

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

This is one of the strangest ideas to come to my mind. At first, I was like "no, it couldn't happen," but after getting some more information about certain characters, I now think it is doable. This is just a side project of mine, so it will be updated irregularly. Enjoy!

**Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!);
SirWertsalot (please don't check out my work, it is embarrassing)**

Chapter 1: The Witch meets the Sorcerer

The girl ran through the dark alleys, her white noble dress torn in different places. Her long golden blonde hair shone in the darkness as her sky-blue eyes looked carefully behind her to see if someone was following her. She turned around just in time to see the wall in front of her. She turned right and immediately crashed into something soft and dark. She bounced back from the collision, but before she could fall, a hand grabbed onto her and helped her find her balance once more.

The girl looked up only to see a giant of a man... or at least she thought it was a man, judging from his shoulders' width. He wore a beautiful regal dark gown with purple borders. A hood covered his head and a mask was on his face. The mask was black with no

features apart from the two sapphires placed where the eyes should be.

"Are you okay miss?"

His deep voice asked. The girl had to raise her head as much as her body allowed her. He was almost two meters tall and she was just seven years old.

"Yes."

She said after a moment of hesitation. The man removed his gloved hand from her back and looked around before his eyes fell on her once more.

"It is dangerous for such a beautiful young girl like you to wander around these dark alleys. Where are your parents?"

The girl's face morphed into a pained expression as a voice echoed in her head.

"I don't have time for this, Renner."

"Renner, girls shouldn't think about these things. You must think about being proper and good."

Her parents never thought much of her, or at least, they saw only what they wanted to see, a perfect silent princess.

"Uhm... what about brothers or sisters?"

The man asked again and more pain filled her chest.

"You think you are so special just because you are smarter than everyone else! Insolent brat!"

Her sister's words came back to her mind, followed by her brother's.

"With such a good visage you will be a perfect bargaining tool."

Tears threatened to come out of her eyes, but she forced them back. She swore to never cry again, to never care again for anything in this worthless world.

"Now now, don't cry. It isn't fitting for such a beautiful girl to cry."

The man said, as he rubbed her head with his gloved hand. Renner's eyes widened. No one ever comforted her. No one ever rubbed her head like this. Her father was the king and her mother was just a noble, who thought herself mighty just for being able to procreate with the king.

"Now, why don't you show me a smile?"

The man asked.

She looked up and suddenly remembered she didn't know how to smile or at least how to truthfully smile. She smiled a lot when she put up an act, so fake smiles weren't a problem. A true one was a different story. She tried to set the extremities of her mouth upwards.

"O-okay it will do for now. Uhm... how about you tell me what troubles you?"

She hesitated. No one ever really asked her what she thought about something. Revealing her personal thoughts to strangers wasn't a smart move. He has been really kind to her, so she could at least tell him something not too specific. She told him about her life. How her parents were always busy and never cared to check

on her. How her brothers and sisters looked at her with envy for her mind. How she couldn't get along with any boy or girl her age.

He listened, but Renner couldn't read his expression thanks to the mask. When she finished her story, he nodded in understanding.

"I see, you are a noble then. If what you told me are your personal considerations about these people, you are indeed very smart. Remember that the lives of the ones gifted with such talents are often lonely lives. To be able to sustain such a thing at your age, I must admit, is quite praiseworthy. I admire your perseverance."

At his words, her heart began to beat faster and faster. No one ever said they liked her, let alone admired her. Maybe some nobles, who tried to get a link to the royal family did, but she could read through their lies like an open book. For him, a stranger who didn't know who she was to say such a thing was mind blowing.

"What is your name, sir?"

She mustered up the courage to ask him a direct question. He looked down at her.

"Oh, I'm Satoru, a magic caster."

He said. To give only a name would mean he was a commoner, but looking at his clothes, it couldn't be. Now that she looked more closely, she could say that those clothes were of incredible quality and a mere commoner couldn't afford them even after a lifetime of work. His name was strange too. Surely, not from the Kingdom. Maybe the Theocracy? Since he said he was a magic caster, that was probable.

Realizing it would be rude not to introduce herself, she tried to calm her shaky legs and gave an elegant bow.

"My name is Renner."

She presented herself.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Renner. Now, can you tell me why you are here?"

She thought about lying, but she didn't see the point anymore.

"I escaped from my guards. I wanted to see what there was outside of the city walls for the first time in my life."

