

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Not much to say, the awful period of the year is over when it comes to my job luckily, now I have more time to dedicate to this and other projects!

Thanks again for the support dear readers and make sure to enjoy the chapter!

PLEASE REMEMBER TO VOTE ON THE SCHEDULE POLL IF YOU DIDN'T ALREADY!

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

Chapter 48: A Matter of Pride

Vulmitar roared as his powerful Frost Breath erupted from his mouth freezing everything to death in its wake, everything but his target of course.

His older brother was completely resistant to ice damage, as any Frost Dragon should be, and so it came down to physical strength to decided the otherwise tied battle.

Unfortunately for him, physical prowess wasn't among his strong points and he found himself overwhelmed pretty quickly, his muzzle pressed on the cold ground as his brother stood over him victorious. Not that any other result was expected to begin with.

After all, this wasn't a spar, this was a beating, a punishment for his foolishness.

All because he had helped his younger brother. Hejinmal would probably be enduring this same beating if he hadn't helped him.

To add insult to injury, the one beating him was none other than the one who snitched to father about this in the first place!

Torangealit! That asshole would do anything to please father! Including spying on them, snitching to father and proceeding to beating him up for it!

He glared up at his brother, if only he wasn't immune to his breath... that arrogant piece of shit would be a pile of ice by now! The younger dragon noticed with some pride that the muzzle of his elder had still some frost on it, a parting gift of his own breath.

“What are you smirking about, scum.”

He heard his brother voice growl out as his face was pushed even deeper into the stone floor.

“That is enough Torangealit!”

The booming voice of his father stopped the battle as Tora immediately took his claws off his head.

“Let this be a lesson Vulmitar, you are a hardworking child even with your... disadvantages, you strive for greatness nonetheless... do not let yourself be dragged down by worthless emotions such as pity! Brotherly affection is not a sin, but when

it interferes with your own growth maybe it is time to sever that bond that will do more harm than good!”

His father preached as Vulmitar remained immobile on the ground, he knew better than to move before his father said so.

“Rise your head son, you are a proud member of my progeny, you shall one day descend upon our enemies and bring them death as we ascertain dominance over the whole of the Azerlisia mountains!”

Vulmitar obeyed, not that he did much else in his life these days, even his stronger sisters would try to boss him around, not that he allowed them without retribution. The scars on his tail attested to that, he admitted it wasn't his brightest move to talk back to his eldest half-sister. It took their father to separate them that time... that was not a pleasant memory.

But he could not help it, where did that attitude come from? They were females! Little more than glorified breeding machines! In due time they will be used to breed the next generation of frost dragons. He had no doubt his half-brothers already took an interest in some of their half-sisters, not that there were many options to choose from to begin with, it was either them or try to find a female without a pack and make her submit, like their father did.

He himself favored some of his half-sisters, mostly those weakest who did not gather much attention to themselves.

He had to acknowledge that he could not compete with his stronger brothers, he will always live in someone else's shadow, be it his father's or anyone stronger than him really. So it was only natural that he should settle for the smaller female as well.

His stronger brothers will probably go out there and amass one or more mates with their power, as will their sisters if powerful enough. Those not powerful enough will settle for their siblings choosing them based on their strength. It was their way after all, he was at least lucky enough to not end up in the worst category, those like Hejinmal were doomed to end their line there, one of the greatest shames for any dragon in general. Not that his blood brother seemed to care much about it.

His train of thought was interrupted when he felt something fall on his eye prompting him to blink. While he was lost in his mind, his father and brother had already left apparently, leaving him there lying on the ground.

He should really stop doing that, but he could not help from losing himself in his mind sometimes.

Well, anyway, it turned out that what hit him was a rain droplet, he turned back toward the entrance of the cave. He might stop by Hejinmal's room, he might have some books on magic that could interest him. But maybe it would also be good to definitely cut ties with him. Blood went only so far, he needed to preserve himself before others.

{Feo Raidho}

{Zaryusu's P.O.V.}

“Ah! If it isn't my favorite lizard! Zaryusu! Come here and drink with us!”

The gruff but joyful tone got the wielder of Frost Pain's attention, he turned toward the tavern only to see a giant of a lizardman waving at him. He smirked, this was probably the only other lizardman who brought a smile on his face every time he saw him.

“Zenberu, enjoying yourself as always I see.”

He said as he approached the giant lizardman.

They had just met a few days ago but Zaryusu already felt like he had known the lizardman for all his life, his endearing joviality was probably the cause of that.

