

Title: An Elven Booty Call?

Jackal drops on his couch with a soft exhale as he sets Anya down. Loid climb on the furniture naturally, taking a good stock of their home before settling beside him as Lili stares at one of her two favorite spots—Jackal’s left and right—taken before she can even do anything. So, her chestnut hues glide over to the most mythical of all spots, the lap. She gulps slightly, hoping to make a move and continue things from where they left off outside Mia’s doorstep right before Hermes’s cursed existence denied her pallum self the sweet hold of her brute’s lips.

But this is a situation where Jackal’s trust in her plays against her.

Jackal leans his head back as Anya curls on the couch to fall asleep most naturally, as she’s full and tired at this point of the night. Loid has his eyes closed as he rests his head atop his crossed paws.

“Can you start the stove?” He requests, feeling oddly drained every time he thinks of the letters sent to Maria. “I’ll get to the kitchen in a minute.”

Lili nods quietly, reigning her thoughts in as she walks toward their not-so-open kitchen and starts preparing things alongside setting pans and large pots on the stove.

Jackal arrives as promised. His kitchen isn’t too spacious by any right, but it is well-arranged. This arrangement is the work of his previous mechanical self, but Jackal sees an odd brilliance in it. Again, cooking is an art that Jackal never knew he needed until he absorbed the memories of his life in this world.

The symphony of spices and aromatic, home-cooked meals simply gets his thoughts going more than the *rare* showers where everything clicks in one’s mind and a person wins an argument from years ago in their minds, or post-nut clarity.

He silently helps Lili wash several potatoes before placing them in a pressure cooker. He isn’t the kind to peel the potato. He likes to recycle the same water starting from potatoes or similar materials, not fearing any kind of dirt or mess simply because Demeter Familia sells the best stuff in the market, with many Adventurers specifically cleaning their products in a particular manner. They apply the same standards to the agriculture harvests they import, too.

With potatoes set, Jackal dismisses Lili with a smile, “Thanks, but you gotta sleep. I’ll cook today by myself.”

Lili hums aloud and speaks, “Will you join me, Jackal-sama?”

“Well, duh? It’s already a quarter past 12, and it’ll take me quite some time to cook everything. So, no dungeon tonight for me. It’s no fun spending around an hour getting to the 12th Floor and returning after another hour.”

Lili’s smile grows prominent as she nods, her buoyant locks somehow bouncing cutely—He calls hacks.

She skips away with a soft tune while Jackal gets to cooking.

All those potatoes, you see? A petite Blonde swordswoman is going to inhale 80% of it before demanding a gemling in the most *‘cute-as-a-button’* face she can muster. Jackal is almost sure that the spiritually-attuned chientrope of a Sword Princess knows what she is doing most of the time, including her charms to earn candies. Not the most efficient plan in Jackal’s eyes, but then again, better quality crystal than powder, right?

Or some shit like that.

Potatoes aside, he starts dicing up the vegetables in small bits.

His actions are swift and precise but not flawless. After all, he isn’t a professional, but that shouldn’t stop anyone from doing what they like. Ironically enough, Jackal will not preach the same to Olal. Nah, that man can die for all he cares.

Jackal slides the various diced veggies on the same chopping board instead of placing them in different bowls.

Who has time for that? And to waste several bowls for fresh vegetables? Nobody has time for that chore!

Next is washing the rice in stewpots and not one such pot.

He starts with the first pot and starts rinsing the rice. His previous self used small pots and pans because he only needed to cook for one, but now he feeds many—A small price to pay to hold the title of Bento Daddy.

After rinsing them four times, Jackal keeps the wet rice in the pot and fills another one upto 70% of its storage.

He repeats the process for the successive three pots, bringing a total of five stew pots of rice, knowing full well he’ll feast on one alone.

He will cook the rice last.

Instead, he oils the wok before breaking out the processed shrimp and other materials. He's already tried his hand at killing this sea insect, but the result was still the same Scentless Pouch. His Trait seems to generalize low-energy creatures quite a bit.

Srrssttttt

The wok sizzles into life as Jackal starts cooking crushed garlic and chopped chilis alongside their seeds, where the real spice is, and activates his magic stone-charged ventilator. Jackal would like to close the kitchen door to not wake Anya and Loid with the scent of the chili that can tear up the unprepared if not for the act of closing the door frowned upon in his previous life.

It's not like the gas pipes charge gas stoves in this world, but he sticks to what he knows and accepts.

He doesn't take too long to prepare the first batch of cooked veggies, setting the wok aside after covering it.

He makes another wok of veggies in a similar method. But the third one experiences a small change.

Well, the change started with the second Wok.

The first is the spiciest of the batch to Maria's, Loki's, Tiona's, Lili's, and his liking.

The second batch is milder to suit the taste of others.

The third batch is equally mild, but it has diced garlic instead of crushed ones. As it turns out, most of the kids from Maria's orphanage wouldn't eat their fill of garlic unless diced finely enough to sneak in—and sneak they shall.

Done with the veggies, Jackal walks out of the kitchen and starts setting up Bento Boxes.

"Keep an eye on Anya so she doesn't try to eat other's share willy-nilly. I'll cook for the two of you, too," He addresses Loid, seeing him awake.

His husky can apparently understand humans—big whoop. It just means he got a special edition of a man's best friend. No one should question that kind of luck and jinx it.

Loid nods before yawning aloud, his long tongue flicking across his canine before he crawls forward and pulls Anya close into his floof.

Jackal smiles and gets working.

Since he uses the same wok for his rice, he divides the veggies on the small trays of the boxes before closing them and stacking them in different frollets.

And, of course, he isn't an uncultured swine when it comes to cooking rice.

No, he does not use the rice cooked at the same time. He pulls out seven large bowls of rice from his refrigerator. Since the rice needs to experience the passage of time, Jackal does not store them in his frollets.

Cooking rice is pretty much the same, but the quantity is problematic.

'I'm kind of lucky I don't need to cook for Lunoire, Syr, Chloe, Ryuu, Anya, and May. But then again, May is a way better cook,' He shrugs to himself, happy that he can momentarily distract himself.

He starts with the meat of the day after dividing the rice.

{A/N: Fyi, I'm kind of born and raised in a religious household where eating meat is frowned upon, so I've never really tasted the stuff. The closest thing to it for me is '*Chaap*' and vegan meat. So, yeah, I'm going to skip the meat cooking due to my lack of knowledge.}

Once he prepares the sleep-depriving chicken, he fishes out the potatoes to peel them and mash them in a container. The water in the pressure cooker is divided into the stew pots filled with rinsed rice before he adds more tap water and sets them on the stove to cook for tomorrow's meals.

He usually changes the meat course daily, but rice is quite the staple food in Orario unless you go to the pasta factory that is the Hostess of Fertility.

Jackal doesn't plan to change the rest of the course. It's mostly a lunch meal, after all. He isn't aiming to cook gourmet shit, so decorations and the like are minimal, too. However, he does think of adding shrimp rice to the meal one of these days.

'Now that I think about it, Tiona said she ate all the meat in Lefiya's meals. But Eina doesn't have a problem with meat,' Jackal thinks while peeling the potatoes.

'I wonder why. It shouldn't be a cultural thing. I know a few elven adventurers who eat meat.'

He mixes flour, chili powder, and a slip of oil into the mashed potatoes before mixing them with each other until it is doughy enough. Then comes the simple act of shaping the dough into flat eclipses and frying them. He likes to add a layer of cheese to the core of the fried potatoes, but not today.

He packs the Bento Boxes after completing everything. As usual, one for Eina, Rose, Misha, Maria, Lili, Lefiya, and the rest. Five for Ais, two for Tiona, three for Naaza, and another two for Tione. He still needs to jot down Take's Familia's requirements, but one bento each should be enough for them, too. Of course, he has enough extra boxes to coax anyone into doing his bidding.

"Now, to cook for Anya and Loid!" He huffs in satisfaction.

However, a knock on his door stops him from deciding what to cook for his newly acquired pets.

"Hmm," Jackal walks out with a sigh as Loid stirs slightly, squinting at the door with suspicion riddling his blue eyes.

"Ruff," he barks quietly and jumps down from the couch before standing beside Jackal, who looks down at Loid before looking at the dead-beat kitten who doesn't wake up at all.

"Well, I know who I'm feeding more," he snickers and unlocks the door without bothering to ask who is on the other side.

"Yo, what the hell are you guys doing here? I'll let you know that just because you're an Elven Princess does not mean I will let your Nine Sweetness saunter into my private property."

Riveria's viridian eyes stare at Jackal blankly, not reacting to his words as she gestures to him to move aside.

He does so with a shrug, letting her in and closing the door behind her.

There's a soft sniff from her side as she notes, "Did I interrupt your cooking? I always wondered when you had the time to cook. Instead, I should wonder when you have time to sleep."

"It's either dungeon prowling or sleeping," Jackal sits on the other side of the couch and points out a chair to Riveria. The elf glances at the sleeping kitten before shrugging.

"You should buy something for your pets to sleep in," She suggests the obvious.

"No fucking shit," Jackal scoffs and questions, "So?"

"As you can imagine, Loki Familia knows about your situation with Olal Shen and how a good section of vendors have sent condemning letters to the guild."

"And we all know those vendors don't matter squat to me, Loki Familia, Olal, or the guild. Thousands of merchants outside the borders would do anything to set up their shops in Orario. So, if the current vendors want to leave, the Guild won't bother them at all."

Riveria nods, "It is your talent that worries the Guild."

"My talent or their inability to find my patron Deity?" Jackal wags his brows.

"They aren't here, obviously," Riveria smiles with a nod, "Or you wouldn't have allowed me to enter."

"Hey, I trust Loki's Sweetness!"

"Stop calling me that."

"Better than Nine Hell."

"I doubt it."

Jackal and Riveria stare at each other until she sighs quietly, "Finn wanted me to let you know that the Loki Familia will not interject in your conflict with Olal Shen."

"See? I don't even remember asking."

"It is only right to assume you could have such expectations after your recent encounter with Loki."

"Encounter? Dude, we fucked. The only shameful thing in that is I slept with Loki instead of any other Goddess in Orario."

Riveria purses her lips and exhales sharply.

"Wouldn't you like to hear Finn's reason?"

"I don't really care," Jackal shrugs. "Little guy is already managing one of the largest and strongest Familia. It's not hard to assume he has stuff on his plate and doesn't want me shoveling my shit in there, too."

Riveria raises an eyebrow before nodding.

"But Finn's orders are often subject to compromises, compromises he lets slide to ensure a functioning Familia. And until we leave for another expedition, he wants me to handle such compromising situations."

"Loki?" Jackal questions.

"Well, not quite right. No one can bully our Familia. So if you and Loki do have more encounters—"

“Wild nights,” he corrects her, only to earn an annoyed glare.

“Whatever it is that you two do,” she punctuates, “Does not affect the Familia. And Olal is too smart to go against us.”

Jackal nods. “So, Loki isn’t the compromising situation?”

“Not quite.”

She explains calmly while amusement flickers in Jackal’s eyes.

“Sure, let me write down a note for Lili. Hey, Loid, give it to her once she wakes up, yeah?”

The husky calmly nods as he adds, “I’ll return with treats for you and Anya. And maybe beddings, too.”

The dog barks in affirmation as Jackal leaves with Riveria.

The stone walls of Orario are synonymous with Behemoths that keep monsters within and outside Orario separate. The stone walls tower a little above 150 meters, surpassing many buildings in the city except Babel. Babel itself makes these walls blocks of dirt in comparison. The width of the walls on the top easily exceeds the range of twenty meters.

With Guild employing Familias, most prominently Ganeshia Familia, when it comes to public security, the top of these walls is a playground for the top members of various Familias. There is no getting around the fact that Familia Business controls almost all aspects of Orario.

Midnight’s wind whips against four figures on top of a relatively small section of the wall near the northern entrance of Orario as a pair of gold-red eyes stare at two petite figures of indignance as they fidget under his blank gaze.

“Say it again,” he speaks calmly. “Are you two calling me weak? Olal is without Falna. Do you really think I cannot kill him?”

While Riveria would like to emphasize just how much of a bad idea it would be to kill Olal, she remains silent and leans against a ledge.

“We didn’t mean that,” Tiona scratches the back of her head and pouts, “But you know, you’re kind of weak compared to Level 3 and 4 adventurers.”

Ais nods.

“Say what?” Jackal punctuates with a tone colder than the night wind, making the two girls feel worse.

“Look,” Tiona stares at Jackal earnestly. “We don’t want you to die! I don’t like how Captain turned his back on you. Our Familia could have easily helped you!”

“And you think I want your help?” Jackal crosses his arms.

