

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Let me immediately apologize for the delay! In my defence this was a very important chapter and I didn't want to screw up such important dialogues, so I rewrote them till I was completely satisfied (almost).**

**Well, without further ado, enjoy the chapter!**

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

### Chapter 57: Past, Present, and Future

She looked at the dwarf as his hands began to shake and his eyes widened, the more he read of the papers she presented him, the more those two features were emphasized.

By the end of it, she had no idea how the dwarf was able to still read the paper in his wildly shaking hand as his eyes threatened to bulge out of his skull.

He finally set those papers down. For all his face was completely covered in a thick black beard, she could not help but notice how easy it was to read his expression even ignoring his eyes.

These fools had little when it came to the finest art of politics. For all she was sure he found her written words shocking, she could not understand how they survived so long without any kind of poker face during negotiations. Maybe it was the fact they had been an isolationist kingdom for hundreds of years and their only neighbors were hellbent on killing them. so they didn't have much of a use for international politics, either way, it all played in her favor.

“A-are you mad?”

Those were the first words that came out from the Cabinet Secretary's mouth after almost a minute of silence.

For all she didn't really mind those words, she will have to let him understand that they were in the middle of international negotiations and not a tavern chat. She took a deep breath, preparing once more to shift into her role as the Third Princess of Re-Estize.

“How rude and uncalled for, lord Secretary, I will have you know that I am in full control of my mental faculties, I will beg you to not offer any further insult to my person.”

She said with her authoritative tone she reserved for the matters at court.

In all response the dwarf mumbled something resembling an apology, which she didn't really care for.

The silence persisted as a copy of her drafted plan was passed around the room for all the other members of the Regency Council to see.

The expected outbursts didn't let her wait as the hall erupted into shouts of anger and disbelief as the councilors stood up one by one.

'How uncivilized... Lakyus, you owe me for all this troubles, you better be ready to be a good friend from now on!' the princess lamented internally as she tried to drown out all the sounds around her. There was no point in speaking until all this clamor died down for good.

All of a sudden, the voices died down all together, she rose an eyebrow, the only sign of her bafflement, as she glanced around the room. The councilors were still opening and closing their mouth as if they were still shouting, though, no sound was coming out and they seemed to have noticed too as most began to claw at their throat as if seeking what was blocking their voices.

"I apologize for silencing you forcefully councilors, but I think shouting will get us nowhere in this situation, and also... I would appreciate if you refrained from using such crass language to address princess Renner, else, I will find myself forced to intervene."

The familiar tone of her beloved echoed in the room as he glanced around prompting all the councilors, he set his eyes on to sit back in their chair like scolded children afraid of a beating from their parents.

She almost felt giddy, she had to use all her mental faculties to maintain a certain degree of much needed decorum. She knew how little Satoru usually used his authority or power to impose himself on a conversation, and to know he would do so if he heard something unsavory aimed at her made her heartbeat skyrocket as

if she just ran a marathon. Truly there was no greater man she could love than him.

Just his words were a boost prompting her to give her all in making sure this negotiation went smoothly.

“This is a mere draft, so nothing is set in stone, but the basic points for what we hope will come from Re-Estize’s involvement are still there and are not negotiable... so you can either accept it or renounce our support.”

She laid it down as it was, an ultimatum. That was usually a risky move in any fair negotiation worth the name, but the thing was, this wasn’t a fair negotiation, not in the slightest, and if any of those dwarves had any brain in their skull, they would have realized it already.

“Princess Renner, this council has agreed on fair terms before, as we conceded our Runecraft smiths to Lord Satoru, we showed our good will... but this... this is equivalent to a slap on the face.”

The Secretary’s voice did not display any changes as his tone remained flat, but Renner could not help but notice his hardened gaze. He was on edge, and she could not really blame him. If she was presented with something like that, she would eventually come to question her opponent’s mental sanity or reevaluate their goals.

“How so? It seems to me that you would get much out of this, most of your territories would be returned without bloodshed, you would get rid of your primary enemies, and you would get a primary position in the new order that will be created... it seems to me like those would be more than fair terms.”

She pointed out every single major advantage that they would get in the short term. This was what she was planning all along, her points could not be rebutted as they were logical and grounded, but she knew why every single one of them was against it.