It has been a few days since they arrived, and he could not believe how different this place was from his village.

For all his life he had only known fishing, wooden houses and war. To think just a few weeks of travels away other races built stone palaces and roads was mind-blowing. Not to talk about the number of people, the only way the lizardmen could see a thousand of their race gathered together was only if all the tribes went to war. Yet, here, thousands of people could be seen going down streets in a matter of hours.

The complete new, and never imagined before, way of life was so mesmerizing he could not help but dream that his people will achieve something like this one day.

But what truly boggled him to no end was the sheer indifference of his traveling companions to all these marvels. He never heard any of them praise anything apart from the fact the dwarves managed to built this inside a cave, some of them even called the architecture dull and uninspiring.

Those comments made him wonder what kind of kingdom was Re-Estize, if even this incredible city didn't manage to impress any of them.

“Hey! Are you spacing out?!”

The loud voice of his fellow lizardman brought him out of his musings.

“Ah, sorry about that, I sometimes get lost in the marveling of these structures.”

He apologized while getting some probably appreciative looks from the dwarves seating at the same table as Zenberu.

“C’mon, sit down and have a drink, will you?!”

The already half-drunk lizardman encouraged him and he kindly obliged.

“So, how is the scar healing up?”

He asked glancing at the slash the older lizardman was exhibiting across his torso.

“You wanna fight Frost Pain’s wielder?!”

The drinking lizardman roared as he slammed his mug on the table while losing his jovial tone.

Immediately recognizing his error of bringing that particular event up, Zaryusu brought up his hands as a sign of surrender.

The older lizardman just glared at him for an instant before a smirk came back to his face.

“Just kidding! You are too on edge! Just relax! That scaleless pipsqueak got me good there! Can’t deny the reality of things! When I heard she had beaten up my old man and stole his position as leader I was quite annoyed, you know? I planned to do that myself! And not to have my glory stolen by some random pinkskin!”

Zenberu lamented as his mug got refilled with a new dose of beer.

“When I met her, I also found myself disappointed! That is just a hatchling... that was what I told myself! I thought my father truly lost his edge to get bested by that little thing! And then... I got trashed around myself ahahahahah! I didn't even manage to hit her once! Truly, that hatchling is as scary as a dragon! I tell you!”

He laughed as he downed the entire mug in one sitting much to the cheers of many dwarves around them.

“Indeed, she is, she bested me in one to one combat as well, I never met anyone as skilled as her in combat, and from what she shared, she has been trained partially by the warrior with them, Gazef is his name, the strongest swordsman of their kingdom.”

Zaryusu added much to Zenberu's interest.

“AH! Look at that! We must really look like shit to them if the strongest of our kind can't even hold themselves against an hatchling!”

Zenberu burped loudly.

“You should try talking to her without antagonizing her... she is a very collected and nice person when you start warming up to her.”

Zaryusu defended his casual sparring partner.

Even though all his life he has learnt that the strong had every right over the weak, that didn't really seem to apply to that human girl.

She befriended everyone from the weakest to the strongest, treating them equally and without prejudice even if they were of different races.

Even that monster of a human they met under the mountain. The day after she beat all of them up, and Lakyus recovered from her hangover, she was up and ready to ask that monster to teach her with a smile on her face.

It was kind of endearing to even someone as disillusioned as him, like an hatchling taking their first steps, falling face first in the ground and rising immediately with a smile on their face to retry.

“Still, I can’t believe the tribes came together... just few years after all that bloodshed.”

Zenberu mused, with a lower and more serious tone.

“I was sure Dragon Tusk would not have joined at first, there was too much bad blood between us to just put it aside... but your father, the former chief, decided to support and put his faith in Lakyus... it is thanks to her that your tribe is still alive.”

The larger lizardman fell silent at that, his eyes lost their drunk merriment and instead focused on the wielder of Frost Pain.

“I know that well... what I wonder is... who did we sell our dignity and pride to? The hatchling? The masked human? Or someone lese we don’t even know the face of?”

Zenberu asked no one much to Zaryusu’s chagrin.

The wilder of Frost Pain closed his eyes taking a deep breath before releasing it. His hand went down to caress his legendary blade, the frost itching at his scaled fingers.

“I will not tell you that I am sure of our future, for I am not... but I chose to believe, to believe in a future where lizardmen will not kill each other for a pile of rocks, where children will never know

the horrors of war, where tribes will no more be needed for we will be one people.”

