

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hey there! Sorry for the delay, I just got back from work and recovered my USB stick I forgot a couple days ago. I managed to add a little bit more while I was at it as a small apology.

Thanks again for the support dear readers and make sure to enjoy the chapter!

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

Chapter 47: Names

Gods, she felt like she had been run over by an horde of demi-humans. Her head hurt, her blood pumped irregularly, and she had no idea if she was standing upside down right now.

“Drink this, you dullard knight.”

The melodic voice of salvation spoke to her, as she felt an unknown object push against her sealed lips which parted to greet a fresh and sweet liquid which blessed her desert dry mouth with its humidity.

She greedily swallowed it to the last drop.

“M-more...”

She spoke, her words barely understandable as she was slurring every syllable.

“Humph! Such a needy puppy you are... Augh! Feel lucky I consider you cute enough to not abandon on the side of a street...”

For all the words were cruel and filled with annoyance, she could not help but feel blessed by them, as if she was the luckiest girl in the world for being cared for so much.

She was soon served another portion of the blessed liquid and her extreme headache slowly subsided enough for her to try and slightly open her eyes.

The light invaded her vision and she felt nauseous again. The unfocussed vision before her seemed almost angelic. Golden hair blocking out the invading light giving the figure a divine allure. Was she dead? Was this the afterlife? Did an angel come to take her away?

“Okay, now turn her over.”

An unfamiliar but harder voice ordered as she felt two strong arms wrap around her waist and move her whole body.

Immediately that slow but decisive movement prompted something to stir into her. Some vile thing surged through her body, she could feel it rising and rising ever higher.

Was this some kind of divine purification ritual that would free her of impurities?

Whatever the answer was, she had no time or mental faculties to contemplate it as the wave of surging energy erupted from her mouth.

Whatever she expected evilness to taste like, this was far worse than she ever imagined. Absolutely hideous! Acidic and disgusting! The only consolation was that whatever that was, it was leaving her body for good, even though it left behind the aftermath.

She took in deep breaths as her headache subsided and her body slowly recovered from the horrid experience. She continued to gag for a few instants as sweat poured down her face.

“Are you feeling better Lady Lakyus?”

The familiar voice asked with a tinge of worry.

Now that her mind was clearer and less foggy, she could associate voices with names. This was, yes! This was Leinas, her self-appointed knight.

“I surely hope so, I don’t want to see anything as disgusting as that ever again!”

That austere tone, that could only be Arche, she could already picture in her mind the noble’s disgusted face.

She wanted to retort something put as soon as she tried to rise her head, a new wave of filth made its appearance rushing up her esophagus.

“BLEARGH!”

She had no choice but give in and purge her body of this filth. Her stomach hurt and all her digestive tract was on fire.

Someone swapped the bucket under her with a new one.

“Rayne, go and dispose of this.”

The dark voice of a certain magic caster was the next thing she heard followed by the displeased groan of a boy she knew well enough.

Lakyus glanced around, her vision far clearer than before. The angelic sight, which turned out to be Renner, was looking at her with a mixture of pity and disgust on her face.

“I now see why you didn’t want me drinking Satoru.”

The princess said as she snuggled closer to said magic caster.

“Alcohol can be enjoyed, but not knowing how to enjoy it might bring to... unpleasant results... as young Lakyus not so graciously demonstrated.”

For all she respected and admired Satoru, she really wanted to tell him to shove it right now, though, seeing how it ended up the last time she tried to say anything, she wasn’t eager to repeat the experience.

“Lakyus... if you want to sleep in our room, you will take a long bath, got it? If not, you are welcomed to sleep outside the door, I won’t suffer this stench all night.”

Renner gave her an ultimatum prompting the older blonde to groan.

{Lin’s P.O.V.}

To say she was having the time of her life was an understatement. She was absolutely adoring her time here! And no, it wasn’t the caves or the mountains, nor was it the battles or the opponents.

No, what truly made all of this so interesting were the people. The stoic knight who sent her dirty looks every now and then, the Warrior Captain so diligent in his duties and yet ready to enjoy

himself when possible, the two lovebirds who could not help but argue every now and then like a married couple, the lizardman who just seemed either lost or in awe was quite the hilarious sight, the wannabe hero that had the balls to challenge her and clash heads with her at every occasion, the jealous princess who seemed to have some daddy complex for the magic caster, and the magic caster himself, the one who piqued her attention due to his power and secretive demeanor.

