

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Man, this chapter just was kind of a pain to write, so much dialogue and people doing... well... I should not spoil.

Either way! The Anniversary polls are out, so make sure to vote if you haven't already!

Enjoy the chapter!

(PS: writing "chapter 80" is kinda wild, who would have thought we would get here and I wouldn't even be close to finishing the story!)

Chapter 80: A Dream of Peace

The ship rocket back and forth, the sea itself seemingly mimicking the unsettled state of mind of those currently present. This was, after all, the last chance at avoiding a war that would entail the death and suffering of tens of thousands.

"We welcome you Prince Zanak of Re-Estize, Marquis Raeven of Re-Estize."

The one greeting them was a paladin with a bob haircut, judging by how she approached them, and her decorated armor, Zanak assumed that she might be the famous Grandmaster Paladin

Remedios Custodio, sister of the now infamous Kelart Custodio. If that was the case, the coldness in her words would be more than justified.

“Greetings representative.”

He said trying to not address the faux-pas the woman just committed by not introducing herself.

“I am the Grandmaster Paladin, Remedios Custodio, please follow me to the Queen’s quarters.”

Zanac didn’t understand if this was an attempt at fixing her previous mistake or if it just went over her head. Either way, they weren’t playing at court right now, they had no time to waste.

They were escorted in the bowels of the vessel to a decorated door. The paladin knocked twice, announcing them before opening the door.

Zanac marched in stoically, his expression never changing even at the sight of the two beauties waiting inside.

“Greeting Prince Zanac, we are relieved to welcome you today at this table, I am Calca Bessarez, the Holy Queen, the one at my side is Kelart Custodio, the High Priestess of our national temple.”

The Holy Queen introduced herself and her companion with a bow that both him and Raeven answered in kind before taking a seat in front of the opposing party.

He immediately noticed the map of the continent sprawled over the table with multiple points and zones marked.

“I would prefer to skip the pleasantries and directly get to the point... you have received my father’s letter, I am quite sure you are not here to offer me Lady Kelart’s head.”

Zanac opened the negotiation with a bold move, making the Paladin Grandmaster visibly uncomfortable.

“No, that is certainly not the case, we are here to make sure to amend for what was certainly a grave error we unwillingly took part in.”

The Holy Queen expressed her regret with another bow of her head.

“The actions taken by the Temples in the Re-Estize kingdom are not something we are willing to condone, it is deplorable that such a holy institution ended up behaving not better than greedy assassins... while we found the retribution a hard punishment, we also are not in the position to teach how another country should deal with their criminals.”

She continued and Zanac had to admit he now could understand how Calca had become such a revered and admired figure. Her tone had the perfect mix between resolution and heartbreak in it, and her perfect figure only emphasized the sacrality of her words.

“We offer our condolences for what happened to the Princess, but we are unwilling to take the full responsibility that his Majesty Rampossa III appointed on us... we understand that those harsh words come from a heartbroken father so we take no offense to them, and while we certainly hold a partial responsibility, we also are ready to amend for our actions that unwillingly brought to this unfortunate outcome.”

As the Holy Queen said that, the High Priestess laid a pile of documents on the table.

“High Priestess Kelart will step down from her position and will not be allowed to hold said position again for the rest of her life, we are willing to monetarily compensate the kingdom for the damages caused by the Temples and are willing to rediscuss trade agreement in your favor, plus we will also lift the import tax from the kingdom for the next ten years... all details are explained at length in these documents.”

This was good, Zanac didn't expect for the Holy Kingdom to go this far, what they were proposing would hurt them for the foreseeable future, seeing how their main source of import and export was the Re-Estize kingdom. They were offering to cripple themselves in exchange for peace. Hell, Calca's rule and popularity would take a big hit once the word spread about the economic agreement, not to talk about the weakness she would display by allowing a foreign power to dictate the figures of power in their own kingdom.

