

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hi, it's me again! The guy that publishes a story from time to time... God, this month is awfully busy for me, I also had to throw this whole thing together just before the deadline.

I should have a little more free time before the next one, so that should help a little.

I tried to relax and look for a random anime and I chose Higehiro, let me say it! Best anime I have seen in YEARS, and absolute incredible piece of media you should all check out. It is an incredibly good example of writing characters that come to terms with their traumas and the difficulty of growing up in a world as complicated as ours. It really teared me apart inside and shows why teenagers are still far away from the maturity adulthood brings and how much they need positive figures in their lives, while at the same time not dismissing young people as fools or anything like that. It is just incredible, go check it out!

That said I thank again all my Patrons old and new for their great support!

Hope you enjoy the chapter!

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

Chapter 45: The Explorer, the Fool, and the Dragon

Renner glared fiercely at the black-haired woman. This Lin, as she called herself, was a total enigma to her, she had never heard a name even remotely similar, and she was a hard one to read.

Those smiles of hers hit too close to home for comfort. She knew those smiles, she was hiding her true intentions, whatever they may be.

But those were all trivial things if compared to her greatest offense yet.

The third princess gritted her teeth with strength never displayed before as that woman and her beloved walked side to side, seemingly sharing an amicable chat.

That should have been her! Not that pale bitch! She was the only one who could gaze at Satoru with those eyes! This wretch! This whore! She needed to be dealt with as soon as possible.

The question remained, why did Satoru allow her to accompany them? Did he fancy her?! No, no, no, no... her Satoru would never betray her with another woman... he wasn't that kind of man.

He was kind and gentle, had a great mind for business and understood her perfectly, showering her with his affections.

There was no way... 'THAT FUCKING SLUT!!!' as soon as she thought she had calmed down a new wave of unyielding rage eclipsed the previous one.

That woman had just done that?! She really did that?! She brushed aside her hair as if she was an embarrassed maiden in love?! Even looking cute in the process?!

‘I will eviscerate her and every last one person she love in this world!’ she needed to get a grasp on herself soon, or else she risked losing her façade. It had been quite a while ever since she had felt such anger, now that she thought about it, no one ever dared to flirt so openly with Satoru. She never imagined jealousy would feel so utterly... infuriating.

She needed to do something... anything to intervene.

“Satoru.”

She called in her most delicate tone, the magic caster immediately turned away from that whore to look upon her, this was it, the way the world should be. His gaze upon her and no one else, for she was the most important and loved person to him, like he was to her.

“My feet have grown quite tired, I am not exactly fit or trained for this kind of activities, could you help me?”

That wasn't quite true, she made sure to train her endurance the bare minimum to not be a dead weight anytime something physical was required. Lakyus had been quite helpful in that regard, even if she tended to go overboard sometimes.

Though, now, her frail self was required, and she had no qualms in using it. After all, in love and war, all was fair, or something like that. Renner preferred to think that fair was just a fancy word the loser would use to whine. Life had no rules.

Much to her delight, her planned reached the desired result as she was picked up by her beloved.

Oh, how his embrace calmed her raging maiden heart! Between his arms there was nothing but bliss and affection! That was truly the place she should be in all the time!

Maybe in the future, something could be arranged. But now she had to work for such a future to even come to be in the first place.

She didn't miss the occasion to glare at the black-haired explorer, usually this helped to get people to back off, not that she used it often. Much to her displeasure, the young woman's smirk didn't disappear from her face, nor did she take a step back from her beloved.

“That is quite a feisty one you have there Satoru.”

The infuriating woman said as she got ever closer to Satoru's side, much to the princess' growing anger.

“Ah, you wouldn't imagine how reliable and capable this young one is, I am more than glad to put up with all she has to offer just to have this little one on my side.”

Renner beamed at the compliment, it wasn't often Satoru spent any good words on someone out of his own feelings and not simple politeness.