It had been a long time since the last occasion she could admit she was enjoying her company.

She was far too used to loneliness, or some sort of hidden scorn, or false respect due to her strength. She had come here for entertainment, and she was not disappointed so far. She couldn't remember the last time someone stood face to face against her after she taunted them, or the last time someone dared to glare at her so fiercely for something she did.

These were all things that were starting to stir long buried emotions from within her. Emotions that she thought completely forgotten and foreign to her.

She immediately opened her personal diary, she had to record this for posterity, every last one of her feelings and emotions should be put on paper.

“Are you perhaps a writer by passion. I wonder?”

The deep voice made her head snap up, she had not detected anyone coming near her, which was quite the surprise as the only people capable of sneaking up on her could be counted on one hand, and they were all dead.

“Whatever tells you so?”

She asked the magic caster, twirling her enchanted quill between her fingers.

“You seem quite fond of that little book, you write on it almost everyday, I just thought you were writing a novel or something similar... but maybe you are just recording your findings.”

She couldn't detect any undertone in his words and so considered it a mere question driven by curiosity.

“I never pondered writing a novel, or any work of fiction at all in the past... but if you must know, this is my traveling diary, where I record everything I deem worthy of being remembered.”

She explained as she relaxed against the wall she was leaning on.

“Oh, I see, judging by how many pages you already filled I must deduce you have traveled for quite a while?”

She had no idea where the magic caster was going with this. Was this just idle chatting or was he trying to lull her into some kind of trap... the intrigue quite excited her, so she was going to go along with him for the sake of her own curiosity.

“Indeed, I have quite a few more back at home, continuously carrying them around would be quite troublesome.”

She sighed.

“Oh, interesting, you must have traveled much to fill in so many books, I had a friend who had a similar hobby, though he was far more interested in recording the landscape and environment alongside the inhabitants of the land he was exploring.”

Satoru said, seemingly interested in her travels.

“I do not call myself an explorer for no reason my dear.”

She teased him to no apparent avail.

“I would be most interested in hearing about some of your tales then.”

He said, his tone not betraying any emotion behind his mask.

“I will give you mine, if you give me yours, a fair exchange.”

She said suggestively, she quite enjoyed the game of cat and mouse they were playing... even more since the no one exactly knew who was the cat and who the mouse.

“Must everything you say be a sexual innuendo?”

The magic caster sighed in apparent exhaustion, the first real emotion she could feel coming from him.

“Oh my! Is that how you see me?! How scandalous!”

She put both her hands on her mouth as if shocked by his words. She tilted her head like a shy maiden who was preparing herself for her first time.

The silence coming from the masked man was telling.

“You are enjoying yourself, aren’t you?”

The deadpan tone was quite amusing.

“Quite a lot.”

She smirked as she removed her hands from her face. The man groaned, a sound she never heard from him, her smirk enlarged at that.

“You are a shrewd woman.”

Was the eloquent response of the magic caster.

“That’s not the first time someone says such a thing to me...”

“I can imagine that, do you take pride in beating up little girls?”

“Ah, I see, so this is what this is about... I would say she asked for it...”

“I don’t condemn the act itself, but the way it was carried out, alongside your baiting her to get drunk.”

“I am no babysitter, and neither are you... so why don’t you stop acting like one? She is not your child.”

“She is my responsibility as long as she remains under my jurisdiction.”

“Then, maybe you should start teaching her how to not let her pride blind her.”

The exchange stopped there as the two stared fiercely at each other, well, more like she was staring at his mask. She was starting to get really curious about what was hiding beneath that piece of foreign art.

“Maybe you are right.”

Those words actually surprised her, she didn’t expect the man to back down first... had she intimidated him? How pathetic...

“But! If I catch you instigating her again in doing something stupid... I will have to take action.”

His piercing stare doubled down on her, taking her off guard as she felt a jolt run up her spine as her hand leaned toward a weapon that wasn’t there.

This was the first time the man ever did anything to antagonize her. To think he would let personal attacks go but would not stand for someone to mess with those children... he almost sounded like an overprotective father.

She bit her tongue to avoid saying something she would regret. That image just ruined her fun... and probably her day too.

“Then... why don’t you show me a good time on the battlefield... beat me into submission... I assure you, I will make it worth your time if you can do that...”

