

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

I’m doing far better than I expected with my Christmas Special. I’m already halfway through, so I think it’s time for the TWTS’ December chapter.

Before starting, I would like to say something. I would like for you readers to not force me to explain every phrase I write. By this, I don’t mean to insult any of you and making an example may be better. In the last chapter, I had Satoru ask Hilma if she was used to violence. Hilma, of course, thought he was referring to the Eight Fingers and since I didn’t show Satoru’s side some people were confused on what he meant.

That little thing was a test for you readers to deduce the fact that Satoru was referring to the treatment prostitutes were used to in the middle ages. Some people truly believed he knew about the Eight Fingers. I wanted to see if some people deduced it.

I will warn you, there is going to be stuff like this in this story. Explaining every single phrase from all possible POVs would be a nightmare and totally destroy the pacing of the story.

If there is something a lot of people can’t seem to grasp, I will just explain it in a note, but I hope to not have to do it often.

**Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!);
Sirwertsalot (Don't concern yourself with my sanity. It was gone
long before I started this editing marathon.)**

Chapter 7: The Sorcerer's Assistant

Hilma Cygnaeus was born from the union of her mother and her father like all other children. The unfortunate thing was that her mother was a high class prostitute under Eight Fingers and her father, whose identity she learned when she was 8 only because he came back to have fun with her mother and didn't care if Hilma watched, was the third son of a poor noble house.

She grew up between whores, some willing and some just broken toys for the enjoyment of the most sadistic customers. She learned how to please a man at the age of 10, courtesy of her mother, and lost her virginity at the age of 12.

Her mother was beautiful, but she had wasted herself with drugs. She slowly lost her beauty and as she began to lose customers, she became paranoid about turning into one of the broken toys. She made Hilma work in her place. Those years were the hardest. Hilma remembered how the faces of those men... no, those pigs, would haunt her in her nightmares.

Fortunately for her, her mother died of an overdose only a year later. She remembered as she watched cloaked men bring her body away. Her lifeless eyes, the smile of ecstasy still plastered on her face. Only after two years did she learn that her mother's body had been brought to another customer, who felt like having a different experience that day, before burning it.

That day was the day she swore to never touch a drug in her life. And to conduct such a life without drugs has been hard... oh so

very hard. She wanted to end it all sometimes. Those pigmen continued to haunt her. More and more faces were added to her nightmares.

This could have broken a lesser woman, but Hilma was no lesser woman. She refused to break. She refused to end like her mother, a plaything for a sick pig.

When she wasn't haunted by her nightmares, she began to dream of greatness, of reaching the top and looking down on everyone else.

Her mind steeled, her body softened for the enjoyment of the pigmen. She felt the fear being replaced by indifference. Disgust became hate. She will reach the top no matter what. She will endure everything to achieve it and then she will crush them all like the insects they were.

During these long years, she advanced into the corrupted side of the Kingdom. Step by step, position by position, she rose in power. She finally managed to make contact with Ampetif Cocco Doll. At the time she met him, he worked as one of the managers of the greatest brothel of Ro-Lente. In only a few months, he became one of the fingers as the chief manager of the brothel section.

She used her contacts with him to get even more important jobs. She became a spy, an assassin. She began to be noticed by the Eight Fingers leaders as a capable woman. During that period of time, she was finally ordered to kill her father. Surprisingly, the contractors for this assassination was his family. They had finally discovered how he stole money from them for his sick pleasures and wanted him killed. It was truly ironic, that she had been the one to put poison in his drink as he was too occupied smacking

her ass. She remembered the sick pleasure welling up as she saw the pig drink the wine. How she was turned on as he began to cough and fell on the ground, hands around his throat. They burned him like all the others.

She continued to live. Her life was devoted to reach the top and nothing would stop her. And then the day came, when she was ordered to poison and abduct a magic caster that only arrived in the city a few weeks ago. He established a business that began to move an incredible quantity of money. Not to speak about the influence he was gaining in the Adventurers' Guild. They had always been a thorn in Eight Fingers' side. If they took control of his business, they could partially influence the Adventurers' Guild. In the best possible outcome, even control it and make it part of their organization.

She obviously accepted. If she succeeded in the job, she would surely reach a position among the Fingers themselves. Maybe they will give her old Lube's occupation. He was the leader of the drug dealing section and wasn't really liked by the other Fingers for his attitude. He thought himself above them because he was older. They would gladly eliminate him to make place for her.

All those dreams of greatness, power and domination were now shattered. She lied on the bed the magic caster Satoru, her target, provided her. Probably the most comfortable bed she had used in her whole life.

