

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hey there! Nice to see you all again! I had to rewrite the first POV of this chapter like 3 times over, I really wanted it to come out well... that was one of the reasons behind the slight delay.

That aside, if you haven't yet, check out "Stars of Darkness" a one-shot AU of the Dark Hero arc! I assure you will enjoy it!

And, without further ado, enjoy the chapter!

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

Chapter 35: Unexpected Guests

"That's it, all wrapped up! That will be 13 gold and 5 silver."

The blond woman smiled from behind the counter as she counted the money. She smiled at the adventurer making the older man blush like a maiden during their first time. She may not entertain men anymore but years of charm and self-care were hard to brush off.

"That seems to be all."

She added when she noticed the adventurer seemed to be mesmerized into her violet eyes. Those words seemed to do the work and the adventurer snapped out of his trance like state. He stumbled out of the shop embarrassed.

Her eyes fell once again on the lone figure who had been looking around for the last thirty minutes without uttering a word.

She was short, most of her body covered by a red tattered cloak and what seemed to be black leather armor under it. Not to speak of the strange mask she was wearing. The only reason why Hilma was sure she was female at all was due to her slender arms and legs, she, in her relatively short life, had seen too many naked bodies to not immediately notice the gender of someone. Well, and she read it in the reports previously sent to her anyway.

That's right, the short girl currently examining an enchanted dagger was no simple girl at all. She had been putting her nose in Seven Hands' business for the better part of a month by now, for as long as she had been in the kingdom.

Hilma tapped two times her desk with her index and middle finger. A silent signal for all the Seven Hands' agents currently masquerading in the shop as adventurers. 'It's time to end this farce' she thought as she approached the apparent girl.

"Excuse me, I could not help but notice you have been looking around for some time, do you perhaps need help?"

She said in a sweet tone, her best employee mask on her visage.

"Yes, indeed, I would like to speak with the one known as Satoru, the new Marquis."

She finally spoke and indeed, the voice did belong to a young girl who tried to masquerade it with a deep tone, it would almost be adorable in a normal situation.

“Ah, sir Satoru is currently occupied in his mansion, I may escort you there and ask if he is willing to speak to you miss...”

Hilma said cheerfully.

“Evileye, and yes, I am really interested in exchanging a word or two with him.”

The masked girl said as she began to follow Hilma.

“Please excuse us, while we are away, could you please leave the shop, I will offer you all a good discount when I come back.”

She said to the few, fake, adventurers still looking around the shop. In response she got some grumbles and some more excited chatter.

“Please, follow me then.”

The woman said as she first escorted the girl through the busy streets before cutting into a smaller alley.

“This is a shortcut, we will be there in no time instead of going all the way around.”

She lied smoothly through her teeth. She just needed to get to the designated point. Then they would get to the bottom of this.

By now the boys should have gotten into position, she gave them ample time.

“in the meantime, if I may ask, what did you want to talk about with Lord Satoru?”

She inquired trying to distract her target from the conversation.

“I would just want to know why he suddenly decided to work with the lot of you.”

The words froze Hilma to her core, she immediately spun around, a poisoned needle between her fingers. But behind her there was no one.

“[Crystal Prison]”

She followed the sound of the voice only to find the young girl fluttering in the air, then huge unnatural crystals sprouted like mushrooms from the ground blocking both ends of the alley.

“Now, you will answer my questions.”

The masked girl descended slowly, her hand ready to cast a spell if needed. Hilma crouched, trying to get as far as possible from her assailant, or, at least, that was the impression she gave.

“You idiot, never lower your guard, even for an instant.”

She said as a smirk grazed her face as she took out a scroll containing a [Anti-Magic Shield] spell and used it on herself.

Then from above the both of them four [Fireball] descended, the small alley making it impossible for anyone to dodge, not that Hilma had any need to.

The loud explosion almost deafened the leader of Seven Hands and the shockwave pushed her back several meters down the alley.

It had been a huge risk but it was done and now, it was time to get answers, if their target was even still alive.

Before the smoke could clear something came out of it, several something to be precise. They were too fast and small for Hilma to understand what they were but the only thing she knew was that they were meant for the agents who used the scrolls from the roofs. They were taken down instantly.

This was bad, she didn't expect her foe to be this strong. She knew the day that an assassin would attempt on Satoru's life would come but this was over all expectations.

