

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Eh... Hi?... Pretty late, I know, and I have no excuses. I completely got obsessed with writing Act II of CBW, and neglected TWTS in the process. And before I realized it I found myself on publication day with only half a chapter written and not even proofread. Shame on me.

Well, we are here now, so I hope the return of all your fav characters will make up for the wait.

PS: Pretty surprised that last chapter no one called out the fact Zaryusu named his first daughter after Lakys to show his admiration for her.

Chapter 99: Return to Normalcy

It was just another day in the Re-Estize Capital, the higher districts bustling with the noble scions of houses old and new, alongside the wealthy merchants and their patrons. But, while that might have been the most opulent sight, the true wealth of the kingdom resided in the lower district, among betting houses, taverns, and brothels... the coin exchanging hand each day was enough to put to shame some of the wealthiest merchants. Yet, what truly tilted the scale, was the amount of information constantly flowing from the lips of men and women coming from

different paths in life, and that would inevitably end up in the ears of the buzzing members of Seven Hands.

No one knew that better than Hilma Cygnaeus, the de-facto leader of the criminal syndicate who took over the kingdom in half a decade. Something that noble houses and other organization tried to do unsuccessfully for almost two hundred years by now, failing miserably. But then again, none of them could have counted on the presence of a certain undead known as Satoru being on their side.

Hilma had asked herself many a time how the undead managed to sweep the board clean in such an efficient and almost immediate way. A minor mind could have thought it was due to his unparalleled power, or maybe his genius. But Hilma knew the truth, a truth she was reminded of quite often.

“Full House.”

The blonde vampire revealed her hand with a smug smile Hilma could perceive from her sole words even with a mask covering her face.

“That is your best hand of the day... too bad it happened this round.”

Hilma said as she revealed her four of a kind hand making the smug aura of the vampire subside into nonexistence. The petite caster didn't say anything, but Hilma could feel her glare pierce her like one of her crystal spells.

She refrained from showing any of the satisfaction she was feeling, after all, there was still one hiding his hand for longer than he should.

“Come on Satoru, there is no shame in losing more than once in a row...”

She teased as, even without seeing his face, she could feel the tension emanating from him in a wave, making her more assured in her victory.

“Straight flush.”

The deep voice of the undead echoed in the silent room as he placed down his cards revealing the more than bitter truth. Hilma had no idea if his lack of gloating was something she should feel relieved about or be mad at even more.

Yes, this was exactly it, her daily reminder that the man who conquered a kingdom had done so without the need of his power or his mind... his goddamned bullshit levels of luck were enough to accomplish the task... and she would not be surprised if the rest of the continent capitulated to him before the next decade was up.

Hilma stared at the masked undead with a deadpan expression, which probably was being mimicked by Evileye at that exact moment.

“You must have enchanted the cards.”

The accusation was not the first and would not be the last. The blonde vampire will always be a sore loser. Not like Hilma who by now came to make peace with the monstrously lucky man before her.

“You have checked the cards at every round, and changed the set of cards three times by now.”

The male undead rebutted emotionlessly, only making the vampire more agitated in the process.

“That’s only because you had three straight flushes... in five hands dealt! Do you have any idea... how low the chance of that is?!”

No one answered her frustrated rant, even if Hilma ran the calculations in her mind from habit.

“That’s less than 0.002%!”

The vampire cried out slamming her hands on the table while Satoru nonchalantly gathered the coins he won, making them disappear in his robes.

“I see, I see... lending Hilma a hand with reports gave its fruits.”

The uncaring tone of Satoru only aggravated the mood of the smaller caster who flipped him the bird in response.

“Fuck off, you bony ass... I will discover your trick one day or another!”

The vampire threatened much to the dismissal of the magic caster.

“Such vulgar language for a princess, maybe you should work on a spell based on cursing... maybe then you could finally beat me in a magical competition.”

