

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Fun fact, I discovered that I have no way of importing text from my tablet to my pc and I had to spend three hours copying by hand half of this chapter here! Yay!

Well, that aside, it seems like we are going to get another Gate as a special! We are getting close to the end of that crossover, so I really hope you all will find a new favorite soon enough!

Chapter 101: Fathers

Randel had always been a busy man. In his youth his love for the art of carving had kept him busy all day to the point his own mother had to threaten him with a wooden plinth for him to listen and don't disregard his hygiene. Something he still thanked her for thirty years later, bless her soul.

As he grew into a young man, his passion for carving did not fade in the slightest, even managing to make a business out of it. But his already limited free time was further shortened by his infatuation and pursuit of the most beautiful woman in the world, which he nowadays had the honor of calling his wife.

Unfortunately, that blissful life could not last forever. And life had once again challenged him with a seemingly insurmountable

obstacle in the form of the illness afflicting his first child. The bundle of joy and pride that his beloved brought into the world.

And for all he would not give up his son for the world, it was a fact that everything went downhill from there.

His job, that once filled him with pride and allowed him and his wife to live a comfortable life, had become the only source of hope for his son to live another day. In the rare occasions where he indulged his urge to drink when the stress grew too much along the years, he imagined himself a husband to a wife who lived in the luxury she deserved and a father to none. The guilt that followed when the alcohol left his body was never worth the minutes of pondering, and he would bring that darkest and most shameful secret to his grave.

Those days when he raised before dawn and came back after dusk, the same days when his wife had to constantly remain home like a prisoner, those days when his son was stuck between almost healthy enough to walk or almost catatonic staring for days at the ceiling of his room.

Those days that seemed to belong to a life ago, and that now remained only as a dull ache in his heart all thanks to one man.

Those days seemed to have come back to him as he looked at his son, now almost a young man, staring at the ceiling of his room. And for all he didn't look unhealthy in the slightest, those glassy and unfocussed eyes were exactly the same as those he had tried to bury in his memories, never to resurge, like the rest of those harsh years.

It pained his heart immensely to see his son like that. Even though Randel did not have just as much time as he wished to be the

father his boy deserved, he was still glad to see his son having the chance to take his life into his own hands and not be forced into wasting away in a bed.

For all he admired, respected, and was grateful toward Lord Satoru, he still could not help but feel a tinge of envy for how the man had managed to inspire his son into following his footsteps, making Randel feel inadequate at best and a failure at worst when it came to being a father.

So, he was happy when his son decided to stay home for a while after his last adventure. Though, the relief lasted little as it was very clear that whatever happened to his son had left a scar on him. An invisible and physically unimpeding scar, but still a scar nonetheless.

Arche did not seem to wish to elaborate on what happened anymore than his son did. Not even his wife, with which the girl had a very good relationship, managed to pry anything from her that wasn't something along the lines of it being Rayne's story to share. If anything, that spoke well of the girl, to not break his son's confidence even to those close to him without his permission. For all it frustrated him, a larger part of him was glad his boy found such a loyal friend.

But as his father... he needed to act somehow.

“Hey, Rayne...”

He said as softly as he could as he entered the boy's room receiving just a glance from the green eyed young caster before he returned to staring into nothingness.

Randel slowly approached the bed before sitting on it next to his boy. None of them uttered a word for a few minutes.

“Your mother made a stew for dinner... You probably heard her call for you before... well, your portion is still downstairs if you feel hungry.”

No response. Randel pinched the bridge of his nose as he took a deep breath before releasing an equally large sigh.

“Rayne, me and your mother... we are worried about you... your mother feel guilty for allowing you to become an adventurer, feeling like she did not oppose you enough... and i... I never had the greatest relationship with my father... and regardless of how bitter we had become toward one another, sometimes I find myself thinking that I might not have spoken with him enough... or tried to make him understand.”

He admitted something he never told anyone, not even his wife. And, for once, his words seemed to have a reaction from the boy.