Emotions, their negations were based on emotional states, and since they were riding on emotions, they could not provide a single valid point to rebut any of hers.

“This is unacceptable!”

Cried out the Master of Caves and Mines, apparently Satoru already lifted his silencing spell, she noticed.

“Which part, if I may ask?”

She inquired, remaining as calm and fresh as a rose in a garden.

“You cannot expect us to work along the Quagoa! Those damned demi-humans had been the bane of our existence for decades! Blood and sorrow were shed everyday due to them! We will not accept any alliance with those beasts! Not when we have the chance of getting rid of them for good!”

He proclaimed as he stood up, the other councilors cheered at his words making him visibly inflate with pride. Renner just stared around her, both the Secretary and Commander did not move from their spot.

She smirked internally. ‘So, at least two are not complete bumbling fools’ she thought as her plan proceeded just as expected, though this fact will help her in the long run.

“And what exactly is the reason for your, so called, soon to be victory?”

She questioned, her tone light and barely audible amidst the other councilors. That seemed to give them pause even if for a mere instant.

“We already paid for that! You already took our Runecraft smiths if you had forgotten!”

The Forgemaster cried out enraged prompting others to show their own agreement.

“I see how it is...”

Satoru didn't speak loudly, no, his was almost a mumble, but that was enough to silence the entire room and put it on edge.

The masked caster now directly looked at the Forgemaster who didn't seem as confident as before.

“Are you so opposed to this because that would make you lose your position?”

The magic caster asked, Renner refrained from grinning as Satoru executed his part of the plan. He had initially not wanted to participate in any of this, as Renner would have done if it wasn't for Lakyus, but then he accepted to lend them a hand, though he would still stay out of most of the initial phases, joining in only if their scheme was successful.

Renner understood that, he had nothing to do with this and what was happening was put in motion by her and Lakyus. He did not want to hold their hands every single time they did something, and that was a good thing for Renner, she wasn't a child! How could he consider her his future wife if she couldn't pull her own weight after all?

Though, she was curious to know how he would have gone about this. After all, he was just following her script, she would have liked to know how he would have acted without it.

“W-WHAT?!”

The Forgemaster shouted, even more enraged at the magic caster’s accusation.

“Is that not true? If I took the Runecraft smiths away you would lose much of your reason for standing among the Regency Council, your influence would be little more than insignificant and your post may even be removed... I understand that this can be cause of attrition between us, it was never my intention to undermine your position, but don’t you understand that by opposing this, you are just working against your own interest?”

Satoru questioned calmly. The dwarf’s expressions varied alongside his words, as they passed from rage and fury to a sense of loss and confusion. Renner almost felt bad for the poor fool who had no idea what he was in for.

“W-what are you talking about?!”

He questioned seemingly lost. ‘Checkmate!’ the princess smiled internally, it was almost unfair at this point, like playing with dolls who thought they could do whatever they wanted.

“It is pretty simple really.”

Renner began, taking a pause to make sure all the focus of the room returned on her.

“For all you might think otherwise, Satoru did not ask for the smiths to come back with him for some kind of greedy motive, he has more than ten Magician Guild from Re-Estize working for

him, he has no need for Runecraft in his business... he did it to have an excuse to save as many people as he could, and do not let that art die... but if you decide to go with the plan we proposed, there would be no need to save anyone and I think Satoru will be happy to make business with you without having to move any smiths.”

She explained and as she expected her words did nothing but confuse all the councilors further. The Forgemaster was seemingly speechless as he really was put into a corner, protesting her words would make him look like someone attached to his position and nothing else, agreeing with her would make him look less of a hypocrite, but still, he would lose any say in future discussions as he could not go back on his words. For all he was a fool, he seemed to understand his only viable option right now was to settle down and shut up for the time being. And that is exactly what he did, much to Renner’s satisfaction. They just dealt with their strongest opposition by tricking him into cornering himself.

No one spoke as the room seemed to absorb her words like a sponge did with water.

“Why? If he defeated the Quagoa, our kingdom would not be at risk anymore.”

The one to break the silence was the Commander in Chief. Renner just regard him with a blank stare which made him visibly flinch.

“For all I have little experience in military matters... your is a big leap of fate you are taking with that assumption. What guaranties that they didn’t get used to working together and would just bend together under another king and attack when Satoru left?”

