

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Fun fact, in my first draft of this arc back in 2020, Gazef should have died in the final battle, causing Rampossa to spiral even more and become a puppet with Renner whispering in his ear from the shadows. Seeing how his relationship with Satoru developed I scratched the idea definitely after the lizardmen arc and reworked the arc and future events to accommodate this change.

Just thought you might find this interesting as a behind the scene moment.

Now, enjoy the chapter!

Chapter 89: Heavy Rain

The sky was crying, or that is what the poets, and the nobles fancying themselves poets, would say. To Rampossa III, the rain was a simple rare sign of providence, washing away the blood from the battlefield... even though no amount of water will ever wash away his sins.

A kingdom toppled, a victory without precedence, he had become the greatest king in the last three generations with this war alone. And he would give it all away in an heartbeat if he could share

just another minute with the daughter who was taken from him and tore a hole in his heart with her departure.

Gazef, noble friend that he was, had stood by his side, delivering the head of the one responsible, facing the atrocities his own king demanded of him. If Rampossa had been a better man, a better friend, he wouldn't have allowed this to happen. And the worst thing was, he had no idea if this result was even worth anything since, by the time he was presented with the head of the culprit, all he could think of was how she was just a few years older than his own daughter.

He was a fool, truly, people like him should never get to wear a crown, the weight was too much for his head, prone to misjudgment so easily.

He had been cooped up in the palace of the conquered city for the last two days, walking the halls of the queen he had driven to suicide. If ghosts ever existed, he was sure he had guaranteed a couple of hauntings for the rest of his life by now.

Yet, he could not put his duty off any longer, it was time to pamper the sycophants who had followed him in this conflict. Even though none of them deserved a third of what they would receive. If there was someone who really deserved their fair share, those two were the Warrior Captain and the Magic Caster duo who singlehandedly won the war for the kingdom while the so called nobles spent their time boasting and flaunting the numbers of their gathered hosts.

Useless leeches, the lot of them, how he ever tolerated the court when it was still whole for so long, he could not fathom.

The doors of the unfamiliar throne room opened with regal slowness as he marched in the room, escorted by his Warrior Troop, the nobility arranged in two lines, on his left and right, starting from the most insignificant of countryside lords, who were little more than peasants, and ending with the Four Great Nobles, closest to the throne... the throne of a girl that had thrown herself from her palace due to heartbreak. Their heads bowed like a wave of the sea, with a sole exception in Marquis Satoru, not that the king would expect anything else from the noble who held the royal family by the throat.

The note that was recovered from the corpse, and that he ordered burned afterward, explained a lot of what had happened. He had never been one to judge the preferences in lovers of other people, the gods only knew he understood what being in love felt like, and what losing that person would do to you.

He waved the thought away, this was no time for stewing in regrets and misery. With a royal turn, affirmed after decades of ruling, he sat down on the throne.

“My lords, you have fought bravely and without recalcitrance, an exemplar and truthful display of loyalty that will not be easily dismissed.”

The words tasted like ash and deceit in his mouth, wishing he could simply spit them out instead of paying pageantry to those who contributed little to nothing to this cause, apart from their conceited presence he would have preferred not to suffer in the first place.

“But before we can get to the more festive-worthy announcement, we still have an onerous matter to address.”

His gaze turned toward the small bundle of nobles on the side, the few remaining living ones who have escaped the demi-humans and the blades of his army and had surrendered as soon as they had the chance.

“I do not believe in punishing the loyal for the actions of their liege, but I do believe in the repaying of damages inflicted... so, while I will not charge you with the same crimes of your liege, I will still demand reparations for what you have contributed to causing.”

A pregnant pause filled the humid air as the only sound that could be heard was the tapping of droplets against the windows of the throne room.

“Nobles who hold a title equivalent to count or superior will have their territory reduced to a third of their current holdings and be demoted of one rank, nobles inferior to said rank will only lose half of their holdings, it rests unsaid that monetary compensation will be requested as reparations, abide by this terms and your titles and standing will be recognized under the rule of Re-Estize, do not and your remaining option will be exile... I will not bother to mention the response to an armed uprising...”

Rampossa laid down the terms, which were not a novelty considering small territories and noble houses had been contended between annexed land before, but never on such a grand scale as now.

One by one the foreign nobles swore their allegiance to Re-Estize, accepting the terms with grace. Rampossa very much doubted this would have gone as swiftly, or smoothly, as that if it wasn't for the presence of both Gazef and Satoru in the room.

