

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Ok, I’m writing this before I started the chapter, so I don’t know if it is going to come out before the new year. In case we are already in 2021, Happy New Year! In case we aren’t, take it anyway!**

**Returning to the story, this is the conclusive chapter of the Eight Fingers arc to give you a small peek into the future.**

**Next, there are going to be 1 or 2 separate chapters, that serve as character development and as a means to a time skip. After all, I started so early, that time skips will be needed a lot during this fic.**

**And then after that there will be the new arc... the Empire Arc!**

**Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!);  
SirWertsalot (I don’t know how authors make these things up.  
Um...French toast and Irish Coffee. Is that what I happen to be eating while doing this? No, that would be unimaginative to the max...)**

## Chapter 8: The Sorcerer’s True Face

Two figures walked on a path made of gravel in the middle of the night. They were not too far outside the capital and they could still see the lights produced by the city in the distance.

One of the figures was tall, a little less than 2 meters, and very bulky. The other figure was smaller, around 1.7 meters, and very thin. They both wore black cloaks that covered their entire bodies.

Their destination wasn't far from there, just a few hundred meters. The two figures already noticed that they were being observed from the shadows around them. Of course, the place where they were stepping toward was well guarded; even more so today.

The only reason why they weren't attacked yet was the fact that they were just two and seemed to have no weapons, or at least not big ones.

The two didn't seem bothered by the silent stares that came from the trees and bushes and continued to advance without hesitation. In front of them stood a giant villa with robust looking walls and an iron gate. Even at this hour of the night, almost all the lights inside and outside were on, as the two expected.

The two figures approached the big iron gate. The smaller one knocked twice, waited several seconds, then finally knocked three more times. The gate immediately opened, revealing a small fat man. He was bald and his eyes resembled the ones of a pig.

"You know the code, but I was told not to expect anyone today."

He said with his raspy voice. The smaller cloaked figure removed their hood, revealing a beautiful young blond woman with deep purple eyes.

"It took a bit more time than expected, but you could say I managed to complete my mission."

A sly grin appeared on the pig-like man's face.

"Oh, that's good Hilma. When I heard you died, I was truly saddened. I thought for a moment that I would have to find another little bitch to service me."

The woman didn't seem to register his comment or if she had, she didn't acknowledge it. The bigger figure shifted a bit under his cloak.

"Are they all here?"

She asked with a stoic expression.

"Yes... you know they are not gonna like it. Even if you succeeded, you forced them to have an emergency meeting, causing them to cancel or delay important projects..."

The man said as his grin became almost inhuman.

"Just go and tell them I need to speak with them."

The man waited a moment.

"Oh, but you are forgetting something important... It is protocol to inspect all those who come inside."

He said, the smile never falling from his piggish face.

"He is a magic caster. You can't take away his magic and I'm a high-ranking member... You have to inspect nothing."

She retorted.

"Oh, but you are going to meet with the high ranks here. I can't simply let you pass. The magic caster is okay, but you... I need to inspect you."

He didn't wait for an answer and began to move his hands towards her breasts, his mouth slightly opened, allowing some saliva to fall down from his mouth.

A second before he could put his hands on her breasts, he felt a large hand on his shoulder stopping him. He turned around annoyed at the thought of being interrupted during his fun.

“Hey! What do you think you are do-“

He stopped as soon as his eyes laid on what was under the giant figure's hood. An infinite darkness with two shining blue lights in it and inside the lights, two red dots shined even brighter. He felt his whole body freeze up and a moment later, he felt a hot liquid beginning to run down his fat legs. His breath became irregular and he tried to take several steps back, but his body was still half frozen and he lost his balance falling on his fat ass.

“Go now.”

The deep voice of the giant figure commanded and now he was happy to obey. He would do anything to get away from there. He ran away toward the entrance of the mansion.

“Thank you.”

The blond woman whispered.

“Think nothing of it. This is more disgusting than I thought it would be.”

The big figure said, then continued after a moment.

“Did he really-“

He didn't manage to finish his question as Hilma answered.

“Only once when I was younger... I was still a common whore at the time... He likes to boast about it. Now that I have a high position... one of my most... unpleasant experiences.”

She said. The male figure nodded in understanding.