“Tell mom to not blame herself, this has nothing to do with adventuring... and I am no longer an adventurer since Lakys officially retired the team from the guild.”

That... was something they actually already knew thanks to Arche. It seemed that their leader was being as affected as all of them by whatever they went through.

Randel had always been hesitant about his son following such a path, but he didn't want to deny his son's chosen path like his own father denied his at the time. Though, he was sure he had not even remotely caused all this worry with who he used to frequent. Randel was no stranger to unique company, but his own son outdid him by a landslide. Hell, two noble heiresses, a frost dragon, a demi-human king, and some others not so unremarkable individuals. What is a father to do when his son introduce him to

an intelligent beast larger than his own house by a good margin? He doubted his wife could make up a scarf large enough for that one... not to count the irony of gifting a scarf to a frost dragon to begin with.

“Dad, you never talked about grandfather before... what did you mean when you said you had regrets?”

His son’s question took him out of his little mental detour and brought him back to the current situation.

Randel sighed again. He did not want to revisit those memories, but if it would get his son talking after a good fortnight of silence... reopening old wounds might be worth it.

“Rugel, that was my father’s name, he was a merchant, not anything special, but he lived a life certainly above the average citizen... I was the only son he had before my mother passed due to an illness, I have... few memories of her, but apparently she made him promise I would be his only heir, and I would live a good life... or at least, that is what my father told me.”

He was not sure if his father had told him the full truth seeing how he was not exactly in his right mind when the two of them had their falling out.

“To be honest, my father had always been a strict parent when it came to my education, but he never disparaged me for my passion in woodcarving... he considered it a good hobby and would not deny me something that made me happy... after my mother died when I was ten, my father engaged me to the second daughter of an important merchant who was a Master of the Merchant Guild.”

The man chuckled at the completely stunned look on his son's face, who was showing more emotion with his gawking expression now than all the time since he came back.

“Well, it was a good match, she was two years older than me, and my standing and life would have been a breeze married to her and with my father-in-law's influence... just as my mother wanted... and yet, destiny has its own way of messing with us, for I, who never had any interest in love or chasing skirts, fell desperately in love with the most beautiful woman in existence... just a few months before my marriage... I might have been eighteen at the time, a man grown, but you can do little when your heart truly yearns for someone else.”

He smiled at his son, for all the errors he made in his life, falling for his Marietta was not one of them, of that he was sure.

But as quick as the smile came, it vanished, being replaced with a defeated frown.

“I knew my father would not approve... me? Marrying a tavern girl? What nonsense he would say... so, I married her in secret... don't look at me like that, I was an idiot and in love, I know you already got more common sense now than me at eighteen.”

He could read the disappointment in his son's eyes, not for the action in itself, but for how he went about it. And he could not blame him, that was foolish indeed, and Randel was glad his soon could already tell as much at such a young age.

“Well, no need to say that my father did not take that well to use an euphemism... he blew up on me, cursing me out with every name in the book and those that didn't even exist yet... and I yelled back... as foolish as I was, I felt hurt, and just wanted to

say things that would hurt him in return... I will not repeat the words I said, but let's just say I was lucky I wasn't repudiated right there and then... again foolish and young..."

Randel admitted recognizing how it all went to hell more than twenty years before.

"You made a laughing stock out of him, the reputation he built probably went down the drain and he would probably never be taken seriously again... and that goes for you too... you spurned one of the Masters of the Merchant Guild, if you really wanted to marry mother you should have annulled the match and paid some lip service with a good amount of gold being passed under the table."

Randel winced as the words of his son cut through him like cold sharpened blades. Being around nobles certainly gave Rayne a sharpness to his words and thought process. Again, he was glad his son had more common sense and experience than him at the time... but still, did he really had to chew his old man out like that?

