streams, and this is the best.

Many comments like, ‘You’re an evil prick’ or ‘If I were in your world, you would be in a world of hurt’ were the softest he received. Message showed him reports of hacking attempts forcing him to cut the connection to the streaming platform. Vincent invested in some identity protection for 5000 Stylish Points a month. The next big livestream needed to be big, or he would be in the red soon.

Out the window of the rundown treehouse hideout, he picked out long winding limbs connected between trees, acting like roads. Elves drove goats between them, often leaving them to graze on patches of grass grown high for that purpose. There were less than savory types on the street walking into two-story tree houses filled with young elven women. Occasionally, he saw a human or a goblin wandering through the tree-limb streets. An old toothless elf ate a moldy loaf of bread, glaring at the occasional foreigner. It was good to see that the more things changed, the more they stayed the same. Elf and human waste fell from the limbs above on the houses below. Long bronze pipes from the mountain delivered water to the city from the mountain’s melting snow.

Little Oaks was the name of the poor side of the mountain town. Most elves sold drugs, their bodies, or other services. The population was on the lower side and perfect for its purposes.

Elves were terrible at security. Most bodyguards congregated on the lower floors of most mansion-sized tree houses. Despite his words over a Livestream, he wasn’t planning on taking over the elves. It seemed like more trouble than it was worth. He would have to be a hard ass and start executing people, but not the ones he didn’t need. Vincent needed an elf on the inside loyal to him, but where would he find one of those. Being alone sucked.

Windy was only loyal at the time because she was alone in the woods. He needed a partner with legitimacy.

Vincent went over the burning of the heroic rebel forces in the battle of Sour River. Most of the books were filled with detailed atrocities committed by the royal forces. The poor nobles were attacked first after arming a fort on the border to royal lands. From that point, the royals fought defensively, losing land with generals dying by the score. There were references to heroic goblin envoys who tragically lost their lives in the battles. To stop the nobles from gaining support from the goblin King, they were forced to surrender to keep the goblins out of the civil war.

“Do you think we can find a royal who wants revenge?” Vincent said.

“After 300 years of democracy, good luck.” Message said.

Vincent felt the same way. Bronze City alone had a house of lords, merchants, and commons. There were judges appointed by the chief for life. Economically things were dire by the naked children in the street with bloated stomachs; there was a food shortage. It might not have been caused by mismanagement. After all, the elves paid tribute to the goblin nation to avoid war, and the poor were unproductive. From what he understood, elves could manipulate plant life to some extent, but even they had limits. Vincent had a hypothesis that the food shortage was a feature instead of a flaw of the system. The lords in charge of the city wanted to eliminate the unproductive members of society.

There were herds of cows near the city; why not herd them near the village. A steady supply of meat would help the city.

He wasn’t sure if it was the tribute or mismanagement. The barbarian’s uncertainty made him retreat. Vincent sat in a comfy leather recliner he bought from the shop and looked out at the city. His home needed some fixing up, so he couldn’t afford to wait long. Elves weren’t his responsibility, but that didn’t mean Vincent couldn’t make them his. Vincent couldn’t look away, so what would he do about the problems he saw? He sipped some watered-down sweet tea and tore apart a steak smothered in butter seasoning.

If he was going to take responsibility, he would have to pair that with power over the elves. Since the elves couldn’t care for their own people, he would step in like Americans always dreamed their country did. Less CIA election manipulation and more support and the execution of corrupt politicians.

**Challenge 6 Timelimit 20 days**

**Complete: Rustle cattle to Bronze Mountain City.**

**Reward**

**1 x UC Red Pill**

**Complete: Locate the people who decide where the donated food goes.**

**Reward**

**1 x UC Blue Pill**

**Complete: Ensure the people know who brought them food.**

**Reward**

**1 x UC Green Pill**

Vincent tossed his empty plate in his bag of holding and reclined in his chair. Then he looked up a few videos of cattle rustling and understood he couldn’t do it alone. It was his dream job; he loved cows and horses. He had his sweet unicorn mare that needed to be put in her paces languishing in his mount card like the Ferrari in a billionaire’s care collection. Unfortunately, Elves had a problem with riding horses. That meant he needed to gather some of the humans in the city and teach them to ride.