"Ah, curiosity, another really admirable trait. I would love to show you, but since you escaped from your guards, it would be better to return you."

She beamed at his compliment and wasn't too mad at his decision to return her. It was the most logical thing for an adult to do after all.

"Where are you from, Mr. Satoru?"

She asked the question that was on her mind for sometime now, but before he could answer, a shout rang through the air from behind her.

"PRINCESS!"

She turned around to see a part of her escort running towards her. They are three knights. One of them grabbed his sword and pointed it at Satoru.

"RELEASE THE PRINCESS THIS INSTANT!"

Renner rolled her eyes before realizing that once she resolves this misunderstanding, Satoru will go his way and she will return to the

castle. She couldn't allow that. Not with the only person who made her feel that beautiful, warm sensation in her chest.

"Knights, stop right there! I'm Renner Theiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself, third princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom, and you are pointing your swords toward the man who saved me from a kidnapper!"

The knights hesitated a moment before lowering their weapons. The knight who was ready to attack Satoru moments ago bowed his head to him.

"Thank you for your help, sir. I would be glad if you could follow us to the castle with the princess."

Satoru seemed to be deep in thought for some seconds before nodding in acceptance. Renner internally smirked and the new warm sensation came back to her chest.

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

If Suzuki Satoru said he was confused, he would be lying. He was totally lost. First, he was sitting on his throne in the Great Tomb of Nazarick, waiting to be forcefully removed from the game. The next thing he knew, he had been transported to a grass plain with his throne. Back then, he had been completely lost and stayed there for quite some time trying to understand what just happened. When he finally came to the conclusion that this was not a normal situation, he tried to move around. Fortunately for him, the Throne of Kings went to his inventory once he stood up from it.

To say he was nervous would be an understatement. He had two World Class Items with him and the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown, that was almost a World Class Item itself. He flew around, trying to

understand where he was and if it was one of the nine realms of Yggdrasil. It was this careless flying around that caused his first meeting with the inhabitants of this world.

Well, he wasn't exactly the most careful person, but in that situation, anybody would just jump at the opportunity to ask for information.

He approached a group of humans, asking them if they could answer some of his questions. The conversation didn't even begin before they started panicking, summoning stupidly low-tier angels and casting low tier spells on him. Since the attacks didn't even damage him, Satoru tried to approach them peacefully once more, only for them to attack him again. In his irritation, his Despair Aura V activated and instantly killed some of them. After that, they summoned a mid-tier angel, but he just obliterated it with a spell. After that display, they were finally willing to answer his questions. They didn't have information about what happened to him, but they gave him important information about his surroundings and the various nations.

It came out that they were part of some religious, fanatic nation and even Satoru could tell that if he let them go, they would report him. He didn't want to have some nation hunting him down, so he used his Despair Aura to finish them off and disposed of the bodies with a fire spell.

He felt nothing for what he had done. After all, they tried to kill him too. It would be days after this event that he finally understood the mechanic of his Emotional Suppression.

After that first disastrous encounter, he began to wear gear to hide his undead nature, since it seemed to trigger aggressive acts from the majority of beings.

He explored the lands of the so called Re-Estize Kingdom for the next two weeks until he reached the capital. He planned to stay there for some days and gather information. Maybe he could get some cash by opening a magic items shop. After all, he could enchant items. Not to high levels, but from what he saw, he should be able to satisfy any customer.

He was finally stabilizing himself after days of doubts and hesitations when he met the diabolic smiling girl, now diabolic smiling princess. She bumped into him. They spoke for a while and seeing how he made her almost cry, he tried to compliment her and made her smile. He should never have done that. The smile she gave him was one that would have haunted him in his dreams for years. It was a lucky thing he couldn't sleep. From there, she had been named diabolic smiling girl and after the revelation diabolic smiling princess.

And now he was lost once more as he was escorted through the castle to meet the king. It was in moments like this, that his Emotional Suppression could be considered a blessing.

The guards stopped him behind the doors that led to the throne room and asked him to wait there while they entered with the princess. He waited there for a few minutes before he was instructed to enter. He walked through the double doors and entered the throne room. It was nothing compared to the one in Nazarick, but that was to be expected. Awaiting him there was a man whose hair was turning grey, seated on a throne. Next to him, there was a man around Satoru's age wearing armor and other figures he imagined were nobles, judging by their clothes. He tried not to show weakness or fear as he walked toward the center of the room.

