

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Welcome back! Here is one of the chapters I had more fun in writing in a while.**

**There isn't really much to say apart from thanking all of my wonderful patrons again! I am glad so many enjoyed Stars of Darkness.**

**But without further ado, enjoy the chapter!**

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

### Chapter 36: Of Plans and Masterminds

Satoru felt weird sitting in front of the so called elder council, he had not planned for any of this to happen. Hell, there weren't even supposed to be anyone here.

This was just supposed to be a small deviation from the plan, to go and see a sight he could have never had in his old world, and something he was sure none of the children with him ever saw either.

It was supposed to be quite an experience, and then it turned out like this... it could have been worse to be fair, he had worse, that was for sure... but still, why did everything he planned backfire on him every single time? He was starting to think like there was some bad luck charm he was bringing around.

“It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance esteemed elders, I am Satoru, a magic caster from the Re-Estize Kingdom.”

He introduced himself to the old lizardmen who didn't seem so thrilled to see him.

“My name is Renner, third daughter of the ruler of the Re-Estize kingdom.”

The blonde princess sitting next to him introduced herself. Satoru didn't miss her avoiding of addressing her many names or titles, she was probably considering the cultural differences and didn't wish to confuse the lizardmen. He felt the need of patting her head for the effort. ‘Always so mindful of her words... she certainly grew a lot’ he felt a sense of pride in seeing her act like this that he could not quite describe. Was this the feeling of a proud father toward his child? It was quite strange to think of her in those terms.

While he was pondering such thoughts the rest of his group kept introducing themselves. Then came the turn for the lizardmen to do the same.

“We have heard of Sir Satoru's prodigious magical prowess from our chieftain, we would like to inquire more on that specific spell.”

The grey lizardmen began, prompting Satoru to put his hand under his mask as if thinking about an answer.

“It really isn’t all that impressive if you ask me, [Mass Multiply] is a 3<sup>rd</sup> tier arcane spell that is part of the Creation branch of arcane magic... it was quite a common spell around my home country, though, here, Creation magic seems to be an unknown for all the magic casters I met so far.”

The council seemed taken aback by his words as their tail stood up to attention, reminding Satoru of some wary cats he saw around the kingdom. His own students were looking at him with rapt attention as he actually never went into details about his own magical capabilities.

“S-Sir Satoru, did you just refer to a 3<sup>rd</sup> tier spell as... simple?”

Asked Shasuryu, who was currently sitting beside his brother.

“Umu, I apologize, I didn’t mean to belittle anyone here... but as a magic caster of the 6<sup>th</sup> tier, it is quite easy to forget that many struggle with lower tiers such as 3<sup>rd</sup> or below.”

He tried to cover his possible messing up, but the words seemed to cause even more panic among the demi-humans, who began to look at one another with expressions he found hard to decipher.

Silence descended over the room as no one seemed to want to say anything in response to his statement.

“Ah, uhm, Sir, no, Lord S-Satoru, is it p-possible to teach such a spell to a l-lizardman?”

The shift in suffix didn't go unnoticed by the undead magic caster who wondered if this was really going where he thought it was going.

“Of that, I'm not sure, Creation magic is a branch needing extreme expertise of arcane magic and mana control, you would be molding your own mana into physical objects, it is no easy feat and it needs years of practicing to master.”

By now, bullshitting his way out of awkward situations became a second nature to Satoru, it was really his only way to salvation.

He waited patiently for the lizardman's response.

“I see... may I ask for what your intention is now?”

Satoru almost tilted his head in confusion by the elder lizardman's question. ‘What does he mean by that?... I'm just here to see the lake and go on toward the Dwarven Kingdom... oh! That's right! They live pretty close to each other, they might be able to help us find an entrance!’ he had no idea why he didn't think first of this. It was such an obvious thing! Punitto Moe would have bashed his skull in for being such a dumbass.

