

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Late chapter I know, in my defence I have been ultra busy with preparing for a trip I had planned for months. I am going on a 2 weeks vacation to Peru! And sadly, due to this, I have to announce that there will only be one chapter released in May.

It is unfortunate, but with 2 weeks of me being away, I can't do anything more.

Though, I am about to release the polls for this year's Anniversary Special! So make sure to vote!

IMPORTANT: the youtube channel Aninews is sponsoring the creation of an original high quality Overlord figure. The Poll for the character is currently open and you only need to click on the form link on the description of his last video. I personally voted for Renner and Zesshi since we will probably never have the chance of seeing one of them!

THIS CHAPTER HAS NOT BEEN BETAED YET! (I will upload the betaed chapter as soon as I get it!)

Chapter 59: Calm before the Storm

Arche rested on the bed in the room she shared with her fellow apprentice which was currently occupied with reading a book their Master gave them. Though, regardless of how much she found the material interesting, her thoughts were currently occupied with something else.

She just couldn't believe what was happening, not on a political level nor on a military one. It was simply unconceivable, it went against everything she was taught and it was not logical at all!

Two different races that just killed each other for a century or so and which enslaved each other for far longer shouldn't just... just... make peace like that!

For all Arche admired Lakyus' will and goals, she never thought the older girl had a snowball chance in hell to achieve them. And yet, here they were, an armistice had been struck with the promise of more if this was successful.

If Arche didn't see it with her own eyes, she would have not believed it possible, she still could hardly believe this happened. Maybe Lakyus wasn't so wrong after all, maybe there was a chance to reach a middle ground and end all these wars between races.

She blinked as she noticed the blank noise of Rayne reading had stopped and she did not even notice till now. She turned her head toward him only to meet his green eyes with her blue ones.

His gaze was quite intense, Arche felt like shivering a little under the boy's gaze.

“So, have you decided what you are going to do?”

The brown-haired boy asked seriously. He seemed to have made his mind up on the matter already.

They had spoken at length about their Master's words, on what it meant to be a magic caster, and what kind of road awaited them if they decided to become battle oriented like Master Satoru.

She thought she would have a lot of time to dwell on the matter but an occasion had already presented itself. Lakyus was going to fight, and they had to decide if they were going to follow her or stay behind.

Arche remembered what their Master did when the Quagoa came. She remembered vividly the coldness in his voice as he called up spell after spell, as if he was simply reciting a recipe and not causing the death of hundreds. She had no idea if she could do the same, she had no idea if she even wanted to do the same.

“Did you... decide?”

She decided to reverse the question toward the boy who immediately stiffened at her words.

“Yes... I... I chose to fight.”

Those words came out from his mouth in little more than a whisper, as if he was afraid of saying it out loud.

“Why? You are clearly afraid, why are you jumping in this when you know you are afraid and could possibly end up dying?”

She questioned as she stood up from her bed and approached Rayne till they were face to face.

She just didn't get it. Why did he want to take this risk? They could take their time and think about it for some years more and then decide what they want to do with their lives.

Did he hunger for glory or acknowledgment? Did he just want to be more than another common boy?

“I... I want to help Lakyus, I want to make a difference, like Master Satoru did when he chose to help me, he had no incentive in doing it, nor taking me under his wing afterwards, but he still did it... because it was the right thing to do.”

The boy tried to explain himself before pausing for a moment.

“I want to do the right thing, and I want to protect those I care about, even if that means I have to risk my own life to do it... Master Satoru gave me this life, so I want to spend it by following his example.”

Rayne proclaimed as his eyes shined with a light Arche had only seen once before in her life. That look of absolute conviction of doing the right thing regardless of what it would cost. The same light Lakyus had in her eyes every time she spoke about her goal.

Arche felt some guilt and shame at the thought of her previous assumptions on Rayne’s motives. She was still thinking like a noble who had to put their own goals and objectives above all else, and use any means necessary to achieve them. She could hardly be faulted for that as it was the only mindset she had ever known before meeting Lakyus and Rayne.