“Now, to return to more pleasant matters... Lord Raeven, in wake of your service to the kingdom and lending of your lands as the main key point for our assault, I only see fit to bestow upon you the largest domain spanning from the east to the west northern coast of the previous northern Holy Kingdom.”

The addressed Marquis bowed lowly in front of him. Even though the stated reason was only half of his truth, the other half was his need to apologize to one of his main sustainers after his unbecoming behavior after negotiations failed. He might be the king, but he could not speak or act as he pleased, even if he was not himself in that moment.

“I am unworthy of such praise, all I have done was only expected for a loyal follower of the Crown.”

The marquis spoke with his usual contained tone, never seeming to be bothered by anything, be it positive or negative, that came his way.

From there the pageantry began, starting from the Great Nobles, all the way to the lowest baron, everyone received their due, be it land or coin or anything useful, as it was just and fair for their service.

Only one remained unaddressed, and such a lacking did not go unnoticed, in fact, every eye on the room was fixed on the figure the longer the king did not address him, making everyone grow uncomfortable with the current state of affairs.

“And finally, Marquis Satoru...”

The moment he addressed the masked magic caster the whole room moved as one, as if they were waiting exactly for nothing else during the whole hour this farce lasted.

“I would have gladly bestowed lands or awarded rewards to the man who could claim to be wronged as much as myself and that contributed so much to our victory... but the Marquis himself came to me first, with a request.”

The room seemed to collectively hold their breath as the king continued to talk.

“The Marquis does not wish for this land nor its wealth, he simply asked for the chance to conquer the land currently considered as demi human land that spans from the south of Re-Estize to the east of the now conquered northern Holy Kingdom, he wishes to annex it to his domain, creating a land bridge between the kingdom and these new lands, in addition to finally putting an end to the threat of the demi-humans now that they are weakened by the lack of their stronger tribes currently deep into the southern Holy Kingdom... and he will do so without any need for aid or support from the rest of Re-Estize asking only to be left *carte blanche* on how to do so.”

His announcement was met with blank stares and absolute silence. He could not blame his countrymen, after all he just declared his approval for one of them to claim land equal to half the northern Holy Kingdom and filled to the brim with demi-humans. It was a ludicrous idea to think any single noble had the military power to invade and hold such a land, but given who exactly was the one who proposed it, Rampossa would sooner eat his crown than believe the magic caster hasn't already planned everything to its minute detail.

“Seeing how this is a request that not only costs me nothing, but is also advantageous for our kingdom, given our new continental standing, I chose to give my blessing to the endeavor... let it be

known I acknowledge Lord Satoru's domain over those lands and grant him the approval of the crown to administer them as he sees fit."

If it wasn't for the setting, Rampossa probably would have openly laughed at the shocked faces of his court, even the usually stone-faced Raeven did not manage to hide his complete and utter shock at the news, but even more telling was Pespea's pale face. After all, if the caster was successful in his endeavor, and Rampossa had no doubt about its success, the marquis of the south would find himself surrounded on two sides by the magic caster turned Marquis who would also hold the largest mass of land in the kingdom by far.

"I appreciate your faith in my endeavor your majesty, now that the matter has been made official, I will immediately start preparations as soon as I come back to the capital."

Rampossa was not a master at reading individuals, far from it, but even to him the magic caster seemed rather pleased. That was good, with his Alysanne gone the man had returned to being an unstable spell ready to blow up in someone's face. In that scenario some might have thought it would have been prudent to avoid him gathering even more power and resources, but Rampossa disagreed, it would have been far more dangerous to deny him and create a rift where there was none before. And also, this endeavor would occupy the caster for a long while hopefully, long enough for him to find another solution to this problem and make sure the magic caster did not fall on the wrong side.

Though, he should not worry, Gazef was a friend of his, which meant a lot in Rampossa's book, and Renner certainly knew what to do to ensure his allegiance to the crown.

What would he do without that girl?

His heart ached as his thoughts returned to his children. Barbro had come out fortunately unarmed from the assault, even though he should not have feared otherwise seeing how the enemy deployed their best troops in a desperate sneak attack, but a father could never not fear for his children.

His second son on the other hand... he should apologize to Zanak when he returns, his son did not deserve the verbal abuse he received. He knew the young man only had his kingdom's best interest at heart, while it was his father who had acted without restraint and not listening to reason when it was presented. Of that crime, his son was innocent.

