

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

So here is part 2 of the great conspiracy plot. Not much to say. This chapter has been a bit of a challenge to write, and not for the difficulty of actually typing it. No, I’m speaking about the difficulty I had in choosing what POVs to use for it since I would have liked to use many of them, but unfortunately, in the end, I had to choose just one for each scene. Well, I hope I got the best ones. As a trivia, this is the chapter with the most cut content until now (more than 2k worth of words cut from the final version you see now).

Well, hope you enjoy it as always!

**Beta Reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!);
SirWertsalot**

Chapter 18: The Grand Conspiracy (part 2)

The masked man who wore a magnificent dark purple gown sat on the large bed in his room, unmoving; on his lap was a young blond small girl with sky blue eyes, her rosy cheek pressed on the man’s lower torso as if it was a pillow. She was curled up against him fully, as if she was trying to become one with him.

Both the man’s and girl’s eyes were fixed on what seemed to be a magical mirror, something the man conjured through the use of a scroll.

The magical mirror was showing a square full of agitated people. Some of them were even armed as if ready to fight.

‘Who managed to rile up so many people? There is no way that the noble faction could accomplish something like this... so, who is behind this all?’ The young girl thought as her lifeless eyes continued to scan the moving image in the mirror, trying to gather any clue that could bring sense to this madness.

‘Usurping the royal family who ruled over Re-Estize for 2 centuries is not something someone can accomplish by thinking on their feet... NO, this was a calculated move. Someone was waiting and preparing the ground for this since a long time ago. Years at the very least.’ She reasoned inside.

‘Troubling’ she finally concluded in her head as she snuggled more against her beloved, seeking more of his affection that immediately came in the form of two large hands clinging around her in a tight embrace. She closed her eyes and smiled in pure joy and peace. Even if her improvised plan totally failed, as long as she had her Satoru next to her, she will be satisfied.

{Satoru’s P.O.V.}

The undead magic caster focussed his gaze on the image he summoned thanks to the Scroll of Crystal Monitor. A very basic scroll, but very useful in this world since the places protected by Anti-Information Magic could be counted on one hand.

He recognized the square in the image. It wasn’t too far from his own shop, actually. He guessed that if such a giant crowd of protesters reached the higher district, then it was a very serious situation.

In Japan, such manifestations were banned and considered illegal since before he was even born. The public excuse was that the prolonged exposition to contaminated air would damage people irreversibly, so they banned those manifestations to ensure people's safety. Of course, it wasn't hard to imagine the true reason; workers who were denied the possibility of protesting were forced to accept everything that was put on their shoulders. Longer shifts? Lower salaries? Lack of insurances? They had to accept it all or else they would lose their job.

His mind was brought back to reality by the sensation of two small hands resting on his arms, he glanced down to see the young princess making herself comfortable inside his embrace... Embrace? His sadness as the memories from his old world was replaced by confusion at the current situation. Apparently at some point during his reminiscing his body decided to move on its own and embrace the small form of the princess who rested on his lap.

Now that he thought about it, he couldn't remember the last time he embraced someone before the princess began to demand him to do it. Maybe the only other person he ever hugged was his own mother.

Was he getting attached to the young crazy princess? Yes, probably. But it was a nice sensation. Indescribable, but nice. He would not even dare to say it was an emotion. Just a lingering sensation, the same as when he spent time in his shop with Hilma or when speaking about his friends' adventures with Lakyus. It wasn't even near to the shining happiness he felt when around his friends of Ainz Ooal Gown, but that emotion was also tarnished by the sadness and loneliness he felt when they all

slowly left the game. This sensation on the other hand, while not as strong, was still very pleasant and he wouldn't mind finding out where it led to.

"It's beginning..."

His thoughts were once more interrupted by the young princess. His eyes immediately went to the Crystal Mirror, and, indeed, he was able to see the king and a group of what seemed to be nobles alongside guards arriving in the square. The minutes that would decide the future of the Re-Estize Kingdom, or even beyond that, were starting to unfold now.

{2 hours before}

{Ramposa's P.O.V.}

The king of the Re-Estize Kingdom let a sigh of exhaustion leave him as the nobles before him continued to argue like cats and dogs.