He proclaimed solemnly before grabbing his own filled mug from the table and rising it in a toast.

“Eh? Sure seems nice, I will cheer to that too then... either that or we are all getting enslaved.”

Zenberu muttered as he rose his mug as well before downing it.

{Satoru’s P.O.V.}

“I again thank you for everything Lord Bronzeknuckle, your information and support are more than appreciated.”

The disguised Overlord said as he bent down to handshake the dwarf in front of him.

“This is the least I could do... if it could have gone my way, I would have preferred for you all to go back to your kingdom, an international incident is really the last thing we can afford on a time like this...”

The lord commander of the city half lamented.

“I understand your concern, but do not worry for we are very capable of defending ourselves if needed and with the addition of your troops as guides and guards I am sure we will have no trouble reaching the capital.”

The magic caster continued much to the dwarf’s visible unease.

“I really hope so, please conduct your business quickly and come back as soon as possible.”

The lord commanded muttered to Satoru who nodded in return to give the poor dwarf some peace of mind. He doubted these

Quagoa could ever be a threat to him and even if they managed to somehow endanger his group, he would just need to use [Mass Greater Teleportation] and they would be out in an instant.

The only thing that could even remotely turn out like a threat are the dragons inhabiting the capital, but since they pretty much don't move from there, it would be easy to avoid them or just gather information to assess their threat level before deciding to eventually face them.

“Your hospitality will not go unnoticed or forgotten Lord Commander, the Re-Estize kingdom will remember this.”

Renner said as she perfectly curtsied toward the dwarf, all her noble upbringing coming to life in that moment.

Sometimes Satoru could not help but be reminded that she is a princess first and foremost.

It may be kind of strange for external people but for him Renner was just Renner, an existence like no other he ever met before. The girl was simply put a genius, there was no arguing that, she grasped things adults would not, and yet, she was so childish in her way of elaborating emotions sometimes. But all that childishness disappeared, like it was never there in the first place, every time the situation called for it. There she revealed her cunning, her sheer brutality when it was needed. She was no stranger to violence even if she seemed to despise the use of it for all he could tell.

She was a strange girl in a ruthless world that did all she could to remain afloat and care for the few she loved.

He was taken out of his contemplation once Zaryusu arrived to rejoin their little merry band.

“I apologize for the delay, I had to speak with Zenberu about an important matter before departing.”

The lizardman apologized, if he remembered well Zenberu was the name of the first lizardman that arrived here, the one they followed the traces of to find this entrance.

“Humph! I hope that you taught your new friend some manners!”

Lakyus rebutted sarcastically. ‘It seems like the situation between those two didn’t change’ Satoru thought remembering the first encounter their group had with the traveling lizardman, which ended up in said lizardman provoking Lakyus into a battle... let’s just say, it didn’t end well for the poor demi-human who now sported a new scar on his body, even after Lakyus healed him.

“He offers his apologies for his words.”

Zaryusu answered, trying to appease the upset swordswoman. He always considered Lakyus quite the easy girl to be friends with or generally get along with. But apparently even her with her friendly demeanor just had some buttons that should not be pressed. First among all was insulting her skill as a warrior just followed by insulting any of her friends, which she didn’t take kindly to. She reminded him much of his own friends in that regard, for all even Ulbert and Touch Me were archnemeses, they would not stand for anyone outside the guild to speak trash about the other.

‘Shut your mouth! You speak like that even when you are small fries who are not even worthy of any concern at all!’ the words of Touch Me came back to his mind. ‘You fools are not even worthy of the title of heroes! And here you stand mocking the one who impersonate the very word?! I will teach you a lesson!’ Ulbert’s

voice invaded his mind like a long-lost memory surfacing, which was not far from the truth as he had actually forgotten those two occurrences along the years.

He chuckled internally, he will thank Lakyus for bringing back those precious memories to him. Maybe he should tell her of the time Nine Own Goal fought against the Great Ice Salamander raid boss. She seemed to be fascinated with his old tales and he would like for his friends to be remembered by someone other than himself, even if only through tales.

He glanced back at the noble swordswoman but any words he was about to speak were muted by seeing his two apprentices arguing ferociously in the background. He sighed, for all he wanted to see how natives learned and developed magic, their current squabbles were truly trying his patience. Maybe it was just puberty or maybe it was rivalry, whatever the case, he wasn't amused.

“Now that we are all here, we can leave.”

He said sternly, shutting both of his students up as they realized their little quarrel didn't go unnoticed.

