

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hi there! Sorry for the slight delay but the chapter took quite longer than I thought. Well, in my defense, I would not have expected it to reach almost 10k words in length!

So, without further ado, I wish you a good read!

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

Chapter 60: War of Ice, Fire, Lightning, and Air

Vulmitar stood in front of his father, his light blue eyes wide in shock and astonishment at what he just heard. For a moment he glanced at his mother, she was as stoic as ever, not betraying a single of her thoughts.

“Eh, those dwarves had got cocky to dare insulting us like this.”

Torangealit spat out in disdain at what their father just told them.

“Indeed, they have gotten too overconfident in their abilities if they think they can just deal with us like they did with the Quagoa.”

His father confirmed in an emotionless tone. One Vulmitar knew well, it was the one his father used every time he was greatly displeased.

“Hence why I have chosen you three to deal with the problem and put those lowly beings back where they belong.”

He continued without raising his voice in the slightest, something which greatly unnerved Vulmitar.

“Torangealit, Vulmitar, Hejinmal, you three will deal with them... make sure they learn what happens when someone rises against the Frost Dragons so brazenly... show them the error in their ill-born confidence, and make sure no one in the next ten generations will even ponder the idea of rising against us.”

His father ordered, though, Vulmitar knew better, this was clearly a test. If his father really wanted to impart such a lasting lesson he would go himself, or at least send his strongest children, instead he chose to send both Vulmitar and Hejinmal, some of his weakest, alongside Torangealit to ensure nothing happens.

“F-Father, should we not approach this more cautiously? If what you told us is to be believed, the dwarves now are in possession of a powerful weapon capable of spewing ice and lightning magic... maybe that is not all it might do, if it turns out this weapon can also utilize fire-“

Hejinmal spoke up for the first time ever since their father summoned them, only to be interrupted by Torangealit slamming his claw in front of the father dragon.

“You would dare advice cowardice in front of such an insult! Are you even a dragon?! Or just a fat worm with wings?!”

Torangealit roared, seemingly enraged at the words of his younger half-brother. Vulmitar on his part remained silent, he immediately noticed the stare of his and Hejinmal's mother shift. For all their mother was often meek and never defended them from their father's harsh lessons, she was not one who would stand for blatant disrespect, even more if it was a veiled insult to herself.

"Peace Torangealit, for once your brother did not spew utter nonsense."

Vulmitar was taken aback by his father's words, this might be the first time he had ever spoken up for Hejinmal in recorded history. Even Torangealit seemed taken aback and just obeyed, if it was out of respect or shock Vulmitar did not know.

"Hejinmal's concerns are valid, the Quagao had only spoken of ice and lightning, but considering the confidence of the Dwarves to march here, in our domain, with such brazen bravado, I would not put it past them to have some sort of trump card they believe will be able to bring us down."

Their father stared down at them conveying his message with his freezing cold look.

"If the Quagao turn out to have omitted such information... we will make sure they will be next after we deal with the Dwarves, understood?"

All the three of them nodded at his words, who more resolutely and who more reluctantly.

"Now go, the Dwarves are at our doorstep, destroy those weapons of theirs and then leave the clean up to the Quagao, report to me once everything is concluded."

With those words, their father turned away to return to the treasury where he usually spent most of his time.

Vulmitar looked at his brothers, he had already decided he would not let Hejinmal's failings drag him down as well, so, unless something unforeseen happened, he would not shield him this time. As for Torangealit, for all he could not stand his older arrogant brother, having him around in a fighting situation would certainly count as good insurance for their victory.

He felt a hard slap on his back that almost sent him falling forward. He looked back at the retreating tail that just slapped his back, unsurprisingly, it belonged to his grinning older brother.

"Rejoice Vulmitar, for once you will be able to use that breath of yours effectively."

The older Frost Dragon's mock in his tone was not missed by the younger who seethed as he bit his tongue to stop a retort he would regret from escaping his mouth.

Forget insurance! If that arrogance of his caused his brother to get a fireball to his face Vulmitar would not certainly mind it.

{Zaryusu's P.O.V.}

In all his more than twenty years of life the strongest lizardman would have never thought he would ever visit the Azerlisia Mountains, or meet the races inhabiting it, or even less, find himself fighting in the middle of a war for the future of said mountains.

And yet, here he was. Strange how fate worked its strange ways in life.

He even found someone he fell for, someone he would gladly spend the rest of his life with. Much to the amusement of his brother.

Yet, he was here risking his life for people that weren't his kin nor his responsibility.

Why? That was a question he had asked himself even when his body moved on its own and his mouth spoke words he did not think.

It was utterly foolish, it was madness, to risk it all, to plunge into another war willingly, even after seeing what the last one did to him.

But he knew the reason. He knew what brought to this moment. The same catalyst that had changed the course of life of his entire species.

The blonde human, barely more than a child, in front of him.

He had been defeated by her the first time they fought, and every time after. She was powerful, and yet, he had never met any other creature more compassionate than her in his entire life.

She carried herself with the conviction and grace that were the epitome of everything a true warrior should stand for.

He saw her bring down an entire clan to its knees, to the point of them recognizing her as their chieftain. But instead of taking what was rightfully earned, she refused it, to pass it into the hands of those she believed more capable than her in such matters.

This was not how the world worked. The strong won and took whatever they wanted from the weak. For the most powerful to

just lay down and offer a hand to the ones who would see her dead was just unconceivable.

That was the moment where Zaryusu's heart skipped a beat for the first time. He watched as she helped an helpless deformed hydra and loved him as not even his mother would. He watched as she managed to unite the tribes who had only years before slaughtered each other.

All the while, talking about her goal, the dream of a world without war and conflict between the races. Of peace, coalition, and reciprocal help.