He didn't expect the situation to get so serious; after all, it wasn't the first time that revolts and protests started in the lower districts. But for the crowd to reach the higher districts and even the heart of the city itself was worrisome to say the least.

"What about Marquis Raeven! Where is he?! We must stand united in these times of crisis!"

One of the nobles shouted.

"He had to take care of matters in his territory and went away before the revolts even started. We have received a messenger bearing a letter from him the previous night. He is on his way with his guards to give us support if needed. He should be here in 4 days, or a week if the weather isn't fair."

One of the six great nobles, Count Lytton announced to the relief of everyone. Raeven was loved by no one, but at the same time no one hated him either. Most of the nobility liked him and considered him a responsible ally. Even the king himself had to admit he respected the man. To refuse to choose a side and stand alone among two packs of wolves was no easy feat to accomplish. Even more so when you end up liked by both packs.

“What is wrong with these peasants anyway? The hell are they protesting about this time?”

Asked Marquis Boullope, another of the six great nobles and father of the first prince’s betrothed.

“The bad harvest of this year ensures a famine to happen, even more so in the capital where the population is higher than normal.”

Answered back a member of the Royal Faction.

“Ah?! All this ruckus for something that didn’t even happen yet! This is ridiculous! Unacceptable!”

The fat Marquis cried out. Most ignored his outburst. He may be one of the great nobles but surely his position was not gained by showing skill for it.

“We had 3 consecutive famines during the last 3 winters, as the fourth was coming this was bound to happen! I’m instead surprised the Crown did nothing to try and prevent this!”

One of the heads of the Noble Faction said with a smirk. ‘And here it is again...’ thought the king tiredly. The nobles managed to transform a dangerous situation into another reason to bicker among each other. ‘They want me to show weakness, but I will not fall for it!’ the king thought. ‘Gazef since you left this all went down so badly. Please come back soon...’ he prayed in his head.

“Enough!”

His outburst immediately silenced the room.

“I, myself, will go and reassure the people that another famine will not occur this year!”

He announced to the shock of everyone in the room except a few of the Noble Faction who offered him a sardonic smile.

“Barbro, Zanak, with me! Call for the warrior troop!”

He ordered with a firm tone rarely seen in the last decade. Maybe it was for that reason that none opposed any resistance to his orders. Not even his own sons.

The reason why Rampossa decided to take the warrior troop with him was twofold. First, the Warrior Troop was beloved among the commoners. Mostly for the fact that they were commoners themselves and Gazef Stronoff was the commoner with the highest rank in the kingdom. Showing their support to the king would surely help the situation. Second, they were loyal elite soldiers that would protect them till the very end. Not that he expected something to happen, but since he was bringing most of his heirs with him into a possibly dangerous place, he wanted to be sure they would be safe no matter what.

With that final decision, everyone prepared for their imminent departure.

“Excuse me, my king, but what will you say to the people to assure them?”

Asked Marquis Pespea, one of the heads of the Royal Faction.

Rampossa sighed as his eyes fell on the noble.

“We of the Royal family bought a lot of food from the Roble Holy Kingdom. They had a good harvest this year and we profited from

the low prices to gather food in advance since the season was not looking good for us. It seems like it was the right thing to do in the end.”

The king answered, shocking everyone. Even his own children were apparently unaware of his moves. ‘Seems like Renner was right in the end. We really were in need of filling our food deposits, and since we paid so little for it, we will have a large margin of profit by the next year.’ He reminded himself, thinking about his youngest daughter’s words. He was ashamed to say that he was sceptical at the beginning, but he decided to give her a chance and it apparently paid off. ‘Oh little Renner, you continue to help me and this country even while you are so far away... it is such a shame I cannot give you the credit you deserve’ he thought as guilt built up inside him. But that was the right thing to do. There was no way to give Renner credit for the idea and avoid many problems that would come with that knowledge.

The last thing he wanted was for the two factions to turn their heads toward his little genius daughter and try to get their claws on her. With that grim thought, he stood up and began to prepare.

{Climb’s P.O.V.}

The great central square was completely filled with people. The stench of sweat and even piss made the young assassin constantly gag in disgust. It was even worse for him who was so short he could not reach the cleaner air above him.

“Oi shorty! Don’t die on me!”

