

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Howdy! I’m in the middle of my summer exam session, so yeah, pretty busy right now. Still, I managed to put together this chapter. I just didn’t want to leave you guys with nothing for more than a month. All those reviews were just the right fuel to make me write during this very mentally exhausting period.

So yeah, thank you all as always for that! Hope you enjoy the chapter and continue to support me with your wonderful reviews!

Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!); SirWertsalot (This is the first fanfiction I’ve read that doesn’t immediately fall into one of the stereotypical tropes. I never have any idea what to expect from each new chapter, and I love that about this one. Hope all of you do as well. Don’t forget to Follow and Review!)

Chapter 13: Broken Blade

Satoru looked down at the unconscious man now lying in his cart. ‘Why is he here again?’ he asked himself as his eyes fell on Gazef ‘Oh, yeah. We couldn’t just leave him there to die’ he internally sighed in defeat.

Next to him, the small form of Renner shifted as she pressed her little body more against him. By now he got used to having to use illusion magic on himself to mimic a body under his gown. It was

a good thing he made a habit out of it since the first time she hugged him almost a year before. True, he had to cast the magic once a day but it wasn't all that costly to begin with. It was a basic spell that would dispel if he took damage, but taking into account his High Physical Nullification, it was very unlikely that he would get caught.

"I still can't believe it Satoru."

Said Gazef out loud, attracting the attention of the magic caster as he patted Renner's head in a way that he knew she loved.

"What kind of enchantment can nullify that kind of strike and break a fine blade like that?"

Satoru just shrugged his shoulders.

"I already told you Gazef; I didn't enchant this, I found it in an ancient ruin years ago. To be honest, I can't tell what tier this particular spell is since all my appraisal spells failed when I tried to use them on it."

A year before, he wouldn't have been able to give a valid justification to this but since he discovered that finding powerful items in ancient ruins was a common thing in this world, everything became easier to explain to others without giving away his Yggdrasil origin or sounding suspicious.

Gazef just sighed in defeat and his eyes fell on Brain's unconscious form.

"When we reach E-Rantel, I'm going to leave him there. You know that, right?"

Satoru said, following Gazef's gaze. The Warrior Captain nodded.

“Yes, I understand. I’m grateful that you would honour my request of bringing him with us... I just couldn’t leave him to die like that. I think that he could still redeem himself from his sins. He is a very talented warrior after all.”

Gazef explained.

“I just did it because I respect you Gazef. I’m not as honourable as you and if he tries anything like that again when he wakes up, I will put him down for good this time.”

Satoru said in a firm tone. Gazef nodded in acknowledgement of his statement.

“Of course, if he does that, you have every right to end him. The fact he didn’t attack Princess Renner or young Lakyus was a major factor in my decision to ask you to bring him with us.”

Gazef revealed.

{4 days later}

{Brain’s P.O.V.}

The blue haired swordman known as Brain Unglaus took a sip of water from a flask given to him, his dead eyes looking in front of him as the cart continued to move forward.

He had been like this since he woke up 3 days ago and realized that what he lived through wasn’t a nightmare induced by some fever, but instead a harsh reality that slapped him in the face with the force of a dragon’s tail.

Gazef, being the fool he was, thought it was a good idea to bring his most hate-filled rival along on a trip with him, not that Brain thought about attacking him or anyone else. First, he didn’t have a weapon to begin with, and even if he had one, it was almost

impossible to kill either Gazef or that monstrous magic caster. And even IF he managed to do that by some miracle, what would that demonstrate? Absolutely nothing, He would not become the greatest swordman in the kingdom by backstabbing the current one. No, he would only prove himself even more pathetic than he already was.

He looked up at the blue sky. Why didn't they just leave him to die there? What was the point on living anymore if it's clear that he could never achieve his dreams?

Maybe he should just give up and forget. 'yes, forget everything... return home... just never touch a blade again... pretend this was all a drunken dream... would Laia forgive me if I returned now? Just live as a farmer... wouldn't that be nice?' he wondered as he felt tears flow down his face once more.

