

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Welcome back dear readers, it has been a while. I was full of exams this January. I already knew that I would be too busy to write, so I wanted to conclude the arc last time. This is an aftermath chapter. Still, we will see interesting stuff that will build the base for some very future arcs. As always, enjoy!

Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!); SirWertsalot (the sun is shining from the opposite side of the sky now. How did that happen? Where am I? In all seriousness, isn't this story getting exciting? Be sure to follow and review ZeroSenpai's hard work!)

Chapter 9: The Princess, the Assistant, and the Merchant

Hilma sealed the last letter she just finished writing. The sun disappeared from the horizon a few hours ago and the moon was already high in the sky.

She tied together the seven letters and put them inside a wooden box, before sealing it. She then handed it to the ghostly figure standing next to her desk. The undead being didn't speak, but simply grabbed the box and left after turning itself invisible.

Hilma sighed heavily and stretched in her chair. It has been three months since Satoru's takeover. She had been very busy since then. In the morning, she worked in his shop and in the afternoon and evening she managed Seven Hands.

The first month was a mess. Satoru's violent and sudden takeover left some scars on the organization. Some loose ends were lost and for a time, it seemed like the whole organization would collapse. Fortunately, she managed to hold it together. The success was not in small part due to the fear and terror the figure of Satoru inspired in the leaders of Seven Hands. A simple mention of the undead magic caster was enough to silence any protest and force anyone to work as hard as they could.

Hilma herself was ashamed to admit how she was uncertain about what to do after Satoru's true nature was revealed. She of course had heard rumours about the hate the undead had for the living. A few days were enough for all her hesitations to leave her. Satoru was just as kind and awe inspiring as he was before the reveal.

It has been easy for her to ignore the fact that he was undead. After all her years with Eight Fingers, she learned how she shouldn't trust anything someone else said to her before verifying it.

The rumours about the undead's hate for the living was probably true, but of course there were exceptions. Maybe it was an internal instinct they had and since the majority of undead were just mindless, they acted only on instinct. It was very reasonable to think that intelligent and self-aware undead were able to control their instincts. Hilma had no doubt Satoru was one of those few.

He had no reason to spare her. He could have just taken over the organization with might alone. He didn't need her, but instead he gave her what she always wanted and more. She was now the supreme leader of an organization, that possessed the power of

half a nation. She was happy with her life. She knew how it felt to be at peace with herself. Satoru was the one to give all of this to her and she will never be able to repay him.

Shaking her head, as if to put down that train of thought, Hilma forced her mind to return to more pressing matters. It was true that the internal crisis had been avoided, but there was still much to be done if she wanted to achieve her goal of forever changing the organization once known as Eight Fingers.

She thought much about it. What she wanted Seven Hands to be. Of course, she asked Satoru about it, but he was very vague in his answer. He left her with almost full rule over it, another sign of the fact that he trusted her greatly in her mind.

After many weeks, she finally came up with a plan to reshape the organization. Every organization needed a goal or something to aspire to. She decided that Seven Hands would be centered around the figure of Satoru. His goals would be their priorities. This would normally be a dangerous plan. Normally, such an organization would collapse into smaller groups as soon as the central person would die, but Satoru's unique nature morphed such a great weakness into its greatest strength.

But for this great change to happen, Hilma had to begin morphing the very base of the organization. Firstly, she had to remove all those members not fully controllable. That included many thugs' groups and some... not so sane high members of the organization. That inevitably led to a great loss in strength and numbers of Seven Hands, something the former Fingers, now called Administrators, didn't ignore and periodically complained about it.

Nothing much came from their complaints since no one dared to openly defy Hilma and she also immediately moved to solve the problem.

It has been easy, truly easy. Desperate people were easy to find. Offer a beggar a future for themselves and their families and they will fight the world for you. Offer an orphan or street rat a piece of bread and they will cut throats. In less than a handful of weeks, there were no more homeless people in the lower district and Seven Hands solved their number problems. True, they would still need to be well trained, but at the moment cannon fodder was enough.

They were easily put to work. When she communicated the results to Satoru, she felt a certain degree of happiness in his words as he congratulated her. He also suggested to put up some basic rules on payment and days off. She was unsure at first. After all, giving too much freedom to your workers could backfire easily, but she was amazed at how well it generally worked. They still had some minor problems, but the benefits far outshone them.

‘Happy workers are hard workers.’ She remembered the words Satoru used to describe the benefits of his idea and indeed it has been so. She didn’t visit the working places of Seven Hands often, but from reading the reports she got from the Administrators, the rate of incidents and brawls decreased incredibly, making such things a rarity.