They were handing the kingdom a clean victory on an adamantite platter. Any sane man would have jumped on this deal and signed it before it disappeared like a dream at dawn.

But this wasn't about power, or victory, or economic deals. No, this was all about revenge. No matter how much gold you offer a man dead set on avenging his family, it will all look worthless to him.

Zanac had received very clear instructions from his father. And it hurt his heart to have to do this.

“Apologies your Grace, personally I recognize your offer as the right thing to do... as a great thing even, but my father wishes for only one thing... only one thing that will stop him from declaring war as soon as I come back, and that is Lady Kelart’s head on a pike.”

As soon as the words left his lips a fist splintered part of the table in front of him, courtesy of the Grandmaster.

“MADNESS! DO YOU EVEN HEAR YOURSELF?! AFTER ALL OF THIS YOU STILL PERSIST-“

The female paladin roared in Zanac’s face before she was silenced by her own sister.

“Remedios! Cease this brutish display at once! You are embarrassing your Queen!”

The High Priestess spoke for the first time, her harsh tone silencing the paladin immediately.

“Now leave us.”

She ordered, the woman hesitated for a moment but once she saw her queen did nothing to contradict her sister’s orders, she just stormed away, slamming the door behind her.

“Please, forgive my sister, she cannot keep her nerves in check and possess a bad temper.”

Kelart apologized.

“There is no need to apologize, I understand that the words I uttered are quite preposterous, for that I apologize, I am simply doing my father’s bidding, I hold no enmity toward the Holy Kingdom or any of you.”

Zanac offered his own apologies with a bow.

“Were the two of you not close? I mean, you and your sister... I have an older brother myself... forgive me! That is not something I should ask as a foreign ruler!”

The Holy Queen said bowing her head to him once more.

“As I said, please do not concern yourself with formalities... Alysanne was... well, a pretty and silent flower, she was there, something nice to look at, but if she wasn't there, nobody would have noticed... the two of us may have exchanged less than a dozen conversations in our lives, and I am counting simple greetings too in there.”

Zanac recalled the few memories he had of her sister over the years. Most of them were blurry as if his own mind had problems recalling such unmemorable moments.

“She was betrothed to Marquis Satoru, so I guess there was that going for her as of late, even though that turned out to be her undoing... I heard she had worked alongside the Magic Guilds this last year, if I may, their presence at her funeral was quite unexpected.”

He explained without really knowing why he was saying this in the first place, maybe he was just trying to avoid returning to the previous very unpleasant matter.

“I see, I think you were right about him Marquis Raeven.”

To his surprise the one to speak was the High Priestess and she directly referring to the Marquis who had been silent this whole time was quite confusing.

The second prince just gave the man a suspicious glance, giving him the chance to explain what was going on.

“Prince Zanak, I apologize for the unpleasant conversation till now, but we had to make sure you were the kind of man Marquis Raeven described you as.”

The Holy Queen said with an uneasy smile, causing the unease developing in Zanak’s stomach to intensify.

“Marquis, care to elaborate?”

The nervous prince asked his appointed aide. Since the two of them began to work together, Zanak already knew the Marquis was moving pieces he was unaware of, but to reach this level of conspiracy seemed quite the risk, even more for the cautious man he had come to know during the voyage to arrive here. During their many conversations the prince never suspected the noble to be so daring.

“It is as I told you my Prince, I have already made steps toward our ultimate goal.”

The marquis of the west responded calmly as if he didn’t just admit conspiring with the current enemy.

“Marquis Raeven already explained the situation to us through a secret message, that self-destructing rune was quite impressive if I may say so myself, but either way... your King is hellbent on war, he seeks to drown his sorrow and hate in the blood of countless innocents, he is sure he can win this war through the power of Marquis Satoru.”

Kelart said in a matter of fact tone.

“That is indeed true, can you safely say you can stop a force of nature capable of slaying a Dragon Lord in single combat? Not to speak of his lackeys, there are definitely dangerous individuals in his ranks.”