“I see... I will remember it.”

Soon another guard arrived. This time wearing a cloak that covered their body, walked up to them.

“Follow me.”

He said, revealing a young male voice. They didn't hesitate and let him guide them inside the mansion.

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

The magic caster known as Satoru was being escorted through the Eight Fingers' mansion alongside Hilma. He had prepared himself for something disgusting, but what he saw was even worse than he imagined.

He could hear faint screams of women and laughter of men coming from above them and the deeper they descended into the basement of the mansion, the worse it became. The screams and crying seemed to come from the walls themselves as if they had absorbed those sounds over the years.

‘This place makes me sick... even as an undead... At first, I thought this was like the Yakuza back home, but no, this is much worse... At home, it was no secret that the Yakuza and government worked together with clear rules between the two parties... But here... this organization has no rules. They are above the government and they know they can do what they want and go

unpunished.’ His thoughts darkened as his eyes fell on the young woman next to him once more.

‘Is this the place you lived your whole life in, Hilma? At first, I thought this organization could be exploited, but this... this is making me want to burn it all down.’ His thoughts wandered without restraint. Since he became undead the act of killing seemed like a trivial act in his mind, a natural thing, almost like walking.

They descended more and more into that pit. Only a handful of torches illuminated the place now and the only thing that could still be heard was their steps echoing down the corridor.

After another minute, they finally stopped when they reached a decorated door. It contrasted a lot with the unrefined stone wall around it. Their cloaked escort knocked three times without receiving an answer. The door opened, revealing two other cloaked figures. After confirming Hilma’s and Satoru’s identities, they moved to let them in.

Satoru immediately noticed the difference in style. The room he just entered seemed far more adequate for the decorated door than the corridor outside. It was still quite dark in the room, not that it bothered him.

In the center was a round table with eight people seated at it. ‘The Eight Fingers... As Hilma predicted, they are all here. Good. It would have been such a waste of time to hunt them down.’

It was fortunate that Hilma was a high ranking operative of the organization and knew how they operated in detail. If it wasn’t for her, it would have been improbable for Satoru to find them all in the same place.

But of course, they weren't alone in the room. He immediately noticed the figures, who hid themselves in the shadows of the room. There were also six particular armed individuals not far from him.

They particularly piqued his interest or, to be more precise, one of them did. It was because he was undead, just like him. His [Undead Blessing] racial ability allowed him to sense all undead beings in his vicinity and, if they were weak enough, gave him information on their race. The one that caught his attention was an Elder Lich, probably between level 30 and 50 since after that he could evolve to another race of his choice.

But for now, he would ignore this development. He had to concentrate on more pressing matters.

“Ah Hilma, it's good to see you. It would have been a shame to lose you.”

One of the youngest men seated at the table said.

“It took a little longer than expected, Cocco Doll, but I think the result was worth the wait.”

The high-class prostitute said with her stoic face.

“I see you have chosen a different path from what was asked of you, considering that this man is still standing. Why is that?”

A raspy voice came from the far left of the table. There sat an old man with white hair and a long beard, a scar on his left cheek was clearly visible even with the feeble light.

“It seems that your messenger didn't do a good job in explaining to Lord Satoru what we were offering him and what the gains

were. We could say he was most... impolite and... forceful toward Lord Satoru.”

She explained. The undead magic caster was quite impressed by how good of an actor she was. If he didn't know the plan already, he would think that she was being serious.

“Really now... kids these days. They can't even relay a message without messing up... If his tongue is so useless, I think it would be a kind gesture to have it removed.”

As the old man said that he gestured for one of the cloaked men in the shadows.

“Go to that fool and relieve him of that weight, would you?”

As the cloaked man received his orders he bowed and left the room.

“So, did you explain what we have to offer while you were at it?”

Asked the head of the executive council.

“Only the basics. I didn't feel comfortable speaking in your stead, not knowing your thoughts. I actually spent a lot of time to convince him to meet with you. Let's say he didn't have a great opinion of you after what happened.”

Hilma explained. The head executive hummed.

“I see. Always dutiful and well behaved, you will go far girl... now... let's get this over with.”

He said returning to a more professional tone. Satoru was reminded of his boss at work when he was trying to fool some poor person.



