

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Would you believe me if I told you summer is a bitch? We just got hit by a heatwave that sent us from spring to mid-summer in like 3 days, and I have been catatonic for like a week, needing 12 hours of sleep just to be barely functional.

But enough about my misery! Enjoy the chapter!

Chapter 81: Stewing over it

“I never took you for the type to dedicate yourself to such mundane things.”

The short masked caster said as she observed the black robed marquis from atop the kitchen counter, her legs swinging in the air making the man reminisce of a child.

“As a single man, it was either learn or perish, magic is hardly helpful in this matter.”

Satoru said as he added salt to the boiling mixture.

“Isn’t that kind of your motto? Adapt and overcome?”

The female caster asked making the larger undead chuckle darkly.

“You could say so, would you disagree with that?”

Satoru said as he stirred all the ingredients together.

“It is not as easy as you make it out to be... some things you just don’t overcome.”

Evileye stopped swinging her legs as a somber mood fell over the room.

“Is that so, I wouldn’t have taken you for one to run away.”

He knew he just said something wrong the second the words left his mouth. For all his social skills weren’t exactly his most developed facet, he did understand when he fucked up from time to time. And this was one of those times.

“My apologies, that might have been insensitive of me.”

He apologized immediately.

Silence descended between the two. Satoru often found himself at a loss with this one, till Hilma was there he had no problem keeping up the conversation, but in the rare occasions where the two of them were alone, this kind of awkwardness wasn’t exactly new.

“Maybe you are partially right, I have run away long enough.”

That made him stop stirring the stew. He had known this strange caster for more than a year and he could count on one hand the times she admitted being somehow wrong, and none of those occasions were so direct.

“Who are you, and what have you done with Evileye?”

He asked half-jokingly.

“Shut up, how someone like you can even be in control of Seven Hands remains one of the unsolved mysteries of my life.”

Retorted the short caster in annoyance.

“Well, that is Hilma for you, if you didn’t figure it out in all this time I might have to reevaluate my assessment of your intelligence.”

His words were answered with a huff that reminded him of Renner’s, though he was not reckless enough to express that thought aloud. He took the integrity of his mansion very seriously, thank you very much!

“You seem quite fine with me knowing some of the inner workings of your organization... I wonder why you would trust me.”

The masked short caster didn’t not frame it as a question but he knew she expected an answer nonetheless. And, in this case, he had no interest in lying... this might be one of the few times where being truthful might offer more insight.

“I don’t, Hilma is the one vouching for you, the two of you are friends after all, I believe that is reason enough.”

The dark robed undead said without hesitation.

“Friends? Did Hilma tell you that?”

The tone of the blonde caster was low, almost a mumble, as if those words were not meant for him at all.

“Yes, she told me you are a gentle soul regardless of your painful past... kukuku, she even told me we are a lot alike, you and me.”

The short caster hesitated a moment before scoffing.

“I don’t think we are alike at all... maybe I should buy that woman some glasses for her next birthday, or a diary, so she may recall the time I tried to kill her when we first met.”

She rebutted, clearly outraged by the accusation making Satoru genuinely chuckle at the contradictory display she was apparently oblivious to.

“Ahahah... you say one thing, but in the next breath you just admit knowing her birthday, you should work on that indifferent act of yours, it does not add up.”

His booming laughter echoed in the kitchen as the female caster just averted her gaze, if that was due to embarrassment or offense, he was not meant to know.

“Your stew is burning.”

She said making him panic for a moment as he returned his focus on the pot in front of him, trying to mitigate the damage.

“Crap.”

He muttered under his breath as his Emotional Suppression kicked in, reducing his panic to mild annoyance.

“You aren’t very good at this, are you? Cooking I mean.”

For all the tone of the short caster seemed indifferent, he could quite easily catch a hint of satisfaction hidden behind those words.

“Everyone has their strength I suppose, how is that training of yours going? Are you ready to challenge me again on area of effect spells?”

Let it not be said that Satoru would take it without giving it back twice as hard.

As expected, the red caped caster just scoffed.

“Should have known you would be spying, do you like creeping on girls from afar?”