But now she understood that her way of life was not the only one. Lakyus showed her that a noble could defy what was expected and create her own path, while Rayne showed her that the power of the bonds you create with others are far more valuable than to throw them away over a deceitful scheme.

They both helped her, Lakyus trained and cared for her, and Rayne had become more than a simple fellow apprentice, she had begun to enjoy the time they spent together just talking or studying even though he was still his obnoxious self.

And it wasn't like she did not influence them too. She noticed how Lakyus had begun to care more for her appearance ever since Arche helped her do so, and Rayne, while still crass, had begun to understand more subtle hints and how to interact with others without causing a scene due to not understanding societal norms.

The three of them had eaten, slept, and lived together. They had all grown thanks to each other, that much was clear. If she had to follow her upbringing, she should have taken what good they offered and left them to their fates once she could take no more.

Her heart instead told her to reciprocate those feelings.

And so she gave and took, as they did, and now they all found themselves at a turning point.

What she had parted with till this moment were trifling things at best if compared to what she was asked to give up now.

She was asked to put her life at risk for her friends. To fight by their side for the good of people she didn't really care about. To fight for an impossible dream.

Whichever choice she made, she knew she would lose something dear to her, and her life would be changed forever by it.

Arche looked in those green eyes of the boy before her. She bit her lip as she felt fear crawl up her spine.

She had to choose, and so she chose.

{Lin's P.O.V.}

The black haired woman polished the dark metal of her halberd till she could see the reflection of her eyes on it. She smiled eagerly, she had a lot of fun on this adventure, meeting the elusive caster and his lot, the princess who thought herself a clever cat,

the stubborn wannabe knight who enjoyed getting pummeled into the dirt.

She had seen things she would have never thought she would see before, eaten things she never knew existed, for once, she had felt what it was like to be free.

For once she had been Lin the Explorer, the protagonist of the many diaries she filled back home.

She wouldn't mind living the rest of her life like this, seeing new things everyday until she had nothing left to see, then return to square one and doing it all over again to see what had changed in all those years.

That was certainly a pleasant dream. But she could not, she had made promises she had no intention of breaking, she could not let go of that hatred that still burned with a passion within her... no, she should not think about it right now, she was Lin the Explorer now, the free-spirited woman who just wanted to see all there was to see.

She shook her head as if she wanted to push all those additional thoughts away.

A small smile returned to her lips, speaking of Lin, apart from the whole exploring thing, she found herself truly fascinated by this secretive caster. She wanted to pry him open and see what lied behind that shell of his, she had always been a very curious girl, no matter the name she used.

Their banter had been entertaining so far, and the way they played around each other to try and discover each other's secrets was truly a great form of foreplay in her opinion. If she didn't know any better, she would have thought the man was actually flirting

wit her, but she knew that was only her twisted sense of romance talking.

Though, how could she help herself? A mysterious man who intrigued her to no end, now said man asked her to join him in subduing a nest of dragons, and then they would have a spar between the two of them. Wasn't this just the greatest date she had been on her entire life? How could a girl compose herself when presented with all of this?

She bit her lower lip, she could not wait for all that was to come.

She had also discovered a lot of interesting things about him. He knew the Gods' language, that was already surprising and something that spoke much about what kind of being hid behind that mask. She had observed him well, and for all he claimed otherwise, she knew he was stronger than a mere 6th tier caster, how much stronger, that was hard to say, but she might get an idea during their spar. She had been around monsters all her life, she knew one when she met one.

That also brought her to her next discovery about him, he wasn't human, not completely at least, she had known of Godkins weaker than him and she would sooner shave her head bald than believe a normal human could reach this level, Talent or not. So, the only explanation was that he either was a spawn of the Greed Kings or Evil Deities, which would make him inhuman already, or he was something else coming from the unexplored east of the continent, beyond the Beastmen's lands.

But, for all that she had grasped from interacting with him, he still managed to steal one of her most precious things. She had been careless, she knew that, she had been far too used to have her hair tied in a certain way, so she had moved carelessly and he managed

to glimpse what hid beneath. For all that wasn't really a loss speaking on a mere objective point of view, she still was ashamed of having someone see them. She was pleasantly surprised when, instead of using his knowledge to denigrate her, he merely limited himself to teasing her a couple of times, and only when she apparently got under his skin.