She was now a captive. She failed her mission and even if she managed to escape, Eight Fingers would not forget it. Failure was not permitted. They would of course continue to use her skills, but she would no longer have any possibility to reach the top.

She felt a shiver going down her spine despite the warmth under the blanket. It was already night outside and the magic caster Satoru already left her alone in the room.

Satoru. She didn't know what to think of him. No one ever treated her with such gentleness. He was no pigmen like the others. He didn't try to force himself on her, even if she was a prostitute. The worst thing was that she couldn't get a grasp on his character.

During their conversation, he asked about her. Did she have a family? A home? Was she being exploited? He sounded almost concerned for her wellbeing. Not even her parents ever cared about her.

Was he aware of her mission? At first, she was sure of it, but now she felt confused. Was this all a tactic to make her lower her guard? Or was he truly unaware about the plot against him? If it was the latter, she still had a chance of succeeding in her mission. She just had to take him by surprise, maybe by seducing him and then incapacitating him. If she learned one thing about men in all her years, it was that no matter how powerful they were, when they were done they were done. No man would have the strength to harm a mosquito after they consumed all their lust.

With those thoughts she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

{The next day}

When Hilma opened her eyes, the first thing she noticed was that the sun was almost at its peak in the sky. 'Did I sleep so much?' She wondered. Normally she didn't sleep more than 6 hours, but maybe the stress of the situation and the comfortable bed gave her body the right push to enjoy a proper sleep.

She stood from her bed and washed her face using the water in the small basin next to her bed. She made sure to wash away all her makeup and tried to fix her messy hair the best she could. When she opened her door, she noticed clothes placed on the ground. The magic caster must have left them there for her. She couldn't exactly continue to wear her prostitute outfit. What perplexed her was the fact that he left them outside of the door. 'Did he avoid entering in the room without my consent? No, no man in this world would have such respect for a prostitute. There is no way... but if not that, why?' She wondered in her mind as she changed her clothes.

The clothes were nothing fancy, but neither were they a poor choice. They were normal commoner clothes. In some strange way, she almost felt like a maid with these clothes on.

She descended the stairs only to find Satoru helping some customers in his shop. They seemed to be adventurers. She noticed a boy around 16 seemingly undecided between two helmets. Her mischievous mind entered in full business mode and slowly approached him from behind.

"Excuse me..."

She whispered in the boy's ear. He almost jumped in surprise as he immediately turned and blushed madly as he noticed the vicinity of her face to his. After all, she was still an attractive 19 year old woman, even without her makeup, revealing dress and fancy hairstyle.

"I noticed you having a problem deciding between those two pieces of armor... may I help you?"

He simply continued to gasp at her as her words slowly sank in.

“I must say they are both beautiful and resistant. They are made out of a very *hard* material of course. I bet girls would fan over you with those... why not buy them both? You will show how good you are. You would even have spare pieces of armor like a true seasoned adventurer...”

She said in a sultry voice. The adventurer’s blush intensified as she saw a reaction in his pants. ‘Too easy’.

A few minutes later, she saw them leaving the shop. While they were exiting, she heard one of the older adventurers ask the boy why the hell he bought two. She smirked as she felt a satisfying sensation wash over her. She felt good. She didn’t know why, but she felt good.

“Have you slept well Miss Cygnaeus?”

She heard the voice of her target come from behind her. She turned toward him. he was as intimidating as she remembered him

“I’m fine, Lord Satoru, thank you for your kindness.”

She said. He simply nodded and moved to close the door of the shop.

“You do not sell during the afternoon?”

She asked curiously. She saw his shop open sometimes during the afternoon, while she was spying on him.

“Today I’m receiving guests. And there aren’t many adventurers coming during the afternoon anyway. They are all going on quests.”

He explained as he began to tidy up the various objects on the shelves.

“May I help you?”

She asked. He thought for a moment, before nodding and putting in her hands a bunch of scrolls.

“Order them by tier and typology please.”

She nodded and began to examine the scrolls. She wasn't familiar with some of them, but she managed to divide them quite well.

“You seem to be familiar with magic items.”

He observed. ‘Shit! Was this a trap? I lowered my guard!’.

“I learned from my grandfather. He was a magic caster. Unfortunately, the small fortune he managed to gather was wasted by my father's lifestyle.”

As she finished explaining her fake story, she felt the air freeze around her, then Satoru placed one of his gloved hands on her shoulder. ‘Did he see through my lie?’ She wondered as she tensed her body, ready to put up a desperate defence.

“A parent, who doesn't care for their children, is the worst scum in the world. Excuse the personal question Miss Cygnaeus, but is he the cause of your current condition?”

