

Obsie finally made it back to her room at around 2:15 in the morning. There had been a fight between two Jeremiah's and they had to figure out which one was which. Unfortunately no one listened to her when she just wanted to kill them both or at least cut them open, during which Obsie would have "accidentally" killed them. This way it would've been possible to absorb their life essence and solve all the problems, maybe. Obsie left once the heartless showed up, she wasn't currently massively diseased and as such didn't really feel like fighting, plus she didn't really care which of the Jeremiah's lived or died. If they saved the original then he got what he deserved for the progress he brought to the Crusaders. If they saved the new one then even better, progress would've happened, it was a win-win as far as Obsie could see.

Obsie had taken to embalming and bleaching her skin, sometimes even grafting new skin onto her body. At this point the only part of her body that was still destroyed by burns and disease was her eyelids and lips. This was because the crusaders could see them and would notice something was wrong. The only thing left that she really wanted to change were her internal organs, namely, her heart.

Obsie had learned that Cog, her god, had become a corsin, and when the embodiment of progress did something then it must be good. Obsie came to the conclusion that in order to advance she must do this, she literally couldn't be a better scientist. Also she was almost unmatched at enchanting, with only Hahinn and fish girl being better than her. She knew everything there is to know about disease magic and even invented a way to accelerate the process of disease itself. Her control over her body was unmatched and had a way more efficient control of her life force than any other person. In order to progress further she had to do this she had to find a way to become a corsin.

Obsie currently had three leads: one was apparently the creator of corsins named The Arms Dealer; the other was a ridiculously powerful corsin named Druku or Hastur. No, it was Hastur that was in the Federation, maybe, it was confusing and no one really gave a clear cut answer.

The Arms Dealer was in Dis, the other was in Hell. Where exactly? Well no one's too sure, but one can find out, all she had to do was ask Kadriar and maybe offer up something in return.

Now to solve the first problem, how the fuck does one actually get into Hell? She didn't think the Cullis Gates actually went to Hell nor did she know if the deva shrine connected to Hell itself. She could try praying to Kadriar, that might work, except for the fact that Kadriar was, you know, a demon and couldn't answer prayers.

The other option was to go to Dis, there was still a part of Dis that was in the mortal realm. She could go through there and see how that goes. But what then? Fight her way through a demon city to talk to, what she could only assume to be, super heartless? Probably just die along the way though. Neither of these were looking too promising.

There was always the third option, be a 'terrible', 'evil' person. But what counts as being an evil person? How does one become evil? Should she just go around killing random people? How do the heartless find out what you did? Do you send them a resume? She really needed someone to tell her how this works. Obsie decided it was time for some divine intervention.

She decided to ask Cog for help, after all she was doing this to be closer to her god and for advancement, Cog should approve. Obsie got her things and walked towards the shrine of Cog. No matter how Cog answered Obsie was going to have to travel around, and going back to her room was just inefficient. Finally, after walking for five small turns of a timepiece, Obsie made it to the shrine of Cog.

Obsie went up to the shrine took out her tinkering supplies and then knelt down. "Dear Cog, it's Obsie. Again?" Obsie tended to phrase this part as a question because she was never too sure if she was supposed to. She then more confidently went on to ask "How does one become a corsin?"

The answer was incredibly clear and came back in a booming voice “PROGRESS!!!!!!”

Obsie was confused by this because she was pretty sure she was doing quite well in that particular department. She replied, quite meekly, after a pause. “I already changed the fabric of reality.”

The voice sounded again “MAKE OTHERS PROGRESS!!!!” and then after a brief pause “OR DIE!!”

Obsie was pretty sure this was be evil, just Cogified. She wasn't too sure why she didn't just do this from the start, talk about killing two birds with one bird sized Calanthan catapult. She could be 'evil' and help steer the world towards progress, talk about efficiency. Obsie confidently replied “Got it”

Then the booming voice rang out again, surprising Obsie. “AND NEVER REGRET YOUR FORWARD MARCH TOWARDS PROGRESS!!”

Obsie then immediately and resolutely replied “Why would I regret progress? Progress is the best no matter the cost”

The voice caused the air to tremble again. “YES!! GO FORTH CHILD OF PROGRESS!!!”