“Umu, my first intention was to simply come here to admire such a magnificent lake, I had no idea anyone lived here until we met Sir Zaryusu, my main goal was to reach the Azerlisia Mountains and find the Dwarven Kingdom.”

He admitted, after all, in negotiations like this it was mostly a pain to hide one's goal, even more if the hiding was for no reason.

“Maybe we could help each other?”

He offered, his red flames shining from behind his mask.

{The next day}

{Zaryusu's P.O.V.}

The little human was the most skilled fighter the lizardman had ever faced. Her swift and precise movement allowed her to dance around him, avoiding most of his attacks and parrying those she could not dodge.

He was sure that if she possessed the natural sheer muscular power of a lizardman, he would stand little chance against her without his Frost Pain.

Their way of fighting were just too different, and hers was proving to be the best one compared to the one most lizardmen used.

'Strength isn't everything... eh!' the wielder of Frost Pain thought back at the words she told him after he first negated her challenge due to her apparent inexperience and youth.

He regretted saying that out loud now. The passion burning into those eyes, so similar to the color of spring grass, brought out his warrior spirit like few other things could.

She parried another of his strikes, using her second blade to try and slash at him. Luckily for him, her left arm was far less developed than her right one, and the strikes coming from there were sloppier and more easily avoidable or stoppable.

He took advantage of her momentary imbalance to use his weight advantage and push the human resulting on her falling on her butt.

She immediately rolled away, creating distance between the two of them.

“[Flow Acceleration]!”

The human girl vanished as she used her Martial Art, the lizardman had just the time to blink in bewilderment before he felt a powerful force try to tear Frost Pain from his hands.

On instinct he retaliated with the only thing that could save him in such a situation.

“[Icy Burst]!”

From his blade a spiked column of ice emerged, going directly for the surprised human who tried to block it with both her blades.

The result surprised both of the sparring warriors as Lady Lakys was pushed back but at the same time the ice fractured and shattered in all directions by the sheer power of the blades' strike.

“I think that would be enough.”

The voice of the adult human stopped any further clashes from happening.

“A-Are all other human children as strong as you?”

The lizardman panted a little as he straightened his posture.

“No, lady Lakys is a very gifted young woman, if I have to be completely honest I would not put aside the possibility of her rising above even Gazef Stronoff, the strongest warrior of the kingdom,”

The one to answer wasn't the tired looking child, it was the adult human instead. It was quite the relief for Zaryusu, to know that humans weren't normally as strong as this one, otherwise he would have no idea how to approach a possible invasion.

Still, to have such power to be able to rival one of the strongest lizardmen... at that age... it was most unreal to think of.

Such a thing would bring arrogance to someone but, instead, all he managed to see in those green eyes was amicable determination and passion. No sign of arrogance or pride.

And yet, there was still a certain innocence to her, something he remembered seeing in all his fellow tribesmen, before the war.

“Thank you for the wonderful spar Zaryusu.”

The short blond said as she offered him her hand, a gesture foreign to his culture, he shook it hesitantly.

“The pleasure was mine... Lakyus.”

He passed the unfamiliar sound of her name over his tongue.

“Hey, I would like to ask you something... you said you were a traveler... what exactly is that?”

She asked, Zaryusu felt like biting his own tongue to avoid the grimace coming to his face.

{Renner's P.O.V.}

The princess sat on the edge of a suspended bridge over the lake, her feet cooling into the fresh water, her eyes fixed over the horizon, on the other side of the lake.

Satoru never stopped surprising her, every time he did something or went somewhere, things just seemed to turn in the most interesting of ways. It almost looked like he had planned everything out.

But to think that would be asinine, you cannot predict random events, still his ability to exploit them was certainly one of his most lovable and admirable traits.

She felt her lips curving up in a smile as she thought back at the day before. It only took Satoru sheer presence to make the whole tribe of lizardmen cower in front of him. He offered them everything in exchange of seemingly little.