He asked. She lowered her gaze as the words escaped her lips before she realized it.

“Yes, it was his fault.”

She whispered. As the air became colder and colder she began to lightly tremble.

“Is that so? Remember Miss Cygnaeus, we are not our parents and no child should suffer for what their parents have done. You

are welcome to stay here for as long as you wish. It isn't much, but it's all I can offer you."

He said as the air became warm again 'Truly I can't understand him. Is he clueless or is this a trick?'

"I saw how you dealt with that customer before. While I don't approve of using certain tactics, I must say you have quite the attitude for business... say, while you decide what to do with your life why don't you become my assistant? Of course, we will put down a written contract to ensure all your rights as a worker are respected."

This was the first time Hilma heard a happy voice coming from him. It was beautiful, deep and strong. she almost felt like in the presence of... a king.

"So what do you say Miss Cygnaeus? Of course if you need time to--"

"Hilma, please call me Hilma, Lord Satoru. And... I gladly accept your offer."

She interrupted him, a large smile on her face. 'I will find out your true intentions Lord Satoru. You can bet on it'.

"Then please call me Satoru."

Before either of the two could say anything else, the shop's door opened, and three figures entered. One she recognized as Gazef Stronoff, the Warrior Captain. The other two were short and their whole bodies were covered by cloaks.

"Ah my guests have arrived. Please come upstairs. I see you brought someone this time. A friend maybe? Also, good

afternoon to you Sir Gazef. Feel free to look around. I have some new wares that arrived just this morning.”

{Renner’s P.O.V.}

She sat at the usual table in her Satoru’s house. Next to her Lakys emulated her. They were in the usual room. Her Satoru sat in front of her, but today she felt different. A new emotion was stirring inside her. Her hands clenched under the table and she felt her blood boil. All of this, while she couldn’t remove her eyes from the other woman in the room. She wore commoner’s clothes, but even Renner couldn’t deny her beauty. Her Satoru seemed to notice her gaze on her, because he quickly interrupted the silence.

“Ah, Princess Renner, it’s always an honor to have you here. May I introduce my new assistant, Hilma Cygnaeus. Hilma, this is Princess Renner, third princess of the Kingdom.”

He introduced her. The commoner seemed stunned for a moment. Who wouldn’t be?

“I-I’m h-honored my p-princess!”

The young woman bowed to her, making that sensation inside her intensify.

“Could you bring something to eat for the young maidens, Hilma?”

He asked her gently. Renner’s right eye began to twitch in annoyance ‘Is this... Might this be... the famous jealousy of a young maiden... like the one in the books I used to read years ago?’ She wondered inside.

“By the way Princess, would you please introduce your friend?”

As Hilma left, Satoru directly addressed her, making all that horrible sensation go away. She almost forgot Lakyus was there for a moment.

“Ah, of course! This is Lakyus Alvein Dale Aindra, daughter of the Aindra noble family and my current handmaiden. And as I said before, Renner is enough, no honorifics in private.”

She said.

“P-pleased to meet you... Sir Satoru.”

The young 10-year-old green-eyed girl said bowing her head in an elegant and noble way.

“Satoru will be enough, Lady Lakyus. Renner’s friends are my friends too.”

He said in a gentle tone.

“T-then please call me Lakyus!”

She said with renewed energy at his friendliness.

In that moment, Hilma came back with some tea and cake she elegantly laid on the table. All except Satoru began to eat. As soon as Lakyus put the cake in her mouth, her eyes widened in shock and began to shine.

“D-d-delicious! This is the most delicious cake I have ever had! Satoru! Where did you get it? Not even the royal cooks’ food can compare to this!”

Renner was surprised at Lakyus’ outburst. She had never acted like this before. ‘Is this the true Lakyus? Has Satoru managed to bring out her true colours?... Yes, it must be that! You are truly the only beautiful thing in the world Satoru... my Satoru...’ Her mind began to lose itself in her fantasies.

“Well, I made them with my magic.”

Explained Satoru. Lakyus’ eyes widened in shock.

“Magic can do that! So cool!”

She exclaimed with the wonder of a child that discovered a box of candies.

“Well, I’m the only one here who is able to use this magic. It seems like the magic casters of the Kingdom are a bit too old school.”

From that moment on, the conversation continued as it always does. Renner spoke about what happened in the court. Since she met Satoru, she began to pay extra attention to all that happened so she could give all valuable information to him.

“Did you know Satoru? Lakyus took a liking to the last blade you sold to the Warrior Captain. You should have seen her eyes as she looked at the blade.”