She whispered as she closed the gap between the two of them.

“I will not... not because you don’t deserve it... but because that is what you want.”

That actually brought a smirk to her face, for all he had known her for barely a couple weeks, the man already got some grasp on her, something many didn’t manage in decades.

“Well then, I will do my best to change your mind about it... daddy.”

She leaned up to deliver that last line right to his face before walking away.

Ah, it was such a shame! She would have truly enjoyed seeing his expression right now.

“Who in the world thought it would be a good idea to name you with such a sweet-sounding name?”

The question brought a chuckle out of her as a small melancholy smile appeared on her face.

“A very sweet person...”

She muttered, uncaring if the magic caster heard her answer or not.

{Ro Lente}

{Evileye’s P.O.V.}

“Ah, miss Evileye, what can I do for you today?”

The man behind the counter jovially greeted her.

“A good day to you Faust, how have things been around here?”

The short, masked caster asked as she jumped on the stall to reach the level of the bartender.

“Nothing new that i can recall at the moment, apparently Marquis Blumrush had petitioned a complain to the king for the new taxes, it had been quite a vocal announcement, trying to rally the people behind him... of course he claimed that he wanted to petition a general tax reduction for commoners as well... unfortunately for him people have long since lost any trust in nobility a long time ago.”

The bartender explained as he brought up a clean mug from under the counter and filled it with beer.

“I see, so he only managed to make a fool out of himself.”

She concluded as this was not a matter which interested her.

“Quite, if you ask me, we should have gone off with his head too! One noble less wouldn’t be a big deal, even more if he is an ass like Blumrush!”

Faust joked as he took a sip of his own beer.

Normally no one would dare voice such thoughts, even less so vocally and publicly, it was incredible how in a few months the balance of power was all but upside down.

The Noble extermination was not just a wake up call for the aristocracy and the higher class, no, it represented a great shift for common people as well.

The common folk saw what they could accomplish if they joined together, they saw how a group of commoners like them teared down the untouchable nobles. No matter that they only managed to do so thanks to the guide of a certain magic caster, in their eyes that represented the coming of a new era.

Every now and then reports came in of minor nobles being killed off after angering the commoners inhabiting their territories.

Previously nobles could do almost anything and not have to worry about any consequences. They were seen as unattackable, as untouchable, that illusion was shattered by now. People had no more fear of rising in rebellion against what they perceived as abuse. And many minor lords had paid the price for not understanding that the time of doing what they wanted was no more.

Not to say that the people were all good and fair. They were uneducated brutes, farmers with barely the culture to speak and communicate.

Stories of what they did once they managed to breach their lord's walls were horrific. Children slaughtered, noble ladies brutalized in all ways possible, and other acts she didn't want to bring to her mind. People lose themselves to their own bloodlust, becoming little more than savage beasts, that was the reality of things, noble or commoner it didn't matter.

“How is your daughter fairing?”

She decided to change the subject before she could dwell more on the matter.

That question brought a stupidly large grin on the man’s face.

“She is doing fine, her and her mother are currently sleeping back home... I swear, she stays awake at night and sleep during the day every time, I’m starting to fear she is a vampire ahahah...”

The man laughed missing the slight flinch of Evileye’s hand at his comment.

“I see, I am glad to hear it.”

She curtly said as the bartender’s face returned to a very serious state.

“I am still incredibly grateful for your help miss Evileye, I don’t know what would have happened without you there.”

Faust deeply bowed to the short woman.

She was not sure how to respond to that, she had never been shown such respect in so long that she almost forgot what it even felt like.

The man’s wife had given birth a couple of weeks before, but the process was turning out to be complicated and the mother was at risk of dying. At the time she was just going down the street when the man came running desperately screaming for the help of a healer.

She initially thought someone had been attacked but by the time she understood the situation, the man already dragged her all the way to his house mistaking her for a divine caster.

Since she was already there, all she did was use her [Teleportation] spell to bring the pregnant woman to one of the bases of Seven Hands where she knew there were healers capable of helping.

She didn't even stay there to wait and see how the situation would resolve, she just left once she did her part.

It was only by coincidence she discovered the same bartender that owed a Seven Hand's establishment was the desperate man she had met before.

The man had been extremely grateful ever since and she used this to gather as much reserved information as she could.

