

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

Status/written text

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Gate: Thus the Witch brought Doom There

Chapter 2: War of the Crimson, the Golden, and the Black

The red-haired princess brought her mug to her lips solemnly. She wasn't one who usually indulged in drinking, and the few times she did it was at parties with not even half a cup of wine. And now, here she was, going through her second mug of beer at an inn with her knights. How the mighty had fallen, but she could not help herself, she would need much more to go through with what she had to do.

If, a month ago, someone even insinuated that she would have to whore herself out alongside her knights to a foreign barbarian to bring him to their side, she would have ordered his tongue removed, no matter how much she despised cruelty, this was not an insult she would stand for.

But now, that impossibility became a reality and she will have to deal with it.

"Your Highness."

Hamilton voice shook her out of her gloomy and depressing train of thought.

“What?”

She asked with a slurred voice, so unlike her usual refined self, gods... the wine was getting on her! With that realization she pushed the half-empty mug away.

“They are talking about him, princess.”

Hamilton whispered back. There was little doubt in the princess' inebriated mind about who she was referring to.

“Nah! You are just kidding with me! There is no way anyone can fight a Flame Dragon!”

One of the patrons at the counter shouted, he was clearly drunk but his words managed to gather some attention from the nearby guests.

“Believe what you want Sir! I saw it with my own two eyes! I tell you, there is nothing the Doom can't do!”

The serving girl, a young woman in her mid-twenties, challenged with certainty in her every word.

That was new, did they just say Flame Dragon? Those were nearly legendary creatures few could claim to have seen and even less live to tell the tale.

Before she could do anything Hamilton had already taken action, gesturing the serving girl to approach.

“Anything else to drink or eat?”

She asked with a knowing smirk.

“No, but I could say I was quite interested in hearing your tale, if there is any truth to it.”

Hamilton, bless her soul, went on with their investigation, much to the interest of the rest of her knights.

“Ah! I assure you, my eyes did not deceive me! Not when the Doom arrived in my village, Coda, or when he brought down the Flame Dragon with a single one of his spells!”

The serving girl continued. Those were new information, she had no idea the Doom had moved from Alnus, he wasn't sitting idle apparently. Damn it! That would make it quite harder for them to find him before it was too late!

But maybe, they could gather info on where he was directed from this woman. Even if her tale turned out to be false, she could at least tell them where he was directed when they separated.

“Would you mind telling us your story then?”

Hamilton proposed as she placed on the table a small pile of silver coins which disappeared in the girl's pockets almost as soon as they touched the wooden surface.

“Get ready younglings, because this is a tale like no other you ever heard before!”

The enthusiastic woman said with a widening smirk of satisfaction.

“It all began one normal day...”

From there the woman proceed to tell a tale right outside of legends. Soldiers armed with glowing weapons, scrolls capable of

shooting fire, ice, and lightning, men flying in the sky, the meeting with the Apostle of Emroy, the Flame Dragon's descent!

She heard epic tales from the Age of the Gods less fanciful than this!

“You mean to tell me that the Doom brought a fully grown Flame Dragon crushing down on the ground only by pointing his finger at it!”

Bozes protested the latest impossible claim the serving girl made.

“Ah! I doubt he just pointed his finger at it, there was probably some magic involved but that is what seemed to all those of us who know shit about magic! But, I guess, him being a God capable of bending the world to his will is another possible option.”

For all her words seemed madness given form, the crimson princess could not help but fear the possible truth in her words. She could dismiss it as nonsense, but the fact the girl had clearly spoken of an Apostle, one of Emroy no less, gave her story so much needed credit. To claim an Apostle did anything was extremely bold as, if the claim was false, said Apostle would seek rightful retribution upon the liar. To claim an Apostle of Emroy did anything could turn out to be a deadly choice.

“Coming back to the story, there isn't really much else to say, the dragon crashed to the ground making it shake all over and before we had any idea what was happening the Doom used some strange lightning magic, next thing we knew, the Flame Dragon dropped dead, half roasted like a giant chicken!”

She concluded her tale with a shrug as if she didn't just say a single man slew an ancient dragon the entire empire would ponder going against.

“I swear, a man like that... I wouldn't have minded giving him my personal thanks if you know what I mean.”

The wench winked at Hamilton who actually blushed much to the half-drunken amusement of Pina.

“I-I hear he always wears a m-mask.”

Bozes stuttered as she wasn't in a much better state than Hamilton after the woman's insinuation.

“Yeah, I can't speak for his looks, but you didn't see him! Tall, wide shoulders! I am pretty sure he is quite the catch once you get him out of his robes, and even if he was ugly, I wouldn't really pass up the occasion of having fun with such a man, not many can boast about sleeping with a dragonslayer these days! Ahahahh!”

The wench admitted much to Pina's chagrin, she didn't want to be reminded of her assigned mission, even though it had constantly been on the forefront of her mind.

“Do you have any idea where he went once you separated?”

Asked Hamilton who seemed to have retaken control of her blush. The woman just shrugged her shoulders.

“Nah, some people went with him though I have no idea where... though I am pretty sure I got very nice gossip about him.”

The woman said whispering the last part so that only her table could hear her. Hamilton huffed but took out a golden coin nonetheless. This one disappeared even faster than the group before.

“Pleasure doing business with fine gals such as you... well, I told you already that the Doom had two students, or apprentices, or

whatever they are, following him around, right? Well, I heard them refer to him as Master Satoru, so I think that might be his name, or at least his family name.”