Renner said, finally addressing the reason why her handmaiden was there. Said handmaiden blushed.

“P-princess!”

She said out in embarrassment.

“Oh there is nothing to be embarrassed about. A passion is a passion. I once had a friend who had a passion that many considered wrong and laughed at him for it, but he never hid it from others. He didn’t care if the whole world laughed at him. He would still continue to cultivate his passion no matter what.”

Satoru said. Lakyus, while still embarrassed, looked at him in amazement, probably imagining what type of friend Satoru could

have. 'My Satoru truly knows his way with words. That is something I still have to master,' Renner reminded herself.

"What was his passion Satoru?"

Asked an excited Lakyus. Satoru hesitated a moment.

"Ah... uhm... it is not something young girls should be informed about..."

The excitement disappeared from Lakyus face as a pout appeared.

"Ah, well if you are interested in blades... what about this?"

As Satoru said that, his gloved hand disappeared in a dark void. Both girls' eyes widened in surprise. After a moment, he extracted something from the dark void and placed it on the table. Lakyus jumped up from her chair as a mad grin appeared on her face and her eyes shined with a greedy light.

What Satoru put on the table was a sword. The hilt was made of a white mineral she couldn't recognize with a glowing ruby in the middle. The blade was bluish, the same colour of ice. It shone with a pale light as if the blade was producing it. Renner never saw such a thing before. She even saw the Kingdom's treasures a few times before, but none of them looked as good as this one. 'Satoru is truly amazing! He even possesses such artifacts and he takes them out like it is nothing. It makes me wonder what else he is hiding... a mysterious magic caster of incredible talent and wealth... My Satoru, I must reach you as soon as possible!'

"Is this orichalcum?!"

Lakyus exclaimed with excitement in her tone that Renner had never heard before. The green-eyed girl slowly approached the blade with her hands.

“Yes, the blade is made of orichalcum. The hilt is made out of white Rectural stone. Almost indestructible. It is enchanted with various spells. The most important are those of the ice element imbued into it and its ability known as [Servant of Cocito]. It allows the user to summon a small army of ice monsters that will fight for you. It is a 4th tier spell but a good placed [Fireball] is its worst enemy.”

Satoru explained the details about the sword as Lakyus touched it, treating it as if it was a relic from centuries ago.

“D-did you create this?!”

Asked the young girl.

“Oh no! I didn’t. I found it years ago in an old ruin far away from here. You see Lakyus, I’m quite the collector. If I find something unique, I will have it no matter what. If I had the right materials, I may be able to replicate this sword, but it would be an insult to its uniqueness and history.”

He said. Lakyus eyes now looked at him with what Renner deduced was admiration. ‘Stay down Lakyus. I like you, but Satoru belongs to me!’

{Three days later}

{Hilma’s P.O.V.}

Hilma was now sure of it. Satoru didn’t know anything about her. He didn’t offer her a place in his business to make sure he could watch her closely. He didn’t offer her a comfortable bed and

delicious food to trick her. He did all of that, because he truly believed that she was an abused prostitute, who could only sustain herself through that type of job.

He wanted to give her the chance of having a new normal life. If she didn't observe him before, she would think that it was all a trick. A lesser man would have already abused her and forced himself on her. But Satoru was no lesser man. He was no pigman like the others. And his compassion didn't come from the fact he was weak and knew the hardship of weakness, no... he was strong. So strong she couldn't even comprehend how to compare him to the other people she knew. His compassion came from his heart. His gentleness towards all no matter how rude they were or who they were was genuine. This was...

In only three days, he had changed her. At first, she tried everything she could to seduce him, but it didn't seem to work. In the meantime, she continued to work in his shop. He wrote a contract for her. He called it an employment contract. She would get 5% of the whole monthly earnings. Considering how much people spent there each day, it was quite a lot. She calculated it and it would be around twenty times what she would earn as a high-class prostitute. But money was only part of why she liked her job. She felt good everytime she convinced someone to buy what she presented. It felt good to be able to sell something other than her body. She was good at it; she was so damn good at it! She wondered many times what could have been of her, if she hadn't been born in that environment, and now she was sure she would be doing something similar to this.

“It's finally over. Thank you for your work today.”

Said Satoru as he closed the door.

He, of course, was the other half of why she enjoyed her job so much. She found herself at ease around him. She was scared and intimidated at first, but that was gone now. She found out he was one of the first people she could get along very well with.

The realization of all of this came to her mind only today. After all, today was the day she had to make a choice. A choice that will decide the rest of her life.

If she didn't report to Eight Fingers before tomorrow, they were going to assume she was dead and act accordingly. They will send someone else, and they will discover she is alive and well. Once they learn that, they will put her down alongside Satoru for her treason.