Obsie was really flattered by this, her stomach alight with butterflies, like a little child that just had their crush confess to them. All she could think about was how Cog called her a child of progress, practically calling Obsie their child as Cog was progress itself. She kept on replaying those words in her mind, child of progress, child of progress, over and over again. Obsie had never been so happy in her entire life. Cog wanted to be a family with her, her above all others. Her, Obsie, she could barely contain her joy. What did this mean? If Obsie progressed more would their relationship progress? If she became a corsin would they get married? They were

going to get married, when Obsie progressed enough they could get married. It was going to be wonderful, there would be great big machines. Obsie sighed, she could hardly wait.

Obsie gathered her things and practically skipped out of the shrine. Cog told her to go forth and so she did twirling, she was happy and in love and so twirling was good. And so Obsie twirled forth singing Cog loves me, Cog loves me, unceasingly and continuously all through the Council as she left. She got no small amount of strange looks from the guards as she did this, they probably thought she was insane. But what did she care? She wasn't insane, was it insane to devote yourself to Cog and the greatest ideal in existence, the all encompassing ideal of progress? No, it wasn't, they were the ones who were insane. How dare they not love Cog? How dare they not try to progress with every fiber of their existence? Everyone in this world was insane and so she would fix it, one step at a time.

Where to start? What should she change? Should she try and change the physical being of others? Should she make people progress past death? Where should she begin on her path of ever continual progress? But what was progress? Where did progress start? What made progress happen? And then it hit her, progress started with discovery, to be more specific, learning. The acquisition of new knowledge and extrapolating further from that knowledge and applying it. Obsie knew where to begin, she would teach people, not those in Calantha, they were already learned. No, she would go to the rural parts of the world and teach them, whether they liked it or not.

“Mwuhahahaha, hahahahaha, ha. ha. ha. ha. haa. kugh kaff” Trying to laugh maniacally was a lot harder than Obsie had thought, especially towards the end where she tried to raise the intensity and volume of the laugh. It really put more strain on the throat than she was expecting and she ended up in a coughing fit. Being evil was going to be a lot harder than Obsie was prepared for, especially if she couldn't do the basic evil laugh. She would have to practice that, especially if she wanted to get to the advanced evil laughing like cackling or laughing while talking.

Obsie traveled for three days after leaving the nearest Cullis Gate, it was amazing how little people cared about those in rural society. Did they think farmers didn't have vacations or want to travel? People made farmers lives unintentionally harder just by not affording them the same small accommodations that city folk had. And to think they would all starve to death if farmers stopped producing goods for cities, talk about the inefficiency. Obsie was glad she didn't have to eat, she relied less on others that way. It also made it far easier to travel, the fact that she didn't have to sleep and didn't have to sweat either made traveling quick and light, the perfect combination. This was especially great if she had to flee.

Finally, she arrived at the perfect area for improvement, a dammed up valley used for farming. Valleys that used to have rivers or lakes run by were incredibly fertile, but the ignorant people that lived here were ruining the soil. Their farming methods were outdated and in just three short years the fertility of the soil would be lost, all because of negligence. These farmers didn't deserve the land they were given, but Obsie would fix that. She would teach them how to better use the opportunities they had and show them the glorious ways to advance their pitiful lives. And, if they didn't listen to her, Obsie would kill them, as any place ruled by stagnation should be destroyed.

Obsie walked into the small farmers settlement, all bandaged up and looking totally conspicuous. Obsie found the town square, or the main hub, where shopping happened and started to evangelize.

“Did you know you're wasting your soil? And ruining your future prospects?” Obsie asked to random villager number A.

Random villager A responded very politely “Ge'ta fuck out of ma village ya freak!”