It has been a good investment. The people now had working hours and days off to spend as they liked, a minimal pay for each hour depending on the job and small militia groups were created to patrol the low and middle districts. Even normal commoners

no longer saw them so badly since they made sure peace was ensured in the districts and thanks to their recruitment, there were almost no more thieves around.

She also began to reform the various departments. Since the Finger that managed the drug department was gone, Hilma decided to completely disband that department. Of course, once the word spread, little criminal groups tried to fill the void left by the disbanded department, but they were easily put down by the new militia.

The brothel department was probably the one who received the greatest change. She was still in contact with Cocco Doll. Nowadays, their roles were reversed, and he was using their good relationship to avoid incurring Satoru's wrath in any way possible. Hilma didn't mind that since that gave her enough influence on him to do as she wished without opposition from him.

She completely disbanded the human slave traffic since, while profitable, it made them far too exposed. She also began to reform the normal brothels, filling them with experienced women instructed to learn everything possible from their clients, with a certain level of discretion of course.

It would be a long process to replace all the normal prostitutes with trained ones, but once the project was completed, they will have a full spy network completely hidden around the whole kingdom.

All the other departments received smaller changes to adapt their various fields, making them more ordered and harder for the kingdom guards to track. After all, no one would put their nose where there was no smell to follow.

In short, while difficult, the results she received were promising. A bright future seemed ahead. Sometimes she couldn't believe that this was really happening. She was terrified to wake up one day, only to discover that everything was just a dream, and she was still sleeping in a bed with one of those pig men next to her. She trembled at the thought of it, but she immediately steeled herself. She would go on no matter what. She will reach the top together with him, the one who gave her hope, the kind undead magic caster, Satoru.

{Renner's P.O.V.}

The third princess of the Re-Estize Kingdom entered the Sorcerer's Shop as she always did, but today was different. Today she was about to confront a certain someone about their past.

To gain such information cost her much, both in terms of resources and time. This made her understand that she needed a spy network as soon as possible. It was bad enough that someone like that got this near to Satoru without her knowing sooner.

With those thoughts on her mind, she marched toward her objective, Gazef following her.

"Oh, Your Highness, I didn't expect you today. I'm afraid Satoru is currently attending one of the Merchant Guild's meetings. He is most busy since he joined them."

The blond woman behind the counter said with a pleasant smile. Renner put up one of her fake smiles in return. 'I already knew this. This is exactly why I am here...'

"That's quite okay. I hoped I could be able to exchange some words with you today. Would you mind going somewhere a little more private?"

The princess asked, the woman's face expression turned into confusion.

"Of course, Your Highness. Please follow me."

She said before escorting her to the usual living room where she met with Satoru. The woman closed the door behind them.

They both sat at the table opposite each other.

"Could I offer you something to drink, Your Highness?"

The blond woman asked.

"No, thank you, I'm only here to speak with you."

She said. Now she could see some hint of wariness hidden behind the woman's eyes. 'Good, she is not taking me lightly' Renner thought.

"May I ask what you would like to speak about?"

She asked, Renner's expression didn't change 'It's time'.

"Hilma Cygnaeus, bastard daughter of the deceased third son of the Baldur noble family and the whore Marinette Cygnaeus, prostitute working under the organization formerly known as Eight Fingers, nowadays named Seven Hands, assistant of Satoru the magic caster... did I miss anything?"

She asked rhetorically. She enjoyed the results of her words as Hilma's body froze.

"No."

She finally responded after a tense silence.

"You are not even going to deny it?"

Asked Renner, her gaze now fixed on her prey. The prostitute flinched; Renner enjoyed the reaction she caused.

“Would there be a point in denying it?”

She asked after composing herself.

“But I’m curious, how did you find out?”

The prostitute continued trying to use a tone as calm as she could manage in that situation.

Renner internally smirked.

“Oh, I assure you, it hasn’t been easy. I had to ask many people and link many dots together before reaching you. I had to dig through many-“

The princess stopped as soon as she noticed that the prostitute’s hand was now under the table. ‘You sneaky little rat, you almost got me, good try.’ She internally complimented.

“You know, before coming here, I instructed Gazef Stronoff to stand by behind the door. As soon as I begin to scream, he will barge into the room... are you sure you can cut my throat faster than the Warrior Captain can behead you?”

She asked. Unexpectedly the prostitute smirked at her.

