

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Not much to say, sorry for the day of delay, I had a bad day and couldn't finish checking the chapter yesterday.**

**Hope you all enjoy this one!**

**THIS CHAPTER HAS NOT BEEN BETAED YET! (I will upload the betaed chapter as soon as I get it!)**

## Chapter 55: King vs Knight

Vulmitar flew over the city, he could not stand to be in that castle a second more! He needed to kill something, his dragon blood was boiling in rage waiting only to be unleashed on the first occasion.

‘Torangealit! One day I will see you drown in your blood!’ he swore to himself, an empty promise like many others he will come to regret once he regain his cool, but right now. He couldn't care less.

He finally managed to gather the courage and approach the usually silent Sirilhem and everything seemed to be fine until that fucker decided to get in between them! He never even spoke to

her before and now he was getting between her and Vulmitar just to spite his younger brother!

As his mind was taken over by unrelenting rage, he landed and slammed his scaly claw against a boulder managing only to crack it. He knew that any of his older siblings, and even some of his younger, would have destroyed it with a single hit. That thought only managed to fuel his rage even more as he unleashed a torrent of his freezing breath from his maw resulting in the boulder freezing over and shattering. With a ferocious pounce he crushed the frozen debris under his paw.

He wasn't weak! God damn it! He was not weak! Everything here was just fucking resistant to ice! If it wasn't for that, he... he...

The rage in his body evaporated from his body like boiling water, leaving only a sense of gloom. Maybe... maybe he should just leave this place and go on his own, find something in the world for him.

A lone young dragon in the world like that, yeah... he would just result as an easy prey for others of his species. Not to talk about his lack of knowledge in regards to the outside world, apart from the nearby mountains and the sporadic knowledge Hejinmal shared with him when he visited him, if one could call that actual knowledge as they were just words on a book.

He sighed, his freezing breath causing frost to appear on a nearby structure. Now that he was calmer... was the city just far more silent than usual? He doubted that any of the Quagoa would actually come up and confront him on the ruckus he made, as they were little more than servants to the frost dragons, but still, they usually just went their ways regardless of his kin's presence or not.

He spread his wings and took flight, observing the old city from an higher prospective, scanning every part of it with his enhanced eyes, curtesy of his species.

It didn't take him long to notice the obvious. There just were far less Quagoa than usual in the city. They certainly didn't have to report anything they did to his father, but such a mobilization would mean that they were probably preparing for something big.

Maybe the war with the dwarves would finally come to an end? If they asked him, his father should have struck a deal with the dwarves instead of the Quagoa, they were far more intelligent and skilled, and would have resulted in a greater asset in the long run. Though his father had to be his usual prideful to a fault self and said that going directly to the dwarves would make them look weak.

'A dragon does not ask, he orders!' the memory of his words when Vulmitar brought up the point echoed in the young dragon's mind.

Pride was good and all, but when you were blinded by it to the point logical and intelligent choices would be closed off just like for personal pride... that was a problem.

Now that he vented his frustration, he wondered if he should talk about this finding to his father. Normally they would not concern themselves with the Quagoa's doings but this was something on a complete different scale compared to a simple expedition.

In the end he shook his head to banish the thought. If his father was really concerned, he could check out for himself, or send one of his golden children to check. He spat out that last thought like venom. 'Let them deal with this... I am done for the day, I should try train with that new spell... gods know I can use some more

versability to supplement my physical power' he resigned himself as he flew toward the nearest tunnel leading to an exit. He should find some easy targets to use for aim practice.

{Feo Jera}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

'How did I get dragged into this... again?' the undead despaired at his current situation. He thought they were going to return to the kingdom and that would be it. He thought that by leaving the final decision to a levelheaded person like Renner, they would just go home without an international incident following in their shadow.

Oh, how wrong he was, poor him... he did not take in account that apparently his side-plan to help Lakyus and Renner rekindle their friendship would come back to bite him in his nonexistent ass.

But how could he imagine Lakyus would be able to corrupt Renner and bring her on her side in this madness?!