She felt the fire in her heart grow ever stronger as her face flushed while a smile appeared on her face, forcing her to hide it by snuggling more against Satoru's robes, not that she minded at all.

“Is that so?”

The explorer asked as she took out a small book from one of her pouches.

“Indeed, I doubt I would have been as successful in my endeavors if it wasn't for her.”

Yes, that was just right, she and Satoru could do anything together and he knew it. ‘So, back off, you whore’ Renner smiled in Satoru’s robes.

Then suddenly the magic caster stopped walking, the princess immediately turned to see what was wrong only to notice her beloved’s gaze fixed on the woman who was walking like nothing happened. No, not the woman, the book she had with her, where she was currently writing something in a language the third princess never saw.

“Is something wrong?”

Finally, the woman stopped writing and turned back toward the two of them. Satoru didn’t answer for a moment, prompting Renner to ask herself if her beloved was alright.

“That language...”

His tone wasn’t loud or accusatory, no, on the contrary, it was calm but betrayed an hint of hesitation Renner didn’t miss.

“Oh, do you know it?”

This time around was time for the explorer to appear mildly surprised.

Renner didn’t like this, there was a certain tension in the air between the two and she was apparently missing something. She didn’t like being in the dark, no, she hated it. To not understand meant not being able to plan, and without a plan there was only defeat ahead of you.

“Yes, I found the same alphabet in ancient ruins during my travels... this is the first time I encounter someone capable of writing it and reading it.”

The magic caster answered calmly prompting the girl to close the book and put it away, she gave them a smirk which hid some type of hunger behind it, like a beast measuring up their prey.

“Fascinating, this is a lost language used in the Theocracy... it is said this was the language of the Six Gods themselves.”

She explained as she slowly closed the gap between her and Satoru.

Renner felt the arm which was currently holding her shift a little. ‘Is Satoru nervous?’ she wondered what was going on in these two’s heads at the moment.

“I see, thank you for clarifying it for me, it is an information I sought for a lot of years now... may I ask how did you come to learn it if it is as rare as you claim?”

The predatory expression on the explorer’s face fell, replaced by something Renner found hard to read, this was a first for her as she never had any problems reading expressions before.

“Let’s just say... my aunt was a very learned woman.”

Her tone was no longer teasing or predatory, some kind of melancholy seemed to have taken over.

“I see, do you think I might manage to meet with her in the future? I would be most interested in learning.”

Satoru asked as the woman flinched a little.

“That would be quite impossible unfortunately, she has been gone from this world for a while now.”

Again, that unreadable tone did nothing to alleviate the tension in the air.

“I see, my condolences then, it seems like we have remained quite a bit far behind, we should move if we don’t want to lose the others.”

Satoru decided then and there to put an end to the conversation as he proceeded to move forward, toward the rest of their group.

“I could teach you.”

Those words stopped the magic caster in his tracks again, as he turned toward the black-eyed woman once more.

“I mean... if you don’t mind.”

She gave them a little pout which seemed to make her appear quite a few years younger than she probably was.

It was kind of adorable... no! No! what the hell was she thinking?! This is the enemy! Enemy! She tried to get Satoru all to herself! She wouldn’t forgive her for that!

“I would love to, I will be in your care then.”

Satoru bowed his head to the shorter woman who blinked twice in a row as if she had seen a ghost.

“That is quite the Theocracy etiquette you are sporting there.”

She said with a small smile, Renner felt another shift of Satoru’s arm. This woman was dangerous, she had never seen Satoru so taken off-guard by anything or anyone before.

“I just thought it would be a thoughtful gesture to thank you with something from your homeland.”

He rebutted after some seconds of tension-filled silence.

“Ahahah... aren’t you quite the charmer? Are you perhaps after my heart?”

The tension was broken by the loud laugh of the explorer.

“I warn you though, I am not a kind teacher.”

She finished, passing them as she proceeded toward the rest of their expedition, now sporting a teasing smirk.

{Ro-Lente}

{Philip’s P.O.V.}

Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat knew who he was, he was a chosen one, someone predestined for great things, and someone who will carve his name in history.