"As you can imagine that was the last discussion we had, and my old man moved away to Lord Raeven's territory, last thing I heard is that he remarried... probably trying to get that heir he always wanted... he should be in his early seventies by now, or he might be dead who knows... he was not a bad father, he never made me want for anything and he tried to set me up for success, as I said, I regret how things went between us, but not for what I did... after all, you and your mother are not something I would exchange for the world and every star in the sky."

He said, trying to end his retelling on a positive note while ruffling his boy's hair.

He then heard a plopping sound, as if they were outside and it was starting to rain. Only that they weren't outside and rain was nowhere to be seen. In fact the only droplets that were falling were coming from Rayne's green eyes.

Randel said nothing, limiting himself to wrap his son in a hug that he reciprocated. His heart aching at the sight of his son's pain, regardless of the reason. What father would not feel that when confronted with their crying child? Not certainly one worth the title.

"D-dad... I-I want to tell you s-something..."

The boy choked out between his sobs. Randel said nothing as he just hugged his son harder as a response.

And indeed, there was much to say.

He listened as his son recalled his travel to the distant mountain range. Of who he met there, and how he recalled the memory with a sad fondness filled with guilt. Of what happened, of his feelings, and the choice he was forced to make, and all the misery that followed it. Of Arche's feelings and his own, and all his fears and doubts.

Once the dam opened, Randel could not do anything but withstand the deluge that came forward.

He listened for what seemed to be, and might have actually been, hours. Of a story belonging in the history books, and the sad romance that his wife had entertained from time to time with her books.

But this was no history book nor novel. This was his son, and his story.

He might have spoken too early when he declared his son more mature than his own old self, for what he had to endure would have broken many lesser men, no matter the age, and Randel himself had his doubts he could have come out of it in a better or even similar shape to his son.

Truly, if this boy kept up with this, he would eclipse him before he reached adulthood... what a troublesome child he had, making his old man look so bad compared to him... but he would have it no other way.

“Rayne... my boy, my sweet, brave, and thoughtful boy... you are hurting so much... sustaining weights that were meant for those belonging to the tales of legend and not common men like us... you are so strong...”

Randel still hugged his son, wishing to never let go, to shield him from all the harm this world had to offer with his body if he needed to. His son deserved so much better than to suffer like this. Showing once more how this world was nothing but unfair to those living an honest life, just seeking happiness.

“I cannot tell you what you should do son... it is not my place... but, if I can offer one advice, from a father to a son... that would be to never deny yourself love, for this world will have no qualms about sending pain and harm your way, and you should never waste any chance to have a blissful moment to yourself or to have someone by your side when hardships comes your way.”

Randel hoped with all his heart his son would not have his experience with love ruined when it was just beginning. The scar he was sporting was still fresh and open, and that would hurt... but he didn't want him to push all those who love him away from him... that was just the path to a lonely life he should not suffer.

He should live to be an old man surrounded by children and family, not an old and bitter caster isolated into a tower in the middle of nowhere.

“Rayne, you might live to become one of the greatest casters this world had ever seen, or you might not... but whatever you do, whatever you become, please, promise me you will never take away love from your life.”

The boy separated from his father, bringing his knees to his chin.

“It hurts dad, it hurts so much... and if anything happened to Arche... I... I...”

Randel sighed heavily, this has been as emotionally draining for him as it has been for his son. He never thought he would have to reopen such old wounds. But if it was to help his Rayne...

“I understand, but you shouldn’t think like that... killing yourself over what might or might not happen... and even if something happened... do you think it would not hurt just because you weren’t there? Do you think your feelings would not exist just because Arche is not physically there? Or would you feel even worse knowing that you could have been there but weren’t?”

His son’s eyes widened at his words.

“I... am an idiot...”

Randel just chuckled sadly at his son’s conclusion, before ruffling his hair.

“No, you are just young and hurt, and that is normal... what is your dad for if he can’t even give you decent advice?”

‘After all, you already surpassed me in so many aspects, I dread the day I will have nothing else to give you my son... and that

day might come sooner than I might want to admit' he thought with a tinge of sadness and disappointment toward himself and the father figure he hoped to be.