‘Though, it is truly a shame... who would have thought that Runecraft was a long-lost art... and all that remained were scraps of what was once the pride of the Dwarven kingdom...’ the masked undead lamented as his group followed their escorts inside the dark tunnel leading out of the city and into the depths of the underground kingdom.

{Marquis Raeven's Manor}

{Raeven's P.O.V.}

“DAMN IT ALL!”

The marquis shouted in rage as he launched his glass cup across the room, smashing it in a thousand pieces against the wall.

Why did THIS have to happen to him? To his precious boy? His precious Rii-tan! Why? Why? WHY?!

The healer told him that his son was frail from his birth, but that was not too concerning, most boys who were born earlier than expected were, that would have just faded with age!

But no! his precious boy was getting sick every other day! He was pale and his breath was ragged! He was still so small and frail! And he just could not understand why!

At first he thought his wife did not feed him enough. He heard of such things before, mothers not feeding their children because their breast hurt or some other nonsense reasons. If he discovered that was the case he would have the woman kicked out of his house, consequences be damned!

So he set spies to observe his wife's every move, and much to his surprise, his wife took care of the child to the maximum of her possibilities. She lulled him to sleep and she fed him every time the boy was hungry. So, his wife wasn't certainly the problem here.

So, after a month of tribulations and his healers being completely useless, he decided to call one of the most powerful divine casters the temple had directly from the capital.

That costed him quite a lot, but he would gladly pay if the caster did understand and resolve whatever was happening with his boy.

Well, let's just say the result was pretty immediate. The caster reported back to him the next day after his arrival, after just one single examination.

His little Rii-tan was ill, and this was no simple illness as nothing the man did had a lasting effect. The only spell which worked was a 4th tier divine spell, and even that lasted only little more than a day before symptoms returned.

The caster proposed bringing the boy back to the capital and attempting a larger ritual on him, but after consulting with his healers Raeven shut down the proposal. There was a large possibility that due to the age and frailty of the boy, his little Rii-tan would not survive the trip.

The option he was left with was to hire the divine caster permanently, but due to his rank the sum required to do such a thing for a prolonged period would be ruinous for even an house as rich as his.

There was yet another option, though he dreaded to even consider it. The only other organization which provided high quality healing and currently inhabited his territory.

Seven Hands, his archnemesis for these past two years, turned out to be one of the, if not the only, options left to him. The irony was not lost on him.

But could he do it? It would be like surrendering completely to the mercy of his enemy. A defeat on all fronts, any shot he might have had toward the throne would be lost forever... the work of a lifetime burned away in an attempt to save the life of a child which could be replaced.

He knew that what he was leaning toward was illogical, even mad some might say, to throw away your lifetime work and goal for the life of a little frail thing who might day any day and was little more than a month old.

He knew that if his old self could look at this situation from an outside perspective, he would be disgusted with himself. To even consider abandoning his pride and goal for that little thing!

But his past self did not know, he did not know the joy a smile could bring, he did not know the life and fulfillment brought by having that little thing sleep against your chest, he did not know the sheer bliss that hearing a steady heartbeat could bring.

His old self could not know, and so he could not understand it.

In all his life he had never cared for another before, he did not care if others were alive or dead. Sure, losing useful tools was annoying, but only because he could no longer make use of them and not because he valued their lives above, or even evenly, his own.

And yet, that little frail and useless thing breached his heart and became something he was pondering betting his life and goals over.

If that wasn't madness and illogicality personified, he did not know what else they could be.

He will have to think this over, for all he knew that it will be no good and his decision will not change.

As a boy he read many a book who proclaimed that the heart could not be commanded, as a boy and an adult he mocked those books as mere nonsense and utter bullshit. Hearts could be bought and sold, they could be moved and manipulated.

But maybe those so easily dismissed words held some truth behind them. For all his brain was trying to force his heart to concede, his heart's resolve would not crumble even before evidence and facts.

“Shit.”

The marquis muttered in his silent room as he slumped against his sofa, the shattered shards of glass less than a meter from him, the light reflecting on their disfigured bodies making them look like glittering gems ready for the taking even though they were completely worthless.

‘An illusion? Or just another way of looking at reality?’ he could not help but wonder that question in his mind. One thing was for sure. He needed to make a decision, and the sooner the better.

{Dwarven Kingdom}

{Arche’s P.O.V.}

They had stopped their forced march when she could not feel her legs anymore... truly, wasn’t there a better way to go from place to place in this damn kingdom?!

