

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hi there! Nothing to say here apart wishing you a good read and hope you enjoy!

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

Chapter 56: Two Dreamers

Gaul Fellhammer, Commander in Chief of Feo Jera, couldn't remember in his entire career a time were the Regency Council expressed such jubilance.

The environment expressed festivity from every angle. Usually alcohol was prohibited within the council room but this time around even the strict Cabinet Secretary did not spare them more than a disapproving glance.

The reason for such jubilance was simple, they practically won the war. The Quagoa King was taken prisoner, and his army would soon fall to infighting over leadership like they did before they were unified.

Even the Forgemaster was cracking a smile, even though he had been sullen ever since they voted on giving up their Runecraft smiths.

Though, Gaul did not share in their joviality, sure, he cheered as much as them but inside he could not help but worry. Something was not adding up.

And that wasn't only the easy retreat of the Quagoa after their King was taken, but also about the King himself.

For someone who managed to unite his race and led many successful raids against them, the move of challenging someone he clearly stood no chance against to a one on one was idiotic. He would have blamed it on the hubris and pride of the Quagoa but Gaul knew better, he fought his entire life against those creatures, and for all their flaws, their leaders knew when a battle was lost and when it was time to retreat. The fact the Quagoa army did so, eagerly, after seeing the fate of their King gave credit to his suspicions of something going on in the shadows.

But the thing that bothered him the most was the behavior of their benefactor. What was the point of letting the young human fight? What was the point in taking the King alive when Satoru could have easily killed him? Why did they refuse their invitation to celebrate the victory?

Something was very wrong here but he just couldn't point at what it was that he wasn't getting.

“A copper for your thoughts?”

He almost jumped as the voice of the Cabinet secretary reached him. Said dwarf sat less than a meter from him.

That was probably the only other man Gaul even remotely respected in this chamber. He knew what he was talking about as he had been the previous Commander in Chief before retiring due to a leg injury.

“This... just doesn’t feel right.”

He decided to vocalize his opinion in a whisper, the older dwarf just slightly nodded to his words.

“Yes, I can’t think of this going smoothly, this isn’t over, I just hope that we can get out of this still a standing nation.”

Those grim words were spoken so lightly that Gaul almost didn’t register their meaning for a second. When he finally did, his head snapped toward the Cabinet Secretary, his mouth suddenly dry.

“W-what do you mean?”

He asked, quite alarmed at the older dwarf’s words. The Secretary on his part just gave him a saddened and resigned smile.

“We have escaped complete destruction in exchange of selling our future... you don’t really think such a powerful being like that will simply be satisfied with a few smiths, do you? No, now they can demand anything of us and we will have to oblige... you saw how that young one managed to topple an enemy that far outclassed any platoon of elite troops we could assemble... if that isn’t a power statement in itself I will eat my own beard.”

The Secretary explained to a dumbstruck Gaul.

“Miller, why did you vote in favor then? You have always held influence over the council’s decisions, if you opposed this...”

The breach of protocol in using the Secretary’s name was a clear sign of Gaul’s panic, but the gaze he received from said Secretary stopped him in his tracks.

“Gaul, the alternative was complete annihilation, I am not sure what will become of us now, but at least I am positive this city will not burn and its citizens will not end up as slaves.”

Millar gave him an hard stare.

“I need to know I can count on you Gaul, to do the right thing for this kingdom, regardless of your feelings.”

His tone was calm, as if he was discussing the weather. That was something Gaul never understood, how could he always treat such important matters with the same tone he used to treat mundane affairs.

“I trust you Miller, as my former commander, no, even after that, you never led us astray... but I need to know what we are getting ourselves into.”

He said awaiting a straight answer like always from the older dwarf.

“I am not sure of that... they still need to make their move, it could be everything from complete control over our mines, to us becoming a vassal state.”

For the first time in a long while, Miller’s tone seemed uncertain and even hesitant.

“So that bad, ah? Not that we have much to defend ourselves with, our military is in shambles after years of losing conflict, we have barely enough to gather a city guard worth of men, and seeing how poorly the Quagoa did against that man, I have no delusions we would get an even worse outcome.”

