

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Slight delay unfortunately, job emergencies and me starting to write the anniversary special saw to it!

Well, hope you enjoy!

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

Chapter 61: The Eclipse over the Dragon Lord

The princess observed stoically as the cave's ceiling collapsed upon the unprepared dragons. Downing them on the cave's floor, stuck under piles of giant rocks right in between the Quagoa and dwarven armies.

All went according to plan, not that she expected anything less.

"I hope no one died."

The one who voiced that unpopular opinion was none other than the recently awoken Lakys.

The young knight had been brought back in the rear by her faithful imperial knight, followed by Satoru's students and the lizardmen who fought alongside her.

To say watching that fight unnerved Renner would be an understatement. She was worried sick about her friend, an unfamiliar sensation she could not claim she ever felt before. Satoru was so mighty, powerful, and prepared that she hardly ever had to even think about something that could go wrong for him.

But Lakyus was not Satoru, and she really risked her life in this battle. Hell, she would have probably died if it wasn't for Satoru's items and that infuriating woman's intervention at the end.

"You seem far too worried for someone who risked dying not more than an hour ago."

She said bitterly. She had no intention of excusing her friend's careless behavior when it came to her own life. Lakyus will have to make it up to her somehow for worrying her so much.

"Ah well, yeah... I kind of had this foolish idea since I was immune to the ice breath, I failed to account for the fact I couldn't breathe air while under that ice storm and passed out... not my greatest moment."

The older girl admitted as she scratched the back of her neck in clear embarrassment.

"But... look at the end result! The plan worked! The unified efforts of the dwarves and the Quagoa managed to bring down the dragons!"

Lakyus continued, trying to shift the focus from her blunder to the most recent success.

"Yes, that plan worked out better than I expected."

Renner admitted, even she didn't think that would have been enough to down all those dragons at once.

“Well, the idea was not mine alone, Arche and Rayne helped coming up with it... also, this could not have been achieved without Riyuro’s idea of using the Quagoa who supposedly died at Feo Jero to dig the needed tunnels, or without the expertise of the dwarves in making sure the cave would not collapse until they used their explosives to blow it up... it was a team effort from every one!”

The young knight explained seeming extremely smug and satisfied with herself for some reason.

“You wanted them to join forces and do this together, didn’t you?”

The princess finally realized with some surprise. Lakyus had always been a very blunt girl, so for her to go all the way around like this to achieve something was kind of a first.

Of course, Renner did not consider her friend an idiot, though she never thought she had it in her.

‘Seems like you are sneakier than I thought when you are motivated enough’ she thought in amusement before a loud roar shaking the entire cave forced all the presents’ attention back toward the ongoing battle.

The larger dragon, that she deduced was this famous White Dragon Lord, had freed himself from the rocks trapping him and had taken flight once more enraged.

Renner’s heart jumped in her throat when she realized that the one flying in front of the massive dragon blocking his way was none other than Satoru.

She had full faith in her love of course. He had assured her of his safety many times before they even got here. But she couldn’t help herself, she was a maiden in love, and the sole thought of her

beloved being in such a situation was nerve-wracking to a level she never experienced before.

“H-how can this be?”

The strangled words came out from none other than Arche’s mouth, prompting Renner to glance at her, like most of the other witnessing the events unfolding.

The young blonde caster was looking agape at the scene with her eyes wide like dinner plates.

“Have you seen something with your Talent?”

Asked Rayne as he got closer to his fellow apprentice, shacking her shoulder to try and break her apparent trance.

“That aura... yes, it is most similar in intensity to the 3rd tier casters I saw... but...”

The young caster spoke in a whisper that Renner had to focus to hear. Arche gulped before opening her mouth again.

“That shape it’s completely wrong! T-the mana should flow like a calm river around h-his body... instead it is like... like... i-it’s exploding from him like a s-stormy sea... I never saw anything like it before! Even Master Fluder did not have anything similar to this!”

Arche continued as she was now crying out her words as if she herself could not believe them.

“W-what does that mean?”

Asked a confused and worried Lakys, giving voice to Renner’s inner thoughts.

