

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hey there, just gonna drop this, August is a cursed month, like, with all the stuff going on the last thing I needed was a stomach bug... yeah, that is the reason of the slight delay (sorry about that), I kind of got screwed over by this for the last week. It is kind of going around right here, but still... how unlucky can one person get in just one month?

Okay, forget my ramblings, we are starting the setup for the next arc, so without further ado, enjoy the chapter!

Chapter 65: End of Vacation

The Third Princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom had forgotten how bad humidity was around a lake after being in a cave system for months. Her air had already suffered the most, and even the spells Satoru used, while optimal for selfcare, did not stop the swarming insects from getting stuck between her hair.

She sighed as she removed the last flying beetle unfortunate enough to get stuck in her golden mane. She felt the insect struggle to escape her tiny fist who was closing in on it inexorably.

She felt the protective shell of the bug yield under her pressure as the insect spasmed one last time as its life was ended.

Renner was sick of this place and just wanted to go back to the Kingdom. She had much to do and many others to crush.

She left the broken remains of the beetle fall to the ground as she cleaned her hand off on the nearest bush.

‘Raeven must have had the time of his life with neither me nor Satoru around... fufufu... I hope Hilma didn’t aggravate him too much, I will need him later’ she thought as her mind came back to her ongoing plans toward her ultimate goal.

For all this whole vacation had been quite a stressful experience, and not at all the delightful time she would have hoped to spend with her Satoru, she could still not deny the fact she came out of it in a far better position than she was before.

Back in Re-Estize, the only one who actually recognize her importance was her father, the Warrior Captain, and Marquis Raeven. After all they were the only important tools who knew about her involvement in the whole Noble purge affair. All others focused on Satoru alone.

But now it was time for her to take her debut on the public political stage. Till now she had stayed hidden behind far bigger fish, but with her tenth birthday approaching she will enter these dangerous waters she will need to wisely navigate to reach the victory line.

And what an entrance it will be. Lakyus, for all she had been a headache to deal with, also provided her with something to show on her debut.

She was the princess who managed to act as a mediator in the unification of a new powerhouse on the continental stage. Not counting accomplishing to create a strong bond with said

newborn nation and manage to get a monopoly on the market of Runecraft Items. From now on, everyone who wished to buy any Runecraft item would be forced to import it directly from the Re-Estize Kingdom as the sole distributor continent-wide. And, knowing how Satoru did business, she would bet that in a year or so the demand for such items would skyrocket to the point of making the heavy initial investment worth it.

Her claim would remain the weakest, after all, she was the last in line and a girl, nonetheless. While her gender did not deny her right to rule, she was still considered a mere tool to gain political alliances.

No, by putting her name forward right now, she would just paint a target on her back, and while she had no doubts Satoru would protect her, she would not be able to gain the court's obedience if not through fear. And she had a firsthand example of what happened when your rule amounted only to the fear you could project.

The White Dragon Lord demonstrated the inefficiency of such methods. As soon as the slight chance of toppling that power appeared, all his subjects gladly revolted against him, resulting in his demise.

Yes, for all Lakyus turned out to be a troublesome friend, Renner could not deny the truth the girl showed her. If you did not have the respect of your subjects, your rule would be as long as it took for them to get fed up with you. The Noble Purge was a result of over a century of abuse, and showed the commoners that by bending together, they could topple those proclaiming themselves above them.

Fear had its place. But it was far more efficient to have the few who would willingly oppose you fear you rather than the masses that would only oppose you if they feared you.

That was how Satoru built his power structure in Seven Hands after all. The few who could do anything against him were too terrified to act, while the masses and small fries revered him as if he was a God on earth.

That was exactly what Renner wanted to achieve... for the love of the gods, Satoru had showed her the path since ha arrived here, she should have been a complete moron to miss all of the tips he left scattered around.

But the problem still remained.

She was the last in line, and that was surely the challenge her beloved wanted her to tackle.