The prince corroborated the High Priestess' words, he had little doubt this war would be a bloodbath on both sides, but Re-Estize had individuals capable of shifting the outcome of a battle more than the Holy Kingdom.

“Seven Hands will not move.”

The one to state that was none other than Marquis Raeven himself, his tone assured as if what he uttered was a fact set in stone.

“How can you be so sure Marquis?”

Asked the skeptical prince.

“You may not be aware of this since you do not have a domain to administer Prince Zanac, but Seven Hands is only so dangerous when they are on their own turf, there every man, woman, or child is an ally and a potential spy... if you mobilize their full force, not only would you lose hold on the lands, but the sheer cost of mobilizing so many from all around the Kingdom would be ruinous even for the richest man in the Kingdom... only a select individuals would actually be dangerous if mobilized, but even then, they currently serve as deterrent and are necessary for the functioning of Seven Hands, to risk losing them would be a heavy blow for the organization... he will not risk moving them.”

The Marquis explained in detail making the prince wonder where he learnt of the organization's inner working, then it hit him, he probably had his fair share of problems with the syndicate operation on his own lands.

“That still leaves Marquis Satoru.”

The prince decided to return to the main point of their discussion. The High Priestess sent him a mischievous smile.

“Yes, and that is exactly why as we speak, a number of my best men is infiltrating your vessel to return with you to the kingdom... they might not be able to assassinate the marquis, but they will certainly put him out of commission for a while... enough for the king to come to his senses and realize he cannot win a war under these conditions, and how our proposal is more than fair.”

The prince could not help but feel a cold jolt run down his spine. Till now they had only spoken in conjectures, but now... this was an act of war! And the fact they have been made aware of it would brand them as traitors!

Even in his internal panic, he was relieved to see that the Holy Queen was also as uncomfortable as him with what was happening.

“And... have you ever thought that my father might not see reason? That he might march his troops to certain death in search of vengeance?”

Now, Zanac himself did not believe his words to be true, but he desperately wanted to know if the architects of this deadly and traitorous scheme did think of the possibility.

“If that was the case... I am willing to appease the deal with my hand in marriage.”

This time around, it was the Holy Queen who spoke with absolute certainty coating her words.

“And pray tell, Queen Calca, who would you even marry? I doubt Marquis Satoru would be thrilled at the prospect, and all the other Great Nobles are already married.”

Zanac asked, genuinely curious, eliciting a giggle from the Holy Queen.

“But of course you Prince Zanac.”

If, in that moment, he had something in his mouth he would have surely spewed it out. Such was his surprise and shock.

Even in its absurdity it made sense once he thought about it. She certainly could not marry Barbro. In that scenario one of them should have abandoned their kingdom to become king consort or queen consort in another kingdom, or should have to merge the two kingdoms together, which was a ludicrous idea to begin with.

Instead, he, a second son without many prospects in life would be the perfect piece to fit in the puzzle. Becoming King Consort would give Re-Estize a certain degree of influence over the Holy Kingdom never heard of before.

“I can’t imagine her Grace being thrilled at the prospect.”

He commented callously, he was well aware of his shortcomings when it came to the looks department. Short and stout, nothing like his hunk of a brother, who had the perfect physique to become a knight. In his younger years, Zanac had also been compared to a dwarf by the Noble Faction, as a mockery for the Royal Family.

“While I will admit that his Highness does not fit my preference toward a man’s physical appearance, I also believe that as a queen, it is my duty to marry for the good of the country, and saving countless innocent would certainly be a worthy exchange... also, nothing says that affection, or perhaps even love, can’t bloom between two arranged partners with time.”

The Queen expressed her opinion with sincerity and a gentle smile that made Zanac’s heart pound faster for a moment.

Beautiful women were really the downfall of young men... it had only been a moment but he could have envisioned that future in his mind, before dismissing it as this was no time or place to fantasize.