That had been refreshing, as she had already been used to have her secret used to discriminate and insult her since her earlier years of life, hence why she hid it to this day. To be honest, she would have rather him see her naked than discover her secret, though, she didn't have much of a choice now, what was done was done.

Her train of thought was interrupted when a certain sword-enthusiast blonde entered her peripheral view.

The girl had been training with her everyday since the Quagoa left. Lin had almost laughed out loud when the little girl asked her to show her how to win against dragons without killing them.

In her entire life Lin could say she never met anyone like Lakyus, the girl was somehow so dedicated to peace that she would try and convince a troll that a match of chess was better than a battle.

It was surely a refreshing sight from the usual power obsessed bunch she had met and trained in the past. For all Lin had no faith in the girl's goal, she still was curious to see where the girl's convictions would bring her. She will keep an eye on that one, even after their paths diverges.

“Ready for another round pipsqueak, hope you removed the dirt from your mouth from yesterday.”

Lin mocked as she got off the wall she was previously leaning on.

In all response, Lakyus just gave her a challenging smirk as she unsheathed both her blades. That was quite the unorthodox fighting style in Lin's mind, the girl clearly favored her right arm and wasn't all that great with her left one even though she possessed the same strength. She would be better using a two handed weapon in Lin's opinion, though when she told Lakyus so the first time, the girl just said that she needed to be prepared for all eventualities, so having two blades with two elements was better than one blade with one element.

Lin couldn't really debate her words at that point, she had been used to having the best gear possible all her life, so she really had no experience telling what people with limited access to weaponry should do. Also, that sounded like something that a caster would say for some reason, so she let it slide.

“Now, now, remember your biggest advantage when fighting dragons, or any other giant creature.”

She said as she discarded her halberd.

“Yes! My speed! No matter if they can kill me in one blow, if they can't hit me and I can damage them... sooner or later I will win!”

Lakyus repeated the first word Lin said when she was asked on how to defeat a dragon.

The black-haired woman smirked as she prepared to pounce like a dragon on her prey.

“Exactly.”

She said as she immediately jumped on Lakyus who dodged her descending kick.

Oh, she was going very easy on her, but this was not an exercise on precision and power, no this was merely about staying alive.

Her foot impacted the ground creating a small crater once Lakyus dodged.

Lakyus was fighting for her life now, one hit and she would be defeated.

Lin didn't waste time and continued her assault like a rabid animal would do. It wasn't perfect but it was the closest thing to fighting like a dragon would.

Lakyus dodged her clawing and tried to swipe at her legs with her blades, Lin swiped off her hand one of her swords forcing the girl to back away.

She smirked down at the blonde who gave back a feral grin before diving for the blade.

Lin could not help but feel a pang of pride at the girl's display. She came a long way from the little scared cat she was when they met. She took to her lessons like a fish to water and she even managed to shrug off Lin's own killing intent, as suppressed as it was.

This one might turn out interesting...

{Ro-Lente}

{Hilma's P.O.V.}

Two women were having tea in an otherwise empty room, the silence between the two of them filled with unspoken words.

Well, more precisely, one was enjoying her tea while the other let the cup grow cold.

For all Hilma was usually a composed and adaptable individual, the news she received from Satoru were quite shocking.

It also didn't go along with anything Satoru ever did, hence why she thought this wasn't his plan to begin with. He later confirmed her suspicions when he recalled the meeting he had with Renner and Lakyus.

'Those two troublesome blondes are going to make me die young' she despaired bringing an hand to her temples. For all Satoru had a weak spot for those two, she truly wished he would put his foot down sometimes.

"Copper for your thoughts?"

The short, masked caster asked her. Hilma just shook her head.

"Not this time I am afraid."

She said, for all Evileye didn't seem to have any interest in the politics and countries at risk right now, Hilma would still not give away information that were clearly top secret.