Oh, it would be so easy to use Seven Hands to get rid of them, who would dare speak up? Raeven? He planned to do the exact same thing as her! Blumrush? A traitorous snake she could destroy with little to no effort with all the dirt she had on him! Pespea? The man was smart enough to know that if Satoru looked his way, he would die a miserable death on the battlefield!

No, the problem was at the core of it! If she used Seven Hands to get rid of her test, she would only disappoint Satoru, showing him that she could not stand on her own as his equal. No, this was something she had to do by herself.

Her mind swirled with all the information she had at the moment. Barbro, Zanac, Carine, and Alysanne... her father had been prolific with his first wife unfortunately, she will have to clean up this waste of genetic material.

The gears in her head twisted in impossible ways as a, most amusing, idea made its way in the forefront of her mind. ‘Now, wouldn’t that be just the most delightful and enjoyable way of seeing them go?’ she wondered as she could not help but reveal one of her true smiles at the sole thought of said plan.

Though, all hinged on her ability to convince him she was his precious ally. A not too easy task, but neither an impossible one, seeing how she could play on all the insecurities of such a little pathetic man.

With her mind made up she turned to return back to the camp only to notice the remains of the bug she previously crushed being eaten by three more beetles.

She almost laughed as this was quite the ironic coincidence. She slowly rose her boot before bring it above the three beetles to busy devouring their elder to notice their impending doom.

With a squish sound she crushed all three of them under her boot. She stomped a few more times just for good measure.

‘Let the vermin feast upon the carcass as they do not realize they are only devouring poisoned flesh’ she thought as the image of a successful plan materialized in her mind.

That really seemed like a fun time, and she was eager to begin.

{Zaryusu’s P.O.V.}

The lizardman was still fuming. Even after he spoke alone with his brother, Shasuryu just could not understand, and if even Zaryusu’s own brother could not understand, what hope did he have of making his kind see the truth?

He would not deny or renegade what he saw on that fateful day. Lakyus was a pillar that stood still even in the face of ultimate death. It was only thanks to her that Zaryusu did not flee that battle that day. She was a true warrior, someone who risked their own life over and over again to bring peace to those she had no reason to help and without asking anything in return.

To think his own kind, people and warriors he respected, would not recognize, and even dare to vilify, her actions made his blood boil with rage.

In the end, the lizardmen would still oblige their agreement with Satoru as the fish farms and materials would make their lives easier and prosperous. But that was it. They could have done so much more, been so much more, if only they did not fear the future so much.

But maybe... maybe, it was just his adventurous heart talking, maybe it was a good thing he was not a leader.

“Zaryusu.”

The sweet and candid voice of the one who made his heart flutter made its way to his ears.

“Crusch.”

He called out her name gently, without turning his gaze till she stood next to him.

“So, you are going?”

She asked in an unreadable tone.

“Yes, before all of this, I was prepared to become an aimless traveler, now, I joined Lakyus as an adventurer with a clear goal.”

He proclaimed without hesitation. For all it felt like his heart would explode out of sheer pain, he had already made his peace with the fact and what he would be giving up.

“And what about us?”

The albino lizard with blood red eyes asked with a not so masked longing in her voice.

“I... We... we were not meant to be, as I feel my calling in life is not here among those who would rather remain in the past instead of looking at the future.”

He admitted painfully at the reminder of what... of who he would be giving up.

“And... you deserve better than a lizardman without anything to offer you apart from his love.”

Zaryusu said as tears threatened to form in his eyes, something he was trying to repress with all his might.

He felt something tackle his body to the ground making him fall. His hands catching the albino lizard who had just jumped on him pushing him down with all her might.

“You are a selfish, unfair, and cruel male.”

He heard her whisper in a broken tone. Zaryusu wrapped his arms around her out of instinct and a desire to be close to his loved one for one last time.

“Who cares about what I deserve or don’t deserve? What about what I want?!”

Crusch lamented as her embrace on him tightened, as if he would disappear like smoke if he let her go.

“I will be around the world, bringing change, or dying trying to make a better world... I won’t condemn you to love someone who is not even around half the time and who might have died without you knowing.”