The attack at least cleared the smoke and revealed the form of the assassin, the only thing seemingly damaged was her mask, that revealed a pale white cheek hidden beneath it.

But she wasn't done yet. Hilma would not lose this battle.

From the broken windows up on the sides of the alley hooded figures jumped out. All armed with either short swords or daggers. They were an elite squadron she selected personally with the help of Mato. They were all armed with magic weapons and gear, extremely skilled in their work and, most importantly, loyal to their last breath.

They plummeted down on their foe ready to strike only for her to teleport away.

“Above you!”

Khan, the leader of the squad shouted as soon as he touched ground. And indeed, the now revealed caster was above them. ‘A fucking 5th tier caster! Who the hell is she?! Who hired her?!’

those were the only panicked thoughts Hilma could conjure up in that moment.

“Miss Hilma, if you can, run now, we will stall her for as long as we can!”

Khan said before he was pierced by a dagger made out of an unnatural crystal, much like the one currently trapping them in the alley.

The dagger went right through his armor protecting his left shoulder, making his left arm useless as a result.

“Fuck! You fucking cunt!”

He roared as he took out a new scroll, the other 6 members of the squad mimicking him.

The scrolls glowed before releasing a [Lightning] spell. With the five spells incoming, the assassin could do nothing but teleport once more to avoid the torrent of lightning coming her way.

As the masked caster reappeared the squad was ready and threw their enchanted daggers at her who just managed to dodge them in time. Was that a sign of her mana depleting? Or just a way to conserve it? Either way the result was the same. Those daggers were enchanted with an homing spell that allowed them to track their target to a degree. Which was exactly the reason why the caster found herself pierced by them even though she thought to have dodged them.

“Enough of you! [Shard Buck Shots]!”

A rain of crystal shards downed upon the elite squadron, not strong enough to pierce their armor, but surely powerful enough to force them on the ground, seemingly defeated.

“It seems this little charade is over already, you put up a good fight, I will admit.”

The caster said in her masqueraded childish tone as she descended from the sky.

She touched the ground right in front of Hilma.

The woman clenched her teeth. She was going to die, that was inevitable. She was trapped and even if she called Satoru, he would find himself against an opponent with no clear limit to their power, she would be putting him in danger.

The other option was to use her High Wraith to stall for time and run away, that was impossible due to the crystals still blocking the exits of the alley. And, also, she had a far better use for her Wraith, she will have it report to Satoru all the information gathered, after all her opponent didn't seem to have sensed it.

Then Satoru could come back prepared and ready to face such a foe. Unfortunately she would not be there to see him split this little monster in two. She just needed to stall for a few seconds to get her [Message] scroll and contact the Wraith to give him her last instruction silently and discretely.

“Who the hell hired you?! Who could want Satoru dead so badly that they would send someone as skilled as you?!”

If her opponent was a cocky one she might get an answer before dying and so that could be relayed to Satoru as well.

The masked girl stopped whatever she was doing at those words.

“You think... I am here to kill him?”

She asked, this time stopping Hilma in her track.

“What else could you be here for? Tracking us down all across the kingdom and gathering information about him.”

She finally found her desired scroll and was ready to activate it.

“As I said, I am here to talk, a fight is the last thing I was seeking right now.”

Normally Hilma would have not believed any of those words but, then again, this situation was far from normal, she was cornered, in the literal sense of the word, and the one in front of her had no reason to lie to her. If she truly wanted to talk this would turn out for the best, if she didn't, Hilma still would have all the time to rely her information to Satoru or order the Wraith to do it for her.

In both cases, it would be a win for her. So she saw no reason to not indulge the caster's words.

“Satoru is not here, he left, if you want to speak with someone... you will have to speak with me... until he returns.”

She tested the waters. The two stared each other down for a few seconds before the caster relented and put down her hand.

“So the rumors were true, he left before I could get here... how annoying.”

The short girl muttered to herself. Hilma, on the other side, was still on edge, there was still a chance this one could turn violent any moment.

“Well then, I guess I will have to settle for speaking with you then.”

She finally said shrugging her small shoulders under her cloak.

“Is there a more private place than this alley?”

In her life Hilma had many strange encounters and met many a strange fellow. But this one was about to climb the ranks even faster than Satoru at this point.

{Forest of Tob}

{Zaryusu’s P.O.V.}

The lizardman did not really know what to think about the strange group he just encountered a couple of days ago.

