

## [Adam C. POV]

I returned to the capital, my missing eye bandaged. A single tear of sweat trickled down my cheek as I made my way through the gates, surrounded by the bustling crowds of the city.

As I walked, I was greeted with stares of curiosity and wariness; my covered eye and the bandages that wrapped around my body left most with the fear of the unknown.

One would think they would be used to such sights. Perhaps I was the weird one in the situation.

I made my way through the winding streets, taking in the sights and sounds of the great city. Everywhere I turned, I was met with vibrant scenes of merchants peddling their wares, artisans crafting their works, and children laughing and playing.

Yet, I paid the sights no heed, my eyes fixated on one destination: the palace at the top of the hill.

I had some money to collect.

Making my way up the hill, I was met with a wall of guards, the guards were wary of me, understandably so, I mean, the bandages around my body didn't make me look friendly at a first glance.

And seeing the civilians had been agitated with my presence, well, it was understandable they were too.

After some small questioning, the guards eventually let me through, granting me access to the palace grounds.

Stepping through the gates, I was met with the palace, its golden spires reaching for the sky. As I made my way closer, I was met with palace guards every few yards, the sight of them standing at attention, saluting me as I walked past them, making chuckle.

Finally, I made my way to the entrance, where I was met with yet more guards. Where, after giving my name and stating my rank, I was allowed to enter the palace.

From top to bottom, right to left, everywhere I looked, there were servants and guards rushing around, conducting their business in a flurry of activity.

I blinked.

I had forgotten to ask where the King was.

"Excuse ma'am, could please tell me where the King is?" I asked one of the maids.

The old maid stared at me for a moment, her eyes briefly flickering to my bandaged eye before focusing back on me. "The King is in his chambers."

No shit, Sherlock, but where the fuck are they?

"And that would be... where exactly?" I asked, with a friendly smile.

The maid's face hardened, and she pointed down the hallway to a set of ornate double doors. "Through there, but be respectful. The King is not to be disturbed without good reason."

I nodded, smiling at the old maid one last time before pushing forward.

True to her instructions, I found myself face to face with the doors leading to the King's throne room. Decorated in gold, and other precious gems.

Taking a step forward, I knocked at the door. "I'm back." Wait, what if he doesn't remember my voice... "It's Adam."

The doors creaked open, and I was greeted by the sight of the King sitting on a throne, surrounded by papers. His eyes flickered towards me. "Ah, Adam,"

He has... a throne in his room? Why would he have a... no no, not my place to judge, his castle, his design.

"By the gods, what happened to you?" The King's eyes widened as he took in the state of my bandages and the missing eye. "Who did this to you?"

"The target you sent me to deal with," I replied, shrugging. "Don't worry, I will be back to my old two eyed self in... about three months, maybe more."

I had miscalculated... greatly for that matter, when I had thought I could heal my eye in a few weeks, apparently my level of Healing Kido was... not good enough to do that just yet.

Which meant...

I had to visit... Porlyusica to help me out.

May the universe have mercy on me.

The King frowned, concern etched across his face. "I'll have my healers tend to you immediately," he said, rising from his throne. "But first, tell me, did you complete your mission?"

I nodded, pulling out a small pouch from my pocket and presenting it to the King. "The target's head."

"Oh god," The King gagged, taking a step back. "I did not need to see that, Adam!"

I couldn't help but chuckle dryly at the King's reaction. "I apologize, your highness. It's just proof that I completed the mission."

The King shook his head. "No need to apologize. You've done well. Just don't... bring that kind of proof again, please..."

"So, about my payment?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation away from the gory subject.

The King nodded, composing himself. "Of course. You will receive your payment in full, as promised. But first, let us tend to your wounds."

"Wait, there's no need, she will only get angrier if I let other doctors treat me," I replied, however, before I could add anything else, several healers rushed into the room, taking me away to treat my injuries.

The old hag would not like this at all.

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[Porlyusica POV.]

Hm.

I feel someone I know did something incredibly infuriating and stupid.

"Adam," I clenched my teeth as I said the brat's name, my fist tight around the worn, wooden handle of my trusty broom, before the end of it snapped with a sharp crack under the pressure of my grip. "I will beat him senseless if he did anything stupid that I have to deal with!"

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After escaping the hordes of healers that the King had sent after me, I made my way to the train station, where Lilia had been waiting for me to board the train back to Magnolia.

"Why do you have... eight thermometers in your mouth, Adam-sama?" Lilia asked, blinking in complete bewilderment.

"Because I didn't want eight thermometers in my ass, any more questions?" I shot back.

Lilia shook her head.

"That's what I thought," I said, nodding to myself, before calling out to the conductor as I hurled Lilia inside the train like a Javelin. "Let's get this rolling!"

Normally I wasn't one to push things, but I had a horde of nurses that were... wayyyy too interested in taking my temperature.

"Anything for a wizard saint!" The conductor replied, starting the train.