He said, trying to put all his conviction in those words as a last line of defense to not give in into his own feelings.

“And yet, even with all of this... the one I want is you.”

Her whispered words broke him inside, shattering all his defenses and arguments. To think that this beautiful, perfect female would proclaim her love to him like this... the world was such a cruel place for forcing him to renounce to all of this.

“You are still the leader of your tribe, I... I cannot.. you just can’t ... with me...”

He stammered out, trying to make sense of the last feeble attempt at stopping Crusch from making the biggest mistake she could possibly make... falling for someone like him.

“Why are you trying so hard to force me away... were all those love confessions false?”

The despair and hesitance in her words gave him pause.

“No, I love you Crusch Lulu... that is the one thing I have always been sure about in my life!”

He forced himself to say, he just could not lie to her, no matter how much it would have been the right thing to do.

“Then why... I cannot understand why you would reject me...”

She was getting desperate as she clearly was not seeing anything straight anymore.

“I will be gone often... I will not be able to love you as a wonderful female like you deserve to be loved... I have nothing to my name but Frost Pain... I am not even a tribe member anymore.”

He repeated still holding her in his arms.

“You foolish male... are you even aware of your surroundings? Every single lizardman of every single tribe has heard of you by now... The wielder of Frost Pain... the one who stood and defeated a Frost Dragon... the strongest lizardman to ever live... they all admire you, even revere you as the pinnacle of what a lizardman can become.”

Crusch told him with a sad tearful smile as she looked deep into his eyes with her blood red orbs.

“And as for you being gone... I know a way for always having a piece of you by my side when you are not around.”

She said with an amount of mischievousness Zaryusu never heard in her tone before.

She slithered against his body and before he knew it, Zaryusu was already done for.

{Satoru’s P.O.V.}

“Umu, so that is what happened...”

The magic caster said as his apprentices looked down at their boots like two children who have confessed stealing candies from their grandma.

He kind of noticed how something seemed off in the last couple of days. The two of them seemed on edge, and far more silent than usual.

“So, what are the two of you thinking on doing?”

He asked with some curiosity, he really thought the two of them needed some actual practice apart from all that theory. He tried to put them up to it, but apparently, he almost traumatized them. Luckily, they seemed to have gotten over it as they gave their everything against the Frost Dragon.

Speaking of which, he was caught off guard on how both Rayne and Arche struck up some kind of friendship with the special dragon, adding to that, he even decided to follow them to the Kingdom. Not that he was complaining, he was a prime subject for seeing how heteromorphs developed in this world, he was curious in dragons especially as their stats were crazy back in Yggdrasil. And now he had a perfect test subject to experiment with and observe. For all it has been troublesome at times, he still was glad he took those two as his apprentices, their contribution to his understanding on how magic worked was already a great boost, and now this as well.

Out of instinct he went to pat their heads with all the care and gratefulness he was experiencing right now. Luckily it did not seem like the emotion was strong enough to trigger his Emotional Suppression.

“A-Are you not mad?”

The trembling voice of Arche asked with some hesitation as Satoru just slightly tilted his head in confusion due to her words.

“Why should I be?”

He asked curious to know what the two of them were even on about this time.

“I m-mean! If we join Lakyus... we would no longer be your apprentices...”

Rayne added as he averted his gaze from him to look at Arche.

“I-It is very rude for an apprentice to l-leave their master... most would think that there was some fault in the master themselves.”

Arche admitted as she could not lift her gaze from her boots while blushing in shame.

“Yeah! T-that is why... it would be b-better for you to dismiss us... t-then it would seem like we were the faulty ones.”

Rayne added in reinforcement to Arche’s words. Satoru listened without removing his hands from their heads. He didn’t hesitate to gently chop both of them on the top of their heads.

““OUCH!””

Both of his students cried out in pain as they massaged their heads much to Satoru’s amusement. He really wanted to do that at least once in his life. He unfortunately had no siblings, unlike Pero and Buku. He neither had any children, so he relished in the achievement of this minor goal of his.