Initially they distrusted him the same way he distrusted them. After all he had no idea what kind of creatures they were to begin with, until they told him they were humans. He never saw a human before, they seemed really fragile, like a scaleless baby lizardman.

Even the strongest among them couldn’t match the normal muscle of a normally trained adult lizardman, and quite a lot of them were younglings.

The night he met them, after the initial shock, they offered him food. A gesture of peace among all cultures as far as he knew.

They spoke quite a lot during that short time. They told him they were from one of the nearest human kingdoms, which apparently was what they called a large area of land inhabited by humans under a sole leader.

That concept sparked curiosity into the lizardman, he never thought it was possible for so many to be managed by one single entity. He eagerly asked for more details on how it worked so that he might return the information and idea back to the village. They could certainly use that, if they managed to unite the tribes there would be no more need for war between them.

Unfortunately what he received as an answer was quite complex to understand for someone like him, and what they gave him was just a watered down version according to them.

If his tribe ever wanted to put something similar into action they would certainly have to break quite a few traditions, something, he was sure, the elders were not willing to accept.

When it was his turn to speak he told them the few things he could without giving away important information about his village. He told them of the recent war over resources, and that he, as a traveler, decided to go and explore the larger world.

As he explained his trouble, the smallest among them was the one giving him a puzzled look, or at least he thought so, human faces were hard to read.

The female youngling asked why they didn't farm fish instead of daily hunting them.

The question baffled Zaryusu as he never heard of anything like that.

The explanation was as simple as it was genius in Zaryusu's mind.

They just needed to create farm like zones next to the village and bring the healthiest fish they could find there. Feed them and

make their life a paradise for them. That would bring them to procreate faster and in just a few weeks, depending on the type of fish of course, they would have dozens, if not hundred of fish ready to be eaten.

Such a thing seemed far too divine to be true and when asked how to realize such a thing, the youngling just shrugged her shoulder. She said she was no expert but could put easily something together, a temporary thing until they thought of something more permanent.

The child's name was Renner, he made sure to remember it. While he was not willing to trust any of them yet, they surely gave him a positive vibe.

They even let him put up his tent not too far from their little camp. Though, that night, he could not help but feel like he was being observed the whole time.

The following day the first thing he found when he finished his morning routine was one of the human children waiting for him. She was very similar to Renner, and he would have confused the two if it wasn't for their different eye color.

She was there to tell him they were about to depart toward the lake if he wanted to come as well. He was unsure of what to do, on one hand he had just departed for his journey, on another, if the group ended up nearing the wrong village they might get attacked. Hell, if his own village got desperate enough, they would attack them as well.

And so, now he found himself guiding the odd group around the forest, following back his own previous steps.

He would have been suspicious of their destination if he didn't know from the day before that they intended to visit the lake even not knowing who lived there.

“So, Zaryusu, what's up with your weapon? I never saw anything like that before.”

The child whose name he learned was Lakyus asked, her eyes seemingly glued to his Frost Pain.

“This one's name is Frost Pain, one of the Four Treasures of the lizardmen tribes, I acquired it after defeating it's previous wielder during the war.”

He said as he tried to not come back to those days. Famine, blood and death were everything he ever knew during that time. He was pretty sure some of his tribe cannibalized their enemies, or even each other during that chaotic period.

“Umu, that is interesting, may I have a look at it?”

The one to speak was the masked caster, the only one who surpassed Zaryusu in size, and the one Zaryusu trusted the least in the group. His instincts could not stop but flaring every time he got too close, there was surely something wrong with that one, Zaryusu was sure of it.

“I apologize sir...”

He tried to remember the human's name but it eluded him.

“Satoru.”

The caster provided.

“Sir Satoru, but this weapon is traditionally held only by its wielder and no one else.”

It was a lie, but he really did not feel comfortable giving up his weapon to someone else. Even less someone he had known for two days.

“I see, that’s a shame, I would have liked to know what enchantment was put on it.”

The human, now named Satoru, just shrugged, as he carried the youngling Renner on one of his enormous shoulders.

Zaryusu just continued to walk, unknowingly tightening his grip on Frost Pain. They were almost to the village by now, he remembered the trees he was seeing as the same ones he used to play around while he was but an hatchling.

He hoped his brother would not be too mad at him.