As she expected no one had a retort to her words. They were just assuming things will go for the best just by themselves... a loser mentality, that is what truly divided winners from losers, winners did not leave anything to chance and prepared under the assumption things will go worse than they could imagine.

“Not counting that you have not even considered the Frost Dragons’ response... do you think they will sit and watch as you take out their primary servants... and even if they did, how much time would it take for them to get tired of your presence and get rid of you?”

She nailed the last nail into the coffin of resignation and acceptance she wished to carefully craft around them.

“And I have to believe that you think... this would avoid everything you just told us?”

The Cabinet Secretary spoke without any drop of derision or doubt in his dead serious tone as he pointed at the papers, he presented them.

“Exactly so.”

She did not hesitate in her short and concise answer. The two of them stared at each other.

“And what of our pain?! Or years of suffering, loss, and sorrow?! What of our hatred?!”

For the first time since she met him, the dwarf left himself go to his emotions so openly as now. She could not tell if the man was genuine, or he just figured out where she was going with this and was playing along. Either way, it all played in her favor in the end.

“Indeed, what of your pain and suffering? For all you are crying about it now, you caused enough of that to the Quagoa too in the past, have you not? Enslaving them and using them like dogs to sniff out precious ores... they were mere beasts back then, only worthy to be considered a useful tool.”

Her words seemed to cause the room to stir even if no one had the guts to rebut her words.

“That doesn’t still change the fact-“

The Commander in Chief tried to say something but Renner did not let him finish, she was trying to sell this act here and she will do it to the best of her abilities. Though she won’t deny she was having fun too.

“Yes, sorrow and misery, do you really wish to sell your future over such trivial things?”

Her words elicited a stronger reaction this time, many of the councilors stood up and openly cursed at her dismissal of their pain. Even Satoru slightly turned toward her in what she considered to be puzzlement.

“Princess Renner, you may be an ambassador, but I would suggest you mind your words!”

The Cabinet Secretary said, maintaining more calm than his brethren but still displaying quite a bit of anger openly.

“Am I wrong though, what is your hatred worth when compared to countless lives and your future? For all you proclaim to be better than the Quagoa, you really are the same.”

She shook her head as the room thundered with curses and enraged shouts. Though, with a mere gesture of Satoru, the room was silence again.

“When your kingdom collapsed and the Quagoa gained freedom and an advantage in strength and numbers, they did not hesitate to pour decades, if not centuries, of pain and hatred and used them to wage war and exterminate you... now that you gained an advantage, you wish to do the same yourselves... but truly this endless cycle is petty and miserable, bringing only ruin and death.”

She knew that her words would prompt some of them to shout again but Satoru already took care of that problem, so she just continued her script.

“I do not ask you to forgive and forget... that is not possible, there is too much blood and hatred between Quagoa and Dwarves to just get over this... but you can put it aside for the sake of the future... if you continue to fight each other, you will only achieve an endless cycle of violence and death until both of you will be completely destroyed.”

She took a pregnant pause before continuing to deliver her speech.

“But if you put it aside... you will probably not get along initially, not in your lifespan, hatred will still be fresh in your children’s minds too, and even your grandchildren may have some resentment... but of your grandchildren’s children? Will they still harbor hatred and mistrust toward a race whose last conflict went back more than a century since their birth? Will they harbor hatred toward a race they grew up and worked alongside? Hatred is a strong but feeble thing, it matters to the individual and shapes

them, but time consumes it depower it year after year, generation after generation.”

By now no one was trying to shout anymore, Renner didn't know if that was due to her words or the fact they realized it was a worthless effort to try and break Satoru's spell.

“Wouldn't a future where Quagoa and Dwarves walked side to side toward greatness not be worth putting aside your hatred which would bring only the Gods know how many more generations of suffering and death?”

She asked rhetorically glancing at Satoru as he seemed to get her hint and lifted the silencing spell.

No one spoke, there was nothing to say really, she knew that the only reasons they could come up with would be based on mere emotions and not even the slightest logic. If they had more power they could have decided for themselves, but theirs was a dying nation, regardless of the outcome of this war, they would not survive for much longer.

They only path toward the future was through her plan, every other route brought to ruin, one way or another. Not that she cared either way, she was just doing this for Lakyus.