The duo falls into silence.

Tiona clenches her fist and opens them constantly, not knowing what to say, while Ais is even worse in this department.

“Nah, I’m just messing with you two,” Jackal huffs and waves at them dismissively, “Wipe those frowns off your face. Sure, I’m happy to train with you two. In fact, I had a job for you girls till you’re in town, but Riveria shot me down on the way here.”

Tiona is the first to blink and look at Riveria, “What job?”

“I did not hear it,” Riveria hums as she closes her eyes peacefully, “And I won’t hear it now, too. I’ve been clear. The only way you two can *‘help’* Jackal is in this manner alone, and only when I’m the one who brings Jackal to you two. I should be able to throw off anyone who tails us. Besides, training with adventurers of your caliber should push Jackal’s stats at an acceptable pace. If we’re lucky, his unique skill should be geared towards such a workout, enhancing the results in the end.”

Jackal looks at them before questioning, “You girls planning to stop by my store later?”

They shake their heads.

“I’ll be sleeping!” Tiona admits bluntly, as Ais comments softly, “I need to check my sword.”

He nods.

“Well, here you go. I made these on time, I guess.” He starts taking out Bento boxes meant for their Familia as they move close to him with bright eyes. Tiona couldn’t help but pout seeing a gemling on Ais’ impressive stack of Bento Boxes.

“Hey, I still don’t get a Gemling?”

“Nah,” Jackal shoots her down ruthlessly.

“Come on! Just one!”

“Sure, I have *‘Fucking Idiot’* written on my forehead, right? I ain’t falling for it. If I give you one, Tione would want two—for her and Finn. Hmm, here, for Lefiya.”

He looks at Riveria and tosses her a Gemling, which she catches with her eyes still shut.

“Hey Ais, how about you share—” Tiona looks at her comrade only to see a wrapper flying off the walls and a tiny bulge against Ais’ right cheek as the girl stares back blankly—menacingly.

Tiona could practically hear Ais taunting in her monotone—” Whatcha gonna do now, you dumb Amazon?”

The dark-skinned cutie seethes before looking at an equally blank Jackal.

“I’m going to beat you to the inch of your life!” She vows!

“It would be a shame if you didn’t. I didn’t grill you two in the beginning for nothing,” Jackal stretches before taking off his tunic.

“No skills, right?” He questions as he crouches with one leg sliding sideways as he stretches out his hamstrings.

“No... skills,” Tiona works her jaws as she watches the impressive specimen on display only to find a fist barely pushing her aside.

She blinks in surprise, the chimes of her anklets and bangles filling her ringing ear.

It... aches very slightly, which is quite a surprise.

“Oh, I thought we started,” Jackal pulls back his fist before hissing, “Damn, feels like hitting bricks or something?”

Ais steps away silently as Tiona slowly turns to look at Jackal with a mad twinkle in her gaze. A toothy grin graces her round face as she giggles, “Not bad~!”

Her petite figure practically disappearing from his view as a fist buries in his face the next second, sending Jackal flying with blood splattering and the noise of a broken nose echoing.

“Ah, did I overdo it?” Tiona gasps, but surprising Ais and Riveria, Jackal slowly stands up. Blue Papilio dances on top of his head as he uses the Butterfree Era.

“Nah, that was perfect,” His tongue flicks across his lips, smearing the blood on his face as he stares at Tiona with mad delight dancing in his eyes, “I just need to get used to heavy hitters like you.”

Yet, as Tiona's grin widens, Riveria and Ais stare at Jackal.

Tiona did not overdo it. Jackal's head would be torn off if she did not control her strength.

'But there is something wrong with his body.'

Many experienced adventurers noticed this early on during Jackal's growth spurt, but his body is redefining the word '*resilience*' daily. The fact he wasn't knocked out only proves this.

"Don't expect me to go easy after you played us like a meanie in the beginning!" Tiona giggles.

"Bitch, being mean is feeding Loki all the Gemlings while making you watch!" Jackal laughs as another kick in abdomen drags his body through the stone wall, bruising him at a pace visible to the naked eye.

Nom Nom

"Are you seriously eating your Bento now?" Riveria stares at Ais, her cheeks full of food as she nods.

"Tiona and Tione will try to take mine after eating theirs." She answers after gulping her food, "And I need strength to beat Jackal continuously."

Riveria rolls her eyes and lets their Sword Princess be.

Alternate Title: The Kitchen; Preparing Day's Worth of Food; Little Shits Don't Eat Garlic; Loid—the Top Dawg; Riveria's Booty Call? One Can Only Hope; The Talented and Unknown Are Feared? What About Both?; The Potato Princess; Grilling Girls; A Job Opportunity; Fisting Tiona?; Tiona Fists Back; Jackal is Truly Calm and Reasonable; Not Edge Lording Because of Finn's Reasonable Reasons; Riveria Cannot Say the Word F***; Encounters?; Cooking is Jackal's Post Nut Clarity... That Came Out Wrong; The Rebels of Loki Familia; Finn Managing Contingencies Like—Riveria, Get Back to Work!; Mastering the Art of Coaxing With Candies; Jackal is THAT Guy; Only Needing A Omnivan to Complete the Harem-Napping Set; Tiona's Nightmare—Loki Sucking Jackal's Gemling; Insert Happy Loki Noises; Nom Nom Intensifies; Eat Ais, EAT!; Ais Refuses Camaraderie for Gemling; How to Excite An Amazoness 101 (Part 1): Beat Her

Title: Daddy Jackal to the Rescue

Are side quests important?

Yes, definitely. Jackal loved completing side missions to whack away the final bosses. However, straddled with the responsibility for those he has come to care for as short as a month, he cannot indulge in side missions—namely two of them.

1) Indulging the Doggo For a Mysterious Trip in the Woods outside Orario.

2) Finding the materials for the money-grubbing God's Priestess.

Now what are these side missions?

Naza wants to explore the woods outside Orario for some mysterious task but needs a qualified adventurer beside her. As a Level 2 Adventurer, Jackal fits the bill. She has yet to admit the details of this quest but is patient enough to wait until he deals with his current situation. Needless to say, the stack of Bento Boxes works in his favor, and Naaza has taken a liking to another silent dog—Loid.

The second side mission involves Jackal's wish to replace Miach with an actual magical tester. Airmid finally has a preliminary list of materials to start experimenting with. Still, Jackal cannot just use Humble Store to buy the products without playing the part of looking for the materials.

His roomie, Lili, is no fool. In some cases, she has more street-smart than him. She undoubtedly finds Jackal's progress weird with no deity in sight but respects him enough to keep her thoughts just that—introspections.

So, even for Airmid's side quest, he has to deal with Orario's version of cancel culture.

Not to mention, Lili adds another side quest to his list once they leave the Blue Pharmacy after testing new products from Jackal's last dungeon prowl.

"Jackal-sama, should we commission similar uniforms for Anya and Loid once things settle?" She feels Anya stir inside her hoody hanging from the back of her neck as the feline representation of ADHD pet mewls with glimmering emerald pupils.

"Hmm, I don't think the colors will match," Jackal looks at Loid and Anya, "We'll get Ariana's input once things aren't as messy. Maybe she will have another dream."

"Hmm," Lili nods with a smile. "So? What was getting beaten by two girls like?"

Jackal scoffs under his breath. There are no bruises on his body, thanks to Riveria, who did not want to leave a clue. But what angsts him more than getting beaten by Tiona and Ais was Riveria's audacity to hand him a small scroll listing several elven spices that can—*'make your food suitable for an elven tongue.'*

Jackal did not have to say he had something meatier that would suit an elven mouth, but he did, earning another medal of pride in the form of a bruise on his neck where her staff knocked the daylights out of him.

"It was amazing," Jackal grunts sarcastically before tapping Lili's back with slight force. "And don't think I haven't noticed your progress. Maybe you'll be the pallum who wipes the floor with someone like Finn in the future!"

"Maybe I will!" Lili puffs her cheeks, "Some landlords they are! How can they let goons act like that without moving a finger!"

"It's all about the muscle," Jackal shrugs.

"Muscle?"

"Yep." He looks at Lili while flexing his right bicep. "You know what's scarier than a really beefy man? A beefy woman!"

"And that's why you seek an Amazoness?" Lili deadpans, already knowing where he is taking the conversation before stealing the words from his mouth.

"And that's why I seek 'em," he laughs.

"Pervert-sama," she scoffs.

"Is it perverted to find a harem in the city of the Dungeon?"

"Yes!"

Woof

Meaaa

"You three may have outnumbered me, but you are outmatched," he scoffs as they walk through the empty streets of Daedalus at this time of the morning before reaching [*Humble Jackal's.*]

But the slight disturbance in Maria's orphanage attracts Jackal and Lili.

The children are usually asleep in the early morning, allowing Maria to train with Asuka as Ouka cleans the rest of the Orphanage. The remaining members of Takemikazuchi Familia repeat their training drills.

So, seeing Rye burst out of the entrance of the orphanage surprises the four wanderers of Orario.

“I hate you!” screams the brown-haired boy as he starts running and finds a hand latching on his head before pulling him up. The boy’s feet still kick in the air to run as Maria jogs out with a worried expression before sighing in relief.

The tearful Rye cleans his eyes to curse the heathen stopping him, to match a pair of baleful gold-red pupils.

“No ungrateful little shit is going to hate Maria, got that, Rye?” Jackal punctuates each word with biting harshness as Takemikazuchi and Hermes walk out with the rest of the children. Asfi can be seen from the window of the second floor.

Rye stares at Jackal before his round eyes widen further. His rebellion crushes in its inception, marking the second of many victories for the *Free Conqueror—Brotherly Bane of Orphans*—as Rye starts crying loudly!

“You stay here one day, and all hell breaks loose?” Jackal turns to look at Hermes, who smiles wryly.

“The devil be my witness,” he shrugs, “I did not cause this mess. Children quite like me, after all.”

“So you think you have what it takes to be an adventurer?” Jackal questions curiously before yawning slightly. He isn’t the only one in the spacious living room of the orphanage: Maria and Takemikazuchi sit next to him. Hermes, meanwhile, is outside, touching the grass.

Lili should be training with Ouka now that he has leveled up after helping his Familia out from a trap set for them in the Dungeon because of their association with Jackal—a silver lining, if you may.

“I am!” Rye responds sharply. He is the oldest of the bunch living in the orphanage for nine young years. He raised a ruckus last night since he felt things were weird. After failing in his attempts to get an honest answer from Maria, he decided to *‘shrewdly’* wait for Takemikazuchi’s familia and bombard them with questions until Hitachi Chigusa faltered.

“Chigusa is the one with hair covering her eyes, right?” Jackal looks at Takemikazuchi, not really knowing the timid girl well. “The one with a huge crush on Ouka?”

“You could tell?” Maria glances at Jackal quizzically before emphasizing the point earnestly, “You?”

“Yeah?” Jackal tilts his head with a frown. “Wait, was I the only one who knew of it?”

“Bro Jackal, everyone knew about Hitachi-nee feeling for Stinky Ouka,” Rye scoffs in the front.

Takemikazuchi massages his head and remarks with a sigh, “Rye decided to run off once I declined his proposal to join my Familia. Is that an act of a disciplined adventurer?” His obsidian eyes stare at Rye harshly. “Do you understand that you must be a man to delve into the Dungeon and not act like a boy?”

“Then teach me what it means to be a man!” Rye clenches his fist. “I want to help Mama! I want to help Ossian, Fina, Roux, and others! Is that not enough? Hermes-sama is more than willing to accept me if you won’t!”

“And I said no!” Maria frowns, snapping back at the boy with a stern expression that dampens his will.

“Will you slap Maria?” Jackal interjects with a chuckle, silencing the remaining duo. He is particularly happy for Rye. The little bugger got him as the most distinguished crystal supplier, Maria as his mother, and Takemikazuchi as *that* coach who teaches about life better than a father ever can. And seeing Takemikazuchi forming a bond with Rye and other kids to this extent, to go as far as being anxious about letting Rye stay with someone that is a living red flag, is a win in Jackal’s book.

So, he repeats.

“Will you slap Maria and Takemikazuchi? Me, Lili, Ouka, Mikoto, Chigusa, Asuka, and the rest?”

“No!” Rye shakes his head.

“If you’re that against their decision despite understanding they are doing everything for you, maybe you should just slap them and get done with it.”

Maria parts her lips to speak, but a shake of the head from Take’s side stops her.