Hilma tensed slightly at the mention of Evileye’s past, something the vampire had opened about with them only recently. Satoru really did not control his mouth sometimes. Luckily all it seemed to accomplish was making the former princess scoff and wave at him in dismissal.

“Gloat all you want, I wouldn’t expect any less from a peasant high on his momentary victory over the last scion of such a renown royal lineage.”

Hilma relaxed at the words, clearly meant in jest, spoken by the blonde vampire answering his bantering.

“Chickening away... aren’t we?”

The vampire continued to press her upper hand, her previous losses completely forgotten, seeing how Satoru had moved to leave the room without answering.

“Sorry princess, being a lowly peasant, I don’t have the luxury of lounging around doing nothing all day... I actually have duties, and an expedition to plan.”

And with that last quip, the masked marquis left the room.

“Tsk! That asshole...”

Evileye settled back down on her chair. Even through the mask, Hilma could imagine the childish pout the over two centuries old vampire was sporting.

“As if I didn’t provide most of the information he is basing his expedition upon...”

She muttered under her breath.

“Satoru is not one to usually answer well to bantering, apparently you just manage to get his angle and get under his skin pretty often... you shouldn’t be surprised he gives it back just as hard.”

Hilma said while taking a sip of her tea.

“Humph! You speak as if I am actively trying to do that... He does not deserve such a large part of my attention.”

The blonde woman chuckled at the vampire's protests as she reached over to wrap an arm around the petite woman's shoulders.

"Don't be like that... we are all friends here, after all."

She felt the muscles of the undead slightly tense under her warm touch. Even after months since their confrontation with Satoru, the adorable vampire was still very uncertain about her own feelings apparently. Not that Hilma blamed her, seeing her past and how the ones she had thought her friends treated her... Hilma could hardly imagine the mental scar they left upon her. not that her circumstances were not as bad, but she did not have to endure them for nearly as long as the vampire did.

"Y-yeah..."

That voice, so vulnerable and unlike her usual confident and cold self, melted Hilma's heart. She stood and walked behind Evileye's chair, bowing down to embrace the smaller woman from behind, uncaring of the coldness she was giving off.

"It's okay, we are not going anywhere... at least for some time... I guess my time will come sooner or later, that is just human nature, but you will still have Satoru to endure your presence for all of eternity."

She felt two cold hands clench tightly around her arms as if the vampire was afraid of letting her go in fear of her disappearing.

"I don't want to lose any of you... I am... happy... I don't want to go back... to being alone... I don't think I could take it... a third time."

The fragility and desperation in those words stabbed at Hilma's like sharp knives.

“As Satoru always says, there is no greatest treasure in this world than true friends, and anyone who willingly abandons a friend is nothing more than scum.”

Hilma almost chuckled at herself as she uttered those words that seemed more appropriate for a naïve and childish fairytale rather than reality. But then again, Satoru had his own way of making even the most naïve words seem like a grand declaration when he spoke it. That was one of his gifts she had been most amazed by over the years.

“But you might not get to make a choice... the dragon lords... their underlings... they will do whatever they can to make sure no player resides in this world... and I doubt you would stand by and watch it happen.”

Evileye voiced her fears openly, much to Hilma’s grimace.

Yes, that was quite right. Ever since she and Satoru were made aware of the true enemy they would be facing in this world, they have been quite preoccupied with preparations. But given the secretive and unknowable nature of Wild Magic, it was hard for them to account for every possibility. It was imperative for them to scout out and gather information on their foes.

Evileye had already provided all the information she had about them, which helped them a lot in realizing what they were up against to begin with. Which was why Satoru had been preoccupied ever since in forming a viable strategy to counter what he was aware of. After all, the Platinum Dragon Lord inhabited the Floating City of the Eight Greed Kings, players who Satoru was sure had possessed numerous powerful items he was actively working on countering.

“Trust in Satoru, he knows what he is doing... and we must do our part in return.”