That almost caused Satoru to sputter nonsense under his breath. He could imagine the satisfied smirk under that white mask the blonde caster always sported on her face.

“Here, fill your mouth with something other than nonsense.”

He said, offering her a spoonful of the stew, after his Emotional Suppression calmed him down,

“Why? Can’t you try it?”

She questioned.

“My sense of taste has been... dulled, we could say, over the years, I can’t really tell tastes apart now.”

He tried to make up an excuse on the spot, as he did not expect her to call him out on that matter.

“What makes you think I am any better?”

She questioned, still not accepting the spoon.

“Hilma has a good eye, you have been nobility at some point, haven’t you? I bet your sense of taste is far better than a commoner such as myself.”

Silence descended for a few tense seconds between them before Evileye accepted the spoon.

“Hilma should keep her opinions to herself.”

She said as she turned away to lift her mask out of Satoru’s line of sight.

“Give the poor woman a break, it just came up in conversation and to be honest... you don’t hide it very well, after being around kings and princesses for so long, I started catching up on it too.”

He said calmly, trying to exculpate Hilma from any breach of confidence. Truthfully, he didn't notice anything strange at all with the short caster's movements, but if Hilma said so, it must be true, and also she kind of just confirmed it.

"It is passable."

Evileye said as she passed back the empty spoon and set her mask into place once again.

"Just passable? I spent two hours on this."

He knew he should not have expected much since this was his first time ever really cooking, but still, it kind of hurt his pride a little. In his old world he mostly ate prepared synthetic meals he just had to heat up. He kind of avoided the kitchen as much as possible ever since his mother...

The undead shook his head, that was the last thing he needed to think about right now.

It was not like he was disappointed, this was his first attempt after all. He could always conjure some food from his inventory, but seeing how Renner often cooked during their voyage, he thought it would have been polite to return the favor. The poor girl just caught a cold after all, probably from their recent secret meeting with the Theocracy, and seeing how the only healers in the kingdom were in shambles he had volunteered to visit her and bring her some medicine, alongside a homecooked meal. That was what his mother always did when he was sick.

Damn it... he was trying to not think about that in the first place!

"Don't get all depressed all of a sudden... gods, the most powerful man in the kingdom and yet, he still get depressed over

a stew... with a war on the horizon it is quite baffling seeing you more worried over this than that.”

He had no idea if she was trying to lift his morale or what, but anyway, he was grateful for the shift in conversation that allowed him to bury those unwanted thoughts.

“Ah, the war... I really hoped to stay out of it, but you know, being nobility and all... I really wish none of this would have happened.”

He lamented as he covered the pot to trap the heat of the stew.

“I know you didn’t love the princess, but... do you really feel nothing about her death? Didn’t you care about her in the slightest?”

The question took him aback. He never much dwelled on his feelings, he just wasn’t that kind of person, even more now that his feelings were regulated by his passive skill.

He recalled having the sister of the assassin killed, a sister for a sister he said at the time... but really who did he do it for? At the time it seemed like a fair response, he never much dwelled on the why that was.

Was he sad Alysanne died? He really didn’t think about her much ever since it happened, he attended the funeral out of obligation and respect for the hard work she put in the Magic Guild. And yet, there was a itch in the back of his mind, something he was profoundly troubled by... the same itchiness that made the death of that innocent girl look like fair retribution.

If he had eyelids he would have blinked at the realization.

What truly irked him... was the attempt on Renner's life, the girl who became his closest partner in crime in this New World. The one who followed him around like a lost kitten, and one of the most... no, THE most extraordinary person he had met here.

The sole thought she came so close to dying under his nose... it irked him something fierce. A sensation he hardly felt in his life, even when he still had a body with blood and muscles.

"If you don't want to answer it's fine, just say it."

Those words brought him out of his spiraling train of thoughts as he remembered the question that started his introspection.

"No, it is fine, Alysanne was... a nice girl... yes, she handled her work well and her loss is a shame."

His words sounded cold and hollow even to him, so it was no surprise when Evileye scoffed at them.

"Keep your thoughts to yourself then, I don't mind... though, I think you should be aware that the common people had already spun tales about your tragic love story and how you are on a bloody path of vengeance to avenge your betrothed, I think some bards even wrote a few songs over your nonexistent love story."