Rye blinks and flounders, “I didn’t mean that, Bro—”

“You punk,” Jackal shakes his head with a snicker, “You asked what it takes to be a man. That’s what it takes. You understand Maria, Take, and I are facing a wee bit of trouble. But what do you

do? Run to the God who brought said trouble? The first aspect of being a Man is understanding that actions have consequences. If you run, you can fall and injure yourself. But you don't want to see Maria sad. You want to make her happy. So, you think that being the strongest will probably ease her troubles. Did you think how sad she will be when you get injured?"

Rye lowers his head, but Jackal's following words make his heart clench in horror.

"Imagine if Maria died one day. How would you feel?"

The boy's head whips up, finding Jackal's gaze piercing into his.

"Now I ask you this. Do you have what it takes to be an adventurer? Not an ignorant fighter who finds himself lucky in times of inadequacy without knowing his life is on the line."

Rye's jaw locks up as he doesn't know what to say.

"Are you ready to be a man?" Jackal inquires, reaffirming his own beliefs, too. Luck is a significant factor, but he doesn't want to enter a fatal situation riding on his luck without understanding what's on the line.

Ever.

"Come here." Jackal beckons the boy and pats his head with a smirk. "Once you're ready to be a man, I'll hook you up with a Familia that will let you help out Maria and the rest. But if you have other ambitions, I'll see to it that you enter the Familia that suits you the most."

Tears glisten in his eyes as he turns to look at Maria.

"I'm Sor—"

She grabs his hand and smothers him with the tightest hug imaginable as the boy's sobs start echoing in the spacious room.

"What?" Jackal frowns at the oddly staring Takemikazuchi.

"Nothing. I felt yesterday's events must have you on edge."

Jackal looks past Take to match his gaze with the cooing Maria, who consoles the sobbing Rye.

"I promised to take care of things. I intend to keep that promise. If I'm on edge, who will clean my own mess?"

Rye slowly tears himself out of the bear hug before rubbing the back of his eyes and glaring at Jackal, "Just so you know, I wasn't crying! I was only having some trouble breathing!"

“Oh, I know,” Jackal shrugs, winking at the scoffing Maria before chuckling. “Besides, men only get to cry when they are in front of a mirror to see how pathetic they look or with someone who always has their backs. Remember this as the second rule of becoming a man!”

“What? Don’t listen to him!” Maria frowns and pats Rye. “You shouldn’t hide your emotions.”

Rye blinks while looking at the duo before turning to the tie-breaker from Takemikazuchi.

“Well,” the swole Deity crosses his arms, “Emotions allow men to tap into unfounded limits of power. But showing the enemy your most volatile emotions is a form of weakness. Don’t worry. You will learn well as we train.”

Rye nods before jogging out. “I’m going to train with Stinky Ouka!”

Takemikazuchi smiles and nods at Jackal, “You did well.”

‘Gee, thanks, Dad,’ Jackal rolls his eyes as the deity saunters out, leaving Jackal alone with Maria.

“So, I need to confess something.” He looks at Maria. “I’m feeling a lot more stressful than expected and could use a hug to stifle my breath, too.”

Maria smiles politely, “The best I can offer is the chore of dishwashing.”

Jackal nods and stands up, “Oh, well. We tried.”

“We did,” Maria’s smirk looking as devious as Syr’s momentarily. The chore witch’s influence continues to expand!

Jackal smirks and makes his way out, only to be stopped by her call.

“Jackal.”

“Yeah?” he half-turn to look at her.

“Rye and others look up to you. Thank you for being that pillar. Especially today.”

He grows silent and calmly nods without saying anything witty or whatnot. His heart wells up under Maria’s soulful stare as she presents one of the most beautiful and relieved smiles while tears glimmer in her eyes. “So, keep true to your promise, and look after yourself, too.”

‘Damn it, where’s my hug?’ He suppresses the urge to let loose his manly tears and walk away with a soft:

“Damn right.”

“Jackal-sama, are you sure you don’t want to train? I can stay in for a while.”

“No, that’s fine. I’ve had enough training for the day,” Jackal smiles at the pallum once she walks down to the ground floor, having changed her outfit from her uniform to a training tunic. “Take Anya and Loid with you,” he adds, “It’s going to be a dull day. Not even chicks from the bordellos came to take their orders of Lust Potions.”

“Well, Olal is holed inside the Entertainment District, so it’s not surprising,” Lili huffs and opens the door to let Loid and Anya out, finding Loki about to knock on the door herself.

The two short stacks look at each other before snorting at once.

“Jackal-sama, a pest crawled in!”

“I can see,” Jackal drawls lazily while laying his chin on his crossed hands on the counter. He barely registers the mischievous look in the vermilion-eyed goddess dressed in baggy clothes again before closing his eyes.

“Hmph, some Goddess you are,” Lili walks past Loki with a soft hiss as the divine *‘lady’* tilts her head and widens her perpetually narrowed eyes.

“What’s gotten into your cutie? I don’t smell any blood on her.” Loki saunters in after closing the door, her hands briefly sliding across the lock—Her perfectly timed sentence masking the click of the lock.

“So it’s alright when another woman talks about that, but not me?” Jackal grumbled without opening his eyes.

“To be fair, I don’t bleed either,” Loki shrugs and whistles, “Phew, new products, but not a soul to see ‘em!”

Jackal chuckles, “I thought I’d be having a few members from your Familia.”

“Was planning to bring every available member to spit on Olal’s face, but Finn had ta stop me!” She scowls. “There’s no way a mortal’s going to get that power—Oooh! What’s this? Orc Odor Potion? Hmm, makes ya smell like an Orc and avoid monsters. And this Surprise Cracker?”

“From Imps,” replies Jackal as Loki regards a lone dynamite-like stick on display. “It registers and absorbs the magic of the user before exploding at the user’s wish. You could use them as mines like Imps remain buried underground to ambush adventurers.”

Loki whistles again while he can hear the odd rustling of clothes. But he is too focused on the Olal situation, thinking about how to get the target in his mind to accept his job offer.

“That pendant must be from Hard Armoreds, eh? Like your Lizard Shield. But the armor isn’t made of energy blocks and covers the torso in a plate similar to Hard Armoreds. This could be your next Butterfree Era if you lower the price from 87000 to sixty-something.”

“Frollets are my next brand item, thanks to your Braver,” Jackal chuckles and lets out an exhausted moan.

“He told me,” Loki giggles as her gaze travels from the rusty-red circular-scaled pendant to the final item on display.

“Bummer,” she huffs as she shakes her head, “Couldn’t you have made something better from Silverbacks? And where’s the good stuff from Infant Dragons?”

“Silverbacks’ silver-haired potion increases the growth of the user’s bodily hair and toughens said hair to allow them to block attacks from a fucking Silverback itself! But yeah, losing all your hair after this is a bummer. Some guys will have a hard time regrowing their brows and beards, but it isn’t permanent. As for the Infant Core—” he opens his eyes only to have his voice stuck in his throat as he looks at Loki before looking down to see the bundle of her baggy clothes.

He blinks and looks at the door, finding the curtains drawn over the window and the lock doing its thing on the door.

“Yer saying?” Loki smirks, her eyes closing at her rapidly widening grin as she feels his stare on the thin outfit on her body.

“What are you wearing?” Jackal clears his throat as Loki saunters behind the counter. Her hips almost slide out from the short hems of her impeccable robes.

Her vermilion-red hair falls loosely on her neck, nubile neck, and collarbone on full display, as a greyish-brown robe with a feathered pattern drapes her slender body. The shaded colors of the feather ranging from brown to grayish, seem to hold an odd luster that attracts Jackal, giving him a vision of a broad amber sky painted with soft pink clouds as a vast creature soars through them.

He only slips out of the vision once Loki calls out gently.

“It’s a divine robe from Tenkai, borrowed from a ‘*dear*’ friend of mine. The name’s pretty simple—Eagle Feather Robe—but the feathers come from Garuda’s descendants.”

Loki spins with a snicker, the hems of the robe effortlessly riding up to her waist as her divine cake is laid bare to him.

“Did I miss something?” Jackal stares at the Goddess. “The fuck are you doing?”

Loki wags her brows, “Got anything better to do?”

“It can’t be that simple, right?” Jackal blinks, or has he put mating rituals on a pedestal without even realizing it?

“It’s that easy, you moron,” Loki grins.

Jackal eyes her suspiciously before looking around as if trying to find someone, “I don’t believe you. Hermes is a few buildings away, and do you really believe Finn will let you go alone?”

Loki half-shrugs, jumping to sit on the counter, parted knees leaving nothing hidden from Jackal’s eyes. But he focuses on her devious grin instead.

“What’d I tell you? No mortal’s got a fucking handle on me. Besides, I’m supposed to be eating with a high-profile dicks-for-brain, whose gaze bugged me the wrong way the night of yer party.”

“You sound rather arrogant for a slut trying to violate the purity of my store.”

“Whose the slut?!”

“That would be you, right?”

“Hah? Tell me, who acted like an escort to scratch my itch in **MY** room a few days ago?” Loki raises an eyebrow.

“Escorts get paid. I didn’t.”

“That’s how much you sucked!”

Jackal’s lips twitch as he grunts, “More like you could barely handle it in your ass!”

“A better explanation are you sucking at it!”

Jackal and Loki lock their gazes.

“There’s no fucking way I’m fucking in my store. That’s gross.”

"It's only gross if we don't swallow," Loki licks her lips, "Or are you gonna wimp out? And here I expected my Svadilfari to have some fun with an actual divine robe."

"Swallow, huh," Jackal's gaze briefly lingers between her thighs before he huffs with a ponderous expression.

"Well, who am I to stop a slut?"

Loki scoffs, "Fine. Fuck you. I'm leaving."

"Fine by me!"

"Yeah, fine!"

"FINE!" They both snap at once as Loki reaches for the door with her clothes in her hands.

"You're going to leave like that?" Jackal raises an eyebrow.

"Jealous?" She shoots back with a smirk.

"For what? The flat ass or tits?"

Loki works her jaws before seething, "Bitch, just say it!"

"I have nothing to say!"

"Yeah, you do!"

"Just fuck off!"

"Fuck you, too!"

Both of them pant softly before growing silent.

"I had fun with Ais and Tiona tonight, with Riveria watching us," Jackal smirks.

"You asshole! They're mine!"

"What're you gonna do about it?"

Loki drops her baggy clothes and walks toward Jackal with a stern and dignified expression.

“Hoh? Am I seeing this right? You’re approaching me instead of running away with your tail tucked in your flat back?”

“There’s no need to run from a fucking pencil,” Loki soon stands in front of Jackal with hands on her hips, her head raised high to match his gaze.

Their expressions soften briefly, their smirks broadening for a second.

“Had enough of foreplay?” Loki purrs.

“What foreplay?” Jackal grunts, his gold-red eyes already marking her in ways she finds exciting to imagine if her erect nipples are an indication of anything.

“Oh, fuck,” Jackal suddenly frowns.

“What?”

“I’ve only got one shipment scheduled today—”

Loki grabs his collars before pulling him into a deep kiss as his eyes widen briefly.

“Then we better be quick. I’m not gonna waste ‘*Her*’ colors on you and ‘*Her*’ robes on me. Say,” she whispers with a twisted smirk. “Want me to tell you who’s your pretty little stalker?”

Jackal scoffs before matching her smirk, “Bitch, will you even let me think of anyone else when we get started?”

“Nope~!”

Alternate Title: Two Rivalry Side Quests With a Doggo and a Priestess; Naaza and Loid Forming Brotherhood of Resting Bitch Faces; Feline Representation of Waku-Waku ADHD: Anya; Two New Family Members; Early Ruckus; Rye’s First Manly Stand; Hermes Is Innocent... Just This Once!; A Slap on the Face; Rules of Manhood; Internal Affirmation; Being Lucky is a Virtue; Only Living Based on Luck Is a Sin; Power Lies in Mentality; A Promise of Career; Maria Coddles Rye; Rye Understanding the Difference Between Maternal and Manly Love; Incoming Children Warriors!; Ouka’s Level Up... No Party *Sadge*; Jackal Refrains from Shedding Manly Tears; Maria’s Trust; Dealing With a Situation Responsibly; Not Sending Rye a Stupid Path; Sending Lili to the Children Army; Maria Trains, too! Incoming Hard Working Mommy; Maria: The Negotiator; Here is Loki; A Feathered Robe; Divine Ride; New Products; Now THIS is a Booty Visit; Hate Boner Reigns Supreme; Jackal’s Dio Moment; The Slut and the Sluttier; Jackal Cares For No Damn Stalker; Sad Freya Noises; Angry Freya Yandere Noises!

Title: The Negotiator

Best craftsmen are often single-minded and eccentric. That's what Hephaestus would want to believe if she wasn't already one of the best yet relatively '*normal*' by mortal's and the divine's standard. So, she feels most mortal and divine incredibly good at something, simply doesn't interest themselves with other things—Soma, for instance, or many top blacksmiths in her Familia.