"I already told you, I have only done what I could and nothing more."

She usually wasn't one to turn away gratitude or admiration, but the man literally thanked her multiple times every time they met, it was starting to be annoying.

"I know, I know, but without you, both my wife and daughter could be dead by now."

He insisted and Evileye found herself taken aback by the solemnity and sheer emotion of his words. She had lived for many years in almost solitude, with little interactions from time to time, mostly with old friends or strangers for mere convenience. She

couldn't remember the last time someone reversed on her such powerful feelings.

"We are still thinking about a name for the child and my wife proposed that we could name her after you, in hope she will live up to her namesake."

Faust offered with a sincere smile.

Again, the blonde caster was taken aback, no one ever asked her something like this, not in more than two centuries and a half of life did anyone ask to carry her name for their child.

"You should not use that name... that name is a curse... a mask to hide behind... it is no name for a child."

She didn't mean to say those words, but they came out of her mouth nonetheless, regardless of her opinions.

The man lost his smile at her words, his eyebrow furrowed as an heavy air invaded the tavern.

"I see, that is a shame, I am sorry to hear that."

The bartender told her.

Her heart had stopped beating centuries ago but, in that moment, she could not help but feel a sting of pain come from where there was only death and coldness before.

A name resurged to her mind, a name she had discarded and buried. A name she would not carry again, a name of a girl dead and gone alongside her dreams. A name not fitting for a child that would grow up bright and full of happiness.

Damn it all! When did she become such an half-assed sentimental idiot?!

She had spent decades in suppressing all her feelings and emotions, she even thought she had forgotten how certain emotions felt like, and yet here she was. A bumbling mess.

Ever since she came here she had started to feel things she should not. This was just another job! Another investigation to ensure the peace of this world! So why?... why could she not even convince herself of that anymore?

Had she really been so lonely that she didn't even notice how emotionally starved she had become? Or was this an entirely other thing?

Hilma and all the people trying to strive for a better life... they all brought up this sensation of inadequacy inside her, this constant pounding in the back of her mind... telling her that there was something terribly wrong with her. Something that she, with all her power, was still missing.

“Miss Evileye?”

Her internal struggle was put on hold by Faust bringing her back to reality.

“I have to go.”

She abruptly said jumping off the stall and taking a couple step toward the door before stopping much to the man's growing confusion.

“If you really want to honor me with the name of your daughter, call her... Inveria.”

Gods, it felt so strange saying that name again after so many centuries. She had even sworn to not pronounce it again, good to know she was still the same hypocrite of so many years ago.

Without uttering another word, she left the inn.

{Outskirts of the Draconic Kingdom}

{???

She was in the middle of having dinner when her sister trespassed into her tent.

“Sha’raak, do you have no manners? Are you perhaps one of the brutes from the Bullion Clan?”

She lamented as the figure slithered to her table. The scales of her sister’s serpentine lower half reflecting the light of the only lamp lit, which only served to enhance the dark blue color of said scales.

“Apologies sister, I am here to report important news from our explorers.”

Her sister offered her apologies as it was customary. After all she, Mar’raak, was not only the older sister but the Naga Clan’s head too!

She deserved respect! A respect she was not given by the other demi-humans clans’ leaders! The arrogant fools thought that they could order her around because hers was a small clan! And

because she was female! But she will show them, she will show them all!

In her sudden anger she didn't even notice how her tail was beginning to get agitated nor how she was emitting a low hiss sound that put her own sister on edge.

Mar'raak reclaimed control over her emotions before gesturing her sister to continue.

"Y-yes! The scouts returned! And they bear bad news... apparently the other human country's military force is about to cross the border, probably to aid this country against us, or conquer it... either way, we will have to face them."

Those were truly terrible news. The demi-humans already hit a wall in their advance months ago, literally and figuratively. This new development could mean nothing good for them.

Seeing how they were breaking against the walls of the human cities, many of the minor clans like the Naga had been sent to try and encircle cities so to attack from multiple angles and finally push beyond the defense line. Once they breached a wall, they could pour in the city and completely loot it of humans and resources.

The idea was initially hers, the Naga were an intelligent demi-human species, so many valued their opinion, unfortunately their numbers made it hard for them to gain the prestige they should have and instead they were relegated to mere advisors instead of commanders.