Satoru was too well-known by now for him to do such delicate and conspicuous work. Him directly approaching the subject of Wild Magic would immediately give the game away and maybe force the Dragon Lords to act prematurely, but Hilma and Evileye? Hardly anyone would notice them snooping around... and they had a precise candidate in mind to start with.

“I trust him, but I can’t still help but worry... we are up against a force that managed to survive 600 years of player domination through strategy and manipulation.”

Hilma couldn’t really argue against that. It was indeed an overwhelming prospect to think about. But they still had their cards to play... and the expedition in the demi-humans land will be the first foothold toward their freedom.

She was well aware of her weakness, but as long as her life could serve as the foothold for Satoru’s and Evileye’s future happiness... she didn’t mind giving it up.

For once in her life, she had someone she didn’t want to lose at any cost.

She tightened her embrace around the petite caster.

‘I will do what I have to do... to see this silent war through to the end... they both will survive, no matter the cost...’ that, she swore to herself.

{Renner’s P.O.V.}

The third princess of Re-Estize checked if the water had reached the right temperature by immersing a finger into her tub. The

runecraft item was such a useful thing, as she no longer had to have a myriad of servants around only to prepare a bath for herself, which was the main annoyance that stopped her from having baths more often.

She took off her remaining smallclothes and casted them aside before turning back toward the other figure still giving Renner her back while disrobing.

She rethought her words, taking a few seconds for her eyes to admire the scene before her. Lakyus really changed a lot in the half a year she had been away.

Her body was very much more defined, with just the right amount of muscles that could clearly not be ignored but still maintaining a lean figure she could appreciate greatly.

Her puppy had really come a long way from the scrawny and petite girl she met almost six years ago.

She kept on admiring the disrobing girl as if she was proud of what she had turned into over the years. And why shouldn't she be? After all, she was the one who chose Lakyus to be her only friend, and she clearly chose very wisely.

She felt a jolt of lightning go down her spine as she noticed the girl turning around and meeting her gaze with her emerald one.

Damn it... she clearly took too much time to call her and there was no way she didn't notice her wondering eyes, Lakyus was pretty perceptive when she wanted to be.

A small smirk appeared on the knight's face as she crossed her arms pushing up her very much developing chest, accentuating the feature in the process, much to Renner's annoyance at the blatant display of superiority in that area compared to hers.

“What’s wrong princess? Afraid we won’t fit in the tub?”

While trying to control her blush at any cost after being caught ogling, Renner decided to just go along with the harmless teasing.

“Apologies, I did not expect one of us to turn into a ogre when I purchased this beauty... so, forgive me if I am starting to get worried we won’t fit anymore like when we where kids.”

Lakyus’ grin turned feral, making Renner feel things she could not put to words. A weird mixture of worry and strange excitement.

“Luckily, one of us is still a little princess.”

Anything Renner had been feeling was suddenly crushed by outrage at the blatantly brutish words of the warrior girl.

“Excuse me?! Being around adventurers all the time certainly made you crasser! I am starting to think my ogre analogy is starting to be more literal by the second!”

Lakyus did not respond to her outraged rebuttal, as she just started taking a few steps toward the blonde princess, much to this last one uneasiness at the taller girl’s approach... that smirk of hers did not bode well at all for her...

“L-Lakyus! S-stop that! Whatever you are thinking of doing... I am going to tell Sa-“

Renner could not even utter her last line of defense that her friend picked her up by force before she jumped into the tub with her, making hot water splash everywhere all the while tickling the princess who could not help but flail her arms around in response to the muscular stimulation, causing the mess to only get worse

as she could not escape the tight grasp of the older girl pressing her against her muscular body as a form of punishment.

“S-stop! Ah! I-I am going t-to! Ah! B-bite you!”

