

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Long wait, wasn't it? Yeah I am really sorry about the delay, this is a dialogue heavy chapter which are always a bit harder to write as I feel like using the right words makes the dialogue convey a certain emotion rather than another so I keep trying different thing to see what I feel like fits better.

That said I hope you enjoy the reading!

Chapter 76: Where are your Gods now?

The cardinal of fire, Armand O'Belial, felt the great temple shake once more. As the oldest of the cardinals, he felt a responsibility of seeing tis to the bitter end.

And make no mistake, he knew this would end poorly since the beginning. He knew that whatever madness compelled his peers to go through with this was not the will of the Gods.

But no one listened, desperate as they were to cling to every bit of power that was slipping away from their hands like grains of sand.

When the missive from the temples in the empire came, he was the first to raise opposition to the implied words. On how they

should take the situation in their own hands and do something about their influence and power falling apart.

His peers listened for a time, but then the second missive came from the Holy Kingdom. The High Priestess encouraging them to stay strong when faced with such a crisis. Her honied words hiding the hidden message of support for their cause. The various resources they received from the temples in the Empire and the Holy Kingdom were symbolic enough of what they expected of them.

No one sent chests full of weapons and magic items to someone who was just supposed to lay low and let the storm pass.

At the age of five and eighty, Armand could say he had seen much, he had lived almost through half of the Kingdom's history, and had been a cardinal for the last forty years.

He saw kings and nobles come and go, some for the better, some for the worst. He witnessed the cruelty of mankind and its purity. A life dedicated to the Gods taught him patience, but being born an orphan taught him to not be afraid of change, something his peers didn't seem to learn.

They were third or fourth sons of nobles after all, the fear of change was ingrained in their blood. Not like him, who had to live a life of uncertainties, saved only by his incredible aptitude for the magical arts and his devotion toward the Gods.

He had worked hard for his position, clawed up the ranks between the just and unjust, committed acts he could look back at with pride and some with shame. Such was the duality of humanity.

And once again, after all these years, the world he knew was once again being teared down for one last time.

He had warned the cardinals of Wind, Earth, and Water, he told them that a compromise could be found. Even before the purge, the criminal syndicate of Seven Hands was openly challenging the authority of the temples, and yet, they all agreed a compromise could be reached as long as they did not interfere with the Divine Healing spell market that the temple favored.

But then all fell apart with the purge, the many noble children who composed the high spheres of the temple lost fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews.

From that moment forward, the temple swore vengeance on the Marquis Satoru, Seven Hands, and the Royal family.

A losing war, but a war nonetheless. They tried everything they could, hiring assassins, sending punitive squads to destroy the syndicate's businesses.

Violence rampaged where the people could not see. They lost so many good men in the bloodshed. The luckiest came back scarred for life, the others just became food for the rats of the sewers.

The people's faith had shifted. They no longer looked at the temples as if it was a beacon of enlightenment, but just another oppressor trying to keep them down, like the nobility did.

Armand could safely admit that their resentment was not unfounded, the temple had kept a tight hand over the use of healing magic. It was a necessary evil he had long ago accepted as a necessity for the temple's continuous existence.

He had done much over the years to reach compromises with the separatist movement that called for the abolition of such a disgraceful practice for gathering funds. His success with negotiating with the separatists was a major reason behind his

appointment as the Cardinal of Fire. He, himself, hoped one day of being able to abolish the practice, but for that the temple would need to work toward restructuring itself, something he was working over with the separatists.

Or that was until the open war with Seven Hands began. Once the weakness and impotence of the temple was exposed, the separatist immediately took advantage of it and left for Seven Hands, joining their ranks and finally providing their services free of charge without fear of retribution from the temple.

Armand feared that would happen and he had begged the others to reconsider their plans, but they were too set on their ways, on their bloodlust toward those who killed their families.

With him being an orphan, he could hardly judge if their pain was warranted or not, and he didn't want to in the first place.

In a year the temple lost their standing, the political power they wielded through their link to various noble families was no more. They lost their influence over the people who now openly scorned them. They lost their power over the administration of healing magic. And they lost their most powerful members one after the other.

The legacy of two hundred years toppled by a man draped in the darkest of gowns. A spawn of hell, as most referred to him. But Armand knew better, he knew that something could still be done, even after his advice was shunned over and over. He knew that if they just accepted the change, if they just flowed with the current instead of stubbornly swimming against it, something could still be done.