Those words almost caused him to facepalm. Over the years, and Hilma's insight, he came to understand better the nature of the common people who really, while less educated, were very much like the ones in his old world, always hungry for drama.

He knew a few of his old friends would have laughed themselves silly over his current predicament.

With a flick of his fingers he cleaned up all the mess he made in the kitchen while trying to prepare the stew.

It was time for him to leave if he wanted to make it in time for dinner to the castle, considering he would have to walk due to the new arrangements.

“Satoru.”

He stopped when he heard the other caster in the room call his name, something he could hardly recall her ever doing.

He turned back toward her, silence filling the space between the two.

He was about to turn back, seeing how she didn't utter a word in almost a minute, when she finally broke the silence between them.

“What do you seek?”

For the first time ever since their first interaction he felt some kind of vulnerability in her tone and none of her usual confidence, apathy, or mocking irony.

“What?”

He felt like asking again to see if he understood her question.

“What do you seek from this world? Why do you keep on living?”

She rephrased her question but her tone didn't change. Satoru didn't know why he was even entertaining the question. Him and her weren't exactly close, yes, they shared some moments from time to time. Their card games with Hilma were among his fondest memories, but still... she ultimately was Hilma's friend, not his. And yet, that was a question he himself did not entertain before.

Not that it was a difficult answer to give, he already knew why he did all of this.

“Happiness, mine and the one of those I care about... there is no grand scheme or plan, as every being who lives in this world, all I want is happiness.”

He answered truthfully, he didn't see how this could be used against him in any way after all. He will consider it a repayment for all the information about magic Evileye gave him during their discussions.

“I see.”

She answered curtly, her tone returning to her usual apathy.

“Maybe Hilma wasn't so wrong after all.”

She added this like it was an afterthought more meant for herself than him.

The masked undead left the room asking himself what even had all that been about.

{Rampossa's P.O.V.}

He was tired, tired of everything really. At this pace he wasn't sure he was going to reach his sixties. He never felt the shadow of death creep on him so much, even when his wife died... he thought to end it all then, but there was something inherently wrong in seeing your own child get buried before you.

Till now, the only reason why he didn't spiral back into those dark thoughts was due to his anger. His rage against the world was keeping him alive, a spiteful existence.

No, he also had another reason to keep on living. He didn't want his son to end up like him, a ruler detached from his duty. That was why he had assigned Renner as his aide.

In another world, a fairer world, he would have named her the heir, gods only knew the kingdom needed someone as gifted as her on the throne.

But this was not a fair world. The harsh reality dictated that, even if this was the best decision, the simple act of passing over the firstborn child, not counting two others, in favor of the youngest would cause a civil war.

And he knew well how that would go. He may have not been the brightest king to sit the throne, but he wasn't blind.

If he named Renner heir, Barbro would start a war over it, Zanak would probably find himself forced to make his claim known or he would look like a fool, even Pespea who was married to Carine would bring up his claim. It would be chaos... a short lived chaos for sure, as soon as the situation would escalate, he knew Renner would turn to Satoru... and then... only bloodshed would ensue, a bloodbath that would silence permanently most of his children.

Rampossa had no delusions on controlling the magic caster. Sure, as a noble of the court, he would likely obey his commands, but that was only because rebelling was too much of a bother for a man like him who would likely lose many of his investment if he rebelled against the crown. You never spit in the plate you eat from, even if the alternatives were slight annoyances.

Renner knew this well, she was the one who opened his eyes to the truth of the matter. The plan to marry him to Alysanne was exactly to avoid future conflict. Gazef had vouched for the man, and if it wasn't for that, Rampossa wouldn't have gone through this at all.

He sometimes asked himself if he had a degree of responsibility for Alysanne's death. Did he unintentionally paint a target on her back by betrothing her to such a powerful and controversial man?

The old king shook his head in the solitude of his study.

No, certainly that wasn't it, the only ones responsible for this were those greedy bastards from the temple! Those who could not accept just being relegated to their role as spiritual guides and instead wished to control the people in mind and body as well!

"Your Majesty, Second Prince Zanac and Marquis Raeven have returned and ask for an audience!"