“Should we try?”

She asked. ‘You bitch.’ Now she was truly getting on her nerves.

“What would you gain by cutting my throat? Apart from your head being placed on a pike in the central square of course.”

Asked the princess.

“If the Kingdom would be satisfied with just that, I wouldn’t mind too much.”

Now it was Renner's turn to feel a shiver going down her spine. She never felt such an emotion before... was this... fear? Was she scared of this woman?... no, it wasn't this woman that scared her. It was her willingness to die to protect what she stood for.

"Why?... Why do you care about your organization so much?"

Renner asked now genuinely curious.

"My organization has nothing to do with this, what I want to protect is a person... someone I care far more about than anything else in this world, I will sooner die than let the Kingdom ruin him."

Renner was sure the woman believed every word she said. This was certainly unexpected. She thought she would be confronting some rat begging for her life... She was clearly mistaken... This woman... was far more similar to her than she thought possible.

A new approach was needed before things got out of hand.

"The Kingdom can burn for all I care... Listen, this can easily end well for all of us. I don't know why you choose Satoru or what your goal is exactly, but if you let Satoru be, I will help you find another to use for whatever you need to do. The only one I care about is Satoru. Leave him be and I will help you however I can."

'Stabbing you in the back as soon as possible could solve all your problems.' She joked inside, but for now she needed to resolve this situation.

The prostitute looked at her surprised. Was that... shock? Renner asked herself. Hilma seemed hesitant to speak.

"So... you are here... because you think I'm using Satoru to achieve my personal goals?"

The prostitute asked hesitantly. Renner didn't remove her stern gaze from her.

"Wasn't that point already cleared?"

She said, voice plain and emotionless. Hilma flinched once more at her tone.

"Satoru is the only beautiful thing in this rotten world. I would do anything for him..."

Renner felt her expression shift into a little smile. It was a natural one. Hilma's eyes widened and she gulped loudly. They remained silent for a few more seconds.

"P-princess, I think you may have m-misunderstood something."

The prostitute said. Renner didn't respond. Inside, she was only wondering what kind of game the woman before her was playing. Was she trying to waste time? Was she waiting for something to happen? Did she have a plan for a situation like this? But before she could give answer to those questions, Hilma continued.

"The truth is... I work for Satoru. I manage Seven Hands for him."

After Hilma's statement, silence descended in the room. Renner's brain was working in overdrive, so many things went into place at the same time.

Normally, she would doubt such claims, but this development would explain so many things she didn't understand in the last months.

First, the capital's streets were cleaned free of any homeless person. Second, the former Eight Fingers went into hiding and seemed to totally change their moves without any inputs from the outside. Third, the Noble Faction went quieter at the official

meetings. They apparently lost a lot of their income from their dealings with Eight Fingers. At first, Renner thought something happened between the two but as time went on, it became apparent that the one who ended their relationship was the criminal organization.

Without Eight Fingers' protection, many of the Noble Faction's dirty and illegal dealings went to light, causing many problems and a lot of money passed hands to try and cover everything.

Returning to reality, the princess tried to hide her shock and compose herself.

“When exactly... did this happen?”

She asked emotionlessly.

“Around three months ago. Eight Fingers tried to make him submit to them... it didn't end well for them to say the least.”

Said the now ex-prostitute. Her tensed body seemed to have relaxed a bit after seeing Renner not losing her composure.

Everything now clicked together in Renner's head. In the last weeks, she thought she was losing control over the situation, but the truth was that she simply lacked this information and of course didn't consider it while trying to understand what was happening.

In that moment, a new realization greeted her mind. Satoru already had a great deal of influence over the Adventurer's Guild, so much that even adventurer groups from other cities came here to buy his magic items. Now he had full control over the Seven Hands, which meant control over half of the Kingdom by itself. To add to that, he joined the Merchant Guild more than a

month ago and gained the title of Master of Magic, giving him a seat with the other leaders of the guild as their peer.

In short, he was probably on par, if not superior, to the Six Great Nobles. Only the King was above him right now, and the funniest thing was that no one had a clue about any of it. Renner smirked internally at the realization. 'Truly, how could I love any lesser man than him? If I believed in fate, I would say our meeting was a destined one. Truly a worthy man to pursue... the only one capable of understanding me... my Satoru. But still, what kind of power did you need to make such a ruthless organization submit?' She wondered.