“Don’t be foolish, you two.”

He spoke trying to put some exasperation in his tone. He really couldn’t care less about what other thought of his teaching skills, as they were quite nonexistent to begin with. So he really had nothing to lose really.

“No one is faulty here, and whoever doubts my or your abilities can come up and say it to my face.”

‘Yeah... even I understand that will never happen... I doubt there would be any rumors even with a just cause considering my

reputation... augh! I just wanted a tranquil life...' the magic caster lamented as both his students' gazes finally found their way back to his masked face.

"Also, I was really worried you two would get stuck on too much theory and not experience the practice you desperately need... so your decision to join Lakys actually eases one of my major worries about your development as magic casters."

He continued and this time he was quite truthful with his words. It would have really been a shame if his items' exp boost went to waste, he really wanted to see if it worked on beings from this world. The fact the two of them often showed reluctance to battle was actually pretty distressing.

The two students' eyes brimmed with unshed tears of relief at his words.

"Also, it is not like you have to make a living out of being adventurers, so, knowing Lakys, I imagine you two will find yourselves with quite a lot of free time, I see no reason to not continue our lessons as you two would still be my responsibility."

To be completely truthful, Satoru was glad he would not have them around all the time, not because he did not enjoy their presence, even though they could be a bit much at times, but rather because he knew they were getting to that specific age where they would start... asking question he would rather not be around to answer. Luckily for him Rayne had his parents, but Arche... he had no intention to talk about any of that with her! He would rather face another Dragon Lord rather than having to face such a dreadful prospect.

"M-Master Satoru!"

The brown-haired boy cried out before hugging the masked caster with all his might.

“Thank you!”

He sniffled against his gown as he shed his repressed tears.

“I-I really d-did not know what t-to do...”

He continued as his words were muffled by his sobs and Satoru’s gown.

“Hey... don’t cause a scene... this is embarrassing...”

Arche tried to weakly protest against the boy’s actions, but her attempt was halfhearted at best as she herself seemed rather relived by Satoru’s words and was trying to not shed her own tears.

‘Augh, this is so troublesome... but still...’ he felt like the shadow of a smile was threatening to appear on his face, even though that would be physically impossible.

Yes, he had quite gotten attached to the two’s antics that slightly reminded him of Buku and Pero.

{Later}

{Lakyus’ P.O.V.}

“Hey Zaryusu! You are finally here!2

The blonde swordswoman grinned at the lizardman who looked sheepish as he was the last to reach the departing group.

Lakyus had been quite surprised when the lizardman approached her the day before to request joining her group, though she readily agreed, she still could not believe she had managed to gather such fierce warriors in her team. Rayne, Arche, and Vulmitar had

confirmed their joining earlier, and now she found herself with a team composed of seven members. Quite a large group for being an adventurer team, but she could not care less right now, she would not trade any of them for anyone in the entire world. She was just ecstatic at the thought of beginning her career.

Leinas, Riyuro, Zaryusu, Rayne, Arche, Vulmitar, and herself would become the greatest adventurers that ever graced the kingdom... no! The whole continent! She was sure of it!

She could not get rid of the smile she had been sporting ever since her two caster friends and the Frost Dragon gave her a positive response. Not to sound ungrateful toward any other member of her team, but she was as smug as one could be as Vulmitar joined her group. After all, who else could boast about having a dragon on their side? Even if said dragon was only coming to continue his magical research with her two friends.

“Oi! Wipe that grin off your face or you will split it in two.”

Said Riyuro as he bumped her shoulder causing her to lose momentarily her balance.

“Hey! Is that the way you speak to your leader?”

She asked in a mocking tone while massaging her shoulder. The Quagoa just grinned at her.

“Eh, never been one to follow orders much... boss.”

The mole demi-human teased back.

A familiar coo stopped her from retorting as her attention was fully stolen by the four heads nuzzling against her demanding her attention and affection.

“Hey Luck! Stop it! That tickles!”

The blonde cried out as she felt her upper body tingle all over due to Luck's constant snuggling, she began to giggle uncontrollably as she tried to appease the hydra's need for physical affection.

