

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**And here we are again with this mini-arc part 2! Will the hungry lizards get the fish or will the fish get... okay that doesn't even make any sense!**

**Zaryusu x Crusch for life tho!**

**Enjoy the chapter!**

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

Chapter 38: Of Claws, Tails, Fangs, Eyes and Tusks (part 2)

The metal cut deep in the wood, one slash after the other, it didn't take long for the tree to be cut down completely. She was pissed, she was angry beyond belief. For all she pretended she was strong, she was still too weak to solve anything.

“Kyuuu.”

The distressed noise caused her to turn around, little Luck was there, observing her as she unleashed her frustration on the wildlife.

The four headed hydra reached for her, tangling his necks around her waist. Yeah, the hydra was male, she had it checked out by one of the Red Eye's druids. She petted the small thing who relished her affection.

“Tell me Luck, why is this world so cruel? How can a God, if any exist at all, allow such a thing to happen... to force someone between the agonizing death by starvation or...”

She couldn't even say it out loud, only thinking about it brought her a sense of nausea.

“My Lady Lakyus!”

Her knight called for her from afar.

“Hey Leinas.”

She greeted, closing the distance between the two of them.

“I got worried when I didn't find you in your tent.”

The knight said.

“I... I woke up earlier today, I had to... let out some steam.”

She said lowly, her knight seemed to catch the meaning behind her words.

“I see, we will depart in a few minutes, Crusch and Zaryusu are finishing getting ready.”

The Empire's knight said as she moved away.

They had managed to convince Red Eye to join the meeting, now the only one remaining was Dragon Tusk, the hardest tribe to convince as it was full of last war's refugees that would not look kindly upon Green Claw or its allies.

She grimaced as a bunch of lizardmen children rushed in front of her, seemingly playing tag or something like that.

Why? Just why was there so much suffering in this world? What did these demi-humans do to deserve this?

Inferior to humans... that was what the holy books preached. She scoffed at the notion, she had seen far more kindness and pain in Crusch's tears rather than she ever had in most humans.

What did give humanity the right to decide who died and who lived, who was inferior and who superior?

She wasn't oblivious to the past, demi-humans used to prey on the weak humanity before the coming of the Six Great Gods, and yet, couldn't they just bury the past behind and look forward to a better future?

Were they destined to repeat this accursed cycle over and over again? Bringing only more misery and suffering?

She thought she was powerful, she thought that with power she could do anything, that she could better other people's life. Like Satoru did. But she was wrong, her power was worthless here and yet Satoru continued forward, always finding a solution, that was one of the most admirable things about him.

In the end, all the power she had was mere self-gratification. That was an hard truth she had realized yesterday.

She could probably be the strongest being in the Red Eye tribe, and yet, all that power did not allow her to do anything for them.

“Kyuuu!”

Seeing her down casted expression pushed the little hydra to console her, a kind and appreciated gesture as she could feel tears begin to form in her eyes.

No! She will not give up in despair! She had seen first hand where that path would lead her! She will accept her failure and learn from it! She will continue to try and try, until she will be able to achieve her dream!

She will bring peace to this accursed world! No matter what!

{Green Claw Village}

{Renner's P.O.V.}

The princess was quite content with herself, no, it would be better to say that she was enjoying herself. It had been sometime since she last had any fun. Playing this game with Satoru had turned out to be far more interesting and enjoyable than she had initially anticipated.

Sharing ideas, planning and trying things out was amusing, and seeing Satoru at work was as marvelous as always, the magic he wielded seemed to know no limit in its uses.

Also, building something was fun, you never knew if whatever you were making would crumble or stand. She heard that on the coast, children often tried to create castles with sand, she wondered if this was the same thing.

Speaking of the sea, she should bring Lakyus and Satoru there sometimes, that would be fun indeed... she never saw the sea before, but it was said that it was quite the romantic thing to do.

Maybe the two of them could fly over the sea at dusk, that should be quite the spectacle if the stories were to be believed.