Many of the demi-human even despised the Naga for their human like appearance when it came to their upper half, though they were severely mistaken. Their skin was usually scaly even in their upper self and their faces were elongated like ones of snakes, not to talk about their fangs who looked nothing like human teeth. Probably the reason they were despised was due to their habit of breeding with humans, as a primary female species, it was hard to find a male Naga and many of the females took either other demi-humans or humans as seed providers. Many demi-humans found this disgusting comparing it to breeding with cattle.

Mar'raak didn't really care, once her clan managed to increase their numbers and the humans laid defeated, she will finally turn her head toward the other demi-humans and put them in their place.

The Naga Clan was powerful, their line directly descending from the Evil Deity Nagur, the one said to be able to devour and entire human city in one day. Many of their ancestor's abilities were passed down to her species and if their numbers matched some from other clans they would have no problems taking over.

As those thoughts brought her some joy she could not help but force her mind back on the present as this new development seriously risked getting in the way of their previous objective.

She knew the Lionel Clan was falling apart due to the death of its leaders which brought to an internal struggle for power. That was a problem as they were some of the best first line warriors the demi-humans had.

If this new foe attacked them directly with an army as they were now, there was a chance the demi-humans would be pushed back to their lands.

“Have the troops recalled, we can’t continue the encirclement without more information, we risk incurring into an ambush if we press on... we shall relay this information and-“

She was interrupted when a loud commotion coming from outside deafened her words.

‘What now? Is it the enemy?! No, they are too far to have reached us... maybe a scouting regiment...’ she already thought about the worst case scenario as she slithered outside her tent bathing her blood crimson scales under the pale moonlight.

“What is the meaning of this?”

She asked the first of her kind she could spot, the warrior didn’t seem to even register her though as she continued to stare at something near the border of their encampment.

Mar’raak and her sister immediately turned in the direction the warrior was staring at. It wasn’t hard to spot what her kin was observing from afar.

A single human was battling three Naga warriors, their enraged hisses could be heard from here as the three circled around the lone human.

One lunged at the invader, but instead of piercing him with her spear, the warrior found herself missing her head the following second.

This was definitely troublesome, Mar'raak could not tell if she missed the movement of the blade due to the poor light or... the human was just unbelievably fast.

Humans should not be capable of seeing well enough in such darkness, hell Naga had a hard time themselves seeing much and they had a natural trait helping them. So, how in the world was this human capable of doing this.

Her pondering costed another of her soldiers his life as a single slash of the human's blade bisected in half a male soldier. This was a painful loss, they were already low on males and they could not afford letting them die like this.

She hissed angrily as she slithered toward the battle ensuing much to her sister's protest.

She made way in between her troops until she stood in the crowd-made arena where the human just finished disposing of the last of his opponents much to her warriors' rage.

"You have gutsss human! To dare and challenge my kin sso openly!"

Her words rushed out of her mouth in a pronounced hiss.

"Then I take you are this little merry band's leader?"

The human spoke for the first time, his tone seeming almost bored much to her increasing rage.

"I am Mar'raak! Queen of the Naga! The one who has the blood of Nagur running in her veinsss! And the one who will kill you now!"

She hissed out angrily unfastening her twin blades from her leather belt, the only form of clothing she was wearing.

“I don’t need to hear your life story, the Dragon Queen wants your head on a silver plate, and I will deliver it... but truly, I am just here to test out something I have been working on lately.”

The provocation didn’t go unanswered as the Naga Queen moved forward into the arena, ready to cut down this filthy, arrogant human.

“I ssshall enjoy tearing you apart!”

She hissed, her snake like eyes now bloodshot fixed on the blue haired human in front of her.

The human just assumed an unknown stand, his dark blade pointed at her as if in challenge.

She lunged forward testing the waters and ready to retreat at the first sign of danger. And indeed, her caution paid off as her blade immediately shattered on impact with his parry.

She jumped back, landing with a loud thud. That was no normal blade, she never saw anything break enchanted steel like that!

“What kind of weapon isss that?... No, it doesn’t matter, I will take it for myself once I have killed you!”

Her words prompted a dry chuckle from the human.

“I would suggest you do not, this blade was lent to me by a monster far more powerful than you and I combined could ever hope to be.”

The human said seriously.

“[Flow Acceleration] [Shadow Fang]”

She used one of her trump cards, there was no way the human could expect a second invisible blade just behind her visible one, even less with her increased speed!