"You must be a good boy while I am away."

She whispered as she caressed his four heads.

It pained her much to do this. But she could not bring the young hydra with her, no matter what, it only wouldn't be an hassle to care for him in a human city since, unlike Vulmitar, he could not take care of himself alone. But also, the young hydra needed his habitat to live in and grow up. That was not something she could provide for him.

As if sensing her thoughts, the young hydra released a pained cry as his heads embraced her.

"I know boy, I am sorry, but you must grow healthy and strong... I will visit as often as I can."

She whispered even though she was pretty sure he could not understand her words.

"Lakyus, it's time."

She felt a hand grasp her shoulder as the familiar voice of Leinas reached her ears.

With one last gentle caress, Lakyus let go of the saddened hydra as she returned to her departing group.

"Lakyus, it seems like you have acquired quite the diverse... merry band."

The one to give that observation was none other than the masked caster she had kind of been avoiding for the whole journey back. She still felt ashamed for the destroyed blade he had gifted her for

her last birthday. Even though she was in battle, she still felt responsible for the destruction of such a valuable weapon, and she would not fault Satoru for being upset at her even though he never gave the indication of being annoyed at all, which only served to emphasize her own guilt about the ordeal.

“So, seeing how everyone is now present, I think it is time to depart and go back to the kingdom... you and your group told me you were planning to travel back upon Vulmitar right? If that is so, me, Gazef, and Renner will take... a shortcut.”

The ominous amusement she felt emanating from the caster actually worried her for a moment. Knowing Satoru, she did not doubt he was capable of doing something crazy just to mess with them.

“Vulmitar, are you sure you can take us all at once?”

She questioned, not wanting to impose on her new teammate.

“Yes, there should be no problem, after all... it is a shorter trip than the previous one, and I have kept up my physical training even though my main talent remains magic.”

The Frost Dragon confidently rebutted her worries.

“Very well then, come a bit closer, Gazef, Renner.”

The Warrior Captain and the Third Princess obeyed the masked caster’s order, the latter even grabbing the older man’s gloved hand in the process.

“See you all outside the forest... [Mass Teleportation]”

As soon as Satoru spoke his spell the three of them disappeared in a brief flash of light, leaving nothing behind as if they had never been there to begin with.

Lakyus' eyes went wide, as both Arche's and Rayne's jaws hanged open at the magical display. She doubted the rest of her group was in a better state.

Of course, she knew Teleportation magic existed, but she had never known multiple beings could be affected by it at the same time, and with one single spell no less!

“Y-you two, is that some variant of the Teleportation spell?”

She asked Rayne and Arche who had to take more than a few moments to compose themselves and not gawk like fish out of water.

“No, a-as far as I know... no spell is known to Teleport more people at once...”

Rayne said seemingly lost at what just happened.

“I-I heard rumors about rituals performed to do something similar... but even those required at least five or six 4th tier magic caster, not counting the expensive ritual materials... and even those were just rumors...”

Arche mumbled as her eyes did not move from the area where her teacher disappeared from.

Even Vulmiatr just shook his head as if to signal his ignorance on such a matter.

“Could it be... a 6th tier unknown spell?”

Rayne asked tentatively, snapping Arche out of her trance.

“That is impossible... I mean, where did he even learn that? Even master Fluder is not capable of that!”

She protested as Rayne raised his hands in mock surrender.

“I mean, master Satoru said he came from the east right? Maybe there were some lost spells there... or maybe, that is a spell he created himself?”

He tried to justify his point as Arche seemed to ponder his words. Whatever the reason may be, Satoru once again left the bunch of them flabbergasted, and Lakys was pretty sure this would not be the last time.

{Three days later}

{E-Rantel’s Adventurer Guild}

{Ainzach’s P.O.V.}

Pluton Ainzach was a cautious man, he had to be or else he would not have managed to become an adventurer at the age of nineteen and retire at thirty-five without any invalidating injury. His popularity among adventurers at the time, even if he only managed to climb to the Mithril rank, was one of the major reasons for his elevation to Guildmaster of E-Rantel.