"I see the city!"

Cried out the older blond girl. He turned to see with his own eyes the high walls of the Fortress City, E-Rantel.

{Few hours later}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

Satoru was surprised at how quickly he managed to enter the city. When he first arrived at the gate, there were a lot of people in line to enter and every last one of them was being magically checked for anything illegal or strange.

Well, not like he didn't expect that. After all, this was a city on the border of the country. People had to be cautious about who they let in. That aside, he didn't expect to be so easily recognized. The only way he could explain it was that somehow rumours began to spread after his visit in E-Pespel. Adventurers were known to go

from city to city after all. Now that he thought about it more, that wasn't an unreasonable outcome.

Anyway, once a guard recognized him, they immediately let him enter the city, skipping the line without checking him. To be honest, Satoru felt a bit bad for all those people who were waiting in line for hours, but he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

With those thoughts, he sat on his bed. That particular inn was pretty popular among high class people. The furniture surely matched that rumor at least. The room itself was pretty big, almost like his dining room back in the capital; it was well decorated and had a personal bathroom, something he has yet to install in his new home in the capital.

Seeing how bad even high-class bathrooms were, he felt relief in knowing his body would never have such needs.

His train of thought was interrupted when a little blond girl jumped next to him on the bed, those sky-blue eyes fixed on him. After so many months, he got used to it but that didn't mean he wouldn't appreciate it if she stopped looking at him like that.

That said, he felt satisfied when their gazes met. He could clearly see the change in those eyes; when they first met, they were almost devoid of any life or emotion in general. Now he could clearly see a light shining in them. He saw happiness and wonder pass through those eyes many times in the previous months, and knowing he had a big role in that change brought a strange sort of satisfaction to his non-existent heart.

Renner has always been such a strange child. At first, he thought of her like a lost puppy. That was before discovering the monster

behind that façade; even then that wasn't exactly true. She was a very gifted girl whose potential was repressed for years. What made her what she was today were the emotions she had to bottle up for so many years. Or at least this is what Satoru thought to himself. He was no psychologist after all. A monster would not have been the right word to describe her. The ones who called her that didn't truly know her. Not how Satoru did.

She was a broken thing, similar to how he was back in his old world... like many of his friends were. Maybe it was for that reason that he was so determined to help her. She reminded him of his friends and how he was unable to help any of them, resulting in them quitting the game.

“-ru! Satoru! Are you listening to me?”

The voice of the young princess reached him as he was losing himself in old memories.

“Hm... sorry Renner. My mind was wandering through old memories... what were you saying again?”

He asked. The princess pouted, making her most childish part come out. Satoru internally smirked at that.

“I was telling you about how strange what happened today was... I know you are becoming fairly famous around the kingdom thanks to your business expansion, but still, guards couldn't possibly act like that on their own... there is something strange behind it...”

She said with a thoughtful expression on her face ‘I asked myself the same thing... so it wasn't only me imagining things, eh?’ he thought.

“So... what would your brilliant mind suggest? Is this some kind of trap?”

He asked half joking, half serious. The young princess blushed at the compliment and that devilish smile blossomed on her face as she rested her head on his side.

“W-well... the order probably came from someone very powerful in this city; as for why... I doubt anyone wants to harm you. Take advantage of you? Possibly. Harming you? Very unlikely...”

She vocalised her thoughts; Satoru hummed in understanding ‘better safe than sorry’ he thought.

“Presently, I don’t think even one of the Six Great Nobles could get away with harming you directly. The retaliations of the adventurer, magician and merchant guilds would be devastating for any of them... not to mention your jolly secret organization...”

She explained.

“Is that so...”

He mumbled. ‘It’s a good thing I left most stuff in Hilma’s and Goldfinger’s hands. I don’t want to screw it up and start a war by accident... so much for making some money...’ he thought in exasperation. He never wanted all this responsibility; he just wanted some money to live comfortably and a safe place to live in. ‘how did this all happen? Some god must be laughing at me right now’.