“Do you think I could do it?” Vincent asked.

“Where do humans think you should ride at this time?” Message asked.

He closed his eyes, breathed, and remembered some old paintings from a documentary about ancient people. They didn’t quite know where to ride on a horse. Most saddled them on the ass.

“People can be taught,” Vincent repeated like a mantra until he believed it.

…

The barbarian walked into a bar like the legendary first recruiters for the Marines. Vincent searched for the toughest-looking human bastards. Instead, he saw various elves nursing drinks after a hard day’s labor. No human or goblin was in sight, and all eyes turned to him. An elf missing an eye spat on his new shirt.

He stared down at the spittle on his clothes.

“Your kind isn’t welcome here, mud man.” Vincent wanted to grab the man by his scrawny neck and snap it. For a moment, he thought about killing everyone in the bar to save some face.

That thought shook him, what was he a young master in a cultivation novel? He was a hair’s breadth from living one of his childhood dreams of herding cattle and riding with a gang of cattle rustlers. He even planned to buy a .45 colt for the aesthetic. But feeling the spittle on his favorite shirt was starting to soften his enthusiasm.

At that point, he hadn’t chosen violence. The drunk elf didn’t understand that he threw shit at a Terminator. Yet ignorance isn’t an excuse.

Vincent glanced over the crowd and saw a pair of amber eyes meet his own. She slowly lifted a sleeve showing off something made of bronze. The female elf was wearing a set of bronze manacles serving drinks and looked at him briefly before turning away. The barbarian loved a good mystery.

He gently backhanded the elf knocking him out and blasting rotten teeth across the room. The bar felt like a powder keg about to go off.

“Leave now, human, or your life is forfeit.” Vincent glanced at a large elf wearing a set of heavy bronze armor. A gladius hung from the elf’s hip with the elf’s hand on the pommel.

This wasn’t a Livestream; there was no reason to act. “Do you know where a human can get a drink around here?” Vincent said.

Vincent smiled and made an effort to relax his posture. However, the elf never moved his hand from the pommel of his sword.

“Leave the city and head north, and you’ll find a human settlement that serves your kind.” The armored man sneered. “No elf would willingly serve a human, not even the lowest among us.” The soldier or mercenary said.

At that moment, Vincent decided to see how much trouble he could get into. He pulled up his phone and found the picture of him fucking Glory and Fall.

“This is an abomination.” The mercenary elf said.

He had started to understand why so many people watched his Livestream. Elves were kind of dicks. Fortunately, he had a new way of handling dicks.

…

Cinders Falling in a dry forest, had lived in humiliation and exile, bearing the weight of her royal blood. The chief, formerly the bastard son of a deposed duke, retaining power by appeasing his enemies and paying tribute to goblins, had forced her to work in a tavern of ill repute. She served the lowliest of elf society, but even she wouldn’t fall so low as to serve a human. Cinder was a royal; she knew her worth even if the bastard line tried to humiliate and cheapen her. Even bound with enchanted bronze manacles, the chief’s family feared her and, more importantly, feared the goblins who asked for more tribute every year. How long until they sieged the city and the chief would be forced to free her? She could wait; royal elves lived much longer than the short-lived retches untaught in the ways of sorcery. They spilled their live mana, never knowing how to store the greater power of the world.

Her body was as tight and nubile as it was on her sixteenth birthday when the current chief’s great-grandfather sealed her away. 150 years later, she wasn’t certain the chief knew she worked at a firewater tavern in little oaks, the part of the bronze mountains the chief allowed to fall to crime.

Cinders days had fallen into repetition until a human dressed like a foreign royal walked in. A red shirt with sewn black leaves that clung tightly to powerful pecks and abs, a tight-fitting pair of black trousers showing off muscular thighs and a mighty package, and utter confidence. When the man’s sparkling blue eyes scanned the room, he saw no rivals. She pulled at her sleeve, and his eyes recognized her manacles, something only those who studied the histories found in lordly houses should know. A quick mental calculus took place, and then violence happened.