She gazed at her little farm she came up on the spot with, the only remaining thing to do was to fix the net to the rocks on the bottom and then fill it with fishes eager to reproduce.

She instinctively brought her hand below her stomach, where her womb was supposed to be. She still wasn't mature enough to bear children, not that she was eager too, it seemed like a painful and useless process. She hoped Satoru wouldn't want a child in the future, she wouldn't want for his love to be divided between her and another being, otherwise... she could be tempted to take action.

Lakyus though... she was indeed capable of having a child by now... she already saw her monthly misadventures many a time... she could be the one to provide the womb if a child is needed in the future... though that would force the two of them to have intercourse. No! That would not happen! Satoru was hers! No one else's!

That was a bridge she would cross once she reached it, maybe she could ask Hilma about it, she had always been a precious adviser on these matters. After all, the princess has already used the prostitute's experience to know everything there was to know about sex.

The loud thud of wood placed on wood interrupted her train of thought. 'Well, it was about time...' she looked over the finally completed farm.

"It seems like they have completed it."

The Warrior Captain said, his tone still and controlled, apparently he and Satoru spoke again last evening. He seemed less on edge

ever since, she wasn't sure what they discussed, but she had half an idea.

“Now it is time to test it, to see if any of this had any merit to begin with.”

She said as she followed with her eyes the group of lizardman transporting a bunch of jars, promptly emptying them in the farm.

She felt a little tingle of trepidation as she waited the final verdict.

A few lizardmen emerged from the lake announcing how the fish were now inside the net and how they were unable to pass through it. The declaration was met by cheers as the first ever fish farm of Green Claw was now operative.

This may be the turning point for the lizardmen race, or most would think like that. Fools, all of them, more food would change nothing, they would just reproduce more and come back to the same problem. No, the true reason behind all of this, was to show Satoru's power, to learn of what they can expect under his rule.

It was about time to capitalize on their investment, to show the tribes their utter insignificance in the wake of such a prominent magic caster capable of things they never thought possible before.

This would be the first step toward the subjugation of the lizardmen. If there was something Satoru taught her, it was that violence was for the weak and uncivilized, it was far more entertaining and challenging to subjugate your foes without them even noticing.

To deliver the killing blow would just be the final mercy shown to the defeated to spare them the suffering of continue living.

“Princess Renner, the council awaits you.”

The voice of Shasuryu, the chieftain, interrupted her thoughts. ‘It was about time’ Satoru played his part, now it was her turn to play. Building a fish farm had been a fun experience, she never had the occasion to do anything like this before, but her true talents still fell elsewhere.

She moved toward the main building of the village, escorted by Gazef who would not allow her to get out of his or Satoru’s gaze.

Following the chieftain inside, she immediately noticed the absence of one of the elders. She stored that information on the back of her mind for future reference.

“Good afternoon, princess Renner.”

They greeted her.

She didn’t care much for titles but still, if she wanted to accomplish her objective here, it was imperative the lizardmen understood the hierarchy of the Re-Estize Kingdom.

“Good afternoon to you as well, respected elders.”

The blond greeted back seating in front of the council towering over her. Gazef stood still, a few meters back, his eyes slowly circling the room and its occupants.

“I think congratulations are in order for the completion of the first fish farm as well.”

She continued, her usual cheerful tone embedded in every word.

“I think that achievement would be mostly on your part rather than ours, for that, we offer our thanks.”

Shasuryu said, the elders nodding along.

“May I ask why the princess requested this meeting?”

One of the elders decided to cut the pleasantries and go directly to the point.

“I thought that it would only be fair for you to understand better your surroundings before the other villages’ representatives arrive.”

She began as she pushed the map, they used to travel there, forward in front of the elders who gazed at it with curiosity, or that was what she guessed their expression meant.

“This area is where all your tribes are located.”

She indicated the small area next to the great lake on the map, slowly bringing her finger toward the left side and circling around a far larger area.