A pleasant dream he would gladly imagine, but would never dare think possible.

And then came the Dwarves and the Quagoa. Two races with the far more hate between each other than all the tribes combined. They enslaved and slaughtered each other for decades, if not centuries. Peace was nothing but an empty word in their vocabularies.

He did not believe his ears when she proclaimed she would end this and bring peace between the two. He had prepared himself to see her fail when facing that hate, all he could expect was for her to aid one of the sides and end the conflict that way.

And so he observed, he watched her face death for people she did not know, he saw her triumph against all odds. And that had been miraculous enough, in that moment he had seen the might of the greatest warrior he ever met.

But it didn't end there. No.

She turned around and offered her heart and soul to the enemy who tried to kill her a moment ago. She introduced him to all her

friends as if he was just another friend she had known for a lifetime.

And then he realized that she had never picked a side to begin with. She had remained true to her words. She brought Dwarves and Quagoa together.

True, all of what she accomplished she did accomplish with help, but that was beyond the point. The true important thing was that her will was hers alone, and she had remained true to it despite all the hate in the world trying to crush her.

And by the end of it, he was seeing the coronation of the strength of her conviction. Two races with decades of resentfulness and hatred coming together as one through the power, compassion, and understanding of one single girl.

How could he not believe her words after seeing all of this? How could he not hope to see her dream coronated one day? How could he remain immobile after meeting such a once in a lifetime individual?

If, after everything he saw, he still refused to acknowledge her. If he refused to raise his blade. If he refused to fight in the name of all she represented and leave her to stand alone on the battlefield.

If he did just one of those things, he would have no longer a right to call himself a warrior, no, even worse, he would have no right to ever again wield a blade in his entire life!

She had faced the horrors of war and was not broken by them like he was. No, she raised from the ashes, stronger than before, unyielding in her conviction and ideals.

Not even in the most outlandish and wildest stories did he ever hear of such a warrior. If he could just be another stepping stone

on her stair to greatness, he would gladly accept his role. But he knew that she would not accept such a thing, she was too kind and gentle to even think about using anyone in that manner.

“Are you sure Leinas?”

Speaking of which, Lakyus was talking with her self-proclaimed guard right now. Not that Zaryusu ever saw the older human do much more than train with the girl before.

“Yes Lady Lakyus, it is my duty to protect you... even after all my failing in upholding such words.”

The older girl bowed her head to Lakyus who began to reassure her that she appreciated her just being there for her.

The words almost brought a smirk on Zaryusu’s face. That sounded exactly like what someone like Lakyus would say.

The lizardman felt someone pass right next to him, he turned only to be greeted by the forms of a certain magic caster duo. The two of them reached Lakyus and a discussion started between the three barely teenagers.

Zaryusu looked at the two casters, one cloaked in blue and the other in red, he wondered what the great magic caster Satoru saw in those two to take them under him as his apprentices. He just could not imagine the one-man army taking anyone under his guidance without a proper reason.

Speaking of which, said caster was silently waiting on the side near where the dwarves were setting up their defensive position, for all the good it would do against grown dragons.

To be completely honest, the silent caster unnerved Zaryusu far more than the thought of a dragon. He had seen with his own two

eyes what happened to the ones who got in the caster's way, and a day didn't pass by without the lizardman thanking every deity that he did not try to attack the human group the first time they met in the forest.

The result of that would have been... catastrophic to say the least. There would be no more tribes to speak of by now if he just followed his first instinct that day.

He shook his head to cast aside such grim thoughts. Satoru was on their side, and that was all that counted.

The magic caster even equipped them with an item that would negate any ice damage on their person. A counter to one of the greatest strengths of their opponents.

"Arche, Rayne, thank you for the help, it really means a lot!"

The young blonde said as the two caster reached her.

"Well... I mean, this is what friends are for right? I would not feel fine if I let you on your own now more than ever."

Rayne said as he blushed lightly.

"Uhm, it is like Master Satoru said, we need battle experience to apply what we learned, otherwise we will never improve... I guess... also, as a fellow noble, I cannot stand here and do nothing while you go out there."

Arche humphed as she crossed her arms before the brown haired boy hugged her shoulder.

"Come on! You can just say you want to help, no point in finding excuses."

He teased her as she shoved him away.

“Shut up.”

She retorted curtly, but the blush on her cheeks clearly betrayed her embarrassment.

“Well, well, aren’t you just a merry band of juvenile dragon hunters? That is kind of adorable in an endearing way.”

Zaryusu almost jumped at the amused and familiar voice coming from behind him. He turned only to meet a pair of black eyes piercing into his soul. If he had to admit, this other human was the only one he feared as much as Satoru. He still remembered when she raised her blade, almost lazily, against him and four others. In all his life, he never felt so insignificant in a fight, so outmatched against an opponent.

The only words he could use to described the feeling were the unavoidable certainty of death. A sensation only comparable to the dread he felt later on when Satoru brought doom upon the Quagoa army singlehandedly.

These were the true monster that inhabited this world. Beings capable of changing the fate of thousands on their lonesome.

He wondered if these Frost Dragons would even be comparable to the likes of those two.

{Lakyus’ P.O.V.}

Lakyus tried to keep her nerves at bay, even though she felt the tingling need for her legs to begin shaking. She stayed firm, using all the discipline her training gave her.

She could not waver now, not here when they were so close!

She looked upon the dwarven capital of Feo Berkana, this truly seemed like a city out of legend. It glimmered with gold and the

magnificence of the structures could not be compared to the dullness of what they had seen till today. No wonder Quagoa, Dwarves, and even dragons warred over the dominance of such magnificence.