And yet, once they got accustomed to the level of life they could have with his power, they would give anything for it. No more starvation, no more exiling, no more war. And all in exchange of bowing and serving the one who provided such for them.

The only question was, will they go with the flow? Or will there be a new civil war to establish the new way of living?

‘Traditionalists... what a bunch of fools... the true power does not lie in the control of the past, but the ability to shape the future...’ she mused as the heat of the morning sun bathed her face.

Satoru will have his demi-human legion. A cunning move, even if he had Seven Hands, now all the nobles knew about them, but this... this no one would expect.



She could already imagine it, all those fools organizing a defense against the vanguard of Seven Hands only to be flanked by a platoon of heavily armored lizardmen.

She felt a gentle hand grasping her shoulder, she leaned into it, seeking more of that loving touch she so much craved for.

“I see you are enjoying yourself.”

The deep dark voice lulled her in its embrace.

“I could say the same Satoru.”

Her rebuttal was answered by a light chuckle.

“Yes, I imagine you could say that, still troubles are behind every corner.”

He said, seemingly more to himself than anybody else, now it was the time for her to give a small laugh.

“And yet, you are always ready to subvert the situation in your favor, aren’t you?”

She retorted nestling on his side completely.

“Umu, I guess so...”

He mumbled as he continued to gaze forward.

“Something is bother you?”

She asked, her sweet tone prompting the older man for an answer.

“No, not really, it is just... I would like to be left alone sometimes, abandon all those responsibilities... even for a few days would be great... alas, it seems impossible to do so.”

For all his tone remained calm and unwavering, the princess could not help but detect a certain degree of bitterness behind his words. And she could do nothing but agree with her beloved's desire.

Spending time alone with her Satoru and her friend Lakyus... no court intrigue, no planning, just... affection and tranquility... yes, that seemed like a dream worth fighting for.

“I would love that too, isn't that a magnificent scenario?”

She asked rhetorically.

They remained there in silence for a few long minutes.

“You spoke with Gazef.”

The words weren't accusatory, they were just a statement of a fact.

“He seemed to be overly confused on which responsibility fell on who.”

She offered nonchalantly.

“You had no choice.”

The response was immediate and most confusing for her, she indeed could have gone around it and did things in different ways, still the nobles forced her hand ahead of time.

“There is always a choice... I'm just particularly selfish.”

There was no shame in admitting the truth, not that he wasn't already aware of it, after all he helped her achieve it.

“I see... you can talk to me about anything if you feel like it.”

He hesitated a few seconds before speaking again. Renner tilted slightly her head, did he want to hear what she had in mind to

exploit the current situation? Well, she found no reason to not oblige him if that was what he wanted.

{Arwintar's Imperial Palace}

{Jircniv's P.O.V.}

The ruler of the Baharuth Empire felt like tearing off his own hair in frustration.

'That damned bitch! That bastard! Fucking whore!' he cried out silently in his head as he punched his heavy desk with all the fury a fifteen years old could muster.

He hated her, he hated her so much... far more than he hated his father and the conniving snakes he had called family.

She ruined it, she ruined it all! All his plans! His carefully laid path toward carving his name into history as the greatest emperor the empire will ever see! She took it all and burned it down while smiling in glee!

A shiver went up his spine, calming his boiling rage like an ice cold water bucket thrown over a raging fire. The feeling of those inhuman eyes gazing at him made him feel sick to his stomach.

It may have been almost two years but the unexplainable fear that memory brought him was still fresh in his mind. A deterrent, if he ever knew one.

Jircniv the Just they called him, the Peaceful Emperor the masses cheered him.

All of this due to the fabricated story of that damned devil!

If only he knew... he would have had her strangled in her sleep... consequences be damned!

This was a disaster! An utter ruinous fall of his rule and his plans! He was supposed to be the ruthless ruler! An emperor of blood and steel! Someone to be feared and not spoken of lightly! A strong figure who would intimidate and threaten all neighboring countries!