“So, you must be the magic caster known as Satoru. Is that correct? Also, could you please remove your cloak? We are going to speak about business here, after all.”

The head said. Satoru kindly obliged him and removed his cloak, revealing his form. As usual, he wore his elegant black gown. His hands were still covered by metal gloves and his face was protected by his black mask with blue gems as eyes.

“Indeed, head executive. My name is Satoru, a magic caster from a distant land to the east of the Empire.”

He presented himself. The head hummed once more.

“Well then, let’s not waste anymore time... What we want from you is your cooperation. We do not wish to impose any fee on you since your willingness to cooperate is fundamental. We can even expand your business, making your products reach certain markets otherwise unavailable to you... It is quite the offer, don’t you think? Also, if you took a liking to Hilma, you can take her, consider it a gift of good faith from us.”

The head executive explained. To Satoru it was pretty clear what he wanted. They wanted to exploit his growing influence and use Hilma to possibly control and spy on him. They were so much like the politicians of his old world... and that made his anger only harder to control.

“I see, I see. What a good offer. I would like to make one of my own.”

The magic caster said with a pleasant tone.

“How about... you work for me from now on? I need someone to clean my shop at the end of the day. It is so tedious to do it myself...”

It took a moment for all of them to understand his comment. Some of the fingers chuckled.

“This must be the first time I heard a magic caster joke...”

One said with amusement.

“But I’m afraid you should consider who you are speaking to before saying such things...”

As the head spoke those words, Satoru felt movement all around him. Soon he was surrounded by a dozen cloaked figures.

“You should learn a lesson in humility magic caster.”

Said the old man with the scar. One of the cloaked figures grabbed him from behind and punched Satoru in the face, or to be more specific, his mask.

\*CRACK\*

The sound of something breaking echoed in the large room. A moment of silence, then a scream. The one who punched him grabbed the hand he had used with his other one. All the fingers of the hand he used to punch the magic caster were bent in unnatural directions.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!”

He screamed louder as the full pain hit him.

“You are annoying, shut up.”

Satoru said as he raised his gloved hand and slapped the screaming man in the face.

\*CRACK\*

All saw as the head of the man turned around and his neck snapped. The figure fell on the ground, dead. Silence descended

once more in the room. Satoru didn't want to kill him, but apparently, he must still learn how to control his strength. He noticed Hilma concealing herself in the shadows, leaving the full stage to him.

In that moment, the cloaked figures all charged at him, now with long daggers in their hands. They all stabbed him in various points of his body. Now he could clearly see the sick smiles they had under their hoods.

“So much for a magic caster... that was quite the pathetic display.”

He heard the comment coming from one of the six armed figures on his right. They all didn't move an inch since the whole commotion started.

“Is this all?”

He asked aloud. Many of the Fingers' eyes widened as he spoke those words.

“W-What?”

One of the cloaked men mumbled in disbelief.

“Well then [Negative Barrier].”

He casted his 5<sup>th</sup> tier spell that created a barrier made out of negative energy around him, engulfing all the cloaked men. He immediately dispelled the barrier as soon as it appeared to observe the result.

It took only a moment before all the figures fell lifelessly on the ground. Immediately, the executive council stood up from their chairs. Some of them had panic all over their faces as they stumbled away from him as much as they could.

They tried to leave the room through a hidden door, but as soon as they tried to exit the room, they hit something hard. A barrier.

“W-What is this?!”

One of them asked.

“Oh? It is just the effect of one of my many magic items. It creates a barrier where I need it. This special spell doesn’t allow anyone to leave its area of effect without my permission.”

He calmly said. Of course, that was a lie. Not that he didn’t possess items with similar effects, but he didn’t want to waste them on an occasion like this. What he did was simply cast a silent [Anti-Life barrier] that repelled any living being from passing through it.

Before he could do anything else, the six figures finally decided to move and stepped between him and the executive council.

“Oh and who might you be?”

Satoru asked, happy that they finally decided to make their move. Now that they were better illuminated, he could finally distinguish some of their features.

“We are the security department, Six Arms. I’m the leader Zero and I was itching to confront you magic caster. From your display, it seems like you are actually worth something.”