The woman whispered as if she was revealing one of the great mysteries of life. That was interesting, it was a strange name for sure, she would have ample time to get used to it, she guessed with as much disdain as she could, guided by the alcohol in her blood.

“Are those two his children?”

Asked Panache Fure Kalgi, her silver haired knight, with some concern.

“Well, it is kind of hard to judge his age since I couldn’t see his face, though he got a deep voice like no one I ever heard before, it really feels like he is grasping your soul every time he speaks... as for the kids, no idea really, they are pretty different from each other, though, I guess a man like him would have no problem getting all the women he wants.”

The wench answered without giving the question more than one thought.

“I never considered he could have children already.”

Bozes, Pina’s closest childhood friend, muttered as if disheartened by the fact.

To be completely truthful, Pina didn’t consider it either, though it would make sense. She doubted such a man would not indulge himself, it was said that powerful men always had a matching lust to their desire for power.

He might even have more than two children. They just needed to hope he wasn't married or anything like that, though being the leader of a mercenary group wasn't exactly the usual image for a married man, so there was still hope on that front she guessed.

She grasped the previously abandoned mug, taking another long sip from it.

'Satoru, just what kind of man are you, I wonder...' she solemnly thought as she could not deny the curiosity hidden under her resentment for such a figure.

{One week later}

{Renner's P.O.V.}

Flying was a ton of fun, that was the conclusion she came to during this voyage of theirs. She never flew before, well yes, Satoru once flew with her in his arms, and that was one of her most treasured memories but that was about it. This, on the other hand was a lot more fun!

She could move the [Floating Boar] however she wanted, and she wasn't the only one having the time of her life apparently, as Lakyus, Arche and Rayne were competing in some sort of speed contest to see who could do the fastest turn around the small platoon of Seven Hands' members accompanying them alongside Marquis Raeven and his men.

That man was a true pain in the ass. She just wanted to spend some time with her Satoru while taking over this empire as soon as possible so that they could go back home, and all that double agent did was go and on about how he should be present for the negotiations due to her youth and inexperience.

What a load of horseshit! He was only worried that Satoru would get even more powerful and maybe he was trying to have something for himself too once this was over. As if she would let him!

Still, he wasn't certainly enough to ruin her good mood, no, that great achievement went to the self-proclaimed black haired demi-god currently floating around her Satoru.

That blasted thing! Could she be more whorish in her ways? To go after a taken man like that?! She didn't even look all that older than herself! And she wore clothes more adapt to an high class brothel than anything holy. Though, apparently, she didn't lie about her power, as she was capable of overpowering Lakys with not much effort.

That made it somehow even worse as she could not just have her stumble upon an accident and call it even.

“Is that smoke?”

She heard Satoru ask to no one in particular. Being taken out of her own train of thought, she immediately squinted her eyes to spot what her beloved saw. And, indeed, smoke was rising in the sky in front of them.

Was this so called Italica under a siege or something? The order certainly didn't come from them, and if someone dared step out of line... she will make sure to have them punished accordingly.

“Marquis Raeven, we should increase our pace, we wouldn't want for the city to be sacked before we arrive there.”

She ordered the man just a little under her who glanced up to meet her gaze.

“We risk injuring or killing our horses if we do that princess.”

She refrained from scowling at his response. ‘Tsk, such uselessness’ she complained in her mind, if they just were a third as skilled as her Satoru, they would not be discussing this. Alas, this was why Satoru was so special, there simply was no one such as him. She felt her heartbeat increase at the thought of such a beautiful man being hers, she almost slipped one of her smiles through her mask at the thought.

“Then I will take off from now, we will see each other once you reach city Lord Raeven.”

Satoru interjected taking off at high speed toward the city, followed by the black-haired wench as if she was his shadow. A thick vein mark visibly pulsed on Renner’s forehead, how dared she?!

The annoyed princess increased her speed to match the other two much to the displeasure of a certain Marquis whose shouts of protests went ignored. There was no way she would let that wench get any alone time with her Satoru!

“Lakyus, with me!”

She ordered her knight who proceeded to follow her without questions.

It took barely an hour to reach the city thanks to their increased speed. They landed just a few meters from the gates much to the surprise and panic of the guards patrolling the walls, not that any of them made any moves to stop them.

The outskirts of the city were completely ruined as if they were the aftermath of a battle.

“There are no breaches in the walls or gates, so I guess whatever happened here, it was a failed attempt.”

She heard Satoru mutter under his breath.

“Uhm, yes, death was here, I can still feel the aftermath of it... all those souls passing away, though not enough to be considered a massacre, so I guess they didn't breach the city.”

The black-haired demi-god added her own opinion while rubbing her thighs together in a sensual way, much to the princess' chagrin.

“Souls you say? Can you sense the passing of souls then?”

Satoru enquired seemingly interested in the matter much to Renner's displeasure.

“Oh yes! As an Apostle of the God of War, Carnage, Chaos, and Darkness, I even have the pleasure of offering my own body as a catalyst for the souls to pass through toward my God's domain, if I am close enough.”

The demi-god explained further.

“I see, that is certainly fascinating, I am intrigued and I will certainly like to inquire more about the process later.”

The magic caster said. For all she loved her Satoru, he wasn't very skilled when it came to flirting clues, or maybe he just didn't care as long as his curiosity was satisfied, that was an option too.

“Sure thing, darling, I would love to have a private chat later.”

The apostle winked at the magic caster, prompting Renner to bite her inner chin to avoid screaming in frustration.

“Those walls do not seem very sturdy, and not even that tall, it is kind of surprising the city wasn’t taken.”

Lakyus offered her own thoughts on the current state of things, changing the topic much to Renner’s satisfaction.