And look at him now! An admired sustainer of peace and stability! A compassionate ruler who averted a war, that would have consumed the empire and kingdom, just to spare the people needless suffering!

Even the army, his most fervent sustainers, was fractured into two. One side applauded his effort of maintaining order and peace, the other was, not so subtly, calling for war, to show that the emperor they brought up was not a wimp.

He was being crushed, on one hand he could not declare war and betray the trust of the people, he wished to be feared not to be hated. Hated rulers didn't last much after all. On the other he could not continue this pacifist farce, he would risk an internal military crisis, if not an all out civil war among the army, the worst possible outcome.

'Curse you! Curse you to hell!' he yelled once more as he gritted his teeth, he should have strangled her with his own hands.

Now there was nothing he could do, nothing but try and limit the damage. It would take years to recover from that... to establish some semblance of the rule he first imagined.

He sighed deeply, there was no meaning in getting all riled up over spilled milk. His temper was something even Fluder had trouble eradicating from his behavior and he thought he got over it too. But that girl... that devil... was just totally infuriating.

He had to get back at her for this, somehow, there must be a way to get even! To ruin what she wanted as she did with him, but how? How? And what was her endgame to begin with?

If he knew at least that, he could try and use Blumrush, the useless maggot, against her, probably sacrificing him in the meantime. Not that he cared, really, by now he was mostly an obstacle to him. The fool actually thought the conquest of the kingdom was still going to happen relatively quickly. He didn't even realize that he was being used as a pawn against the same emperor he was working for.

The only reason why the devil left him alive to begin with, was to always have a weapon pointed at Jircniv's throat. She could expose him any time she wanted causing a big rift, if not an all-out war, between Re-Estize and Baharuth. Trying to kill him on his part would have the same effect overall, so Jircniv never even bothered to try.

A war now would be catastrophic for him. Sure, he could probably win, but at what cost? It was clear that once Blumrush was disposed of, the rest of the remaining loyal nobility would fight tooth and nail for every inch of land. By the end of it, he would find himself with a broken army, a broken land and his reputation in the mud due to causing such a devastating war.

There was no escape, he had to concede, again, that the devil played her cards the best way possible. He didn't realize he was in the cage till he hit his face against the bars.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Your Majesty, it is I, may I come in?”

The old man's voice seemed far louder than it usually was, probably an aftereffect of being lost in his thoughts for almost two hours.

“Yes, you may.”

The caster didn't hesitate a moment to enter his room. An unusual smile on his face as he hummed lightly, much to the astonishment of a bewildered Jircniv. He could literally count on one hand the times he saw Fluder in such a good mood.

“What's up with you gramps? What is this all about?”

He inquired, a little annoyed at his mentor's clear happiness.

“Ah young Jir! The expedition was a success! We finally captured one of the legendary undead! A Death Knight! I can't wait and start to experiment if such a creature can be brought under my control!”

The old man almost cackled at his own fantasy. Jircniv snorted at the display.

“That is good and all gramps but I don't think you just came here to gloat about your successes.”

The man seemed to return to a somehow dignified disposition without losing his high spirits. He rummaged a little inside his long robe before taking out a sealed letter.

“The Furt fool just received a letter from his daughter, of course there was one also meant for you.”

He said as he placed said missive on the emperor’s desk. In hindsight, it hadn’t been such a good move to masquerade her reports as if they were some kind of admirer’s or lover’s letters. Mostly because the girl’s father could not help himself but gloat about it instead of staying silent.

But now it would be too much of a waste of resources and time to correct such a mistake, he may as well roll with it, it’s not like a betrothal between them was expected or anything. At best he could just play it out as a secret admirer thing. It’s not like he actually responded to them, not publicly at least.

Still, breaking the seal brought a small smile to his face, these letters represented his own, admittedly small, victory against the devil. Her annoyance at the knowledge she could do nothing to the empire noble girl was a delight for the emperor. It was a small victory in a losing war, but it was still something he could grasp at to demonstrate that the devil could be beaten somehow. Or, at least, he continued to tell himself that to not lose his sanity over her.