“This is Satoru’s territory, which he administers under my father’s rule through his given title as a Marquis.”

Some of the elders visibly gawked at the dimensions’ difference, it was like comparing a brick to a house.

“And this...”

She continued enlarging the circle she draw around Satoru’s territory.

“Is the Re-Estize Kingdom in its entirety, the land controlled by my father.”

She internally smirked at the baffled expressions on the lizardmen’s faces.

“By this, I don’t mean anything bad of course, but I thought it would be better for you to explain this to your peers once they arrive, we wouldn’t want anyone antagonizing Satoru, or even worse, me.”



The veiled threat seemed to sink in, this was how Satoru seemed to operate after all. Show them the carrot and once they are hooked let the whip slither on their backs, reminding them that your kindness is not a fool's one.

“I-I see, thank you for your advice, princess Renner, we will not forget it.”

One of the elders finally spoke just before another lizardmen entered the room.

“I am sorry for my intrusion but the chief of Small Fang and Razor Tail have arrived.”

Proclaimed what she remembered to be the Head Hunter, or was he the Elder Druid? No matter, once her Lakyus returns with the other tribes the game would be on, and she was ready to play alongside her Satoru.

{That Night}

{Rayne's P.O.V.}

He stirred in his makeshift bed inside his and Arche's tent, he was having troubles sleeping, but not for any of the reason usually associated with such a disorder, no, he was just too excited.

‘Master Satoru's magic is just incredible! If only I could grasp a little shard of it!’ he often lamented his slowness in learning the art of magic, even if most around him reassured him that he was developing at a faster than usual pace.

But then, how did Master Satoru reach the 6<sup>th</sup> tier at the age of 27? Just a little more than twice his own age? It was true that his Talent was extraordinary, but it could just do so much, he may

have learned spells on a whim but master them for combat and other uses was no small feat!

He felt the other occupant of the tent, and his fellow apprentice, shiver. It was hard to ignore since they were back to back in such a small place.

At first they tried to sleep on opposite sides of the tent, but the coldness of the night in the forest, and even more now the lake, forced them to share body heat to avoid freezing at night. Surprisingly, it had been Arche who proposed the arrangement first, even if she accompanied the proposal with a threat of castration if he ever touched her. Not that he would have been mad enough to propose such a thing, he liked his head where it stood, thank you very much!

Still, they had worst nights, it was strange for Arche to shiver like this from only this much cold.

Then the sniffles began, now he was pretty sure there was something wrong, he never heard her cry before. Not that he thought about it, crying was something he would never associate with the headstrong and prideful girl. It was quite disturbing to hear and it caused his chest to compress as if a heavy weight settled on it.

He could ignore her and try to sleep, that would be the sensible thing, but then again, he could never stand crying people, it reminded him of how his mother would cry when his illness was at its worst.

“Are you okay?”

The words left his lips, nothing more than a whisper in the night. He felt her back still and tense against his. They remained like that for he had no idea how long.

“If you want to talk, I will listen.”

Still silence was his answer.

“Do you miss home?”

He asked, after all he himself had felt a little homesick ever since they departed, he missed his mother’s cooking and his father’s joviality, and he had only been away a few weeks, Arche had been more afar from her family for months by now, almost an entire year. He could not fathom being away that much time.

A snuffle was the answer he received, Rayne felt awkward, as if he was seeing something he wasn’t supposed to.

He was fighting a lost battle here, she would not talk, be it pride or something else, she would not budge, so he did the only thing he could think of. Comforting her like his mother used to with him.

He shifted and turned toward his fellow apprentice, his face facing the back of her head, her luscious blond hair falling just a bit down her shoulders.

She smelt of fresh grass and flowers, both things he liked a lot. Gently and slowly he draped his arm over her waist, when she didn’t react, he pushed his chest against her back. He started to slowly massage her stomach and her back with his hands, something his mother often did to make him relax.