“Compared to a city like Ro-Lente or E-Rantel, yes I would say they are quite underwhelming and look like little more than a joke... apparently they do not use magical means in their construction system, you must at least appreciate the effort.”

Responded Satoru while staring up and down said walls.

“Do you use magic in construction?”

The one to ask that was none other than the weird blue haired magic caster that came back with Satoru’s group after the whole dragon endeavor, and that, for some reason, had decided to make friends with Satoru’s own apprentices.

Renner didn’t really think anything of her and kind of forgot she was even there to begin with. She was just another inferior caster, the only remarkable fact was that she was one of the two they had met in this world till now.

“Indeed, the Baharuth Empire’s capital, Arwintar, has walls reinforced with magic, nothing less than a 4th tier spell could ever hope to scratch them! Or that is what they say, it is not like we are allowed to test out the rumors.”

Arche, the blonde noble from the empire, answered with a proud tone.

“Also, the [Floating Board] we used to travel is commonly used in construction to move around materials, it speeds up the process incredibly.”

Rayne, Satoru’s other apprentices, added energetically as if to impress the girl.

“Is it safe to remain out here? Or to even approach the walls?”

The one to show her concerns for their current predicament was Leinas, Lakyus’ self-proclaimed bodyguard, the empire knight mostly remained silent unless Lakyus’ safety was in question.

“They don’t seem to be hostile, and I have casted an anti-projectile spell already, just in case, as for the assailants... they don’t seem to be anywhere near here as I scanned thee area for signs of life and found nothing.”

Satoru appeased the knight’s worries. That was her Satoru! Always a step ahead and ready, theirs was truly a match made by destiny!

“Then I think is time for us to approach and see how this goes, Marquis Raeven will be here in less than an hour anyway with reinforcements.”

She finally spoke as Satoru gave a nod of confirmation to her words.

{Pina’s P.O.V.}

The princess of the Saderan Empire was completely flabbergasted by the unexpected turns her life was apparently destined to take.

She was not unfamiliar with hardships, she had never been taken seriously since her birth after all, as the daughter of a concubine, the best she could ask for was a political match. She fought tooth

and nail to reach this point and now she was being used to appease the greatest enemy her empire had ever known.

But apparently that wasn't enough, as she was now stuck in a siege caused by their own soldiers went bandit.

The imperial defeat at Alnus was apparently so bad that many survivors considered the empire done for and became outlaw. The thing was, they were trained soldiers, and knew how to siege a city. This was her first battle, and it was kind of ironic she would have to fight it against her own people, as if society still didn't accept the life she chose for herself and wanted to beat her down.

Many would think that this was enough, but apparently not! As she was reported that the Doom that came to Falmart was apparently just out of their gates!

“How much shittier can my life get?!”

She muttered angrily under her breath so that only Hamilton could hear her. Oh, how she wished she didn't send the rest of her order to seek help, she had been naïve thinking they could hold out for that long, she would have much preferred having the extra blades at hand right now!

“Why are there no soldiers on top of the walls?!”

Angrily asked Grey Co Aldo, their instructor since they were young, as they approached the gates.

“T-they ran away as soon as they s-spotted who was a-approaching!”

One of the few soldiers present stuttered out.

That wasn't a surprise, the morale was already at an all time low, to see the one who single handedly took on army after army would have made veterans run for their lives.

The princess looked through the gates to observe the situation. As expected, the first to jump to her eyes was the giant wrapped in dark and golden robes, wearing a pitch-black mask. Though the most surprising thing was his company.

The Apostle of Emroy was a given as she heard the stories, though she didn't expect to ever meet the famous Rory Mercury herself. The rest were... well, children, there was really no other way to describe them.

That was not what she expected to see. An army, sure, a bunch of children walking alongside an army-destroying adult? She would have slapped herself if her hands weren't trembling.

She took a step back from the gate.

"Princess, what do we do?"

Grey asked as if she had a ready answer to that.

"We... if the Doom came for the city, he would have brought more than just a bunch of children, yes, for whatever reason he is here... we cannot stop him anyway, so... we may as well try to do the best of what we have been given."

She said that trying to convince mostly herself before the others.

She removed the log blocking the gate and pushed it open.

"Welcome! I-"

Her words were stopped when a metallic gloved hand blocked the gate when it was halfway open.

She stilled as her eyes followed the arm attached to the gloved hand until she finally came across the face, or it would be better to say mask, of the one responsible.

'H-he is t-tall' she stuttered even in her own mind. Sure, she had seen giant trolls before, but this was the first time she came across a human this tall, he literally was towering over her. A black velveteed tower stood just in front of her.

His head slightly bowed to look her in the eyes, or so she guessed considering his eyes were literally two blue gems.

"You should pay a little attention, you risked hitting someone with that blunt move."

The words were spoken softly, but she swore she never heard such a deep tone before, it was almost inhumane, like two gravestones scratching against each other. She felt cold shivers go down her spine, and much to her dismay, it wasn't all unpleasant, though she would deny that till her last breath.

"I-I see, p-pardon me then, s-sir..."

'Good one Pina! Nice way to look like a shrimp!' she chastised herself in her mind, even though her body seemed frozen in place, the sun still obscured by the giant dark tower in front of her.

"Excuse my manners, my name is Satoru, an humble magic caster from the Re-Estize Kingdom, and who might you be? Maybe the captain of the guards? Or the countess herself perhaps?"