And like all legends he started like a nobody, a third son whose father had no prospects for.

You should have been born a girl, that was what he told him. But destiny had his ways of changing history, and when someone his predestined for great things no one could stop him.

When Lady Josefin, the king’s lover, came to his father for a match for her daughter, the third princess, she didn’t ask for his two elder brothers. No! She asked for him! She could truly recognize greatness, she had probably been a chosen like him but not the one predestined to bring change. No, she had been designed as a steppingstone for the true chosen one, himself!

But then all fell apart, even after she signed the betrothal. Destiny came back and reminded him that he was not to succeed so easily.

No! That cursed magic caster stood in his way! He used his power to completely rearrange the noble playground. Bringing away his promised princess in the process.

And it wasn't like he took her for his own goals. No, he was already betrothed to the second princess! He took the third only because he knew Philip was dangerous and needed to be stopped!

That's right! The most powerful noble feared him so much he used all his power to avoid his ascension!

He was Philip's true enemy! Once he took him out, the path for the throne and his greatness would stand free before him!

Destiny will have its due, as it always did, no one could stop fate, no matter how powerful they were.

But for now, he will have to endure, that was the way of the hero after all, he will endure and succeed!

"No, you fool! I told you to put it there!"

Speaking of which, he would have gladly given a piece of his mind to these foolish servants who couldn't even put luggage where it was supposed to go.

He was currently in the process of taking residence in the newly established Noble Academy in the capital.

A place formed for all the noble heirs who were spared from the purge, a place where they would be taught to serve the crown, administer land and manage economics so that they may be prepared for when they inherit their territories.

'Fools! All of them!' he understood the true intent of this place! It was a cage where nobles could be looked over and controlled! A clever plot to avoid any further uprising the kingdom could not afford.

And so, why was he sent here? Of course, it had been his father's doing! He sent him away in fear he would take over his older

brother's position as heir now that he had such a prestigious betrothal!

The fool even told him he was a good for nothing and that he should find a good match in the Academy! Bah! As if Philip would believe such blatant lies born of fear and envy from his father.

But destiny would not be denied!

This was just a minor setback! As was the magic caster trying to stop his ascension!

But he will have his due, like he deserved for all his efforts and sacrifices!

“Augh! I told you to put the table over the-“

He could not finish his thought that the thirteen years old boy was slammed against the wall of his room by the servant.

“W-what do you think you are doing?! I am the third so-“

Philip tried to protest against the treatment this commoner fool was reserving to him but he could not even finish his sentence that the grip on his throat intensified.

“Listen well little shit stain! Because I will say this once! I don't give a shit about who your daddy is or whose fancy cunt you crawled out of! My boss can have your family hanged by next morning so you better take that fancy tongue of yours and stick it in your asshole!”

The servant roared before letting Philip go so that he could breathe again just before proceeding to leave the room and slam the door behind him.

This... this was just another setback... he will remember this one's face, so that when he became King, he could give him his rightful punishment.

Fate will have its due.

He just need to wait.

Wait and endure.

Wait and endure.

{Azerlisia Mountains}

{Rayne's P.O.V.}

His legs felt like they were about to collapse on themselves. They have been walking for hours uphill with no stops. He had trained to become a magic caster not a bloody knight!

The backpack weighing him down didn't help his case. He panted heavily as he looked in front of him, at Arche, his fellow student and weirdest girl he had the pleasure of meeting so far.

He couldn't exactly see her face from there, but her posture didn't indicate any type of extreme tiredness like his.

"H-how... *PANT* are you... *PANT* doing this?"

He managed to growl out between his ragged panting.

The girl didn't stop advancing but she turned her head back toward him.

"Whatever do you mean?"

She asked, her tone seemingly tired but not as exhausted as his was.

"Tired."

He said simply, lacking the strength to elaborate further.

“Well, yeah, climbing up a mountain is pretty tiring but at least we have the [Light Weight] so that our backpacks are not an additional obstacle.”