It is almost disheartening.

She descended upon Gekai, not with some belief in an errand prophecy, but the joy of exchanging ideas, or what some mortals are starting to call—an excellent geek-out session, free of any responsibilities.

A session where the wildest ideas can bear fruit!

But the blacksmiths of every race in her Familia only want to craft their passion, and the administration solely fell upon Hephaestus.

So much for descending into this realm for fun! She is stuck with the almighty paperwork!

Tsubaki's help is minimal, the half-dwarven captain using her superb strength to carry towering stacks of parchments to and fro! But the rest?

All her!

"Who should I send to collect the materials?" Hephaestus leans back on her chair, her left hand massaging her right shoulder as she stares at the ceiling. Her main operation is in her Familia's base and the exclusive Hephaestus Store on the North-West Main Street—Her preference being the latter due to the lack of tempting noise of hammer clashing with metal.

"I've personally tested the creation of alloys with all the current samples he has," She narrows her lone crimson-red eye while staring at the sheet of specs she drew yesterday.

"War Shadow's Alloy has magical properties, but it's better to be used on throwing weapons that can phase past walls. However, further testing reveals that while it phases past humans and other materials, it cannot live up to its expectations against the Dungeon's walls. The elven race is equipped better to construct staves out of this."

She mentally crosses this item to be considered worthwhile in the long run. Magical weapons don't have the best reputation amongst the low-leveled Familias, and the use of this item isn't

too great for the other side since alloy makes a weapon that does not hit the target. It is more novelty trinkets than anything.

“Rabbit Needle’s Horn can work well, but the price is a tad high even after discounts from bulk purchases. I’ll have to see if we can work the price out again, but I’ll have to be present for negotiations.”

“Wing of Bad Bat can be used to cover the grips of the weapon, but its use is most suitable for armor-making in the profession of adventurers.”

“And finally, his Infant Dragon’s Core,” Her eyes flicker briefly. She looks at the drafted specs sheet.

She tested parts of the alloys with many things, from weapons to the armory. She even sampled the item with fundamental daily-use items like Magic Lamps.

Granted, this business is mainly occupied by magically driven species like elves and scant ‘*mortal*’ spirits, like gnomes, who understand, speak, and apply hieroglyphs, but Hephaestus saw this item’s use for architectural purposes, too.

Dragons have always been one of the most ‘*quality*’ species in this realm and the divine.

Infant Dragons are the Boss-level monster of the upper floors, something a group of Level 2 adventurers contends with, leaving a simple monster drop—Infant Hide. The Hide of Infant Dragon is later processed and lined with armor and chainmail to increase its durability. Such armors are rare, even for moderately successful level 2 adventurers.

But the Infant Core is a whole different beast.

“I could hire elves or item makers to craft better furnaces for my Level 2 and 3 Blacksmiths. I hear Hermes’ *Perseus* is in the city. I can ask her. Besides furnaces, this core can be used to power the heating system in large baths more efficiently than magic stones.”

But all this hinges on Jackal’s supply.

Only he has produced this core thus far, his products being entirely new, garnering a lot of attention from the Guild and other Deities.

“If he had a moderate nature, he would have been swallowed by one of the more impatient peers of mine. But his disregard for us Deities works in his favor quite well.”

“But the price of the core is too high to be used for mundane items,” she sighs while tapping her desk with her index finger.

"I should take this visit and renegotiate the prices," Hephaestus makes up her mind. Recalling Jackal's current dilemma, she sighs, "And take Tsubaki with me if someone tries anything funny. Olal's nature is no worse than Jackal's actions."

It doesn't take long for Tsubaki to arrive at the store's office with the sweet, smoky smell of the furnace lingering over her as Hephaestus fights her urge to dive into her personal smithing area. The duo leaves for Daedalus, well aware of the location of [*Humble Jackal's*]. Their steps soon stop once they hear loud calls and the sharp noises of weapons slicing through the air.

"That looks cool," Tsubaki grins toothily, "The children look so cute~! I want to hug all of them! May I?" Tsubaki looks at Hephaestus pleadingly, making the Goddess shake her head in exasperation before nodding, "Don't forget to introduce yourself lest you cause some misunderstanding."

"Yep!" Tsubaki grins and skips away, her heavenly, bouncing breast soon becoming a smothering nightmare for the orphans, who earnestly train to vanquish their mental enemies!

Knock-Knock

Knock-Knock

Knock-Knock

Hephaestus calmly knocks on the door, noting her Familia's work on the external furnishing of the store with an assessing gaze as she soon nods in satisfaction.

She cannot hold others to her standards, but the work done in Jackal's shop is undoubtedly pleasing to the eye.

She hears the surprised cries of the children and one odd pallum commanding: "Charge!" accompanied by Tsubaki's snickers. But the lack of reply from Jackal makes her frown.

'Strange, the door is locked from the inside. Is he sleeping?'

Knock-Knock

Knock-Knock

"Damn!" She finally hears his voice loud enough to travel outside as he answers, "I'm gonna c-cum, alright? Just give me a second!"

While Hephaestus can feel the strange fluster in Jackal's voice, she notes no falsity in his words and waits calmly.

Click

The door finally clicks open as Hephaestus regards a flushed Jackal answering the door with unfocused eyes. Her crimson eye looks past him to see a grinning Loki waving at her with a spoon in her hand as she gets back to a Bento with a pleasing hum.

“Yo, Fei-Fei~! Nice to see ya!” Greets Loki without looking away from her Bento.

A little suspicious, Hephaestus’ sharp nose twitches but—

She smells nothing.

“I didn’t think you’d come by yourself,” Jackal regains his bearing while gulping against his parched throat as Hephaestus points toward the Orphanage with her thumb, “I came here with Tsubaki. I hope you don’t mind her interacting with the children.”

“Nah, come in,” Jackal makes way, letting her in, before closing the door as he returns behind the corner.

“I was hoping to discuss business with you,” Hephaestus looks at Loki, who smirks. “So cold, Fei-Fei. You can discuss anything here. Jackal and I are inseparable~!”

“We’re not,” Jackal half-shrugs. But Loki’s smile grows prominent as Hephaestus narrows her eye. Goddesses always hear the truth behind the words, and Jackal’s answer rang a few bells in Hephaestus’ head as Loki’s smugness knew no bounds!

She is going to bury Jackal with all the teasing later on—and maybe something more!

“Don’t worry, the bastard here only makes one contract with an organization. I’ve got no hopes of doing business with him since he’s my tenant, so it’s all pleasure for me~!”

“Just zip it and eat your bento,” Jackal scoffs, his gaze briefly lingering on the creamish sauce on the chicken within her bento as Loki puts it in her mouth with a devious smirk. Many parts of him throb at this sight, but he focused on Hephaestus with a strained smile. “What’s up?”

“Well, I wanted to renegotiate the prices of Needle Rabbit’s Horn and the Infant Core.”

Jackal furrows his brows, “15% is a good discount for bulk purchases.”

“It is,” Hephaestus nods, “But the cost of business and production increases the more items we produce. Most of the blacksmiths in my and Goibniu Familia work individually to improve their crafts. But the production of uniform alloy will take more than just that. It needs proper infrastructure.”

“Uniform products?” Loki blinks, setting the questionable Bento on the counter before mulling, “You’re thinking of getting a contract with the Guild for the beginner’s item Goibniu’s kid produces for newbies, right?”

Hephaestus huffs, seeing Loki hit the nail on the head on her first try!

“Indeed,” she answers plainly.

The guild earns more than enough money by controlling the Magic Stones—simply contracting other Familias for various other issues.

“You won’t be making too much unless you divide on horn into two or three weapons,” Jackal points out.

“Still making them sharper than the items created from War Shadow’s Claws and Needles Rabbit’s Tusks,” Hephaestus explains. “The Horn you provide is magical in nature, too. But its only existence is to be as sharp as possible. Even if we divide the horn’s alloy to create three weapons, say, daggers—it will be sharp enough to deal with dungeon lizards. Making it quite the suitable weapon for newbies as they learn their ropes around the Dungeon.”

Loki picks her Bento again, quietly eating with a thoughtful look, licking away the slightest of white on her lips without care as Jackal’s body reacts as honestly as ever—with another fucking boner under the counter, something Loki is quick to observe since they sit on the same side of the counter.

“How much do you want to buy?” Jackal questions after taking a deep breath. Hephaestus frowns as she observes his unfocused gaze and returning flush.

“Are you alright?” She questions.

Loki scoffs a snicker, her leg under the counter easily extending to his knees as he nods.

“Dandy,” he thins his lips. “So? How much do you want to buy?”

“Orario sees more than 10000 immigrants every month, almost all of them entering the Dungeon without Falna only to never return. Things can change with the new weapons slightly.”

“Slightly is good,” Loki hums, attracting Jackal’s and *Fei-Fei’s* attention.

“Well, Orario is stable because of the immigration rate canceling out with the mortality rate. If their survival rate skews for the worse, the large resentful population will easily turn to crime. Why do you think it was so easy to radicalize a bunch of idiots, causing the nightmare of Orario? Simple, things were too good to be true for the low-leveled adventurers, and many of them wanted more without waiting.”

Jackal scoffs, "Didn't think you were smart enough for all that."

Her foot presses against his erection as Loki snorts in return, "Says the moron in deep shit!"

Both of them snarl at each other like mortal enemies while Hephaestus clears her throat.

"So?"

Jackal shakes his head.

"15% is generous enough, I'm afraid. There is a reason why the Guild sells those newbie weapons so cheaply. But I've used them till the lower depths of the Upper Floor. Granted, I used too many axes, but they work just fine. Chances are that the Guild won't see your way."

Hephaestus nods.

"What if I get the contract?" She questions.

"Sorry, wouldn't change a thing. You get the horns for 11900 Valis each after the discount. This is the best price."

"The only price," Counters the Goddess.

"The only price," Jackal nods, "From the only supplier to the only Smithing Familia."

"Hah!" Loki snickers from the sidelines, her foot surreptitiously rubbing his crotch as he works his jaw silently.

"You know," Loki drawls, "This guy here is a sucker for anyone who praises his cooking. How about you have a bite from my Bento and see if it's to your liking? Maybe he'll see your way then."

Hephaestus notes how quickly Jackal snaps his gaze in Loki's direction with shock in his eyes.

'If simple praises can do that...'

Her throat vibrates into a hum as Loki already has a spoon with rice, veggies, and creamed chicken on the top ready to be devoured.

"Wait," Jackal cries hurriedly, "I'll just get you an uneaten Bento."

“This one is fine,” Hephaestus looks at Jackal and smiles slightly. “And I won’t praise your food just to get a discount. I hear from Tsubaki that Gareth has tried your meals. And even if not suited to his taste, he did not have anything bad to say.”

She doesn’t take another second to bite Loki’s spoon.

Loki’s narrow eyes widen slightly, impishly observing Hephaestus, while Jackal stares at Loki as if she’d lost her mind!

“Hmm, not bad.”

Hephaestus looks at Jackal with an impressed look, “I especially enjoyed the flavor of the rice. Hmm, that cream had a watery texture, but its taste wasn’t bad at all. Like...”

“Mayo, but more subtle, right?” Loki grins.

“Exactly,” Hephaestus nods.

‘What the fuck?’ Jackal’s lips part slightly as he leans on his chair, flabbergasted!

“Again, this isn’t a ploy to get a discount,” Hephaestus’ lone eye gleams, her honest expression suggesting it was just that—a ploy!

But, Jackal did not even know whether to laugh or cry.

His cum tastes like fucking mayo?!

The fuck!

And Hephaestus just had it?

Just like that?

“Ah!” Hephaestus blinks as Loki flinches.

The *horni* duo instantly feels the jig is up.

“About that proposal, I reject it.”

Jackal looks at Hephaestus.

“What proposal?”

“THE proposal,” she huffs. “If you were serious as you say, I reject it.”

“Okay,” he shrugs.

“Ooh, another rejection? How many is that now?” Loki laughs as the corner of his lips twitches.

He is simply uncomfortable with the energy Loki created in his store, from having Hephaestus taste his cum to working on his erection even now!

“No more discounts!” He snorts and sighs softly.

“You know, Fei-Fei, if you show him your right eye, he’ll give you a 50% discount~!” Loki continues to muddle things without issues as Hephaestus stares at the chaotic Deity.

“That’s not funny.”

“Hoh? I don’t know what’s wrong with it,” Loki shrugs. “I didn’t even wuss out of that night after seeing it, remember?”

“Okay, I’ll give you a 100% discount if I get to see the same scene,” Jackal regains his grin and snickers.