Pina felt her throat go dry, she never felt like this before... so utterly... dominated in every way by simple words of curtesy. She needed to snap out of it! She needs to give him an answer! But what was she even supposed to say?! She always imagined this encounter to be completely different! Was she supposed to try and seduce him now?! No! That was completely wrong!

“You are in the presence of her Imperial Highness, Princess Pina Co Lada!”

Hamilton proclaimed from behind her. She had no idea if she should be relieved by someone else interjecting or angry at her knight giving away her identity to the enemy.

Satoru’s gaze shifted from her to Hamilton, she heard her knight hold her breath from behind her, she apparently wasn’t the only one finding the man unnerving.

“I see... well, I would like to say it is a pleasure making your acquaintance, but in good conscience, I can’t really say that.”

The giant man said as he pushed open the gate completely revealing the rest of his odd group behind it.

“I would say the rest of our group will be here in half an hour or so, then I think it would be interesting to hear what your current predicament is princess.”

Pina could not say if the man was trying to intimidate her or this was just his default tone.

“T-the rest?”

She inquired cautiously, she could feel her fake pleasant smile almost slip from her face.

“But of course, I would never escort a princess into unknown grounds without a proper escort.”

The words took a few moments to register into Pina’s mind.

“P-princess?”

She felt like a parrot in that moment as she could only repeat the words that domineering man was saying.

In response to her one of the children took a few steps forward. Her blue simple dress reflecting the sunlight as if it was made of some crystal, golden locks flowing down resulting in a fascinating contrast.

The child gave a slight bow in her direction.

“Greetings, my name is Renner Theiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself, third princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom, current head of the diplomatic party of Re-Estize, a pleasure Your Highness.”

It took a few seconds for Pina to register what just happened and then her brain just decided to shut down.

{An hour later}

Pina could hardly believe her current position. Life really must have liked screwing her over, there was no doubt about it.

There was no other way to explain her current situation.

She was just sitting across from her empire history’s greatest enemies. The major concern was of course the man who called himself Satoru, the Doom that came to Falmart, then there was the nobleman Marquis Raeven who looked like a senator to her, this was the only one who gave her a little sense of familiarity. That

was a good thing considering the next in line was the third princess, a child not even the age of countess Myui and yet, she was apparently in charge of negotiations! Did this Re-Estize thought of her empire as some joke or what?! Where they so arrogant and assured in their victory that they would send a child to negotiate?!

She sighed to try and calm her nerves, she was the focus of this negotiations, she outranked both Grey and Countess Myui, those who were currently occupying her side of the negotiation table.

“I see, so the men who managed to escape me ended up causing all these problems... I should have used some more effective spells then, I was just going for a flashy show back then, but apparently, I should have taken things more seriously.”

The mage known as Satoru sighed heavily as he scratched the side of his mask as if it was his chin. Pina did not want even to start entertaining what those words meant, she took her mental sanity very seriously these days.

“I disagree Satoru, you did what was best, we can't help it if this country has little to no discipline when it comes to military personal.”

The young blonde princess moved slightly toward the towering man as if to comfort him with her mere presence.

“Be it as it may, this situation must be solved.”

Interjected Raeven.

“Indeed... tell me princess, how many troops do you have at your disposal?”

The masked man inquired making her back tingle once more with every syllable.

“A-A little over a hundred, not counting the common men of the city armed but with no experience.”

She told the truth, there was no point in lying, and she doubted it would make any difference if Satoru really wanted to help them, his mere presence would probably be enough to end the battle, as preposterous as that sounded. But then, what would become of them?

That was a worthless question if she ever asked herself one. It was obvious, she would have to seduce him, failure in doing so would not only mean the end for her, but her empire as a whole.

Much to her shame, she was completely clueless on how to do so. She knew how things went between a man and a woman but she had never experienced even the slightest flirting due to her being considered an oddity among nobility and royalty.

“I think it would be better to postpone any further talks for after the battle, wouldn’t you agree princess Pina?”

Asked Raeven bringing her back to earth.

“Y-yes, I think it would be the best course of action.”

She agreed as she really didn’t have a say in the matter. She saw as Satoru suddenly stood up, towering over everyone in the room.

“Very well then, princess, would you happen to know which of the gates is more likely to be attacked? Not that it matters much as I can use [Teleportation] to move from one to the other in few instants, but at least I would know where to position my men.”

The Doom explained coldly and for a moment Pina just wondered how such a man would be under the sheets. Would he be cold and brutal like in battle, or show some gentleness he did not possess when it came to everyday life?

She was probably about to find out one way or another in the following days.

She gulped as she contemplated the prospect. Though she would lie if she said there wasn't a part of her who was curious about it.

Just who was Satoru?

{Hours later}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

The masked undead had no idea how it came to this, they were supposed to test the waters and see if they could pressure the countess to give up the city without a fight in exchange of titles and recognition in the Re-Estize court.

From what Renner told him, once they took control of this city and the nearby areas, they would have basically won the war.

Satoru couldn't claim to have understood everything but even he could realize that cutting of resources such as food to a country would mean the almost assured downfall of said country.

And, for all this was supposed to be a quick, and possibly bloodless venture, he now found himself on the top of the southern wall of the city, here to vanquish a probable attack by none other than soldiers turned bandits.

Well, he already consulted with both Raeven and Renner on the matter, and they all agreed to go with his plan.

He had already learnt that allowing enemies to leave was just a cause of further headaches so he might as well just end them all in one swoop.

“My Lord, all men are in position, we await your orders.”

A blond man interrupted his thoughts with a bow. He was supposed to be one of those lieutenants under Mato, though Satoru already forgot his name, so he hesitated before answering.