Seeing how the older girl did not relent on her tickling Renner decided to carry out her promise and bit down on her shoulder making the older girl gasp and slowly start relenting her tickling. Meanwhile Renner was trying not to cry out in pain, biting down on Lakys’ shoulder seemed to be quite a poor choice, even as a last resort. Her teeth could not even seem to pierce the skin in the slightest and her bones seemed made out of adamantite judging by the throbbing pain in her jaw.

“That... actually hurt a little...”

Somehow, Renner doubted that statement a lot. But she relented nonetheless seeing how Lakys actually stopped her tickling torture.

“That is what you get for being a dummy... you big dummy...”

Those words... they sounded so strange coming out of her mouth, and yet so natural, as that was the only natural response her brain came up with on the spot... and it made her sound like one of those idiot girls she had been surrounded by in her childhood.

The princess snuggled against Lakys’ bosom to try and hide her embarrassed blush from the older girl’s sight.

Truly, only her and Satoru could make her act like this, bringing out things she didn’t even know she had in her.

She lied atop Lakys, both of their bodies submerged in hot water... it truly felt good, the only thing better than this she could imagine was being hugged by Satoru.

But maybe, it was about time she addressed the dragon in the room, after all, that was why she organized this little get-together in the first place. Not that she did not appreciate spending time with Lakys, mind you, but the girl... had been strange ever since she came back from her expedition.

“So, are you actually going to tell me what happened to you?”

She had no need to look her in her face to realize her friend was gawking right now.

Silence persisted for some time as Renner contemplated the mess that became of her hair after what Lakys just pulled. ‘She better help me fix them, or I swear-‘

“How did you know?”

Oh, apparently Lakys decided to finally react to her words.

“Lakys, I have known you for almost half my life... I know when something happened to you... and judging by the fact your group basically went their own way after you returned... it tells me that whatever happened, you are clearly being affected by it.”

She had immediately noticed it when she came back, her smiles did not reach the same intensity as before, she had become far more clingy, not that Renner necessarily minded sharing a bed, but it was clear something was not right, and Lakys was not being herself.

“I... am no longer an adventurer.”

Renner blinked, that was not something she expected. Lakys had made a name for herself in more than a year of adventuring, and last time she checked was on her way to reaching the Mithril rank

pretty soon, something unheard of for a team that barely worked together for a year.

“What happened?”

The princess questioned her friend seriously. She needed to know if her friend got herself in some kind of trouble, there were very few things that could get her kicked out from the profession. Being positioned as she was, Renner felt the chest of her friend expand and compress under her golden locks, as her friend sighed heavily before proceeding to explain what happened in the Forest of Tob and E-Rantel.

Even if Renner already realized where this whole retelling would end up just a third of the way in, she still said nothing... after all, thanks to her previous experience, she knew Lakyus was telling her not only because she trusted her, but also because she wanted to get that weight off her chest. Or share it at least.

To be completely honest, Renner could not care less about some goblins, or what the guild did. But she knew these things mattered to her friend, and so she tried to comfort her as best as she could, even though she was quite relieved Lakyus did not do anything foolish.

“I understand, if you want... you know Satoru can help you... once you make up your mind on how you want to proceed.”

Renner said as she hugged the older girl tightly, something she reciprocated.

“Y-you are not upset... that I acted on my emotions?”

Renner was taken aback by that question. Only to understand its significance just a few instants later. That was what their first ever

great argument was about... what almost broke their friendship back in the Azerlisia Mountains.

Was that the reason Lakys was reluctant to speak with her about it? Did she think they would argue all over again?

She should have realized by now, that they were different people from back then. She had evolved, she learnt, thanks to Satoru, she understood someone like Lakys, even if she didn't agree. And even Lakys, for all she remained the same optimistic goofball at her core, she changed too. Being responsible for the lives of her entire team certainly had its effects on her mindset and thoughtfulness.

“Don't be silly Lakys, you just did what your heart told you to, but you did not put anyone in danger in the process... but maybe, do not try to fight the only adamantite rank adventurer team we have next time, it would be a shame if I had to... intervene on your behalf.”