At least in Re-Estize or Baharuth you could use a carriage to move around, here the tunnels were either poorly paved or too narrow for that and walking was tiring.

The only one who could actually get away from the tiresome ordeal was the princess who contently sat on one of her Master’s shoulders and was carried around free of charge.

Speaking of which, her Master denied her and Rayne any help as he stated that this will motivate them to learn faster and appreciate more the [Fly] spell once they go it.

Some might call it cruel, but after spending an entire year under Master Satoru’s tutelage she thought she understood the man much more than before. He was not just another powerful caster,

like many of her previous teachers and Lord Fluder as well. No, he was different in his approach to magic and teaching.

All her life Arche thought magic was an art with strict rules and few paths to follow and perfectionate. Every teacher had adopted one philosophy or the other, and their students were supposed to follow along. But Satoru wasn't like that, he never stated that his theory of casting was superior to others, or that there was a definitive answer to the best way of casting magic, he just exposed the weaknesses and strengths of each theory and allowed them to choose for themselves.

He never forced them to learn anything specific, suggesting some spells from time to time and how they could turn out practical in battle or everyday life. Some may have called that lack of interest or support, but that was not the case at all. Every time they came to him with any idea, he would ponder it and expose all the weaknesses and strengths he could spot, letting them to decide on how to proceed from there.

If they showed any interest in any matters he would come along with some way or another to give them input and support to pursuit that goal.

He did not want them to carry his name or legacy like most other teachers did, no, he wanted them to embark on their own journey of discovery, to choose their path in life and in magic. In fact the only thing he was truly adamant about was them learning how to fend for themselves without any external help. Something that had little to nothing to do with magic.

Cooking, cleaning, organizing, all mundane things that would normally be handled by servants or anyone else really.

But then again, could anyone consider themselves truly free and independent if they could cast the strongest of magic but not prepare the simplest of meals?

As a noble her upbringing told her this was the reason they had a servant, as a rational person she had to concede defeat on that point as there really was no logical arguing against her Master's words.

“Oi! Your two hours is up! Give me the item!”

She was taken out of her ponderings by the usual and annoying voice of her fellow apprentice.

“We agreed on passing this between each other only after each of us finish a chapter.”

She argued back as her eyes returned to her books written in a language she had never seen before, and only readable due to the magic item her Master lent them.

“Yeah, you said one chapter, I said two hours, we agreed on nothing!”

She closed her book and proceeded to glare at him. Their fierce gazes meeting with no intention of backing down on their respective points.

“Keep your voice down you imbecile... if Master Satoru hears us he will take away the magic item and no one will be able to read their book.”

She whispered to the idiot in front of her, prompting him to shut his mouth.

She had really no idea what her Master was thinking right now. She understood giving them one book each on their respective

branch of magic but why in the world would he give them just one single magic item to read them? He told them that they should pass it between each other so that they may learn to share things.

As if that was a problem! They did not need to learn to share as they will never have to share anything after their period under the masked caster's tutelage ended.

The only other option was that this was a test, but of what kind she had no idea.

Her glaring contest was interrupted when the boy gave up and huffed slumping on the ground.

“Well then, read me that at least so I will not die of boredom.”

He said while finding a more comfortable position in their shared tent. Arche blinked for an instant, the boy had given up far too quickly for her tastes, what was he planning?

“Sorry what?”

She asked dumbly.

“Oi, do I need to send you a [Message]? The book! Read it to me then!”

For all he was being rude Arche was far more dumbfounded than angered by his current demeanor.

“Why, it is fire magic, you mainly use lightning magic, what do you want to accomplish by-“

She was interrupted when Rayne slammed his hand on the ground.

“You are not gonna give me that item, right?! So, since I can't take it by force, and the other option would be to wait and do

nothing, I might as well learn something useful while I am at it instead of staring into nothingness the entire time!”

For all she hated to admit it, he was right and that was a sensible choice. She pursed her lips as if to prepare a snarky retort on how he wouldn't understand half of it anyway, but she refrained at the last moment, this was not worth it and doing like that would label her as the childish one.

“Humph! Very well then, but listen well as I will read it only once! And in exchange you have to read me yours!”

She proclaimed.

“Fair, who knows this might be an interesting experience.”

Now Arche was completely lost, who was this levelheaded boy and what did he do with her fellow student?

“Also... listening to you will make sure I know when you finish a chapter, so no cheating!”