{A few days later}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

When Satoru left the meeting room, the sun was already descending toward the horizon. He sighed. This meeting honestly took a lot out of him. He knew that with time, he could avoid going to most meetings, but he had just joined and needed to know how things worked. He needed to know what kind of people he was dealing with.

He must say, he wasn't disappointed. It was clear that most of the Branch Masters had earned their places. They were as cunning as any good merchant should be. They knew when to act and when to watch.

There were 8 Branch Masters composing the Council of Masters. The Master of Metal who dealt with the Kingdom's blacksmiths. The Master of Carts who was in charge of all the transportation businesses.

The Master of Wood who had all the woodcrafters under him.

The Master of Luxury who dealt with all the various luxurious goods.

The Master of Paper who managed all types of objects based around paper, like books, but not magical scrolls.

The Master of Bricks who was in charge of all the businesses regarding construction.

The Master of Bread who dealt with all the businesses selling food and beverages.

The final and newest Master was Satoru himself, the Master of Magic.

At the moment, he had no one under his wing, but he understood that this didn't make any other Master think less of him considering how much money he moved alone.

Goldfinger has been invaluable these last few weeks in guiding him through the various inner workings of the guild. How to interact with his fellow masters and the ones he shouldn't antagonize.

For the first time since he arrived in this world, Satoru felt a little bit of familiarity towards something. He didn't miss his old world of course, but the similarities between this guild and the various companies in his world helped him become more confident.

To add to his joy, he also discovered that his undead summons would not disappear if created using a corpse; at first he feared he would constantly have to replace his guards over Seven Hands, he was very surprised to say the least when he still felt their link even after their summon time expired.

Not like he didn't have a more pressing matter to think about. A few days ago, Hilma told him about the Princess' visit and their

exchange. While the thought of the small princess protecting him warmed Satoru's non-existent heart, the thought of her knowing about his takeover bothered him. After all, she was a princess of the kingdom. She had a certain degree of obligation towards it.

Ordinarily, Satoru would worry more about the fact that she was a child, but he came to accept months ago that the princess was far more mature than most adults. She gave him proof of this many times during their talks about the politics and factions in the Kingdom. She was what most would call a prodigy, but unfortunately the society she grew up in expected her only to be silent and pretty.

Sometimes he could feel the frustration caused by her situation from her tone. He was happy that she had found someone willing to listen to her, namely him. He didn't dare to think what would have become of her if she continued to accumulate all that frustration for years and years. With that mind of hers, she could easily bring down hell upon anyone she wanted to.

Not to say that he didn't enjoy her childish side. She was still quite adorable the few times she pouted or when she didn't show him that demonic smile of hers.

All his doubts were relieved in the few visits after the revelation about Seven Hands. Renner didn't seem to mind at all that he was the leader of the greatest criminal organization in the Kingdom. Hell, she even helped Hilma with some problems and offered to pull some strings at court. He knew she didn't hold much love for her Kingdom but this was still very unsettling. Satoru even asked himself if she hated her own Kingdom.

With these thoughts, he entered his shop. Behind the counter was Hilma, probably still busy counting the money his shop made that day.

“Good evening Satoru, I hope everything went well.”

She greeted him with her usual smile. The magic caster internally smiled. He was happy with how things turned out. Hilma was a good co-worker and a funny person when she wanted to be.

Satoru didn't have such a good experience with past co-workers, so this was refreshing for him. He actually began to appreciate the time they spent together and the long hours he spent inside his shop didn't feel so lonely anymore.

While his emotions were dulled, he could still feel some sort of gratitude toward the woman.

“Yes indeed, how was your day?”

He asked. She sighed.

“Nothing new, but there is someone who wants to see you. He arrived here a few hours ago and even when I explained to him that you were at a meeting, he insisted on waiting for you here. I left him in the living room upstairs.”

She explained. Satoru tensed a little inside. He hoped to conclude this day quickly, but apparently this would not be the case.

“Who is it?”

He asked in a low voice.

“The Guildmaster of the Magician Guild.”

Hilma whispered back. Satoru steeled himself. He knew that this day was coming, but he didn't expect it to come so soon.

Since Satoru's business boomed, the Magician Guild basically fell into ruin. They were backed by the crown, true, but in reality, the majority of their income came from the selling of their magic items at absurd prices when compared to Satoru's. All this would lead to an inevitable clash between the two of them, and now it seemed the time of the clash finally came.

Satoru walked upstairs and entered his living room. The man who sat at his table was around his fifties and had grey hair along with an equally grey beard.

"Good evening sir, I'm sorry for keeping you waiting all this time."