Renner knew herself well. If Lakys had gotten hurt in the confrontation, or even worse... she would have done everything in her power to make sure Red Drop did not see another sunrise. And she was confident that Satoru would have been displeased quite a bit too.

But still, this whole thing did not add up completely. There was something else going on here, something she could not put her finger on. Lakys was prone to snapping sometimes but, as she said before, she had grown. Something must have happened beforehand to trigger such an instinctive reaction from her... after all, her declaration of protecting anyone who will be attacked unjustly regardless of their race, to the point of possibly killing

the perpetrators, was not something the Lakyus she knew would have approved.

And there was the fact she had not spoken a word of what transpired in her expedition toward the wyvern riders tribe's territory. Knowing Lakyus, that was highly suspicious. Those two things put together already formed an half-baked idea of something having triggered that response in Lakyus.

“Lakyus, you know you can tell me anything...”

The princess tried to probe her friend gently, nudging her in the direction she wanted. And judging by the fact every muscle in Lakyus' body suddenly tensed up, she was pretty sure she had been spot on, there was indeed something else going on with her.

Renner was patient, she just laid her head on her friend's surprisingly comfortable and soft chest, listening to her heartbeat as she awaited the girl to say something, or nothing at all. It was still her choice after all, and Renner would respect it... Forcing Lakyus to do something had always proved itself to be a terrible idea after all.

What she didn't expect was to hear the sound of droplets plopping into the tub's water. She opened her eyes and, for the first time ever since their discussion started, looked at her friend's face.

Fat tears were rolling down Lakyus' cheeks ending up dripping into the water below. The scene bothered Renner on a visceral level she could hardly describe herself.

She felt the sudden urge to help her friend in whatever way she could, but all she could do was try to foolishly stop her tears by cupping her face with her own small hands.

Renner knew it was useless and dumb. But for once, she couldn't care less of the illogicality of it all. Lakyus was hurting, and she wanted to stop it however she could.

“I-I met someone... in the F-Frostfang... s-someone special...”

The admission left the warrior's lips like a whisper of the wind. Renner could hardly remember a time when Lakyus had been so quiet, and yet, the words seemed to carry far more emotion than anything she had ever boisterously proclaimed.

But even while taken aback by the display and words, a tinge of something ugly and hateful could not help but make its way to her heart.

Who was this someone? And how were they special? Were they more special than Renner?! No! that was impossible! Lakyus would never replace her like that...

No, no, no, no, NO!

The princess gritted her teeth and tightened her lips to hide the natural response of her body, still awaiting for her friend to continue.

“S-she managed to help me f-find a p-part of me I thought long gone... t-to find peace w-with myself... I... I think... I l-loved her.”

Renner's nostrils flared as her fists tightened to the point she could feel her nails start digging into her skin.

‘Lakyus... you... you are mine! You are mine! Mine! MINE!... why are you doing this to ME?! Why?! Why?! Why?! WHY?! WHY?! WHY?! You are my friend, my only friend! You are special to me as I am special to you!... who? Who dares poison

your mind away from me?!’ her mind spiraled in a vortex of absolute hatred toward whoever this girl or woman was... she wanted to rip her apart with her own hands for daring to lay her hands on someone belonging to her!

She tightened her embrace around Lakyus’ waist, pressing their bodies together as if she wished for her to never leave her side again.

“What happened?”

The princess inquired, her tone as neutral as she could keep it with all the emotions swirling through her body.

“She...s-she died... protecting me... i-it was an instant... and she was g-gone...”

Renner bit the inside of her cheek to stop herself from smiling. ‘Good riddance’ she could not help but feel satisfied by the outcome. But now, it was time for her to comfort her weeping puppy.

“Shhh... it’s not your fault Lakyus.”

The princess gently stroked the girl’s muscular back as her body shook with each hiccup.