She couldn’t see him move. Limbering Tree Falling without a sound’s mouth exploded in a bloody mess, with his rotten teeth flying across the room. An elf mercenary well known in both the human and elven lands as Hector the swordsman stepped forward with his hand on the pommel of his bronze gladius. The man had chosen to wear his bronze armor to impress her.

Hector spouted out some line about humans never serving elves, and the human pulled a device out of his trousers. On the reflective glass surface, she saw the lady Glory To The Mountain River lying over her daughter while this man fucked them both.

“Since even the highest serve me, you shouldn’t have a problem getting me a drink.” Hector didn’t seem to know what to do. His Logos must have been on strike before this deranged and dangerous human. “I may not have a can opener, but I will open a can of whoop ass on you if you don’t get moving.”

Hector moved to pull his sword until Vincent’s hand appeared on Hector’s breastplate. She heard a groan before the armor tore away. Cinder heard cracking sounds, and her amber eyes zoomed in to see the human squeezing Hector’s hand. It became a bloody mess warped into the bronze. This was the power that only vampire nobles were supposed to have.

That’s when her eyes opened wider than they had in centuries. The bastards had done it; the vampires had finally bred a day walker with the humans, and they had infiltrated the city. Who else would have access to the records of what became of the royal line of Oberon?

Cinder froze, as did the room at the sheer speed and violence the human demonstrated. “I had a job, but I don’t think I have use for a cripple,” Vincent said.

He looked utterly bored at the violence.

“Anything I don’t care what it is, tell me, and I will do it.” The human released him, and the warped sword fell out of Hector’s hand. It clattered on the floor loud enough to make her ears twitch. Suddenly, the human was all smiles. “Please, just not something that will betray my city,” Hector said.

“Oh, that won’t be a problem. You look like a popular guy you even know some funny jokes. Elves not serving humans. That one was a riot.” This was an absolute monster with balls the size of horses and the power to back it up. “I have a job I can’t handle alone; children are starving in the streets. Round bellies and exposed ribs aren’t healthy. So, I need you to round up the toughest bastards you can find, human or elf, with flexible morals, and meet me at the gate in 12 hours. There is a massive herd of cattle near the city, and we will push it this way.” The human said.

Everything she had come to understand about the monster in front of her suddenly turned on its head.

“We’re mercenaries; we don’t work for free,” Hector said.

“You can have all the beef you want.” The human said.

People started talking, and she felt excited. That was something not many people could offer. Meat in the city was limited to the few goats they were allowed to butcher without risking the herds. Goat's milk mixed with a little blood was a staple food. The meat was reserved for the rich; some lords didn’t have meat daily. That was when Cinder decided the human had passed her test. He was trying to make a difference in the city, and maybe if she played her cards right, he would free her.

Despite the chief losing track of her, there were stories about monsters who looked like elves wearing manacles. Freeing them would let the monster show their true form and eat whoever freed them. While those stories circulated, she didn’t dare ask anyone in the current generation to free her. A human wouldn’t know the stories; this one probably wouldn’t care.

“Why would you help us?” A tavern wench asked.

“I live here too. My name is Vincent, and I don’t like seeing children starve in the streets. I can’t do everything myself, but I will leverage what power I can.” The man Vincent said.

“It was those good intentions that placed us in this situation. Food shortages didn’t come from dying crops. We are paying tribute because we can’t beat the goblins. That wouldn’t have happened when we were a kingdom.” Cinder said.

Some people gave Cinder odd looks, but Vincent understood. Cinder saw it in the human’s sparkling blue eyes.

“Pure democracies are a slow, ineffectual form of government. The parliament is an endless screaming match that gets nothing done but inflating the value of the silver mares.” He held up a silver coin and tossed it on the table. “There isn’t much silver in that coin; it’s mostly lead. Melt it and see for yourself outside the eyes of the law. That’s what the people on the street say.” Vincent said.

“What do you say?” Hector asked.

“Shrink suffrage only to those who pay net taxes take the right of the parasites away. Bums chewing bark all day and eating government bread shouldn’t vote. Who is more frugal with your money, you or your woman?” Vincent said.