Though, all of this was going against the goal the Marquis first expressed to him. Zanak gave the man a side glance to check his face and if he could grasp anything from his expression. Much to his dismay, the marquis had remained stoic during that last exchange.

“We will talk about this later, your Highness.”

Apparently, his side glance didn't go unnoticed. Truly, Marquis Satoru may have been the most powerful man in the kingdom, but Marquis Raeven certainly possessed the sharpest mind in the kingdom.

“Are you sure your men will succeed?”

Asked the Marquis turning toward Kelart.

“They are some of the best in their field, they never failed a job in their carrier, I have made sure to prepare them the best way possible with the intelligence we have, they know the risk and are fully prepared to die for the cause.”

She explained solemnly.

“I also contacted and make arrangements for another group to act if they failed.”

She added making Raeven freeze up.

“That was not part of the plan, you know the borders are locked right now, by trying to infiltrate the kingdom they might put the caster on alert.”

The marquis protested.

Zanac felt like his head was about to explode by now. How did he end up in a meeting where the point of discussion went from smuggling assassins to kill a noble to treason against the crown. Barely a month ago he was just your average rich second son who was happy with managing to seduce one of the maids every once in a while with his wits. And now he was dragged into this international conspiracy against his own kingdom.

“Oh, I can assure you that won’t be the case... say Marquis, have you ever heard of Ijaniya?”

And with that he officially needed a drink, or maybe two.

Why did his life need to suck this hard? He just wanted to live a simple and stress-free life with whatever noble daughter his father decided to marry him with... a simple bit of land on the countryside sounded so nice right now...

{Ro-Lente}

{Evileye’s P.O.V.}

The blonde vampire had always thought she was cursed, the name she chose for herself was a clear sign of this mindset. Only misery seemed to follow in her wake, the shadow of war looming over the kingdom was just another sign that her cursed existence couldn’t bring anything good to the world.

Or that was what she would have thought if the proof of the contrary wasn’t sitting right in front of her. This child, this bundle of joy that would have died if it wasn’t for her. She was the proof that she could bring something good to the world. That her curse could be broken.

There had been a time, long ago, when she might have scoffed at the very idea of redemption. Keeno had seen too much, done too much. Her hands were stained with the blood of both monsters and men, her past a trail of ruins. But perhaps that was the irony of immortality: even the damned had time to change.

Now... if only the toddler would open her mouth.

“Inveria, this is not the time to throw a tantrum.”

The short caster who was holding a spoonful of vegetable soup tried to reason with the toddler glaring at her and the food with her lips sealed.

Why did she even agree to this? She wasn't a maid, there was no reason why she should have even taken the place of the mother who by now gave up on the endeavor.

‘Maybe you will manage to do better than me, after all you seem to be her favorite person’ the words of the child’s mother echoed in her mind like a broken recording.

“If you open your mouth, I will take you flying later.”

She tried to bargain with the child. For being less than three years old, the little girl certainly already had a precocious understanding of what other said.

The toddler seemed tempted by the offer but ultimately turned her head. She was smart enough to know that if she opened her mouth to respond, Keeno would take the chance to push the spoon in her mouth.

‘Clever girl’ the undead could not help but feel partially proud for the child’s intelligence, but still, she had no intention of backing down.

She looked right and left, making sure no one was in the room apart from the two of them, she then moved her free hand, slowly pushing aside her mask for the first time in years, revealing a crimson eye to the world.

The child's act immediately dropped her blue eyes widened in chock and her jaw hanged open like a fish out of water. Now that Keeno thought about it, it wasn't unlikely that Inveria thought her mask was her actual face till now. Either way, she didn't miss the chance and shoved the spoon inside the still open mouth of the child, who didn't even seem to care as her blue eyes continued to stare at her crimson one.