“Y-yes, it is! I-if only I had been s-stronger... but I... I c-couldn’t do anything...”

Lakyus kept on crying out all the pain she had apparently buried deep inside her heart.

Renner let her weep, she would be all the more affectioned and caring from now on. After all, Lakyus was quite the impressionable specimen to just abandon her for some skank in a

wasteland... she needed to teach this eager puppy that she only had one owner.

How deep had their bond been exactly? The princess knew Lakyus currently was in no state to answer that, but she would have to investigate at a more opportune moment. For now... she had to make sure this naughty girl realized the only one she needed was Renner herself, and no one else.

“You can hug me harder, you know? Here, here, let it all out...”

She whispered to her crying friend as the older girl’s arms squeezed her in an embrace that took out the air from her lungs. ‘Damn it... too tight...’ Renner gasped as she could hardly breathe right now, something that luckily Lakyus noticed and corrected by relenting her grasp on her slightly.

The princess gasped for air, taking in copious amounts of oxygen in a very undignified display.

Renner slightly glared up at the weak giggle she registered among Lakyus hiccups, the older girl was certainly confused on what she was feeling. What kind of weirdo actually laughed while crying?

“Tsk! Happy to be your source of amusement right now... but still, I would gladly ask you to not squeeze me like a grape... I am afraid the result will not help you much.”

The princess huffed while catching her breath.

“Sorry Renner... and thank you... for being you... and for staying by my side...”

Renner could not fully suppress her blush at the sudden words, so she limited herself to avoid her friend’s gaze.

‘It’s not like I am not enjoying myself right now... you dummy...’ she pouted while keeping her thoughts to herself.

After all, this was what she wanted.

She was all Lakyus needed, and she would make sure to carve that into that thick skull of hers once and for all.

{Neia’s P.O.V.}

The blonde archer let her arrow loose, piercing the target right next to the bullseye.

“Good one Neia, but you are still using your eyes too much, you need to get a feel for the shot and sharpen your instincts... but that will also come with time and practice.”

Her father, Pabel Baraja, corrected and encouraged her at the same time. Neia really didn’t know how she would go on without him, and while her current circumstances were not exactly the greatest, she imagined a life without her father would be a far grimmer and dreadful prospect.

Neia could already barely see anything, at all with the only source of light being the light of a candle in a corner of the room. And her dada told her that when she got good enough she would shoot in total darkness.

Her senses had already been greatly refined by the month or so she spent training under her father. Apparently, the vice commander had a very keen eye and was indeed correct on her aptitude for a ranger role.

The swinging of the target was suddenly stopped by a silent and soft hand.

“That is enough archery for today, “

A very familiar stoic voice said.

“It’s time to practice with the blade.”

Another voice, very similar to the first if not for a slightly more serious inflection, joined in.

In the next instant every candle in the room lit up at the same time to reveal better the forms of two blonde assassins she had come to know well, both during and after what was now called the Holy War.

It wasn’t the first time the two of them did this, and Neia was quite aware of their ability to blend into the shadows of people. That would be the final skill they will teach them once they believe she is good enough to join their little trio as an official member. Not that Neia had any choice in the matter, she had pledged her life in service to the Marquis inhabiting the mansion she currently was training in.

“Neia, I will see you back home this evening... I am going to make your favorite for a work well done.”

Her father said in a soft tone he reserved only for her while launching dirty looks toward the duo of assassins.

She will try to talk with him later about the loathing glare he always sent Tia and Tina. It wasn’t like they were being cruel to her in any way, but she could see where her father was coming from every time she returned home with bruises and even a split lip that one time. He had even tried to stay and look after her on multiple occasions, but the twins didn’t want anyone learning of their secret techniques apart from those chosen. And when her father insisted, they double teamed him.