“It means he has an absurd quantity of mana to begin with! And that... that the potency of it is unreal! His spells will be far more powerful than those casted by any normal 3rd tier human caster! I have no idea if this is a dragon thing... the one we fought had something similar when I used my Talent on him... but not even remotely near this extent!”

The blonde imperial noble admitted as her body began to slightly shake in what Renner recognized as fear.

That statement unnerved Renner more than she would be willing to admit. She had full faith in her Satoru, but not completely understanding the odds here made her feel like she was a blind girl trying to traverse a deadly maze.

‘Satoru... do not die’ she ordered in her head as if the two of them shared a mind link of some sort. She clenched her fists as her gaze fully returned to the only two beings that mattered in that moment and that were about to face each other.

If something happened to her Satoru... she would not have peace until she had exterminated every last dragon in this world... no matter what the cost was... she would sooner have the world set on fire before she let any of those overgrown lizards live another day!

{Satoru’s P.O.V.}

The masked undead looked unimpressed as the Dragon Lord raged, his intense blue eyes focused on him after Satoru declared himself as his executioner. A bit overdramatic even for his standards, but his objective was to have the Dragon Lord focus on him for the time being, so whatever did the job he would use without shame.

“YOU! HAVE YOU DONE THIS?!”

The dragon roared at him enraged. For all Satoru did not want to steal other people’s credit, it might be beneficial to go along with the Dragon Lord here.

“And what if I did?”

He asked calmly just before a wall of freezing breath was sent his way.

Satoru didn’t even bother moving, his racial traits already rendered him immune to any ice damage, not that this kind of attack would pass his High Tier Magic Immunity III either way.

He patiently waited for the freeze to disperse.

“So, this is all you have got?”

He asked as he flew higher toward the collapsed ceiling only for the Dragon Lord to take flight and pursue him with a roar. This was already getting old. Could this lizard do anything apart from roaring?

As if to respond to his unasked question, the dragon tried to slam into him next, as if that would have any result with his High Tier Physical Immunity III. Well, he should at least play into his 6th tier caster persona a little bit.

“[Greater Repulsion]”

It was a basic gravity spell that served to push away any foe below level 60 unless they had been buffed with countermeasures. It was mostly a spell he had almost forgot about as he had no need for it in years, but his memory was still good enough to conjure it on the spot.

The dragon's charge was redirected, prompting him to slam on the ceiling.

'Now... should I make this a one shot kill or....' he was still pondering his options when he felt someone jump him from below.

Another of the frost dragons was charging at him. Raging madness all there was in those icy blue eyes.

'A test subject just volunteered' he could not help but chuckle at his own joke and the timing of it all.

He waited for the very last moment before the dragon reached him.

"[Maximize Magic: Grand Fireball]"

He calmly intoned his spell as the giant bettered version of fireball was created in front of the charging dragon's snout. There was no time to dodge, and the resulting explosion shook the cave. Satoru did not waste time and used one of his spells to clear the smoke and witness the aftermath of his test.

The previously charging dragon was now plummeting toward the ground. A simple status spell revealed that the dragon had around a mere fifth of their total health remaining. 'That's kind of pitiful, it was just a maximized 4th tier spell... oh well, I guess that large body maximized the area damage of the spell so it could be considered a critical hit' the undead considered in his mind.

That said, the dwarves and Quagoa should be dealing with the dragons, so why in the world did this one come for him?

He looked down as he saw the two armies try and keep the dragons at bay, or at least the dragons that were able to extricate

themselves from the collapsed ceiling. Two large ones in particular were proving to be quite the challenge for the two armies that were squishing the dragon between two fronts.

“MUNUINIA!”

He heard the Dragon Lord screech the name that probably belonged to the dragon he had almost killed.

Satoru turned toward the Dragon Lord as he prepared his next attack.

“[Twin Maximize Magic: Grand Fireball]”

His twin spells went right for the eldest frost dragon who immediately dodged down as the two overpowered fireballs exploded above him, still catching him in their area effect, though, much to Satoru’s surprise, the two spells barely scratched the Dragon Lord.