Evileye brought her mask back in position after the second spoonful of soup was accepted but, unfortunately for her, the child immediately shut her mouth again.

The moment reminded her painfully of an era when she had tried to scare her foes into silence with that same eye. Invaders and monsters alike. Yet now, it was used as a trick to feed soup to a stubborn toddler.

'So, you want to play this game, you mischievous girl' the caster thought with some amusement at the girl's antics.

She moved her mask again allowing Inveria to see her crimson eye again, and as expected her mouth fell open allowing the undead to feed her properly.

"She really doesn't like her vegetables."

The spoon fell from Evileye's grip as she immediately covered her exposed skin with her mask.

Luckily for her the voice came from behind her meaning that the woman did not see the undead's face.

“Apologies miss Evileye, I didn’t mean to startle you, I was just checking in on how you were doing, I know little Inveria can be a really stubborn girl when she wants to be difficult, but it seems like I shouldn’t have worried... after all, you are her favorite person.”

The mother continued as she walked around the table and began to clean her daughter’s face with a handkerchief.

“Her favorite person you say?”

She questioned the woman’s words with skepticism.

“Oh, absolutely, you must see what happens when we mention you and you are not around, she starts looking frenetically in every direction as if searching for you... she doesn’t even do that with her own father, which I must say, hurts his pride more than he is willing to admit.”

The woman explained while caressing the child’s hair. Evileye couldn’t repress a chuckle from escaping her lips at the scene those words conjured in her mind.

“Do you have any idea of what will happen now?”

The serious tone of the woman left no doubt in Keeno’s mind about what she was referring to.

War was on the horizon, and like in any other war, the ones to suffer the consequences will be the common people.

“Not really, the forges are operating at full capacity and the Magic Guild seems hellbent on producing as many scrolls as possible, all common things for a country on the verge of war, it’s just how the economy works.”

She could understand where the woman was coming from. No mother would ever want their child to live through a potential war, no matter if the enemy never actually came even close to the capital.

“The Magic Guild?”

The woman asked as she gently lifted her child from the chair.

“Yes, they... well, it turns out the second princess had made friends there, the guildmaster attended the funeral with some other members of the guild... I have heard they are on the war path.”

It wasn't like Evileye knew the girl, she only knew that Hilma had put her in charge of some of the finances for the Magic Guild, apparently she had become quite popular among their ranks. Hell, some of them had even offered to join the armed forces that were gathering in the west.

She would never understand that type of people. What was the point in going and causing further pain and suffering, wasn't yours enough... maybe they lived in the illusion that lashing out at the world would somehow ease their own pain.

She learnt firsthand that this was not the case.

“Such a dreadful thing... we had been at peace for so long...”

Inveria's mother lamented while her daughter played with her hair.

“Peace is but a dream, you must be asleep to believe in it.”

She didn't mean to sound so callous, but she had little sympathy for those who were delusional enough to believe conflict wasn't a constant in human, no, all races, existence.

“But wouldn’t it be beautiful, for such a dream to last forever? To see your children grow and be happy? For you to grow old alongside those you love?”

The woman asked Keeno who answered with a dismissive scoff.

“I have been incapable of sleeping for a long time... no matter how beautiful it may be... a lie is still a lie.”

Her words were filled with bitterness and her previous mood was ruined. Without the need for any further words she left the room. If that was all it served to rile her up these days, she had become far softer than she initially imagined.

{Eryuentiu}

{Rigrit’s P.O.V.}

“I feel like we have been seeing each other too much as of late.”

Greeted the old witch as she approached the current lord of the flying city.

“You are always welcomed here old friend... what news do you bear?”

The deep and rumbling voice of the Dragon Lord made all her bones vibrate. The air itself trembled when he spoke, ancient power leaking into every syllable.

“The world below seems on the path of war once again.”

She began with a clearly disappointed tone, as if she was referring to unruly children.

“The caster?”

He questioned immediately.