Hector laughed despite his broken fingers. It was like the human was a beacon of sense everyone was drawn to.

“Alright, I will get the men. The cattle better be there.” Hector said.

The man smiled before turning his attention to her. “You wanted to talk to me,” Vincent said.

Hector left dismissed, and people began returning to what they were doing. It was the most surreal thing she had ever seen.

…

Vincent made his way back with the cute elf from the tavern with the bronze manacles. The ladies from the mansions were great, but he wanted a friend with benefits. A member of the deposed royal family no longer under the thumb of the current regime would probably do anal. He kept his presence up most of the way back, which was exhausting. Learning to use it after only six days of manifesting it had been rough. Its effects were better and worse than he expected.

Presence was weird; one moment, he was surrounded by enemies; the next, the man he almost maimed for life laughed with him. Vincent shot the idea of a republic that had a shot to balance its budget and didn’t discriminate at all. Someone could not take government handouts and become a net taxpayer. But he wasn’t interested in getting political; he needed to rustle some cattle, start the elves and humans on riding horses, and plan out his attack on the goblins so far; he learned the name of their grand city was Ahab.

There were forums dedicated to honing presence, which included some source material. It wasn’t all charisma; most of it was psychic abilities that boosted charisma was only a part of it. Vincent practiced for 6 days and could turn the charisma off and on.

Presence was a newly grown set of wings with many tiny muscles that he never used. It took time for his brain to get used to the new appendages. So far, he learned how to twitch them. He could do some crazy stuff depending on what manifested once he took enough black pills.

He stopped at his heavy metal door and searched his pants for his key.

“I’ve never seen a door like that in this city.” The elf said.

“You know my name; what’s yours?” Vincent asked.

“You are not quite a warbler, but I don’t want to hear my full name from you. Call me Cinder. And you haven’t distracted me from the door.” Cinder said.

This girl had a spine and nice juicy titties by the little dip he saw in her dress. Most elves had somewhat small breasts. This girl was stacking, and her hips were something else. Instead of the normal black hair of most elves, she was blonde. Vincent had a thing for blondes.

“It’s a steel door bolted to the building’s blackwood frame,” Vincent said.

“Blackwood grows in the forests near the Sorrow River. The wood has become magical thanks to the blood of countless elves.” Cinder said.

So, if he wanted to upgrade his bow, he needed to soak it in elf blood. That was metal as hell. Vincent chose not to share his thoughts on the subject.

“Why haven’t any elves gone out to log it?” Vincent snapped his fingers as the answer came to him. “Oh yea, transportation. Dragging that many logs up here might be difficult. I’m guessing you can’t turn trees into mobile golems to drag heavy materials for you. Does that mean all mining goes by hand? Alright, let me ask one question. Why don’t any of you tame horses?” Vincent asked.

Cinder chuckled. “The gods would be quite wroth with us if we domesticated one of the most sacred animals.”

“I get that it’s a religious thing, but you’re missing out on an important resource. A horse multiplies the distance you can travel and the amount of work you can do. Plant magic is great, but come on, your people are starving.” Vincent said.

“The druidesses would say their lives are worth the sacrifice to keep the unicorns free and happy.” He rubbed his cheek and sat heavily in his easy chair. He could clearly see the children starving in the street through the window. Vincent put his easy chair in this window for that reason. “Why don’t you move to a nicer part of town or cover the window with something nice?” Cinder asked.

“First, come here.” Cinder gasped as he pulled her down on his lap. Her big sexy ass felt nice and warm on his cock. He needed stress relief even if he wasn’t quite in the mood. “Ignoring reality is stupid. When something like this isn’t in my face, then it’s not really my problem. Living here in the muck with them really drives it home that I could be one of them if things had been different.” Vincent said.

Cinder wiggled her hips, and he felt her pussy heat up with only a little fabric between them. It was a nice feeling. Then, she gazed back at him, slowly flipped up her skirt, and moved her underwear aside.