“It’s not that kind of night!” Loki and Hephaestus stare at Jackal and speak simultaneously.

“How about this?” Jackal taps his counter. “I’ll give you a 20% discount on bulk purchases only for the Needle Rabbit’s Horn if you help me develop a program of sorts for the children in the Orphanage.”

“Program?”

Jackal nods.

“I don’t want them entering the Dungeon to their deaths. If they can learn other crafts, their value increases, and they maybe realize there are different ways to live in the future. All I’m asking is a chance for those kids.”

Hephaestus stares at Jackal before punctuating his request.

“So, you are willing to lose money for the orphans?”

“I don’t lose out much, so it’s no issue.”

Hephaestus furrows her brows before nodding, “My Familia teaches basic courses free of charge, and the prospects are tested as a rite to entry in my Familia. But the children must already know how to read and write. But this year’s batch is full.”

Jackal sighs slightly, “The discount based on such duration won’t work.”

“How about this?” Loki mediates with a bored tone. “You send over the written material they must learn to their caretaker, Maria. She will report the results to you directly. There aren’t many kids, so seeing their results will take you no time, and you’ll know if the results are true once you test them after a year?”

Jackal and Hephaestus look at each other as he nods, “I think Maria won’t have any issues dividing their syllabus.”

“Then let’s discuss it with her before finalizing the deal.”

“You should go on ahead,” Jackal forces a smirk. “I’ll be right behind you, or you know what? Have Lili preside over the deal. She’s just as good as me.”

Hephaestus frowns at the seeming disrespect when she notices Loki winking at her.

“Really?” Hephaestus deadpans. “You are coming with me.”

“Not a great idea,” Jackal shakes his head.

“More like: not a small idea,” Loki retracts her foot, leaving Jackal with a tent pitched in his trousers.

“Let me repeat myself,” Hephaestus stares at the duo. “I am not going to interact with your subordinate just because you want to mingle with Loki.”

“There’s really nothing to mingle with, really,” Jackal shrugs, standing up as Hephaestus’s eye widens briefly.

“It’s just a sock in my trousers,” Jackal grunts and accepts the situation. He never should have allowed Loki to violate the sanctity of his store—this is Karma, something he must accept.

“A hard sock,” Loki grins without shame.

Hephaestus stares at the duo before taking a deep breath and locking her gaze on Loki.

“What was that sauce on the chicken?”

“Mayo.”

“Loki!”

“Woman, it’s a new type of Mayo! You’d think I’d eat something like THAT?” Loki lies as easily as she breathes.

Hephaestus turns to look at Jackal.

“If it’s Mayo, why don’t you try some?”

“There is a simple solution to all of this,” Jackal musters and looks at Hephaestus seriously.

“What?” Hephaestus controls her rage toward Loki. Truly, nothing is beneath Loki!

“Wanna marry me?” Jackal inclines his head. It won’t be weird if they’re married, after all.

“Pfft! HAHAAHAHAHA!” Loki loses her shit, sensing not an ounce of falsity in his words.

Indeed.

Jackal would rather marry Hephaestus than eat premium Mayo Cum.

It is right to say Hephaestus rejecting Jackal’s earlier proposal did not mean shit as she, too, feels uncomfortable by the energy created by Loki in Jackal’s store, as her gaze moves from his serious expression to an even more earnest erection, while Loki sets her exposed legs on the counter to laugh loudly, revealing a hint of familiar robe under her baggy shirt.

‘HER Eagle Feather Robe?’

She grows more shocked for different reasons as pair of lurid silver eyes resurfaces in Hephaestus’ memories.

Now comes her response.

“Huh?”

As apt as any.

Alternate Title: Hephaestus—The Hottest Geek; When Your Children Are Eccentric Only Against the Paperwork; Is It Wrong To Descend to Gekai Without Wanting a Beloved Prophecy?; Orphan’s New Mortal Enemy—Big Titty Hugger; Jackal’s Coming!; Jackal Came; The Sus Bento; Loki—More Devious Than Down Bad Freya; Is It Wrong To Eat Cum?; Jackal: Loki Means Shit to Me *Divine Sensors in Loki and Fei-Fei*: That N* Lying; Hephaestus Tastes That Mayo!; Wait, Mayo?!; The Jig is Truly Up; Making Way for the Kids; Rejected Proposal! Jackal: Another One; The Aptest Response; Jackal’s Divine Bitches; When A String of *‘Lucky’*

Coincidence Brings Harem Together United in Mayo!; Is It Wrong to See Cum Dressing My Bento?—Jackal, Probably; Honest Proposals Back-to-Back; Hephaestus and Loki's Wild Night?

Title: 11 Papers Why (1)

Contrary to what Loki might have wanted to have fun by orchestrating such a strange situation, Hephaestus did not lose her composure one bit. It's not her first meeting with the Trickster Goddess, even if this one was the most peculiar and filled with face-smacking twists. The crimson-haired Goddess saw no reason to escalate things by *'snitching'* to Tsubaki, proving her social awareness compared to her peers. But she also couldn't empathize with Jackal. Now that he *'isn't'* one with Loki, he must work to understand her craziness since she won't stop doing things that delight her twisted desire for mischief.

"Did something happen?" Tsubaki questions. "I thought you'd be happy getting the 20% discount for no additional work. Gotta hand it to Maria. She's a top-tier mother to those kids. Teaching them new things won't be easy, but she didn't hesitate to increase her chores."

Hephaestus merely lets out an uninterested hum. Again, it's not the jizz that unnerves her strangely. Of Loki's many pranks, including the accidental death of her distant cousin—Baldur—this one was somewhat tame. Hephaestus has had many run-ins with the trickster Goddess due to her rivalry with one of her friends in Olympia.

No, her mind was occupied by something else since their renegotiations in Maria's Orphanage.

"Heeeeey?! Hello, Goddess. You in there?" Tsubaki's face suddenly filling her view snaps Hephaestus back to reality.

"Huh? Oh, Tsubaki? What is it?" Heph calmly questions while tucking a loose lock of crimson hair behind her left ear.

"What is it? I should be the one asking this! You're not acting right. Hngh!" She snorts and crosses her arms under her well-endowed breasts. "Did Jackal do something? Damn it! Is that why he asked me to meet him later tonight? I'm gonna break his spine!"

"He asked you out?" Heph's eyelids jump in surprise as Tsubaki half-shrugs.

"Yeah, he said he'd treat me to Mia's best ale tonight, saying he had something important to discuss that could interest me."

Hephaestus frowns with distaste filling her mouth and the phantom taste of someone's *heat* licking her buds as she musters a quiet hum.

"Come on! Something happened, right? You know, I'm gonna get an answer out of you! We're eyepatch buddies, remember?"

The Goddess scoffs.

“You did that stupidity on your own!”

“And I became your Captain!” Tsubaki retorts with a grin, indifferent to the gaze of the masses as they return to their office.

‘She won’t care if Jackal is innocent or not if I tell her of Loki’s so-called prank. Someone should send her back to Tenkai or No-God’s Land already. No, that won’t work. Thor is there. And Baldur still hasn’t reincarnated. Hmm, if I remember correctly, he still has 6900 years left. But Tsubaki won’t stop until I give her something. And her drunken tantrums are objectively worse than Loki’s mellow pranks. Heaven forbid Loki does the same to Athena or the rest.’

Hephaestus shudders. She can imagine Athena letting her arcanum loose with such disrespect. Or worse—Artemis.

So, as Tsubaki sits in front of her once they return to their office, Hephaestus sighs in resignation and mutters, “Well, you understand how I dislike others toying with emotions—generally! So, I rejected Jackal’s earlier proposal, and he proposed to me again.”

“Woah! Seriously?!” Tsubaki gapes before grinning. “Look at you! Seducing the up-and-comers with a single eye! Hah! And they say Freya’s a beast!”

‘Well, he proposed to me to reduce any awkwardness.’ But she couldn’t possibly admit it. Besides, the *Boy* was sincere in his request for the third time in a row!

“Hmm,” Tsubaki stares at Hephaestus with delight dancing in her lone right eye. “Do you want me to get him drunk just enough and send him your way~? I hear that’s how Loki and he became a thing, and they are at each other’s throats!”

‘And mouths, crotches, and apparently—Food!’ The one-eyed Goddess bites back a groan and shakes her head.

“Ah, you rejected him again? Bummer. Have you seen his back in that three-piece of his? Could have forged a damn good blacksmith outta him.”

Hephaestus flinches. She saw more than his back. But it’s not anything too astonishing. As a Goddess more popular to be known as alone and filled with the ability to create Divine *Trinkets* has her way of keeping things interesting in Tenkai when Zeus isn’t peeping on her.

But Hephaestus also realizes another thing.

“I forgot,” she mumbles while covering her face with her hands. “I forgot to reject him again.” She groans into her hands.

“Pfft! Hahaha!” Tsubaki throws her head back and starts laughing.

“How about I ask Maria to teach the material we send to Jackal, too? I’m sure she won’t mind it. Hmm, I’m kind of jealous of the snotty brats.” Maria did mark an excellent impression on Tsubaki as the Captain mewls, “Maria is too damn sweet! You know, she taught me a trick to handle these babies more gently than just wrapping them in sarashi as tightly as possible?”

Tsubaki supports her breasts from the underside and gasps, “She has these crazy new training bras! The elastic apparently doesn’t lose out, keeping these bad boys in check!”

It’s Hephaestus’ turn to stare at her Half-Dwarven Captain in awe.

“How could you not know about Training Bras?”

“Well, I didn’t?”

‘Amazing,’ The Goddess huffs and unleashes one of the most racially destructive sentences in her mind knowingly, ‘I sometimes forget she takes more after her Dwarven mother than her human father.’

“Congratulations on your discovery.”

“Didn’t need to be smart to hear the sarcasm on that one!”

“Yeah,” Hephaestus shrugs. “Are you really planning to meet Jackal?”

“Yep. I won’t miss a good drink.”

The Goddess’ shoulder sinks slightly as Tsubaki questions, “Again. What’s up?”

“Nothing.”

“And I didn’t need to be a pent-up Deity to hear the falsity in that one.”

Hephaestus shoots her companion an annoyed glare before waving her hand.

“It’s nothing, alright! I just know his proposal would turn out to be *false*’ once he looks at my eye.”

Tsubaki scoffs a chuckle, “It didn’t stop me, remember? Besides, you’re focusing too much on the eye. Jackal isn’t a God with his head up his ass. When you *expose* yourself, chances are he wouldn’t even be staring at your eye.”

Hephaestus deadpans before dismissing Tsubaki, “Off with you if you’re going to keep making fun of me.”

“Wasn’t making fun,” Tsubaki shrugs. “I’d happily stick it in you if I had a *device* of my own.”

“How is that supposed to be appropriate at all!”

“Who said anything about being appropriate? I don’t bathe with you on the weekends because it’s appropriate but because you’d go into depression without me!”

“I most certainly will not!”

“You will!”

“And that’s why Hephaestus kicked me out! Because I dare to speak the truth!” Tsubaki grinned toothily, drowning herself in Mia’s best ale, but not inside the Hostess of Fertility, as the duo bought a few dozen bottles and decided to roam Orario until settling on a distant roof in Daedalus.

“I don’t remember asking any of it,” Jackal drinks from the bottle, too, recalling the judgmental gazes from Lunoire, Ryuu, Syr, Anya, and Chloe, as he filled his Frollet with booze. Thankfully, May was in the kitchen. He wouldn’t know how to handle May’s judgmental stare. She’s too sweet, after all!

“Well, this is what happens when I go to drinks with the guy who’s proposed to my Goddess three times!” Tsubaki snickers.

He shrugs while taking another sip. Unlike Tsubaki, he takes things slowly. The Captain must have some ability like [*Abnormal Resistance*], allowing her to drink more boldly.

“So? What’s your angle with my Goddess?” She questions as she sets her third bottle down.

“Are you kidding me?” Jackal looks at the woman strangely. “What other angle would I have by asking her to marry me? To marry her and see what’s under her shirt!”

“Che! You could do that without marrying her,” Tsubaki scorns.

“Meh, I remember hearing some stuff about Hephaestus since early on. You wouldn’t believe how many Goddesses bitch about Hephaestus and whatever’s under her eyepatch. Heh! The funniest thing I heard was someone saying the right portion of her face has another mouth. Boy, my first thought wasn’t how she would eat from that mouth.”

Tsubaki gapes before laughing even louder this time, her legs swinging off the ledge now kicking in the air.

“I know, right?” Jackal smirks before clinking her extended bottle with his.

“Yeah, now I can’t get that image out of my head,” Tsubaki heaves.