Well, he could have denied them! When they asked for his help he could have said no! But... what kind of piece of shit would that make him? He, who always sustained their freedom of choice and the fact they wanted something more than to simply be another princess and another noble heir, how could he have denied them?

The fact the two of them basically made puppy eyes at him when they asked had nothing to do with his inability to decline of course!

"Now remember the plan Lakyus, if you can't do this we are going straight back to the kingdom, I want to help you but you

must be strong enough to do this, or else there is no point in anything that comes next.”

The blonde princess instructed like a mother talking to a needy child.

“Of course! I will do it! I am sure that with Satoru’s help we can do this!”

The blonde swordswoman smiled back at the princess, her tone so similar to the one he heard Touch Me use far too many times. That endless positiveness and the undying will to fight for it, he could not help but mentally sigh in resignation, he never stood a chance, did he? If he refused them, he would not have had the courage to remember Touch Me with fondness ever again.

Well, he was already knee deep in this and he might as well try to make the best of what he had.

He had the girls explain their plan. At first he thought they were somehow joking, but then Renner went on a spiel explaining how if everything went according to plan they would have enough political pressure to not be refused.

Satoru barely understood a third of what she said but as long as he knew his part in this he could avoid making a fool of himself. For good measure he made sure to tell them that he would help them, but the outcome and execution was on them.

He will not be dragged down into another mess like back in the Kingdom.

First step was easy enough, he would have to do little apart from buffing Lakyus to hell and back. He had pretty much used everything he could think of below the 6<sup>th</sup> tier. It had been a while since he had this much fun in trying to maximize the effectiveness

of an ally. It was a good and refreshing mental exercise, he didn't want to lose his edge after all.

“Lakyus, are you sure you want to do this?”

The concerned voice of Arche asked as Rayne nodded in support of her doubts toward the older girl.

“I never felt stronger than this ever before, I am sure I cannot lose like this... and Satoru will intervene if anything goes wrong.”

The young knight said as she glanced up at him, the sheer determination in those eyes almost cutting through him like a physical blade. That look screamed that she will sooner fight to her death than rely on him, not that he would let it go that far anyway, determination or not. If things went south, he would get them out of there and kill the Quagoa King for good measure.

“It seems like they are ready.”

The Commander in Chief muttered out, his eyes never moving away from the army of Quagoa on the edge of the city's outskirts.

Lakyus turned to descend toward the city gate but was stopped by Renner gripping her shoulder.

“Lakyus, don't die, or I will come and drag you back from the grave.”

Her tone was dead serious and for a moment Satoru actually believed the young princess could just do that on a whim.

“I have no intention to, your highness.”

The blonde smirked as she moved away.

“I will be watching, so... don't make a fool of yourself.”

Arche proclaimed as Lakyus passed her, for all her tone was the epitome of nobility, she could not mask the undertone of worry behind her weird form of encouragement.

“Kick their ass Lakyus!”

Rayne encouraged her, though his smile was strained on his face, as if he was forcing it.

It was truly an heart warming scene for Satoru, to see such comradery and companionship reminded him of his own time in Yggdrasil. In a weird way, those kids could be considered spiritual successors of Ainz Ooal Gown, as they were all influenced by him one way or another. The guildmaster felt a ghost of a smile creep up on his face even though it was physically impossible for a skull to smile.

If Lakyus truly managed to accomplish what she and Renner had planned out he would lend them his power. After all, what kind of guildmaster would he be if he left the second generation go to waste like that?

“Fight with everything you got young Lakyus, do not hold back for your opponent will not.”

Gazef said solemnly as he patted the young warrior’s back. He didn’t seem happy with their current course of action, and Satoru could understand why as he had been the first to raise concern for the princess’ safety.

“Thank you Master Gazef... I will use your teachings to the best of my abilities.”

She continued toward the stairs.

With his enhanced hearing Satoru heard Zaryusu the lizardman whisper a few words of good luck to Lakyus which she answered with a small smile of assurance.

“Remember what I taught you girl, use everything to your advantage... and don't die, the thing I hate the most is when I realize I just wasted a lot of my time.”

Lin warned as she leaned against one of the stone pillars just before the stone stairs going down toward the gates.