Zero was a giant of a man, the personification of bulkiness; bald with half of his face and body covered with tattoos of various beasts. There was a panther on his legs, a falcon on his back, a rhino on his arms, a buffalo on his chest and a lion on his head.

“I’m Peshurian, the Special Slash.”

Said the armoured one, who carried a sword on his side. He was also the only one who had his face hidden.

“I’m Davernocho, the Undead King.”

The Elder Lich introduced himself. Satoru was quite interested in him.

“I’m Succulent, the Perfect Illusion.”

Spoke the hooded man with pale skin and gaunt cheeks.

“I’m Malmvist, the Thousand Kills.”

Said the youngest of the group. He had red hair and wore the same clothes as a matador.

“I’m Arcibald, the Death Rain.”

Finally, the last one introduced himself. He was an old man wearing a white robe and an eyepatch on his left eye.

“Oh well, how polite to actually introduce yourselves. As you know I am Satoru, a magic caster of the 5<sup>th</sup> tier. I would be glad if you assisted me in my experiments today, but first let me ask a question... I see an undead Elder Lich among you. Are you not repulsed by undead beings? Do you not fear his hate for the living?”

Asked Satoru very curious about the answer. Zero grimaced.

“Humph, aren’t magic casters supposed to be smart? Of course, there are mindless undead that attack everyone, but the most capable are as much capable of reason as any human. Now enough talk, get ready for a beating, magic caster.”

The bald monk said, but Satoru still wanted to experiment. He already tested his strength against the Sunlight Scripture. Now it was time to experiment with other things.

(Silent magic: Enslave Undead)

This spell was a different version of [Dominate Undead]. It allowed Satoru to take control of stronger undead beings, but when the period finished, the undead would turn into ashes. And also, the period of domination was very short if compared to its other version.

He immediately felt a link forming in his mind. It was a strange experience. He of course tested his summons in this world and they worked similarly to YGGGDRASIL, but this was a different link. He didn't feel like it was a part of him. If he had to describe it, it was like holding a sword. You knew that you controlled it and yet it wasn't part of you as a summon would be. 'Let's see if it works the same as with a summon.'

In the meantime, his opponents took a battle stance as if waiting for him to make the first move. He felt a spell wash over him. 'Illusion magic? It doesn't work on me, as expected.' Satoru noted in his mind, before shifting his attention to the group once more. 'Elder Lich use [Fireball] on the two on your left.' He ordered through the link.

As expected, the Elder Lich casted his spell and the two humans, the hooded one and the white robed one, were turned to ashes as the [Fireball] hit them.

"What?!... Davernoch?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

Shouted Zero as his attention was shifted to the Elder Lich.

"Don't blame the poor Lich. I took control over him."

Admitted Satoru, making Zero's head snap again towards him.

"You... you are a necromancer?!"

He growled. Satoru ignored him and simply removed his influence from the undead. He immediately crumbled into dust. 'Oh well, it seems it works like in Yggdrasil.' He thought a bit disappointed.

"So now only three of you remain. What are you going to do?"

He asked. Surprisingly, Zero smirked.

"Don't be so cocky necromancer! To control Davernoach you must have used almost all of your strength and we still have the superior numbers."

He said. Satoru just slightly moved his hand

[Create Mid Tier undead: Death Knight]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Death Guard]

Then something strange happened, the usual dark fog appeared, but this time, instead of directly morphing into an undead, it moved towards a dead body and engulfed it. Then the undead rose as usual. 'Uh, it uses bodies? Last time, it didn't do this. Is it because there were no bodies available at the time?' He wondered.

In the meantime, Zero's smirk disappeared as he saw the giant undead with a tower shield and flamberge rise from the ground. Next to it another undead armed with a lance and a smaller shield stood up.

'Death Knight, Death Guard, kill the armoured one and the smaller human. Leave the big one to me.' He ordered and the undead charged with a roar.

Zero prepared to receive the undead and hit the Death Knight on its exposed ribcage with a powerful punch. To his credit, he managed to stop the Death Knight's charge.

The other two arms took advantage of this and tried to strike him with their weapons, but the Death Knight morphed into a dark fog and reappeared behind the armoured human, cutting him in half with a single strike.