She lunged once more fainting a vertical slash and instead going for a sideways attack toward his flank.

“[Instantaneous Flash]”

She barely registered the words before she slashed the human passing him by and slithering around him to recover from her assault on the other side of the arena.

She turned back to check how much he was damaged and her eyes widened when she saw no clear sign of damage on his body, even though he wore light armor.

She turned toward her blade to check if there was any blood at all on it and... her blade was no more... no, it wasn't only her weapon that was missing... her entire arm was gone! Cut clean to the shoulder!

She cried out as the pain registered in her brain.

‘W-what isss this?... how? How can there be a human so strong?!’ she lamented in her mind as this information should have been delivered to her. How could the demi-humans not know of this one’s existence!

“Who are YOU?!”

She demanded enraged and pained at the same time.

“Brain Unglaus, and this is... well... I should really find a name for the sword, I think he wanted me to when he gave it to me.”

She couldn't care less what he was mumbling about, there was only one thing to do now. Bring him down by any means necessary. Incapacitate him and capture him.

Such a warrior will not go to waste. All their females will breed with him, if they could produce Nagas with that kind of potential there was nothing in the world that could stop them! This was their key to greatness and the restoration of their Clan!

“Sister!”

Sha'raak cried out as she entered the arena, her twin blades unsheathed as she prepared herself to join the battle.

For all Mar'raak was ashamed, she could not help but accept the help. It was clear this human could not be brought down by one of them alone, but if they both fought at the same time, he would have no choice but concede.

But that might not be enough yet, so she will use her second trump card [Petrifying Eye], her racial ability to petrify any foe only by looking them in the eyes. Of course she will tone it down so to not kill the human but simply slow him down. All she needed to do was glance at him and...

‘WHY DOES HE HAVE HIS EYES CLOSE? SINCE WHEN?’ she thought furiously.

“HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT MY ABILITY YOU BASTARD?! HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU COULD COUNTER IT BY CLOSING YOUR EYES?!”

She cried out in utter rage as the human didn't even seem to calculate her.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, I had my eyes closed since I arrived here."

That could not be! She refused to accept it! She couldn't believe this human faced her without his sight!

"Otherwise, it would have been a waste of time to fight you, I need some challenge, and you were just strong enough to make it worth my time while not using my sight."

That was it! She was done with these stupid games!

"Sister!"

She ordered as her younger sister passed her one of her blade which she caught with her only remaining arm.

"[Field]"

The human said calmly as a strange kind of circle appeared around the man as he took a stance she didn't recognize. But that didn't matter, they were two and he was one.

"Together!"

She ordered as her sister joined her in their assault.

Both of them just passed the strange marking on the ground and prepared to deliver a devastating blow when-

"[Dance of the Dark Blade]!"

This was the first and only time she heard the voice of the man assume what seemed to be a strained tone as if he was exerting himself.

Then she lost her balance and fell forward on the ground, she could not feel anything, she could not move anything, she just laid there, unsure of what just happened.

“Tsk! Still needs work... the cuts are completely unprecise... maybe I should think about another name too...”

As the words of the human registered in her mind, her vision was getting the more blurred and blurred, she coughed one last time before losing consciousness.

{Slane Theocracy}

{Raymond's P.O.V.}

The cardinal of earth moved like a ghost down the silent halls. It had been some time since he found himself so engrossed in his own musings.

The last meeting had been enlightening to say the least. As it was often the case, one of the most discussed topics was the new moves the magic caster turned Noble, Marquis Satoru, was making.

For all many cardinals had reservations about the man, Yvon above all, his enormous contribution to the human cause was undeniable even by the most devout of zealots.

The man had arrived two years ago in a crumbling country which represented everything wrong with humanity and turned it around polishing it with the least bloodshed possible.

Raymond doubted he would see anything remotely similar during his entire life. The man did not only provide powerful items to help humanity in their struggles against the other races, he also cleansed the filth which was plaguing the kingdom, centralized their economy and established a new flourishing market for magical items which was starting to expand around the continent.

And those were only the major things the man revolutionized in a few years.

Of course, that rose many eyebrows around his peers, many were interested in knowing from where such a man came from. They had no information of any human nation to the east, only demi-humans lived there for as far as the map went.