Gaul admitted without a single doubt in his statement.

“You are the one who interacted most with them, what do you think will come of this?”

Miller asked with a tinge of curiosity in his question.

Gaul thought hard, he could easily understand people like Gazef and that lizardman, even that older human, they were warriors through and through. On the other hand he could not read Satoru at all, the first time they met he seemed a reasonable and logical person, but then he turned around and slaughtered thousands of Quagoa like it was the most casual thing ever. He was a dangerous man, someone who could turn around and do the unthinkable in a heartbeat... but was he truly the one calling the shots?

Everything would point in that direction, but he still had doubts, during their first meeting he left that girl speak her mind without interfering, and even before the duel ensued, the only one to speak to the council about the deal had been the human princess. In both occasions he remained silent, maybe those two just outrank him? But did such a powerful man really care about rank at all?

This was utterly confusing and pondering it led him nowhere near a definitive answer.

“I can’t really say, Satoru seems to be reasonable when speaking but we all know what happened the first time he was required to fight, he also seems to be somehow submittal to both the princess and the noble or, at least, he does not seem to oppose their words... I truly have no idea about why he behaves like that regardless of his power.”

Gaul decided to express his honest thoughts. Miller seemed to ponder his words for a good couple of seconds.

“Might be something political we are unaware of, human countries are far larger than our own, so I would guess their politics do not get hindered so easily by power, even one as massive as this... though, this might offer us a slight leverage, if

we manage to get one of those two to agree on some points, we might not get out of this too badly.”

Gaul did not share Miller’s optimism, he did not know well those two, but he doubted Satoru would stand for, even subtle, manipulation.

For now, they could only wait and hope.

{Next Day}

{Pe-Riyuro’s P.O.V.}

Riyuro was munching on a rock as most of his kin did at his age, though, no one ever found one as shiny and cool as his. But that was a secret, he found it in his own tunnel, so he kept it for his own, that was only fair!

He saw firsthand what happened when his peers boasted about finding cool rocks, they were followed and then the others would steal the rocks.

But Riyuro was smarter, he didn’t tell a soul, not even his own mother.

His teeth grinded the rock into powder, it took him a long time to do so, usually it would take a Quagoa a day to grind mithril into powder, but he had spent more than a week on this rock and he still was only half way through it. That told him that this was very special.

He continued to dig down while he was munching, there was no point in wasting time and staying put. His claws also began to harden in these last days, he hoped this was a sign of the strange rock working on him.

Distracted as he was, he didn't notice when the terrain got softer and before he could stop himself he dug and fell into a far larger tunnel than his.

'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!' that was all his panicked mind could think about. He just entered another's tunnel, those were grounds for battle! And judging by the size of it, it belonged to someone big!

He immediately stood up and tried to climb back into his own tunnel, but it was too high. Well, he might just dig another and run away, yes that was exactly what he needed to do!

He began to claw at the wall in hope of finding a softer spot to dig in before the sound of heavy footsteps stopped him in his tracks.

He could feel cold sweat pour from his forehead. He fearfully turned toward the noise and almost swallowed his special rock in shock, for the one who was approaching him with an emotionless expression was none other than his Clan Lord, Pe-Nyaru.

He was done for! Finished! He was about to receive the beating of his life and he would be lucky if he returned home alive!

Of all the people he had to intrude on, this was the worst possible scenario!

The Clan Lord closed the gap between the two of them and stared him down, towering over him.

With a movement of her hand, she caught him in her claws and brought him up to her own face level.

"And who might you be? To intrude on my territory so foolishly?"

She questioned in her deep and hard tone that reminded Riyuro about claws being dragged on mithril.

"I-I am R-Riyuro!"

He answered immediately as he had no intention of making her angry. Unfortunately for him, in his fear, he forgot he was using his mouth for something else at the moment, and so, his precious rock fell out landing just at his Clan Lord's feet.

Before he could curse himself for his clumsiness and carelessness a new thought entered his mind. This might be his saving grace! If he could just use the rock as leverage for his life, he would be more than satisfied. Losing the rock would be a great shame, but losing his life would be even worse.