"Greetings, your majesty, I am Satoru, a traveling magic caster."

Satoru introduced himself, respectfully bowing his head.

"Tsk, stupid commoner. Didn't even kneel, and worse yet, did so without removing that stupid mask."

Thanks to his enhanced hearing, Satoru heard the comment of the man seated next to the king. He seemed to be around 18 years old and had blonde hair.

"Sir Satoru, I'm Rampossa III, King of the Re-Estize Kingdom. I heard from my daughter how you heroically saved her from a criminal. Such noble action is surely befitting of praise and a reward."

The king made his statement with a faint smile as he looked at Satoru.

'Is he amused by me?' Satoru thought.

"Surely, you jest, your majesty. That was no noble action. It was just the right thing to do in that situation. I don't need a reward."

'Just leave me alone already...' He thought desperately. The young, blond man scowled at him.

"Ah, I must insist. Your words show me that you have a kind soul. Still, to be at ease with myself, I must reward someone as devoted to others' safety as you."

The king insisted. It would be rude to refuse once more, so Satoru just tried to get the best result from it.

"If his majesty says so, I must accept your kind offer. I came to this city to open a new shop where I will sell magic items and enchant items for any man who may need them. I was looking for a place

to set up my business. Could his majesty provide such a location for me? It does not have to be a great site, just a small place to begin with."

The king nodded and whispered something to the armored man beside him, who nodded.

"It shall be granted. Before you leave us, I am curious to know what kind of magic caster you are, Sir Satoru."

The king asked, narrowing his eyes on him.

"I am an arcane magic caster of the fifth tier."

As he said those words, the room erupted into whispers and some shouts. The fifth tier was the tier of the thirteen heroes, the pinnacle of humanity. The blond man next to the king rose from his seat, instantly becoming enraged at the magic caster's bold deception.

"To lie so shamelessly in front of the king! It is grounds for execution, you commoner!"

Satoru didn't respond. He simply vanished and appeared in front of the young man, scaring him, before reappearing in his former location.

The room was stunned into silence, before a man advanced a few meters toward Satoru and then turned to the king bowing.

"I am the guild master of the Magician Guild. This man speaks the truth. What he just used was the 5th tier spell [Teleportation]. To use it without incantations and with such speed, I must say, he has truly mastered the art."

The king nodded in acknowledgment.

"Can you remove your mask and tell us where you are from, Sir Satoru. The Empire, perhaps?"

The king asked, narrowing his eyes on him once more.

"Ah, I must kindly refuse to remove my mask. You see, your majesty, one of my order's laws is that once we receive our enchanted masks, we shall never remove them. If we do, we shall be forbidden from using magic ever again. The land I come from is a far away land to the east. When I left, it was being torn apart by a civil war. I don't even know if it exists anymore."

"Very well. The Warrior Captain will show you the way to your new shop, Sir Satoru."

The king said, nodding towards the armored man around Satoru's age.

The voice of the Magician Guild's guild master suddenly called out.

"Please wait a moment, sir! We can offer you an honorary position in the council of the Magician Guild! A caster of your caliber would surely be welcomed in the Guild!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I must decline. I prefer to conduct my studies and business alone. And besides, I am only 27. I would like to see more of the world before settling down and teaching, but if you are in need of my service, you can come to my shop."

As he said those words, the guild master gasped in shock.

"Only 27... and capable of such magic..."

He muttered in disbelief.

{Renner's room}

{Renner's P.O.V.}

"Good night, princess."

Said the maid as she closed the door.

"Good night."

Answered Renner. As soon as the sound of the maid's steps couldn't be heard anymore, Renner jumped down from her bed. She was enthusiastic about this day and surely couldn't go to sleep so easily. She brought her tiny hand to the top of her head where Satoru rubbed her. A smile appeared on her face. The warm sensation in her chest already faded by the time she went to bed, but now that she thought back about those moments in the alley, a little ember reignited within her.

'I want more. I need more.'

The sensation she craved so much. The sensation only he could give to her.

'Yes, it shall be so,' she decided.

In her room that night, she swore she would make Satoru hers, no matter the cost. That beautiful warmth shall be hers.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror. She smiled the same way she did when Satoru asked her to.

"Yes, I will smile. I will only smile. This smile, though, is only for you Satoru..."

A.N.

**Here it is. Of my many side projects, this was worth posting.
Please leave a review and let me know your thoughts.**