Slowly he felt her tense back muscles begin to relax under his ministrations.

“It will all be okay.”

He said as he closed his eyes.

...

He wasn't sure when he fell asleep exactly, the only thing he knew was that he woke up at dawn, just to find himself alone in his tent.

As the memories of the night before came back to him, he jumped out of under his blankets and shoved his feet in his boots before running outside in the chilling morning air, on second thought, he might should have put on some heavier clothes before running out.

His eyes darted around the area finding no one, he moved around for a little bit over a minute before spotting a short figure on the edge of the lake.

He ran toward it, the figure becoming clearer step after step. Her blond hair flying around disheveled courtesy of the wind.

“You should still be sleeping.”

Her voice was tired, her tone as low as her apparent morale.

“Hey, c'mon, I'm sure that if you ask Master Satoru, he would allow you to visit your family, it isn't like he is holding you hostage or anything!”

The boy retorted, finding the current disposition of the noble unreasonable.

“You just don't get it, do you?”

She asked, still refusing to meet his eyes and continued gazing at the still pool of water below.

“W-what is that I a-am not getting?”

He wasn't sure if the stuttering was due to his nervousness or the sheer cold.

"I... just let it go, it doesn't matter."

She spun around and tried to go past him. Now he was getting angry, what was all this nonsense even about? He grabbed her arm and stopped her in her tracks.

"Oi! Listen here! What the hell is wrong with you?"

The boiling anger in his body melted away any feeling of coldness.

"Release me at once you barbaric beast."

She seethed between her teeth.

"Tell me what is wrong? Didn't we live as brother and sister for almost a year? Sharing everything! Triumph and joy as well as failure and discomfort?!"

For all he tried to put up a good act of strength, he could not help but feel tears begin to form in his eyes.

"You! As if I would ever want to be close to a commoner like you!"

She almost yelled as she shoved her arm out of his grasp before leaving him there.

And among the silence and coldness he wept, asking himself if there ever was anything true, or if his feelings of friendship and companionship were just one sided.

{Ro-Lente}

{Hilma's P.O.V.}

The woman sighed as another pile of paper joined her already full desk, courtesy of her little self-proclaimed assistant.

“You are enjoying this aren’t you?”

She growled from between her teeth as the masked caster just sat opposite to her.

“Using [Teleportation] to go base to base and gather paperwork is just more efficient, wouldn’t you say so?”

The sarcasm was not lost to Hilma who just huffed.

“Is this still about the mask? It wasn’t my intention to break it.”

The mature woman asked.

“I will not confirm nor deny your statement, though, you should mind your manners young one.”

The shorter one chastised.

“For all you claim to be a full-fledged adult, you sure seem to have a bratty attitude.”

The woman retorted as she signed a few documents before putting them away. The caster was easy to tease, Hilma realized that early on, and since she could do nothing else she just limited herself to annoying the shorter woman. That, and she was trying to see if she could get something by a slip of her tongue in the heat of the moment, that unfortunately didn’t pay off for now.

The caster just ignored her comment and grabbed a bunch of papers from the growing pile.

“Uhm, these are most interesting, I had no idea you had such sway over the Merchant Guild.”

Hilma immediately all but tore the papers from the shorter one's hands who didn't offer any resistance.

“Those are reserved documents you should not put your nose into.”

She retorted annoyed at the masked offender, she was damn sure the caster was currently sporting a smirk behind that mask.

She missed the days where Evileye would just ask questions and nothing else, but unfortunately, boredom seems to have taken over her in a not so good way. ‘Mischievous little thing’ that was a title worthy of her even if Hilma would never say it out loud. She was fine with bantering and teasing, though, she wouldn't risk actually angering the caster. Not while Satoru was away.

“Tell me... how did your master take my sudden arrival?”

The short caster asked, seemingly curious, Hilma did not see a reason to deny anything, contacting Satoru was exactly what she had done the instant she had the occasion, a predictable move, but a necessary one.