A voice reached him among the ruckus of the crowd. Immediately, he felt a hand grasp his collar and pull him up from

the ground. Two arms encircled him to sustain him as his face was pressed against something soft.

The next thing he knew, he was being sustained by Edstrom's arms as his face was pressed against her large bosom. Hia's face became as red as raging fire, blushing in embarrassment at both his position and the fact he was being held as if he was a baby again.

Noticing his discomfort, the older girl smirked at him.

"My my, is the baby hungry? I'm afraid I have no milk to give you, young one."

She teased him.

In response, the young assassin just blushed even more, if it was even possible, but at the same time scowled at her.

"Release me this instant!"

He cried out in protest as he tried to struggle away from her, but the girl just held him in place using her superior strength.

"Okay, now just calm down! If I release you, you will end up dying of asphyxiation down there! Just bear with this for now, we just need to identify our targets and then I will let you release your frustration on them."

She purred the last part in his ear, making him stop struggling, but he was still glaring at her with a pout and blush on his face.

They didn't have to wait for long. In just an hour, the king arrived with his son and guards, alongside some noble they didn't know the name of.

"Ok, he is here. Our enemies do not expect us to interfere, but at the same time we don't know from where they will come."

Said Edstrom, as she began to look around as if searching for someone suspicious to make a move. At the same time, the guards began to announce the arrival of the king and began trying to silence the roaring mob with little success.

“Are 10 squads really going to be enough? I mean, if they launch a full-scale attack, we are going to get wiped out.”

Climb expressed the doubt that tormented him since they received their mission.

“Don’t be foolish Climby boy, look around you! How can you launch a full-scale assault with this madness going on here? The crowd would never let them pass... no, whoever sent the killers probably sent just enough to ensure they kill the king and no more than that... the true problem is to find them before they can actually attack.”

Edstrom explained while glancing nervously around the crowd.

“My citizens! I am your king Rampossa! I have heard your pleas! And now I am here to answer them!”

The loud voice of the king boomed over the crowd, but not enough for the whole square to hear him. But at least that managed to stop the closest rows of people from shouting and roaring, while the ones in the back repeated the words of the king to those who could not hear. In a few minutes, the whole square was far more silent than before.

The king stood on an arranged wooden stage. His guards were blocking everyone from approaching him by creating a circle of 20 meters in diameter around the king.

“I am aware of the struggle all of you went through during the last 3 years! And my heart aches at the thought of all the good citizens we have lost during those dark moments!”

The king continued before taking a long pause to let his words sink in.

“And it is exactly for this reason that this year the Royal Family took precautions to avoid another devastating famine! We have used most of the coins you pay in taxes to buy large quantities of food from the Roble Holy Kingdom, who had a plentiful harvest this year! So do not fear my citizens! The price of food will not arise like the last few years! We of the Royal Family have your best wellbeing at the forefront of our hearts! Do not despair! No one will die of hunger this winter! Long live the Re-Estize Kingdom!”

The king concluded as he shot up his fist to encourage the people. For a moment, no one spoke, but then the crowd erupted in cheers.

“GLORY TO THE KINGDOM!”

“HAIL THE KING!”

“LONG LIVE RAMPOSSA III!”

...

As the crowd continued to cheer for the old ruler, Climb was fuming inside. ‘This is bullshit! People are going to die anyway even if the price of the food doesn’t rise! Many people will not have any coin to buy that food anyway... like my mother...’ his mental rambling was interrupted when his gaze fell on a small group of people.

They were amidst the crowd and the only thing that made them stand out, apart from not cheering, were the identical black cloaks that covered them entirely.

Alarms immediately went red in his mind as the group began to move toward the circle of guards protecting the king. The young

assassin immediately called for Edstrom's attention as he pointed out the strange groups. As soon as she saw them, she gritted her teeth.

"Shit! They are already that close! C'mon Climby boy! We must hurry!"

She said as she set him down and began to advance through the crowd, pushing people right and left to create a path toward the group of cloaked men.

They almost reached them when a scream arose from behind them. Climb turned to glance toward the loud voice, but his stature combined with the distance didn't allow him to see anything.

"Move your ass! Other squads must have engaged battle with other groups of enemies! C'mon! Let's go quickly!"