‘Ah yes, that Quagoa King said something about this one being able to use 3rd tier spells, it probably has something to protect himself from fire... he is not a complete fool I guess’ Satoru said to himself as another wave of freezing breath impacted him prompting him to sigh in exasperation.

‘I take that back, what kind of idiot tries to use something that clearly did not work twice?’ he did not wait for the attack to end this time as he casted his next counterattack.

“[Twin Maximize Magic: Dragon Lightning]”

His spell cut through the freezing breath like it was paper as it went straight for the Dragon Lord’s snout. As expected, the dragon cried out in pain as soon as the spell impacted with him.

‘That took care of a good chunk of its HP’ he thought as he saw the visible effect of his spell through the status magic he was currently using to monitor the dragon’s health.

He did not want to end it too soon after all. He still needed to keep up some appearances.

The dragon opened his mouth as Satoru prepared himself to either a roar of more freezing breath, though what he got was neither as the dragon spat out a myriad of giant icicles aimed at him.

‘Umu, isn’t that a spell restricted to some special races like frost hydras? That is kind of interesting...’ he thought as he prepared to dodge the incoming icicles. He got surprised when the icicles, instead of passing him by, redirected their trajectory toward him forcing him to teleport away to avoid them.

‘Ah, I don’t remember them doing that in Yggdrasil, though it has been a long while since I ever saw an opponent use that spell, so it might be just my faulty memory’ he barely managed to finish his pondering as a new storm of icicles came for him.

He sighed, it seemed like this one did not have anything much to offer. To be completely honest, he truly hoped to witness this famous and legendary Wild Magic the Dragon Lords of this world were renown for. But apparently not all of them were capable of it, and this one didn’t seem to have any to begin with.

“[Fire Wall]”

The masked undead used his 5th tier fire spell to form a barrier of fire that would shield him from the icicles.

With a gesture of his hand, he pushed the fire barrier barreling forward, the pained cries that followed were just the confirmation of the dragon not expecting this. Apparently his fire resistance

spell could just do so much to protect him from fire damage when it was such a glaring weakness.

The next thing Satoru did was to cancel the spell. He had no intention to kill the dragon so quickly in the first place, but more importantly, he had no intention of damaging the corpse too much... he had plans for it... dragon materials were so rare to come by after all.

If it was for him, he would gladly kill them all and use them for high tier sealing scrolls research, but alas, Lakys would not let him, and he didn't want to make her sad or upset seeing how she and Renner seemed to have reached some sort of peace at the moment.

Well, if they caused too much trouble, he could just use it as an excuse to collect all those rare materials in the future.

“Who?!... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!”

The injured dragon roared at him in what now seemed to be a mixture between rage and worry.

“Satoru, an humble magic caster... I must admit, I was eager to meet you, Dragon Lord.”

The undead said as cordially as if he was talking to just another business partner.

“You have some guts speaking to me in such a manner!”

The White Dragon Lord spoke as he seemed to finally take Satoru seriously seeing how he was not attacking like a feral beast anymore.

‘Well, it took him losing almost half of his HP to finally snap out of that senseless rage’ Satoru commented in his mind.

“You have no part in this conflict! What are you even doing in my mountains?!”

The dragon continued as he floated away from the wall Satoru pushed him against before. ‘Is he trying to distract me as he repositions?... well, no matter, it’s not like it will make a difference’ the undead pondered the strange change in his opponent’s strategy.

Though, a little bit of small talk never killed anyone, and if he could get free information out of it he had no complaints about it.

“My idea was to come here for the dwarves’ rumored runecraft skills... a protegee of mine ended up a bit entangled with local politics... one thing led to another and here we are, battling for the fate of this mountain.”

Satoru calmly explained a very shortened version of how they ended up here. The dragon didn’t seem to appreciate his explanation judging by the further tightening of his fangs.

“You... you think you can come here and take what is mine... JUST BECAUSE OF A CHILDISH WHIM?!”

Those words flew over Satoru like hot air, he had no time to indulge in this dragon’s frustrations.

“Well, I was also curious myself, since I arrived here, all I heard about was how the Dragon Lords stood at the top of the food chain, of how they were unstoppable forces of nature more similar to calamities than living beings.”

He said, his tone as calm as it had always been this entire time.