On her part the Clan Lord seemed transfixed on the glowing rock now laying at her feet. She grabbed it with her free hand and brought it up to her eye level, examining it with a cynical eye.

“Where di you get this, boy?”

She asked in absolute seriousness. Riyuro gulped at the hardness of her tone.

“I-I found it!”

He proclaimed, what could he do if not telling the truth?

“Found it, ah?... You are one lucky little twerp, you know that?... tell me Riyuro, what do you want from your life?”

She asked, of all the things he expected, this question was not it. Not that he had not given much thought to his future... but still...

“I want... I want to be the best I can be! No... the best there is!”

He had no idea why he actually answered truthfully, it might just have been the fear taking over and preventing him from lying, though that statement could be taken like a direct challenge.

The amused chuckle that came from his Clan Lord at his bold declaration made him release a breath of relief he did not realize he was holding.

“So... you want to be Clan Lord?”

She questioned, seemingly amused by his statement. For all he was fearful that condescending tone irked him to no end.

“I will be the best there is!”

He proclaimed before he could bite his own tongue.

As the amusement disappeared from Nyaru’s face, he feared his damn mouth was about to earn him a savage beating.

What he did not expect was for the Clan Lord to shove back his special rock in his open mouth before dropping him to the floor.

He immediately stood up from his fallen position awaiting what the Clan Lord had in store for him.

Her green eyes were scanning him with an expression he could not read, as if she was looking into his very soul.

“Come with me.”

That was all she said before turning around and marching back into her tunnel.

Riyuro hesitated only a moment before following behind.

Though, the more he advanced, the more everything got dark, something he was unused too, why was everything getting dark? If it continued like that, he would lose the Clan Lord! He needed to hurry! In response to his urgency, his muscles seemed to get heavier and heavier, and then, he knew no more.

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Pe-Riyuro opened his eyes, something he had no expectation of ever doing again.

Of all the dreams he could have had, his first meeting with his former teacher was not one he had often.

He groaned, he felt like shit, no wonders there... he should consider himself lucky to be alive... on that thought, why was he alive to begin with?

He tried to move, a sharp pain stopped him in his tracks, he couldn't feel his arms, like, at all.

His vision was starting to focus thankfully, he could see metal, metal everywhere. Well, he was in a cell, no wonders there.

He looked at his arms and almost winced, he wasn't used to see certain wounds inflicted on his own flesh. The cuts were deep, and there was little doubt both his arms were broken if the constant pain he was beginning to feel was any indication. The only remaining limb he could move was his left leg.

He didn't know if it was the dream's fault but he could not help but wonder what Pe-Nyaru would say if she saw him like this.

The grumpy hag would probably laugh at him in his face and mock him for losing to someone smaller than him. For all they had known each other for less than a decade before her death, he couldn't shake the fondness of that period even after almost twenty years since he last heard her voice.

It was mostly her fault he never had an offspring of his own. She just instilled into him that standard when it came to females. After

knowing Nyaru for years, Riyuro was severely disappointed when he discovered most females weren't a tenth of the Quagoa Nyaru was. He refused to have the mother of his child be an unworthy female with no qualities to speak of.

Well, that was a strange train of thought he got stuck on. Maybe it just was his own newfound freedom that brought that up.

He almost snickered at his own thought, only him could talk of freedom from within a cell.

Well, he renounced his title of king when he was ready to die so he was at least liberated from the responsibility of his kin.

“Are you awake?”

The voice almost made him jump, as in depth as he was into his own thoughts, he turned his head toward the bars. There, standing proud was his opponent, or would it be better to say, former opponent, as he had no further qualms about battling her again, if not a sense of wounded pride, but he learnt a long time ago to not give fuel to such petty thoughts.

“Eh, you came to gloat or something?”

He asked, his mouth was so dry he could feel friction between his tongue and palate, it didn't help that he couldn't even move from his downed position, he just felt like he needed to stretch a little.