Rampossa laid back on his throne. His duty for the day ended, leaving place to the celebration, though, everyone seemed still stunned by the last events that transpired as the only sound still hearable was the heavy rain smashing against the glass and stones of the castle.

{Tira's P.O.V.}

The oldest of the triplet assassins polished her blade, the two of them have been apart for too long, she was starting to get unnerved by the distance from her blade, though she had gotten extremely fond of her new dagger her Master allowed her to keep after a well-done job.

Speaking of which, apparently not getting rid of the letter was not a bad enough fuckup that she would get punished for it unfortunately.

She should have tried something else, like living a trace... no that was too much of a fuckup, maybe stabbing the victim in the face

so that it was harder to identify her? Yeah, that sounded rather nice.

She felt her cheeks heat up at the thought of that cold stare falling on her in disapproval, as if she was a child to be disciplined, then she would get bent over a knee, or even tied up, and then-

“Evil big sister is too horny.”

Tira would deny till her dying breath the fact she had jumped in place, certainly not to her little sisters managing to sneak up on her, something that never happened before.

“Evil big sister needs a big strong man to take care of her beastly side.”

Tira’s eye twitched, apparently those two had forgotten why she was nominated as the new leader of Ijaniya when she was thirteen.

Her whole body whipped around, she caught Tia by the throat sending Tina flying away with a kick as the red sister unsheathed her dagger. Tia struggled in her grasp for a second before her hands immediately flew toward the pouch where she kept her poisoned needles.

Tira left her sister go only to grab her arm and twist it around her sister’s body, bringing her on her knees with a swift movement, with her foot solidly planted on her downed sister’s back. Meanwhile Tina had recovered from her kick and tried to send a bunch of kunai her way, which Tira masterfully deflected with her new dagger before bringing it down on Tia and prompting Tina to charge her to stop her.

She waited for the last possible second to retract her dagger and swung Tia’s body like a ragdoll slamming her into Tina before

pushing the both of them against the ground with her on top, her dagger and katana respectively on Tia's and Tina's throats.

“You should remember who among us is the strongest before acting so cocky... I think Master spoiled the two of you a bit too much during these last months.”

The two of them wisely chose to remain silent, three pairs of coral eyes staring into each other for a good minute before Tira backed off, letting them take in as much air as they needed.

The two younger sisters remained still on the ground gasping for a good ten seconds before they stood up.

“Sister, I believe Master did not punish evil big sister this time around.”

Tia said as if nothing just happened and they weren't a hair away from getting their throats open, not that Tira would actually do such a thing.

“Tia, I believe sister just had to take out her sexual frustrations on someone else.”

A vein pulsed fiercely on Tira's forehead. These two were too brazen for their own good, and someday it would get them killed. But she refrained from acting this time around, after all their teasing was only the attempted whining of two beaten puppies who would rather bark than act, knowing well what the result of this last one would be. And also... they weren't exactly wrong...

Tira had always been a strange kid, when she enjoyed physical punishment during their training to the point she would mess up on purpose to receive it. Some of her instructors noticed it and instead only punished her when she was perfect in her exercises. But that soon lost its appeal, she had grown too fast, too strong,

and too skilled to simply be taken by force and punished. And that is when she lost any enthusiasm and thrill in the activity.

When she reached the top of her own organization, she had given up on ever finding someone able to scratch her itch. That is till she met the magic caster known as Satoru. The fear he had instilled in her to the point she lost control of her body, oh... how she loved it! She forgot how good that felt, or maybe it never felt as good till that moment. And when she finally was put in that situation, incapable of escaping the grip of her Master, no matter with how much strength she squirmed, as he administered his punishment. She should stop reminiscing, or she risked making a mess... again.

“I heard about your little pet.”

She decided to shift the conversation to something else.

“She is a cute bunny with the glare of a basilisk.”

That was not a description she expected from Tina, knowing her preferred perversion toward young boys she could tease endlessly.

“Have you perhaps seen the light sister? Finally realizing the female form is the perfect one?”

Asked a smug Tina before receiving an elbow to her ribs.

“Shut it... she just looks like a boy with those messy short hair and sharp eyes.”

Ah... that was interesting... it seemed like her two sisters have found a common ground between her two respective perversions.

“So, you two are fighting over who keeps the bunny?”

That was not a question she ever thought she would have to utter in her life.

“Of course not, sister.”

Tia answered in a matter of fact tone, with the slightest hint of a smirk on her face, something that would be imperceptible for anyone who didn’t spend the last almost fifteen years by each other’s side.

“We shared a womb, we can share a cute bunny.”