“Imagine my disappointment... when the first one I meet is not even capable of taking care of some Frost Giants and is incapable of using Wild Magic.”

Satoru barely had enough time to finish his words before he had to move away to avoid a descending claw.

“DIEEEEEEEE!!!”

The Dragon Lord raged as the entire cave began to shake in response to his fury.

‘Enough of this’ Satoru mentally sighed as this had been dragging on for long enough and now it was time to end this farce.

“[Boosted Triple magic: Lightning Chains]”

He casted the 5th tier lightning spell as chains made out of lightning materialized and wrapped around the dragon’s limbs and body, scorching him slightly but, most importantly, immobilizing him.

Satoru flew toward his snout as he waited for the only response such a easily angered beast would have.

His hopes were not disappointed when the White Dragon Lord opened his jaw, preparing to once more unleash his freezing breath at point blank range.

“[Fire Wall]”

The undead casted once more that fire spell using it as a shield against the dragon’s breath. Though that was not at all what he needed it for. As the panicked dragon continued to unleash his breath against the fire spell that could mean his death, the air filled with steam originating from the evaporating freezing impacting with the fire spell.

Soon enough a whole giant cloud of scorching steam surrounded them both. A perfect hiding spot for his next and final move.

(Silent Magic: True Death)

The undead mentally intoned the spell as he felt a larger than usual chunk of mana disappear. Not that it meant much for his reserves, it was just that he was not used to using high tier spells.

‘Now to end this performance’ he used a status spell to ensure the dragon was dead before nodding in satisfaction.

“[Widen Magic: Fire Mine]”

As soon as he placed the mine he let himself fall making sure to exit the steam cloud covering most of the ceiling by now.

“[Detonate]”

He intoned with a certain degree of satisfaction in seeing his plan go off without a single hitch.

The mine exploded as soon as he finished the activation word. Immediately after that, the corpse of the Dragon Lord broke through the steam cloud in a free fall.

For all this exchange left him with little in terms of entertainment and information gathering, he could at least console himself with some good dragon crafting materials.

‘Now... what should I say to put a stop to this?’ he wondered as he looked down at the war still going on between the Frost Dragons and the two demi-human armies.

{Pe-Riyuro’s P.O.V.}

The Quagoa King snarled as he saw the dragon bitch turn again toward him.

“GET AWAY!”

He roared to his subjects as the stream of freezing breath passed over them all making sure to keep them at a safe distance.

Those fuckers were fighting fang and claw to make sure neither the Quagoa nor the dwarves could reach them. They were probably scared of what they will do to their children still immobilized under the collapsed ceiling.

Speaking of which, he never felt so good about anything before. Collapsing half a mountain on that shit dragon lord's face had been the best experience of his life and he had to thank the brat for that.

Well, call it his final middle finger to those frost fuckers.

Still... they were not having a great time here, true, the battle was kind of a stalemate as the Quagoa could not just charge without avoiding devastating losses as did the dwarves, nor could the dragon leave their places and potentially leave their young defenseless. The last one who tried it got blasted away by that monster in black called Satoru.

Truly, Riyuro had no idea if he should feel awed at seeing someone almost kill a dragon in one blow, or just scared out of his fucking mind at the thought of someone like that existing.

Well, be it as it may, he hoped the damn caster would end this sooner than later as the more time passed the more he risked some of his breaking ranks.

As if to answer his prayers he saw a shadow form in between the battlefield. A shadow that was getting ever larger every passing second.

He turned his gaze upwards as his jaw fell open at the sight of the battered body of the White Dragon Lord plunging ever closer to the ground.

“GET AWAY!”

He roared toward his right flank where the body was most likely to impact.

Luckily for him, most of his troops had already seen what was happening before he shouted and were already running for their lives.

The body impacted the ground with a deafening boom that silenced every shout or scream on the battlefield, as well as attracting every single eye that had yet to see what happened.

The body laid there, immobile, part of its once blue scales now charred grey and black due to fire.

It took all his will, but Riyuro managed to shift his gaze toward the dragons still standing that now were looking at the fallen body with naked fear in their eyes.

“This battle is over!”