“So? What’s under her eyepatch?” Jackal queries as she shrugs. “It’s really not all that bad. But what can I say? You’d have to look it for yourself.”

“Oh, that’s fine. So, do I just enter her office and rip her eyepatch out?”

“Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with you? Did I say you should do that?”

“You implied it, no?”

“Fuck no!”

“Yeah, yeah. Everyone’s got an issue with the easiest idea! I’ll have you know, I once broke into someone’s door, consoled them, and left without paying for any damages!”

“Liar!”

“Well, I paid for the damages,” he shrugs again.

Tsubaki’s grin broadens as she admits, “You’re a cool guy to hang out with.”

“Maybe you should cover the bill next time, then.”

“As long as I ask you out to drinks, sure,” Tsubaki agrees readily before setting her fourth bottle. “Let’s get to business now. Why’d you ask me out? And to not even drink at Mia’s before circling around for so damn long, only until one tail follows us. What do you want?”

“Oh, you noticed both things, huh?” Jackal frowns. “I could never figure out where my stalker is. But I know I have one.”

“Really?” Tsubaki looks past many blocks in the east before shrugging. “They’re trouble.”

“I’d be in one if they meant any harm,” Jackal shrugs.

“Want me to snitch who they are?”

“Nope. Did you forget my track record? I’m gonna be as strong as you in a year or two before jumping them myself,” he snickers. “As for the rest, I believe only you are the adventurer with enough intelligence and authority to accept this little plan of my mine.”

Tsubaki blinks, straightening her spine with drunken interest. A few of her working brain cells unaffiliated with smithing and social interactions work their damn best finding reason in the plan concocted by the three-brain cell Jackal.

“Hmm, it can actually work,” She nods before frowning dangerously. “And letters addressed to Maria, you say?”

“Mm-hmm,” Jackal nods as he puts his lips on his bottle to snatch another drink of Mia’s courage-giving ale.

“Anyway, the payment should suffice, right? And as long as we prepare your costume right, the consequences won’t get to your Familia if things go south.”

The mention of payment makes Tsubaki lick her plump bottom lip before she shakes her head. “Nah, I want something else aside from this!”

“What?” Jackal frowns. Her further request makes him feel a bit odd, but she shrugs naturally.

“Sure, I’ll give blacksmithing a try. It could be fun. But I won’t be cutting my time in the Dungeon for it. Olal’s already costing me a lot of Dungeon Prowling.”

“And how do I know you won’t go back on your promise?” Tsubaki stares at him seriously.

“You just gotta believe,” he smiles back, his words assailing the captain with a wave of memories as she grins. “Then you better not fall short.”

Jackal nods and raises his bottle, something Tsubaki taps with her bottle.

“If this doesn’t kick Olal’s ass metaphorically, I don’t know what will,” Tsubaki snickers as Jackal smiles back.

“To a healthy butchering!”

“Ooh! You’re Svadilfari now, right? Can I take your previous title?”

“With the things you’re about to do, it would be a shame if you didn’t.”

The *Cyclops*’ red eye match Jackal’s gold-red as their grins widen at the same time.

Belit Babili, Ishtar Familia.

The entertainment district of Orario is the face of many bordellos and casinos, but in the heart of the southern attraction of the city lies a moderately tall tower that oversees the entire district, surrounded by several buildings under the Ishtar Familia's management. Most bordellos around Ishtar Familia's home—The Belit Babili—present many top prostitutes! Belit Babili is a bordello in some sense, hosting the richest and few of the most powerful adventurers. But in this bordello, the women get the pick of their men.

The nightlife of the district is as rowdy as ever. But not everything is as tempting in the Ishtar Familia's property as it seems. The streets leading to the tower of Belit Babili—*Godly Brothel of the Mistress*—find itself strangely abuzz as one of the few rare pubs under the Familia's management has become a source of gossip among the Amazoness members of the Familia.

Like the scent of blood drawing out beasts of the night, news of Jackal's appearance in the Pole Pub attracts plenty of attention!

As the name suggests, the Pole Pub's attraction is—Pole. And strippers.

It would seem many men can get bored of getting down to Amazonian action every day and would love some tease in their life.

Jackal cannot judge them. Boy, is he enjoying himself!

Dark blue lamps dimly illuminate the scented interior as Jackal grins at the hearty Amazoness waitress as he picks another mug of ale as she sits on his lap, "Ooh~!" Her coo distracts him from the three strippers on the pole. "Butcher, you're costing us business. Be sure to tip me well for my losses~!"

Her plump butt gyrates on him before she winks again and walks away, her swaying hips flipping her scanty dress as he chuckles, "Oh, I'll remember that!"

As the waitress remarks, his arrival cost the pub some business. Aside from the few obvious members of the Ishtar Familia, who seem unbothered by his appearance and even moderately attracted to him, Jackal observes a large cloaked individual watching the girls dance.

"It's time you leave!" A harsh voice interrupts Jackal's enjoyment as he looks back to find a rare specimen.

Since Ishtar Familia members comprise 90% of women, it is reasonable that men of the Familia are rarer, like the Level 2 Jonahs standing in front of him.

"Let me enjoy," Jackal smirks. "After all, this pub won't be standing come morning."

Jonahs visibly grows aggressive at the threat, his bald head featuring a few revealing veins and his bearded face scrunching in anger.

“I am one of Phryne’s lovers,” Jonahs warns. “Even if I cannot defeat you, she damn well will skewer you!”

Jackal stares at him before whistling at the waitress, who just gave him an impromptu lap dance.

“Come here, sweetie!”

The woman shrugs at Jonahs and skips toward Jackal with a sweet smirk on her face. “Ready for my tip? I promise I’ll let you rest after every round!”

“Hah! Ever the heated slut!” One of the Amazons laughs before smoking her pipe as Jackal smirks due to the lively atmosphere. It is clear that Jonahs is the Familia’s bitch given his stifled expression.

“Well, how about you do me a favor, and I’ll give you a pretty tip?” Jackal takes out a parchment from under his tunic, naturally no longer wearing his three-piece uniform.

“Read this,” Jackal smiles warmly as the corner of Jonahs’ eyes twitch at the familiarity of the handwriting on the paper.

The brunette waitress tilts her head before taking the paper and reading it loud enough for others to hear.

—Maria Martel, I have seen your Orphanage. I’m surprised by the talents you’ve been nurturing. The half-elf blonde girl will grow to be a real buster, and if the boys grow handsome enough, I will employ them as the consorts of my Familia! Why, you ask. It is simple. There will come a day when I knock on your doors, pull you out of your house by your hair, and strip you in front of others before gutting you in public. Your red will mark the new journey for your children—a pleasurable one. Of course, I will kindly keep your memories by skinning your corpse and keeping your hide above my counter. But none of this has to happen if you stop fucking around with one you call Jackal. Don’t make me be the one to knock on your doors, Martel.

Jonahs, Pole Pub.—

The pub descends into silence by the time she reads the letter as Jonahs eyes Jackal coldly. There is a hint of anxious tension in the pub as other prostitutes of Ishtar Familia watch Jackal with a mix of excitement and anticipation.

These women aren't the fighters of the Familia, but almost all Amazons are well-versed in combat due to their natural instincts.

"Did you write this?" Jackal calmly questions as he takes the parchment from the waitress before depositing a leather pouch filled to the brim with 1000-Valis coins in her hands.

"I did," Jonahs scowls. "And I suppose I'll visit that bitch and fulfill my promise!"

Jackal waves his hand at the man before shaking his head. "Is it right to assume you don't fear me because of being Phryne Jamil's, the Captian of the Ishtar Familia, bitch?"

"A lover!" Jonahs snarls, pulling Jackal up by his collars as his vicious blue eyes fall on Jackal's gentle gold-red ones until he stands properly, towering over the 170 centimeters Jonahs.

"So, if I fulfill the promises of your letter, she will come to this pub?" Jackal inquires in a chillingly calm tone.

"What?" Jonahs' eyes widen as the other girls watch in shock as the phantom of an Infant Dragon and a beating Silverback appears above his head. Jackal's hand suddenly grips Jonahs by the neck, bringing his face to the same level as his own.

"Skinning, gutting, and stripping it is," Jackal smiles at the man. "I will vomit, but it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. Your ale tastes worse than Loki, after all."

Alternate Title: Loki is Never Free of Getting Roasted!; Hephaestus is the Kratos Approved Calm and Reasonable Goddess; Being a Baddy Under Shirt, And Nerdy Above One; Tsubaki X Hephaestus When?; Loki Planning Destruction of Tenkai For Shits and Giggles; Creating Ragnarok... Accidentally; Poor Baldur Suffers in Every Verse; Baldur: Why Are We Hear, Just to Suffer. Loki: Haha, Mistletoe Goes Brrrr... Now You Gotta Kiss— Wait... You Died?; A Proposed Goddess; Annoyed Hephaestus; 20% Discount For Rich Mayo Taste; Chilling With Tsubaki; Tsubaki Has That Dawg In Her; Hephaestus Wet Dream—Blacksmithing Jackal? *Lili-Freya-Syr-Rose-Eina-Maria Wet Noises*; A *VERY SMART Plan*; The Butcher Resurfaces... in Twos!; The Pub Event; Man, Jonahs a Bitch!; Fuck Jonahs!; Tsubaki Finds Out Training Bra—One of the Best Trips With Goddess Ever!; Tipping Left and Right!; Returning Favor; Everyone Can Write Shit and Post It To Other Until They Get Punched in the Face—Mike Fireson of the Hercules Familia, Probably.

Side Story: 3

Title: Freya's The Chef From Hell!

Earlier Morning.

It's acceptable if she invites someone and they're late—she is patient, or if she invites someone and happens to be late to the meeting because she likely found something better to do.

But to ask her out early in the morning only to not show up even now is exhausting for Freya, and for once, she was only an hour late to the site.

Of course, this also allowed Freya to look out the *Early Dawn Cafe's* window, her slim fingers exposed from her baggy robes as she rested her cheek on her hand, a luminous lock of her silver hair bouncing out and making the already enamored staff of the pub gulp collectively.

She doesn't mind if *'that'* Goddess is late for their meeting. Her silver-lilac hues gaze upon the flowing wave of Adventurers in the North-West Main, also known as the *'Adventurers' Path.*' She observes the streets brimming with life. Her special senses gaze upon the hope-filled souls of the rookie adventurers and their tame, dull seniors. Almost all the adventurers on the street are Level 1, she reckons. Maybe a handful of them will be Level 2 veterans. The level of an adventurer is not seen through their souls. An adventurer can have the darkest and the meekest soul and still be a top adventurer.

'Then there are the likes of Lili and Finn.' They aren't the only ones, Freya muses. Her Familia's top echelons are the same. A type of soul steeped with legends, earning the ire of the world and tribulations so callous that these men and women aim to survive and grow in the most extreme manners. Their souls still echo with tales of the past, legends untold, and potential untapped. Loki had been lucky to gain a few such members, but Freya understands these men and women will always reach the top of their generation *whenever they 'return.'*

'I would not have understood all this if it wasn't for Hera,' Freya's eyes sparkle with cold hatred, thinly veiling a pool of respect and admiration.

'The Zeus and Hera Familia were filled with such men and women, but they still lost.'

'And everyone dies.'

She thinks strangely, recalling Ottar's question while observing the smiles and peals of laughter of the adventurers walking in the den of death and torture with wild ambitions.

'Did you not speak of leaving this world to embrace his soul?' Her most loyal *'son's'* words resurface in her mind, making her feel complicated. She's experienced this notion many times.

While she never felt the urge to leave Gekai for any soul she's witnessed, she did state to Ottar she would leave this plane to embrace Jackal's soul should he die.

But she never mentioned two things to anyone, not even the Orario's *'King.'*

'Will I even find his soul in this Tenkai?' Freya's silver eyes flicker with a sense of unreal fascination, which twists into a look of utter confusion. 'Dead or living, it shouldn't matter if I'm with him.' Her eyes observe the lively adventurers again. 'It shouldn't matter, but why do I feel my chest tighten? Many children of mine died, awaiting me loyally in Tenkai, even those who joined my Familia not to find a Family but to try and win me over. I never felt bad for them, for I understand life does not end with death. It is an experience we all must face, endure, and appreciate. So, why?'

She exhales loudly, her human heart beating frantically in her chest.

The thought of Jackal's death *'takes'* something from her, a part she doesn't understand.

'Maybe Jackal and other mortals are right to believe that Deities like us have no reason to lord ourselves as the better breed when we need more help than we realize,' Freya retracts her gaze, unable to understand the source of her confusion. Her confusion settles with no easy answer available. And her perfect lips curl into a confident smile.

'It's not like my Odr will die. I have time to contemplate this new flavor of confusion he's gifted me by his presence. Hmm~!'