Edstrom tried to make him focus once more on their primary objective but the crowd around them was becoming more and more nervous and agitated as the screams became louder and started coming from more directions than just behind them.

The constipated mass of people began to shift in place until someone started running away. In that moment, all hell broke loose as thousands of people began to panic and run in all directions, trying to flee from a danger they didn't even see.

As Climb tried to go toward the last place he saw Edstrom, the crowd pushed him violently aside, and it didn't take much for him to be knocked down as dozens of people crushed, kicked and fell on him before being trampled by the panicking crowd themselves.

He himself started to panic as he couldn't manage to stand up and was continually kicked down. He felt like his body was on

fire. The stench and dust weren't allowing him to breath. He needed air! He tried to fight against the kicking crowd with all his strength but it was all worthless.

'Am I going to die? Just like this? Crushed to death by a crowd?' he continued to push again as the need for air became more and more urgent, but once more it was all for nothing as he was kicked down again.

His vision began to go dizzy after a particularly hard kick to the head and he felt his body lose most of his energy as the need for fresh air became unbearable.

He began to gasp but the air that he so desperately needed would not come. 'Shit! I don't want to die! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!...' he cried out in his head as tears of despair began to crawl across his dusted cheeks.

In the moment when all seemed lost and he had prepared himself to pass out and die of lack of air, he felt something pull him up from the ground as two hot appendages wrapped around him. He felt the wind brush his cheeks and holy air feel his lungs once more as he began to cough hard, trying to take in as much air as possible while wrapping his arms around whatever or whoever saved him.

{Edstrom's P.O.V.}

'This is not an area of operation anymore! This is a fucking war zone!' the 17-year-old woman cried out in her head as she pushed aside two incoming peasants to grab the boy they were going to trample otherwise.

In that moment, she felt a great surge of heat from above her. She quickly glanced up to see what seemed to be fireballs fly across the square and hit one of the buildings to the side.

‘Fucking hell! We have to get out of here!’ she desperately thought as she went with the flow of people while trying to spot somewhere they could hide.

But no matter where she looked, there was no safe haven for them. And now, with Climb on her shoulder, there was no way she could force her way through the crowd like before.

‘This is fucking bullshit! If I don’t find a place soon, we are going to get trampled! Fuck!’ she continued to shout profanities in her head as her eyes continued to roam around, desperately seeking an escape from that situation and her body tried to remain standing under both the weight of the boy and the pushing crowd.

The final straw was when someone hit her shoulder and she almost lost her balance. ‘No! If-if I fall, I’m dead!’ she cried out as she tried desperately to regain her balance. Fortunately for her, when she finally thought she was done for, the impact with a wall stopped her fall and she managed to stand up once again.

The structure that prevented her fall turned out to be some sort of wooden storage. That thought immediately gave birth to a crazy idea in her mind. ‘But what else could I do? My whole body hurts like hell already and if I fall, we are both done for!’

As she made up her mind, she activated one of her two Talents, she felt the 5 scimitars hidden under her clothes react to her pull and rise in the sky before impaling themselves as deep as they could on the external wooden wall of the storage.

‘Here goes nothing!’ she thought before jumping and grabbing two scimitars with both her hands.

“Don’t fall Climby boy!”

She ordered through her gritted teeth. The boy's answer was to tighten his grip on her as she tried to use her feet to push herself higher, further away from the deadly crowd below her.

Normally, it would be straining enough to do what she was doing alone but with the weight of another person, even if just a boy, it was another kind of strain altogether. But the strength the body could give when faced with a situation between life and death was amazing as well.

As she felt her feet slip on the smooth wood, she immediately used her Talent to imbed two scimitars under them to gain a foothold as she continued to climb.

She stopped when she was around two meters from the ground. All her muscles were on fire as she continued to hear the screams of terror and pain from below her. She preyed to any god who existed that her weapons would hold her and Climb. After all, those blades were designed to cut people, not hold them. Even if they were strengthened with magic, she wasn't sure how much strain they could endure.

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

He watched as the riot became a panicked crowd in mostly interest instead of horror. People would get trampled and die in horrible ways, but he still felt nothing. 'Are my emotions and humanity really that suppressed or even gone?' he wondered 'I know I didn't feel anything when I killed those people back then, but those were my enemies, people who would not have hesitated to kill me if they had the chance... these, on the other hand, are mostly innocent people dying in horrible ways' he thought.