He heard the voice of the second in command of his Warrior Troop announce from behind the closed doors. Normally Gazef would be the one guarding the king, but the man has been extremely busy in both training and arming his Warrior Troop ever since war appeared on the horizon.

The paladins of the Holy Kingdom were well renowned as one of the strongest unit in the entire continent. The only ones in Re-Estize who could hope standing a chance against them was none other than the Warrior Troop. The most elite warriors Re-Estize had to offer, trained directly by the Warrior Captain and armed with the enchanted weapons of Satoru. Even if inferior in numbers, Rampossa had no doubt they would put up a fierce resistance.

But those were thoughts for another time.

"Send them in!"

He ordered as he adjusted his posture, regaining some of his royal appearance.

The two men marched in, the Marquis saluting with a bow as it was customary, while the prince addressed him as father, without much fanfare.

“I hope we didn’t interrupt anything.”

His second son said as he took his place on one of the chairs prepared in front of his desk.

“Even if you did, this is more important, give me good news Zanac.”

Rampossa said in a hopeful tone. For all he was unwilling to compromise on certain matters, he still found no pleasure in going to war. He doubted any sane man could.

“Father, we have managed to negotiate a compromise I think would very much favor our kingdom in the future to come.”

He son began with a cautious tone he had no time or patience to entertain.

“Is she going to die?”

That was all he asked, and that was all he was interested in really. The hatred he had cloaked himself with, to shield himself from the pain, demanded nothing less than this.

His son handed him a stack of papers without saying anything.

Rampossa took the time to read it all, leaving the two of them hanging there, his mood getting more and more aggravated the longer he read, till he reached the last page and slammed the whole thing on his desk.

“I want that harlot’s head on a pike! All these appeasement can burn in hell for all I care!”

He almost yelled as his steel hard eyes met his son's.

“Father! Be reasonable! This is a complete capitulation for the Holy Kingdom! We extracted demands that even a war would hardly get us! And all without a drop of blood!”

His son's words almost caused Rampossa to blow a fuse as he raised and threw the papers in his second son's face.

“WITHOUT A DROP OF BLOOD?! YOUR SISTER IS SIX FEET UNDER THE GROUND! THAT IS ALL THE BLOOD I NEED TO HAVE THAT ACCURSED KINGDOM RAZED TO THE GROUND!”

He yelled, no longer in control of the rage that allowed him to live through this tragedy.

“I TRUSTED YOU TO HANDLE THE MATTER AS THE BROTHER TO A MURDERED SISTER SHOULD! AND ALL YOU BRING ME ARE EMPTY PROMISES OF GOLD! HOW MUCH IS A PRINCESS WORTH ON THE MARKET NOWADAYS?! MAYBE I SHOULD CONSIDER SELLING YOUR HEAD IF THE PRICE IS GOOD ENOUGH!”

He knew this wasn't wise, he knew he had lost control and returned to his youthful spurts of rage. His old heart knew he did not meant the words, but his brain was all but consumed by an insatiable bloodlust he could not quench.

“Maybe you should accept that a corpse is still a corpse no matter how much you wish otherwise father! And no amount of bloodshed will turn back time! I am trying my best to make something good out of this tragedy!”

The prince tried to protest but Rampossa was too far gone and those words only fueled his rage more.

“SOMETHING GOOD?! THERE IS NOTHING GOOD FROM THIS! I SHOULD HAVE YOU FLOGGED JUST FOR SAYING THOSE WORDS... I would if you weren't your mother's son.”

He finally fell back on his chair as he felt his blood pressure get to a point where his head began to hurt.

“Please father! What would mother have thought of this? Of all of you plan to do?”

The pleading tone of his son only managed to sound empty to his ears.

What did the boy even know of his mother? He was just a babe when she died. Not like him, who grew up alongside her, who saw her bloom into the most radiant of women, who saw her die in a bloodbath... and now the only one who took after her in image died too... with his son leveraging the memories of his beloved to appease him.

“Out! OUT! BOTH OF YOU! LEAVE MY SIGHT BEFORE I FORGET MYSELF AND DO SOMETHING I MIGHT REGRET!”