"Never stop loving son, that is what makes us human."

Rayne gave his father a small sad smile before nodding.

"Yes dad, I promise."

He didn't have the time to finish those words that a loud growl echoed in his room, courtesy of his stomach, something that made the boy blush from head to toe.

Randel just laughed at the natural reaction of a relaxed body, a true sign his son had unloaded a huge weight from his shoulders.

"Hey boy, let's get some of that stew your mother made, you need to eat if you want to be at your best for when it counts."

He stood from the bed, offering his hand to his son who slowly reached for it and stood up after him.

"Yeah."

He said cleaning up the wetness still on his face with his sleeve.

'I might not be as bad at this as I thought after all...' Randel thought as the two of them made their way down the stairs toward the kitchen.

{Farman Village}

{Celicia's P.O.V.}

The brown-haired girl knelt down on the dilapidated grave. A shallow bunch of dirt without an inkling of a flower, the stone, not even a year old was already marked and half ruined, the name on it barely visible.

A forgotten and miserable sight. Her... no, their mother deserved so much more than this. She felt her blood boil. She was no longer the shy and cheerful child who left this village a good five years ago, she had been hardened through the northern war. Sleeping in the middle of blizzards, hunting down men as if they were beasts, helping in the slaughter and torturing of tens or even a hundred people.

All the while sending back most of her pay to her family, to make sure they could live a happy and cheerful life, away from all this blood and darkness.

So, imagine her shock in coming back south only to learn her sister had been searching for her for almost two years, and learning from her what their... father, no, he did not deserve that title anymore... what that man has been up to while she was gone, using her money.

“I-I’m sorry... the resentment for y-your father is great, b-but he is untouchable with his lackeys always around, s-so the villagers started coming to your mother’s grave to vent their rage.”

Celicia’s glare silenced the older girl, making her take a few steps back in fright. The younger girl calmed herself, her anger should not be directed toward one of the few people who remained loyal to her older sister.

Arianne was Tuare’s best friend, they were inseparable, and as a child Celicia often envied the other girl for taking away her big sister. But that was another time, another life. Now Arianne had been the one to tell them what happened since Tuare left.

“This... this is my fault... I should not have left without... without talking to her...”

Tuare sobbed as fat tears fell on the dry dirt under which their mother rested.

Celicia placed a hand on her older sister's shoulder trying to give her some support in this hardest of moments.

"No, sister... the fault lies with only one here..."

She growled out. She would not let her kind older sister take the fault for this... not now, not ever... for all they knew their mother would have killed herself even if Tuare didn't leave. The pain that kind woman has gone through had only one source... one source Celicia will eradicate.

The young caster had never understood Climb's demeanor. How someone her age could become so shrewd and ruthless. How someone could carry such unrelenting rage inside of them. And how he could enact such violence upon his enemies without a second thought.

But now, now she was starting to understand. The rage at losing someone dear, to know that they died partially because of your own weakness or naivety. It was no wonder this wrath could make monsters out of people. The gods only knew she wanted to burn down the entire village when she heard of what happened to her mother, and after seeing her desecrated grave.

These people believed themselves safe, so far from the hell that was the northern part of the kingdom... well, it was about time to remind them who they should thank for their peacefulness, and who kept them safe from bandits and the likes. A lesson they won't forget for the rest of their lives.

"Forgive me mother..."

Celicia whispered, placing her forehead against the ruined tombstone before standing up and turning toward Arianne.

“Where is the bastard?”

She asked, any trace of compassion and vulnerability gone from her tone, from now on till the moment she would leave she could no longer be Celicia, she could only be a member of the Black Hand.

“T-the tavern, b-but he surely will have his lackeys-“

Celicia didn’t even bother listening to the girl’s protest as she immediately marched toward the village, flanked by her older sister.

“Sister, this is the last chance you got, if you want to stay back, I will not hold it against you.”