But for all Pluton was a cautious man, he had also been an incredibly unlucky one. Just after a little more than a year since he became Guildmaster, the meaning behind becoming an adventurer and their lifestyle changed drastically. Copper ranks did not die on the daily basis, fools with dreams actually managed to do something with their life and not drop out after their first quest, the numbers of new adventurers tripled over months.

And all of these changes were traceable back to a single man. The one being who had been a constant name in the mouth of people all over the Kingdom and beyond. The elusive magic caster Satoru, also known as the King’s Justice, or the Executioner, depending on who you asked.

A 6th tier magic caster that put the whole kingdom upside down with his mere existence. The major promotor of magical development in the history of the kingdom, and the backer of adventurer guilds all over Re-Estize.

Ainzach has thought that him becoming Guildmaster before the age of forty with a stellar career behind him would have been an achievement people would still recall decades after his death.

Oh, how he was wrong!

In less than two years, the magic caster now turned Marquis not only took control of all Magician Guilds around the kingdom, no, he also put under his thumb all Adventurer Guilds in their entirety, the Merchant Guild, as well as former Eight Fingers, not that anyone dared to call it that anymore.

In comparison to that, his achievements were trifling things indeed. He thought himself to be a bucket of water emptied into a bathtub, but he turned out to be just a droplet of water fallen into the ocean.

Pluton could have saved himself the trouble, resigned his position and returned to his adventurer lifestyle, or even retired altogether. But he decided to stay, to put his life on the line to protect the adventurers from being turned into an army for a man who had no qualms in ordering the death of his foes may they be guilty or innocent.

The adventurer guild has always been a free institution, far from the bloodstained hands of nobility. But now, their neutrality was nothing but an illusion, Pluton knew well that the his guild, no, all the guilds in the kingdom, relied on the magic items, scrolls,

and other services the magic caster offered in his many shops all around the kingdom.

They had come to rely so much on the magic caster that he could basically ask anything of them, and they would be forced to oblige, penance being the ban from buying from his shops, in short, the adventurer guild would collapse as many adventurers would defect just to be able to continue their work with the caster's support.

The guilds would disappear leaving behind unemployed mercenaries without any rules to bind them. A dangerous and dreadful prospect.

That is why he remained as the Guildmaster. He had to make sure such a future would not come to be, while at the same time trying to appease the magic caster enough to not force his hand. To his dismay and suspicion, the latter had been far more easier than anticipated.

The caster had his own knives to send around and take care of troublesome people. That was a relief at least, but still, Pluton had no doubt that he would call upon the adventurers if the need ever arose.

Deep in his thoughts as he was, he almost jumped when the door to his office slammed open revealing one of his receptionists.

Milly was one of his best employees, always professional and with more than ten years in the business, so he almost did not recognize her as her face had turned a rather worrying shade of white while her lower lip trembled.

“M-Master Ainzach.”

She said in a strangled breath as if she had just run a marathon and not just walked up a flight of stairs. Something was definitely wrong here.

“What has happened?”

He questioned going directly to the core of the matter as he felt a wave of uneasiness wash over him.

“T-there are new recruits wishing to register... b-but...”

The receptionist stammered out as she glanced at the stairs before closing the distance between her and Pluton.

“They are not all humans.”

She whispered as if fearful that her words might offend someone.

On his part the Guildmaster’s eyes widened in surprise, it was quite rare to have other races walk through the city, he once heard rumors of an half-elf passing through the city when he was still a teenager. So, to hear that one or more of those other races wished to become adventurers was quite a first in his career. He could not fault his receptionist for her demeanor, though, he would have to have a talk with her once this ordeal was finished, he didn’t want to put on edge every member of another race she might come across in the future.

“I will take care of this, lead the way.”

He said confidently as Milly seemed to hesitate.

“Do you not wish... to take your weapon with you?”

She asked hesitantly. He had no idea what kind of person would have managed to scare her so much, but he could not condone this.