As something shifted on his lap, his mind returned to reality, and he remembered that he wasn't alone. 'Oh shit! She is here too!

She is looking at this! All this death and pain, caused by her plan! This is not good! This is not good at all!' he panicked inside, thinking about how this was going to affect the young princess' mind. 'This is my fault! I should have anticipated something like this happening! I must do damage control!' he thought as his [Emotional Suppression] forced his panic down. He glanced at the Crystal Monitor once more as he saw the royal party leave the square shielded by what seemed to be the Warrior Troop, if he remembered well.

All in all, the plan went well enough. The only injured was the king who took an arrow to his shoulder, and even if it was poisoned Satoru was sure he would survive thanks to the help of the church.

A little part of him was also happy to see his magic items turned out to be invaluable in the plan as the Warrior Troop used one of his Anti-Arrow magical shields to repel any arrow that came their way after the first attack.

But now his mind would have to focus elsewhere.

"Renner."

He called the princess' name and as expected, the young girl turned her head toward him. 'What is it with that blank expression? What should I say?! I didn't think this through at all!' he panicked once more and, once more, his passive skill forced his emotions to calm down.

"...I want you to know that everything that happened there. None of it is your fault... not your fault, understood?"

He said with the most serious and firm tone he could muster. The blond girl just inclined her head slightly as if she was a confused puppy.

“What are you saying Satoru. Everything that happened there was the result of my plan. The plan I conceived with Hilma.”

She said, turning back toward the Crystal Mirror, her expression unchanging. A brief silence fell between them but before Satoru could counter her words, she continued.

“Every single death I caused. All the blood spilled is on my hands, and I am fine with that... if I didn't avert this crisis, the damage that would come from the death of the king by the hands of the Noble Faction would not be limited to these few numbers.”

She said in a stoic and calm tone as if discussing the weather. Satoru had no idea how to respond to that. She was probably right after all. ‘But even then... she is just a child...’.

He was aware that she was no normal child but still, to simply put all that death and suffering on her back and even let her acknowledge that fact? That was too much, even for her.

And still, even with those thoughts, Satoru knew he was unable to do anything to help her. And that made him angry at himself. Angry at his worthlessness and helplessness in that situation.

So, he did the only thing he was capable of and hugged her tightly. If he couldn't say anything to help, he would at least support her in the only way he could. The way he knew she loved.

Once again, he felt her small arms wrap around his own and her small frame adjust to his position so that it would be fully enveloped in his embrace.

And as they rested like that, his rage toward himself steeled into determination. ‘No matter what, remember that I will always support you... Renner, you are truly one of a kind. Someone who could actually bring a change to this world.’ Was this his

collective spirit speaking, or maybe something else entirely? Satoru himself did not know the answer.

{Climb's P.O.V.}

After almost 20 minutes of waiting, the mass of people finally dissipated. As the situation became calmer, he heard Edstrom release a sigh of relief as she jumped down from the side of the building that they used to avoid the panicking mob.

As his feet at last touched the ground, Climb, for the first time since what seemed to be an eternity, finally felt somewhat safe. Then, a sharp pain immediately invested him with the power of a dragon's tail. His left arm hurt like hell, and he couldn't even move it. 'Is it broken?' he wondered in pain.

"Wow, that was something... remind me to never agree to work amidst crowds again, ok Climby boy?"

The busty tan skinned female assassin grumbled as she examined her scimitars.

"Shit! These two are totally bent! It is a miracle they didn't snap under our weight! Oh well, I will need new ones I guess..."

She continued, speaking more to herself than him. But her comment reminded him to check for his own equipment. He fortunately still had his enchanted dagger. That was a really good thing since it was equipment given to him specifically for this mission, meaning that if he lost it, he would have to repay Seven Hands in full for the value of the knife. His light leather armour seemed to be just roughed up a little. Nothing to worry about.

"Edstrom, I think my arm is broken."

He said, as another wave of pain invested him.

"Oh, you sure?"

She asked as she closed the distance between the two of them and began to analyse his arm, eliciting a growl of pain from the boy as soon as she poked his left arm.