{Lakyus’ P.O.V.}

The noble girl looked in bewilderment at the houses, no, that was to good of a term, those weren’t houses, those were shacks. She looked at those shacks above the water that should be used as a living place for the lizardmen.

It was rudimental to say the least, if not totally tribal, just a step above caves.

In her holy books demi-humans were always portrayed as monstrous, abhorrent, not something that should be living in this world where humanity reigned supreme.

A sentiment she had never truly understood. The first demi-human she ever met was Go Gin, and he was far away from the evil portrayal the books were so insistent on. Where the books described mindlessness and cruelty she found cunning and honor.

That was until she met the inhabitants of the Forest of Tob. Vicious and cowardly goblins, mindless and brutish ogres, and idiotic and sadistic trolls.

That encounter had begun to change her mind toward what the books described, maybe Go Gin was just an exception among the norm.

But then again, not even a day later, her mindset was upside down for the third time.

The only thing that she could conjure in her heart at the sight before her was pity. Pity at the conditions these poor demi-humans were reduced to. Putting survival above any possible innovation, forcing themselves in a vicious cycle of death and misery.

They were waiting for the lizardman, Zaryusu, to return as he explained it would be better for them to wait outside the village while he explained the situation to his brother, the chief.

They waited patiently almost an hour before they saw a small party come toward them. At its head there stood Zaryusu, followed by another lizardman with a greatsword strapped on his back and a few other warriors.

She began to feel nervous, and judging by her teacher's backstep, he did not like the situation either. Satoru remained calm as

always, not even flinching a little while his students tried to hid behind him. Leinas stepped next to her, probably ready for a fight if there ever was to be one. Lakyus could not help but be relieved by her presence, she may be overzealous when it came to her protection, but she knew that the empire knight would cover her back in all situations by now.

“Greetings humans, I am Shasuryu Shasha, the chief of the Green Claw Tribe, and brother to Zaryusu Shasha, as the first humans to ever visit our lands I offer you peace.”

The chief said before taking out of his tunic a small but cleaned fish and offering it to Satoru, who seemed to be confused by the gesture but accepted it nonetheless. They stayed there as Satoru examined the fish and the tribesmen seemingly waited for something.

“I apologize if I am being rude, but I don’t really know any lizardmen’s customs, what am I supposed to do with this?”

Satoru finally asked after almost half a minute of silence.

“Ah, my apologies then, when a lizardman enter a village not his own, it is a sign of peace to offer them a fish, and on their part, it is a sign of good faith to eat it, it is a tradition as old as our race.”

The chief, Shasuryu, explained.

“Umu, I understand, but still, eating uncooked fish can be fatal for humans, so I do apologize if my gesture is considered rude.”

The magic caster explained as the chief seemed taken aback by his explanation.

“I see, I had no idea that was the case, I do apologize on my part then.”

He finally said, prompting Satoru to shake his head.

“No, no, I understand the importance of customs, it is a relic of the generations that came before you... but if it is a sign of good faith on my part... I hope this can suffice.”

As the magic caster finished speaking a white light engulfed the fish and from it identical fish began to appear out of nowhere, creating a pretty big pile in front of Satoru.

When the fish shower finished there were at least a few dozens fish laying there. ‘Neat!’ was all Lakyus could think at the display ‘truly Satoru seems to have no limit to his resourcefulness’ a quality she always found admirable in the caster.

She regarded once more the lizardmen who stood there, their jaws hanging and eyes wide in disbelief.

Nobody moved for a few seconds before the chief slowly walked up to the pile and grabbed one of the fish, as if he couldn’t believe what his eyes were seeing.

He bit it, his jaws consuming almost a third of the whole fish in a single bite.

“It’s real... it tastes like fish...”

He muttered more to himself than anyone.

“I hope this is a sign of enough good faith.”

The deep words of Satoru seemed to snap out the chief from his trance.

Shasuryu rose his gaze to meet Satoru's mask.

“Y-Yes, this is a p-present that will not be e-easily forgotten sir...”

The lizardman chief stammered out.

“Satoru.”

The magic caster provided once more his name.

“Sir Satoru then! W-we would be honored to welcome y-you and your group into the Green Claw v-village!”

{A few hours later}

{Shasuryu's P.O.V.}

“And that is all.”

The lizardman chieftain said as he concluded his retelling of the encounter with the group of humans.

The elders council stayed silent, their gazes down casted, as if in deep thought.