He unfolded the letter and began to read, his bettered mood taking a wing down with each line his eyes gazed upon.

‘Tsk, gods damn it! What the hell does that caster want with those reclusive dwarves?’ he thought, the only thing he hated more than being cornered was not understanding his opponent’s moves.

‘They have rare materials... runecraft... yet all of that is easily obtainable for someone like him... no, he is going personally, there must be something else... but what?’ his eyes snapped open as realization hit him like a bolt of lightning.

‘Could it be?! He wants to secure a passage to invade the empire from his own territory! The empire always used the mountains as a natural defense and never reinforced their border on that front!’ the thought was dreadful, one of his worst truths coming to life.

Normally an army could never hope to traverse those mountains but if the caster could secure a passage under it... the empire could find his borders invaded in less than a couple weeks and, without a proper plan, he would find an army outside Arwintar in less than a month.

‘No, no, that couldn’t be possibly right! There must be another explanation!’ he dreaded to acknowledge that as the truth, that devil would not be bold enough for that, would she?

“We have received a missive from the Draconic Kingdom as well, Your Majesty.”

The caster offered another letter, this time unsealed.

“Since when do you read my letters, Fluder?”

The switch to his name was a clear sign of his irritation at the magic caster’s preposterous actions. If it had someone else he would have probably had one of their hands cut here and now.



“If you read it, you will understand Your Majesty.”

The man responded calmly, and so, Jircniv read.

“Absolutely not!”

That was the only answer that came out of his mouth once he finished reading the worthless demands in the letter masqueraded as polite requests.

“There is no way we are sending any of the legions to that falling kingdom to die to the beastmen!”

He glared at the paper in his hands as if it offended his own mother in the most unkind way.

“I would have said the same young Jir, but we had Draconic Kingdom’s envoys preaching about His Majesty’s generosity all over the capital since this morning, from the lowest to the highest district... the sing the praises of a wise rulers who will prevent the meaningless massacre of the beastmen and, by doing so, will protect his borders from the invading demi-humans.”

Jircniv gritted his teeth in frustration. It all came back to that damned devil once again!

“I also heard rumors that the most fervent of our generals are giddy to begin a conflict, they are eager to chomp on the first occasion to start beating something.”

Jircniv bit his lip at the thought, he couldn’t just do nothing now... the people were riled up, the generals were colling for it. And yet he knew, this would be a useless endeavor, a waste of resources. Even if they could claim favors once the beastmen were repelled,

what would they ask from a kingdom on the brink of bankrupt, with almost no cultivable lands remaining and a drastically decreased population?

Yet, he knew this wasn't a coincidence, somehow, someone must be behind this. It was too close to be a coincidence.

'The caster! He could have asked the Dragon Queen to do this! To make me send all those troops... all those resources...' as the apparent truth dawned on him the emperor felt a void create in his stomach, a sensation of dread like no other crawled all over his body as he paled till he resembled a ghost.

That was it, the masterstroke, the endgame. He couldn't refuse to send troops otherwise he would lose both the people's and the army's trust, and then it would be a matter of months before he was either dethroned or killed off.

But once he sent his troops... the western border would remain completely undefended and unguarded. They will invade using the underground passages of the Dwarven Kingdom, he would find himself on a two fronts war all on a sudden. The kingdom will justify it with the Blumrush scapegoat, and he would be finished.

He could have done something, yes, he could have avoided it, if he only saw it coming, if he only wasn't so distracted in uncovering what the magic caster was on.

And with those thoughts another revelation fell on him. His spy, his best spy, had been used against him, to distract him from the

greater picture. A perfect masterplan to utterly destroy him on all fronts.

The small victory, the only victory he thought he had against that devil turned out to be his downfall. The emperor's arms fell limp on his sides as he slumped back on his chair.