The human entered his cell, he had no idea what she actually wanted with him, surely, she wasn't here to kill him, there would have been no point in taking him alive if that was the case.

He felt something pushing him up against the cold wall, his eyes widened as soon as his groggy mind managed to link the dots. Was the human... helping him up?

He was so stunned he didn't even realize this was a prime occasion to dig his fangs into her. Not that he would have done so, that would only make everything worse both for him and his race.

“Oof! You are pretty heavy.”

The human said as she took a couple steps back from him.

“What are you doing?”

For all talking was unpleasant he could not refrain himself from asking that.

“Getting you up of course, I mean, I don't think lying there was that pleasant.”

That answer would have prompted him to call her a smartass in any other occasion.

“Why?”

He asked, still too hurt to get worked up over the human's answers.

“Well, now that all the battling is done... I think it is time we talk!”

The human said much to the Quagoa's bafflement. He couldn't understand this one at all. How could she speak with such joviality to someone who pummeled and tried to kill her just mere days ago?

He almost snorted, there was no way a warrior of her caliber was that foolish, she would have died already if that was the case. She must want something from him, probably the reason why he was still alive.

But then again, whatever it was, he might as well use that against her. He already forfeited his life so he had nothing to lose.

“If you want a talk, I need water first.”

He expected to be brushed off, he would just have to give her a bit of silent treatment to make her understand he would not budge so easily.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot about that, sorry.”

Much to his renewed shock she immediately moved toward a large flask only now he noticed lying around.

She moved closer to him and stopped abruptly just a couple steps away. ‘Eh, did she just notice that I could hurt her if she came closer? Should have thought about it sooner, human’ he thought with some pride at the thought of the human being wary of him even if he was in such poor conditions.

“They... did not bandage your wounds.”

Of all he expected her to say, that was not it. He expected her to either roll the flask to him or even launch it at him. He had no idea why that fact seemed to have her so stunned. It was normal, he was the enemy commander, who in their right mind would help an enemy? He was already dead, it was only a matter of time.

She left the flask on the ground and scurried away in a hurry. He had no idea what got into her, were his wounds so hideous she could not stand the view of them?

‘Bah! Who cares?’ he mentally shook the thought away. Now he was at an impasse, either he went for the flask and resigned himself to lying on the ground, or he stayed seated against the wall but suffered a dry mouth.

He contemplated the choice, either way he would end up miserable.

He was still thinking about what would be the worst option when he heard the sound of footsteps hurriedly coming his way. Riyuro wasn't surprised to see the human enter his cell once more, who else could have come to visit him? What did surprise him was what the human held in her hands. Bandages and what seemed to be alcohol judging by the pungent smell.

Before he could say anything, she closed the gap between them and began to wet the bandages with the alcohol before carefully applying them to his arm wounds.

Riyuro did not even react to the sting, he saw it done before of course, the dwarves they took as slaves also helped the Quagoa in understanding how to better treat wounds. But this was not the point.

Riyuro was in shock, he looked transfixed as the human applied the bandages with utmost care, tightening them just enough to be effective but not hurtful.

He had no idea what was happening anymore. This human, this enemy who defeated him was now trying to ease his pain and heal him up.

“You should be careful, infections can be fatal, even for mighty warriors like you.”

She said sounding almost paternalistic, as if she was chastising an unruly child.

He had no words to give back, he just continued to stare as the human proceeded to bandage his arms and even his injured leg.

“Here, the worst of it seems to be covered now, you should rest in a more... healthy place, but I doubt they will allow you to be moved...”

She said with what Riyuro interpreted as an apologetic expression on her face.

“Uhm, also, sorry for not using my holy spell to heal you immediately, I was forbidden from doing that too.”

She apologized to him. On his part, Riyuro was just coming out of his shock at the current situation, when she decided to drop that on him too. ‘Is... is she being for real? Or is this some kind of strange human mocking I am not understanding?’ he could not help but think in bafflement at the situation.

Here he was, a Quagoa, no, the King of Quagoa, at the mercy of his enemy. And what did he get? A health treatment from the opponent he had tried to kill the last time they saw each other.