Those dark word echoed into the entire cave, as every single one of the presents raised their gazes toward the one who spoke.

Riyuro could never mistake that deep voice for anybody else but the monstrous magic caster.

And, indeed, he was just floating there, above them all.

“I, Satoru the magic caster, have slain the White Dragon Lord in single combat!”

The proclamation shook the cavern as many eyes darted back to the immobile, now revealed, corpse of the White Dragon Lord. But what shocked Riyuro the most was not the outcome of the battle, no, what truly chilled him to the bones was the complete lack of even the slightest sign of injury or tiredness coming from the magic caster, as if he had just performed a chore and not taken down one of the ultimate existences of this world. Hell... he could not even see dust on the caster's robe!

“What kind of monster are you... no... monster might be too tame a word for an existence like you...”

Riyuro muttered under his breath as no one dared to move. Not even the caster's supposed allies.

“Victory belongs to us! To all the remaining frost dragons I say this! Surrender and you will live... resist and I will bring doom upon your entire species!”

For all those words would have seemed the ramblings of a madman if said by anyone else, Riyuro did not doubt the seriousness and threat behind them one bit.

Only the gods knew what would have become of his kin if he did not accept Lakyus' hand that fateful day. At this moment he might be dead or facing the same choice but from a completely different side.

Riyuro saw as the two adult dragons, that gave him and his kin the most trouble, turned to face completely the magic caster. He waited with bated breath for their choice, for all he despised them, he could not help but sympathize with their conundrum. They could fight and probably die alongside their children, or they could submit to an unknown fate.

Nobody moved as the two forces silently clashed in a silent conflict of unfought battles and unspoken words.

After what seemed like an eternity one of the dragon opened her jaw and spoke with a clear feminine voice.

“We surrender, do not harm the children.”

Those words, even if not spoken incredibly loudly, echoed like the explosion of a fireball inside the whole cavern.

And so, the dam broke.

Cheering erupted from every side of the battlefield as Quagoa and dwarves celebrated the defeat of the dragons.

Riyuro stayed there, not moving an inch. It wasn't like he did not feel relief at the end of this conflict, but it was still hard to cheer considering what would come next. He looked upon his kin and the Clan Lords... he could see it in their eyes, the lust for battle and conquest igniting.

He felt someone place a claw on his shoulder. He turned only to come face to face with Yozu giving him a cheerful full but melancholic grin.

“I leave the rest to you.”

Riyuro whispered as his second in command nodded respectfully.

Yozu was the only one he could trust with carrying out his will. If he knew this would have been the outcome from the beginning he would have had made changes during his years as king, but it was far too late to change anything now.

The Quagoa King had barely the time to turn that he felt someone jump on him from behind.

“WE WON!”

He was almost deafened by the screams of an enthusiastic Lakyus who was looking at him with an unrepentant smug grin he tried with all his strength to reciprocate.

“Hey shorty, you look pretty damn fine for someone who just fought off a large frost lizard.”

He teased as the human girl only strengthened her grip.

“You should know better than anyone else how hard it is to kill me.”

She rebutted eliciting a chuckle from the Quagoa who proceeded to shrug the girl off of him.

He glanced at the magic caster now slowly floating down toward the ground. He needed to act soon.

Riyuro advanced toward the caster, collecting his clan lords along the way. Lakyus happily strolling behind him, it kind of made this whole thing more difficult, he would have preferred for her not to be here.

As soon as he reached the caster and the dragons, the leader of the dwarves was already there.

“It is as I say Commander in Chief, please do help free the dragons buried under the rubble, they will not cause any trouble now, right?”

The caster spoke with that deep tone of his, referring his last rhetorical question toward the three former wives of the White Dragon Lord who merely nodded in acceptance.

“Well, well, well, you really did it now.”

Riyuro grinned ferally as he advanced toward the magic caster, uncaring of interrupting their conversation.

“Quagoa King.”

The Commander in Chief almost spat out as Riyuro continued to ignore him.

“Is there a problem?”

The magic caster questioned him as he stopped just a few meters from him.

“No, not at all, I might say this has been one of the most satisfying days in my life.”