Speaking of which, she could see the Quagoa army from here, outside the city walls, some twenty thousands or so Riyuro told them when they were planning. The other tens of thousands were probably at work on their little trump card. She shook her head, this was no time to think about the future. She needed to focus on the here and now, and the challenge that was approaching inexorably.

The plan was for Satoru to remain fresh and ready to face the White Dragon Lord, so, until he showed his snout, everything else would have to be taken down by her and her companions.

Speaking of which, she looked behind her.

Leinas stood tall and stoic, though Lakys, after knowing her for a while, could detect tenseness all over her body. She had no idea why the imperial knight chose to fight. Sure, she proclaimed herself as Lakys' knight many a time, but Lakys has witnessed firsthand the fear the knight felt every time she faced something unknown. Her paranoia about curses was still haunting her after more than a year, not that Lakys would ever resent her, she was grateful for all the imperial noble did.

The next, and probably most unexpected, was Zaryusu, the lizardman had proposed his help when they were about to depart from Feo Jera, he had expressed his admiration for what she managed to accomplish and wished to lend his aid in order to make her dream come true. To say Lakys had been elated at those words would have been an understatement. She even

grabbed Renner and began twirling around with her, much to the princess' clear discomfort at the activity.

Behind the first two were Rayne and Arche, the boy and girl she came to consider some sort of surrogate younger siblings during the time they lived together. Rayne had joined her on the spot, he was impulsive as ever, as for Arche... the girl had been very undecided until the last moment, but in the end she joined her party as well. She was proud of those two and with a squad of five she truly began to feel like a true adventurer now.

Her eyes then darted toward the figure currently sitting on a rock not far from them. her newest instructor, Lin, was gazing at the ceiling and the glimmering stones mimicking stars embedded as the were in the stalactites hanging down. The lone explorer apparently was here due to an agreement she and Satoru stroke. She had no idea what this agreement entailed, but she was nonetheless grateful for her presence and much needed aid.

Speaking of the key figure for their plan, Satoru had already gifted them items that would nullify any ice damage according to him. She glanced down at the white ring on her finger. She didn't doubt Satoru's words, though, she could not admit that claim seemed outlandish to say the least, if it wasn't for the fact that Satoru had a reputation to just bring about the impossible, Lakys would have had doubts about the item she currently had equipped.

“DRAGONS! THEY ARE COMING!”

The shouting of those panicked words brought her back to the here and now as her head snapped int other direction of the city her eyes ready to focus on anything moving in the air.

It didn't take more than a moment to find them, their pale blue scales reflecting the twinkling of the precious gems embedded in the ceiling. Even from that distance, their form was quite big, she gulped thinking about how big they would look in person. Even with that dreadful thought circulating in her mind, she could still not deny the beauty of such a scene. Truly, dragons were magnificent creatures indeed, no wonder there were many poems describing their fierceness and power, not counting the countless tales that saw them featured in all kinds of roles.

“Remember the plan, we are ready for this, do not falter!”

She said out loud to try and mitigate the nervousness or fear her companions were certainly feeling at the prospect of a battle against a dragon.

The dwarven army shifted back from her and her group, they would not lend a hand in this matter, no, they had to conserve their strength for what was to come.

Lakyus looked as the three Frost Dragons glided down till they gently landed on no one's land, the five hundred meters in between the Quagoa army and the dwarven army.

The blonde swordswoman took a deep breath before taking a step forward in their direction, her example followed by the rest of their group.

They marched toward the dragons, and the more they got closer, the more details she noticed. One was clearly larger than the others, rippling muscles covered its entire scaly body and he wore a darker tonality of blue compared to the others. The second largest was in the back, but it was completely different from his probable brother. Wherever the first possessed powerful muscles,

the second only seemed to have fat under his scales, if Lakyus had not been so tense, she might have had to suppress a laugh at the sight of a chubby dragon.

But the third, and smallest, was the one which attracted her attention the most, his scales were the palest blue among the three and they reflected the light the best, almost giving the illusion that he was shining. He had no bulging muscles or fat like his brothers, but he was certainly the most beautiful by far in her eyes. Though, she called him the smallest, his head was still as large as her entire body.

“Dwarves?”

The question came from the largest dragon, the sound of his voice sending shivers down Lakyus’ spine. That voice sounded so inhumane, even Zaryusu and Riyuro, for all they were demi-humans, still sounded human, just with an inflection no human throat could replicate.

This, this was completely different, it almost sounded like the sound of words was produced by the crackling of breaking ice, which was quite jarring as that would be impossible to do with mere ice.

“B-brother, I think that o-one is a bit too tall for a d-dwarf, and that other seems like a l-lizardman if I had to guess... t-the other three might be d-dwarves though.”

The fatter dragon in the back said in a meek tone, something Lakyus did not expect from a dragon. She tried to push her nervousness down as her gaze did not leave the gigantic dragons for an instant.

“We are humans.”

Lakyus spoke up even with her throat completely dried out. Three pair of icy blue eyes fixed on her.

“Humans? W-what are those doing here? T-they inhabit the outside world.”

The fat dragon seemed to muse to himself.

“Enough of this! HUMANS or whatever you are! We are here to destroy the arrogant dwarves who think they can challenge us without retaliation!”

The larger one roared as Lakyus felt the air get chiller by the second. She felt that dreadful sensation crawl up her spine, she gritted her teeth, this was no time to fall to the fear of death.

“Eh, bold words... for a frozen lizard hiding under a rock.”

Lakyus almost choked on her spit as she heard Lin’s mocking words. ‘Did she just...’ she could not even finish her thought that she heard a deafening boom from next to her, a powerful wind threatening to sending her on her ass.