His gaze fixed on the ceiling, his mouth curved up in a deranged smile as he started chuckling before he started laughing in the most unhinged and hysterical manner he ever had, tears streamed down his face. The worried voice of Fluder only a buzzing in the background, and then, graciously, unconsciousness claimed him.

{The next day}

{Green Claw's village}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

The undead hummed, his previous proposal finally got an answer apparently and he had been called back to hear it.

He once again sat on the hard floor of the hut, in front of him, the elders and chieftain. He patiently waited for one of them to speak.

“After much discussion we came to the conclusion that your proposal has merit Sir Satoru.”

The grey lizardman began.

“But first, we wish to test it our and only then finalize our decision.”

Another one continued, his tone as hard as stone.

“As we agreed, you will provide food for the village while we build this... farm of yours and test it out, if after a month the result is satisfying.”

The grey one proceeded.

“What about the other tribes?”

The masked undead inquired eliciting what seemed to be a grimace from the lizardmen present.

“We will make contact with them, but war is still fresh in everyone’s mind, there will be no changing that, no matter if the food problem is solved, grievances will remain.”

Shasuryu, the chief, said seriously receiving a nod from Satoru.

“That is right, I do not intend to make your grievances with each other disappear, but, if you ever wished for a peaceful cohabitation, someone has to make the first step, starting from somewhere... the rest will come with time, generation after generation, old wounds will heal.”

Satoru said his piece, the story of his old world at least taught him that much. Lizardmen didn’t seem much different from humans apart from customs and culture.

“I hope such a thing comes to be, even if not in my lifespan.”

Shasuryu’s hopeful sentiment didn’t seem to be shared among the elders.

“Zaryusu already offered himself for the job, I also heard your companions, Lakyus and Leinas, if I am not mistaken, asked to accompany him.”

The chief continued; Satoru only nodded in understanding as he already heard of such a thing. Renner already showed her reluctance at the arrangement. Letting friends go, even momentarily, was hard, Satoru had experienced that firsthand.

“They will manage, I hope parley party are not usually attacked.”

He said more to give Renner some peace of mind.

“If a village is not willing to welcome you, they will let you know beforehand.”

The druid chief explained assuring Satoru. Not that he doubted Lakyus and Leinas could protect themselves. ‘Maybe I should gift her an ice enchanted blade next year... though, how could she wield them together? Uhm, a floating spell could do the trick I guess... thoughts for the future... I really want to see the limit of humanity in this world’ he mused now that the lizardmen’s treasure came back to his mind.

“So, from where should we begin?”

Asked the grey elder as he showed the raw draft Renner draw for a fishing farm.

{Two days before}

{Satoru’s Mansion}

{Hilma’s P.O.V.}

She placed a cup of tea in front of her... guest, blue flowers and black tea, her favorite when in need of something to calm her nerves.

She sat on the opposite side of the masked caster. Mato's boys were already on to clean the scene like nothing had happened, her guard would live apparently, if they could recover, that was a different story.

She sipped her tea with all the calm of a woman who brought herself up in the world from the tender age of five, into a criminal organization bent on the most heinous of acts.

“You know, it is rude to not accept offerings.”

She said referring to the untouched cup of tea still in front of the caster.

“It is rude to attack someone out of the blue.”

Retorted said masked girl with all the impudence possible, not that she could not back it up if need arose.

“You are a peculiar one I see... then let me ask you... what do you seek from Satoru?”

She decided to cut the chase and get to the point. The apparently young girl shifted under her cape.

“Are you an undead?”

The question almost made Hilma choke on her tea as that was the last thing she expect the caster to ask.

“W-What?”

She managed to stutter out as she tried to stop her tea from going down the wrong pipe. The masked girl just shrugged.

“I have my methods of feeling when an undead is in the vicinity, I can clearly sense one here, still I cannot locate it perfectly, us being the only ones here... you can reach a conclusion by yourself, you aren't an idiot if you are one of the higher ups in Seven Hands.”