She could try to capture Satoru and bring him to them. It was the easiest way out. She will rise and finally reach the power she desired. He didn't suspect her. She could easily stab him in the back.

They began to tidy up the shop and soon her opportunity presented itself. She was ordering some enchanted daggers. He was just two meters away, busy with some scrolls, turning his back to her. One of the daggers in her hands had a paralyzing enchantment imbued into it. 'Now it's the time!'

She grabbed the paralyzing dagger and turned toward him. She took a step forward. Her heart was pounding. It has been a good time, probably the best three days of her life. But all good times must come to their ends. She felt like the shadow of a hand on her shoulder. A big gloved comforting hand. She raised her dagger, ready to strike. A voice, deep, gentle and strong entered her mind. 'You did a great job... I truly appreciate your help... no

one should suffer for the sins of their parents...' The dagger fell on the ground as tears began to flow down her face.

Her knees gave out and she fell on the floor. Now she was openly sobbing. Immediately, Satoru was startled by the noise and turned to see her sobbing on the ground with a dagger next to her. He immediately knelt to her level.

"Are you hurt? Did you cut yourself?"

He asked in a worried tone. 'I... I can't!... This man... this is the only man I could never kill... why?... why?... what is this emptiness I feel inside?' She continued to sob as Satoru examined her in search of a wound, but her wound was not a physical one. Her soul had been torn into two parts, fighting for dominance. One was her lust for power, the other was something else. A desire, a need... something she only realized now she was missing all her life... happiness.

The happiness only Satoru gave her. In that moment, she admitted her defeat. She raised her tear-stained face to gaze at Satoru's mask.

'If I tell him the truth he will hate me, but if I don't we will both die. He is powerful, but even he couldn't challenge Eight Fingers. If I wasn't so stupid and told him sooner, we could have asked the help of the princess or the adventurers... Now our only hope is to escape this city...' She swallowed hard, before she made her final choice and opened her mouth.

"Satoru, I-I need to t-tell you s-s-something..."

And so, she explained everything to him; Eight Fingers, her mission, her spying, her life, her desire, her final choice.

It took almost four hours to explain everything that happened. As soon as she concluded, she closed her eyes, not wanting to see his reaction. Even with his mask on, she would be able to tell his reaction thanks to her experience in reading body language. Was he disgusted by her? Was he angry? Did he hate her?... would he kill her?

As she awaited her fate to be decided, she heard heavy steps approaching her until they stopped just in front of her. Then she felt a gloved gentle hand grasp her shoulder while the other pushed her head forward against something soft. Her eyes snapped open.

He had pushed her head against his elegant robe as a mother would while consoling her child, not that Hilma ever experienced such a thing.

“It’s all right. Everything will be alright...”

He said as he caressed her long blond hair. She felt tears return to her eyes. ‘It was a lost cause from the start... how could I kill him? If there is something truly good in this world, he must be its incarnation. There is no way I could strike him down...’

“W-we need to r-run away from here.”

She whispered.

“No, we are going to fight them.”

At his words she shook her head.

“I-it’s impossible. We don’t have time t-to ask help from the princess and r-recruit adventurers.”

“Who said anything about asking for help? They both tried to abduct me and ruined countless other lives... This will end today.”

He said in his usual calm tone. Hilma raised her eyes to look at his mask, confusion evident on her face.

“I think the time has finally come for me to descend on the battlefield once more...”

At his words, a storm of power engulfed Hilma; dark, cold, raw power like she never felt before. She opened her eyes wide as if she were a newborn who saw the world for the first time. And as any innocent and naïve child, she believed him.

A.N.

Ok, ok, I know you wanted to see some action, but this chapter was needed. I have plans for Hilma and she had to be introduced well. Next chapter is action time (also I'm pretty proud I managed to write an overlord fanfiction around 30k words without a single fight scene shown and still managed to have so many followers, thank you all!).

Ok also, this chapter may seem off to most of you and that is because this is the first chapter without a Satoru's POV. I made this decision because next chapter will be full Satoru POV.

Also, for those who think Hilma changed a bit too quickly, well she didn't exactly “change”. It would be better to say that she discovered, after so many years, what it means to be appreciated and important for someone else, that didn't want to use her for themselves. Also, Satoru represents the realization of her desire for power in a certain sense, so it's natural she is somehow attracted (not in a sexual way) to him. I took some liberties with her story. Hope you don't mind.

Well, that was a long note... Review! Reviews are the fuel for us writers! And I love most of the reviews for this story! Take care and stay safe!