Lakyus snapped her head in the direction of the sound as she tried to remain upright. Her eyes widened as she saw the front claw of the larger dragon crash down upon the location of Lin. She didn’t even manage to see him move, only a flash of blue before the claw was brought down. Dust was still covering the area as her dread increased tenfold at the thought of having already lost their strongest asset.

The dust slowly fell, Lakyus had her breath stuck in her throat as she waited for the result of the exchange to be revealed.

She sighed in relief as she saw the form of Lin still in one piece and not splattered on the floor.

The blonde swordswoman's mouth fell open. There, blocking the descending claw of the giant dragon with the blunt side of her halberd, was Lin with a feral grin exposed on her face.

With a shove of her weapon, the explorer sent the dragon stumbling back much to Lakys' and everyone else's amazement.

“What is it, frozen lizard? This is all you can do?”

The black-haired woman mocked the larger dragon which, in all answer, roared back furiously unleashing his frost breath upon her causing a large portion of the stone ground to freeze over instantly.

Lakys gaped at the display, the sheer devastation unleashed by a single attack was far more than she ever faced before. What was even worse was that Lin did not receive any items protecting her from ice damage, as she said it would ruin her fun.

“Oi! Stupid lizard! Did your brain freeze over?! I am up here!”

The familiar voice shouted from above as everyone raised their gazes to look upon the floating form of the explorer who looked down upon them all.

“I WILL EVISCERATE YOU!!!”

The dragon roared before taking flight in pursuit of the explorer.

Lakys would have been glad to witness such a fierce battle but she had already enough on her plate as it was. Facing two dragons was already a challenge on its own without her being distracted by another battle taking her attention away.

Speaking of which, the two remaining dragons didn't even flinch at the display. It seemed like they were used to their brother's

temper, which was quite a likely possibility now that she thought about it.

Taking a deep breath Lakyus unsheathed her sword, small embers dancing around her blade. She chose this over her lightning sword for obvious reason, though she had her second blade strapped on her back to be sure. After all, like Satoru once said, only a dead fool would think themselves prepared for everything that could happen.

“I would ask you to surrender, but I think it would be a moot point as we are now, so instead I will ask you this... what are your names?”

She asked, now fully focused on the two dragons in front of her.

Silence reigned, apart from the sounds of the battle raging in the distance.

“You are right, there is no avoiding this, my name is Vulmitar, and I am your end.”

The light blue dragon spoke calmly as he stood to its maximum height as if trying to puff out his chest.

“Hejinmal, stay back, I will take care of this.”

The now named Vulmitar continued as the fat dragon behind him obeyed seemingly eagerly.

“Well met Vulmitar, I am Lakyus, by the end of this, I hope we can get to know each other better.”

She said before getting into her practiced stance, she felt noise from behind her, probably meaning that her companions were preparing for battle as well.

Vulmitar just lowered his stance into one more resembling a cat ready to pounce on a mouse.

“I highly doubt that your hopes will bear any fruits.”

The dragon uttered calmly as they stared each other down.

A moment of silence passed as if the two were studying each other for the smallest of seconds, and then a claw descended upon Lakyus who was ready to dodge.

She made to retaliate but she was pushed aside when the body of the dragon charged them like a bull. The one to push her away and stop her from being trampled was Leinas, but for all her relief, Lakyus immediately focused on Arche and Rayne. They were not fast enough to avoid this! If they got hit by a charge like that they would certainly die! If they died due to her... she... she...

Her fear was subdued by the sight of Zaryusu landing after leaping away from the charge. Both Rayne and Arche on his shoulders.

“[Cinder’s Rain]!”

“[Sparks]!”

The two magic caster apprentices shouted out as a stream of crackling lightning and small fire balls went for the back of the dragon who was still turning around.

The spells collided eliciting a roar of pain from the beast as the two spells scorched his scales and skin.

In all response the dragon opened his maw and a stream of frost surged out. Differently from his brother’s, Vulmitar’s frost breath did not merely freeze the ground, it ripped it apart as if an army of icicles were impaling it.

“[Icy Burst]!”

The cry this time came from Zaryusu as he slammed his blade on the ground activating its special skill.

A barrier of ice immediately surged forth in front of the entire group shielding them from the Frost Dragon’s breath.

“Rayne! Arche! Cover us!”

Lakyus ordered as the shield of ice was breaking apart under the strain of the dragon’s breath.

“Leinas with me!”

The knight nodded at her as the barrier finally broke and they all leapt away from the incoming attack.

“[Twin magic: Fire Arrow]!”

“[Twin magic: Lightning Arrow]!”

The two caster cried out as their spells were fired against the dragon forcing him to interrupt his attack and dodge.

Either way, it didn’t matter.

“[Flow Acceleration] [Capacity Building]”

Lakyus felt her body strengthen though, she was still only capable of maintaining only two Martial Arts active at the same time, a third would soon deplete all her mental fortitude and body resistance.

She heard Leinas swiftly move beside her as they charged the dragon. The knight aimed her spear at the beast’s eye but she found only its open mouth to greet her as a torrent of frost invested her.

Lakyus prayed Satoru's item would work as she took advantage of the distraction Leinas provided.

“[Twofold Slash of Light]!”

She cried out her mentor's signature Martial Art as she gritted her teeth due to the sheer pressure of having three Martial Arts active at the same time, even if it was little over a second.

Vulmitar roared out in pain again as he stumbled back interrupting his attack on Leinas. His right forelimb now sporting two deep smoking cuts that passed right through the defense offered by his scales and cut deep into his flesh.

“DAMN YOU!”

The Frost Dragon raged as his wings began to flap, sending powerful gusts of winds all around him as he took to the skies.

‘Shit!’ this was exactly the worst of the scenarios she thought she would face. They had no way of easily bring down a dragon and very much lacked in the long-distance offensive repertoire. The only one capable of doing something would be Rayne and Arche now.