“How can you say this would work at all... even if we agreed...”

The Cabinet Secretary spoke in resignation and defeat. She refrained from rolling her eyes.

“If you did not stop on the first page, you would have read that I have already put down a solid base to build upon, something that would ensure this alliance would not collapse instantly upon birth... you have a common enemy, don't you? For all you think

the Frost Dragons are allied to the Quagoa, the truth is that the Quagoa loath them as much as you do.”

She explained, the information Lakyus gave her on the Quagoa turned out to be invaluable in the creation of that document. Though it was only a starting point, and only future choices would show if this was meant to be or just a drawn out last gasp of air of a dying corpse.

“Like Re-Esiize and Baharuth, born from the alliances of countless small countries to face the threat of the Evil Deities... there are few things that can bring people together, love and hate are the easiest and most powerful... and since there is no lost love between the Dwarves and Quagoa, hate will have to do for the moment.”

No one spoke, her words remained uncontested in the silence that filled the room.

“We... the Council will need some time to reflect upon your words, and this... unexpected turn of events.”

‘I won’ the only expression of her satisfaction she showed was through her slight tilt of her head as if to nod to herself. Those words the Cabinet Secretary just uttered were only mere pleasantries. They had nothing to discuss as no one was insane enough to choose death over life, even if life wasn’t exactly what they expected.

“But, how do you know the Quagoa will even honor this deal?”

The Commander in Chief asked desperately.

A last attempt at protesting and denying reality, but one she had no clear answer for, nonetheless.

“Do not worry about that, I already have someone working on all the assurances you will need.”

She answered as she prepared to leave the room with Satoru, she had done her part and will not suffer any more idiotic questions for the day.

‘The rest is on you, Lakyus’ she thought of her friend who was currently down below in the dungeons.

She wondered for a moment if she should have wished her good luck, but in truth, she knew her friend would manage to do it. To succeed against all odds, that was just the kind of person her friend was, and she trusted her to always be.

{Pe-Riyuro’s P.O.V.}

The Quagoa laughed loudly as the golden haired human told him of the first time she trained with a blade and how she fell face first into mud. It wasn’t even the mental image, but the way in which she recalled the event.

“First time I tried to fight someone I broke my fist against their face, so I guess that is also pretty pathetic.”

He said as he recalled the memory he thought long lost. That had happened quite often as of late. He never had a reason to recall past events before, that was until he started telling Lakyus about the Quagoa and him by extension.

He saw the human in front of him snicker before she took a large bite from her bread. He was immensely grateful for her bringing him some each day, prison food was truly miserable, and if it wasn’t for her, he would have been forced to eat it like an animal due to his broken limbs.

If there was something he learnt since he met this human, it was that she was a hopeless optimistic, hellbent on seeing the good in everyone around her. If the fact she took hours of her free time everyday to come down here and speak with him wasn't enough to prove that point, he had no idea how else she could do it.

She was just a piece of work. Oh, and what absurd kind of piece she was! In just only fifteen days, she managed to have him meet with a whole bunch of different individuals he would have never imagined encountering in his entire life.

From what he considered to be Lakyus' personal guard, to her instructor, a lizardman, and two other humans who were apparently that black monster's apprentices. He made sure to not piss them off as he didn't want to find out why such a being took interest in those two.

“Oi! Are you listening?”

His train of thought was stopped abruptly by the human who had been his only constant companion for more than two weeks.

“Nah, not really, after all these hours I grow tired of hearing your voice constantly.”

He mocked with no true bite behind his words, after all, if he tried to give her shit, she would just throw it back at him. She was just that kind of person.

“I was telling you about the lizardmen tribes, after all, you were the one who asked for it last time, so don't give me that attitude!”

She complained morphing her face into what he learned was considered a pout in human terms.

“My bad then... go on...”

He just relaxed against the wall. For all he had been in constant pain and unable to move for all these days, he could not deny this had probably been the most pacific period of his life so far.

No internal wars, no conflicts with allies, no constant management of resources, no responsibility of an entire race on his shoulders.

He felt free for the first time in his entire life, which was strange to say since he was a prisoner.

He put those thoughts aside as Lakyus proceeded to recall what had transpired before they arrived here.

It was quite the unbelievable story, a tale of a land and people ravaged by hatred and famine, those reminded him of his own tribes, and how a single human brought them together and ended their misery.