“Are you absolutely sure it was no trick?”

One of them asked. Shasuryu heard his brother, currently sitting beside him, repressing a snort. He could never stand the narrow mindedness and distrustfulness toward anything new of the elders. Another reason why he never sought the position of leader among their people.

“Musho, I have three barrels full of identical fish outside this house, you can go and taste one of them if you wish.”

He said as his patient was reaching its own limits. That seemed to finally shut the oldest of them up.

“And so? What we have to do of all of this?”

Another asked. Before Shasuryu could stop him his brother stood up, a fierce glare in his eyes.

“What do you mean by that?! Can’t you see what is before your very eyes?! This may be the solution to our tribe’s, no, our race’s primary cause of death and the cause of the war in the first place! Have you all gone blind?!”

The words seemed to echo in the room as the four elders answered his brother’s glare with one of their own.

“Mind your words, wielder of Frost Pain! Your own transgressions may have been overlooked but they aren’t forgotten!”

Musho rebutted in a hard tone.

“What we have before us may be a wonder that could lead to prosperity, but they remain outsiders, humans, a race that had been nothing but hostile anytime we came in contact with it.”

Larso, the grey lizard, explained, trying to be the middle man between the two.

“I am not saying I trust them from the bottom of my heart, but still, ever since I met them they have done nothing but show curtesy and offer help... that, at least, should give them the right to be listened to.”

Zaryusu insisted.

“Shasuryu, do you think our druid could learn this spell?”

Rizar, the youngest member of the council asked.

“The spell doesn’t seem to be druidic in nature, I would bet it is some kind of arcane magic type of spell... still, there would be no harm in asking.”

He said trying to back up his brother in this. He himself didn’t trust the humans, but neither did he think they should show hostility in the first place.

“It seems the chieftain has decided.”

Muraz, the last, and most silent member of the council spoke in his light tone, as if he was whispering to the wind.

“Very well then, we will hear what they have to say.”

Grumbled Musho, not happy at all with how this turned out.

{Renner’s P.O.V.}

The young princess observed the village in hidden disbelief, who would have guessed that tribal cultures like this still existed?

She had hopes for the demi-humans, she thought she might learn something from them, different cultures usually offers points of reflection and improvement. She would know as much of her knowledge came from the study of older kingdoms.

But this seemed to be a total waste of her time... apart from spending some time on a lake vacation with Satoru, that is.

‘Fishing...’ she almost wanted to snort at the simplicity of that problem, if the lizardmen weren’t such isolationists they may as well have solved this minor hassle in a few years instead of starving for decades.

‘Still... maybe they are good for something’ she gazed at her knight and only friend Lakyus, currently sparring with the youngling lizardmen, even if calling them younglings was quite funny as they were almost as big as Gazef and they weren’t even fully matured yet.

A race of fierce warriors, easy to breed in great number and fast growing. Yes, she could see the appeal they presented to Satoru, they would be a fine addition to Satoru’s ever-growing collection.

If that is what he wanted she saw no harm in giving him a hand in achieving it. ‘Always make the best of what you have’ those were the words she took to her heart. And, indeed, if just a stable flow of food could buy out such an army, the investment was certainly worth it.

The small, green eyed noble unbalanced her opponents with a quick swing, sending them on their butts a second later. She smiled half in amusement half in pride at seeing the display. ‘Leave it to Lakyus to find a sparring partner as soon as we arrived here... she is such a dork sometimes’ she said as she hid her smile behind her hands in a very ladylike gesture.

She noticed Gazef looking intently at the scene unfolding before him.

“So, what do you think Gazef? Do you think the lizardmen would make for a good warrior troop?”

She asked the older swordsman as he seemed taken out of his own thoughts by her words.

“My princess... yes, they seem to be fine enough, brutish but certainly strong, a good test for young Lakyus.”

He answered absently as his eye seemed to not really focus on the scene before him.

“Is there a reason why you have been so silent ever since we left Ro-Lente?”

She asked as her gaze found Satoru, who was currently using his magic to clone various fruits and object the lizardmen brought to him.

“Is it about Satoru again?”

She continued seeing as Gazef had no intention of giving her an answer, though, his flinch at the name all but confirmed her hypothesis.

She deeply sighed. At first she didn't think much of their diatribe, but the whole thing was starting to get on her nerves. She needed Gazef to focus on her, not on his differences with Satoru. She had worked so hard to start and infiltrate the man's mind and start modelling it toward something usable in the future.