"I- I'm sorry to disturb you, Ma'am!"

A young, brown-haired chientrope waitress in a sky-blue skirt uniform walks up to Freya's table and introduces her presence, holding a stack of parchments and paper rolled into a scroll.

"Oh, dear." Freya's predominantly seductive voice makes the girl blush as everyone in the cafe strains their senses to savor the *'unknown'* Goddess' voice. "It is no disturbance at all. Did you need something?"

"Y- yes! I mean, n-no! Someone from Loki Familia wanted me to hand this to you." The girl squeaks, her face beet red as her mind delves into their trenches of depravity. Her watery-brown eyes evade a peek of Freya's lips shyly as she sets the scroll on the table.

"Thank you," Freya smiles, a glance of her silver eyes captivating the woman in place before she nods furiously and leaves with unstable steps and a rapidly swaying tail.

The Goddess focuses on the delivered scroll. Her gaze takes a moment to appreciate the seal of Loki Familia in the form of a laughing trickster. It is odd. As much of a chaotic Goddess Loki

is, using deceit in ways many Godkings cannot hope to imagine, she stays rooted in her identity. She is strangely honest with her seal and emblems.

‘So, she made me wait only to send this stack of papers?’

It has been hours.

Had it been another deity, Freya would have left long ago, but Loki is special.

There are many unsaid reasons why Loki and her Familia rose to prominence so quickly after Zeus and Hera Familia’s defeat.

‘What do you have in mind this time?’ Freya smiles, knowing Loki would try to stir her in some manner with this act. But Loki will fail.

‘I’m better, in body and mind,’ she narrows her eyes. Her fingers unseal the scroll, her actions coming across as elegant without trying.

The first paper on the stack details a short passage in the familiar handwriting of the Trickster Goddess.

—Dear Dick For Brain.—

Freya glances at the words, understanding this was rightly sent for her. After all, her Odr’s dick occupies every recess of her mind and thinking. This does not offend Freya at all. Someone has to obsess and fuss over her Odr eventually, and it shall be her, rightfully so.

—We’ve had our differences over the year, right? We got back at each other constantly before deciding we won’t keep the ‘gross’ score but net them out instead. I remember it’s still 1-0 in your favor. So, the next couple of papers will show you how I put the Eagle Feather Robe you lent me in Tenkai many moons ago on Artemis’ Festival to good use. And remember, you can have the robe back. But I’ll wash it before returning. Oh, and yeah, I’m not gonna show up.—

Freya narrows her eyes, recalling the robes. She’d lent it to Loki a long time ago before she somehow smuggled it into Gekai. That robe is a divine artifact with less than-useful properties, but it caught Loki’s eye like Jackal caught Freya’s attention.

The Goddess of Beauty casually flips the paper and flinches. The corner of her beautiful eyes twitch, and she realizes Loki woke up today and chose chaos.

As one can expect, deities have long lives. They are immortal until killed. So most Deities like to learn new things.

It's not a stroke of luck that Freya knows how to weave threads, expertly fashioning her Odr into a body pillow—she learned how to do it. She can also draw impeccably, brew, design, paint, and more. Her cooking is a specialty beloved by her Familia!

So, it is right to say the pictures Loki can draw, no matter how degrading, are at the top of mortal artwork! The details, the mood generated from an odd set of colors, the shading, the sketch work before and afterward to bring the picture to life, and—

“That bitch.”

Freya vibrates in her seat with annoyance, muttering softly under her breath, yet her silver pupils take time to appreciate the scene in front of her. It's clear why Loki didn't show up. She's probably performing said acts painted on the pictures sent to her with a man whose face is hidden, but the details of his conquering *'babel'* let Freya discern her Odr.

Loki paints a vivid picture of her and a faceless Jackal mounting the counter and committing all sorts of deeds.

“Fuck no,” Jackal stares at an eager Loki. “We won't do it on my counter!”

“Come on!”

“No.”

Freya flips to another painting.

Loki's body is pressed against the walls, Jackal fitting snugly inside her despite differences in their sizes.

‘And they call me names when I've never dealt with such difference in size like that flat excuse of a Goddess.’ The Goddess of Beauty snorts.

“You are a fool to think we're going to fuck in any way that dirties the shop, even against the wall!”

“Just cum inside me,” Loki shrugs, sitting atop the counter as her bare feet gently massage his erection against his trousers. “We'll plug it. I don't mind.”

“I meant other drippy stuff,” Jackal shrugs. “You’re kind of too wet.”

“Hey!”

“It’s a compliment,” he shrugs again.

Freya’s breath hitches with envy as Loki has Jackal lie on the floor, not mounting him completely but letting his thick tip press against her wet lips.

“No?” Loki moans.

“Nope.”

Finally, Freya’s gaze settles on the last sheet. It’s markedly more passionate. Jackal and Loki remain in a chair. The Trickster Goddess’ small body fits against his upside down, her lips kissing the root of his cock as Freya can imagine her Odr’s shaft fitting in Loki’s throat while Jackal hugs the woman’s waist, his hands possessively grip her perky ass, his face pressed into her crotch. Freya cannot see what Jackal is doing, but she easily imagines him rocking the daylight out of Loki as opposed to vice versa.

“Oh, that we can do,” Jackal nods casually as Loki lets out a breath of relief, placing her bento on the table as she decides to snack while tossing ideas to Jackal.

“Fucking finally,” she whines.

“You’re going to suck me right after eating?”

“Yep.”

“Clean your mouth, at least! It could be spicy!”

“You’re a whole damn ungrateful for a guy about to have his cock sucked by the top Goddess in Orario!”

“Fine, I’ll munch some spicy chicken and lick the shit out of you.”

Loki grows silent before huffing, “Let’s not be hasty.”

‘Damn, I didn’t think my plans to get back at that dumb bitch would be met with such opposition!’ She moans in distress internally. ‘But she doesn’t need to know. For all she knows, Jackal and I did all of it~!’

“What are you smiling at?” Jackal questions curiously.

“Nothing, it’s the taste of victory!”

“Well, I don’t know how you tasted it without putting your lips around my dick, but sure.”

Loki works her jaws before smirking prominently, realizing she may have done all that even without trying to goad Freya. In this situation, for some magical reason, teasing the shit out of Freya became a bonus for Loki instead of the main show.

“It tastes more like a defeat after one pump,” she shoots back.

“Hey, it can taste like Syr’s cooking from what I hear as long as you swallow,” he shrugs again, grinning at the Goddess.

‘This is stressful to look at,’ Freya stares at the stack of paper, feeling her body on edge as if her lover’s body pillow needs her in their room again.

‘But I should keep these for future reference.’

She stows the scroll into her robe.

‘After I have some fun with bodypillow Odr, I’ll have to cook for Ottar and others, including other girls, to relieve all my stress.’

Alternate Title: Freya’s a Patient Hoe; Complicated Emotions; Jackal Was Right, These Deities Need Therapy!; Jackal’s Dicktherapy Coming Soon!; Freya Sees More Than Others Can Imagine; The Truth of Souls; The Legacy of Past; The Lucky Influences; Some Men and Women Always Return; Loki Woke Up And Chose Chaos!; The Fearless Slut; The Artist; The Cook; Never Let Freya Cook; Loki’s Plan Dismantled By a Sincere Jackal; The Voice of Purity and Insult—Jackal; Mayo? No. It Tastes Like Victory!; Freya’s Hit By Real Life Jackal-Loki CG Art; Loki’s The Advocate of Hentai Games; Freya Enters Kitchen *Her Familia and Hostess of Fertility*—Hears Doom OST; Freya’s Keeping It For Research; The Call of Freya’s Body Pillow;

Freya's Bedroom Becomes The New Frontier Region In The Future; The Bane of Bento Daddy Jackal—Hell Chef Freya!

Title: 11 Papers Why (2)

Whatever Jackal teaches to the kids occasionally is taught to him by life. His understanding of consequences stems from everything he's faced in his previous life. He was weak and naive, quickly getting into a crime family without understanding he would be dried to his limits—he just wanted a full stomach at the time. But that's not all. A crime family is bound to have traitors and some moral *'fools'* who would get executed—the consequences of their actions. Jackal's death, too, was a consequence of his choice.

And as strange as it sounds, he once saw one of the Family Head's most promising *'guns'* breaking into tears. The family head had gathered everyone to welcome the man after he successfully hunted a family with an infant, allowing Jackal to be present, too. The next thing he saw was the Family Head's appreciative gaze turning scornful as he pulled his gun and executed the man on the spot under everyone's presence!

And from that comes Jackal's second rule of not crying unnecessarily. There have been a few instances in this life like Eina and Rose gifting him a compression suit to be worn under his armor, where his heart felt full to the point he feared he'd cry in front of them. Jackal won't be a cunt stating tears and emotions are bad since he only felt like crying out of happiness, but he couldn't bring himself to cry in front of them. Soma wins in this regard, but it was raining that night—so it might as well be raindrops.

The lesson of not being governed by fear despite fearing things was the last of the things Jackal learned before he was brutally executed on a chair.

Jackal's third lesson is—Every man has a limit, crossing which can lead them to wild success or astounding failure.

Jackal believes limits are meant to be broken, but how one goes about breaking such limitations matters.

Any successful crime family is bound to have ambitious, hot-blooded men. And to keep standing, a successful crime family crushes any coup led by such men! Jackal witnessed the rise and fall of three such groups, allowing him to firmly understand the meaning of power—physically, mentally, and emotionally.

And Jackal could not have imagined meeting his limit in barely over a month in this new world.

He'd achieved quite a bit already in every sense of the manner. He'd banged a Goddess, gone on dates, destroyed a familia, created a successful business, made good friends, and unfortunately—better enemies.

And tonight, Jackal faces his limits with a crude gaze, unable to bring his surreptitiously quivering hand from continuing.

The *Pole Pub's* interior is layered with eerie silence save for the slightly heavier breathing and choked sobs as Jackal's right-hand drips with blood, a small bloodied knife in his hands. Aside from the waitress from earlier watching everything with a pale expression, the dozen non-combatant members and dancers in the pub look at Jackal with a note of fright in their eyes. It isn't easy to frighten the simplest of Amazoness due to their inherent nature. The cloaked figure watches Jackal, their sharp gaze noticing his quivering grip over the knife's handle with a slight relief in their eye.

"Hnngh!" Jonahs' naked body trembles for the umpteenth time. His body lies on his pub's floor with a pool of blood around his right leg, strips of flesh floating within. Nobody dares breathe a little louder. Jonahs' right foot, under his knee, is stripped of his flesh and bandaged. The entire wrap is blood red. The naked terror in the man's eyes as he whimpers with his underwear stuffed in his mouth and his hands tied cannot be described with words alone. The image of a Jackal's cold, dazed face reflects in his eyes.

The sensation of his knife passing through the sinner's lower leg is too distinct for Jackal to forget as he looks back.

This is his limit.

He's killed before, taken limbs, and incapacitated many—but none was torture.

'I... can't become this.'

It's not due to a lack of trying.

And for once, Jackal's belief of every limitation existing to be surpassed comes into question.

"Call Jamil," Jackal looks at one of the women with a pipe in her hands. "And the rest, collect everyone from around. Tell them this District will see the greatest source of Entertainment they'd ever witness."

For once, Jackal lacks his usual uppity attitude. A chilling coldness laces his voice as only the cloaked figure observes a flash of Jackal's gold-red eyes trying to invert before settling the same way they always have. Anyone else would miss it, but the figure has a thing for eyes due to their past, and they keep a note of interesting ones.

As if granted a pardon, every woman leaves the pub in a flurry, some of them finally sporting an excited look as they leave after a final glance in his direction.

"I suppose I should apologize," Jackal looks at Jonahs again. His grip loosens around the knife as the weapon tumbles and falls into the pool of blood. He isn't apologizing to Jonahs as he turns to look at the cloaked, bulky figure. "Right? I asked you to trust me, and I cannot even deliver what I promised."

"Butcher's only your nickname," a horse voice replies from under the cloak. "Don't take it seriously. Besides, I have a thing for eager fools who ask others to trust them on absolutely no basis only to deliver their promises, and I see that potential in you."

"I couldn't even skin him till his waist," Jackal frowns, resisting the urge to touch this topic again, much less break his known *limitations*.

He doesn't want to.

He can finally empathize with a few men having codes of living, and his' are: Not letting fear cloud your judgment; And no Torture.

Jackal draws an ax from his frocket before bending and bringing the blade down on the man's head, brutally splitting Jonahs' skull as blood squirts on his face.