She whispered to Tuare who clenched her jaw, not giving her a verbal answer but picking up the pace. That was answer enough for Celicia. Apparently, her older sister had changed during these last two years just as much as she did, even if in a different way.

The two sisters made their way to the small tavern. If it wasn’t for Arianne pointing him out, she would never have recognized the animal that she once called father. Apparently going around extorting people, sleeping with blackmailed women, and raping those unwilling did change a person quite a bit in both demeanor and appearance.

Without uttering a word, she and Tuare approached the man who was currently busy playing card from behind, grabbing his chair and tugging it backwards, making the man fall. Before anyone could react, Tuare was already holding one of the man’s legs still

as Celicia brought down her steel catalyst, a loud crack followed by a scream announced the successful breaking of the man's leg.

“WHAT THE FU-“

One of the man at the table immediately stood up, his hand darting for the blade on his sight, but he was sloppy and unskilled, so much that Celicia's catalyst was already in his face before he could do anything more than that.

“[Acid Arrow]”

The man screamed bloody hell as his face was melted off by the acid. He fell as his screams became a wheezing sound, dead or alive, Celicia couldn't care less.

By now everyone in the tavern had turned toward them, gawking like fish out of water, a group of four armed men stood on the side, their eyes darting from the man her sister just gagged with a cloth to muffle his screams, to the man lying on the ground, probably dead, to the two sisters. These were probably the lakeys Arianne spoke off, Celicia recognized their plates... iron ranked adventurers... ‘lowlife scum’ she spat out in her mind.

“Listen you four, I am the one who has been subsidizing this scumbag all these years... so, you now have two choices... you either scam and never show your face around here ever again... or you try to fight, probably dying, for no compensation at all as, without me, this shit stain will not be able to pay you ever again.”

The one who seemed to be the leader froze, his hand on the hilt of his blade, his mouse-like eyes darting again from the man with a broken leg screaming to the ground, to the man who just had his face melted off, and back again to Celicia and Tuare. He let go of

his hilt raising his hands in surrender, his group following his example.

“Got it girl, we are out of here, you won’t see us ever again.”

He squeaked out as his whole group slowly marched out of the tavern, their eyes never leaving the two sisters.

“Sorry pal, it was fun... but you fucked with the wrong crowd.”

The leader of the group said as he passed near the downed man who tried to beg for help, still muffled by the cloth in his mouth.

As soon as the adventurers left the tavern, Celicia turned back toward the scumbag crying on the ground.

“Tuare.”

It only took a quick exchange of gazes for her sister to understand.

Tuare immobilized the still intact leg as Celicia raised her staff once more. Another crack followed by another muffled scream announced the breaking of the remaining leg.

Tuare did not need any encouragement to go for the right arm next. Celicia ignored the begging and tears as she brought down her staff again, and one last time for the other arm.

Once all the limbs of the scumbag were done for, she and her sister grabbed the shit stain of a man by his broken arms and dragged him outside, ignoring the muffled screams of agony and begging.

By now, the entire village had gathered, around one hundred people who only held disgust and hatred for the animal being dragged through the street and toward the village well.

Celicia never liked her physical training, but she was thankful for it right now as it allowed her to drag the fat sack of shit behind her without any strain. As their trainer always said, a caster who could not run, climb, or swing a blade, was a caster who would not live very long, and would be disrespected for the little time they would live.

The entire village watched as the two sister raised the man on the edge of the well, his face gazing into the dark depths below making the coward piss himself in the process, much to the two sisters' disgust.

With a swift movement Celicia removed the cloth from the man's mouth, allowing him to speak.

“CELI! TUARE! PLEASE! I AM SORRY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I AM YOUR FATHER! PLEASE!”

The two were not moved in the slightest at his begging.

“You made mother kill herself... you deserve nothing less than this...”

Tuare growled out with a venom that sounded so strange coming from the older sister Celicia could only remember as kind.