The smirk he sent her was all teeth as if he was a beast cornering a rabbit.

She scoffed, she got her hopes up for nothing. Well, at least now she knew he had not been replaced during the night, he had quite the nice skin to the touch, and it would be a shame-

. . . Where did those thoughts come from!?! No! that only happened a couple times! It wasn't like he... or her... gods damn it! Was she blushing?! No, no, focus on the book! The book!

{Lakyus' P.O.V.}

She hummed as she polished the hilt of both her beloved blades, even if Satoru said it was not necessary but she was far too used

to the blade she often used for training, which was not enchanted and needed constant care.

She initially hated the time it took for the process to be completed but nowadays she was far from that green child of two years ago, she enjoyed the process and manual labor needed, she used that time to think in peace and mentally organize her day or ideas, she came to enjoy it so much that she did it even when it wasn't necessary only to stimulate her thought process.

“Lakyus, you are caressing that thing as if it was your own child.”

She had no doubt about the owner of the voice, she would recognize that sass everywhere by now.

“But what is a child if not the instrument of the parent?”

She answered with all the pompous fervor of a stuck up noble.

“Touche, but that is only the case for a weak child, don't you think? I would keep my guard up, you might never know when your child might rebel against you.”

The other occupant of the room rebutted.

“Loyalty is earned, I have dedicated my life to the sword and the sword will answer in kind, also I am currently meditating on my future endeavors.”

She did not fall for the provocation of the nonbeliever. She will control her emotions like her teacher said, she will not fall for puny provocations anymore.

“Oh, I see, and are those endeavors just another way of saying trying to get a certain woman to train you just a little.”

The voice half-mocked her. Ah! She had forgotten! If there was someone who knew perfectly what made her flip that person was... Renner.

“Do you need to make it so hard!”

She blurted out in annoyance.

“Well, excuse me! You are the one who asked me for help!”

The princess protested vehemently.

“Yeah, yeah, I know... sorry.”

The noble said pouting and averting her gaze, that was till she felt a hand caress the top of her head.

“Well, aren’t you just adorable when you pout?”

The singsong tone of the voice brought her back to when they were just a princess and a handmaiden.

She often wondered what would have become of her if Renner never took her under her wing. She wouldn’t have met Gazef, nor Brain. She wouldn’t have gotten the blades she valued so much by Satoru. She wouldn’t have met Arche and Rayne, her surrogate younger siblings. Her desire to explore and adventure would have gone unnoticed and repressed till it was but a distant childish memory. She wouldn’t have met all the people who gave her something. Go Gin, Zaryusu, Ziguru, little Luck.

What would even be her life by now if that meeting never happened? She could not even contemplate it.

“Lakyus... are you crying?”

Her little mental detour was interrupted by Renner's concerned tone. She blinked and raised a hand to her face, she could indeed feel some wet droplets there.

"Ah, I guess so."

She said without really any emotion behind the statement as she wiped out the tears from her cheeks.

"You are so weird sometimes, what was all that about?"

The princess asked as she continued to stroke the noble's long blonde hair.

"I... I am just very happy... that we became friends."

She admitted as she felt her heart beat faster and faster pumping new and reinvigorating life into her body.

The hand on her hair stopped moving prompting Lakyus to turn toward her best friend who had an unreadable expression on her face.

"I am happy too... if I have Satoru and you, I..."

The princess mumbled absently as if she wasn't even talking to her anymore, her mumblings got so low that Lakyus lost the last part of the sentence.

But that was okay, she didn't have to know everything, she just wanted to have fun with her friend and achieve her goal.

In a swift movement she stood and grabbed Renner bridal style much to the princess' sudden surprise which was vocalized in a loud yelp.

“C’mon! These tunnels are huge! We will get Satoru and go explore for rare ores! We might even find something for a new sword!”

She said energetically running out of her tent much to the protest of the princess in her harms.

‘Yes, no matter what the future holds or what it might have been! I will always stand proud! As long as I have my friends to support me, I will go forward without any fears!’ she proclaimed in her head while trying to spot the form of the giant magic caster.

A.N.

Oh, what is this? Someone got herself together after all those doubts? Who would have wondered?... but then again, will that conviction stand when confronted with the horrors of war, slavery, and slaughter? Only time will tell...

Hope you all enjoyed the chapter and remember to VOTE in the schedule poll!

Leave a comment/review as well if you like, I always enjoy reading your thoughts!

That said, stay safe! Till next time!