Silence dominated the room for several minutes before Renner’s body shifted against him. She looked up at him with those deep sky blue eyes of hers, an unreadable expression on her face.

“Say Satoru...”

She began in a low tone, her face moving closer to his mask.

“What kind of person... do you like the most?”

She finally asked; seeing how she tensed up, Satoru thought she would ask some very important and delicate question. He was taken aback by the chill question and didn't answer immediately.

'I'm pretty sure there is something that I'm missing here... but I can't get it! Why is she so serious about this?! Does she give such importance to social interaction? Maybe it is just that... but still...' as he was trying to give a sense to the sudden change of mood, he realized that he was taking too much time to answer her question.

“Well... uhm... people I like the most, eh? No one ever asked me that... if I had to choose, I guess... people I like the most are those who can make the best of what they have.”

He said as he tried to give form to his confused thoughts.

“Making the best of what they have?”

The third princess asked with a confused expression.

“Uhm yes... Ambition is something to be admired, but ambition without a solid plan to achieve it is to be despised just as much... the greater your ambition is, the greater a mind you must have to achieve it. And if you manage to achieve it, it just shows how great a person you are... or at least this is how I see it.”

He tried to explain himself. Renner didn't immediately respond but after a few seconds she slowly nodded.

“So... if i-“

*KNOCK**KNOCK*

Before she could finish, Renner was interrupted by someone knocking on Satoru's door. She immediately covered herself with her traveling cloak while Satoru went to open the door.

Outside of his room stood a blond-haired man with an equally thick blond moustache and beard. Satoru recognized him immediately as the innkeeper who welcomed them before.

"Is there a problem, sir?"

Asked Satoru, trying to sound friendly. The middle-aged man bowed to him.

"I deeply apologize for the inconvenience, Lord Satoru, but the city mayor, Lord Panasolei Gruze Day Rettenmaier, wishes to speak with you. I made him wait in one of our finest private rooms; what should I tell him?"

The man asked with all the politeness he could muster after years and years of dealing with nobles.

To be honest, Satoru didn't have much of a choice.

"I see, it would be rude to make him wait then."

The innkeeper seemed relieved at Satoru's acceptance of the offer. 'well, if I refused, he would have been the one to relay my answer to the mayor' the magic caster thought before turning to the cloaked Renner.

"Wait here."

He said before walking out of the room following the innkeeper.

{Brain's P.O.V.}

He downed his fourth beer and slammed the thick glass on the counter. He could feel the effect of the alcohol on his body,

numbing it. That was good. He didn't want to feel anything at the moment. He didn't want to think about anything.

As his eyes began to close, he felt someone approaching him from behind.

"So, you were here."

A young female voice said. He opened his left eye a bit, only to see one of the blond girls who travelled with him for the last three days. He ignored her.

"What are you doing here?"

She asked. He grunted in response.

"Can't you see? I'm trying to drown myself in beer and just forget my life."

He spat out but the girl just looked at him in confusion. Seeing that the girl was not leaving, he stood up as much as the alcohol in his body allowed him to.

"What the hell do you want from me, girl?!"

He said trying to intimidate her. He was usually a very composed person, but the recent events and alcohol were forcing words out of his mouth. However, the girl didn't seem to mind at all and just smiled.

"I want you to train me!"

Those words stunned the half-drunk swordsman. There was no way he just heard those words. 'I must be really drunk' he thought.

"W-what?"

He asked. The girl defiantly pointed a finger at his chest.

“I said I want you to train me!”

Ok, there was no way he misheard her a second time.

“Why?”

He asked, his dead eyes looking at her.

“You are the second strongest swordsman I ever met!”

The girl said in excitement. He might have laughed at those words a week ago.

“Go to Gazef.”

He spat out in annoyance. ‘yes, run to the strongest. That is all you weaklings are good for’ he thought.