He stopped dead at those words, he gawked up at her. The blonde noble just stared back with confusion written all over her face until a spark of realization turned her lips upward.

She started chuckling, as if she was repressing a laugh.

“Don’t you dare...!”

He growled out as he was trying to get a grasp on his breathing.

“I just... can’t... believe it...”

The noble muttered out as she covered her mouth with both hands before finally exploding in a glorious laugh.

“Ahahahahah... you forgot to cast... ahahah... the spell!”

Rayne said nothing as Arche continued to laugh until she was bent over herself.

“Are you done?”

He asked with a deadpanned expression.

The noble still took a good minute to calm down before stopping.

“I’m sorry... that was just quite... unexpected.”

She apologized.

“Yeah, more like-“

He stopped his snarky remark midway through as his eyes widened at the sight he was experiencing.

Arche was smiling, but that wasn't any smile he ever saw before. It wasn't a smirk of superiority or a derisive grin. No, that was a smile born of something genuine.

There was just something so carefree and innocent in that smile that he could not bring himself to take it away from her.

It was like he was in the presence of a totally different person. Who could have imagined that his snobbish and stuck up frenemy could be capable of making such expressions?

Oh gods, now he could feel the blood converge on his face, he was actually blushing!

“What was that?”

She asked him, that carefree smile still plastered on her face.

“N-nothing, you are r-right, I have been an idiot.”

He just admitted his faults, he didn't want to upset her and let that rare smile leave her face, he just wanted to gaze at it a little longer.

The noble sighed as she stepped in front of him, closing the distance between the two.

“Well, I guess, it cannot be helped, here [Light Weight].”

She casted her spell on him, he immediately felt better, now it was like the weight of the backpack didn't exist at all and he only had to concentrate about climbing without worrying about it.

“Thanks.”

He thanked the girl who just shrugged.

“No prob.”

That answer brought a light smile on his face. He couldn't imagine the uptight girl he had met more than a year ago being capable of using such commoner expressions without throwing a fit about it.

“You should smile like that more.”

The words left his mouth before he could stop himself. The girl just stared at him confused for a moment before muttering something under her breath as a red hue invaded her face.

“Shut up and move your rear, you dolt!”

The flustered magic caster ordered as she took up a new pace to get away from him as soon as possible.

{That Night}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

They just finished putting up their tents for the night after Satoru cleared out the snow with a fire spell when he was approached by Gazef.

They hadn't spoken much lately, Satoru was quite certain the awkwardness of starting a conversation after what transpired between them wasn't only his own.

Before all that, they used to chitchat about anything, from mocking nobles, to the simplest of rumors, to magic items and weapons.

He quite missed those times, where things were straight forward and simple.

“Good evening Gazef, is something wrong with the ring?”

He greeted, though he doubted his question would receive a positive response. He had given each of his traveling companions a ring to keep away the cold, it would be troublesome if they were slowed down due to such a minor thing.

All accepted, except Zaryusu, whose blade already protected him from the cold, and Lin, who said she had no need for it.

Speaking of which, the self-proclaimed explorer was becoming more and more of an enigma by the day.

Not only she was incredibly powerful, but she also knew Japanese, he truly had risked it this afternoon with that conversation. She almost managed to corner him and expose him. Truly, a fearsome opponent, he would need to keep up his guard even more from now on.

Not that he didn't expect it. He knew the risks of letting her come, he would need to step up his game just to make sure he got something out of this.

“No, the ring is fine, I was just wondering if you had a minute to spare.”

The Warrior Captain said seriously bringing Satoru back to his current predicament.

“Of course, let's take a seat and talk then.”

With a swift movement of his hand, he conjured two chairs and casted a reinforcement spell on his one just before sitting down.

Gazef accepted his offered seat without complaints and now the two of them were staring in each other's eyes. Or it would be better to say Gazef was staring at the gems his mask had for eyes.