“They have behaved peacefully till now, haven’t they? So I don’t think there is any need to be so paranoid.”

He said as the receptionist just gave him a small nod before escorting him down the stairs.

As soon as he entered the guild’s hall he was hit by the heavy and tense atmosphere. Every adventurer seemed on edge, and the source of such a disturbance wasn’t hard to spot. And in that moment Pluton deeply regretted not listening to his receptionist when it came to bringing his weapon.

There, before the receptionist booth stood six... beings. Three of them were quite certainly human children if not young teenagers, a rare sight, but not something unheard off. Then there was the normal adult warrior he grew accustomed to seeing everyday. From there, the strange sights began. A not so tall, but quite muscular demi-human that somehow resembled a giant mole stood fiercely, his sharp claws reflecting the magical lights burning inside the guild hall, his eyes as grey as polished stone, and his point-sharp teeth barely visible from that angulation. The last member was the tallest and was a demi-human he heard about but never saw before, a lizardman, but even then this lizardman was built like a warrior of legends, standing tall with bulging muscles all over his body. That would have been enough to send the average gold ranked adventurer running for their life, but then came his blade, An artifact surely magical in nature judging by the icing aura it emanated, a blade that seemed carved from ice itself. In all his life Pluton could count on one hand the artifacts he saw that could even compare to that, and he would have still fingers to spare.

Gulping down his anxiety, the Guildmaster moved forward, he had no idea how these demi-humans even managed to enter E-Rantel without causing a commotion or being chased away by the city guards.

“Good afternoon, I am Pluton Ainzach, Guildmaster of E-Rantel’s Adventurer Guild.”

He presented himself, every single muscle on his body tense and ready to act at the first sign of violence, for all the good it would do.

“Good afternoon, Guildmaster, me and my team are here to get registered as adventurers.”

Surprisingly the one to utter those words was none other than the smiling blonde girl he had barely considered at his first sight of the group.

“Your... team?”

He could not ask but question as he could not accept the fact his brain just understood the words as they were spoken.

“Yeah, I know it is a bit large by the usual standards, but I would not give up any of them for anything in the world.”

The girl continued as if nothing was happening, and she just was not presenting two deadly demi-humans as if they were her childhood friends.

“Y-your teammates, you say?”

He glanced at the demi-humans in the group much to the mole-like demi-human’s irritation.

“What? Never saw a Quagoa in your life before?”

The voice sounded raspy, but it certainly carried a hint of sarcasm with it. But Pluton was far too busy conceptualizing the fact a demi-human was just bantering with him instead of attacking him to care.

“Yes, actually.”

He responded before he could stop himself..

“Well, it is the first time I see a crowd of humans too, but you don’t see me gawk at them like a fish out of water.”

The demi-human retorted before being elbowed into the ribs, curtesy of the blond girl.

“Don’t be rude Riyuro.”

She chastised much to Pluton’s horror, who was ready to move away the girl from her position now that she certainly angered the demi-human. But before he could even more the so called Quagoa just brought a hand to his ribs massaging where the girl hit.

“Whatever you say... boss.”

He just grinned at her which quite unnerved the Guildmaster seeing how the rows of sharp teeth glistened under the light.

“Now, can we register already? Not to sound rude but we have other stuff to do today, you know?”

Pluton had no idea how to respond to the girl’s demand.

“I... sorry but, your teammates... they are not...”

He was trying to blabber out some excuse before the girl’s green eyes pinned his soul against the wall with a glare.

“There are no rules dictating what race you must be to become an adventurer, and if you are worried about them being dangerous to

anyone, you can always speak with Satoru about it, he said he would vouch for them.”

Pluton froze as those word hit him like a troll’s fist. There was only one being in the kingdom with that name as far as he knew, and only one with his status could even hope his word would count for anything in this situation.

The utterance of that name did not only shock Ainzach but also broke the silent spell hanging over the room as everyone began to mumble among themselves.

The Guildmaster had to make a decision, and he knew that he only really had one choice as his refusal was certainly not a slight the magic caster would let go of.