Though, that was not the point the young human was emphasizing the most. On the contrary, most of her tale circled around a single entity.

“Oh, he is the cutest thing ever! So adorable! And when he cues! Only thinking about that sound makes me miss him so much!”

She continued to gush over the young hydra she got attached to during the whole ordeal. To think that she was more adamant about this than the reconciliation of five tribes who were at each other's throats was quite an amusing thought. He could not deny his curiosity though, he never heard of a being such as an hydra, he could not even imagine something with more than one head, and this one had four according to Lakyus.

“Eh, I would like to see this little thing you speak so much about.”

He said, interrupting Lakyus' constant blabbering on her hydra.

“Yes! When we go back home, I can show him to you!”

She said enthusiastically, as optimistic as ever.

“Bah, I don't see that happening, I am going to end my days here, you know, it is just a matter of time before they execute me or something.”

He just shrugged as if he just didn't talk about his own imminent demise. For all they had not spoken a word about his future, he had no illusions about his fate. ‘Maybe, if the world was a place with more people like you... maybe we would have not come to this, maybe we would be at peace by now’ he wondered senselessly about what could have been.

“No, that is not happening.”

Thos words caught him off guard, not because they were special or anything, but because of the tone in which they were uttered. In those weeks he heard Lakyus being cheerful, curious, sad, even angry! But he never heard her say something with such a dead serious voice. As if what she was saying was just a reality of the world they lived in.

“You sound pretty confident for someone who has no say in the matter.”

He broke the silence as his grey eyes met her determined emerald green ones which reminded him so much of Nyaru.

“I... am working on something.”

She admitted sheepishly, her previous dead seriousness gone.

“Are you now?”

He asked, curious to know what the girl had been up to apart from training.

Speaking of which, he had yet to wrap his mind around her previous apology on how she apparently cheated during their battle as she had been physically boosted by the monster magic caster. She even promised him a fair rematch in the future. That was the first time he actually laughed out loud in her presence. The sheer absurdity of hearing an opponent apologizing for using everything at their disposal to win a duel to the death was absurd. And yet, that was what had happened, there and then he decided that this one truly deserved to be recognized as a worthy warrior of which he might have never met an equal even among his kin.

“I’m kind of not supposed to tell you, so I’m sorry.”

She bowed her head to him, not that he had any right to stop her from doing whatever she wanted.

“Keep your secrets then, my throat is still kind of dry, can I have some water?”

He asked deciding to drop the subject. Lakyus moved toward the waterskin when someone interrupted them.

“Lakyus.”

The voice called the blond human who immediately snapped her head toward the open cell. There stood another human, one he had yet to meet, alongside the monster in black. Riyuro really had no idea how his danger instinct didn’t detect the powerful caster earlier. He was probably getting dull being stuck here the whole time.

“Ah, Renner... uhm... is it over?”

The older human asked nervously as she stood up from the floor.  
“Yes, we have a few things to discuss, follow me.”

The human, apparently called Renner, spoke as if she was commanding her, and much to his shock, Lakyus actually complied without the slightest hesitation.

The two left, leaving him in the company of the one responsible for all that happened in this last month.

In those weeks he had asked questions about this so called Satoru, a monster above all others apparently. Lakyus told him of his power and what he had done for the lizardmen, the one known as Zaryusu confirming her words to be true. She told him of what had transpired in their kingdom as he was curious to gather information while he shared his knowledge on the Quagoa. Not that he ever intended to use that information for anything, it was just to satisfy his own curiosity.

To know that this man was as cunning as he was powerful was something that forced Riyuro to give the monster respect. He knew that great power often came with poor judgment on how to use it. His kin's generations of misery showed just that. Few chosen ones had the ability to manage both power and mind, balancing them in their use. He thought he was one of those chosen, but apparently this one was too, and he far surpassed him in power and mind if Lakyus was to be believed, and he had little reason to doubt her by this point.

“So, we finally meet face to face, or well... more like face to mask.”

He decided to fill the silence, there was no point in fearing for his life or anything, if this monster wished to kill him, he would have already done so a long time ago.

The magic caster didn't answer him which prompted Riyuro to speak more, maybe he was just happy to speak with someone other than that blonde human.