She also didn't see any reason to lie to the magic caster in front of her.

“Satoru is intrigued by you, he also offers his apologies for the uncalled attack, he will be happy to receive you once he returns from his trip and has offered you free stay in his mansion as long as you don't cause any troubles.”

She said, feigning disinterest even though she seethed inside. It was rare she and Satoru were in disagreement on something but this was one of those rare occasions. She would have gladly slipped some venom in her food or have her throat be cut in her

sleep but, at the end of the line, Satoru called the shots here and she could only obey.

“Uhm, a most fascinating fellow this Satoru seems to be, I am ever more curious to meet him in person.”

The acting leader of Seven Hands almost felt like scoffing at the caster’s words.

“But, alas, as of now, my interest continues to lie in this organization he managed to put together.”

She continued eliciting a sigh from Hilma’s part.

“For being a self-proclaimed assistant, you are pretty distracting and petulant.”

She said as she swept aside the brothel department’s budget.

“If you are so interested in our organization why don’t you visit the brothel, you will find a lot of young healthy men there as well... unless you prefer women, we can arrange for almost anything you wish for.”

The silence that followed was telling, Hilma internally smirked. ‘Not so old I see...’ she thought as she finally seemed to find a way to shut the annoying caster up.

“No snarky response? What? Are you shy? Or perhaps... you are still a virgin?”

It was greedy of her to capitalize on this but it felt like rightful retribution for having to deal with such an annoyance.

“You should mind your words.”

The tone was freezing cold and the room seemed to have frozen over completely as Hilma felt a shiver go down her spine. She



apparently stepped in an area she should have avoided. The power in that voice reminded her of Satoru's own, a telling statement in its own right.

“I offer my apologies for bringing up a sensitive matter then.”

She managed to say through the lump in her throat, trying to maintain a dignified tone even in that situation.

And with that the freezing aura of danger disappeared completely.

“It seems like I have left myself slip as well... I do offer my apologies as well, it was not my intention to frighten you so.”

The masked caster known as Evileye offered her own little apologizing bow. Hilma's eyes widened, the resemblance seemed almost uncanny, for a moment the figure of the magic caster was replaced with the one of a certain devil princess. ‘Royal etiquette... I see... most interesting...’ she set the thought aside for now, but this was certainly an interesting discovery.

{Dragon Tusk Village}

{Lakyus' P.O.V.}

To say that the reception when they reached the Dragon Tusk village wasn't friendly would be an understatement, the atmosphere was completely hostile, an expected outcome seeing how the last war ended. She didn't miss many a murderous glance in their direction, Leinas certainly seemed on edge, her spear at the ready.

Zaryusu didn't seem in such a better position, most gazes indeed focused on his blade, Frost Pain, a clear sign of who he was even before saying it.

The white lizardman, Crusch, currently using a makeshift parasol Lakyus made for her, seemed pretty unnerved by the whole thing as well. Luck was just hiding behind Lakyus' legs while hissing every now and then.

“So, what is all this fuss about!?”

The hoarse voice of the biggest lizardman Lakyus ever saw reached them clearly as said demi-human proceeded through the ranks of lizardmen.

“What do we have here?... Ohhh the wielder of Frost Pain! Such a delightful surprise!”

Lakyus was no expert in understanding lizardmen's culture or expressions but even she could tell the sarcasm behind the statement.

“My name is Zaryusu Shasha representative of the Green Claw tribe!”

Zaryusu introduced himself.

“My name is Crusch Lulu, acting chieftain of the Red Eye tribe!”

The albino lizardman proclaimed much to the surprise of many.

“Uh? Red Eye? Does this mean you have allied yourself with Green Claw? Are you here to perhaps declare a new war? One against four?! The idea excites me!”

‘Is he mad?’ that was the only thing Lakyus could think after such a declaration from the apparent chief of Dragon Tusk.

“We are here to talk if you are willing to hear us out.”

Zaryusu continued as the tension in the air grew.