“But he isn’t you, you know? There are things that even he can’t teach me! Your speed and precision are unmatched even by him for all I know! Isn’t that reason enough to want to learn from you?”

She explained. As he looked into her eyes, his vision blurred and for a moment, he saw a young brown haired boy with those same eyes in her place. His annoyance grew at the comparison.

“Just scram brat, before I decide to teach you a lesson.”

He said and gave her the worst glare he could muster.

“That is exactly why I’m here to begin with, to get that lesson.”

She answered, meeting his glare with one of her own. That made him almost chuckle. ‘what a brat... but still... it’s useless’ he slumped down on the counter once more.

“Go away.”

He said again.

“How about a bet?”

She asked. He turned toward her once more.

“What?”

He replied.

“A bet! If you win, I leave you alone. If I win, you teach me!”

She said. He hmped.

“And what is the bet?”

He inquired. she shrugged.

“That is for you to decide.”

She said, determination in her eyes; he just grimaced and looked around until his eyes fell on a pile of wooden sticks.

“Hey, old man! Can I have one of those sticks?”

He asked loudly. The bartender glanced at him and shrugged.

“As long as you pay for it. I just use them to light the fire.”

Brain just knelt and chose the straightest stick he could find.

“Well then, come on.”

He said to the girl who hesitated just a moment before following him.

“Oi! If you are leaving, pay your stuff, blue freak!”

Roared the bartender.

“I don’t have any money.”

Simply answered the half-drunk Brain.

“Why you...!”

The bartender's face began to grow redder with anger, but before a fight could start the girl just pulled out two silver coins and placed them on the counter.

"Are these enough?"

She asked; the angry bartender picked them up to examine them before nodding, satisfied and a bit less irritated.

"Yeah. Now scram and don't come back-"

He snarled and they left.

Brain began to walk through the street, searching for an empty alley. He ignored all the glances he received from passing people and after a few minutes, he finally found what he was looking for.

They entered an empty alley and walked through it until the sounds of the main street couldn't be heard anymore.

He turned toward the girl and launched the stick at her. She caught it with both hands.

"You have ten minutes to hit me once. If you can't, you lose."

She immediately got into a fighting stance. 'Not bad... she clearly has some experience... but she is still too exposed on her shoulders,' he noticed as he awaited her first move.

It didn't take long for her to attack him directly, striking vertically with her wooden stick. Brain lazily sidestepped and avoided the attack. She retaliated with a quick side slash that he avoided by taking a step back. 'a skilled soldier... nothing more...' he thought.

In that moment she tried an uppercut only to stop midway and attempt a lunge. 'how slow....' Brain thought, as even with his senses numbed by the alcohol, he saw her feint long before she attempted it.

The dance continued with the girl striking at him and him easily dodging everything that came his way for almost five minutes.

“Just give up already kid... you are not getting anywhere with this.”

He said as he grew bored of the child’s attempts to hit him.

“No! I will never give up until I do it!”

She cried out as she lunged at him once more. He sidestepped and used his feet to make her trip and fall on the hard stone of the street.

“What a pathetic scene...”

He commented, looking at the child.

“Enough with this childish game. Do you want to know how to improve? Just quit! You are not going to reach my level, let alone Gaze’s. Your stance is ridiculously open, and your attacks are slow and predictable... just go back home... this is not for you.”

‘am I speaking to her or... myself?’ he wondered inside his head. In the meantime, the girl got up and took her battle stance once more.

“I... refuse... I will not... fail!”

He could see it clearly now. The fire burning in her emerald eyes. A fire he once had himself before he was defeated in that tournament... maybe it was for that reason that seeing it filled him with rage, a reminder of how weak he once was.

As the girl tried to strike him once more, he grasped her right arm.

“Give up.”

He said once more.

“No!”

His grasp tightened around her arm, she grimaced in pain.

“Just GIVE UP ALREADY!”