But no, the cardinals overruled him once more, and put the final nail in their coffin.

Blinded by their hatred, they were swindled by the honied and veiled words of the Empire and Holy Kingdom. They decided to strike back at the ones they held as responsible for their disgrace.

The first was just meant to be a warning for what was to come. They spoke of a new golden era where the temple would replace the Royal family and establish a new theocracy.

Words of someone who was clearly lost in their own madness, delusions, and hatred.

Their target was but a child, a child whose only fault was proposing a foolish, if idealistic, law that didn't even pass. Armand had no clue on who put the idea in the heads of his colleagues, but the sheer sickness he felt when all three of them voted in favor of such madness was the moment, he knew the temple was done for.

He could have escaped then, but again, he was but an old man who tried to make the best of his life and bring positive change to the world.

His only regret being how it all came tumbling down and his incapacity of stopping it.

A roaring explosive sound shook the cathedral once more.

The reckoning for their sins was coming.

For hatred could only be answered with hatred.

They tried to kill an innocent child only to end up killing an innocent girl. The cardinals thought themselves protected, they thought the attempt would never be traced back to them, but he

knew, he knew that the Gods had been watching all along, and they sent their divine judgement to make them pay for their sins.

The Warrior Troop had surrounded the Great Temple by the time anyone knew what was happening. The cardinals foolishly sent all their available forces to contrast them. Numerically they were superior, but the Warrior Troop was an hardened bunch, commanded by the strongest warrior in the kingdom.

There was no stopping their magical items and weapons, they cut down their opposition with the fury of a devil hunting for souls to punish.

Armand had seen it all from the balcony of the cathedral, how they cut through their forces like a hot knife through butter. Forcing the few still alive to barricade inside the walls of the cathedral protected by divine wards.

A foolish delay of the inevitable. The Cardinal of Earth and Wind fled then, through the secret tunnels in the catacombs beneath, Armand offered himself as bait, may his sacrifice serve to let those two fools live to repent for their sins before their natural time comes.

“You were right Armand, we should have never gone along with those snakes from the Empire and Holy Kingdom... look where their empty promises of support brought us? We were such fools in expecting the empire to invade during the chaos.”

Alfred, the Cardinal of Water, despaired as he held his head in his hands.

“I have never wanted to be in the right, Alfred, I just gave my advice as I always did during all these years.”

Armand said calmly as he sat next to his friend, even with the twenty years of difference between them, he hardly could have asked for a more supportive and understanding friend.

“You were always the better man Armand, the one who managed to bring unity to us, the mediator between the temple and those who opposed it... we were blind fools to stop relying on your experience.”

The Cardinal of Water admitted, as if he was confessing his sins.

“You were blinded by your hatred, by your grief, I can hardly blame you when I myself never experienced such loss... it would be hypocritical and presumptuous of me to judge you.”

Armand said calmly as he patted his old friend’s shoulder.

“You were always the wisest, I am sorry for turning my back on you... in the wake of my brother and niece’s deaths, I was consumed by my hatred, I have gone so far as to disregard the life of a child... who would have imagined such emotions would bring out the monster we so much wish to hide and cage within our hearts.”

Alfred began to weep at the realization of his errors.

“Let us pray then, my friend, let us pray to the Gods for forgiveness.”

And so they spent their remaining time, praying to those they dedicated their life toward. One for forgiveness of his sin, and the other for the salvation of all the souls who were lost today.

Armand did not know for how long he prayed as the sounds of the battle grew closer and closer till a chocking sound snapped him out of his trance.

His head snapped to his right where his friend was making choking sounds as blood poured out of his throat.

Armand didn't have the time to cast an healing spell that he felt the ice cold metal of a dagger grace his own throat, stopping a mere millimeter from cutting it open.

He looked in silence as a man materialized from nowhere behind Alfred, his dagger still in the Cardinal of Water's throat as the man's choking sounds became but a gurgle before stopping altogether as his body slumped foreword.

"These [Invisibility] scrolls are quite handy, don't you think?"

The man who just killed the cardinal said to no one as he cleaned off the blood from his dagger with a rag.

"Indeed, with all the ruckus, these old fucks didn't even hear us climbing in from the balcony."