Both prince and noble immediately stood up from their chairs, but before they could even cross half the room, the doors flew open as a few guards barged in.

At first Rampossa thought they might have heard him yell and thought he was in danger, but the two guards' armor was dirty as if they just went through mud.

“Your Majesty! A fire! A fire in the lower district! It is spreading quickly!”

And with that, pandemonium ensued.

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

The black robed caster walked calmly through the alleyway, pot in hand. It had been some time since he last went for a simple walk like this, most of the time he just teleported around, but seeing how much he was enjoying the tranquility and good weather, he might make this a habit.

Though, even for being an alleyway, strangely there was really no one around. He could understand the lower districts where some crime occurred from time to time, as even Seven Hands could not stop idiots from being idiots, but this was the noble district. People should be buzzing around like bees in a hive, the sun was still pretty high in the sky.

Either way he should remain vigilant, after all there was a reason why he chose to walk to the castle today... or go around on foot ever since he came back to the kingdom.

You see, he, Marquis Satoru, was the subject of an ongoing assassination attempt.

Or that was what Renner told him. She said that unfortunately that was a part of the plan and he should remain vigilant for sudden attacks, and even prompt potential attackers to act, making himself seem vulnerable and alone.

He was not really worried about it and accepted the chore. After more than four years in this world he had realized that there were very few entities that could hope to match him or best him. Unfortunately, these very few were also some of the most mysterious and elusive figures in this world, meaning his cover was very much necessary and might have saved him from showing off some of his most powerful trump cards.

Most of the powerful entities seem to have a similar approach to his. The various Dragon Lords of the Argland Council were certainly among the more known, and he hardly knew how to judge them seeing how his last encounter with a Dragon Lord went. Though, he was incapable of Wild Magic, and the title was probably self-given.

He knew that the dragons went to war with the Eight Greed Kings around 400 years ago. Seeing how the current ones alive managed to survive that war he could not afford to lower his guard.

Then again, he had also come across another interesting individual from the Theocracy. That half-elf going by Lin, she was a dangerous one too. They had toyed with each other but he didn't forget the Seraphim only skill she used against him, and she certainly was no Seraphim. That was another conundrum he needed to solve if he ever wanted to assure himself a victory against her.

His thoughts were interrupted when his senses detected various objects travelling at high speed toward his back. He did not move as his passive skill against low tier projectiles kicked in and deflected all of them.

He spun around, his gaze hidden between his mask identifying immediately the three shapes trying to hide among the shadows.

The most important thing for an assassin was the surprise advantage, now it was time to see if these were just fools who would try to flee or professionals.

“It is rather rude to throw something at someone and then hide like children.”

A few moments of silence passed as none of the figures moved.

(Silent magic: Dispel Shadow)

He used one of his basic Elder Lich skills to dispel the shadow magic that was concealing the three figures who immediately fell from their hanging spots and landed in the alleyway with him.

He paused for a moment at the sight of the three figures and for a moment wondered if he was back in some Yggdrasil event. Or if Nishikienrai had a triplet of girls while he wasn't looking. For those three blondes were definitely ninjas.

And scantily clothed ones too! And rather petite... well Peroroncino should come out any moment now... much to his disappointment such an event didn't come to pass. But still... he had no idea this world had any concept of hakama pants till now. And what was wrong with that black half-breastplate? It hardly offered any protection at all!

While he was stunned at the view of the three ninjas, these last ones didn't waste time in charging him. The one with the golden headband unsheathed an enchanted katana, while the other two jumped up sending his way kunai, from the one with the red headband, and needle, from the one with a blue headband.

He didn't even worry about the projectiles that would just bounce off and instead concentrated on the katana wielding one. He doubted the blade could damage him, but being provident was better than being sorry afterwards.

“[Reverse Gravity]”

He used his free hand to cast the spell that caused the golden ninja to start floating, much to her evident shock. Nonetheless she managed to adjust quite easily and tried to deliver a strike on him anyway.

He grabbed her wrist and examined the blade while the ninja was trying to escape his grip.

(Silent Magic: Detect Magic)

All the information regarding the blade's enchantments flooded his mind. It was an impressive weapon, still, nowhere near something that could actually pass through his defenses.