“Are you unharmed?”

Lakyus asked as the older blonde knight rejoined her.

“Yes, Lady Lakyus, the item seems to work just fine, I felt no pain while being under the dragon's breath, though, the sheer power of the stream still prevented me from going past it.”

The two of them proceeded to regroup with the rest of their allies as the dragon flew around them in circles as if pondering his next move.

“What do we do now?”

Asked Rayne as he climbed down from Zaryusu's back followed by Arche. Both of the magic casters' hair were completely disheveled and their robes weren't in a much better state.

"Curses! If we could cast 3rd tier spells this battle would be already over!"

The blonde imperial caster lamented as she tried to free her vision by moving her hair away from her face.

"Fire is extremely effective as expected, but still... if he keeps this kind of distance, hitting him would be quite the challenge... Magic Arrow might be able to trace his trajectory."

Proposed Rayne.

"Yes, but 1st tier spells will barely scratch those scales, we cannot bring him down like this, I still have one of the [Perfect Shot] scrolls Master Satoru gave us and I could try to use it to aim directly at his wings with a fire spell... we can only pray that will be enough."

Arche rebutted with a grimace.

Lakyus began to think hard about this, they had limited resources, limited arsenal and an enemy they would have to hit decisively to bring down. What would Satoru do? What would he and his companions do in a situation like this? Well... now that she thought about it, there had been a similar story he told to them about once...

It was a gamble, but Lakyus had never been one for avoiding risks.

"There might yet still be another way, but I need all of you to put in everything you have."

Lakyus said as the plan inspired by Satoru's story took form in her mind.

{Vulmitar's P.O.V.}

'It hurts! It hurts!' Vulmitar was well accustomed to pain, he had been bruised well enough over his life by his siblings. But this, this was a completely different matter. He could still feel the fire burning his side, the scorching pain of having his forelimb slashed open and the wound cauterized the following second.

This, this was unbearable, and he will make them all pay! Every last one!

He was flying, keeping his distance from his opponent stuck to the ground. He needed to get a hold of himself! He was a Frost Dragon! He must push his advantage, barraging them with his powerful breath and even his trump card if it was needed!

He tried to avoid thinking about the pain as he descended once more upon those bastards. He unleashed his frost breath upon them, he flew up fast enough to avoid the spells they sent his way in retaliation.

Vulmitar looked back at his enemies, they were covered in his ice, but apart from that, no one seemed injured, that could not be right!

'What is happening here?!' he felt panic surge from within him. He had the most powerful frost breath among his siblings, there was no way someone without a resistance to ice could go uninjured after getting hit by it! Even those with resistance still could not escape his breath completely unshaken! So what the hell was happening here?!

Could these beings be immune to ice?! No, that was unconceivable! There was no race completely immune to an element! Not even the Frost Dragons were immune to ice magic!

He just had to try more! He just needed to push himself harder!

He flew down to avoid another barrage of lightning and fire.

Those were the only dangerous ones, no, the human with a sword was too, but she could do nothing if he was flying. He just had to take out or exhaust the two magic casters and he would win.

He opened his maw and sent another powerful wave of his frost breath toward the group.

“[Icy Burst]!”

Vulmitar heard the cry of the lizardman as an ice wall rose from the ground to shield them from his attack.

In all response Vulmitar just increased the power of his blast to the maximum as he felt his jaw begin to ache and his throat to sore. The wall of ice was completely engulfed by his frost and began to crumble under his eyes. He did not stop there though, he used all he had to make sure this would be the end of them.

When the pain in his throat finally forced him to stop, he had already scorched the rocks with his frost that still hanged in the air like mist hiding the entire area from his vision.

He took in sweet air with deep ragged breaths, he will have to rest his throat for the next two days before he tried anything strenuous again.

His eyes widened a moment later, when a multitude of lighting and fire projectiles breached through the frosty mist still lingering in the air. He had no time to dodge all of them and he could not

certainly risk being brought down as that would put him at a severe disadvantage if any of them survived, as apparently that seemed to be the case.

Forcing his body to comply he spewed out another of his frost breaths, far shorter in duration if compared to the previous one.

Much to his satisfaction, he saw spell after spell dissipate against his own breath. One by one they disappeared, all but one. A single fire spell passed his breath, aimed for him, but one alone would not do much and was still easily avoidable. He lowered himself to let the spell pass above him only to notice that what was coming for him was no spell at all. No, that projectile was a flaming weapon, a spear to be exact.

Vulmitar's eyes widened as the weapon changed its trajectory at the final moment. The next thing he felt was a searing pain and the sensation of falling, he tried to move his wings but only one responded to his commands, that gave him an answer to what the spear hit, for all the little good it did.

He crashed ruinously on the hard ground with a loud boom. The dragon used his remaining strength to stand up trying to avoid putting much weight on his injured limb.

The mist had already dispersed by the time he could focus on his surroundings again. To his utter shock and horror, none of his enemies had apparently been killed or incapacitated by his previous attacks. This just could not be... was he... was he going to die here? Just like this?

No...

No no no no no no! No! No! No! No! NO! NO! NO!!!

‘I still have much to do! I have yet much to prove to this world! I will not die here! I must survive by any means necessary!’ Vulmitar raged against his demise from within as he felt his body drawing on everything he still had.

The group charged him, the magic caster using again their accursed spells, but this time he had a trump card of his own to play.

“[Frost Cloak]!”

He casted his own 2nd tier spell which caused his body to be completely engulfed in frosty air as if a snowstorm was shielding him like an armor.

His father was not the only one who thought about compensating for their race’s natural weakness toward fire. This armor of his could withstand and reduce fire damage without having to rely on the large mana cost of the 3rd tier spell his father was so proud of.