“Well... not exactly, it turns out that everyone has a dagger pointed at their back at all times and one of the princesses of Re-Estize, who was meant to marry the caster, was the first to get stabbed.”

The dragon seemed to deflate at her words, a clear sign of disinterest in the whole matter. If only he had been interested in bringing some order to the world below, even when no Player was involved, they would be living in a very different continent by now.

But stubborn lizards will only become older and more stubborn with time. And he was the most ancient of them all.

“As you can imagine, the whole thing escalated from there, all the practitioners of a certain religion had been hanged or worse, and the bloodthirsty king is on a warpath to avenge his daughter... but I know these mortal matters bore you, so I might as well get to the point.”

She continued as she found a somehow comfortable rock to rest against as this would take a while. The wind howled beyond the floating city’s edge, but up here, the matters below seemed almost unremarkable as if they were discussing another world

“The caster is most certainly a Player, the crybaby and my personal investigation all but confirmed it.”

Those words managed to regain the dragon’s attention, his grey draconian eyes fixed on her once more.

“He is stronger than the crybaby, I saw the aftermath of one of his battles, he is certainly stronger than me... no background, no one ever saw or heard of him before his appearance in Re-Estize... such an existence cannot just appear out of nowhere, unless he

was one of them... the timing is also quite perfect for a new batch... till now it never happened for one of them to arrive alone, I do not know if I should be relieved or fearful at the prospect.”

Her words were met with silence. And eerie silence that unnerved even her. After all, if there was something she knew could really break the normally calm and reserved Dragon Lord, that thing were Players.

The silence persisted as the human and dragon stared each other down.

“So, the scourge is upon us once more, this endless ordeal... my father’s sin that still haunts this world even after so many centuries.”

The rumbling voice of the gigantic beast was unreadable, Rigit could not tell if his tone contained any trace of anger, displeasure, sorrow, or none of those things. It was like trying to interpret the wind through a shattered window.

“He has been roaming this world for years, in that time the six had formed a country, the eight had conquered the land while decimating us, and the chaos bringers ruptured what remained of this land once the eight killed each other... and yet, he does nothing.”

This time, there was something different. The words no longer rang with the certainty of an immortal being, but with a faint tremor, a fracture in the otherwise unshakable resolve. Uncertainty. A rare thing to hear from one so ancient.

A sentiment shared by the human necromancer. She might have only witnessed the Evil Deities and not the Greed Kings or the Great Gods, but she knew what those being were capable of. The

very land itself reeked of their influence. So, she found herself understanding her comrade's bafflement.

"I have interrogated Evileye outside the capital, as I did not dare step any closer or he might have perceived him as a threat, and I learnt of what he has done."

She paused, drawing a breath that tasted of ash and old regrets. Her voice grew quieter, more measured, as if the words themselves might carry weight heavier than her body could bear.

"He first took over a criminal organization who was rooted all over the kingdom turning it into the foundation for a new society. He subjugated one after another all the major economic powers in the kingdom, all without lifting a finger or showing of his power. He uprooted the corruption that was poisoning the kingdom. He traveled to the Azerlisia Mountains and united three races into a single country while saving a fourth from starvation."

She listed some of the magic caster's major accomplishments she had investigated.

"And yet he did not seek out worship like a god, nor did he desire conquest like a king, nor did he use his power to bring chaos like a demon, hell, he did not even accept the monicker of hero so many had tried to set upon him... he just remains there, walking among the average inhabitant of this world like he was one of their own... the fact it took me so much to even assert his nature as a Player is a testament to his uniqueness among his kin."

The Platinum Dragon Lord listened with rapt attention, his steel grey eyes never leaving her meager form.

"Do you not believe him a threat to this world then?"

She scoffed derisively at those words.

“A threat of which I do not understand the intentions might be the greatest threat of all.”

She admitted without a hint of hesitation.