“You think Satoru is an awful person, don't you?”

She asked, the warrior captain merely gazing toward said man, an unreadable expression on his face.

“Have you ever considered I may just be as awful as him?”

She asked, a dangerous gamble at play here, but in the end, if it all went to shit she could always dispose of him.

At her words his head snapped toward her.

“No, Your Highness, you certainly are a commendable... no, an admirable person!”

He said with a strength she didn't expect behind his declaration. She almost tilted her head in surprise. She had no idea her work on him went so good that it would result in such an outburst.

‘Oh? Amusing... am I the blameless innocent princess Gazef?’ now that made more sense in her mind. If she was blameless then all faults fell on Satoru. That needed to be rectified.

“I appreciate the sentiment Gazef, but you seem to be sorely mistaken there.”

She said putting out her best princess persona. A strong willed and fierce front, not completely hiding the fragility of a young princess in such a position.

She gestured for him to kneel down, even like that she barely reached his height.

“If this is about Seven Hands, I have known for a long time about them and the takeover, if you wish to blame Satoru, you should blame me as well.”

She said, her eyes fixed on his shocked ones.

“Your Highness... you have always been so rightful and always thought of the best for the kingdom, I simply do not understand.”

He said, Renner just sighed, her acting skills would be quite the keycard in this.

“Gazef, to think crime is something that can be eradicated is pure foolishness... there is no fixing the problem, it existed since the

founding of the kingdom and will continue until its end or even after that.”

She began, definitiveness in her tone, this was just a part of life one needs to accept.

“But crime can be controlled and shaped to serve a greater cause.”

She added, making sure to give time to Gazef to intervene if he wished to, but as of now he seemed to prefer his silence.

“Did you know that Satoru is the sole reason why slavery, legal or otherwise, is completely gone from the kingdom?”

She asked rhetorically making Gazef flinch.

“Levels of violence had gone down all across the kingdom as he made sure to eliminate all those unstable subject still allowed to roam the streets for a reason or another.”

She continued.

“Homelessness had almost disappeared as he either took under his wing or eliminated, if given reason, all those with such a life style, he gave them purpose and a second chance at having a dignified life... for some it was a god send, others just fell into all habits and paid for it... that is just human nature, I guess... you can't save everyone.”

She said the last part in a lower tone. She could see the conflict on the warrior captain's face.

“Did you know that it was I who begged him to save my family when the nobles tried to assassinate them?”

She decided it would be worth to risk it, she either got it all or got nothing. She could see the swordsman hanging on her every word now.

“Satoru’s first idea when he came to know of it was to use his magic power to get into the graces of the emperor so that he might protect me and Lakyus from any noble who would come for our heads... it was I who convinced him to fight back... to use Seven Hands to stop the greatest civil war Re-Estize had ever known...”

She continued with a sad but amused little smile.

“Did you know Gazef? Satoru really hates nobility, for someone such as him... who gained all his power and titles through accomplishments of his own and years of hard work... to see people hide behind names and pass down that power to unworthy heirs... it all infuriates him... I wouldn’t be surprised if he considered his new title an insult to his name.”

She said as she saw something finally click behind Gazef’s eyes. ‘Got you...’ she smirked internally.

“Haven’t you noticed? Ever since my father gave him those titles and responsibility, Satoru had been in a completely gloomy mood... Only now, that he is doing what he loves to do, I can begin to see the joy return to his tone... it may be a little change but I can’t help but notice it... after all... I and Satoru are the same.”

She concluded leaving Gazef to ruminate on his thoughts for the time while she joined Lakyus who was amicably chatting with the young lizardmen.

‘The seeds had been planted... only time will tell if they flourish’ the witch thought as she embraced from behind an embarrassed Lakyus.

It didn’t take long for the lizardman chieftain to come and retrieve them to meet the so called elder council.

Renner now wondered just one thing, what will her beloved Satoru do? She couldn’t wait to find out what her beloved had planned for them.

A.N.

And that’s all, will the lizardmen survive this time around or will they mess it up? Who knows... Renner is certainly trying to build up stuff in the air again.

We finally get some Evileye time, gotta love the little vampy, let’s see how things end up for her as well... so many strings... so many outcomes...

And you? What do you think dear reader? Let me know in a comment/review!

Have a nice day and stay safe!