He let the female ninja go as soon as the other two descended upon him, dagger in hand. He flew back, he was done experimenting around, it was time to end this... though, he should keep one alive just in case they had any important information.

“[Dragon Lightning]”

The spell shaped like a eastern dragon roared as it shot toward the three of them.

“““[Immovable Adamantine Shield]”””

The three blond ninjas cried out together as they tried to block his spell with their skill, succeeding with only minor injuries much to his surprise.

“““[Shadow Clone]”””

The triplet took advantage of his momentary pause to use another skill. The red and blue one created one copy of themselves, while the golden one managed to produce three.

The clones charged him immediately, not that he cared much, they could have called up an army and it still wouldn't have made a difference.

“[Ice Spikes]”

All five clones immediately got impaled by his ice spell.

If he had to be completely honest, he was getting quite amused by their struggle. He has gotten so used to seeing everyone either wielding a blade or using arcane magic that seeing this was kind of refreshing for once.

Still, he should end this.

“[Immobility Binding Paralysis]!”

He felt the spell wash over him as if it was hot air. He pointed his finger at the offender but paused as he only saw the golden ninja staring back at him.

In the next second the red and blue one erupted from his shadows, trying to plunge their daggers where his throat should be, only for their weapons to shatter in a million pieces. Though the unexpected move had the negative effect of making him reflexively grab both ninjas by their throat.

And that wouldn't have been such a bad thing in any other occasion, but in this specific case, one of his ends was already occupied.

A clang and splash echoed through the silent ally as his eyes immediately darted toward the sound where a pot lied upside down on the ground and its contents made a puddle just under it.

He kept looking at the ruined stew, uncaring of whatever else was happening in the alleyway.

That was the stew he spent two hours over... the first homecooked meal he ever made... the stew that was meant for Renner...

“You...”

He almost growled out as his tone darkened as he held the two by their throats.

He continued watching them choke as they struggled like animals to escape his grasp, absolute fear and desperation in their coral eyes.

It was only when he heard the sound of trickling water and saw the two of them had just pissed themselves that he realized his Aura of Despair was going out of control.

He immediately calmed down, thanks in part to his Emotional Suppression, and deactivated his skill.

Though, that apparently had been enough for the two of them to empty their bowels as well, much to his disgust, making him wish for the first time in a long while to not possess a sense of smell.

“[Twin Magic: Paralysis]”

He dropped the two ninjas like they were sacks of rotten potatoes before shifting his full attention to the last one who was just standing there immobile. If that was due to his display or his passive ability he had no idea, neither he cared, though, he noticed how she as well suffered the same fate as her probable sisters judging by the smell coming off of her.

“Now, you have put me in quite a poor mood... so you better have something interesting to tell me, or your lives are forfeit.”

He said grabbing the golden ninja's shoulder and gripping it hard, eliciting a wince from the short girl that seemed to snap her out of her trance.

She dropped to her knees bowing in what Satoru immediately recognized as a dogeza.

"It is evident that I am no match for you. I place myself at your discretion and earnestly hope you will show me and mine mercy, oh almighty one!"

Satoru almost felt like he was back in feudal Japan right now but still, he should not lower his guard.

"You say that and beg for my mercy, yet you provide nothing in exchange."

He tried to see if he could get something out of this before he ended them.

"This one has been bested and has surrendered to you, following our code, this one is now your property to do as you wish with."

The ninja said much to Satoru's confusion. He had never heard of an order of ninjas or something similar, neither did he expect them to be the ones to attack him. He was told some assassins from the Holy Kingdom would be sent.

"Very well then, let's say I believe you... who are you? And who sent you?"

He started with the question he wanted answered most, to understand if he had missed something or this was a deviation from the initial plan.

"Yes, almighty one! This one is called Tira, Leader of the Assassin Guild Ijaniya, we were contracted by the Holy Kingdom to try and assassinate you, or in case of defeat weaken you as much as possible."

She explained without hesitation much to Satoru's shock. Not at the attempted assassination of course but by the fact this one was

a leader of a guild with a very Japanese sounding name, linking her to someone from Yggdrasil from the past.