"I see."

The short caster didn't betray any emotion behind her words, the tense silence returned to the room.

The unspoken words still hanged, they had never addressed the events which transpired between the two of them during the last time they met. To be completely honest, Hilma did not expect to see the short caster again after she disappeared for days. But, to her surprise, Evileye just reappeared all of a sudden and behaved as if that encounter never happened.

Though, even with all that nonchalance, Hilma was still an expert at reading people, especially their body language, that fact helped

her greatly during her years under Eight Fingers. So, it was easy for her to see how the masked caster was tenser around her.

Maybe... maybe she should say something. For all she found Evileye annoying and intrusive at times, she could not hide from herself that what she did was extremely wrong, even if it was mere teasing, it still crossed an invisible line she should have stayed well behind.

She was about to open her mouth when an urgent knock echoed in the silent room.

Hilma turned toward the door, not knowing if she should feel annoyed or relieved at the interruption.

“Come in.”

She said, as her guards were well aware that she was not to be disturbed unless an urgent matter came up, so she better address this urgent matter as soon as possible.

As she expected one of her guards entered the room.

“Lady Hilma, the second princess is requesting a meeting with you.”

Hilma’s eyebrows furrowed at the words of the man. She did not expect to see the princess ever again. Well, that was an exaggeration, though she did not expect to see her until Satoru returned at least.

“Let her in.”

She said stoically, she might as well hear what the princess wanted, it wasn’t like she was in a position to refuse her in the first place. No matter if she was the de-facto leader of Seven

Hands, she was but a commoner shopkeeper to the eyes of the common man.

The princess didn't take long to stroll into the room, followed by her little friend and spy, Angelica. Hilma rose an eyebrow at the girl who was assigned to work under her, all that Angelica had in response was a shrug of her shoulders.

'So, she does not know either' the former prostitute guessed as she plastered a fake pleasant smile on her face.

"My princess, I did not expect you today, it is a pleasure."

She greeted before slightly turning and noticing that Evileye had disappeared without her noticing in the meantime, not that it was the first time this happened.

"Please take a seat."

She offered as she pushed all thoughts regarding the masked caster to the back of her mind.

The princess took the seat previously occupied by Evileye without a word.

"That tea has gone cold by now, I will fetch a new one."

Hilma offered as she made to take away the full but cold cup.

"There is no need, please seat, I wish to have a word with you."

The princess finally spoke, Hilma did as she was asked and just sat back on her sofa, waiting for the princess to speak.

"What is your name?"

The princess asked trying to sound as firm and stoic as she could, which wasn't really much considering the one she had in front of her was an accomplished spy and assassin. 'She is nervous... no,

those eyes... there is something strange in them... as if she was... about to snap' Hilma noticed as she prepared herself to react to whatever the princess would do.

“I am Hilma Cygnaeus, Your Highness.”

She answered maintain a cordial tone and relaxed smile.

“I am here to ask questions, I wish for you to be truthful, no matter what the answer is, I will not have you harmed regardless of what you say.”

Hilma almost felt like rolling her eyes at the princess' naïve words. ‘The usual arrogance of nobility... little bird, you are in my cage here, even if you wanted to harm me, you would be dead before you could give the order’ she refrained herself from voicing those thoughts.

She just waited patiently for the princess to continue, which she eventually did after a long pause.

“Are you Marquis Satoru's lover?”

The princess asked directly taking Hilma aback just that little bit as she did not expect the princess to be so direct. Though, the tone of the princess betrayed a certain desperation. She should ponder her response, but not seem hesitant, or that might just make the current situation worse.

“Princess, if you are asking me if I ever laid, kissed, or proclaimed my love for Marquis Satoru, or if he ever did the same toward me, then the answer is no, I am a close confidant of his and a partner in business only... also, I do not see any men in my future romantic life.”

She added that last part to try and cut the tension that was being created in the room.

The princess' tense muscles seemed to relax the slightest bit.

“I see, does he have any lovers or does he... frequent any brothels?”

The princess asked again as Hilma began to grasp what this whole thing was about.