“I am actually curious, as I only met one other being that could be comparable to you in power, I wish to ask you... from the point of view of someone so superior... what do you think when you rip all those lives apart, for what reason do you fight wars that have nothing to do with you?”

He questioned as he had indeed always been curious but never dared to ask the proud White Dragon Lord about it, as he was pretty sure the arrogant prick would have just used the chance to mock him. But he now was curious to know this other monster's answer. For someone who could bring complete waste to a race such as his, and yet bring peace and prosperity to another like the lizardmen.

How did such a being consider those immensely beneath him?

“If you are asking me what I feel when I kill... I really feel nothing at all, I am just freeing my way... do you feel bad every time you decide to step on an ant nest just because it was in your way? The ants will despair and suffer, but... do you really care?”

No, he really didn't, though he would never compare his foes to ants in the first place, but that might just be because he wasn't a White Dragon Lord or a 6<sup>th</sup> tier magic caster. Maybe that was what power did to you, making you look at everyone else as insignificant and a mild inconvenience at best.

“Eh, for all you say so... you still helped those lizardmen, did you not? You had no need to do so, they were just in the way, weren't they? Just another ant nest... so why, why them? Why the dwarves?”

He questioned, he might as well ask whatever he wanted at this point, the magic caster had no obligation to answer him and he could just leave, but the monster decided to answer for some reason.

“Why do you fight?”

Riyuro did not expect the answer to his question to be another question, though he had little reason to not answer truthfully.

“For my kin, to give them a better life, a better future than what we got and deserve...”

He said truthfully.

“But why? Do you love every last one of your kin? Do you know all of their names? Why do you feel like you have an obligation to do this, to even sacrifice yourself for people you have never exchanged a single word with?”

Those words gave him pause, he had really never thought about where his sense of duty came from. He respected some of his kin, some he despised, he loved no one, and he really had no obligation to do anything.

No, that was wrong, there was one he loved, one he admired, and one he felt obliged to follow. Those green eyes pierced his souls and her words came back to him like a flowing river entered the sea.

“Because that is what a true King does, they accept to bear the weight of their race on their shoulders, the ones they love and the ones they hate. A true King has the obligation of looking after them all and to guide them toward a better future... what brings them to accept that position is no longer a factor once they do.”

His voice echoed in the empty room with conviction. The magic caster paused as he seemed to be in deep thoughts for a whole minute.

“Umu, that is quite true, a leader always takes responsibility for the entire group... I think Lakyus is far more perceptive than I gave her credit for...”

He muttered seemingly more to himself than Riyuro. The monster moved to leave the dungeon, but Riyuro still had to receive an answer to his initial question.

“So, why do you fight? What is that makes you fight for a cause someone of your power would normally not even consider worthy of your attention?”

He knew he was playing a dangerous game, but then again, he had considered himself already dead since his defeat.

The caster stopped in his tracks and turned his mask toward him, those blue gems shining in a sea of darkness, Riyuro felt a shiver go down his spine as the two orbs seemed to pierce his soul.

“Is it not obvious? You said it yourself, a true King has an obligation to decide what is best for all, I am simply doing what I can to aid them, not because I care, not because I feel obliged to do so, but simply because I want to see what they can accomplish.”

And with those words Riyuro was left alone with his own thoughts. To say he was trying to digest the revelation he was given would be an understatement. But how could he not be shocked? This being did not do anything by their own volition while at the same time he did? And he spoke of a king! Who was this king who could just...

“Hey, I am back! And I have great news!”

His shocked state and troubling thoughts were interrupted by the cheerful voice of his constant companion for the last two weeks.

She practically beamed with a satisfied grin plastered on her face as she proceeded to sit right in front of him.

He wasn't really listening to her right now as the words given to him by the magic caster left him deeply shaken on his assumptions till now.

He had always assumed the magic caster was in charge, that he took all the decisions, that he decided to act or not to act. But then again, he only assumed that because that social structure was all he had known his entire life. To think that the strongest would obey the weaker was simple blasphemy, and he had little doubt that one was the strongest. What kind of demon would be able to order around such a being after all? He certainly had seen no one that could even begin to fill that roll ever since he arrived here!

“-now you just need to agree on the alliance and-“

Those were the words which managed to let him come back from his mental detour.

“Oi! Wait a moment! The hell are you talking about?!”