The younger red-haired human took some steps back, fear and despair on his face. Then his expression morphed into surprise and pain as a lance impaled him from behind. While they were distracted with the Death Knight, the Death Guard managed to close the distance and strike.

“Uhm good, I think this is enough experimentation for now. You two retreat.”

Satoru ordered aloud, the two undead obeyed and moved behind him, completely ignoring Zero.

“I must thank you for giving me the chance to experiment some things. Nowadays, I have very few chances to do so.”

Satoru said to a stunned Zero.

“For that, I will allow you to strike me once. I will not move, and I will not defend... so go ahead, give me all you got.”

Said the magic caster as he moved his arms aside, leaving his chest completely exposed as if to welcome Zero's next blow. Now Zero was enraged. This magic caster was mocking him and he would regret it. The tattoos on his body began to glow.

“Panther! Falcon! Rhino! Buffalo! Lion!”



He called out for the spirits of the animals. His right arm glowed white as he jumped at Satoru, aiming for his chest. With a shout, he slammed his fist on Satoru's chest with all his strength. Dust rose from where the fist collided with the magic caster's body.

As the dust dissipated, Zero's eyes went wide. There stood Satoru without a single scratch on his gown, in the same exact position as before the fist hit him.

"Still no damage... I see..."

He mumbled as Zero took some steps back unable to comprehend what just happened.

"W-What are you...?"

Asked Zero in a shocked tone with his mouth half opened. In that moment, Satoru brought a gloved hand to his face and slowly removed his mask revealing a perfect white skull with red dots in his empty eye sockets. Then the mask and gloves disappeared from his hands, exposing his bare bony fingers and rings. His gown opened and showed to the world his perfect white ribcage and the glowing red orb inside it.

"What am I? I am Satoru, the undead magic caster, former guild master of the greatest guild of all."

With those words, he raised his bony hand toward Zero. A pulsing heart appeared in his hand and he immediately crushed it.

[Grasp Heart]

Zero's body fell on the ground dead.

Silence descended in the room as the last defence of the executive council fell. They were all shocked. Some of them had tears streaking down their faces.

Satoru's attention returned to them. They all flinched as one when his red dots fell on them.

"Hilma, come here."

He called. The hidden beautiful blond woman slowly approached him. He saw the shock on her face, but there was no fear on it.

"You have done well. With this, I can finally put an end to Eight Fingers."

He said as she nodded, but of course that didn't mean the end of the organization. No, even someone as inexperienced as Satoru knew that removing an organization, that controlled half the kingdom, would cause an internal stir. That would result in a civil war for the underworld. No, what he wanted to do was far better than wait for another organization to rise from the ashes of its predecessor.

"YOU WHORE! YOU DAMN BITCH! YOU BETRAYED US!"

The one to scream was the old man with the scar, his expression was a mask of rage and hate.

"I WILL HAVE MY MEN DESTROY YOUR LITTLE BODY AND AFTER THAT, GIVE YOU A ROUND WITH THE HORSES AND THE-"

[Lightning]

The 3<sup>rd</sup> tier spell struck the yelling man, reducing him to ashes.

"Well then, now that the filth is dealt with... let's pass to the next phase."

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Stalking Wraith]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Death Knight]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Death Knight]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Death Knight]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Elder Lich]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Elder Lich]

[Create Mid Tier undead: Elder Lich]

He used all the corpses in the room to create his undead, before giving them his orders. 'All the wraiths must constantly follow the humans in this room and report any suspicious actions to me immediately.' He ordered. He chose the Stalking Wraiths since they had a passive that allowed them to turn invisible if they didn't attack for more than ten seconds. They were used for ambushes by low level players and as scouts for the higher levels.

The seven wraiths approached the seven executives, who were now pressing their bodies against the wall in fear.

"Now listen carefully, all of you."

Said Satoru. Immediately all the executives' attention turned to him. He felt a little embarrassed at the sudden stares, but it was nothing his [Emotional Suppression] couldn't handle.

"From this day on you are under the jurisdiction of Hilma here. You will do as she says. These wraiths will follow each one of you from this day on. They will not sleep nor rest. They will always be

with you like a second shadow, ready to strike you down as soon as you disobey or try to hurt Hilma herself... is that clear?"