The spells were easily blocked by his newly created armor. The tallest human charged him brandishing a blade with crackling lightning dancing around it. He used his healthy frontal claw to stop her and lock her into a match of strength as his armor nullified the effect of the lightning blade, rending just a normal blade.

In the corner of his eye he noticed the lizardman trying to flank him.

“[Icy Burst]!”

Vulmitar growled at the calling of the spell he came to hate in just the few minutes he had to deal with it. Not that the ice could do him harm, even less now that he was protected by his armor, in fact he felt nothing even when the ability reached him. With a

swift movement of his tail, Vulmitar sent the lizardman rolling away, hopefully he would remain lying on the ground there for the foreseeable future.

The exchange lasted merely a few seconds but by the time he turned the human with the flaming sword was already charging him. The two magic casters in the distance were sitting on the ground seemingly exhausted, which meant she was the only threat remaining.

Once she was gone, he would just have to crush the older human who was still struggling against his claw. A trivial matter in comparison to what had already transpired.

Unfortunately, he would not be able to do so immediately as he had nothing but his fangs to fight with, he will just have to jump back and then... the dread he thought gone from his heart returned with full force as he realized he could not move neither of his hindlimbs, a quick glance revealed the reason. Both of his hindlimbs were encased in thick ice, curtesy of that accursed lizardman's last attack.

With no other alternative remaining he gathered all his remaining mana and unleashed his frost breath once more at full power right upon the incoming human.

He felt his dread mount as the human continued to advance, her flaming blade opening her way. If she passed this he was done for, his head would be left exposed, and it would take a single good strike from that blade to finish him off.

'I will NOT DIE!' Vulmitar raged as he felt his throat begin to tear apart as he forced his frost breath to intensify even more. He

saw the light of the flaming sword being extinguished by his overwhelming breath.

He did not stop until he felt like he was choking on something. He began to cough as blood bathed the ground alongside his spit. Now he had truly done it... his eyes fell on the downed form of the human previously charging him, a frozen hilt without a blade all that remained of her weapon after his attack. He felt like grinning in satisfaction, and he would if his body wasn't busy coughing up blood.

'Four down, one to go' he thought as he felt the effects of his 2nd tier spell disperse.

The last standing human had disengaged his claw when she noticed her downed comrade and immediately jumped in between him and her to apparently protect her, if she was still alive after what Vulmitar put her through.

His icy blue eyes fixed on her grassy green ones. They were studying each other in order to find the best opening to strike from.

In that exact moment an object crashed down on the ground with a loud thud, right in between them. It took Vulmitar a couple moments to realize what exactly landed in front of him, but when he did he could not help but widen his eyes like never before and feel a coldness crawl up his spine.

There, lying in front of him, was the severed and bloody head of his older brother, Torangealit.

"Well, that was an entertaining little skirmish I enjoyed much, I will give the little girl this much... though, she really pushed it on

that last risky move... oh well, a lesson for the future I guess... now I think it is time to end this farce.”

Those words, said in such a casual and amused tone, came from just a dozen meters from them, where the human who had angered his brother so much, was currently lazing on the headless dragon's corpse, seemingly not even winded by the battle she had just finished. Her bloody halberd still stuck on Torangealit's neck.

No one spoke. No one had words to react logically to such an illogical scenario.

The human recovered her weapon before calmly strolling toward Vulmitar who had lost any strength remaining in him at the sight before him.

“Well then, now one of you will bring that head to your frozen asshole of a father and tell him to bring his ugly muzzle out here, or else we will come and drag him out of his little nest kicking and screaming like a child.”

The black-haired human said as if she wasn't talking about the White Dragon Lord, the strongest entity of the whole Azerilisia Mountains.

“But now that I think about it... we only need one for this job... and seeing how you can no longer fly... tough luck I guess...”

With those casual words the female human raised her weapon. Vulmitar did not possess the will or strength to oppose his fate any longer and simply closed his eyes, resigning to his imminent death.

“Wait.”

The new dark and deep voice caused Vulmitar to open his eyes once more, even his would-be killer stopped in her tracks which meant that whoever this new entity was, he was certainly powerful enough to not be trifled with.

From the sky descended a new being, the tallest among the humans but not too dissimilar in form, which prompted Vulmitar to think that this one was human as well.

He could not confirm his hypothesis though, as the new entity's entire body was covered by a dark gown with golden edges, his hands hidden under metallic gloves, and his face concealed behind a black mask with only two twinkling blue gems for eyes.

“Dragon, you said your name was Vulmitar, right?”

The probable human asked him, and for all his throat already screamed in pain at the sole thought of uttering words, he still forced himself to answer, if he had even the slightest chance of surviving this.

“Y-yes.”

He uttered in a low tone as his throat burned as if that human had just stuck her flaming blade into it.

“I saw what you did to Lakyus' sword... you know, I created that one personally, and seeing it destroyed like this... it had been fascinating to say the least.”

Vulmitar gulped at his words, he had apparently inadvertently provoked this powerful being, though his last statement seemed to indicate otherwise.

“I find myself intrigued, is your entire family so proficient in the use of your classical frost breath?”

He asked with seemingly genuine curiosity.

“N-no, I-I am the o-only one with such a p-powerful breath.”

Vulmitar answered as the masked individual brought a gloved hand under his chin as if in contemplation of thoughts only he could understand.

“A unique specimen, eh?... Maybe a rare mutation... Shiny too...”

Vulmitar could barely understand small pieces of what the human was muttering under his breath.

“Lord Commander, I want this one kept alive, see to it that he is not mistreated.”

The dark robed individual ordered the dwarf next to him, a dwarf Vulmitar did not notice till that moment. Now that he thought about it, his vision was getting quite blurred.