Speaking of the self-proclaimed explorer. Their deal had changed, initially Satoru wanted her to aid him in repelling the Quagoa, he had no idea how he would have fared against an army so he wanted to play it safe, and it seemed like a good occasion to see what the secretive woman was capable of. Now, he would employ her to help Renner and Lakyus with their plans, after all the only thing she wanted in return was a spar, something he could easily fake the same way he did with Fluder back in the Empire.

“I will not disappoint miss Lin.”

He was brought back from his moment of internal musing by Lakyus words.

‘Well then, let us see what you can do Lakyus, and if a part of the spirit of my old friend really lives in you’ he thought in amusement, though he never lowered his guard. He had no idea what kind of strength this Quagoa King possessed and even though Lakyus was currently buffed with most of the defensive and enhancing spells he had, her victory was all but assured, he needed to be ready to pull her out if things went wrong somehow.

{Pe Riyuro's P.O.V.}

“Then I leave the rest to you.”



He said to one of his field commanders. He didn't get an answer... eh, who cared? It wasn't like he would live much longer to feel disrespected.

The king marched away toward the walls of the city. He was surprised his plan even worked to begin with, that black monster must have been pretty prideful to not back down from a challenge like this. He will play that to his advantage, if only his life needed to be sacrificed for the Quagoa to reign supreme and end this war so be it.

He could already see him, atop the walls, how could he not? You did not forget the one being who slaughtered thousands of your kin alone making it seem almost effortless.

'And while you waste time here, my kin is already swarming Feo Raidho... how does it feel for your pride to be your undoing?' he felt like almost chuckling at his own thoughts.

He stopped and tried to calm his hammering heart. The traitorous organ has been agitated ever since this morning, as if it wanted to escape this body of his.

Certain death was a dreadful prospect, and he didn't think his would come like this, but life was unpredictable and he would give his everything for his kind as he always did.

He took a deep breath... the familiar air filling his lungs. How strange it was, that familiar and reassuring smell of stone and wetness. How did he never notice it before? His eyes wondered around, taking in the shapes and forms of every rock, the beauty of the chaotic shape nature gave to the world, he never took the time to admire it before, always focused on himself.

Maybe... if he could be reborn without the weight of his race's future on his shoulders... maybe he could take it all in the next time around. Wasn't that a comforting feeling?

He snarled, look at him! Getting all sentimental just before his death! The only thing he should be focusing on now was to drag this on as long as possible.

“HERE I AM! PE RIYURO! THE KING OF THE QUAGOA! STANDING AS MY RACE'S CHAMPION! LET THE CHAMPION OF THE COWARDLY DWARVES SHOW HIMSELF!”

He bellowed as loud as possible, his eyes fixed on the black monster who had yet to move from the top of the walls.

To his confusion the gates of the city began to open as a figure stepped out just before the gates closed the next instant.

The figure marched forward straight toward him. It was small and even skinny if compared to the average Quagoa, her air were golden reminding him of his own fur. He never saw anything like that before.

The strange being stopped less than ten meters from him. The being stood just a little shorter than him, though their physical forms couldn't be more different as where his had nothing but muscle, the being covered herself with light armor that didn't show any great propensity for strength underneath it.

“I am Lakyus, your opponent in this duel.”

The voice was quite high pitched, far more than he was used to, whatever this being was, she was certainly a female.

“What are you?”

He asked without much fanfare, he did not like it when things didn't go according to plan, even less if the stakes were so high.

“A human, I am not sure you have ever met one.”

The female, now revealed human, answered without any inflection in her plain voice.

He remembered having heard of that race, from some of the enslaved dwarves, not that he could remember any details they ever gave.

“Is that dark one a human as well?”

He asked sincerely curious, if that was an average human, which he doubted, he would have to make sure none of his race ever left the safety of the mountain if that was what awaited them outside.

“You mean Satoru? Yes, I guess he is, as inhuman as his strength is.”

The female conceded. That simple sentence answering many unasked questions.

“I see, then, should we begin?”

He asked, there was no meaning in delaying the inevitable, he knew that if he defeated this human he would still be struck down by that other one, Satoru as she called him.