A cold voice responded from behind Armand, probably coming from the same man who held him hostage. Not that he meant to oppose resistance in the first place, he had accepted his fate as soon as he chose to stay.

"Hey, old fart, where are your two missing friends?"

The voice asked as Armand kept silent, awaiting the inevitable.

"Oi, don't be difficult now, I don't want to have to cut you open to find out."

The voice continued but Armand did not reply,

"Maybe those old fucks tried to escape through some secret passage or something, it is the only logical explanation seeing how there is no way to break the encirclement."

The first man said as he put away his, now clean, knife.

“Well, good luck getting away from commander Mato, he has the whole capital locked down with guards at every gate and wall, they are never getting out alive.”

The man behind Armand said mockingly much to the old cardinal’s despair. It pained him to know that his peers had probably met a grim fate even after he gave his life to try and let them live.

“Before you kill me.”

He whispered out as he feared speaking too loudly could cause the knife to bite in his neck.

He felt the man behind him shift as something invisible leaned on his shoulder.

“What did you say?”

The invisible assassin asked darkly, trying to intimidate the old man who, on his part, was not impressed. They would need something extraordinary to scare someone who already accepted their death.

“Before you kill me, there is a chest in this room, in there you will find all the documentation sent by those who brought us to this point, let their sins be the foundation of their doom... those who proclaim themselves holy and then whisper into the ears of the defenseless like devils.”

Armand revealed as he glanced with his eyes at said chest. Both the Cardinal of Wind and Cardinal of Earth wanted it destroyed once the attack began but he and Alfred refused to let the

involvement of those damn devils go unpunished. Let them burn alongside the other sinners, for they are not better than them.

“You took all the fun out of it old man, I was supposed to torture that out of you... oh well, we can’t have everything we want in life... but before you die I have got a message for you...”

The man behind him said disappointedly as he neared Armand’s ear, he could feel the man’s hot breath on him as his lips almost touched him.

“The Golden Princess sends her regards.”

With those last words whispered with unrestrained glee the dagger was plunged deep in his throat prompting him to cough out of reflex as his blood quickly filled and clogged his airpipe.

He tried to take in air as he could feel his life essence slipping away. Only one last thought consumed his mind.

‘They are all devils... even the children...’ the revelation of his error in judgment struck him like a lightning spell. He felt like laughing at the absurdity of all of this.

‘Let the devils slaughter each other... for in the end the Gods shall judge us all the same’ he thought as his vision became blurry before going completely dark and the world slipped away from his grasp.

{Ro-Lente’s Castle}

{Renner’s P.O.V.}

The princess observed the world from her window, she was not one to believe in fate. Or at least, not predestined one, she thought the world was made of random events that could or could not happen based on the choices of someone.

Hence why, free will existed.

But only masters could manage to use this reality to their advantage instead of constantly submitting to the randomness of the world. Only a few could bend the world by calculating any possible chance and being ready to react to it and spin it toward your desired outcome.

Such was a rare gift, one that she possessed. And yet, she should never grow complacent in her gift, for the randomness of the world could still hit her in the most unpredictable of ways.

‘To think such a coincidence could happen... just thinking about how the stakes were completely against me... and yet, it all came down to perfection... Satoru is free, and the bitch is a couple meters underground rotting among the worms’ she giggled in the silence of her room.

Randomness was certainly what gave spice to the world.

And all arranged itself so perfectly, like a prearranged puzzle.

There were just a few individuals who would actually have the power and intelligence necessary to make such an attempt on her life.

Raeven was a possibility, though the fact he just arrived in the capital before the attempt put him at great risk unnecessarily, so she put him aside for now, since the other candidate made so much more sense.

‘Truly, is this how you treat your friends... not that I expected much from a boy who so easily confuses power with authority’ her thoughts swam to a certain blond emperor who, by now, certainly covered up any possible traces of his involvement.

It had been a great attempt, really, but the world ruled in her favor this time around.

A good lesson for the future... never lower your guard, everyone is an enemy, even those sworn to you can easily turn around and slip a knife in your chest.

Now, when it came to the good part of what transpired. The Temple was done for, and another bastion of power was finally toppled and incinerated. With that, and Blumrush destroying his own territory in a silent civil war, there was nothing more opposing her and her Satoru in this kingdom, from now on her golden cage was completely free from jailors and she could set her eyes on what laid outside.