“I AM SORRY! YES! IT IS MY FAULT! I AM A BASTARD! A WASTE OF SPACE! PLEASE! I WILL DO ANYTHING!”

The man continued to beg as he bowed his eyes out like an adult sized toddler.

“Please! For the love we had once... as a family! I beg you! You won't have to see me ever again! I will go away! I swear!”

The man whispered pathetically. The two sisters looked at each other, no matter what the bastard said, they had already decided his fate ever since they came back here.

With a combine tug they pulled him away from the well, making him slump against it.

“Thank you! Thank-“

The scumbag’s words were again muffled by the cloth Tuare pushed into his mouth.

With that done, Celicia turned toward the onlookers, most of which were disappointed or even angry at the sparing of the bastard.

“Listen! All of you! I am a member of the Black Hand, and my sister is a member of the Red Hand!”

Panicked and worried mumbling followed her declaration, which she ignored as she continued her speech.

“We have come here to teach a lesson to the waste of air right here! But apparently... he is not the only one who deserves to receive their punishment today!”

The mumbling grew more agitated but Celicia continued to ignore it as she raised her staff, pointing it to one of the houses Arianne indicated when she asked her.

“[Flame Dart]”

The spell erupted from her catalyst setting the house on fire. She changed her target immediately, setting another one on fire, and then another, and another.

Four of the twenty houses in the village were burning as screams of despair came from the crowd, as some even tried making a run for their houses but they were held back by other villagers.

“SHUT YOUR MOUTHS! OR THE NEXT TO BE SET ON FIRE WILL BE YOU!”

The villagers quieted down almost immediately at her threat, terror and despair in their eyes. Something that made Celicia almost back down from what she had planned, she didn't need to make a monster out of herself... she could still call it quits here and leave.

But then, the image of her mother's grave came back to her mind, alongside with all the wrath she felt at the sight. She steeled her nerves, she had already sold her humanity when she was sent into that hell on earth in the north. And she would be damned if these scumbags didn't pay.

“Some of you scumbags desecrated our mother's grave! As you can see... I already know who it was... so, come forward and face your punishment... or hide like cowards and your families will pay the price with you...”

She declared waiting patiently for the villagers to make a move. The silence persisted with only the sound of burning wood in the background.

One by one, four villagers made their way out of the crowd and toward the two sisters. Two men and two women, that seemed about right, the numbers added up to what she knew.

She knew that the next part was mostly up to her, as Tuare could only help her minimally.

Celicia moved toward the first man.

“You are the one who pissed on my mother’s grave.”

She did not want to make it sound like a question, even if she wasn’t sure, and if she was wrong the man would have said so, instead, he remained silent.

With a swift movement of her staff she sent him to the ground before aiming her staff at his pants.

“[Acid Arrow]”

The man screamed as the acid melted off everything that made him a man. Celicia waited in silence till she was satisfied before uncorking a potion and splashing the man with just enough for him to not die and live on with the little of his waist that remained.

She turned toward the other three who had soiled their pants and skirts in the meantime, not that she cared in the slightest. She had seen far worse back north, once you smelled a room full of corpses, there was little your nose could get disturbed by.

“You are the one who dilapidated my mother’s tombstone.”

She addressed the next man in line, who again offered nothing more than silence.

“Your hand... on the well.”

She ordered, the man gulped but followed her orders nonetheless, placing his trembling hand on the well while Tuare brought Celicia a hatchet.

The caster checked the sharpness of the instrument, before looking down at the man’s hand unimpressed.

“Your dominant one, shitbag.”

The man cried out as he switched the hand on the well. Celicia did not hesitate and with a swift movement cut off half of the man arm. The man fell back whining and crying. The caster waited as long as she thought appropriate before using the potion again to stop the blood loss.

Without giving the man another second, she approached the next in line.

“You are the one who spat on my mother’s grave.”

The young woman looked at Celicia with fear, but also a great deal of anger.