“Milly, take out the registration forms.”

He ordered in defeat as his receptionist hesitated only a moment before obliging the request.

From there the group of six began to fill in their forms, the only one who had someone else to do it for him was the lizardman.

Pluton carefully printed each of their name in his mind, as he would certainly keep an eye on them. The apparent leader of the group even seemed to be a noble judging by her many names, he had no idea of what to make of them.

“Sorry, can you give us one more, my last teammate could not get in the guild.”

Pluton raised an eyebrow at that, he had no idea what game the girl was playing, but this time he had something to counter her with.

“I apologize, but the rules clearly state that every adventurer, when registering must be present.”

He stated as a matter of fact. The girl seemed to think about it for a moment, Pluton daring her to flaunt her influence to go against the rules, he almost hoped she did as it would have been a great wake up call for many adventurers at what was happening.

“But, he really can’t come... he is outside the gates, can you come to confirm him?”

She asked taking Pluton, who expected her to demand his cooperation, aback.

“Why can’t he come, is he not welcomed into the city?”

The Guildmaster inquired as he could totally expect for this elusive last member to be some sort of wanted criminal.

“Well, the guards said it would be better for him not to walk the streets.”

Pluton had to suppress a smirk at that. He was happy the guards actually had a backbone for once and did not cave in to the demands of even someone as dangerous as that magic caster. Still, if he could prove this last member was some kind of criminal, he could easily deny her whole group’s request.

“Very well then, lead the way.”

He said to the girl known as Lakyus who seemed none the wiser about his true intentions.

They left the guild followed by a group of curious adventurers who apparently had nothing better to do other than get to the bottom of this.

They all silently passed through the busy streets, most of the citizens trying to distance themselves from the demi-humans, not that Pluton could fault them for it.

They finally reached the gates as he noted a larger group of guards than usual, though they all stayed far away from the open gate itself. ‘Could they be organizing a plan to arrest this criminal?’ the Guildmaster asked himself just before they passed through the gate.

“Hey Vulmitar!”

The young blonde called turning to the right as soon as she passed the gate. That was not a name Pluton recognized among the wanted criminals, but it just might be an alias-

His brain froze, no, it would be better to say that his entire body froze as his eyes laid upon the elusive last member of the strangest adventurer group he ever saw.

His pale blue scales glistened under the sun, his imposing presence demanding respect as his light blue serpentine eyes made their way toward them with a curious glint before shifting their attention back to the young blonde who seemed but a bug compared to him.

“You took your time, I was almost falling asleep.”

The deep, but still juvenile, voice snapped Pluton out of his contemplative shock as the dragon before him just stretched his muscles before rising from his laid down position, showing how truly massive he was, not that Pluton himself ever saw a dragon to compare this one to.

“So, this is my last teammate, Vulmitar.”

The blonde girl told the Guildmaster before handing him the filled form.

Pluton barely heard her and took the paper back just out of instinct as his eyes could not get unstuck from the form of the dragon before him.

“T-t-this is the f-form for y-your t-team’s creation.”

He saw with the corner of his eye, Milly giving the girl the team creation form she had carried around from the guild.

On her part the blonde did not hesitate to fill it in before handing it back to him for approval, only then did he manage to remove his gaze from the being of legend stretching his limbs before him.

He was utterly defeated, so he barely bothered to read through the form before sighing and defaulting on the phrase he always used when a new team of adventurers was created.

“We expect great things from you... Seven’s Own Goal.”

A.N.

And here we are! Lakyus has just basically established the most OP adventurer team to ever walk the ground... and they are all officially copper rank!

Oh? And what is that? Did someone remember a certain name a certain masked undead let himself slip while having a certain heartfelt conversation? Oops, I guess he will have to live with the consequences of his actions.

I know some of you were expecting to get right into the next arc. I swear this was the last chapter I needed to finalize stuff as now we are officially back into the kingdom and so the next arc can officially begin!

Can't wait to hear your thoughts in a comment/review!

Have a nice day and stay safe!