Now, her father was no amateur, he was known as the Black for a reason, but given they were into an enclosed space and the fact her father had not recovered his strength from his resurrection still to this day, he was subsequently subdued and defeated by the duo. Not that he didn't give it his all, after all, Tia had indeed slightly limped on one leg for a couple days after the confrontation.

But long story short, he had come to accept that she would inevitably get hurt during the learning process, and for all he could grumble about it, he could not do anything.

She snapped her head left as she perceived something coming her way, just in time to avoid one of Tia's needles.

“No spacing out, honey buns.”

For all Neia had gotten used to the name calling over these couple months she had known the duo, she could still not help but blush every time one of them made a pass at her. By now it was clear Tia had a thing for her, but she still had no idea how to feel about it. And adding to that, Tina also made remarks regarding the former squire just to piss off her sister... or at least Neia hoped so, because she really had no idea what she would do if the red scarfed assassin decided she wanted to pursue her as well.

“We have a message from Master Satoru.”

Neia straightened immediately at the declaration from Tina. She had not seen her... employer ever since they arrived in Re-Estize and he provided her and her father with a house in the merchant district. So, to hear from him so suddenly, it was quite unnerving.

“In a month's time, Master Satoru shall depart for the demi-human lands south of Re-Estize with the objective of conquering them for himself... the three of us have been requested as his

personal guards, and you too will accompany us... consider it, a mid-training exam.”

Neia gulped at Tina’s declaration as anxiety assaulted her mind.

Why were they even being requested? She had seen the Marquis in action, he had no need for bodyguards, he could probably exterminate the entire land on his own. Was this a test for her? the sole thought made her want to vomit her lunch. What if he found her wanting? What if-

“Hey, you good?”

She felt a hand on her shoulder as the emotionless voice of Tia took her out from her spiraling thoughts. Their eyes met, sea-blue into coral. For all the twins were extremely stoic all the time, Neia could not help but have noticed how expressive their eyes actually were.

“Don’t worry, nothing will happen to you... I will protect that juicy backside.”

Neia almost choked on her spit as the wholesomeness of the moment was completely thrown out the window by that last remark. She felt a surge of blood reach and tinge her cheeks. The complete deadpan tone only making it worse, as she had no idea if she should take it as a joke or a very serious threat to her purity.

“You can have fun later when we wash up, now is time to train.”

Tina interrupted them much to Neia’s initial relief, till her brain actually understood and computed the words.

Bathing together has been a standard ever since they started training, much to her embarrassment. But she couldn’t even refuse, as the twins claimed it was a waste of time and water for

them to go one by one, and by the time they were done, Neia was too tired to care. But still, these two were a terrible combo...

“Acceptable, now... listen up bunny, we are going to make sure Master Satoru is impressed by your display, we have a month time, and you have already shown to have decent potential in our style.”

Tia said as she returned by her sister side, before launching a dagger Neia's way, which she caught by instinct as this was not the first time such an occurrence had happened.

“As, if you don't, Master Satoru might choose to discipline you... and possibly us... and I do not fancy being unable to sit for a week, unlike big sister.”

Neia gulped, this was not the first time they alluded to some form of corporal punishment regarding their backsides. Neia would have never thought the Marquis had such tastes.

Maybe the rumor that all powerful individuals were somehow deviants was not exactly untrue. After all, they must be special for a reason, maybe their brains just worked differently.

But, either way, she had no intention of learning the truth by risking her own skin... so she had to train. For her father's sake, her teachers' sake, and her own backside's sake.

She was determined to not fail!

A.N.

Man, will Neia manage to keep her backside safe? Who knows... discover it by continuing reading!

Jokes aside, pretty calm chapter setting up things as usual now that we are starting a new arc. Wanted to do a bit of

assessment to show where we were after the intermission arc in regards to different characters.

Hope you enjoyed as always.

And make sure to leave a comment / review to let me know your thoughts!

Stay safe! Till next time!

PS: Just realized how many female characters we have... ah, should add some gender equality...