“Why is the leader of a guild here then? Why risk yourself on a mission?”

He asked, as this was a very bad move he didn’t expect an infamous assassin group to make.

“You were the most important and dangerous target we received in more than five generations... maybe ever now that I faced you... to assure our reputation I, as the best member, decided to join my highly skilled twin sisters to take on the job.”

She explained with the same calm and apathic tone as before.

“I see, and since you just said you entered my service, does that mean I am now in control of your entire guild? Since you are the leader... and please, rise from the ground.”

She immediately obeyed his words standing up to her full height, which wasn’t much seeing how she was hardly taller than Lakys.

“No, almighty one, to avoid this kind of situations, the rules say that if a leader accept defeats they will be stripped from the title of leader and will be no longer affiliated with Ijanīya.”

Satoru still had his doubts about the girl’s words, but still, if there was a chance this was true... he might have found a very rare specimen seeing how she was capable of using secret abilities only taught in her secretive group, plus she admitted of being the best in her guild, so this might turn out like a very profitable deal.

He moved toward the two paralyzed ninjas much to the barely concealed panic of Tira.

“Please almighty one, I beg of thee to spare my twins!”

She begged, returning to her previous dogeza position.

“Do not worry Tira, I intend to free them from my spell, if they follow in your example, I will have no problem sparing them.”

His words seemed to relieve the golden ninja who gave him a grateful nod in response to his words.

“[Dispel]”

He said, freeing the blue and red ninjas from his Paralysis spell.

The two of them immediately stood up.

“I don’t enjoy being so moist down there.”

He almost choked at the declaration of the red one which didn’t seem to be meant for anyone in particular.

“I have shit stuck in my pants.”

The blue one added in the same monotone voice.

Their golden sister immediately darted behind the two and pushed their heads down, forcing them into a bow directed toward him.

“Now sisters... don’t be rude and present yourself.”

Tira said in a barely restrained tone.

“My name is Tia, I beg to enter your service like my sister.”

The blue one was the first one to introduce herself.

“My name is Tina, I beg to enter your service like my sister.”

The red one followed with the same monotone voice that made Satoru to almost sweat drop.

‘I am starting to see a pattern with those names’ he tried to put the thought out of his mind as now there were far more important matters at hand.

“I will, but first... I think I will give you a test run we could say.”

The three sisters’ eyes widened in shock at his declaration as the red and blue one immediately pointed their index fingers at their sister.

““Please use Tira to satisfy your bestial urges, she is the only one who enjoys older men.””

The two of them proclaimed at the same time.

Satoru just repressed a sigh and the thought that this whole thing now seemed like a very bad idea in hindsight.

He nonetheless grabbed the golden sister who looked shocked at what was happening while her other two twins saluted her as if she was departing for a war.

“I know that a group from the Holy Kingdom has entered Re-Estize to assassinate me, you two will bring me their heads... all the while I will hold your sister and leader by my side as insurance... consider this your entry level test.”

He decided to ignore the scene and comments and just continued with the script he had in mind.

““Understood, almighty one.””

Both of them said without an hint of hesitation.

“Satoru is fine, don’t bother with senseless flattery... also, you should both clean yourself up before going.”

He said as the stench was really starting to get unbearable.

“Ah, understood Lord Satoru.”

They both said together before dropping their pants and underwear right there and then.

‘What crime did I commit to deserve this?’ the undead mentally sighed in exasperation. Hindsight was a bitch apparently.

A.N.

Oh, look at this! If it isn’t the twins! And they brought a third one to join the party too!

By the way, if you didn’t know Tira is indeed a canon character.

Also I feel like I should make a bit of clarifications on the way some characters address Satoru since I chose to not use Japanese honorifics but just English ones.

Sir Satoru = Satoru-san

Master Satoru (Arche, Rayne) = Satoru-sensei

Lord Satoru (formal form used in court) = Satoru-dono

Lord Satoru (by Seven Hands or Tia/Tina/Tira) = Satoru-sama

No one expressed confusion yet but I think giving some clarification might help anyway.

Either way, this was kind of an heavy chapter to write and I am really curious to know what you all think.

Make sure to leave a comment/review!

Till next time! Stay safe!