“Ah, sorry, I almost forgot.”

The human said, capturing his attention once more, She bent down to grab the abandoned water flask before approaching him once more.

“Ah, uhm... you can’t use your arms, right?”

She questioned a little taken aback by the situation, that was the first time she hesitated since she got here.

Riyuro knew what she was asking, it would have been humiliating for him, he still appreciated the concern, but he already lost much of his pride to this one, he could endure a little more if it meant extinguishing the arson in his mouth.

He slowly opened his mouth, presenting it to Lakyus who proceeded to pour down water slowly and with pauses allowing him to breath in between.

It probably was the most humiliating thing Riyuro remembered doing in his life, but for some reason it didn't feel as bad as he thought considering the only one who saw him do it was the one currently helping him.

“Need some more?”

She asked after she poured the last drop of water in his mouth.

“No... thank you.”

He couldn't remember the last time he genuinely thanked someone, there was just no place for such a thing among the Quagoa, unless someone saved your life, and even then most Quagoa were too proud to say anything at all. But it was only the two of them here and Riyuro had no shame in admitting she had been a much-needed help in his current situation.

“Who are you?”

He finally decided to ask the question that invaded his mind ever since she helped him... no, maybe ever since they battled.

“Ah, you might have forgotten, but I have introduced myself before our battle, my name is Lakyus.”

She answered with a smile stretching from ear to ear.

He had forgotten that, at least now he had a name to associate with the face. He relaxed back against the wall, for all his body was still useless, he was in a far better condition than he woke up in.

“Then Lakyus, what do you want?”

He asked, his previous bite lost, this one had been very helpful, and for all they were enemy, if she desired something he could provide without damaging his race, he didn't see a point in denying it.

The human girl proceeded to sit in front of him, her emerald eyes fixed on his own grey pair. A traitorous part of his mind could not help but compare the color to Nyaru's, something he dismissed as a mere coincidence.

“I want to talk.”

He blinked at that short and broad declaration.

“About what?”

He asked, curious to know what the human wanted to interrogate him about.

“The Quagoa.”

She answered, prompting Riyuro to roll his eyes, he knew it, she wanted to know about what they were doing, it would have been too much to ask for them to not notice something strange was happening.

“I have no intention to tell you anything about my kin's movements.”

He said making his tone as hard as possible to show he had no intention of giving anything away.

In all response his interrogator just tilted her head and blinked at him.

“I don't want to know where they are or what they are doing, I want to know about your people, your history, and how you came to be their king, if you want to share, that is.”

She elaborated.

Now it was his turn to be confused. He had no idea what the human before him was aiming for. What would she gain by listening to him babble about the Quagoa and his life. He could easily choose to omit any important or useful information.

“You know I can easily omit any crucial details or information.”

He told her so, there was no point in this conversation going any further if that was what she aimed for.

“If you feel like you don’t want to tell me some stuff that is your choice, I am here to listen and understand your people.”

She answered with certainty in every word, her smile never faltering from her visage.

He gave up, he just didn’t understand this human at all... were all humans this weird? Bah! He should just let it go and avoid a headache.

“Well, you better have some time as I have a lot to say about us, and remember you are the one who asked for this, so don’t complain.”

He decided to just indulge this weird human. In response to his challenge, she just gave him a smirk that he felt like answering with one of his own.

“Well then, where to begin now...”

He wondered aloud as he thought back at his earliest days in this world.

{Ro-Lente}

{Hilma’s P.O.V.}

The blonde beauty stared at the man before her. Cocco Doll and her relationship had not been as good as it was before, ever since he almost missed the signs of the Noble Faction attempting on the life of the Royal Family. Though, even with that downgrade, he was still the one she relied upon the most apart from Mato.

“So, the two of them are moving today?”

She asked, mostly disinterested in the matter, there were other more important things she had to deal with than a princess who risked being seduced by a meathead.

“Yes, my girls say she is a natural, a shame she was born a noble, I could have put her to good use.”

The man lamented as he sipped his tea.