Riyuro continued trying to keep up his façade as he felt the fear of what would come for him in just a very short time.

“But, you know... there is a way this could be made into an even greater day!”

Riyuro proclaimed loudly for all to hear.

His own kin stirred as one, his clan lords’ bloodlust and excitement filled the air.

“Now that the dragons lay broken and the dwarves are open... the Quagoa only need to take you out and then this entire mountain will be finally under our supreme rule once and for all!”

He proclaimed as many of his elite forces cheered, while other remained still and silent, much to his relief. ‘Yozu will not have as much of an hard job as I thought... I guess that display against the Dragon Lord truly helped’ he thought as he tried to not shake in absolute fear at the unnerving and silent stare he was receiving from the monster he was facing.

“RIYURO!”

His heart skipped a beat as he recognized the strangled voice of Lakyus. He glanced back one last time, he wanted to see those emerald green eyes, so similar to Nyaru’s, one last time, even if they were just full of contempt and hatred.

When grey met green his body froze in place.

Never before in his entire life had he seen such eyes. There was no hatred to be found there, no contempt to be launched at him. All he could see in those eyes was pain, sadness, and betrayal. He had never seen such intensity in anyone’s eyes before.

“TELL ME! Did you lie to me that day?! Was this your plan all along?!”

Those words managed to break the spell freezing him in place as he immediately averted his gaze from hers, he truly could not bear seeing her cry, he had no idea if he could carry out his last plan if he witnessed that.

“But of course! We Quagoa will rule this mountain by any means necessary! And now... I, the strongest Quagoa to ever live, will free our path from the last obstacle!”

With that last proclamation he charged at the magic caster with everything he had. His heart pumping to its maximum strength as if it wished to abandon the body, well knowing that it was just a matter of instants by now.

‘Now do it! Dragonslayer! Bring peace to this accursed mountain!’ he thought as he saw the magic caster rise his hand lazily, as if this was just another chore for him.

‘Nyaru... I did it... I finally made something greater out of the Quagoa... I have finally fulfilled my promise...’ he didn’t even bother trying to raise his claws, as if he could ever hope to reach the caster...

‘It was a good life, but I am afraid, my tunnel just reached a dead end’ he closed his eyes and then he knew no more.

{Hours Later}

{Vulmitar’s P.O.V.}

When the dragon opened his eyes, he was surprised to note that he was not in a cage or in any particularly weird place. Hell, he even recognized the zone as it was a side of the cavern just outside the dwarven former capital.

Though, the most surprising thing was probably the lack of searing pain he should be feeling right now with a broken wing and incapacitated limb. Instead, he just felt mildly sore, as if he had slept in a very uncomfortable position for too many hours.

He yawned instinctively as he stirred every muscle in his body.

“Don’t move that much.”

The unfamiliar voice caused his eyes to widen and his head to snap up at full attention. There, sitting on his previously injured limb was one of the humans, and not just any human, she was the one with that fire sword.

Normally he would have tried to attack the threat the instant he saw it, the only thing that was stopping him at the moment was the fact she was apparently unarmed and was just touching his scales with both hands.

“Seems like you are all patched up, well, that is a relief... I am sorry for having to hurt you that badly.”

Her words stunned him beyond any of her previous attacks ever did. Had she just... healed him? A human female he had almost killed the last time they met... just healed him?

No! That was unconceivable! That went against everything he knew about battle! Who the hell spared their enemies? Or even healed them?!

“W-why?”

It had been a long time since the dragon ever stuttered, but he could not help but hesitate when asking that question that was burning incessantly in his mind.

The human raised her head revealing a red face that showed clear marks of tears all over it.

“There is already enough suffering and cruelty in this world... I see no reason to add any more to it myself... and if I can just alleviate some of it, I will gladly do so.”

She said with a clearly broken voice.

Vulmitar was taken aback, clearly something had happened while he was completely out, but more than that, he had never heard anyone say such things before. His father would brand such sentimentalism or philosophy as weakness and the rambling of the helpless, but the human in front of him was neither weak nor helpless, and he could back those claims with the memories of their last encounter.

“You said your name was Vulmitar?”