“Uhm, I think you are right. Try not to move too much. We can fix it at the base.”

She suggested as he nodded. Seven Hands had their own healers, separate from the church, of course. A broken bone was something that could be healed in half a day.

“I think we should try and find the rest of the squads, or at least return to the base to give our report.”

He finally said. Edstrom just shrugged and nodded.

They started to walk by the side of the square. Speaking of said square, it was a mess... trampled dead bodies lay everywhere and some, still alive, could be heard moaning in pain or even crying. A gelid sense of dread crawled up Climb's spine at the sole thought of being one of those bodies. He surely had to properly thank Edstrom later. 'Maybe offering her something to drink will do.' he thought.

They didn't even walk for a minute when something, or would it be best to say someone, attracted his attention. Between two barrels, curled up into a ball, was a brown-haired boy he knew far too well.

“Cris?”

He asked in shock, but the 15-year-old boy didn't seem to hear him as his gaze remained fixed into nothingness. Edstrom too had stopped and was now looking at the brown-haired teen.

Cris was one of their team's members. They usually had missions together, and he was Climb's best friend.

The older girl immediately went to him and tried to take him out of his dazed state by shaking him lightly.

“Hey Cris, it is us, Edstrom and Climb! Hey! Where is Rina? She was in your squad, right? C’mon boy! Get out of it!”

As she spoke her shaking became more violent, forcing the boy to finally acknowledge her existence.

“E-Edstrom...”

He muttered lowly, as tears began to gather in his eyes. Seeing the state he was in, the silver haired girl hugged him as she tried to comfort him.

“It’s over now, it’s over... where is Rina, she was with you, wasn’t she?”

She asked as the boy’s sobs got louder.

“W-We were in t-the middle of the c-crowd when that m-madness began... w-we tried t-to flee b-but... R-Rina... she.... s-she f-fell! I-I tried... I tried t-to help h-her!... I t-tried...”

The boy explained as he cried. Climb could not believe it. There was no way Rina was... was... Gods! He could not even say it in his head!

Rina was the last member of their merry band. She was the kindest soul he ever met. She was just a support caster who would never even hurt a fly. She worked with Seven Hands just because she needed money to heal her grandpa who cared for her since his mother died and her father fled to who knows where.

There was no way she was dead. ‘Its not possible! THIS ISN’T REAL!’ as he felt new tears gather in his eyes that had nothing to

do with his broken limb. He rushed away from his two companions.

“Climb!”

He heard Edstrom’s worried voice call for him, but he didn’t care. He just had to find her. She was probably injured somewhere in the square. Yes, that was it! She couldn’t move and needed help! Cris was too agitated to be accurate about what he saw!

He ran through the square, uncaring of the cries around him. His broken arm dangling on his side. It hurt. It hurt like hell, but he didn’t stop... he didn’t care! And then he saw her, unmoving on the cold ground, her blond hair still in a ponytail like always. He ran toward her, and the closer he got, the slower he ran until he was simply walking toward the figure on the ground.

The girl’s arms and legs were bent in unnatural positions. Her head was half crushed in two points and blood was still slowly coming out. But what truly brought Climb on his knees was her face. Her once beautiful face was showing a broken nose and cuts all over it. One of her eyes was broken and a mixture of blood and other liquids was coagulating on it while the other was just fixed on nothingness. Her mouth was still fully opened in what seemed to be a gasp or maybe a silent scream.

Climb didn’t know when his legs gave out and he didn’t care. He didn’t know when his vision began to go blurry due to the tears flowing down his face but, once more, he didn’t care. He didn’t care even when he felt a gentle hand grasp his shoulder. He didn’t care about the comforting words his companion was saying.

The only thing he cared about was the broken body before him. The lips that many times curled up in a smile directed at him. The eyes that showed only a kind pure soul behind them. The hair he

loved so much and wanted to touch but never had the courage to.

And then came the pain. If he thought that his broken arm hurt, he wasn't prepared at all for what came next. An unbearable pain his body refused to release even through screams. The giant boulder of despair that just dropped on his chest, kicking out all his breath.