“Though, I doubt you just came here to speak of mundane affairs, what is going on for you to be so scared, Cocco Doll?”

Her words prompted the man to narrow his gaze upon her.

“As sharp as always, I see.”

His eyes darted toward the other occupant of the room, a masked girl in black leather armor, a familiar sight in her office for the last months. Hilma just gestured for him to go on, there was no point in not letting Evileye hear them, if she tried sending her away, she would just get more curious and overhear them with magic nonetheless.

“There is some... discontent circulating around.”

That made Hilma stop checking her report as her eyes rose up to meet his.

“The thing is... this new partnership Satoru has ordered to enforce... it is draining funds, not to a worrying degree really, but

you know how they are... take away a copper from their hands and they will brood for a week.”

The slightly effeminate man elaborated quickly.

“Quite bold for someone who risks their life with every word they speak.”

Her tone didn't shift from her usual one but Cocco Doll seemed to grasp the dangerous undertone this conversation was taking. Only because Satoru was away, it didn't mean they could start acting as they pleased all of a sudden.

“And that is why they are brooding and mumbling instead of outright calling you out on this.”

The man rebutted prompting Hilma to release a sigh of exasperation.

Sometimes she just wished Satoru wiped out the remains of Eight Fingers instead of forcing their obedience, but that was just wishful thinking, and she knew it. Seven Hands would have not been able to assess its power without a previously established order backing it up. That didn't change her sentiment in the slightest.

“There are things more valuable than mere gold, Satoru is making sure we can expand our influence outside the Kingdom's borders, if they have a problem with that, tell them they can bring it up with Satoru once he comes back.”

Her harsh words caused Cocco Doll to freeze up for a moment, well, that was the ultimate threat for anyone in Seven Hands, that should shut them up for some time.

“I will refer your words if anyone raise any complaints.”

He finally said dryly after an almost full minute of silence.

“See that you do, those pigs have gotten fatter and fatter in these last years, their influence never saw such eights even during Eight Finger’s golden age, and still, they complain at the first sign of loss without understanding what is happening, make sure I don’t have to talk with Satoru about this.”

Hilma stated as she returned to her previously abandoned report.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Silence descended once more in the room.

“Do you have anything else?”

She asked, now impatient to have the man leave for good.

“Goldfinger’s granddaughter, she is snooping around, I know she is our link to the Merchant Guild and the one who has to put in place a formal contract, but still... she is asking questions.”

Those words prompted Hilma to pause, she never saw Aruma as one to risk his granddaughter’s life over a lost battle, but still, she could not exclude anything.

“What does she want to know?”

She asked quirking an eyebrow, more curious than anything else.

“Satoru’s policies on Seven Hands and information on Satoru himself.”

Hilma almost laughed in his face at that. It was painfully obvious what the little minx was trying to do, and the fact it flew over Cocco Doll’s head was hilarious, even more considering his line of work.

But it was also understandable, Cocco Doll knew Satoru for who he was, his nature included. For him it was simply unthinkable someone would try and do something like this, but for someone who only knew Satoru externally, this was the most logical response.

She gave him a small smile and waved his concerns away.

“Do not worry, the little fox is just searching information to make her move on him once he returns... though, I strongly doubt she will have any success considering Satoru’s preferences.”

She saw his eyes almost bulge out at her words before he relaxed and something clicked in his brain. He chuckled as he shook his head in seemingly amusement.

“Kukuku... that is quite the bold move, I must admit... oh well, if that is all she is trying to do, I will enjoy looking at her fail over and over.”

The man declared with a serene smile, as if a large weight had been lifted from him. He probably was paranoid about people looking around ever since that incident, noted Hilma.

“Just make sure she doesn’t reach for something she is not supposed to see.”

She warned lightly as the man stood up.

“Of course, if that is all I will take my leave.”

He turned around without waiting for a response.

“Oh, Cocco Doll.”

Hilma called for him one last time as he froze and turned toward her before he could reach the door.

“Keep up the good work, your help is greatly appreciated.”

She said with a small smile. He immediately relaxed at her words and even his mood seemed to improve slightly as he nodded and left the room.