“Yes Lord Satoru, it will be done.”

He barely heard the dwarf respond as if his voice was coming through a tunnel. He felt his eyes grow heavy, maybe he was just sleepy. Yes, that was it! He could really use a nap right now. Only a couple minutes.

The next thing Vulmitar knew was the thud of his body hitting the ground and then only silence greeted his unconsciousness.

{Olasird'arc's P.O.V.}

The White Dragon Lord was resting in what was previously the throne room of the dwarven palace, his wives by his side. He normally would prefer the treasury as it's gold and valuables would please his hoarding instincts. Though, such a thing was impossible as he had summoned here all his remaining thirteen

children and the treasury did not possess remotely enough space to accommodate them all.

This was an unusual thing for him to do, but he intended to honor his children he sent to fight this time. This was an uprising without precedence in their centuries old rule and he wanted his other children to witness how such things must be addressed.

Ha had no doubt Torangealit would make him proud as he always did. Vulmitar might yet regain some of his siblings' respect after this, that child's only fault was the lack of opponents vulnerable to his frost breath, an interesting variation of his family's freezing breath. Hejinmal, on the other hand... he didn't have any hopes for that one, he was a craven through and through, an embarrassment for his line, born to be and remain a bookkeeper. Though, if he did any remotely worthy of praise this time, he would make sure he gets a little share of the glory as well. Who knows? Maybe some encouragement might push him in a better direction.

Speaking of which, it seemed like his sons had returned judging by the heavy steps echoing in the silent hallways of the royal palace.

He stood high and mighty as he waited for the return of his victorious sons.

When the new arrival turned the corner to reveal himself Olasird'arc's eyes widened in disbelief at the scene before him. The one returning to him was neither Torangealit nor Vulmitar. Instead it was his most disappointing of sons who just entered the throne room, and what was worse was the fact he had the severed head of Torangealit hanging from his mouth.

The fat dragon was trembling all over and he dropped the head from his mouth the second his terrified eyes met Olasird'arc's furious ones.

“WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!”

He roared as the very walls of the room shook to his furious tone.

“F-Father...”

The fat dragon mumbled under his breath as no one else dared to speak a word, all of their gazes solely focused on the head of their kin lying on the floor.

“SPEAK YOU MISERABLE DISAPPOINTMENT OF A SON!”

Olasird'arc continued to roar as he advanced toward his fat son who stepped back in response.

“It was the human!”

His son cried out as tears of terror rolled down his face under Olasird'arc's murderous gaze.

“Explain now!”

And so, his son explained.

A tale as unbelievable as Quagoa sprouting wings and flying. A tale of how one of his mightiest sons was brought down in single combat by a lone human, and how another was defeated by an assorted group of humans and demi-humans.

But the proof in his fat son's words was right there in the form of a severed head and a missing son.

‘There was no weapon... there never was any weapon to begin with!’ the truth of the matter brought only more surging fury at

the thought of being deceived by lowly creatures such as the Quagoa.

‘I WILL EXTERMINATE THEM ALL! QUAGOA! DWARVES! AND HUMANS TOO! THEY WILL ALL PAY FOR MAKING A MOCKERY OUT OF ME’ he continued to rage as his murderous eyes fell once again on his craven of a son.

With a mighty swish of his tail he sent the fat dragon flying and slamming against a wall.

“YOU ARE A DISGRACE! A TRAITOR TO YOUR KIN AND A COWARD! IF YOU ARE STILL HERE BY THE TIME I AM BACK I WILL MURDER YOU MYSELF! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!”

He furiously ordered and didn’t even bother to check if his fat son was still conscious and able to hear his words.

“MUNUINIA! MIANATALON! KILISTRAN! AND EVERY SON OR DAUGHTER OLDER THAN ONE-HUNDRED WITH ME! WE WILL SHOW THIS INFERIOR RACES WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DEFY THE MIGHTY FROST DRAGONS’ RULE!”

He immediately sprang his wings and flew up breaking through the roof of the throne room, the sound of a dozen other wings doing the same followed him.

He located the source of his rage in no time and proceeded to roar so loud he would be surprised if the cave did not collapse.

‘LET THEM HEAR THE DOOM THEY BROUGHT UPON THEMSELVES!’ he thought as he flew at full speed toward the two armies and those who had taken his sons from him.

He passed above the gathered Quagoa. For all he would have liked to exterminate every last one that exact instant, he would refrain until he settled the score with those humans who dared to strike at his sons first.

“OLASIRD’ARC!”

He heard a familiar voice roar his name in challenge from above him. He raised his gaze only to notice a certain Quagoa hanging from one of the stalactites hanging from the cave’s ceiling.

Pe-Riyuro! That wretched deceiver was smirking mockingly at him from above! That was the greatest insult he could imagine, even more for a dragon dominating the battlefield from the sky!

‘HOW DARES HE?! THAT SCUM!’ with his rage momentarily redirected he flew up followed by his wives and children. If the fool wanted to die so much let him be the first to taste his murderous fury!

The only reason he could recognize him was due to the torch he was wielding and currently brandishing in his direction, as if Olasird'arc would even consider such a puny flame a threat at all.

As he got closer the Quagoa even launched the torch missing him completely. Olasird'arc was about to mock the demi-human one last time before killing him but then the torch hit a stalactite next to him and everything exploded in a sea of flames.

“WAS THIS YOUR LAST GAMBLE YOU PUNY INSECT? THIS FIRE CAN’T EVEN-“

Olasird'arc’s words were interrupted by an entire stalactite collapsing on his head, followed by another and another. Before he could react, the whole cavern seemed to come down upon him.