‘Maybe Clarice traumatized the girl more than I thought she would’ Hilma pondered in her mind as she recalled the great fiasco that was the whole Blumrush incident. The city didn't talk of anything else for almost an entire week after the affair came out. She even heard Blumrush's brat had to escape the city before Clarice's betrothed could reach the capital and demand his head.

“Not that I know of, and I assure you, between managing the entire kingdom's magical item market, keeping up with the Merchant guild, dealing with his own responsibilities as a noble, and his other activities, I highly doubt he would have the free time to sleep, let alone entertain some lover or visit brothels.”

Hilma said with a slight hint of sarcasm to point out how absurd the whole concept was.

“Not counting that he is with me for most of those activities, and only leaves to instruct his two apprentices... if he had time to slack off and do what you suggested, I assure you that you would not be the first to have a problem with it.”

She finished before sipping her tea, putting the final nail in this argument's coffin.

“He still has time to entertain my sister though.”

The comment was made in a lower tone this time, and the bitterness in it wasn't hidden in the slightest. Hilma refrained from quirking an eyebrow at the comment.

“Forgive me Princess, but are you perhaps questioning why Satoru and Princess Renner spend time together?”

Hilma questioned eager to get to the point of this whole discussion.

In all response the princess seemed to lose the bit of tempter she still had and slammed her hands on the table while rising from her seat and fixing her gaze on Hilma.

“Of course I am! She is a child! A third princess! I am his betrothed! I am the second princess! Why does he ignore me so?! What does that girl have that I don't?! WHY EVERY TIME I HAVE SOMETHING MINE ALONE IT MUST BE TAKEN AWAY BY OTHER?!”

The princess spat out venomously those words as fresh tears gathered in her eyes. Hilma remained calm even if she lost her pleasant smile.

“That has a very simple answer Your Highness, you and Satoru have nothing to speak about or in common, so there is no need to exchange words.”

Hilma calmly said feeling like she was walking among magical mines. She took a deep breath.

“Or, at least, that is how Satoru sees it and how he sees the world, so you can either accept this fact, or try to speak to him yourself.”

She continued even though the angry expression on the teenage girl did not change.

“Then what does she have in common with him?!”

The princess questioned vehemently with some desperation laced in it.

“To start, they are both geniuses, in their own way, they are also people who seem to prefer loneliness or have a very small and selected group they want to interact with... did you know Princess Renner helped Satoru set up his business and writing contracts? She is a little raw diamond that one, while Satoru has an eye for finding and gathering talent like no other, hence why they started interacting more after meeting.”

Her words were spoken with calm which seemed to be a bonus when it came to defusing the situation. The princess stayed with her mouth agape for a few seconds, probably not knowing how to react, before settling down on her seat once more.

“I... I didn't know that.”

She admitted, her rage seemed to have evaporated, Hilma could understand where the girl was coming from in a sense. But still, this seemed like a good chance to finally clean up the mess that initially brought to this point.

Though, the outcome would still depend on how the princess receive her words and how willing she was to try and adapt.

“Do you want me to tell you more?”

She tested the waters as this still felt very much like a magical mine field.

The young princess hesitated for a moment before offering a cautious nod.

Hilma felt like sighing but refrained. ‘You owe me for this Satoru. When you come back you better give me some vacation time... eh? Who am I kidding? This whole place would collapse without me’ she wondered in amusement as a small smile broke through her façade.

“Well then, let me tell you a story...”

She began with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

{Feo Barkana}

{Riyuro’s P.O.V.}

The Quagoa King walked through the halls of the ancient Dwarven palace. He never thought it would go like this, playing it all on a gamble.

He was still in time to change his mind. That was what a treacherous voice told him in his head. He could call upon the Dragon Lord and together with his army he would crush the dwarves now that they left their fortress city. Even the magic caster, if he survived, would have no incentive in continuing this as he would have nothing to gain. Riyuro would finally rule the underground as he always aimed to.

Who was he kidding? For all he considered himself a devious and ruthless ruler, he could never do it to her. He would have those eyes haunting him for the rest of his life, a broken promise that would torment him every hour of every day.