He asked as his eyes shone and he activated his [Aura of Despair I]. The executives immediately nodded in understanding and submission.

Satoru turned toward his other summons. 'Go search the mansion. Find all the men and women who were beaten. If they are still sane, free them. If not... give them a quick painless death... As for all the others, tie them to something, paralyze them, or break their bones. I don't care as long as they are not able to leave the mansion... Now go.' All his summons obeyed.

"Good. Come humans, follow me. We are going out."

He was sick of this place. All of the executives obeyed with some hesitation. They were exiting from the basement when a thought hit him. He immediately used the link to contact his summon in the mansion. 'Oh right, you must bring me a certain human...'

{An hour later outside}

Satoru stood not far from the iron gate they entered through. He was waiting for his summons to return.

Finally, he saw them exit from the main door. One of his Death Knights was transporting a certain pig-like man under its arm as if he was a sack of potatoes.

Once the summons were in front of him, the fat man was released and fell on the ground. He was almost completely naked and Satoru didn't even want to know what he was doing when his summon found him.

"Break his leg. I don't want him to run."

Satoru ordered. His Death Knight lifted one of his armoured feet and slammed it on one of the man's legs. The man squealed like a gutted pig.

“Well then, [Fire Storm].”

He casted his 6<sup>th</sup> tier fire spell and the whole mansion was engulfed by fire. Even from here everyone could hear the screams from inside as the flames quickly consumed the wood and stone alongside the flesh and bones of those still inside.

The great pyre illuminated the night, a beacon of redemption for the unspeakable acts committed inside that cursed place.

“As for you...”

Satoru began, before noticing that the pig-like man was lying in a fetal position inside a pool of his own excrements. There was no more meaning in wasting words with him.

Satoru raised a hand.

[Summon: Pumpkin Carnage]

From the ground another undead rose. It was a rotting corpse covered by a black gown. Its fingers were replaced by metal claws good for tearing meat apart and causing bleeding. Serving as a head was a glowing pumpkin.

It was one of the special summons from the Halloween event. It was considered a trash summon since it was only level 25 and its stats were pretty low, not counting the fact that it could only heal living beings and not undead. Its lore said that he was a torturer that came back from the grave to satiate his bloodthirst.

Satoru looked at the sky, considering the position of the moon. There were still around 4 hours before dawn. ‘Pumpkin Carnage,

inflict on that human the worst pain you can and only end his suffering once dawn arrives.’ He ordered.

He felt nothing for what he did today. No, he felt something. A faint sense of satisfaction... as if in this way he could take a little revenge on his old world.

“Look carefully, this is what will happen to those who shall betray me.”

He said to the executives as the Pumpkin Carnage began to work.

“You don’t have to watch.”

Satoru whispered to Hilma, but she didn’t look away from the macabre spectacle.

“No, I have to watch, I must watch...”

She whispered back. For the next hours, screams filled the courtyard, then mumbled crying and when the sun appeared, silence graced their ears.

In the meantime, Satoru thought about what he wanted the new organization to be known as. He came up with many names, but he finally decided when a memory struck him. He remembered how Ulbert once said that, following demonology, the humans guilty of the crime of greed would be turned into deformed monkeys with seven hands to symbolize their greed during life.

He thought that it was quite appropriate for an organization like theirs.

“Listen well, from this day onward you are no longer the Eight Fingers.”

He said. All the eyes turned to him, some of those gazes seemed almost empty, as if life itself had left their very bodies.

“From this day on you shall be known as the Seven Hands!”

He proclaimed and no one spoke against it. Then Hilma proceeded to give them their orders and finally, once Satoru had covered himself once more, the two left the burned down mansion, walking toward the capital.

That night the history of the kingdom was changed forever. On a single night the undead magic caster known as Satoru took over half of the Re-Estize Kingdom... and it was only the beginning.

**A.N.**

**BOOM! Longest chapter! I hope you enjoyed and as you probably noticed, I'm shit at writing fighting scenes... I'm deeply sorry... I actually made a big effort in bringing this out before the new year, so it would be a kind thing to leave a review (I also had to work on the Christmas special so I actually spent hours of sleep on this).**

**Another good reason to review would be to give me an opinion on the arc as a whole. What you liked? What you didn't like? Tell me in a review!**