“Maybe we can work together. There are things I want and things you want.” She wiggled her hips, showing off her panty-clad pussy, before slowly moving her panties back until she stopped. “I thought you had class,” Cinder said.

“I have a class, and it’s telling me to plunder your depths for all your worth, pour my seed into your pussy until your womb bloats, and sit a child of ours in a seat of power over this small city-state as its governor. Or maybe that is just my own desire. It is hard to tell where I end and my class begins.” Vincent said.

“Is this a poorly translated human idiom?” Cinder asked.

“Yes,” Vincent said.

The barbarian pulled out his cock and pressed it into her. She groaned at the tight-fit elf pussies were tiny and extremely stretchy. He loved it. Cinder was already wet and ready for him before he sank in, and she quickly adapted to the sitting position. Humping into a woman with the squat strength to lift a building helped.

He slid into her slippery wet slit and solicited a moan with every rub of her simmering g-spot. Every gliding thrust brought them closer to the edge, and then together, they would jump over for the next 10 hours. Vincent pounded into her and felt the woman’s cheeks jiggle under his onslaught. With every thrust, she clamped down.

“Human cocks are amazing. I think I love big human dicks.” Cindy said.

Vincent laughed and pounded her hard like she wanted. His presence was still going strong after he came inside her. He might get her pregnant, but Vincent wasn’t planning on being a deadbeat. For only 200,000,000 Stylish Points, he could grant the system to others.

The barbarian pulled her blonde hair and brushed one of her point ears. Cinder shivered, vibrating her pussy. Vincent purchased a pleasure bead, pushed her forward, and stared at Cinder’s tight little asshole. Her tiny ring of muscle tightened harder at his touch. He wanted it; elves were stretchy, and Cinder was into it. He started by licking a finger and rubbing her rosebud. The little bundle of muscles tightened in response, then relaxed.

“What are you doing back there?” Cinder asked.

When a man had sex, their IQ dropped. Terrible ideas seemed like good ones when a guy was horny. Cinder’s drooping ears and worried eyes looked too cute to his sex-addled mind. He licked the pleasure bead, then stuck it into Cinder’s butt. Her eyes widened, her cheeks reddened, and he turned it on.

“Do you like that?” Vincent said.

Vincent found a rabbit clit machined and touched it to the side of Cinder’s clit. At the time, the toys were awesome. Cinder moaned and dropped. Vincent caught her and came while the pleasure beads buzzed in his elf girl’s rear.

He sighed while Cinder breathed quietly if unresponsive. He pulled the toys out of her and cleaned them in alcohol before wiping them down and stowing them away in a lockbox in his bag of holding.

…

He met 50 men mixed with 20 humans and 30 elves, not including Hector and himself. Hector had found the bunch Vincent envisioned when he thought of tough bastards. Outsourcing seemed to be the way to go. Hector had found the time to get his hand fixed up with a few small splints to help the bones heal correctly. Vincent purchased a low-level healing potion for 200 stylish points and tossed it to Hector.

“Drink it, and your hand will feel better,” Vincent said.

Hector gave Vincent a strange look before taking the potion like a shot. Cracking sounds filled his ears as the bones of Hector’s hand reset. The elf stared at his hand before flexing it without pain.

“I can’t have my Lieutenant rustling cattle with a broken hand,” Vincent said.

“What’s the plan?” Hector asked as the group left the gate.

“Our first stop is west down the mountain to the valley. That’s where we should stop and make camp.” From the mountain, he saw the herd moving in the opposite direction of the city. “The herd is moving slowly; we should be able to overtake them and steer them where we want them,” Vincent said.

“How? I don’t understand what the plan is once we get there?” A man said.

Vincent pulled out his mount card from the carrying case on his hip. A moment later, his unicorn appeared. It took one look at the men standing in awe of it and turned its head away. Then it saw him and flattened its ears.

“Don’t be like that. I tamed you fair and square.” She snorted like she understood him. Vincent put a foot in her stirrup and mounted her. “Look at me. Do any of you want to ride instead of walking,” Vincent said.

“The druidesses will castrate us.” One human said.

Elves shouted their agreements clearly, not understanding his plan's simplicity and elegance.