“Good, lord Raeven, did our friend receive the message?”

He cut off the conversation immediately to avoid embarrassment as he turned toward Raeven who was observing the sunset in the distance.

“Yes, they are on their way, though they should be hear just before dawn, they were already half way through as we previously agreed to proceed, though, I will note, he is not to happy to be ordered around.”

The Marquis explained with an half sly smirk.

‘Well, that was to be expected’ Satoru mentally sighed, the reinforcements were sent just in case the city turned out to be hostile or any form of negotiation failed. Now they will be used instead for crowd control.

“He can moan all he wants, we have the word of the royal family behind us.”

For all Renner was just an head figure, she still was a royal and her word was superior to any noble by default.

“I guess so.”

The Marquis replied without elaborating his thoughts on the matter.

“Arche, Rayne, you two will stand here and observe, I already casted an anti-projectile spell so there is nothing to fear unless our enemy is capable of 4th tier spells... you will observe how a siege is fought as a magic caster.”

His two pupils, who were busy discussing something with the blue haired caster of these lands, immediately turned toward him and nodded with some hesitation.

“I don’t care Lakyus! You are forbidden to jump in any battle! You understand me!”

The familiar but harsh tone prompted Satoru to turn toward the owner of said voice. Well, well, it wasn’t everyday he saw Renner so worked up over something. There was something just too amusing in observing the younger girl chastise the older like she was instructing a puppy to not walk across a street. Seeing the conflicted expression on the puppy’s face, he doubted the princess words will do much to dissuade her from doing her own thing. He would trust Leinas to stop her from doing something extremely stupid.

“So, tell me Satoru, why are you saving the city?”

Once again, his attention was shifted to the newest arrival, the so-called Apostle of Emroy, Rory Mercury.

The almost millenary girl was quite the freak of nature. Though, he could not deny her usefulness as she was as honest with her answers as she could be. He would love to have one of those Apostles to experiment on.

Their bodies were fascinating and apparently served as a sort of tool for their gods, the function of course varied from deity to deity but the core function of making a living thing into an instrument would be something he could exploit at some point. It certainly would set his mind at ease for information gathering in certain places.

Now that it was common knowledge that he was behind Seven Hands, if his agents were ever caught there was little, he could do to deny the claims. But maybe, with this form of instrumentalization...

He blinked as his vision went red, he blinked only to realize that the reason for that shift was that Rory just positioned her face not even a centimeter from his mask and their eyes were staring at each other.

“If you are making up a lie, do not, lies tarnish the soul, and I would hate for such a perfect soul to be ruined.”

She explained. Ah, he probably lost himself again in his musings and left her question unanswered. Though, deception was the key to victory, and if they truly tarnished his soul, he really couldn't care less. But now he was curious as she almost seemed to imply that she could recognize a lie. He better not risk it, just in case.

“No, I was just lost in my own thoughts for a moment, but to answer your question, it is simply a matter of convenience a sacked and indisposed city without a leader or chain of command would be a pain to deal with, if we just need to kill a couple thousand men to avoid all that trouble, I will gladly pay the toll.”

In response to his words the demi-god jumped on the edge of the walls while striking a pose worthy of his own NPC.

“Ah magnificent! A man truly after my heart! To bring about a massacre and chaos while maintain balance and order so to not plunge the world into irreparable rupture! If I didn’t know any better, I would think I met an avatar of my Patron God!”

The black-haired girl proclaimed seemingly ecstatic at the prospect.

“Umu, glad you are so excited.”

Not knowing what to say the undead returned to his Japanese days as a salaryman and blurted out the first thing that came to mind when dealing with a satisfied customer.

“Do not worry, if you die I will make sure to take good care of your soul as you transcend through my body.”

The demi-god smirked at him.

“Umu, do you think you can just handle me so easily?”

The overlord questioned half serious half jokingly.

“Uhm, I wouldn’t mind you splitting me in two though, feel free to do that.”

Rory licked her lips seductively as she went down to whisper those words to him. ‘Why do I feel like Peroroncino would be proud of me?’ Satoru asked himself where that sudden feeling came from.

“I don’t think it would make much of a difference, you are immortal after all, or so you claim.”

He decided to not indulge her degeneracy.

“That’s right! So, feel free to be as rough as you want with me after the battle!”

She proclaimed with a wink. Satoru felt his Emotional Suppression kick in just then and there.

“I think I will pass.”

He declined the offer much to the girl’s clear disappointment.

“You are no fun!”

She pouted childishly at his refusal.

{Few hours later}

The first signs of the battle starting was the fire in the distance. The bandits apparently decided the eastern gate was a better target than theirs. Not that he cared much, in fact even better as it would be easier for their reinforcements to encircle them. They just needed to hold the gates for a couple more hours.

They will have to do without him as showing himself would most surely prompt the attackers to flee and he just didn’t feel like hunting them down.

“Ahhhh!”

He was brought back to reality by a loud lament, or it would be better to say moan, coming from the Apostle slumped against the walls. Her expression didn’t leave much to the imagination regarding what she was experiencing.

Luckily for him he wasn’t the only one looking as that would have been considered quite creepy.

He looked around if anyone had an answer to the strange happenings but all he met were confused or creeped out faces.

“It is the souls.”

The one to speak was the last he expected, the blue haired caster who seemed to have stroke some sort of amicable relationship with his pupils, said emotionlessly.

“The souls?”

He inquired, as he had no idea what souls had to do with... this.

“The souls of the dead pass through her body to reach the afterlife and, as a vessel, it is like an aphrodisiac to her.”