Tira almost choked on her spit, she knew her sisters were freaks, but that was a new horizon... even for her.

“You two are sick.”

She almost spat out, she had put up with those two’s freakiness her entire life, but this was too much.

““Says the fountain that spurts only when it is hit hard enough.””

If to say that was anyone apart from the two she shared a womb with, they would have her dagger stuck down their gullet by now.

That didn’t change the fact it irked her all the same. She grabbed both their heads and slammed them against each other like two bells.

“Enough of your nonsense, we still have one last thing to do.”

The two immediately stood straighter at her words while still massaging the spot where their two heads collided.

{An hour later}

{Satoru’s P.O.V.}

The undead magic caster marched through the streets. He was back in his good mood. His plan had gone perfectly, it was refreshing for once, to not have unexpected crap constantly interfere with his projects.

He almost felt like humming, content as he was. The demi-human territory would be a great boon, finally a place where he would be able to experiment away from any curious eye. A place devoid of humans he could not kill without making it a mess for himself in case they saw what they were never meant to see.

He felt the need for it ever since he discussed magic with Evileye, so many ideas he was eager to test, the girl, or rather woman, had turned out to be a mine of magical knowledge, far more practical than the magical books he had tried to read but could make little sense of.

Also, the land could be a great place to set a possible emergency hidden base, in case he had to retreat somewhere. Something he lacked for the longest time and had very much need of. After all there was no risk of that place getting populated quickly by humans, even after he technically conquered it. He doubted a land inhabited for centuries by strong demi-humans and that still had demi-humans in it would look hospitable to the average citizen of Re-Estize.

‘Umu, I might try to built my own little Nazarick there’ as amusing as the thought was, he immediately dismissed it, he simply lacked any amount of resources to creating even a pale imitation of the grandeur of the Great Tomb, and even if he had a large quantity of materials, he would not waste them on a base since he had no way of replenishing them.

Finite resources were truly the worst thing in video-games, hence why this was real life.

But those were thoughts for future him. He didn't come out in the streets just to brood under the raging rain, not that such a mundane climate impacted him to begin with, his robes were as dry as a desert even under the water barrage.

He slowly turned left into a smaller alley, if he was right it should be just around the corner, and in fact there they were, a bunch of tents erected to his specifications, with the intent of dividing corpses of important individuals from the common rabble. Or that was the given reason at least, the real objective was only one part of his first experiment... something he had long incautiously overlooked. And a final test for three wannabe ninjas.

He gently flapped one of the tents open before stepping in and immediately casting an anti-information magic around his location.

The intern of the tent was not very large, but still, it could accommodate a couple more people before getting cranked.

He wasn't the only occupant of the tent of course, there in the middle was a corpse, covered by a black veil, a corpse prepared to be buried, or whatever they did here. And to its side sat a familiar sand-blond girl, her gaze seemingly glaring at the corpse even though it lacked any kind of energy or life.

Satoru advanced, sitting on a chair opposite the girl, not before enchanting it to bear his weight of course.

No one spoke for a few minutes before his poor social skills made themselves known once more.

“I was the one to slay this one, by your presence, I guess he was someone important to you.”

The only reaction he received was a twitch on the girl’s part.

Well, shit, he apparently already started as poorly as he could, but no backing down now, he will need to go with the flow.

“I won’t ask for your forgiveness for I nether deserve it nor I need it.”

He continued, unsure of where he was going with this himself. Though, this time he managed to have the girl raise her gaze, those dull black eyes that would have looked right on a corpse staring back at the blue gems of his mask.

“You need it not, Lord Satoru.... You are far too powerful to ever need the forgiveness of the ones you wronged, weak as we are.”

Well, at least she said something, that was a start from her previous catatonic state.

“It is not a matter of power, we were at war, in the middle of a battle, I do not regret killing armed enemies on a battlefield, even less when said enemies are the first to attack me.”

He explained trying to not make it sound like a justification or anything like it.

“And yet... I hate you all the same, with every fiber of my heart... after all, war or not, you killed my father.”

‘Ah, I thought he might have been a relative... I should have made the connection sooner, those two pairs of eyes were the same’ he chastised himself for overseeing such an obvious thing in hindsight.

“And yet, you are not trying to kill me.”

A scowl was all the answer he got, the expression mixing poorly with her sharp gaze, depicting a most uncanny visage for a human, very much like Renner in a sense, but still very different in another.