Hilma gritted her teeth behind her sealed lips, this one was infuriating, the disinterested tone in which she seemed to speak was just the cherry top on the soon to explode cake.

Not that she could do anything about it, she was utterly powerless and defeated here.

“Anyone needs some protection, even more if they are a young maiden such as myself, and let's leave it at that.”

Fine! If she wanted to play the word games, Hilma was ready to play her own.

“Why don't you take off that mask so we can speak as respectable adults?”

She tried again with another approach. The girl in front of her sighed.

“I am afraid I cannot do that, although, thank you for the tea.”

Her tone was definitely changed now, it seemed like she finally realized that she would not get anywhere with intimidation or other crap like that.

No one spoke for a couple minutes.

“I am here mostly to observe what this new organization, Seven Hands, is doing in the kingdom, understand its goals and ambitions.”

The so called Evileye said in a dead serious tone.

“The curiosity toward this Satoru came only once I heard of his rise to power and his probable link to Seven Hands, even though I wouldn’t have expected for him to be the head of the snake.”

The masked caster continued.

“This still doesn’t explain anything... What are you doing here?”

Hilma tried to press her now that her guard was seemingly down.

“To confirm a theory of mine, I do not wish to get in your way at the current time, if that is what you are wondering.”

Evileye cryptically answered once more prompting Hilma to place down her cup abruptly and giving her opponent a dead fish look.

“Now, miss Evileye, we can do this two ways, either we continue with this vague word play, which would be a waste of time, or we start speaking plainly.”

She stated hardly.

“You understand your position, right?”

The caster asked, seemingly unperturbed by her sudden change of pace.

“I understand it perfectly, you can kill me at any moment, that doesn’t mean anything to me.”



She put up her poker face as she continued to stare down the shorter female.

“Are you not afraid of it? You could tell me what I want and run away, I won’t stop you.”

The caster rose her hand as if prepared to cast a spell at Hilma, but the sole thought of selling out Satoru, the only being who ever showed her some semblance of love and care, brought up bile from her stomach.

“Sometimes there are things or people worth dying for.”

She mumbled as she started down the shorter caster. She was not afraid of dying, the undead bodyguard had already been informed of what to do in case of her death.

A few long moments punctuated Hilma’s next, and maybe last, instances of life.

“I see, there is nothing to be done then.”

The caster finally returned her hand to her previous position.

“I can do nothing but wait for his return if I wish my questions to be answered.”

Evileye finally conceded.

“That, or being more clear with me.”

Hilma defused the tension with her attempt at a joke, it was clear by now the caster would not strike her down.

“I still wish to observe Seven Hands though.”

The short caster demanded, prompting a sigh from the older woman.

“I can assign you a room here, for all I can’t tolerate you, I clearly can’t send you away either.”

Hilma conceded on her part. She would still report this whole thing to Satoru and it would be up to him how to deal with the problem. Still, she would not let her roam around unseen and unguarded to know only the gods knew what. Not in her city.

It wasn’t like she would be attending meeting or reading reports. She would just observe what Hilma wanted her to see.

She could do nothing but wait and see what would come next.

**A.N.**

**And finished, a day later than expected, those on discord already know what the delay was for and it really was something out of my control, so that sucks.**

**Still I hope you appreciate the chapter, it was really fun to write. Jircniv’s part was my favorite as I myself tend to overthink things sometimes, and bringing out of proportions that part is quite fun.**

**Now, I know what some of you are thinking, how can Lakyus stand up to Zaryusu? Well, if you check Zaryusu is pretty low level even in canon, as of this time in the timeline he is even more underlevelled due to not have gone on his journey. Plus he really doesn’t know any Marial Arts or skill, he just can spam Icy Burst. Pretty sad, but I think Lakyus would be a**

**quite powerful opponent considering her current equipment and skills.**

**Remember to leave a comment/review!**

**Stay safe! Till next time!**