“Before that... I wanted to ask, won't you even consider peace?”

Those words stopped him in his tracks. What was this one talking about? Peace? There was no peace in this world, there was always an enemy to fight, it was just the way the world worked.

“What are you even talking about?”

If she wanted to talk, he would indulge her for a time. He had no incentive in shortening his lifespan more than it already was.

“Between Quagoa and Dwarves, instead of this constant massacre, imagine how many great things could your two races achieve together!”

Those words only managed to piss off Riyuro. Greatness! He had seen the greatness when the dwarves enslaved his kin to do their bidding!

“Tsk! Do you take me for a fool human! What greatness do you see in being enslaved and used!”

He snarled making the seemingly eager human recoil apparently appalled by his venomous words.

“N-NO! I did not mean any of that! If the two of you could forget the past and look toward the future toge-“

“ENOUGH OF THIS! I HEARD ENOUGH! PREPARE TO FIGHT OR DIE!”

He interrupted whatever nonsense she wanted to spiel out. He was just pissed off enough at the moment, he didn't need any outsider to tell him what would be better for his kin!

The female human just closed her mouth, the defeated look in her eyes seemed a strange expression for someone who had yet to battle.

Nonetheless, she unsheathed her weapon, putting immediately Riyuro on edge. Quagoa were masters at identifying ores and evaluating them, his instincts were now screaming at him that whatever that metal was, it was of a quality he never encountered before. If he could secure that, he would feed it to the next king

to ensure a power even greater than his own. But for all that was great, it also meant that this blade was dangerous, extremely so.

He didn't give her the time to get a hold of herself as he closed the distance between them and swoop his claw at the height of her head, meaning to decapitate her in a clean swoop.

The human rose her blade just in time to block his claw. The resulting clang echoed in the silent cave like an explosion. He felt the solid metal not even budge under his strength, something he thought impossible as not even his own hardened mithril-repelling skin was not immune to his own claws.

He lost a moment in contemplation of this conundrum and that was enough for the human female to retaliate with a slash of her own. She was far too slow to hit him and he managed to dodge the blade aimed at his chest by rolling back.

He used the momentum and the miss to propel himself toward what he hoped to be a defenseless opponent.

“[Flow Acceleration]”

He widened his eyes as the human disappeared from his sight just a moment before he could hit her.

He was confused for a moment and only his battle-hardened instincts allowed him to block the strike coming from his side.

Then, he felt something strange, as if his arm's muscles just spasmed on their own. ‘How did she move beside me? She wasn't that fast before!’ he thought as he stepped back turning around to face his opponent, only to not find her there. ‘She is too fast!’ that was his last thought before he knelt down to avoid another strike aimed for his right arm.

He managed to see his opponent for a second before she sped away, he could barely follow her with his eyes, at this point he would become just a target for her to brutalize, he could dodge and block, but he couldn't do it forever!

He took a deep breath, he needed to calm himself, he was a battle-hardened Quagoa, he will not lose that easily.

He tried to follow his opponent at the best of his ability, he just needed her to strike again, he needed to be just at the right angle. He settled into a defensive stance with his claws outstretched ready to receive any incoming blows.

'Steady... steady...' he commanded his own body to not follow its basic instincts, he saw the blade move, coming right up for the opening he left on his right side.

'NOW!' his head snapped forward capturing the blade between his fangs. If his claws could stop it, his ore-breaking fangs could do the same!

He glanced at the surprised and shocked face of his opponent with satisfaction, he wouldn't waste this opportunity, his fist moved and impacted with the female's face sending her stumbling to the left, the only reason she didn't fly away was due to the blade still stuck in his mouth that she refused to abandon.

Well, that would be her death! He prepared himself for another blow before she could get hold of herself once again but just before he could deliver his punishment, he felt a sharp pain in his mouth making his jaw involuntarily open and release his opponent's weapon.

He immediately stumbled back bringing one of his hands to his jaw to understand what just happened. He could still feel his

whole mouth trembling spasmodically. His gaze that never left his opponent managed to give an answer to his current question.