“That bitch deserv-“

Before the woman could utter another word, Celicia elbowed her in the stomach making her fall forward gasping for air.

“You talk too much, shitbag.”

Celicia growled out as grabbed the woman’s tongue from her open mouth, unsheathing her concealed dagger with the other one. With a swift move, she cut off the tongue with her knife making the woman bleed all over as she whined in agony.

“No potion for you, shitbag.”

The caster said as she forced the woman’s mouth open and cauterized the injury with a small fire spell. The woman would live, even without a tongue and with part of her mouth burned.

Celicia let the woman go as she moved toward the last in line.

“You threw pig shit on my mother’s grave.”

The older woman looked down at Celicia.

“That was not right, what I did, child, it is not right to disrespect the dead who did nothing... I was angry my granddaughter was raped by that... thing... but I guess we all have to pay for our actions.”

The woman said as she moved and placed her arm on the well.

Celicia moved without a word. A clean cut and half the arm came off, but she immediately used the rest of the potion on the woman to avoid her further suffering.

Then she turned once more toward the villagers.

“I will go now, and never return, unless you make me return... If I learn any more of you disrespected my mother’s grave from now on, I will return and burn you all down alongside this village... if I learn any of you had your injuries healed, I will return and burn you all down alongside this village... if I learn any of your got the guards involved in this, Seven Hands will come here and slaughter everyone in this blasted village... and trust me, I will know.”

Without anything else left to say, Celicia turned away and started walking off with Tuare, only stopping by muffled screams directed her way.

Celicia turned toward the shitbag that she once had the displeasure of calling father. Tuare removed the cloth from his mouth.

“Celi! Tuare! I-I can’t move... please dears... b-bring me to the city and I swear you will never see me a-again.”

This one was an idiot, a complete imbecile. Celicia could not help but feel amused by his words, regardless of how grim this day was, a small chuckle escaped her lips.

“We told you that we would not kill you for who you once were to us... but...”

Celicia paused before waving toward the still gathered villagers.

“I never said anything in regard to them...”

The bastard paled even more at her words if that was possible.

“I would have granted you the mercy of a quick death... dropping on your head and gone in a few seconds... but you begged for my mercy... so now you can enjoy being skinned alive, or impaled, or whatever these ones have planned for you...”

Tuare put the cloth back inside the man’s mouth before he could utter another word, and the two sisters walked off, the muffled screams of the shitbag getting lower the more the two walked away.

“Thank you Celi... I don’t think... I don’t think I could have done that... you are so strong and-“

Tuare stopped talking as she noticed the tears falling freely from Celicia’s eyes, all that she had bottled up till this moment... she could now let go.

The older sister said nothing, only wrapping a arm around her younger sister’s shoulders.

“I love you Celi, and we will be together forever, just the two of us... that will be enough.”

‘Yes, that will be enough’ Celicia agreed, unraveling in the warm embrace of her big sister.

A.N.

Man, it had been some time since we saw some actual gory violence. Not that I got descriptive, as I find it morbid to overindulge in such suffering while you can convey it well enough without going into too much details.

Celicia is a badass mafia boss though. Jokes aside. I wanted to convey something that is very often underrated and underused in fiction. Or how you don't realize how deep you are into something until you have to act. Till now Celicia has always been very uneasy about violence and torture, and it could almost look like she would not be nearly as bad as Climb. While the truth is that she had been indoctrinated into that world since she was 10-11 and the only reason why she seemed to never indulge into it was not due to some moral superiority or lack of knowledge on how to do it. The only difference between her and Climb was that she did not have a reason to act... and now that she has one, she can use all the knowledge and experience she accumulated.

Also, this two POVs were supposed to only be half the chapter while the other half would be Satoru's departure, but I got so much into them that I ended up writing an entire chapter... oh well, at least I hope you all enjoyed the two version of fatherhood central to this chapter.

Like always, I await your opinions in a comment / review!

Till next time! Stay safe!