The girl explained with a deadpan expression. ‘What the actual hell?’ that was all that came to his mind as his brain registered what the girl was telling him.

“Is there a way... to make it stop?”

He asked hopeful, as he did not want to have the girl erotically moaning for the unforeseen future.

“I think that stopping the fighting will stop it, or else I imagine she would be satisfied by fighting... I heard the servant of Emroy find pleasure in it.”

The girl continued as Satoru just wanted to facepalm, none of those options was available at the moment. The fighting would just not stop for no reason, and he could not have her fight and risking scaring them off for the same reason he was unwilling to fight himself.

“I-I can’t take this anymore!”

He heard the Apostle cry out as she went straight for her halberd.

Before he could think his actions through, Satoru immediately went for her and grabbed her by the back of her dress so that she could not reach the weapon.

“No, you must remain here, I will not have you interfere with my plans.”

He said calmly as if he was holding a child having a temper tantrum.

In all response the demi-god didn't even seem to hear him and was trying to squirm her way out of his grasp while her moans intensified.

After almost a minute of squirming the girl apparently decided to give up and instead coiled around his arm and every part of his body she could reach as she began to grind herself on him. It wasn't a surprise that his Emotional Suppression was working overtime ever since the situation shifted to this.

He had no idea what to do. He wanted to remove her from himself, but he risked having her escape his grasp and ruin his well laid plan.

His eyes scanned his vicinity to seek someone who could help him. Most were giving him just blank stares or disturbed gazes. Arche was hiding her face behind her hands, while Rayne looked with some sort of confusion. ‘FOR THE LOVE OF GOD THERE ARE CHILDREN HERE!’ he cried out in his mind as his Emotional Suppression intensified much to his discomfort at the realization.

His eyes immediately darted toward a certain individual. And the moment their eyes met, he immediately regretted it. Those blue eyes were soulless, staring at him with what could only be

considered a murderous intent of scopes yet to be discovered, adding that to the deep frown that should not belong to a child's face, and you got a stare worthy of the worst Tabula could do.

“Ahhhh! HARDER!”

Rory yelled as her grinding intensified.

‘Please, someone, please just kill me...’ he could do nothing else but wish for a death that would spare him from this moment.

{Pina's P.O.V.}

She wanted to cry in despair, this was not how it was supposed to go. Well, that phrase could summarize her entire life right now. She had no idea why the bandits chose this of all gates, when the southern one was basically empty if not for a token force.

Maybe they smelled the trap? They were former imperial soldiers after all, maybe there was someone capable of guiding them?

Whatever the case may be, they were on the verge of collapse! The walls were holding still but the enemy managed to sneak quite close before anyone noticed them.

“Pass me the fucking scroll!”

She heard one of Satoru's men order from under her. She looked in worry and curiosity as the man took some kind of paper from the other. He launched it in the air and the paper ignited in the air in the next instant, though nothing happened. Before she could even question the man's actions he took out another of those papers and did the same, this time the paper burned and from it an orb of bright orange flames erupted.

The orb flew in the sky as if launched by a catapult, it arched above the walls before descending on the other side. Then the deafening sound of an explosion erupted making the imperial princess almost recoil in shock as shouts of panic and pain followed from the other side of the gate.

“Ah! Take that! I tell you man these [Perfect Aim] scroll are just amazing! A shame they are so damn expensive! Ahahah!”

She heard Satoru’s man laugh.

To say she was shocked was an understatement, she had no idea magic could even do such a thing, let alone be used by someone who clearly was no mage! If they survived this, she would need to make sure to investigate these so-called scrolls of theirs.

“P-Princess, w-what was that?!”

She heard Hamilton stutter out from behind her.

“I don’t know, Grey, have you ever seen anything like this?”

She inquired her other knight who shook his head almost instantly.

“No, my princess, for all I have fought in many a war for the empire, I never saw anything like this in my entire career... I fought mages before, but they needed time and incantations to use their, dangerous but limited, spells... if I ever met something like that on the battlefield, I doubt I would be here with you at the moment.”

Her former instructor gave his insight on the matter at hand.

“Well, they are on our side for the time being, let us hope it remains this way.”

The last part she just muttered to herself.

“The gate!”

Grey cried out in alarm. Pina immediately shifted her gaze to the wooden gate which was currently in the process of burning down. That spell apparently didn't just hit its intended targets but had some collateral damage.

“Bring some water! We can't have the gates burning down! If they pour in, we are done for!”

She ordered and, even though some of her soldiers moved to obey, it was already too late. The gates crumbled into a mess of burning wood. They just had their time largely diminished, as soon as that fire went out the enemy would pour in.

“That doesn't look very promising.”

She almost jumped at the dark voice coming from behind her. She knew it far too well already for her liking.

She immediately turned to see the form of the giant mage Satoru, mimicking himself among the shadows, only his blue gems for eyes perfectly visible in the surrounding darkness.

“L-Lord Satoru! T-thanks the Gods you are here! Please help us defend the gates!”

She found her voice after a moment of hesitation.

“No, I cannot intervene yet, the right time has not come yet.”

She had no idea what he was talking about, but it didn't look good at all for them. If this was anyone else, she would use her status and name to force them, but this was the Doom she was talking with, she might end up dead only by being rude!

“Please, if they come in, I don’t know how many will die!”

She begged, she was even willing to go on her knees if it meant anything and before she could think otherwise, she already was, much to the gasps of shock of her subordinates.

“To be completely honest, I don’t care much if the people die as long as the plan goes smoothly, there is always a minimum sacrifice to make for every gain in life after all... but seeing someone of your standing be willing to go so far to save someone you probably don’t know... it is somehow refreshing from the usual bunch I am used to deal with.”