“Indeed, a Player is a being guided by their instincts, as colorful as they may be, none of them lives aimlessly, and all of them would do anything to achieve their goal... that driving force might be the most terrifying thing you will ever witness in your life.”

The dragon spoke with a gentleness none would expect considering his size and appearance.

“The relentless pursuit of that desire consumes them and everyone around them... they just cannot stop, in a way, I pity them as much as I despise them... such an existence is a miserable one for themselves and others.”

He spat out harshly, none of his previous gentleness was present anymore.

‘Are you describing them... or yourself?’ Rigit would not dare voice such words anywhere that wasn’t her mind. But for all her comrade thinks he is different, she very much knows those words could be applied to him as well, she was there to witness the end of the last Player after all.

She saw what the blind pursuit of a desire did to people, may they be friends or foes. But Tsa was a necessary pillar for the world, and so she would bury her resentment deep, the same way she had forced herself to forgive over time, but never forget, to forget would be the greatest form of disrespect to those who fell.

“So, you will not confront him.”

She changed the subject to avoid falling into that endless spiral of memories.

“We might be dealing with one of the greatest foes this world has ever seen, I would be a fool to attack blindly before I knew every card in my enemy’s hand.”

The dragon did not hesitate in his rebuttal.

“So, keep observing and find out what his goals are? That sounds like a lot of fun...”

The witch said sarcastically.

“Patience is a virtue my friend, and the ultimate key to victory... we should make use of Azuth... he might be a buffoon, but he is a useful one, and he owe his allegiance to us.”

The dragon proposed much to Rigrit’s chagrin, she could not stand the man, such ego for someone so weak, if it wasn’t for his skill with the Power Suit...

“I will see what I can do... shouldn’t be hard to find him, walk straight up to a brothel and ask when he was there last.”

She grunted out in annoyance.

“This is all to achieve our dream old friend... a dream of a peaceful world.”

The dragon proclaimed as the moonlight reflected on his scales giving him even more of a majestic appearance to accompany those words.

“Speaking of which, I think I might have found more members for our group.”

That seemed to catch the dragon’s attention once more.

“Brain Unglaus, a swordsman of great renown in Re-Estize and the empire, he has been instrumental for the last two years in the defense of the Draconic Kingdom from the beastmen, they call him Blue Death, a bit of a fancy title, but if his skills are half of what people proclaim, he will be a nice addition.”

She explained.

“I will trust in your judgment.”

The Dragon Lord deferred the recruitment to her. He should be thankful she was on his side, after all, if it was up to him, their little group would still be composed by the two of them and a bunch of guys who died over a century ago.

“But most importantly... I might have found the right candidate to inherit the title of Black Knight... it is a bit of a stretch, but I think she has what it takes... it’s a shame she doesn’t want to inherit Blue Rose, but I guess you can’t win them all...”

This time around the dragon seemed to be more interested.

“Is that so? She must be quite the prodigious individual if you think she can bear such an heavy burden... after all, you know what those swords are capable of.”

She shrugged at his words, she had faith in the girl... and if worst came to worst, she could always find another candidate given the chance. But she really wanted it to be her... after all it would be quite a parallel.

“Speaking of which... I should tell you about her adventurer team, even you might find this amusing...”

She began as she recalled the encounter she had around a year ago with a certain newly formed adventurer group.

A.N.

Is Satoru's cover blown? Oh well, it was meant to happen, you can gather just so much notoriety before certain obsessed individuals start to suspect you.

We had a lot of intrigue this chapter, in very different senses, so I am eager to know what you think about these developments.

Leave a comment / review!

Plus, if you are wondering why a lot of people are making a big deal out of the White Dragon Lord's death. I believe it is natural that people just assume how powerful Dragon Lords are based on the most known like PDL or the ones in the Argland Council. I doubt some dude went around power scaling Dragon Lords and then published a guide, so to the average person WDL is not far different from any other Dragon Lord.

Till next time! Stay safe!