A knock interrupted her gleeful thoughts as duty once more required her attention. Well yes, she basked in her victory, but the truth was that she had yet one matter to settle, something long overdue.

“Please come in.”

She could barely refrain herself from sing-song the words as her door opened.

The one who walked in without a word was none other than a stone-faced Marquis Raeven, not that his act could fool her, the man was clearly distressed even if his face didn't look like it, his muscles were completely tense and his eyebrows twitched from time to time.

“Good evening, Marquis.”

She sat down at her new table, she had to replace its predecessor after the incident.

“Please, have a seat.”

She gestured for the chair in front of her. The man sat without a word.

“I required to meet with you to discuss a very urgent matter... but I think you just might be aware of it.”

She continued as she poured a cup of tea for herself and one for the Marquis. Needless to mention she had it checked beforehand.

“You forced me away from my son, I know your game, but I will make you a better deal... let me and my son go, I will never return to the capital as long as I live, Seven Hands will have as much freedom of movement as it has at this moment in my territory, and I will never stand in your way again.”

The princess didn't lose her smile at the Marquis' words.

“You are willing to give up so easily?”

She asked, trying to not betray her own amusement.

“Yes, I am willing to step aside, let you win, just for letting me and my son go, it is quite a convenient victory, wouldn't you say?”

Raeven continued as Renner took a sip of her tea, letting the tension rise, then she chuckled, and empty and false thing, another convenient mask for her to wear.

“A fine proposal I would say... that is, if you ever had a chance of winning in the first place.”

She finally said amusingly as she stood up from her chair and began walking around the table, deliberately passing behind the grown man.

“You see a fine future in your mind... your beloved son growing up... maybe finding love and giving you some grandchild to spoil... seeing your child take up your role... and you passing away peacefully in a bed, surrounded by a loving family... isn’t that a fine future?”

She asked as she stopped in front of her window.

“Yes, I would say so.”

The marquis admitted without betraying hesitation or eagerness behind his words.

Renner smiled, looking at her reflection to check that everything was in order in her expression as she turned around.

“You know what I see Marquis?”

She asked, her pleasant smile stuck on her face like a mosquito to a net.

“I see a man who spent the better part of two years funding the temple for so-called treatments for his son’s illness... the same temple that now tried to kill me and successfully killed my sister, the favorite daughter of the king... the same temple you came here to meet just right before said attempt and that you planned to pay an indulgent sum afterwards... for your son’s treatment of course...”

The adult man immediately stood up from his chair.

“I had nothing to do with such things! My son is ill and I was trying to heal him!”

He protested, his mask of calm finally cracking under the pressure of Renner’s words.

“A man well known for his cunning mind, pouring resources into a ill son who could easily be replaced by a less troublesome one...”

She continued as she made her way back to her table. Her smile never leaving her face, never changing shape, as if it was a porcelain mask and not a face.

“I love my son more than any sum of money!”

The man rebutted falling right for Renner’s provocation.

“I believable story... I wonder what the king will think about it... the same king who just had his favorite daughter killed and who ordered the immediate destruction of every trace of the four gods religion from the face of the kingdom...”

She kept going taking another sip from her cup as she sat back down.

“The king who is currently heartbroken and filled with fury... I think he will manage to recognize the love you have for your child and will clear you of any possible charges that would imply your involvement in all of this... or he might order yours, and your entire family execution, at the slightest hint of your involvement.”

She saw the man pale as his mask completely crumbled at her words. He took a step forward as Renner blinked at him.

“Remember who is with your son right now Marquis, don’t be hasty.”

At her calm word the man immediately took a step back.

“What do you want from me? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?”

The man had clearly lost his temper as Renner couldn't remember ever hearing the man yell.

She ignored his outburst nonetheless as she brought a finger to her cheek as if she was childishly wondering about the answer.

“What do I want?... Well, that is simple! I want everything!”

She said giving the man an eye smile.

Silence descended in the room for almost a minute before the Marquis decided to break it.

“You want... everything?”

The man questioned as if he didn't comprehend what she just told him.

“Yes, indeed! I want every last one of my desires to come true in the exact way I imagined! That is all I want!”

She confirmed his words without hesitation.