He questioned as he really had no idea what she was talking about. Him? An alliance? She wasn't making any sense!

He set his doubts on the magic caster aside as he focused on understanding what Lakyus was trying to tell him.

And listened he did, every word more unbelievable and unrealistic than the one before it.

Quagoa and Dwarves united as one... what a joke! He couldn't believe he was even listening to this shit!

“So, this is what you were aiming for all this time...”

He interrupted Lakyus, no, the human! His bitterness not even slightly hidden in each of his words! He had been such a fool! Played so easily...

“Did you think that just playing friends would make me accept all this crap? As if I would believe these blatant lies! Are you trying to trick and ambush my people as a revenge for Feo Raidho?!”

He was pissed, oh, incredibly so! He would not accept being fooled like this! Did they take him for a fool?! As if he could believe any of this would end peacefully!

“W-what are you talking-“

He did not let her even finish, he would not be fooled again! She could make all the expressions she wanted! He would not be tricked again!

“As if I could believe any of this! You should have come up with a better lie if you planned to trick me into leading my own people into a death trap!”

He snarled, venom in each word. The human seemed shocked, her eyes wide and her expression almost conveying pain. As if he was

about to fall in her trap once more, oh he will show her... he will show her what happens to those who fool him!

In a moment of rage he lunged forward using his half healed arms to grab and trap the human in his grasp, his forehead pressed against hers, grey stared into green.

“Give me a reason why I shouldn’t tear you apart here and now.”

He growled, his fangs exposed and ready to dig into tender flesh.

She now seemed scared, yes that was exactly right! That was how it was supposed to be! The strong triumphing upon the weak! But, for all he wanted to deny it, there was something else in those eyes, something deeper than mere fear... he knew what it was but did not want to acknowledge it.

“Do you think so little of me, did all our words mean nothing to you?”

Her words stabbed him like incandescent knives, and he hated how such a liar could still hold so much influence over his own feelings.

“Do you think I was acting when I came and wanted to know you? Do you think I was pretending when I heard the story of your people and shed tears? Do you think I was lying when I told you I wanted to make this all stop? That I wanted to help you?... if so, you might as well strike me down right now!”

He pushed down the feeling of regret crawling up his spine, this was just an act! Just another lie! He met her eyes, he will see the fear of a liar there and be done with this! He will rip her apart once and for all!

But when he met those eyes... he found nothing of the sort there. That emerald stare burned something fierce, piercing his very soul. The sheer conviction and passion in her eyes, that stare of which he ever saw once the equal... those same green eyes, just with slit pupils instead of round ones.

‘Be a King Riyuro’ those were the words uttered to him the last time he saw those eyes.

He felt his jaw clench, his wrath evaporating like boiling water.

“You... who the hell are you... to think you can do this! To think you can end this violence and suffering!”

He snarled trying to keep alive the fading fire of his rage.

“I am your friend, and I want this world to be a gentler and more pacific place where no one will have to suffer anymore.”

That was an utterly ridiculous declaration if he ever heard one. And yet, he could not laugh or even make a dry remark.

“Do you want to help me? To create a world where no one will have to suffer?”

She asked once more, those emerald orbs never leaving his grey ones.

He felt like shaking his head, his rage already gone completely by now, leaving behind only a sense of nostalgia and resignation.

‘Sorry Nyaru, it seems like I just can’t win... not against you.. nor against my foolish youthful dreams’ he internally apologized to his master and first love, he just could not help but remain hopeful, even in the wake of this cruel world, even after witnessing this hard reality again and again. He could not help but hope that the next time would be different.

“You better start talking soon... as soon as my brain recovers its normal faculties, I might not be so inclined to listen to you... friend...”

He growled out softly, he himself surprised he could even make such a sound.

The human beneath him just stared at him and smiled. His heart ached at the memories of those eyes giving him that same look.

Well... he was royally screwed now, and he knew it far too well.

**A.N.**

**Oh man, that was quite a lot of stuff that happened in just a few hours! I bet you had no idea what Renner and Lakys had planned out! And you have seen nothing yet!**

**Make sure to let me know how you think this will all end, will they succeed? Will they fail? Something in between? Something unexpected will happen? Only time will tell, but I await your theories in a comment/review!**

**Till next time! Stay safe!**