The dark mage said in his usual deep tone who now sported a slight hint of curiosity in it.

He stepped out from the shadows hiding him revealing that he wasn’t alone, as one very disheveled Rory Mercury was clinging to his side while she was ferociously grinding on him. The sight brought a blush to Pina’s face, which intensified when she noticed that some of the Apostle’s more private areas were exposed.

“Pardon the scene, Your Highness, this one was far too eager to join the battle and I had to restrain her so that she would not ruin the plan... though, I didn’t imagine it would come to this...”

The man calmly explained as if he was talking about the weather and not an Apostle currently occupied in using part of his body to satisfy her lust.

Satoru used his free hand to grasp something from within his robes, what he took out was a scroll very similar to the one she previously saw his men use. As expected from her previous experience the mage launched it in the air prompting it to ignite in blue flames.

No one spoke as everyone was waiting for something to happen.

“I see, we can begin then.”

The man said as if he just had a mental conversation with someone else or himself.

“If you would Princess, please follow me to the eastern walls.

For all Pina wanted to protest she could not do so and limited herself to obey completely speechless and dumbfounded by everything that was happening.

They exited the toward just in time to see the gates finishing burning and the bandits beginning to pour in at a rapid pace. The citizens willing to confront them were already hiding behind a few makeshift wooden palisades, though they would do little to stop that number of invaders.

Satoru began to make his way through the crowd as everyone moved aside to let him, and them by extension, through.

As soon as the last line of men was passed, the Doom moved the palisade aside with a movement of his hand, sending splinters raining.

“[Triple Magic: Lightning]”

The princess heard him mutter those words before strange inscriptions of unknown origin appeared atop him and proceeded to shoot lightning at the incoming enemy.

And just like that, in a heartbeat, the first lines of bandits went down with no resistance.

Pina could not help but have her jaw hanging just by that. She, of course, heard of the destructive magic the mage commanded, as he was said to lay waste to armies by himself. But hearing tales and seeing the actions performed with her own eyes were two completely different things.

“HE’S HERE!”

“IT’S THE DOOM!”

“WHY IS HE HERE?!”

“RUN!”

“RUN AWAY!”

“LET ME THROUGH!”

“RETREAT!”

Countless voices and cries of fear and terror erupted from the previously eager bandits as their eyes fell on the lone figure responsible for the killing of countless men in a mere instant.

And as a result, the previously semi-ordered, eager, and approaching army was now falling back in a disorganized mess between those trying to run for their life and those who had yet to understand what was happening and were trying to enter the gates.

This completely unbelievable view was the one Pina was welcomed by as she got over the makeshift palisade.

‘D-did we just w-win?’ she could not help but ask herself.

It was unconceivable! This went against anything she was thought about war and battles! Who could this be?! How could the mere presence of one single man prompt, a winning and numberly superior enemy, to run away as if they just fought a crushing defeat?!

Was this man, no, this Doom, so terrible that he managed to instill soul crushing fear through his mere existence?!

Not even Apostles would have this effect, was this not a right deserved only by the Gods? Was she in the presence of someone who ascended mortality and was approaching or on par with the Gods themselves?!

“Umu, I expected as much, but it is no matter... it’s too late now anyway.”

Even though those words were spoken by an ally, Pina could not help but feel numerous shivers crawling up her spine.

The mage proceeded to move nonchalantly toward the walls as Pina and her short entourage followed in his steps, then something absurd to her eyes happened.

The mage jumped and reached the top of the wall... no, that was inexact, he did not jump, the movement was too slow for that to be a jump. He... he just began to flow in the air until he reached the top of the walls, the black-haired Apostle still in his grasp.

It took some seconds for her brain to just realize what happened before she dashed toward the nearest stairs to reach the top of the walls as well.

When she finally made it and reunited with Satoru, she looked below, at the bandits scattering in all directions like headless chickens.

They won, they really won!

“The battle is over, the city is ours!”

Grey gave words to her thoughts, an action she doubted she would be capable of while her jaw was still hanging.

“Lord Pespea, now.”

Those words chilled her bones as they came from the last person she wanted to hear speak at the moment for fear of what he might utter, and the fact she had no idea what he was talking about made the prospect only more terrifying.

“[Maximize Magic: False Dawn]”

The masked man intoned and in the next second the princess was blinded by a light she had not expected. She almost whimpered as her eyes cried in protest at the sudden change, but she needed to see! She needed to know what was happening!

When her eyes finally adjusted to the light they widened in shock. The full battlefield was now visible thanks to a giant floating orb of light she could not look at due to the brightness, it was as if... as if... he just recreated the sun! Was there anything this mage could not do?! Was he even human?! Was he a God descended to punish the hubris of the Empire?!

“Good, they are in position, finally.”

She took a moment to register his words and then to look at what was he referring to. When she finally did, the air got stuck in her throat.

There, completely surrounding the bandits and even the eastern wall, were ten, no, maybe even twenty thousand men! Soldiers by the look of it!

“[Widen Magic: Ice Wall]”

As if in response to the mage’s words, pillars of ice rose in front of the walls, blocking the bandits between them and the incoming army.

“That is what I called, being smashed between an anvil and a hammer.”

The mage said seemingly satisfied by the end result of his actions.

The princess remembered him saying something like that during their meeting on the positioning of troops, though she didn’t understand the meaning of his words till now.

She had to admit, it was an adapt phrasing to describe what was happening.