“Satoru, I have thought about it for quite a while now, and I think I finally understand what you meant back then now.”

That caught Satoru’s attention, he wasn’t sure what the swordsman was referring to, so he let him continue.

“After what princess Renner told me and what I myself have observed, I came to the conclusion I greatly misread you... I initially thought you were trying to use the princess’ generosity to make a grasp for power like many other nobles did, that I was nothing but another steppingstone for you to climb on, something to discard when no longer useful.”

Hearing those words wasn’t pleasant for the magic caster, he may have his own agenda, but he wasn’t one to easily trample on friendship.

“Those words are quite hurtful, even more coming from someone I considered a friend, I will admit to not being the perfect moral compass myself, but there are certain lines I would never cross.”

He decided to put his thoughts into words, he really wanted to know what the Warrior Captain had to say.

“Yes, I understand that now, at the time I was angry and confused and I might have immediately jumped to conclusions without taking in account your side of the story.”

Gazef continued with a small sad smile, he seemed apologetic about the whole ordeal.

“Umu, I might not have been the biggest help in that regard either, I never confided in you, though we were friends... I also didn’t consider your own side in my calculations, among my worries and the chaos of the event I negated you an owed and needed explanation.”

Satoru had no problem in admitting when fault fell with himself. He had regretted how things went down between him and Gazef, that was not the right way to approach the problem and yet he denied him an apology until he gave him one of his own.

“May I ask what changed your mind?”

The magic caster asked, curious to know where this all came from since they have already made peace back at the lizardmen’s village.

This seemed more and attempt at reestablishing a some sort of cordial of even friendly dynamic between them.

The swordsman released an heavy sigh as he looked at the sky.

“I... it wasn’t just princess Renner explaining what I missed, that certainly helped me cope with what happened and how... after that there was little fault I could find in you, though I had no intention of returning to amicable terms.”

Gazef explained as his gaze returned fixed on his mask.

“That decision came from observing you, Satoru.”

‘Eh?’ that one he certainly didn’t expect, Satoru had no idea what he did for Gazef to reconsider his feelings.

“Ever since everything came crushing down I never heard you flaunt or use your newly gained titles to force your will on others, the only time you did use them was to reassure people of your ability to help them... you took such good care of all those who surround you even when there is nothing to gain from doing so... you even helped a different race you just met only because they needed it.”

The Warrior Captain explained in a serious tone.

“Those are not things any power-hungry man would do... you could have requested the total submission of the lizardmen in exchange of your help... you could have just refused to help Arche and Rayne in their studies as you had nothing to gain from it... you could have not helped Lakyus and return her instead in exchange of House Aindra’s support... you could have discarded princess Renner now that you had another more powerful link to the Royal Family.”

Satoru never thought of it that way. To be truthful he never had the intention of taking over anything to begin with, he wasn’t some kind of power-hungry undead overlord or anything like that, mentally at least. As for Arche and Rayne, he took them in because he was curious on how natives learnt magic to begin with. Poor Lakyus was just trying to follow her dream, wouldn’t I be cruel to crush it just like that? Also, she was Renner’s friend... as for the little devil herself, it wasn’t like he had used her to get a contact with the Royal Family, he just... felt really bad for her and deep down, their pains weren’t so different... he just wished for her to have someone, like he did.

“I never had any intentions of doing anything like that... truly... being a noble is just a pain in the ass, I would gladly join your Warrior Troop if that managed to take me out of this predicament.”

He ranted half-jokingly, much to Gazef’s amusement.

“That is quite the dreadful prospect... if you joined the Troop all our battles would become boring skirmishes.”

Was that a compliment he just heard.

“My, you give me too much credit, I do not dirty my hands with small fries when it can be avoided.”

Satoru rebutted with a joke of his own.

“Spoken like a true nobleman!”

That made both of them erupt into laughter. It had been such a long time since they ever had a laugh together...

Yes, these were the good old days...

“Well then, I am glad we have finally spoken our minds on the matter.”

Gazef finally said once their laugh had subsided.