“If I thought I stood a single chance I would... but my father did not die so I could throw my life away... that would be like spitting on his memory... I will not throw away the time he gifted me with, after all, like you taught me, Lord Satoru, time is love.”

Well, that was an interesting way of throwing back his own words at him, even though she might have misunderstood a little what he meant. But who was he to complain when the girl had just served him an easy way to achieve what he came here for?

“Indeed Squire Baraja... my apologies, the Paladin Order has been completely disbanded... just Neia then... time is love, and for all anyone can take time from another... very few, maybe a handful in all the world, have the power to instead give time back to someone.”

His words had the desired effect when the girl’s sharp glare-like gaze snapped toward him once more.

“And you are... one of that handful?”

She asked, uncertainty slipping in her voice, making her resemble the fourteen years old girl she was for the first time since the start of this conversation.

“Indeed.”

With his past as a salesman salaryman, he knew well his position, he had shown he held all the cards and that he had all his client could ever want, and so, there was only one thing she could do from now on.

Neia looked back at the veil covering the corpse of her father, before her eyes returned back on him.

“Name it then, the price.”

If Satoru had lips, he would have smiled in a manner most similar to a certain princess right now as all pieces fell into place.

Now, if he was a good human being he would have named a price, or even done it for free. Unfortunately for Neia, Satoru was neither good nor a human being anymore.

“What are you willing to offer?”

He asked, curious to see if his hunch was well placed.

“Anything.”

The instant response was a giveaway and the last thing he needed.

“Very well then, I shall grant your father his time back... but something as valuable as time can only be exchanged with the same currency... so, from now on, Neia Baraja’s time will be mine... body and soul, what you are and what you will ever be will belong solely to me, till the day you breath your last... and even further beyond if I have need of you.”

As he made his offer, he could swear he saw Neia’s cheeks tinge crimson, but maybe that was only the blood returning to her very pale face.

He waited for her answer, even though he already knew it.

“You are quite greedy Lord Satoru.”

The girl said in mirth as a small sad smile blossomed on her face.

“I can’t deny the accusation, after all, before being a marquis I was, and still am, a merchant at heart... and a good merchant can smell a favorable deal from a few miles away.”

He offered his gloved hand to the girl who hesitated a moment before shaking it with her own.

“Very good... now come out.”

As he said those words, three shadows erupted from his own as the three assassins materialized in the tent alongside them. he almost chuckled at the dumbfounded expression that appeared on the ex-squire’s face as she witnessed her teasers make a come back, and how her eyes lingered on the oldest of the triplet she had never met before.

“You will be trained under these three from now on, to serve as a fourth member to my personal... black ops unit.”

He instructed, letting go of the still dumbfounded girl’s hand as Tia and Tina waved at her with what seemed to be enthusiasm even though he could never tell with those emotionless assassins.

Well, this was half of what he came here for. He presented the three of them with a girl who hated his guts, if they had any threatening intention toward him, they would train her and use her to attack him... not that it would work, but he could then dispose of them. And if they still proved to be loyal as they claim, he would give them more autonomy from then on. After all, you could never have enough skilled individuals under you, now could you?

“I am afraid that is not possible Master, Ijaniya forbids its members from teaching its secret techniques and style to outsiders.”

The one to speak was none other than the golden assassin Tira.

“And yet, you are no longer part of that organization, aren’t you?”

He questioned, unsure if their loyalty was already in question.

“Of course, but still, I would feel better with myself if I could receive a punishment for doing that... or else it would not feel right... as my Master I would be grateful if you were the one to administer it... and I will take on my sisters’ punishment too, after all they should not suffer for my own sense of guilt.”

Ah, this was a strange one, even for Satoru’s standards. The organization she was part of must have indoctrinated her quite a lot as a child for her to still feel the need to get punished if she broke rules she was no longer bound by. Alas, he might not like it, but if that was all it took, he could do it. Not that he knew much about punishment apart from the classic bending over the knee and spanking which he rarely suffered from his mother when he really messed up. Well, he hoped that was enough of a punishment.

He was about to answer when his voice got stuck in his throat at the deadpan stares the blue and red assassins were sending their sister’s way. They might feel guilty for her having to take their part of the punishment? But if there was something he learnt from Bukubukuchagama, that thing was that older siblings should always look out for younger ones, so those two should be grateful they had such a considered older sister.

“Umu, I understand, we will discuss this later in private.”

The golden assassin bowed toward him at his words in a way reminiscent of ninjas from various anime.

“Thank you Master.”