'Why... why did this happen again... I promised... didn't I?... I promised to myself that this would never happen again! Not after mother!... I didn't want to lose any more people I loved! So why?! WHY CAN'T I DO ANYTHING AT ALL?!?!' he cried out, as despair took hold of his mind.

It took almost everything left in him to take his gaze away from Rina's horrible, mangled corpse, his eyes staring into nothingness.

And just when he thought he was going to pass out, he saw it. A movement in the corner of his vision. He focussed his gaze in that direction and his eyes widened.

Entering in a side alley were three dark, cloaked people, two of them helping the limping third to walk. And in that moment, something inside him just snapped. He felt it surge through his body like hellfire. A sensation that engulfed all pain and despair and continued to grow and grow even greater and stronger.

And then he recognized it for what it was. Uncontrollable, unstoppable and unrelenting rage.

Without a word and with his teeth gritted like never before, he launched himself toward the three men. The pain of a broken limb was just a minor detail in the back of his mind. He clenched

his hand on the enchanted knife, preparing to tear apart those bastards' throats even if it was the last thing he did.

The men didn't even have the time to hear the noise of his steps before he was on them. Targeting the limping one first and burying his knife in the back of his neck, making him gurgle and choke on his own blood before falling forward.

The two other men immediately spurred around with their short blades drawn. The first didn't hesitate to aim for the boy's head as he slashed but, being used to fast opponents due to sparring with Edstrom, Climb easily dodged by crouching down. What he didn't expect though, was for the second man to aim a kick to his chest that he barely managed to block with his good arm.

Taking advantage of the unbalanced position his opponent was in, due to the blocked kick, Climb surged forward and plunged his knife in said man's guts, eliciting a pained grunt from him.

What he missed though, was the first man slashing at his exposed back cutting through his light armour and opening a large wound on his back. Taking advantage of this, the man with a knife stuck in his guts kicked the boy, making him fall on his back as the wounded man jumped on him.

“DIE! YOU LITTLE SHIT!”

The man screamed, as he prepared to finish Climb with his blade, but he couldn't even begin his final strike before a kick connected with his head, sending him tumbling on the ground away from Climb.

His saviour was, of course, the silver haired young woman who now wielded two scimitars in her hands.

Before the only standing enemy could even think about escaping, the woman was already on him, slashing left and right. But Climb

BAM

CRUNCH

BAM

CRUNCH

BAM

CRUNCH

BAM

CRUNCH

...

He had no idea how much time passed but at a certain point, he felt the pebble shatter in a thousand pieces. But that didn't stop him. He continued to hit that bastard's head with his fist until someone grabbed his arm.

“CLIMB! STOP! HE IS DEAD! HE IS ALREADY DEAD! PLEASE STOP!”

Edstrom's alarmed voice echoed in his mind as his gaze slowly descended on the man's head or, it would be better to say, the mushy mixture of bone, blood and brain that remained of it.

In that moment, he felt all the strength, adrenaline and rage leave his body as he fell forward only to be stopped by two gentle, warm arms that wrapped around him as they lifted him from the dead man.

“Gods, you are bleeding out! We must hurry!”

The worried voice of the woman said in alarm as she began to run with his unmoving body in her arms.

The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was the orange sky as the sun descended behind the structures around the square.

A.N.

BOOM! Longest chapter yet! Kukuku... I hope you all liked it. This time I truly gave it my all to try and make it as good as I could. Hope you all felt the emotions there!

And so, the tale of the fallen knight turned assassin continues! And what will happen now that the Noble Faction's plan failed? Whose head is going to roll? What does Renner hope to gain from this? And is Satoru ever going to fully understand the monster currently sitting on his lap?

This and much more in the following chapters of TWTS!

Reviews are the author's fuel, so no matter if long or short, make sure to leave one!

PS: My beta Don-Orbit is currently working on a new story "Goblin Avenger", a very unusual take on the Goblin Slayer's world. Make sure to check it out and maybe leave a review.

PPS: The crowd scene was not exaggerated. Being inside a panicking crowd in a closed environment is literal hell! I assure you! And yes; the whole thing was written to seem ultra-chaotic, what happened in that square will be unravel in the next, and last, part of the Grand Conspiracy. So, yeah, if you are confused about certain things, it is normal.

Thanks for reading and till next time! Stay safe!