The man stood up and offered him his hand.

“I would thank you Satoru, for your service to the Kingdom, and hope you will continue to sustain Princess Renner in the future as well.”

Satoru stood up grasping the other man’s hand.

“Will do, I feel like she is destined for great things.”

He said as he thought back to all that she accomplished thanks to his support.

“Indeed, she will leave her trace upon this kingdom for years to come, even the King himself said so many a time.”

The knight added.

It would take time, but Satoru felt like they were on the right path to return to their previous relationship. It will not be the same of course, the past cannot be undone, even by powerful beings such as himself. Still, their shared goal of supporting Renner in a world

where she was unwanted and undesired could be the bridge to mend what was broken.

{The Next Day}

{Lakyus' P.O.V.}

This was the worst, she hated this so much, she may be protected from the cold but this? This was awful!

'I hate snow!' she complained in her head, her clothes totally drenched in melted snow by now. She could feel water in her boots causing her to feel like she was walking through a swamp bare footed.

She looked at Leinas, her faithful knight, as stoic and silent as ever, not a single hint of discomfort on her face. If only Lakyus could learn her secret...

"Is there something wrong, Lady Lakyus?"

Apparently, the older girl noticed her gaze, Lakyus has long given up on having her drop the lady title, it was just a lost cause.

"Do you need me to carry you My Lady?"

That was... incredibly humiliating. Did she truly look in such bad condition she would need to be carried manually?

"N-no, there will be no need."

She would sooner die than give in to such humiliation. if she agreed she could never call herself a swordswoman again, or look into her masters' eyes without shame for the matter.

"We have reached quite a height, I would say we are halfway up the mountain by now."

Commented their lizardman guide of whom she forgot the name much to her shame.

“O-only halfway?”

She heard the voice of Rayne complain from behind her. Looking back, she could clearly see both Arche and Rayne weren't having such a good time either.

Their last addiction, Lin the explorer, was just walking as if she was strolling around a sunny garden much to Lakyus' chagrin, she really wanted to test herself against that one. Maybe later she would get the occasion once they find that blasted entrance.

Zaryusu didn't seem to have any problems either. Marching through the snow like it wasn't there. Well, that could be because he didn't have much cloth that could get wet in the first place.

Satoru... well, he was a cheater as usual! Flying around like that! Ignorant of their plight! And for all Renner was her best friend, she didn't expect her to betray her too like that and fly around with Satoru!

She seemingly wasn't the only one glaring at the couple from time to time as the two apprentices of the man himself glanced with envy at their master every now and then.

“See this as a little incentive, students of mine, the sooner you reach 3rd tier magic, the sooner you will be able to do this as well.”

The words of the magic caster struck a nerve in Lakyus, was he saying she would be relegated to this hell no matter what? Even though her friends might one day fly with their magic, she will be forever ground-bound.

“What about me?”

She decided to call out the magic caster on his previous statement. The newly appointed Marquis, on his part, didn't seem to flinch at all even though she was using her harsh tone.

“Oh, that is quite simple, I have some items in my possession that would allow the user to fly without needing magic, I will give one to you once those two students of mine learn how to use [Fly] for themselves.”

The magic caster answered calmly prompting the young swordswoman to redirect her glare toward the previously mentioned students who flinched under her harsh gaze.

“You know what to do.”

She said with a little smirk of satisfaction in seeing the two of them straighten up at her words.

““Yes Ma'am!””

They both cried out immediately. It felt good to know the authority she established these last months in the mansion didn't go to waste.

“Zaryusu!”

The unknown voice brought Lakyus' attention back on their surroundings. A new lizardman had just reached them from up ahead. It was kind of strange seeing them all covered up with fur but she understood the necessity of it. Luckily she only had to deal with the water and not the cold itself, otherwise she would be probably freezing to death by now.

“One of our scouts reported finding an opening in the mountain an hour away from here!”