Some of the disoriented bandits began to charge the incoming army but were quickly cut down without fanfare, their numbers now dwindled on the thousand, and the few remaining were pressing against each other to get away from their incoming doom, though the ice wall prevented them from going anywhere at all.

The army approached and second by second closed the gap between the two groups until they stopped leaving a substantial distance between the two.

“Amassed like rats and burned alive, a worthy end for such low scum.”

The princess almost didn't hear the God's words as she could not remove her gaze from the inferno of flames below her until every last scream died out and only cheers remained lingering in the air.

“Oh, she finally passed out.”

Those words prompted her to turn away her eyes from the slaughter of her former countrymen and look at the one responsible for all of this.

The one known as Satoru was currently holding a seemingly unconscious Rory Mercury who had the lower part of her dress completely soaked, so much that a puddle started to form under her. Pina had little doubts what kind of fluids those were but didn't dare to question anything.

“I will leave her to you then.”

The God said dismissively before dropping the Apostle right in the puddle of her own making before turning and flying away.

Pina looked at her knights who were probably sporting the same unreadable expression she was now.

They remained there, staring at each other while the chant and flames raged below them.

That night, only one words filled the whole of Italica.

“SATORU! SATORU! SATORU! SATORU! SATORU! SATORU!
SATORU! SATORU! SATORU!...”

{Hours later}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

He was exhausted, completely drained of willpower. For the love of all that is sacred he just could not bear this one moment more.

First, he gets dragged into this war! Then he kills the dragon he wanted to capture! After that, what should have been a pretty easy negotiation turned out into a battle with the remains of the legions he previously decimated! To top it all off, he had to carry around a horny demi-god who proceeded to use his body like a giant toy to get herself off for the duration of the entire battle! And, in the end, he had to not die of embarrassment due to that cringe inducing chorus calling his name like he was some idol on a stage!

“What the actual fuck is this shit?!”

He could count on one hand the number of times he ever swore aloud in his life, but this situation totally deserved it. He was lucky his Emotional Suppression completely desensitized him to anything going on around his person or else he would have completely lost it!

He was currently in his given room alone, he was the one to suggest they all got some sleep before any more weird shit happened. Well, he didn't phrase it that way, but the sentiment was there.

He just needed a moment to assess himself after everything that happened and mentally recover.

He was about to lay on his bed when a knock to his door prompted him to groan.

It probably was just Renner and Lakyus, they may want a bedtime story, well... he could do with one too, there was no better way to relax than lose his mind in blissful memories after all.

He opened the door to his room without much preamble only to be greeted by the presence of the imperial princess whose name he forgot due to all this mess, and her knight.

“Can I help you; Your Highness, Lady knight?”

He asked, hoping to end whatever this was about as soon as possible.

“W-we would like to speak of... something... in private.”

The princess said, her cheeks matching her hair at the moment. He moved to let them enter, it would only be a pain to deny them after all, and it could possibly influence future negotiations.

The two meekly moved to enter his room, now that he looked better, they were both wearing nightdresses. It was quite weird as he thought a princess and her knight should dress with a bit more modesty, though he didn't dare bring it up, he remembered hearing from Ancient One that the sense of modesty was extremely different between cultures and changed from era to era.

He closed the door behind him and returned to his previous position sitting on the bed before turning toward them.

They both visibly flinched at his gaze. Well, after the spectacle of today he could not blame them as these people weren't really used to the use of weaponized magic. It must have been quite a frightful show for them.

Finally, the princess stepped forward, trying to hide her knight behind her as she made her way toward him.

“I am Pina Co Lada, Imperial Princess of the Saderan Empire, as such I would... I will...”

She seemed to be stuck there, though Satoru was grateful for reminding him of her name, he would try to remember it this time.

“Who is your friend, Princess Pina?”

He tried to roll the name off his nonexistent tongue to get used to it. Both girls flinched again, but the knight seemed to have put herself together and stepped forward.

“I am Hamilton Uno Ror, loyal knight to Princess Pina Co Lada!”

She declared proudly with a bow. Her words seemed to have brought out of her trance the princess who stepped even closer to him.

“I-“

Before she could say anything else, another knock to his door interrupted her. Satoru immediately stood up, quite sure of who it was this time, and much to his prediction the ones standing behind his door this time were Renner and Lakyus, though he didn't account for the addition of Rayne and Arche.

Maybe his luck was starting to turn around. He was sure that a smart cookie such as Renner would be able to deal with the princess in no time.

After a little exchange of pleasantries, he let the four children in before closing the door.

The room turned silent when the four of them realized the princess and her knight were already inside.

“Princess Pina and her knight, Lady Hamilton, were here to discuss something, so I think we should let them and then get to the storytelling.”

He clarified the situation for all those present.

The children didn't hesitate to jump on his bed after his declaration, all apart Renner who gave a long glance to the two older girls before following her entourage.

“So, Princess, what were you about to tell me?”

He asked as he returned to his previous spot.

Much to his confusion, the princess seemed to lose all her previous confidence as she stepped back, returning by her knight's side.

“N-no, it is f-fine, i-I will wait...”

She stuttered out.

Satoru just shrugged, he had dealt with enough madness for a day and didn't want to lose his mind in trying to understand what the princess' problem was.

“As you wish... now, which story would you four like to hear?”

He questioned as his attention returned to the four eager children.

A.N.

Merry Christmas folks! Hope all the partying and festivities are going fine over there!

Really hope you enjoyed this Special, and I am eager to hear your thoughts on what is going to happen or what you enjoyed!

Again, a merry Christmas and, above all, stay safe!