“Well that's not very polite. I'm trying to guide you along the glorious path of progress out of the goodness of my heart and you insult me? I'll give you one last chance to mend your ways,

please switch to a crop rotation cycle for farming. Failure to comply may lead to your eventual demise due to inefficiency.” Obsie gave this ultimatum as simply as if she were talking about the weather. Obsie then decided that wasn’t dramatic enough and so she walked up and stood on top a barrel and shouted at the bustling crowd of thirty people “In fact, all of you should switch to this far superior method of crop rotation!” At this moment Obsie pulled out a two inch thick book. “Everything you need to know about crop rotation is detailed in this book.” She threw the book out to the crowd and it hit someone in the head before landing with a plop. “Share this book and help each other through this fantastic revolution.”

Obsie hopped off the barrel and left the village, convinced the farmers would read the book and be inspired by its amazing research and innovations in the field of agriculture. Obsie was completely oblivious to the fact that most of the farmers out right ignored her and the rest were getting ready to brandish their pitchfork and torches to chase her off, or as far as they could. In fact, only two people thought of picking up the book and both wanted to burn it, one out of spite for it hitting him in the head and the other thought its pages would be good firestarter.

Obsie went up the village ravine towards the dam and spent three days waiting to see if the villagers would change their faulty ways. Of course Obsie didn’t spend these days doing nothing but sitting and watching, during the day she would read fantasy books in order to get a better sense on how to be an evil villain, and during the night she would practice laughing evilly. The village coincidentally put up signs warning people of hyenas in the vicinity. After three days Obsie felt she had a much better understanding on how to be evil. She also definitely knew how to laugh maniacally without embarrassing herself by falling into a coughing fit.

After these three long days of expecting progress Obsie began to get disheartened, the village hadn’t burned even a third of their crops in order to clear the fields nor had they even ordered new grain such as barley as a secondary crop. The farmers had completely ignored her good will, this village had been cursed with stagnancy and like a diseased appendix it had to be removed.

Obsie traveled up to the dam cackling madly with explosives in tow, she had put a lot of work into this laugh and was quite proud of her final results. She was glad that these three days hadn't been a complete waste. When she got to the dam Obsie started placing explosives in key components of the structure of the dam. Obsie was kind of surprised that the village, or whichever government built it, left the dam completely unmanaged and unprotected. She had at least been expecting to kill a few guards or dam managers or something but this place was utterly desolate, not a single living soul here, even after Obsie arrived. Obsie laughed even harder at the thought.

Obsie took a deep breath. "How dare they not accept my gift of progress, these uncultured farmers deserved death. And this dam is an abomination, the lake dwelling on the other side lies completely unused, it's fresh water could be used for irrigation or the pressure could be used to power grain mills. At the very least it could be used as a fresh water fish farm, but no, this great lake lies dormant. How disgustingly, horribly inefficient it all must go." Obsie ended with a fit of hysterical laughter for good measure.

Obsie wasn't too sure why it was necessary to monologue as a villain but in all books she read this is what villains do. She decided that this is what villains do and Obsie was going to roll with it in order to be "evil." Obsie wasn't even too sure why what she was planning on doing was considered evil, at the end of the day wasn't she helping people progress? Or at the very least she was getting rid of the useless appendix on the great wheel of progress. But if this is what "evil" was this is what evil was. But, more than that, this was something Obsie wanted to do so she wasn't going to get caught up in the so called ethics of it.

After setting the explosives Obsie took the absurdly long fuses and got to the highest ground accessible in the long but limited length of fuse available. Obsie started a countdown. "10. 9. 8." Why did villain do this? Wouldn't it be better if she just blew the thing up? If someone saw her they would have ten full seconds to stop her. Being evil had some strange requirements. "3. 2. 1." Obsie lit the fuses and bolted.

After running for a good five seconds to even higher ground the lit fuses finally hit the explosives and, if there's something that Calanthan technology does exceptionally well, it's explode. Not only did the initial shockwave demolish the dam it even knocked Obsie over who was a good deal away. The second rush of wind even pushing her ten feet into the air before smashing her into a tree.

“Ow.” Obsie said, quite monotone as she brushed the dust and dirt off the military uniform she got from her time as the vice commodore in the squin squad. After she got up Obsie felt incredibly refreshed. Obsie loved this, the feeling right after killing someone as their life essence squirms before settling and coming towards her, strengthening and empowering her. She didn't understand why more people didn't partake in this, especially the Crusaders, they kill all the time those power hungry fools. But it's ok, she'll teach them the way to progress eventually.