That habit of congratulating people for a job well done was an habit she got from Satoru. In her previous line of work most people considered thanking their subordinates as an act beneath them, something even humiliating at times. But Satoru knew better, as he showed her most times. Thanking someone had an effect on them, it made them feel appreciated and gave them a sense of self-value most people needed to maintain a proficient quality of work. As everything in life, that was something to not be overused as it would lose its effectiveness or even pump someone’s self-esteem too much, resulting in a cocky and unruly subordinate. The best thing was that, when done right, the receiver of such slight manipulations wasn’t even aware of it as it became just another facet of life for them, like the need to drink or sleep.

“What is this about Satoru’s preferences?”

She almost spilled her precious tea at those words, she cursed inside, silent as she was sometimes, Hilma forgot Evileye was there from time to time.

“What, do you want to get in bed with him?”

She asked mentally smiling at the slight twitch of the caster’s hands. For all Evileye put up a hard and uncaring façade to almost everything, Hilma learned the few things that could get under her skin during these last months. Anything related to sex was one of them.

She enjoyed making her squirm from time to time, in those very scarce occasions the magic caster resembled an embarrassed teenager.

“You speak as if you are familiar with that experience.”

Hilma did not expect Evileye to try and reserve her teasing on her.

‘Oh, sweet child* she thought amusedly as the caster had no idea what she just unleashed.

“It is quite an experience you know, being enveloped in that passion as your carnal desire devours you... not that a little virgin like you could understand the joy and pleasures such a man can bring... he truly is the embodiment of any maiden’s wet dreams.”

The made sure to emphasize every last word with the tone she used when she still worked under Eight Fingers.

Hilma saw the caster’s twitch lightly. Capitalizing on her advantage she stood up and cornered the caster with a teasing smile.

“Now, now, why don’t you get this mask off so I can teach you a thing or two.”

She whispered as the caster was now openly squirming under her.

For all Evileye was powerful she was just so sheltered when it came to certain facets of life.

The thought of leaving her be passed through Hilma’s mind but now curiosity had mixed with her flirtatious teasing, could she get a glimpse of what was under that mask if she continued like that? Satoru already showed her that masks could hide the most unexpected of things.

She slowly moved her hand to reach for the caster's mask, but when she was a few centimeters from it Evileye seemed to snap out of her embarrassment and slapped her hand away.

“Do. Not. Touch. My. Mask.”

The magic caster growled under her breath, every sign of previous embarrassment gone. The two of them looked at each other for a second before the shorter blonde teleported away leaving Hilma behind.

She slowly returned to her desk. An unpleasant sensation rumbling in her belly, she knew she was in the wrong, she went too far... and the worst thing was that she knew exactly who she reminded herself of.

In a flash of rage she launched the ink bottle shattering it on the wall. ‘I am not like them! It was just a joke! A damned joke!’ she roared furiously as she paced up and down the room.

She wasn't like those men! She had no intention of doing anything to her! She just... was curious to see what was behind that mask!

That didn't make her feel any better. She restlessly slumped over a sofa, her head in her hands as she contemplated when did she become so comfortable in doing such things.

For all she thought herself better, for all Satoru had trusted her and given her the power to change things, she just proved that she was like any other disgusting human being with a drop of power.

She had betrayed herself and Satoru following a single instance of desire.

“Truly, this humanity, we are just the worst.”

She mumbled to herself, the silence of her lonely office the only witness to her confession.

A.N.

Hey there, another chapter done, sorry for the slight delay, some RL stuff came up, but here it is! I hope you enjoyed it.

For all those confused by Hilma's reaction, she basically went too far in teasing Evileye for her own curiosity and amusement to the point of making her flee. She is comparing herself to those men who used her when she was still a prostitute and abused their power over her due to amusement and curiosity. You may find the comparison unjust, but Hilma is a deeply traumatized character and will see everything through those lenses.

Kinda curious to know what you guys think will happen next and what Lakyus is trying to do or what Renner is planning.

So, let me know in a comment/review, will you?

Till next time! Stay safe!