He never believed in the concept of reincarnation, but when he saw those glowing green eyes, he could not help but entertain the thought for a moment. Not that Nyaru and Lakyus had much in common when you came to know them, but maybe that was because Nyaru had been disillusioned time and time again with

the world. No, what truly gave him pause was the strength of the conviction behind those eyes. They both burned with the same intensity.

He stopped his train of thought when he reached the giant door leading to the treasury, one of the favorite spots for the White Dragon Lord to hang out.

The arrogance and vanity of the eldest dragon would have been his downfall, caster or not, in all these years he had managed to gather much intelligence on him using his children and the dragon either didn't care or was completely clueless.

He entered the room calmly as he spotted his target proudly laying on the dwarves' enormous wealth. His mates were also there, but that would be of no consequence.

“Great White Dragon Lord.”

He greeted bowing his head, his teeth gritted to refrain from showing even a drop of the spite he was feeling.

“Quagoa.”

The low rumbling voice of the ancient dragon reverberated in the room.

“It is not often you come here, last time I think... was just a few years ago, when we rediscussed your tribute.”

Riyuto did not enjoy the memories those words brought up. The Dragon Lord really rediscussed nothing, he ordered for a certain amount of tribute, and they obeyed or they would be blasted away.

“Yes, it is not my place to and discuss trivial matters and waste time.”

The Quagoa King said as he tried to sound as stoic as possible.

“Oh? And is this not a waste of my time then, that is what I am to assume by your words?”

Riyuro had to refrain himself from trying to smack the amusement and mocking out of the arrogant dragon’s face.

“I would assume that a Dragon Lord would be interested in those who challenge him openly.”

He answered as he found some satisfaction in seeing the dragon’s face scowl openly now as he rose from the golden pile.

“Speak Quagoa, and speak quickly, before my patience grows too thin.”

The low rumble was now resembling more a reptilian hiss.

“Yes, as you probably know by now, I led my people into a decisive battle against the dwarves, we wanted to exterminate them once and for all to finally end this centuries old war.”

Riyuro began as the dragon continued to stare at him in silence.

“We were numerically superior and far more powerful, or so we thought... it turns out the dwarves had developed a new weapon, a weapon capable of spewing ice and lightning, we stood no chance as we tried to breach the walls, that weapon alone destroyed half of my army in a matter of hours... then I was left with no choice but to retreat or risk complete annihilation.”

Riyuro lied with the slight break in his voice, it would be better for the Dragon Lord to read sentimentalism and weakness in his word instead of trying to discern the truth in them.

“And why should this concern me?”

The dragon asked seemingly disinterested in the matter altogether.

“Well, when we had to flee the battlefield, the dwarves were pretty vocal about their jubilation in their victory... they proclaimed they would soon get rid of us and then... come to dethrone the dragons who stole what was theirs.”

Riyuro knew he was taking a risk, a dragon’s short temper was not to be underestimated, even more when it came to the overly prideful like the White Dragon Lord lot.

True to his internal thought, frost was already starting gathering around the Dragon Lord’s maw.

“Quite bold for a race on the edge of extinction.”

The edge in the dragon’s voice was not missed by the Quagoa King who was ready to deliver his next line. For all this conversation had been easy to plan due to the dragon’s arrogant nature, having the guts to have it face to face in a convincing way was a complete other matter.

“I thought the same and I gave no weight to those words, thinking they were the mad ramblings of those who had just won a decisive battle... but apparently I was wrong, my scouts have reported the dwarves leaving their city in numbers never seen in decades, they apparently carry some of their new weapons with them and they are directed here.”

Riyuro said as the Dragon Lord scrutinized him with his ice blue eyes.

“And tell me, what do you came here to ask?”

The Dragon Lord questioned with an edge to his deep tone.

“Assistance, we Quagoa are no cowards, we will fight even if it means death, but we require assistance to take down those weapons.”

Riyuro said calmly. Tension filled the silence that fell over the treasury as he waited for the White Dragon Lord’s response.