Obsie sat high up in the valley, now filled with a large flowing river, the dazzling sun glinting off its rapids and the trees and undergrowth now buried beneath its splendor. Obsie watched the river flow down its path, carrying houses and people alike away. Obsie felt the flowing was really quite romantic, advancing river destroying the stagnant and ignorant town. It made her feel warm and content, a nice gift to Cog.

A week later a newspaper came out with this headline: **DAM COLLAPSES DESTROYING TWO TOWNS AND KILLING HUNDREDS, FREAK ACCIDENT OR TERRORISM?** The story was continued on page two detailing how strange it was that a dam inspected just two weeks prior said to be in great shape just so happened to collapse, and how this did not seem to be an accident. It also went on to recount the death toll of the accident which had killed 23 elderly 251 adults and 107 juveniles, totalling for the massive number of 381 dead. The article went on to say this number doesn't include any of those with injuries or those who will suffer and might even starve to death due to the shortage of food in the nearby vicinity.

Obsie was still nearby the newly formed river even after a week. She didn't want to move because she was wrapped in the euphoria of bringing great change and progress to this region. She was absolutely ecstatic she had helped change the world for the better and it was all for Cog, Cog must be so proud of her.

All of a sudden Obsie stopped smiling and rocking back and forth in ecstasy, looking dead pan for a total of three seconds. Her brows furrowed and she got up and walked off, that was it, Obsie was on her journey again. She had come to a realization she needed to do more, yes, she had changed this small part of the world but that wasn't enough. Obsie still hadn't taught anyone anything. She had yet to instill the most important seed of progress: knowledge. How is there ever supposed to be progress without information to build that progress off of? How can one build a bridge without a blueprint?

Obsie's plan was set, she would travel for another day then stop at the first village, she would get a job in some form of teaching and then fill the students up with knowledge. It would be rewarding teaching the new generation to progress at every possible point no matter the cost, just lovely. Obsie went about her way debating the best possible way to teach before settling on negative reinforcement.

Obsie stopped outside the large village to tidy up, she removed her bandages and deactivated the glamour around her body, revealing the skin underneath for what it really was, deathly pale. Her face was gaunt and well creased, but with barely any semblance of a laugh line, and her eyes possessed a permanent glare, as if she held a distaste for all that was before her. Dressed as always in her formal wear she entered the village and headed to the village center to land a job as an educator.

It took three weeks to set up a school and for the older residents to trust her enough to leave her alone with their dependents. After another week of preparations and enchantments Obsie was finally ready to unveil her dubious plot. "Hahahaha, after weeks of planning and preparations

I'm finally ready, and no one will be able to stop meeee. Whahahahaha." After doubling over in a fit of laughter then leaning back to laugh crazily at the sky, with her arms at her sides and her hands in the shape of claws, Obsie left for class.

Obsie felt she was really getting good at this whole being evil thing. She had spent the last few weeks evilly monologuing her plan to no one, besides maybe the plant across from her. She even did it while sitting improperly on a chair slouched to the side with a finger pushing up her eyelid and what she could only assume to be a grin on her face.

"Good morning Professor." sounded out in many relatively small rancorous voices.

"Good morning Children" came back Obsie's voice almost cheerful. "Today I have a very special lesson planned, one that will be sure to captivate your full attention, and stick in your heads forever." She waved her arms around like a performer while saying this in order to gather everyone's attention, Obsie was glad she rehearsed this, it really does make things smoother.

Obsie then activated the multitude of enchantments she had set up on this building. The main ones were to prevent sound from exiting and people from entering or exiting, She had used up almost all of the souls she got from killing that town so she was pretty sure they would hold even if the entire town stormed the building. Which, now that she thought about it, would be strange since they would have no idea what was happening inside the school building, which was kind of the point. But, Obsie was nothing if not prepared and progressive. She discovered that the reason why villains tended to fail is because they were over confident and in order for Obsie to progress she would have to pull out all the stops.

Of course none of the students or villagers noticed this as they had almost little to no experience with enchantments or most magics for that matter. As such the students didn't panic or be amazed like Obsie was expecting them too and was quietly disappointed about that matter, she was almost looking forward to the look on their faces. Whatever, she decided to move on to step two regardless.