The golden haired human asked again. The dragon was kind of surprised to hear his name coming from the lips of the human.

“You remember?”

He asked dumbly, after all he had just introduced himself quickly and he wasn't usually the most rememberable of dragons compared to his siblings.

The human just gave him a sad smile.

“Sure, I always remember the names of everyone I meet, even more when they are my opponents, or extraordinary beings like you.”

The dragon could not help but feel intrigued by her words. ‘Opponent, eh? Not enemy?’ he could only muse over the choice of words.

“Well, sorry for hurting you, I guess.”

She said as she tried to remove the marks of dried tears from her face. Vulmitar just remained silent, this was probably the first time in his entire life that someone apologized to him for wronging, let alone hurting, him. And the fact that the one to do it was someone he had just met hours ago and had a battle to the death with, made it all the much more depressing.

“Then... thank you for healing me.”

He almost whispered as he couldn't remember the last time someone genuinely did something nice for him, not even his own mother cared enough to help his plight in the slightest.

“You are welcome.”

Her mood seemed to brighten just in the slightest.

Silence descended for a couple minutes between them.

“Hey, you have lived for a long time right?”

The human finally asked much to Vulmitar’s surprise, as he did not expect such a question so out of the blue.

“More than a hundred years, but I am not at all old if compared to the average adult dragon.”

He had no need to hide such information and, the lack of any malevolence the human was emitting, made him more comfortable in opening up with her than any of his family.

“Then, can I ask you something?”

She asked hesitantly. He just waited, now curious to know what the human was so worried about that she would ask him of all beings.

“Did you ever feel like... no matter what you did, everything goes wrong in the end? Like... no matter what your goal is... even if you reach it... you will be left with nothing but emptiness inside?”

Vulmitar froze. Those words made every last muscle in his body tense up. He had no idea what kind of fucked up hallucination he was having, but there was no way the human just asked him that... how would she even know?!

He felt his jaw clench. She asked if he knew that sensation? He lived with that sensation his entire damn life! No matter how much work or study he put in, it was never enough to impress or satisfy his family! His supposed gift has been nothing but useless his entire life! He gave more than the others and always gained

less than anyone else! If it wasn't for Hejinmal being who he was, Vulmitar was sure he would be the freak of the family right now!

“Yes, I know that feeling far too well.”

He didn't even realize when he grunted out those words. The human just turned, giving him a curious look.

“And how do you deal with it?”

She asked next, seemingly hopeful for some miraculous solution only Vulmitar possessed.

In all response he just let his bitterness win over him.

“You just don't, you learn to live with it... put it in the back of your mind and let it fester.”

He spat those words out like they were venom.

“That doesn't sound like it works out fine.”

He almost choked at her words... did she just try to mock his bitter response there? Well, it took some damn courage to do that in his face while being disarmed, he will give her that.

“What is your name?”

Vulmitar finally decided to ask, as he would like to remember this peculiar being he came across.

“Eh, guess you were not as attentive as me when we introduced ourselves before... I am Lakyus.”

The now revealed Lakyus answered with some mirth mixing with her demoralized tone. He felt a little embarrassed at the reminder but did not let it show on his face.

“Well, Lakyus, I would like to know what happened while I was asleep.”

He requested with an expectant look directed at her. Lakyus’ cheeks reddened slightly.

“Oh right, that was what I was supposed to inform you about after healing you... I kind of forgot...”

The human said in an embarrassed and apologizing tone that almost caused Vulmitar to chuckle.

For all it was worth, he might like this one human known as Lakyus.

A.N.

Oh, we are getting toward the end of the arc here!

Kind of curious to know all your thoughts on the events in this chapter!

On a side note, yes, there was no way Satoru was going all out against a dragon capable of using spells up to the 3rd tier. We all know how it would have ended, so I guess the battle was kind of underwhelming compared to the Lakyus team vs Vulmitar of the previous chapter. On a happier note, Satoru has officially killed his first Dragon Lord! Congrats to him!

Well, not much else to say as we are about to close the arc and all remaining questions and opened storylines will close in the near future.

Though, I am still curious to hear your hypothesis, so leave a comment/review!

Till next time! Stay safe!