His opponent had used the slight pause to distance herself from him as well, her face was bloody and he could see her nose bent in an unnatural direction, surely a result of his punch. But that wasn't what attracted his attention, no, that honor belonged to the slightly glowing dark blue blade in her hands, still glowing as sparks arched upon it.

'Lightning magic!' he cursed inside, the weakness of his kin, the bane of their existence! That explained the spasming of his muscles and his jaw.

“[Light Heal]”

He heard the words as a green glow appeared around his opponent, he took pose at the scene before him, his opponent's wounds began to close at unnatural speed and her nose was straight once more, her face was still drenched in blood but the wounds were pretty much gone in just a few seconds.

He never saw anything like this, what the hell were these humans?!

He needed to finish this soon, or else he risked having her heal again and again.

He charged her using his experience into close combat to bypass her stance feigning a strike from the left only to use his right leg to kick his opponent, his strike connected as the human was sent stumbling back once more, now visibly bent in half due to the pain.

It was his moment to capitalize and end this!

The Quagoa King immediately darted forward to delivering the decisive strike uncaring of his openings.

“[Ability Boost] [Instantaneous Flash]!”

He barely managed to hear the words before a blue flash appeared in his vision. Out of instinct, he immediately used the limb meant to strike his opponent down to block the incoming attack.

He released a roar of pain as he felt the blade cut through his arm. He kicked again to send his opponent away from him, though this time the human managed to block his strike, not that it changed the outcome as she was sent flying regardless.

Riyuro glanced at his ruined arm. The cut was deep, he had no idea if it reached the bone but regardless of that, his left arm was surely out as he could not move it anymore. The lightning element making the pain ten time worse.

His eyes darted toward his opponent once more, he didn't have the luxury of taking his eyes off such a dangerous enemy.

She was still laying down on the ground coughing.

“L-[Light Heal]”

He growled as he heard the accursed words and saw the green glow encompassing her figure.

This wasn't good, he was down an arm and his opponent seems to have completely recovered from her injuries.

Luckily for him, whatever was enhancing her speed, it seemed to be gone by now. She was moving far more slowly, meaning that she will not dominate their clashes as she did before.



He needed to catch her by surprise, like he did before, she was frail, a couple consecutive hits from him and she would be done for.

He had a good chance before, when she had her blade stuck in his arm, but he panicked and, in his pain, pushed her away instead of capitalizing on her opening.

Riyuro could feel his blood pumping in his veins, it had been a long time since he ever felt like this, no, not even the best of the best of his kin ever managed to hurt him so.

For all this was a battle he was destined to lose one way or another he could not help but enjoy the thrill of battle every Quagoa lived for.

He moved forward, unhindered by his blood loss, he still had his right arm and two legs to rely on, plenty of limbs to finish this.

“[Capacity Building]”

His opponent activated another of her abilities as she parried his claws only to jump back to avoid his following kick, but he wasn't done yet! Using his greater build, he closed the gap between them in just a lunge as his left knee prepared to smack the human in her chest.

What he did not expect was for her to jump and use his undefended left side to strike, he barely managed to block the plan aimed for his throat at the last moment with his claws. Using her unbalance as an advantage he grasped the blade tightly in his hand barely wincing at the pain of the blade cutting in his palm.

With a roar he swung the blade down, slamming the human against the ground with all the might he possessed, he repeated the movement as the human refused to release her grip on the hilt.

He unfortunately had to let it go after a second slam as he could not control his arm's muscles anymore due to the lightning magic taking its toll on his body.

He took a second to regain his breath. His whole body was shaking, his breaths were uneven, but he could not hide his grin at the sight of the human slumped on the ground before him.

She was still alive, the groans of pain assured him of that, but it wouldn't be for long, he just needed to deal the finishing blow. He didn't trust his right arm to do the job as it was still spasming uncontrollably, but that wouldn't be an issue, he would just crush her head under his foot.

He stepped forward shakily, just a couple more steps and his victory will be assured. The metallic smell and taste of blood permeated his mouth and nose. He looked down on the human one final time before raising his foot and slamming it down.