“The first lesson will use magic, do we have a volunteer?” Obsie was really getting into the circus performer act. Almost all of the children raised their hands, some even shouting “me, me, me” Obsie looked around the room wearing a thoughtful expression. “Dave come up here!!” Dave looked positively ecstatic while the rest of the kids looked on with a mix of disappointment from not being called and anticipation for what will happen next. As Dave bounced up to the front of the class Obsie began saying a bunch of fanciful sounding gibberish, for what was called dramatic flair according to the books she read, and when Dave finally arrived Obsie placed her hand on him causing the boy to turn visibly pale.

Dave was always paler than most of the other kids, as he didn’t work out in the fields with the others, but rather was an apprentice craftsman with his father making things like candles. As such when he got paler he became deathly white, almost as bad as Obsie. Dave facial expression contorted as he was trying to fight the growing urge to vomit, he also began to sway violently as he became more and more dizzy. In a matter of thirty seconds next to Obsie Dave looked so weak that if another kid walked up and flicked him he would probably keel over. Obsie spent most of the time narrating the experience to the other kids. “Your first lesson shall be one of a medical variety, how to spot people who are sick or diseased. Your first clue is skin pigment, see how pale Dave is getting? This is likely caused by poor blood circulation. Next is facial contortion, see how Dave looks to be in pain and holding in the urge to regurgitate? That's because he is, this is a sure sign of sickness, that or getting punched in the stomach. Next we shall move on to balance, see ho” “Oh my god is he ok????” a girl from the front row called out.

Obsie spun on around towards the girl and made a throwing motion at her “DID I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO TALK?!!!” The girl looked shocked and then her skin quickly turned red, and boils, warts, and pimples all started appear on her skin. The child started screaming and started clawing at her arms and legs violently in an attempt to scratch them. It was at this point that the blemishes on her skin began to pop violently squirting pus out and then slowly began to ooze pus mixed with blood. The child then quickly shed her now soggy shirt in order to more thoroughly “scratch” her body, this continued for two more seconds before the girl collapsed, drenched in

blood and pus that came from the self inflicted wounds and the disfigurements that now covered her body. “Good, she’s dead, now do you all understand what will happen to you if you don’t SHUT UP?!!” She paused at the now silent classroom except for the sobbing of a particularly frightened boy. “Lovely we are in a classroom, I’m sure you know the rules, no one is allowed to speak unless called upon, let us all keep an orderly class.” She turned around while mumbling to herself about how rude children are these days. “Now where was I, ah yes balance” She remembered when she spotted Dave struggling to get up out his vomit but failing “Most illnesses are accompanied with a sense of dizziness causing most people to stagger, struggle to stand upright, and sometimes even fall over. As you can see Dave is particularly dizzy as he can't even sit up without falling over.”

“Now for our next lesson we will need another volunteer!” Obsie said while reassuming her stage persona. She took out a scalpel from her left breast pocket. The children all sat quivering silently, no one daring to make a noise. “What? No takers? That's fine, we'll use John for this one.” Obsie said while approaching the desk in the third row second aisle. The sobbing child broke out hysterically crying as Obsie passed him. Obsie barely paused as she slammed the child’s head in with a wooden ruler, killing him instantly. “See I'm not unfair he didn't disrupt me intentionally so I killed him without torturing them.” Obsie said to the class “I’m not demented.” Obsie said as she arrived before John.

John was a well tanned, fit kid. He got this way from working as a farmer since he would walk without a single day of rest. His mother died at childbirth and he tended to look angry all the time. As such, the other children largely avoided John and were happy that he was chosen and not someone else.