“And... how do you imagine me?”

He questioned, trying to not betray the fear she could see he was clearly hiding behind his eyes.

“That is for me to know, but I have use of you, so if you fear death that is not at all in my desires... you can be a useful man Marquis, I always have place for useful men.”

She continued, her smile never faltering since the beginning of the discussion.

“Monster...”

The whisper was barely audible, and it washed over her like nothing. She was no longer the child who would cower and fear

that word, on the contrary, it was just another confirmation of how special she was.

“That is rather rude, so I will pretend I didn’t hear that... now Marquis... will you bow, or will you die?”

She asked as if she was just asking him about the weather as the man stood there, paralyzed.

“One thing... I want one thing...”

She arched an eyebrow at the man’s words but didn’t react otherwise as she waited for him to go on.

“My son... I want him healed, that I all I ask, do that and I will serve you faithfully, no matter the task.”

He said while looking her directly in the eyes, as if he could read any lie she was about to spew. A foolish notion indeed, luckily for him, Renner had no need for lies, they were just beneath her. It was far easy to spot a lie rather than acknowledge that an idea you came up with by yourself was wrong, even if based on partial information.

“I will see what Satoru can do about it, I will tell you when to go to him with your son... I think he will hardly have a problem with it.”

She assured the man who just released the breath he was holding.

“Gods above...”

The man whispered raising his eyes to her ceiling.

“Oh my Marquis, that just won’t do... you look up at the sky seeking gods... while the only Goddess you will ever know stands right here, that is quite rude, I would say.”

The Witch's smile arched just a little more as she gleefully gazed at the terror in the man's eyes.

{The next day}

{Rampossa's P.O.V.}

The King gazed at the square from his balcony, three poles with a head impaled on each of them stood there. The three Cardinals, for the fourth was presumed dead once Satoru's people collapsed a secret passage on him, who ordered the death of his daughter were now dead.

The fact did not give him any satisfaction, nor any relief. It would not bring back what he lost, nothing will... but he will be damned before he lets any of those involved live!

"I can feel your gaze Gazef, if you want to say something, just say it."

The man stated without even turning around to face the Warrior Captain, be it out of shame or just to gaze a little longer at those vile beings was anybody's guess.

"I don't think it is my place to say anything my King."

The answer was plain as he expected from the man he came to call friend when he was upset.

"The time for propriety between us is long gone Gazef, I just want to hear the words of a friend."

Rampossa said with defeat in his tone.

"As a warrior I can understand the need for violence in these situations, as a friend I can grieve with you and understand your fury, as a man I am conflicted on the innocent who will pay the price for the foolish actions of a few."

The brown-haired man answered with an unusual grim tone.

“As a Warrior sworn to the King I was in my right to force your hand regardless of your morals, as a friend I had no right to send you to do my bidding like that, even more if it went against your own beliefs... if you wish to abdicate from your position, I will have no qualms with you doing so, not as a king, nor certainly as a friend.”

Silence descended between the two as the descending sun illuminated their faces with orange light.

“When you crowned me victor of that tournament almost ten years ago, I was ready to accept the honor and serve as long as my heart felt that I was doing the right thing... but instead of a king, I found a friend, and... in recent times, someone helped me understand that sometimes friends do things for motives that to the other could seem quite selfish... but even so, the desire to still be friends persist even in the face of such adversities... I just hope, I may manage to offer better council this time around.”

The words filled Rampossa’s heart with some warmth for the first time since he had laid eyes on his poor daughter’s body. But the last phrase elicited some dread to come back to him at the implications.

“What do you mean by that Gazef? What else has happened?”

He questioned, truly hoping all of his children were safe this time around.

“My liege, I am afraid that the temple did not act alone in their plans.”

Gazef’s words made all of Rampossa’s muscles tense up as he waited for his knight to elaborate.

“The temple was too weakened from their conflict with Marquis Satoru’s bunch to prepare something like this, documents found in the Great Temple corroborates this.”

The king listened, taking a deep breath in to calm his nerves in the wake of this revelation.

“After attentive analysis from both Marquis Satoru and Princess Renner, they discovered that a great deal of weapons, resources, and money were sent to the temple from both the temple of the Empire and Holy Kingdom... while it is unclear if they intended to attack Princess Alysanne, they were certainly preparing the temple for a conflict, maybe even an uprising against the Crown.”