Much to his surprise the human still managed to roll away, avoiding his crushing blow, not that it would make a difference, he already turned around ready to stomp on her once more but then something struck his face.

He almost didn't feel it by how light the tap was, he tried to grasp it in fear of what the human just threw at him. He luckily already regained enough control over his arm to do so.

Riyuro observed for a second what he was now holding in his hand. 'Paper?' was his first bewildered thought just before said sheet disappeared in blue flames before his eyes and then all he knew was pain.

He was completely blinded, the light burning his eyes, the lightning running all over his body like a ravenous beast. He

roared in pain like never before as he stumbled back, blind and injured beyond anything he ever experienced before.

He blindly swiped his right arm around trying to fight an enemy he could not see as the searing pain persisted. He had no idea how much time passed but the constant sting of lightning disappeared and his vision began to come back.

He needed to see! To understand what was going on! He glanced in all directions like a madman, his vision barely capable of recognizing shadows.

“[Twofold Slash of Light]!”

He heard the familiar voice come from in front of him, he immediately blindly lunged, fang and claws ready to tear and ravage anything that was in his way.

Then he fell, his right leg gave out and he could feel the little sensibility he regained in his right arm disappear.

He slumped forward on the rocky ground of the cave, his breath ragged as he felt like he couldn't move a single muscle anymore.

Was he... about to die?

For all he had woken up that morning with that assurance, now that he was on death's doorstep, he truly understood how terrifying that prospect was. To disappear from the world forever, he... he... he didn't want to die! Gods damn it!

He glanced up, his vision still blurry, the figure of his opponent looming over him, he will die after having had the closest battle of his life.

That was a honorable death in the eyes of the Quagoa, he should at least be comforted by that.

‘No! I will not stand for this! I am Pe Riyuro! The Greatest King of the proud and free Quagoa! I will not... accept this!’ his mind roared in defiance, but his body didn’t answer his call. He just couldn’t feel anything anymore, no, that wasn’t completely true, his jaw was still intact as was his left leg.

Throwing away the little sanity he still had left in him he used all his remaining strength to propel himself forward using his last usable limb. He slammed into something, the groan of pain making it clear said something was none other than his opponent. She was on the ground beneath him, and the sound just gave him enough of an indication of where her head was.

Riyuro, now completely lost in his madness and bloodlust, snapped his jaw toward the origin of the sound. Nothing mattered anymore, his kin, the dwarves, his life, all he wanted and needed was victory!

He tried to close his jaw to crush his enemy’s head but he just couldn’t, something sharp was blocking his mouth as the now familiar sting of lightning returned in full force to haunt him.

He just needed to snap his jaw! Only a movement and he would win! Why?! WHY COULDN’T HE DO IT?!

His blurred vision began to fade even more as darkness took over, and then, the king of the Quagoa knew no more.

{Hours Later}

{Lakyus’ P.O.V.}

When the young blonde regained her sense, she was surprised that for once she didn’t feel like shit. Well, that probably was Satoru’s doing, somehow, she knew it was.

She moved her eyes around the room she was currently in. The last thing she could remember was she fighting for her life on the verge of having the Quagoa King bite off her head.

“You know, recently I wondered too many times if I should punch you in the face or hug you.”

She knew that voice far too well.

“Right now, I would prefer a hug, I already got enough punches to last me a lifetime.”

She rebutted at her friend’s words. She heard her snort in amusement, a sound far too undignified to belong to a princess.

Lakyus turned her head toward Renner as she tried to stand up, only to be stopped by the hand of the princess.

“No, Satoru and Gazef told me to let you rest and don’t allow you to rise, don’t force me to call one of them to put you back in bed.”

She said, though the veiled threat of doing just what she said didn’t fly over the warrior’s head.

“Very well then, at least can you tell me what happened?”

She asked. That was the only thought that put her on edge at the moment, knowing if their plan went well.

She heard the princess take a deep breath.

“You fought spectacularly, your performance certainly awed the soldiers, Satoru and Gazef didn’t have to put in much work to just showcase how good you were, your show spoke for itself...”