Satoru said, attracting the attention of the man who seemed lost in his thought until Satoru spoke. He immediately stood up and turned toward Satoru.

"Ah! Good evening to you... Sir Satoru, please do not apologize. I came here unannounced. The fact that you had time for me was good enough."

He said. Satoru was relieved the man wasn't acting aggressively. He only met this man once months ago and didn't know what to expect from him.

"Please take a seat and let's talk."

Satoru said, using his more respectful tone. The Guildmaster obeyed and sat back at the table. Satoru did the same.

"Well then, please tell me why you visited me today sir..."

Satoru made the first move.

"Alvean Baluk is my name. I'm the Guildmaster of the Magician Guild in Ro-Lente. As to why I came here today, I'm sure you already have an idea."

The man, Alvean, said. Satoru nodded but didn't say anything.

“Since you arrived in the capital, we have been cut off from the market of magic items and equipment. We cannot afford to sell our products at such low prices. Differently from many of my colleagues, I will not begrudge you for it. Through your actions many adventurers managed to survive their first months in this field of work. Many others managed to improve with your help.”

He paused. His gaze now was directed at Satoru's mask.

“But no matter how noble your actions may be, the reality remains that your business practically doomed the guild itself. Decades ago, we would have had no problems since the crown provided us with plenty of resources, but with the passing of the years, the Noble Faction began to cut our funds. Anymore, we have barely enough money to promote basic researches and I'm sure that in a few years we will receive nothing from the crown.”

The Guildmaster explained.

“Do they want to rid the Kingdom of magic casters?”

Asked Satoru. Alvean grimaced.

“The fools believe our art is a weak and coward way of fighting. The Royal Faction has no interest in protecting us since we hold no political power to use against the Noble Faction. Selling our magic items and equipment was the only way to sustain ourselves.”

Explained the middle-aged man.

“I see... but, I'm still confused, what do you expect me to do about this?”

Asked Satoru.

“Today I came here in hope of reaching an agreement about the general price to place on certain magic items.”

He finally said. Satoru hummed ‘Well let’s see how he reacts to this...’.

“I understand your position, and normally I would have tried to help you, but a certain rumour reached my ears recently. It said that the Magician Guild tried to use their influence on the Adventurer’s Guild to try and ban adventurers from buying my items. Unfortunately for them, that aggressive strategy backfired and as a result, the Adventurer’s Guild cut all relationships with the Magician Guild... is that correct?”

He asked. He remembered reading it in one of Hilma’s reports. It wasn’t supposed to be a public thing, but with his control over Seven Hands, few things managed to slip unnoticed by him nowadays.

The Guildmaster’s gaze fell on the table before sighing.

“I hoped you wouldn’t know that... Yes, some of our members tried that... very questionable route. I am ashamed of what happened and please know that the responsible person has been severely punished.”

He said. The two remained silent for some time. Satoru was evaluating his options here. On the other hand, the Guildmaster seemed to accept the harsh reality of the situation. ‘This meeting was probably their last hope. They have been truly consumed by desperation... Still, I could...’ Satoru fell into a unique train of thought that was opened to him by this new development.

After a few minutes, the Guildmaster stood up.

“I see. Sorry for bothering you at such an hour, Sir Satoru. I wish you a fine evening.”

He said before beginning to walk toward the door.

“Please wait a moment!”

Said Satoru with energy, his brain just managing to hatch a seemingly good plan that would solve many of his current problems if it worked. The Guildmaster stopped and turned toward him once more.

“Are you currently capable of making magic items and equipment around the 3rd tier?”

He asked. The Guildmaster hesitated an instant.

“Umm... yes, I think so, we lost a lot of members, but most of them were young and inexperienced... They all thought they could find a better chance in the Empire. I’m not blaming them for that... but returning to your question, yes we still have our most capable casters. They are surely able to craft such items... still, I don’t know how much time they will remain part of the guild...”

He said hesitantly. Satoru nodded and gestured at the chair he previously sat on.

“Please sit, I think I may have a good offer for you, if you are willing to listen of course.”

He said. For a moment, a ray of hope flashed from the Guildmaster’s eyes, he immediately returned to the table and sat.

“Very well. Please listen carefully. My future plans for my business consist in opening a shop in every major city of the Re-

Estize Kingdom. Preferably, every city where there is an Adventurer's Guild."

He began. This was something he and Hilma were evaluating very seriously. It would be quite easy with the new support of Seven hands to both create and protect a business like that. The Guildmaster's mouth opened in surprise.