"Killing men's always going to ruffle some feathers on the surface, but adventurers kill each other daily in the Dungeon or the forest outside Orario. And how do I put this? I'm glad you couldn't stomach this shit."

The cloaked figure brings the mug of ale in their hands closer to their lips.

"Killing men isn't troublesome," Jackal replies as he stands up, wiping blood off his face. "It's the War Game."

The cloaked figure goes silent.

"What?"

"You're never going to tell which Familia you're from?"

"Probably not," Jackal walks to the figure before sitting in front of them and taking a sip from his mug. His stack of eleven letters not lowers to ten as a sheet of paper covers Jonahs' split face, soaking blood.

"Do you think others would approve of your handiwork? This isn't the same shit as Soma Familia, and unlike me, you have no mask."

Jackal stares at the corpse, wondering what he can learn from his new *Grimoire*. But he knows going through such *Grimoires* is torture, too.

“I don’t know. And I’d rather think about the consequences after dealing with the shit on hand.”

The cloaked figure grunts with what seems like approval as they sit quietly.

On top of the stack of letters is a passage practically scrambled with boorish handwriting, signed by a name far too familiar with the Entertainment District—Phryne Jamil.

“Can you repeat that?”

Dim moonlight fails to illuminate a dark alleyway near Maria’s Orphanage, now occupied not only by Asfi but also the Takemikazuchi Familia, whom Jackal had hired this morning to stay during the night, or so he tried, as the Familia firmly rejected the notion of payment.

A hushed whisper replies the humored voice before the street falls silent. A figure slowly strolls out of the dark alley as the combination of moonlight and dim magic lamps finally reveal the attractive face under the hat—Hermes.

Amusement, admiration, and a respectable caution dance in his orange irides as he walks toward the orphanage again, stopping at the sight of his bespectacled captain.

“What did you find?” Questions Asfi as she adjusts her glasses.

“A little bit of this, a little bit of that,” Hermes chuckles.

“Something related to our situation?” Questions a third, remarkably deeper voice. Hermes flinches but turns a second later to meet Takemikazuchi’s obsidian pupils as the God of Combat remains seated on a stool covered by bushes.

“You cannot play ninja when my Captain’s around,” Hermes chuckles. “What if you frighten my dear Asfi?”

“He was onto you before I came,” Asfi reveals calmly and nods in God’s direction.

“Oh, great! I guess I have another friend~! Haha!” Hermes laughs carefreely, walking toward the entrance of the Orphanage as Takemikazuchi raises an eyebrow at the obviousness of Hermes dodging his question.

“I heard tales about you in the Far East,” Takemikazuchi stands, interrupting Hermes’ steps with his voice. “One of the quickest Gods in existence reliving his myths by giving information the same wings his feet claim in Tenkai. In Gekai, you are nobody’s enemies. But you aren’t anybody’s ally either.”

“Ah!” Hermes shakes his head, correcting Takemikazuchi as he turns around. “I’m everyone’s ally.”

“It’s the same thing. In being everyone’s ally, you have hurt many. Some of them were your own, or so I heard.”

“Which existence has escaped death?” Hermes smiles, tipping his hat slightly. “Us Gods should be above all these facades.”

“We came to this realm to find and understand new things our otherwise Immortal Flesh was incapable of understanding,” Takemikazuchi walks past Hermes slowly. “In this realm, I have come to understand another aspect of life, kindness, and joy. I have known the warmth of my children’s smiles. I don’t expect you to empathize, Ally.” Takemikazuchi stops at the door, his tone turning softer as the expected threat, given the mood of their conversation, never arrives, hitting the nail at what Takemikazuchi means as he requests gently. “I hope your pursuit of excitement does not harm whom I find dear.”

Hermes’ smile freezes slightly as he stares at Takemikazuchi’s back before the perpetually dopamine-driven God groans under his breath and waves his hand dismissively.

“Why couldn’t you just stick to threats like the stuck-up Amaterasu? Fine,” as if a child whose fun had been ruined, Hermes thins his lips. “I hear the Entertainment District is bound to have a sleepless night, and not because of a new supply of *products*. A Butcher is inciting a rebellion~!”

Asfi and Takemikazuchi’s eyelids jump in surprise as Hermes chortles. “And it’s got everyone’s attention. Because guess what? Almost every Familia member visits the Entertainment District!”

Takemikazuchi nods slowly, opening the door.

“Are you not worried?” Hermes blinks.

“From what little I know of him and have come to appreciate about him—he understands and accepts the consequences of his actions. Turning to look Hermes in the eye, Takemikazuchi smiles slightly. “He’s like a few of us Deities this way.”

“Asfi~ Stay here and earn our discount! I’m going to have a good stroll!” Hermes grins, turning around abruptly as he leaves Asfi alone. A cloaked figure jumps out from a nearby alley, following and escorting Hermes casually.

“Why didn’t you tear Hermes a new one?” Asfi questions the God in front of her as Hermes leaves.

Takemikazuchi half-shrugs with his surroundings turning light-hearted. “One of the basic rules of combat—subvert your opponent’s expectations. We, Gods, try not to let our divine intellectuals control our mortal shells, allowing ourselves to be as moody if not moodier than humans.”

“It was all a ploy?” Asfi frowns.

“Fueled by my love for my children,” the God smiles. “A notion Hermes understands.”

Asfi sighs and shakes her head.

“I don’t think your trust in Jackal is apt, and mine in Hermes.”

“Then we understand each other more than words can describe,” Takemikazuchi chuckles softly as he enters the orphanage. “Please do me a favor. Tell everything’s alright to Martel-san. I don’t suppose it’s appropriate for me to knock on her doors this late. But she’s probably awake.”

“Your friend Jackal won’t have such issues,” Asfi scoffs, still holding a slight bitterness against Jackal’s general attitude.

“Well, I also don’t butcher Familias and incite mortal rebellion, amongst many other things,” he shrugs again, indifferent to Asfi’s temperament. “I suggest you ignore Jackal’s language and focus on the essence of his sentiment instead. He hasn’t lied to me since I met him, so he’s a nice guy to befriend.”

This catches Asfi by surprise.

“So, let me get this straight.” Finn looks over his table. His bedroom and office are only divided by a thin wall, allowing Bete to understand why the Familia’s Captain would attend to him in his nightwear.

“I was with that Lena chick,” Bete grunts. “Couldn’t even get past her doors when a few other whores came rushing in, gushing about that stupid fuck!” He scowls. “And now I’m out of a good snatch for the night.”

“Ever so respectful,” Riveria snorts from the sidelines, surprisingly ready and in decent clothes as if she didn’t plan to sleep in the first place.

“Gahahaha!” Gareth laughs from his couch in the distance. The sound of the old grandfather clock ticking in the office and the crackling fire from the marbled fireplace outmatched by the Dwarf’s boisterous peal of laughter. “Cut the boy some slack. He can say whatever he likes about wanting to hook up with a strong chick, but this Lena lassy got his fangs close.”

“Oh, shove it,” Bete snorts. “Anyway, I thought you’d want to know with Loki and him hooking up.”

“Well,” Finn frowns, looking at Riveria. “What do you think?”

“I remember his *magic* from the Dungeon, but it won’t hold against the top adventurers in Ishtar Familia,” Riveria crosses her arms, her right thumb, and index cups her slender chin as serious thought reflects in her jade eyes.

“And you’re sure he tortured a man?” Riveria questions with apparent distaste.

“Dunno,” Bete slumps on a chair with a huff as he crosses his legs. “The few whores from earlier said the Butcher tortured some pub owner, Phryne’s lover, and now demands her to appear in front of him. I heard a few hushed whispers about disappointment, bandaged leg, and a split skull later.”

Finn and Gareth look at each other.

“Sounds like the runt didn’t get through with that,” the dwarf strokes his bushy beard. “Gotta say, I’m relieved. Torture brings nothing good.”

“Killing is the same,” Riveria retorts.

“We’re all killers,” Finn shakes his head.

“You’re taking Jackal’s side on this?” Riveria frowns.

“Just advocating facts,” Finn sighs and taps his desk. “To be honest, for all of Jackal’s *issues*,’ his swift and possibly lasting impact on Ais is something I’ve noticed long ago. He draws her effortlessly. And it’s not the Gemlings.”

“Tch, it’s just Ais taking pity on that weak cunt,” Bete scoffs.

“Or it is Ais forming a bond of respect and trust with someone outside our Familia,” Finn notes.

“Outside?” Gareth snickers impishly. “I heard the runt went all the way into Loki.”

The remaining three scowl at once as Gareth laughs loudly again.

“The issue is, should we delay telling this to Loki?” Finn states, bringing his office to silence.

Naturally, they have their own worries about Jackal, but Riveria sighs soon enough.

“As much as it aches my tongue and mind, Gareth is right. Jackal isn’t a mere tenant to the Loki Familia, or rather, us, the top executives.”

“His pace of growth also makes him a beneficial ally to invest in,” Finn adds from his point of view.

“Ever the righteous hero, Braver,” Bete scorns with a smug smirk as he looks around the room. “I’m gonna go to my room now. Do what you will.”

As Bete leaves, Finn cracks a smile. “Says the *‘Hater,’* who could have disregarded the news and gone his way. You guys don’t need to worry about this. We all are too famous to move without creating a direct conflict with Ishtar Familia, and I don’t have to remind you two how these conflicts usually end.”

“Raids or a war game,” grunts Gareth.

“Indeed,” Riveria closes her eyes.

“Then it’s a good thing a Level 5 Captain owes me a favor, and should be on her duty, too,” Finn rolls his shoulder slightly.

“And what of Loki? And the rest? Tiona and Ais will raise a ruckus when the news gets out tomorrow.”

“I guess that’s where you should use the trauma you instilled in Ais, and put your fear in Tiona, too. I’ll handle Loki.”

“I didn’t traumatize Ais,” Riveria frowns.

“Yeah!” Gareth grins. “Not just Ais, but your best friend’s eldest, too, right? Didn’t she get the trauma of learning Heiroglyphs from you?”

The corner of Riveria’s lips twitches as she recalls a sweet brown-haired, green-eyed half-elf.

Before she can argue her case, Gareth questions, “What about me?”

“Sleep?” Finn inclines his head. Gareth was the first one Bete approached, so he was pulled into the situation.

“Cool.” Gareth leaves with a loud yawn.

“You should get some rest, too,” Finn looks at Riveria, who informs after a moment.

“I never told you how their training went this morning, right?”

Finn waits for Riveria to finish.

“Jackal’s body is far different than we imagined, Finn. He’s like a fusion of a Weretiger, a Boaz, and an Amazon. He shrugged off Tiona’s blows that would incapacitate a physically weaker Level 3 adventurer.”

“Weak Level 3 Adventurers are known to level up as quickly as possible, not bottoming out their status’ potential, so it’s nothing surprising. Weren’t we the same?” Finn smiles.

“None of us did that in a month,” Riveria replies, turning around. “Loki once told me she wouldn’t invite Jackal in the Familia even after the year-long restriction on Falna abolishes, saying he’d devour our Familia in time. Keep that in mind.”

“So, you don’t want him to live?” Finn questions knowingly.

Riveria looks back, revealing her fears, “I don’t want us devoured.”

Maybe it is because of Finn’s confidence or his lack of personal interactions with Jackal—he smiles confidently and nods.

“Of course.”

Alternate Title: The Devil Lies Beyond Limitations; A Man is as Dangerous as His Limits; Jackal’s First Teacher—Hunger; His Second Teacher—Trauma; His Best Teacher—Roberta; What Lies Beyond The Limits; Somethings Should Be Kept In The Dark; The Cloaked Figure’s Penchant For Reckless But Trustworthy Guys, Hidden Backstory Perhaps?; Bring Jamil To Me!; Excitement and Fear; Wildfire of a News; Takemikazuchi Wingmanning Even Now!; Subverting Expectations Like a Bro!; Hermes One True Opponent—Politeness; Hermes Give You Wings!; Divine Bull—Gives You Wings; Bete Misses Out On Some Fun, Tch!; *Angry Tsundere Werewolf Noises!*; Lena Got That Snatch; Bete’s a *‘Reluctant’* Unpaid Return Customer; Jackal’s Lasting Impact; *Morgan Freeman Voice* Contrary to Finn’s Expectations—It Was All Due to Gemlings and Bento; Better Than The Butcher—Bento Daddy Jackal!; Gareth’s The True Chad of the Familia; Riveria Traumatizing Children Since Her Late 80s; It’s Not Trauma If No Children Reports To Authorities!; Loki Familia’s Artificial Hero; Damn, Shakti Can’t Catch a Break!; Shakti, Soon Munching Bento Aggressively: It’s Your Damn Fault! *Naaza With Her Resting Bitch Face*: Welcome to the Club