For all the words should have relieved Lakyus, she could not help but remain tense due to the dark tone her friend used.

“Your opponent fainted just seconds before you did, not a victory like we hoped, but your Valliant effort might have even cut deeper in the audience than an overwhelming victory could. Satoru then recovered you and the king, he must have had you drink five or six healing potions.”

Renner continued, not shifting her tone.

“So, what is the catch.”

The young noble asked eliciting a growl from her friend. She never heard her actually growl and it came to quite the shock.

“The catch... as you put it... is that you almost died, you idiot!”

There was no gentleness in her tone, no trace of the princess she had come to know during all those years, it was almost like Lakyus was talking with a completely different person right now.

“You have no idea... how hard it was to see you come face to face with death every few seconds... you have no idea how many times I wanted to let Satoru get you and finish this madness once and for all... the only thing that stopped my hand was the knowledge that you would have continued to do whatever you wanted regardless if I helped you or not.”

Lakyus never heard Renner talk with such worry or anger in her tone. To her, Renner had always been collected and calm regardless of the direness of the situation. To see her so rattled was unnerving.

“If you are going to do something stupid, I may as well make you do it the right way, even if seeing you like that... tears my heart apart.”

The admission shattered something within Lakyus, the knowledge of how much her actions had hurt someone, and that regardless of that, said someone was still willing to go along with her.

Was this not the power of the bond between two true friends? To stick by each other's side for better or for worse.

She moved standing up from her bed fast enough to not give Renner time to protest before she engulfed her in a thigh embrace.

“Thank you, Renner, for everything, for sticking with me and helping me, I will never stop to cherish our friendship.”

She whispered as if she was telling her a secret and not something any good friend would say.

After a moment she felt two tiny arms wrap around her as tightly. They remained like that sharing in the warmth of their bodies and bond.

“You better not.”

That was all she needed to hear for her heart to be at peace.

As long as they were together, they could achieve anything, if there was something she was sure of in this world, that thing was this.

**A.N.**

**Hey there, how was it? Been a while since I wrote a one on one, I hope I didn't do too badly, I am really not much at writing fights.**

**And now, for a more in-depth analysis for those of you interested.**

**In this matchup Lakyus would be completely fucked, no way around it. I don't think Riyuro is very different in terms of level from his canon counterpart, so I am just going to estimate his level to be around 35 instead of 38. I would compare him to a Death Knight with less defense and a restricted arsenal.**

**Either way Lakyus stands no chance normally. So how did she win (more like a tie to be honest)? Well, it is due to a combination of factors.**

**-Satoru's buffs, and we know he knows his stuff when it come to those, so improved strength, resistance, agility and all her other parameters.**

**-Martial Arts, since I never saw a Quagoa use any in vol.11 I think they actually don't know of their existence. Quagoa are in contact with two races, the dragons (who certainly don't use Martial Arts) and the Dwarves who don't seem to be using them at all too. So it is actually possible Quagoa do not know of the existence of Martial Arts, which have been a major advantage for Lakyus to maintain a speed and mobility advantage which will come at hand pretty soon.**

**-Her sword, enchanted with lightning, the bane of all Quagoa, not only making contact with the balde will ensure lightning damage but the light is also a good method of blinding the opponent, even more if light sensible like Quagoa are.**

**With these three main advantages Lakyus managed to dance around Riyuro while delivering incredibly devastating hits.**

**If she wasn't buffed I would say that she would die with 2-3 hits from Riyuro, with Satoru's buff I guess she could sustain**



**from 3-5 depending on where she was hit. In fact she was pretty much forced to heal herself every time Riyuro managed to hit her.**

**For all of the Dark Souls fans, imagine fighting Iron Golem with an half finished glass cannon build and 3 Estus.**

**Slow but powerful hits and if you are careless and don't play around him you are fucked.**

**Last note, yes, Lakyus actually threw a [Lightning] scroll to Riyuro's face at the end. And yes, Riyuro's final attack was him activating his berserk ability that buffs him but lower his defenses. Funnily enough he would have probably won if he activated it when he was at full functionality.**

**Anyway, stay safe! Till next time!**