Insult was offered, a challenge was made, assistance was required. No, there would be no way for someone as prideful as him to ignore this, he will have to act, otherwise he might as well scream cowardice.

“I will have some of my children sent when the time comes, in exchange of a tribute of course.”

The words of the dragon almost caused Riyuro to scowl. Asking for him to come out directly would have been too easy, oh well, they will just have to drag him out another way...

Maybe serving the heads of his children on a silver plate would help.

{One week later}

{Gazef’s P.O.V.}

The Warrior Captain looked on as the dwarves marched through the tunnel leading to their former capital, armed to the teeth with all they could gather in this short amount of time.

‘To think it came to this...’ truly he could not believe his own eyes sometimes. This was supposed to be a trip up a mountain and a meeting between two races out of curiosity and maybe some economical agreement. What they got was a bloody war in the making.

He looked at the form of the princess, perched up on Satoru's shoulder. He had voiced his opinion many times, Satoru had agreed with him as well, and yet, they were marching toward a battlefield that promised death by the claws and fangs of dragons.

Not that he would be doing any fighting. He was tasked with staying with the princess, far away from the battlefield itself. Satoru even gave him an item that would Teleport both him and the princess back to the Lizardmen's village if things got bad.

He had also opposed the princess coming but she shut him down easily. 'I made a choice, what coward would turn away from the consequences of their decision?' those words the princess spoke to him still echoed in his mind.

For all he was worried about this whole matter, he could not help but feel admiration at the young princess who spoke like a ruler he would not mind following into battle.

And that was not the only reason, with the help of Lakyus alone she managed to pacify two races that enslaved and killed each other for centuries, making them reach a sort of temporary compromise.

Was that not an achievement worthy of the greatest of rulers? He would like to think his King would have been able to do the same, but he knew that if that was even the case, he wouldn't have done it with just words and little more than a month. Truly, if he didn't see it with his own eyes, he would have never believed such an outlandish tale.

And yet, he could not help but think this was all a mistake, for all he felt bad about this thought, the fact that he was charged by his

King with protecting the princess and he had utterly failed still bothered him.

Sure, the princess did not actually come to harm, but the fact she had been put at risk, even if by her own actions, and he didn't manage to stop it was a shameful display from the so called strongest warrior of Re-Estize.

Speaking of which, he wondered if he would be able to claim that title for the next ten years. Seeing what young Lakyus was capable of after little more than two years of training was hard to believe. The pride he felt when she managed to pull off his own Martial Art was something that still brought a smile to his face. He could not help but wonder what would happen the next time she would meet with Brain.

He came back to reality when the tunnel widened revealing an enormous cave, he would far pressed to believe was real if not for the fact it was physically in front of them.

A magnificent city laid ahead. Gems and metals made it shine like a box of jewels, he even saw some soldiers shed tears at the sight. This must have been emotional for them, to be the ones to see again their capital after so many generations since its loss.

“Gazef, I leave the princess to you.”

His attention was grabbed by the deep voice of Satoru as he placed the princess on the ground. On her part the princess did not let go of the caster just yet.

“Return to me, Satoru.”

It was but a whisper in the air, and still Gazef doubted he ever heard the princess spoke with such desperation before.

“I will, do not worry.”

The masked caster answered as he freed himself from the princess’ embrace before ruffling her hair lightly.

“Do not die Satoru.”

Gazef told the man he had such a difficult relationship with.

He respected the man, although they did not agree on some methods, he had come to realize that the heart of the caster was in a good place, even though he had no qualms dirtying his hands if it brought him an advantageous result.

“Don’t forget with who you are speaking to.”

The caster answered with a hint of sarcasm. The Warrior Captain smiled.

He just wondered for how much more time such a smile could last.

A.N.

Okay, okay, I needed this chapter to set everything up and now the actual climax can begin. Though, it is kind of a shitty move to have to skip on the next release date on my part, but what can I do? I planned this trip for seven months!

Well, hope to hear from you in the reviews / comments! Let me know how do you think this will go, who will die and who will live!

Till next time! Stay safe!