“What will the druidesses do complain? If one tried to castrate my men, I would capture them and make them one of your wives.” Vincent said.

“It’s worth it; let’s snag some horses or unicorns and catch some druidesses.” One man said.

Hector cleared his throat. “We will not blaspheme against nature herself to rape her servants in abominable marriages. Children are starving in the street, and this may be the only way that has a shot at helping.” Hector said.

This wasn’t going to work. Vincent planned on it. If the lords were as dumb as, he thought, they would take the meat for themselves, growing ever fatter. Starving, desperate people were suggestible. Vincent could post fliers, hire criers, and his numbers would swell. Then he could train them by herding animals. Once he maxed out his barbarian class in the March province, he could take something like a conqueror or whatever else was available.

Some elves looked like they would begrudgingly go along with the plan. Vincent was more than alright with that. Begrudging acceptance was the first step toward mindless obedience. There was a crisis; the only way to solve it was to throw mud on elven traditions. He felt like such a rebel doing bad for the greater good.

“I don’t get why we’re making camp in the valley.” A man said.

“You aren’t going to become expert riders overnight or passably ride well enough to rustle cattle. In less than twenty days, the herd might be too far out to catch up without getting into the disputed lands. But if you want to risk getting eaten by harpies and lamia, be my guest.” Vincent said.

He had the makings of his own little gang of rough riders; this was like the Spanish-American war mixed with Lonesome Dove. In other words, Vincent was already having a blast, and his presence seemed to make the men and even his grumpy mare giddy with excitement. Empathic replication or infection was a possible power that his presence took on. There were charts to see what powers excluded him from manifesting, but that could wait until they traveled a few miles.

“I don’t suppose you would reconsider this course of action. What’re a few children dying in the street compared to 300 years of elven tradition?” One of the elves said.

Vincent thought about wringing the man’s scrawny neck on the spot.

“This is the new tradition, and it will last 3000 years. Nature might be your mother, but she’s a cannibal that wants to eat her children for the calories to produce more. She doesn’t care about you and won’t shed a tear when you’re worm food. She’ll be glad for the freed-up energy to make something else.” Vincent said.

“Sir, maybe you should keep your opinions on their goddess to yourself.” A gruff-looking man said.

“What do you think, Hector?” Vincent asked.

“No one will thank you for this, but it’s the right thing to do. Even if we are ostracized, we can ride away. It's not like the druids can catch us.” Hector said.

“That’s right; if we fail our mission Bronze Mountain City will be too busy eating itself to care,” Vincent said.

“I didn’t say that,” Hector said.

“Don’t be modest now. I couldn’t have said it better myself. But you do have a point. Druid pussy should be shared amongst the men when we return. I think I will raid their temples for the best-looking priestesses. What do you think of that boys?” Vincent asked.

“Do you really have the power to walk into a temple and leave with druidesses?” A man asked.

“No, you can’t have 5 save someone; the druidesses for the rest, we don’t know how many there are. Men don’t expect to have more than two. That should be more than enough for any man.” Vincent said.

“I don’t think the boss wants to answer our questions anymore.” One guy whispered.

“Sure, you can have latrine duty. You dig those ditches so the men have a place to shit. We will remember your sacrifice.” Vincent said.

For some reason, the men went quiet after that, so Vincent used his time to try and name his mount. “Felicity,” Vincent said, and the unicorn shook her mane and stomped her hoof.

Unicorns were intelligent and clearly understood Elvish.

“Lead us to your herd; we’re going to increase our riders.” He also planned to add three more mounts for backups. Once one got tired, he could swap out. There was also one of his challenges to consider. His unicorn stomped her foot and snorted. “That was a test, and you failed. I know they are in that direction.” Vincent said.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to patronize a unicorn,” Hector said.

“Nightmare, that sounds like a good name.” Vincent patted his horse’s neck. “After we capture your herd, I’ll give you some pills to make you stronger and faster,” Vincent said.

Common pills had a diminishing return. At Vincent’s current state, more common red pills gave less gains than time and exercise. At his current strength, UC pills were the way to go for red, blue, and green.