There was always a possibility that such a nation did exist and was just very small, but the much more agreed upon opinion was that this was just a lie. Some even proposed that the man was no human, an opinion corroborated by his constant wearing of his mask.

The opinion had merit, it was more than bizarre for a man to constantly conceal his whole body and not just his face. The man had something to hide and his true agenda was still unknown.

Was he planning to take over the country? He was already at a good point if that was his goal. In his opinion the Theocracy would even lend him an hand in that case.

Gods forbid Re-Estize finally had a worthy king.

With his help the Theocracy's objective of creating a centralized united human front didn't seem such a distant dream anymore.

Yvon was the most vocal against the magic caster, insinuating him to be a demi-human from the east or the north many times.

Though, that hypothesis was discredited by the fact Satoru was the primary reason why the Draconic Kingdom was still standing against the demi-humans' onslaught.

For all the cardinal of light continued to be opposed to the idea of having an amicable relationship with the magic caster, he at least stopped accusing him of being the mastermind behind the disappearance of the Sunlight Scripture.

Speaking of which, the new recruits for the reformed scripture were eager to test themselves, he might appeal to have them sent to the outskirts of the Elven Kingdom to have them appease their bloodlust.

Finally he reached the dreadful hall leading to the Treasury, there, lying against a wall was the trump card of the Slane Theocracy. The strongest Godkin to ever live.

"Having a night stroll, aren't we?"

The old half elf masquerading as a young woman asked in her usual teasing manner. And to think that in his youth he mistook such teasing for signs of endearment... truly, the foolishness of the young...

"I have come to talk, there is something I'd like to ask you."

The best way to talk with her was by being straight forward, she seldomly desired to give more than a few seconds of attention to those she deemed not worth her time. And that list changed day by day.

"That's a new one... you usually only come to update me on the things I am supposed to care about."

She barely glanced at him as he approached her. Her white and black strands of hair flowing thanks to the wind blowing through the open window.

“There isn’t much else to say... lately you have been only interested in the magic caster’s movements and not much else, and since he is off our radars by now, I have few things you might care to learn.”

The cardinal sighed at the uncaring nature of the additional seat of the Black Scripture.

“I cannot deny what isn’t false.”

She accepted the truth in his words without resistance. In the past many tried to turn her into a symbol or an agent representing the Theocracy’s interests. All failed, the half-elf was not willing to force herself to do anything else but what she wanted. Many would call such an attitude selfish and preposterous, but Raymond knew best.

The woman has always considered guarding this hall her duty to the country. Nothing more, nothing less.

She had sacrificed her life in pursuit of her country’s protection and whoever asked more of her was but an ignorant and greedy fool the cardinal would gladly throw to the dogs.

She was one of those who gave most to this country out of all, and Raymond wanted her to know her duty and diligence was appreciated. That was why he made it his duty to come and talk with her every time he knew something would pique her interest.

“I am surprised you have not picked up the cube again.”

He noticed. Ever since she had got an interest into that magic caster he had noticed how he found her less and less times enraptured with that puzzling relic, and more and more times looking to the sky like a bird with broken wings who longed to fly again.

“It is an intriguing but nonetheless pointless enigma... I have far better things to entertain me at the moment.”

She said cryptically.

“Ant-“

“DO NOT speak that name...”

All the muscles in his body went rigid as the woman lost her pleasant smile and gained a scowl. It had been decades since he last ever heard her raise her voice.

He found himself back to when he was a mere boy who just learnt that name and wanted to see if calling her like that would have earned him a smile... needless to say, the beating she gave him that time would be the worse he would endure during his entire career.

“Will you ever let someone use that name?”

He asked, seeing how much the line could be pushed before she forcefully removed him from her presence.

“You do not qualify for that position, and let’s leave it at that... names are not meant to be spoken lightly, after all... you never know which monster they might belong to.”

She turned her gaze toward him, her mismatched eyes piercing his soul with an intent and emotion that made Raymond wonder what possessed him to test her after all these years.

“Now, cardinal, what did you want to talk with little old me about?”

The monster asked as she licked her lips in anticipation.

A.N.

And stop! We have got a few things going on in the world right now, but we are coming back to the underground next time.

It had been quite a while since we last saw miss black and white, wasn't it? Now I wonder... what will happen next?

Only time will tell!

Have a nice day and stay safe! Till next time!