“Following the biological theme from last lesson we are going to dissect an eye” The other children seemed to relax thinking John got off easy and only had to dissect some eye, only John with his look of horror seemed to understand what was going to happen next and tears silently leaked out of the very eye that he was about to lose. He stared at Obsie as she loomed over him

and took out a strange cylindrical contraption out of her right inside jacket pocket and Obsie placed her hand on John's face to hold him still. John stiffened up and found that he couldn't move as Obsie had modified the chairs to prevent struggling and movement for five seconds after she activated them with a button. Well, she only actually made one on John's chair which was why she chose him in the first place, she wouldn't know what to do if anyone actually had volunteered. As she pondered this she stabbed the cylindrical device into John's eye socket and began removing it. Obsie noticed it was starting to heat up so she quickly removed the eye from the device and chucked the contraption. It landed by Dave, still on the floor at the front of the class, and exploded, seriously maiming his arm in the process. "Hahaha, gotta love that Calathan technology, it's always exciting"

Obsie placed the plate containing the eye on the table at which John sat, it was at this moment that John's freedom was returned to him. "Give me back my eye, you crazy bitch!" Obsie surprisingly didn't react violently to this sudden outburst, she was still smiling giddily since the explosion. All of a sudden Obsie pounced towards John and wrapped him in her embrace. "John, John you have to calm down, I showed you some amazing Calathan technology, you even got to experience two of them yourself, but you're going to need to remain calm, you'll need a steady hand for what happens next. Here I'll help." Obsie said as she repositioned John to be seated on top of her, extending her arms around his. She placed the scalpel in his hand and then manually closed it for him, forcing it closed/ This random display of happiness and affection did not serve to calm John or the other students down but scare them into complete obedience, causing most of them to give up hope of resisting

"Good, John can you tell me the parts of the eye?" Obsie asked into John's ear. She waited a second, and when she got no response she forced John to stab his own leg, causing him to cry out in pain. "Come on John your a smart boy you can do this, I don't expect you to know all of them, that's why we're doing this John, to learn." Obsie asked again. "Th-the iris, the p-pupil, a-and the retina." John managed to stammer out through his chattering teeth.

“That’s not bad, more than I thought to be honest, good job. But, you still don’t know most of them so we’re going to have to make sure this sticks. Come on class gather round for the dissection. Now.” Most of the children were too scared to think about escaping and just quietly came over to the desk. However, two of the students, noticing the fact that Obsie was trapped underneath John took advantage of the confusion brought by the movement of kids to try and escape. Obsie simply waved at them and laughed while she watched as the one on left stop, curled up for a nap and take his last breath. While this happened the one on the right decayed before her very eyes. By the time the child's fraim hit the floor all that were left were bones.

“Anyone else have any bright ideas?” Hearing silence Obsie followed up with “Aww that's too bad this is a school after all you need to be thinking” Obsie felt she was getting the hang of the whole evil pun thing but felt she sent the wrong message so she continued “However, trying to escape would just be stupid, the next one I’ll torture before killing. Alright moving on to the dissection. Now that everyone is gathered over here, well except for the ones I killed of course.” Obsie once again picked up John’s arms. “See here outside of the iris and pupil is a layer called the cornea, it protects the iris and the pupil and focuses light...” After going through all the known eye parts and dissecting the eye in order to show them all to everyone Obsie released John, who promptly threw up and fainted.

“Ok, before we move on to the next lesson does anyone have any questions or concerns?” Obsie asked moving towards the front of the room when a particularly pink girl asked in a timid voice “May I use the bathroom? Please?” Obsie was shocked, she couldn’t believe anyone was brave or stupid enough to ask permission to use the bathroom from the person that was keeping them captive. Especially since Obsie didn’t particularly care if they lived or died. She didn’t want to say no and prevent the process that the body goes through, and the natural progress of water, minerals, and waste through the human body. However, if she did pause and let this child urinate in the restroom she would be halting the progress of her class. Yes, everyone's progress and, most importantly, Obsie’s own. How could she let that happen? No this child could not be aloud to destroy Obsie’s progress and cause stagnation to fall upon this class for even a second, she

must die! Obsie took the scalpel used for the dissection and stabbed the pink girl in the neck causing the room to be dyed in the girl's blood as it squirted from the small hole.