The lizardman said much to everyone's relief and excitement, hopefully this would not be just a random cave. At least she hoped so, she couldn't wait to finally get all this snow and water off her.

{Feo Berkana}

{Hejinmal's P.O.V.}

The most learned of the Frost Dragons slumbered in his layer, the weight of its immense knowledge incomparable to his peers, brothers and sisters who sought only the thrill of endless battle and domination. A pursuit for the weak-minded!

In the end his knowledge would serve him in ascending to a new level beyond his peers, even his father will be left dumbfounded by his ascension!

He will uncover the truth of the world, finally achieving his father's dream to dominate, not through mindless brute force, but the power of knowledge and strategy he acquired in his long life dedicated to the art of studying!

The time grew near, soon he will surpass all his parents and siblings!

“OI! Hejinmal! Wake up, you lazy ass!”

The fat dragon's eyes snapped open, crawling out of the land of dreams.

There, towering over him, stood his younger brother, Vulmitar, looking down at him like he was some kind of disappointing prey.

“B-brother...”

Hejinmal mumbled out, his brain still totally recovering from his sleep.

“What is it brother?”

He asked groggily as his stirred his large belly.

“You idiot! We are supposed to go hunting today! Father wanted to come and kick your ass for being late! We are waiting for you!”

The panicked tone Vulmitar used was enough for something to click inside Hejinmal mind.

‘Hunt? Hunt... HUNT!’ he immediately snapped to attention when he realized what his younger brother just said.

“It was TODAY?!”

The fat dragon cried out in disbelief and panic as he tried jumping up, miserably failing due to his muscles not being able to sustain such a sudden strain after just waking up. He ended up miserably falling face first on the ground.

“Brother please, at least try not to be ridiculous...”

Where many would mock him for that display, the only thing he could read in Vulmitar’s tone was pity, which he knew not if it was a better or worse thing compared to the mocking.

“If father saw you like that he would probably have you spar with Tora.”

His younger brother continued with an exasperated sigh.

Vulmitar was his younger brother coming from Hejinmal’s own mother. He wasn’t exactly the most admired in the family, something which him and Hejinmal used to bond over in the past.

Vulmitar possessed an incredibly powerful Frost Breath and was proficient with magic, he was probably the best among his siblings in those specific regards, though, while magic had its

limited uses, his Frost Breath was quite useless considering most of their enemies were immune to ice damage. That combined with his several lacking in the physical department didn't make him particularly popular among the family.

He had improved over the years so he would not have to endure losing against even his younger sisters, that endeared him to their father just enough to not being subjected to the treatment reserved to Hejinmal.

“If you don't hurry, it will only get worse.”

Vulmitar hurried him up.

“Do I have to... you know how it will end... I will catch nothing and father will be furious.”

Hejinmal complained much to Vulmitar's exasperation.

“That is because you don't even try! If you applied yourself a little you would see you can do it!”

Those words just flew over Hejinmal as if they were never spoken. He had heard this too many times already to believe it. He will never improve, he knew that he just wasn't cut for it.

Seeing his unchanging expression elicited a sigh from the younger brother as he shook his head, his light blue scales glimmering in the faint light of the room.

“I swear, I should just give up on you... listen, if you hurry and don't make father mad, I will catch something for you as well.”

The fat dragon rose his head at that. He didn't expect his brother to offer him any help considering he himself will have an hard time finding something worth a hunt that could be taken down by his Frost Breath.

“Now hurry up!”

Vulmitar ordered as he turned around to leave Hejinmal’s room, the fat dragon just behind him.

A.N.

Hey there, look at that! A wild Hejinmal appears!

Seems like Lin got Satoru by the balls there!

And, oh my, an entrance to the Dwarven Kingdom might have been found!

Who knows what will happen next? (spoiler: Philip-sama will rule you all! Crush Satoru’s skull and marry Renner!)

All said and done, I hope you enjoyed the chapter and I can’t wait to see your ideas on how this arc will develop!

So, leave a comment/review!

Till next time! Have a good day and stay safe!