Gazef continued as Rampossa’s fists tightened and his teeth clenched. The rage he thought gone after the death of those responsible returning with a vengeance.

“As for the ones responsible from the Empire’s side, the Archbishop of the temple in Arwintar and his two assistants were responsible, the Archbishop died in his sleep more than a month ago from old age, soon after his assistants abdicated their positions and disappeared.”

The king scoffed at that, a lucky coincidence for the Archbishop’s death, the other two had probably gone into hiding or completely fled the country by now, never to return, it would be a pointless endeavor starting a manhunt over them.

“And for the Holy Kingdom, the missive were sent by the Cardinal of Wind, but it is likely that he was speaking for on High Priestess’ behalf as the number of resources sent would certainly not pass her scrutiny.”

He glared at the west, exactly where the sun was setting... glaring at the one responsible for his daughter's death still enjoying her life as if nothing happened.

"My King, if you will at least hear my council, as a friend before a knight... please do not declare war on the Empire or Kingdom."

Rampossa glared at his friend as he spoke those words... words he hardly wanted to hear, but before saying something he would regret later, he tried to calm himself.

It took him a few more minutes to be ready to open his mouth.

"I can see your point in regards to the Empire, all those responsible are dead or long gone by now... we could manage to settle this with the right amount of diplomacy, I doubt the Emperor would try and war with us over this seeing how he is a young man with a solid head on his shoulders with no greater ambition than to peacefully rule his country and better it, or so Renner told me."

He began as his gaze steeled.

"But the Holy Kingdom... no, I will not leave them go with a mere slap on their hands... they killed my daughter, and I will accept nothing less than the head of the one responsible."

He declared as he saw his friend lower his gaze at this.

"I understand, my King, but we are talking about the High Priestess, and she is one of the most important members of the Holy Kingdom's court... to give her up like that would show a weakness and humiliation no other kingdom suffered in recent times... it would be like for us to give up one of our Great Nobles over the demands of another kingdom."

Even if Rampossa knew his knight spoke nothing but the truth he still could not accept anything less than that.

“It is either that or open war, I will stand for nothing else... my daughter is in a grave! And those responsible will pay dearly!”

He declared, unshakable in his rage at the sole thought of letting the priestess go unpunished.

“I will fetch the royal scribe then, Your Majesty.”

Gazef said saluting his king and turning around to do as he just said.

“Gazef, I appreciate your words... I recognize their wisdom and the fact that if I was a stronger king, someone who could put his kingdom before his family, this would not be necessary... but I just can't, so again... I will understand if you present your resignation.”

Rampossa said, his words completely devoid of the burning hatred they had possessed before.

For once, the Warrior Captain, did not turn to his king before speaking.

“I cannot understand the pain of losing a daughter... or the weight of the responsibility a King would carry on his shoulders... but if there is something I can understand is that no man should be faulted for loving his family... and no one who partakes in the killing of an innocent girl should go unpunished... I will stand by your side, my King... what kind of friend would I be if I just left my friend to suffer just to be able to cling to my own ideals... sometimes we just need to recognize that while our way may be the righteous one, it is not the one we are going to walk alongside

our friends, and we then need to choose what we care about the most.”

The man he considered his closest friend and confidant said before marching away to fetch his scribe.

As Rampossa was left alone on the balcony he could feel the hot and fat tears roll down his wrinkled cheeks.

“Thank you Gazef... you are a far better friend than someone as selfish as myself deserves.”

He whispered just as the sun settled over the horizon giving space to the jeweled sky above where the mute and staring Gods resided in judgment of the world.

A.N.

Yep, mostly a chapter in which we rap up the huge mess that was the disastrous plan of the Temple, I bet some of you thought we would give them more space, but really, it was a dying organization with little to offer, as explained Seven Hands already bleed it dry, but they apparently had to go out with a boom... and that is only the first firework...

We got a Raeven moment I had set up since the birth of his son, I hope you all enjoyed Renner practically using coincidences to weave a story that paints Raeven as a huge scheming asshole, which he actually was before, and then pulling a uno reverse card.

Also curious to know all your thought on how this might develop as I really enjoy your speculations, and I hope you enjoy speculating too.

So leave a comment / review!

Stay safe! Till next time!