It was at this moment that Obsie realized her mistake, she could have used this opportunity to teach the children about the opposite sex's genitals and urination process. Obsie started to hit herself in the head "Ugh Obsie you're an idiot why are you so rash, wait, it's not too late we have another female in this class Jain you're female correct?" The frightened girl squicked and nodded her head. Seeing the affirmation Obsie let out a sigh of relief. "Quick get up here" The girl cried and unsteadily walked over the dead bodies to the front of the room. "You, Rubert, please join Jain in the front of the class." Rubert joined Jain at the front, equally terrified. Obsie also made sure to wake John and Dave so that they could watch the demonstration.

After thoroughly humiliating the two children through a sex Ed course Obsie felt that there was little left to accomplish by continuing today's lesson. Most of the students were either too dead or too horribly mentally scarred to absorb information and as such she immediately put all of the children to sleep. "I hope you all enjoyed the show, and most importantly we hope that you never forget what you learned." Obsie wasn't too sure why she was using we. Who was she referring too? Cog? And for that matter who was she talking to? The corpses? The unconscious children? It didn't really matter Obsie decided. It felt right at the time so that's what she did.

After reapplying her bandages Obsie entered the city and returned to her humble abode, a penthouse apartment, with a relatively large risk of explosion. Obsie went to her room and started planning her next course of action. Obsie didn't know if her plans had worked. Obsie was unsure if she had actually completed another step on her staircase of progress, had she actually become a corsin? She had no way of knowing. Obsie decided it was time for drastic measures, she would have to be so dastardly and maniacally damnable that the world or whatever granted one a corsin would have to do so. She would have to break one of the greatest taboos in Squin no Calanthan society, she would have to steal candy from children.

She couldn't do this lightly, she had to prepare, she had to practice, she had to make disguises, make safe houses, buy teleportation scrolls, and most importantly acquire marks. Luckily she already had all of those but the marks she was stealing from. Stealing mainly required dexterous fingers which she got from making inventions all day. The disguises, safe houses, and teleportation scrolls she all acquired from her days on the Squin Squad. Now all that was left was to stake out an area to perform the heinous crime.

Obsie was hidden in a brush in a park popular with children, or at the very least the parents of those children. The brush was well camouflaged and no one could see into it while she could see out, a perfect spot for the perfect crime. Obsie was dressed in her most evil outfit, her bandages were black, she wore an opera mask over them, and, most importantly, she wore a black cape with a red inside. The rest was her normal outfit but that was beside the point. Everyone knows that a black cape is evil, and a black cape with a red inside? Positively terrifying. Obsie was quite proud of this outfit, she thought it was the best one yet and she figured she should wear her greatest outfit for her greatest triumph of villainy. She was very close to laughing until she realized that making noise would ruin the whole point of being hidden.

After two hours of waiting in a brush she finally found her target, a four year old with his/her parents, Obsie couldn't tell apart gender at that age and to be fair her parents looked barely ten. The child was holding a giant lollipop, the target of acquisition being roughly the size of the child's head. Obsie knew this would be difficult but the pressure was starting to get to her. She gave a dry gulp and steeled her nerves, it was show time. The target would cross in front of her brush in 10 seconds she had to be ready, she had to do this. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. Gulp. 1. Go. Obsie burst out of the brush feigning past the lollipop with her left hand while grabbing it with her right. Obsie dashed back to steps and started laughing hysterically "Hahahaha! I did it, I really did. You thought you were the one with the giant candy, you thought it was safe but no I took it. No one is greater than I!" It was at this point that Obsie noticed everyone in the park was staring at her, she knew what was going on. They were on to her. She didn't know how they all knew, the

crime just happened, plus she was in disguise. It was against all calculations she had, but it was happening and she would have to act fast. She took out her teleportation scroll from her left ass pocket and used it to teleport to the eastern isle's where she quickly removed the cape, opera mask and top layer of bandages revealing pristine white ones. Perfect no one will be able to recognize her now. She hurriedly teleported to Squin City in order to make her way back to her room.

Obsie flopped onto her bed, exhausted. She had come too close to failure, she never wanted to do something so extreme again in her life, it was too much. The pressure and consequences were high, she now realizes that the measures she had taken were a bit too drastic. It would be best for her if she just lay low in her apartment for a bit and let this whole situation blow over, even if something this big would take years to settle down. All she could do was wait. Wait for her results.