“Ah! They are here to talk! So speak then! And... what the hell are those two creatures? Perhaps a secret weapon of yours?”

The unnamed lizardman asked while pointing his greatsword at Lakyus and Leinas.

“We are humans, I am Lakyus! This is my companion, Leinas!”

She introduced herself, direct and concise seemed to be this lizardman’s style after all.

“Eh? Never saw a human before... Name’s Ziguru, chief of Dragon Tusk, now speak... why are you here?”

The lizardman now named Ziguru inquired.

“We are gathering the five tribes for a council to discuss a newfound way of solving the food problem, we wish to set our differences and grudges aside for a common goal and ensure peace and prosperity for future generations... so that they will never know the hell which is war and starvation.”

The words seemed to cut deep into many of the present lizardmen, some remained clearly spiteful but other also gained a pensive look. There might be a chance of this working after all, or that is what Lakyus hoped.

“And this newfound way... has something to do with the humans, doesn’t it?”

Ziguru asked, now far more serious than before, as Zaryusu nodded in confirmation.

“Tsk! I never thought the wielder of Frost Pain would be such an honorless fellow! We are proud lizardmen! We don’t bow and beg for other races’ help! This is what I think of your humans!”

With those words the chief spat in front of Zaryusu as the other around him seemed to gain vigor or get out of their stupor as they cried out in agreement.

Lakyus was boiling inside. She would not care if the Dragon Tusk tribe didn't join the alliance, they had the right to deny it. But this... to spit in front of an offered kindness... to spit on Renner's kindness! She never felt such rage before, arrogant and prideful to a fault... till their very death, no matter the suffering they will cause.

“You bastard! HOW DARE YOU!?”

She roared enraged to a point of no return. Her cry seemingly stopping the cheering lizardmen.

“AH! WHAT DID YOU SAY?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU FROM DOWN THERE! WHY DON'T YOU COME UP HERE!”

Ziguru mocked her only serving to enrage her more. This bastard not only dared to insult Renner but even underestimated her.

“I WILL HAVE YOUR HIDE FOR THIS LIZARD!”

At her proclamation the chief took a step forward.

“Then come and take it! You weakling!”

He challenged, Lakyus made to move forward to meet the challenge, but a hand stopped her.

“My lady, this is not-“

Leinas was interrupted by Lakyus shoving her hand aside.

“I am going Leinas, I will not let this insult stand!”

She stated as she unsheathed her primary blade, leaving the other by her side.

“Ah! Then you aren’t a coward after all!”

The lizardman chieftain smirked at her.

“LISTEN WELL! WE ARE WARRIORS! HONORABLE AND RESPECTFUL FOLLOWERS OF THE OLD WAYS! IF THIS HUMAN KILLS ME!... SHE WILL BE YOUR NEW CHIEF!”

Outraged cries met his declaration, some even laughed at the absurd thought.

“YOU WILL OBEY UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME COMES FOR HER TO BE CHALLENGED AND THEN YOU MAY DO SO! WE DO NOT BACKSTAB! WE FIGHT! AND IN MIGHT WE FIND THE RIGHT TO EXIST!”

Ziguru cried out, and for all the rage boiling inside Lakyus’ mind, she could not stop but take in his words. ‘Might gives the right to exist... might makes right... what a sad world to live in’ she could not help but wonder what brought to this in the first place.

But she had no time for idle wonder, before she even realized it, the chief was already on her, swinging his greatsword.

She answered with a parry which cut her opponent’s blade in two and almost gutted him on the spot.

She could hear the cries of surprise from all around her as Ziguru jumped back.

“I must apologize little one! I shouldn’t have underestimated you! That blade is surely on par with the legendary Frost Pain! To possess such a weapon you must be a skilled warrior! That perfect counter only but confirms such a thing!... but now... I WILL GET SERIOUS!”

Ziguru proclaimed as he threw away his useless sword and charged her with his fist ready to strike.