She sounded grateful for his acceptance and consideration, well, he might have been worrying about nothing after all. Yet, this will still be their final test.

‘Now to pass to the main and most important experiment’ he turned back toward the blonde ex-squire.

“I will now cast a spell to bring back your father... I don’t think I will need to mention that the knowledge of me being capable of such a thing will not leave this room... in fact, my spell will be slightly modified, for, if you break your vow of silence or betray our agreement, my secondary spell will activate and take away what was given.”

He said trying to sound as serious and intimidating as he could to sell his bluff. He would just use a Wand of Resurrection to check how it worked hoping the girl would not be brazen or foolish enough to test his bluff in the following years.

“Y-yes, I understand L-lord, no, Master Satoru.”

The girl stuttered out bowing to him in a way reminiscent of how Tira just did, just a lot more clumsy.

‘And this is the moment of truth, I should have tested this a long time ago... damn it, i was lucky Renner is not the first one I would have had to test this on, or I would have felt a lot worse about the chance of it not working’ he thought as his hand disappeared into his gown, recovering a Wand of Resurrection from his inventory, but still hiding it under his robes.

A white magic circle appeared under the veiled corpse as he activated the Wand’s spell. The light died down as soon as it came, and everyone waited for something to happen.

Seconds passed painfully slow before finally something twitched from under the veil. Neia's hand immediately darted to remove the black fabric and free her father's head, and revealing a set of eyes most similar to her own and very much alive, considering how they immediately darted toward her.

"N-Neia? My l-little girl..."

The man's speech was sluggish, he hoped it was only a momentary effect of the resurrection spell, after all those muscles had been dead for more than two days by now.

"Dad..."

Neia cried out as her voice broke like the dam holding back her tears which now were freely falling down her face.

"How?... Am I in heaven?"

Her father did not seem to grasp the situation, not that Satoru faulted the guy for his confusion, he would be as well if he suddenly got resurrected. Though, now that he thought about it, it was worth mentioning that even with that heartwarming display, he felt nothing. Truly, he sometimes really didn't understand how his new mind worked even after years, he had no problem feeling emotions around Renner, Lakys, Hilma, and the others, but every time it concerned someone else, he felt nothing at all.

"You are alive dad... we are alive..."

Neia cried out as she hugged her father who hugged her back just as fiercely.

"But how?... I remember... Orlando went down right before me, and then..."

Well, for all he was trying to give them time his patience was growing thin, so he just decided to conclude his part and then leave them to catch up.

“I am afraid that I am responsible for this development.”

His words made the man freeze over as his head immediately snapped toward him and an expression of hatred mixed with fear took over his face. Even if he was still seated on his previous deathbed, he immediately spread his arms as if to shield his daughter from his gaze, as if he just now noticed his presence, which was very much possible seeing his post-resurrection confusion.

“Do not... come any closer!”

For all he could understand the fatherly protectiveness, he really had no time for any of this.

“I will be explaining to you Neia, when you are done Tia and Tina will sneak you two out of the city and toward the Re-Estize’s camp where you will camouflage yourself among the soldiers coming home... it is needless to say that you both are dead to the world as previously agreed... I will have accommodations prepared back in Re-Estize.”

And with that he turned around, uncaring of the always more confused just resurrected man, one single shadow slipping back into his own.

As soon as he exited the tent, he felt liberated from a weight he did not seem to notice till that moment. Even the incessant rain finally stopped, leaving behind only trickles of water and large puddles.

Now that everything was done, he could finally return home without worries.

He was eager to see Renner and Hilma again, hell, even Evileye, the little tsundere that she was, had grown on him... now that he thought about it, it had been a few weeks since he heard from Hilma.

He shook away the worries from his mind, that was just his paranoia speaking. It was far more probable there was just nothing worth mentioning happening.

Oh, how would he come to regret those words...

A.N.

And here we are! Last chapter of the arc! Well, we still have an intermission next time that would conclude it for good, but this is very much the final page when it comes to the Holy War.

And for those wondering what would have happened if his resurrection failed, Satoru would have just killed Neia to keep her mouth shut... and to avoid the embarrassment.

So... horny triplets being horny triplets... yeah, so Tira is a freak sub with a daddy complex and the need to feel powerless and dominated, that is pretty much her kink. I don't judge.

Now, a question, apart from all the opinions on the chapter I am always eager to hear. I also am curious to know what is your favorite chapter in the story and why, or maybe you have a favorite chapter for each arc? Kind of curious now.

Let me know with a comment / review!

Stay safe! Till next time!