The White Dragon Lord heard the screams of his children and wives as the mountain of rocks collapsing on him tried to push him down. He was trying to resist, but when he felt one of his wings taking a vicious hit he lost control and rapidly fell toward the ground.

His impact with the ground was as hard as he expected, and he felt like half the mountain was still collapsing on him as he was buried under a myriad of rocks.

‘WHAT IS THIS?!’ he felt once again rage build inside him like an infernal fire ready to consume the world, at this further insult and mockery.

He trashed violently as he pushed rock after rock off him, until he finally managed to climb out of the rubble.

He looked around himself, a large portion of the cave’s ceiling had collapsed, and he and his kin had been brought low and buried. He could see his wives trashing and roaring to free themselves from their prisons, as did some of his older children, the fate of the youngers unknown to him.

The dwarven and Quagoa armies were unbothered and unaffected, it seems like this had been their plan all along, and he fell for it! But now there was nothing stopping his wrath any longer.

‘THEY WILL PAY! THEY WILL ALL PAY!’ with a roar he unleashed his freezing breath upon the Quagoa, but something was wrong, he could see his breath scattering in all directions as if he just hit a wall.

“I am afraid I cannot let you do that White Dragon Lord.”

He heard a deep dark voice come from above him. He raised his gaze only to meet a figure completely covered with the most exquisite dark and golden gown he had ever seen. If he wasn't so blinded by unspeakable rage, he might have thought about taking such a thing for his hoard, but he was long past such sentiments for today.

“On this fine day I, Satoru the magic caster, will be your executioner, do you have any last words?”

The collected and calm words reached him like a death sentence.

Olasird'arc's ice blue eyes shined brighter in fury, rage, and madness as he gazed into the dead blue gems of his opponent's mask.

Today, the world will know death!

A.N.

Oh yeah! Been quite a while since we got a 10k chapter! Hope you all enjoyed it! Let me know what you think!

Also, yes, it is normal for you to have questions, consider this a first part of two. Though, you are still free to voice your doubts and questions, just know all will be answered soon.

For those who did not understand Lakys' plan against Vulmitar. In short, she needed to bring him out of the sky, so she used Icy Burst to hide her group while Rayne and Arche prepared their spells, hidden among them there would be Leinas' spear which she set on fire to make it look like another spell, to make sure the spear didn't miss they used the mentioned Perfect Shot scroll, after that Lakys gave Leinas her lightning sword to replace the spear. This was pretty much it. Ground phase is pretty straightforward to follow.

Next, some people asked for some character sheets, and I felt like obliging you guys on this as I have fun with them. As always take them with a grain of salt!

Name: Renner Theiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself

Title: Demonic Smiling Princess, Massacre Princess

Job: Third Princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom

Residence: Ro-Lente Castle

Job Level:

Princess (4)

Actress (5)

Genius (5)

Death Follower (8)

Death Worshipper (1)

Karma: -420 (Devilishly Evil)

Hobby: Following Satoru around and cuddling with him whenever possible. Enjoying her time with her only friend Lakyus and listening with her to Satoru's bedtime stories.

“The Third Princess, the last in line to the Re-Estize's throne. Her golden hair and sky-blue eyes make her look like an angel while they hide the true concealed demon inside. Her life goal is to live the rest of her life alongside Satoru and Lakyus proving her worth by becoming queen. No matter how high the

body pile might grow, she will still go forward, until all who stand in her way are dead.”

Name: Lakyus Alvein Dale Aindra

Title: Knight of the Third Princess

Job: Noble Marquis Heiress, Apprentice of the genius swordsmen, Apprentice of the warrior captain, Apprentice of the gods’ descendant

Residence: Satoru’s mansion

Job Level:

Noble (2)

Swordswoman (8)

Blade Master (6)

Martial Artist (5)

Death Follower (5)

Karma: +250 (Righteous Peacekeeper)

Hobby: Training, listening to Satoru’s tales, cherishing her friendship with Renner, bringing peace to this conflict-torn world.

“She refuses her noble duties as heiress and instead wishes to travel the world and bring peace to the lands torn apart by discrimination and war, and finally bring an end to the conflicts between races.”

Name: Rayne Bollen

Title: Lightning enthusiast who favors flat girls

Job: Apprentice of Satoru the magic caster

Residence: Satoru's mansion

Job Level:

Magic Caster (8)

Electromancer (5)

Arcane Caster (3)

Death Follower (5)

Karma: +70 (Moderately Neutral)

Hobby: Studying magic alongside Arche. Competing with Arche on magic ability. Reading. Checking out Arche while she isn't watching.

“Rayne is the only child of Randel and Marietta, ill since the day he was born, he was saved when the magic caster Satoru healed him with a potion. From that day forth Rayne swore to become like his savior and be a magic caster capable of saving lives. He is constantly competing with his fellow apprentice, Arche, a noble heiress whom he vehemently denies to himself being infatuated with.”

Name: Arche Eeb Rile Furt

Title: Tsundere fire enthusiast

Job: Apprentice of Satoru the magic caster, Noble Heiress, Emperor's Spy

Residence: Satoru's mansion

Job Level:

Noble (3)

Academical Magic Caster (2)

Magic Caster (7)

Pyromancer (5)

Arcane Caster (3)

Death Follower (5)

Karma: +70 (Moderately Neutral)

Hobby: Studying magic alongside Rayne. Competing with Rayne on magic ability. Reading. Exploring Rayne's body at night while he is sleeping.

“The heiress of the Furt noble house. Her upbringing as a noble and a holder of a powerful Talent made her overconfident. After her meeting with Satoru the magic caster she was sent to spy on him by the emperor under the ruse of apprenticeship. She is constantly competing with her fellow apprentice, Rayne, a commoner whom she vehemently denies to herself being infatuated with.”