Lakyus was taken aback, she never fought such an opponent like this. ‘Is this how Master Brain felt while facing Go Gin?’ she could not help but wonder.

“[HEAVY STRIKE]!”

The martial art was unexpected to say the least and even while using the blunt side of her sword to block it Lakyus was sent flying back, nonetheless.

She caught her balance and decided this was not a foe she could underestimate either, he was fighting for his life even though she had no intention of killing him. That would be detrimental to Renner’s and her end goal, she will teach him a lesson though.

“[Flow Acceleration] [Ability Boost]”

She felt her body strengthen under the enhancement of her Martial Arts.

She rushed him and it was clear he did not expect such speed from her as his fist was far too slow and sloppy to hope to catch her. She sliced his arm open with a single strike of her blade, she tried to avoid cutting it off completely as she had no idea if such a damage was repairable at all.

The lizardmen grunted as he swung his other fist but Lakyus was already far gone and out of his grasp.

“Yield!”

She commanded but all she received in response was a mere scoff as the demi-human charged her uncaring of his bleeding wound.

‘Very well then’ she thought as she crouched prompting her opponent to swing his fist down at her. She easily evaded the strike and climbed over him and slashing at his exposed back when she managed to get over his shoulder avoiding his snapping jaw.

Her cut was more severe this time and it clearly impeded further movement. She deactivated her Martial Arts, already feeling the mental strain of using them both for that duration of time. She still needed to work on that.

This battle was won though, her opponent could just even barely turn around to face her now.

“Yield!”

She told him again, and again the only answer she got was a spit of blood on the ground.

“You don’t get it, do you human?”

The hoarse voice of her opponent now was far less boisterous and loud than before.

“There is no yielding, you will kill me or I will kill you... such is the rule of life... so... what will it be?”

He asked her, and indeed those eyes may have been foreign to her but the light in them was not. She already saw it in someone else, someone who was ready to give up on everything and give his all in one last stand.

“Why? Why? Why?! Why am I surrounded by fools!”

She whispered between her teeth.

“Eh? You too afraid to kill?... it will be your funeral then.”

He said seeing as she wasn't moving anymore.

“You say that might makes right... that this is the rule of the world... don't you think it's cruel?”

She asked, she needed desperately to know the answer to that, she could just not fathom why anyone should go to such lengths to live their life... couldn't they just... live peacefully?

She didn't deny the existence of evil, she saw it with her own eyes, and the need to fight it. But what was the point of going to such extremes for something as worthless as this?

“This world is cruel and yet we must still live in it.”

Ziguru conceded to her that much.

Her anger was far gone by now, her foe could not attack her, and she was in desperate need of an answer she sought out ever since she left the Grand Arena.

“And why do you accept it? Why don't you oppose it? Why don't you fight it to change it?”

She asked, genuinely curious to know the answer. The lizardman laughed he laughed so hard he began to cough blood.

“You are truly mad if you think you can change the world...”

He said as he looked her right in the eyes.

“I have seen it all, oppose the rules and you will die, be too weak and you will die, ignore the world and you will die... in the end it all brings to the same result, death.”

He continued.

“So now, kill me and be done with it, for the world will not change, not by your hand or the gods themselves.”



He said as he fell on his knees before collapsing completely.

Lakyus stood there for a moment, stunned, before gritting her teeth. She will show them, she will show them all, she will change this cruel world!

Leaving her blade behind she moved toward her downed foe and placed a hand on his strong and hard scales.

“[Lesser Heal]”

The world shall either bend to her change or it will break under her unrelenting attempts. So, she swore.

**A.N.**

**Huh? What’s that smell? Oh right! It’s sweet character development! And it’s all over the place!**

**Don’t be too harsh on Arche, she has her reasons, though, she is being a crappy friend!**

**So? What do you think? Leave your thoughts in a comment/review! I’m eager to know them!**

**Till next time!**

**Have a nice day and stay safe!**