"That is surely... an ambitious prospect... but seeing how your business boomed here I cannot blame you... but what-"

The Guildmaster began.

"Please stop. Let me finish and leave questions for the end."

Satoru interrupted him, the Guildmaster closed his mouth and nodded.

"Very well: The only problem with this plan is that... I'm only one man. I barely manage to have enough merchandise for this store. There is no way I can enchant enough items for two or even more."

He explained. The Guildmaster's eyes widened in shock at his words.

"Please wait! Do you mean to tell me that you personally enchant every item you sell! Considering the amount you sell each day... that would require a monstrous magical pool!!!"

He almost shouted in shock. Satoru didn't know how to respond to that and simply decided to ignore it.

"For that reason, I require people capable of enchanting magical items and equipment with lower tiers in a great amount, in exchange for that service I will fund your guild."

Satoru finally explained the central part of his plan.

“Of course, I will make sure you receive the items to enchant.”

He clarified. The Guildmaster nodded. He crossed his arms and began to think about Satoru’s offer. After around a minute he spoke.

“How much... are we speaking exactly?”

He asked unsure. ‘Well... not the politest question... but still understandable’ thought Satoru.

“That depends. How many magic casters do you have at your disposal?”

He asked. The Guildmaster thought for a moment.

“Around 300, but of course, if we ever come back to our previous state, others will begin to join.”

He answered with confidence. Satoru hummed once more.

“Well... tell me, let’s say you have an infinite amount of materials, how many well-crafted magic items could you produce each week with that number of members?”

Satoru asked eager to know the answer, the Guildmaster thought hard for almost a minute before speaking.

“Well, with those circumstances I would say... around 1000 1st tier items, 600 2nd tier items and 200 3rd tier items every week... I think.”

He said. ‘Oh... that is better than I expected! Good!’ Satoru happily thought as silence descended on the room ‘what is he waitin-Oh! Right!’.

“Uhm... that is a good number... how about a monthly fund of 500 gold coins?”

He asked. The Guildmaster's eyes widened once more. 'Oh shit! Is it too little? Well, it is a lot of items so... maybe I was too greedy... wait!' Satoru panicked inside.

"Of course, this is just a testing period, once I see that this cooperation is giving good results, I can increase the fun--"

Satoru tried to add.

"INCREASE?!"

Shouted the Guildmaster standing up from his chair and slamming his hands on the table.

"WE ONLY GET 150 GOLD COINS EACH MONTH FROM THE CROWN! EVEN WHEN WE WERE SELLING MAGIC ITEMS, WE COULD BARELY REACH 400 COINS! THERE MUST BE AN ERROR! THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!"

The Guildmaster continued to yell.

"W-well... 500 gold coins is what I earn in a week, so I don't think there will be a prob--"

"A WEEK?!?!?! THIS CANNOT BE! I MUST BE DREAMING! YES, THIS IS A DREAM!"

The Guildmaster interrupted him before slapping himself over and over on the face.

"P-please calm down!"

Said Satoru. It took almost ten minutes to calm down the Guildmaster and making him sit once more.

"I-I deeply apologize for my behaviour... but... this is true right... you are not joking, right?"

Alvean said a bit embarrassed.

“Yes... this is my offer, but I have a certain reputation to maintain, so I will need the items to be enchanted the best you can. I can't offer my clients damaged or not working items.”

He explained.

“Of course! If you find any kind of problem with any item, contact me immediately! I will make sure to punish anyone who made such a sloppy work!”

The Guildmaster spoke with energy.

“Umu... very well... so how about we write a contract with what we just agreed on. Let's make two copies so we will both have it in case we need to consult it.”

He said before offering his gloved hand. The Guildmaster took it immediately and shook it.

“Also, you said, many of your members went to the Empire. Could you tell me about their politics on magic there?”

The masked caster asked politely.

That day another piece of the capital fell into the hands of Satoru, the arcane magic caster. What will he do with the three most important guilds now deeply linked to him?

A.N.

And cut! Hope you liked this new chapter and the return of businessman Satoru! I know some of you missed him. Also, for those who asked both in PM and reviews, there will be no human Satoru in this fic. I find the idea... distasteful to say the least and it doesn't help that it is usually used for stuff I have no interest in writing.

Well speaking of something else, I'm finally done with my exams for this session, so why don't you leave a review? A lot of stuff happened this time and I'm eager to know what you think these new developments will bring in the future! Well then. What are you waiting for? Review!