He roared as if all his fury came out of his body through those words.

“NEVER!”

She shouted back, stunning him.

“Why?... what’s the point?... how can you go on knowing that you will never be the strongest?... no matter how much you sacrifice... you will never reach the top... so... WHAT’S THE POINT?! WHY ARE YOU SO DETERMINED?!”

He cried out ‘WHY CAN’T I HAVE THAT DETERMINATION!’ he roared inside.

“Because I want to save people! Help them! To make the world a better place!”

She replied. Silence descended upon the alley for almost a minute before Brain suddenly pushed the girl, making her fall on her butt.

“That’s it?! Only that?! YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THE WORLD CHILD! YOU KNOW NOTHING OF TRUE STRUGGLE! IN THIS WORLD, IT IS KILL OR BE KILLED! THE STRONG CRUSH THE WEAK! DRAGONS CRUSH ANTS! YOUR GOAL IS JUST AN UNREACHABLE, CHILDISH DREAM!”

He roared in her face, all his built-up frustration and resentment now exploding in all its fury.

“THEN I WILL CHANGE THE WORLD!”

She retorted, not backing down.

“YOU?! YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD?! YOU WHO CAN’T EVEN HIT A DRUNK MAN WITH A STICK, YET YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD?! DON’T MAKE ME LAUGH!”

He spat out.

“Then... I WILL BECOME THE STRONGEST! STRONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE WORLD!”

She cried out as she launched herself on him once more. In his drunken state, Brain reacted on instinct and kicked the girl in the gut; she gasped for a moment but then pushed forward and lunged her wooden stick, barely managing to poke him on his chest before collapsing on the ground and emptying her stomach due to his kick.

In the meantime, Brain silently stood there, looking at the girl at his feet. ‘This world... this world must be crazy... what nonsense is this?... how can I...?’.

He waited in silence for the girl to stand up, her eyes staring keenly into his as the undying fire of determination continued to burn inside her.

They continued to stare at each other for a few minutes before Brain sighed.

“What is your name girl?”

She smirked.

“Lakyus, the next strongest swordswoman of the kingdom!”

She answered with a prideful tone. Brain sighed again.

“Your stance is wrong... you leave your shoulders far too unguarded... let’s start with that...”

She smiled and took a new battle stance.

“Understood, Master Brain.”

She said as she tried to balance her body.

‘What am I getting myself into...?’ wondered the martial artist.

{In a village on the border of the Re-Estize Kingdom}

{Mato’s P.O.V.}

Mato was a tall bulky black-haired man and at the moment, he was out of patience.

He and his boys had to come all the way to this god-forsaken village to just get one person, a child of not even 10 years of age. Normally someone like him, one of the Seven Hands, would not go and deal with this kind of business himself but since this was an order coming directly from the big boss himself, he didn’t feel comfortable leaving it in someone else’s hands.

If they messed up, the one to pay the price would be him, and even after a year, no one forgot the terror the last visit of their new leader left in their hearts.

With those grim thoughts, he advanced through the village, searching for his targets. It didn’t take long to find them. They lived in a small house on the border of the village. ‘Farmers, eh?’ he thought to himself. This wasn’t the first time he had to deal with farmers.

Something was off though. In front of said house, there already stood three men. One was a fat young noble, probably the son of

the noble who ruled over these lands. The other two were guards.

“I swear, my Lord! Give me another week and I will have the other half!”

Cried out a middle-aged man. ‘probably the owner of the house’ Mato noticed. Behind the man stood a woman and two young girls. One seemed to have just started developing her body, while the other was still a child.

“ENOUGH OF YOUR EXCUSES! IF YOU CAN’T PAY, I WILL THROW YOU OUT OF MY LAND!”

The young noble roared in anger and annoyance; Mato knew his type well. He felt sympathy for the poor farmer. He himself had been forced to leave his house when he was younger.

Harvest could go wrong for a lot of reasons; weather, bad year, bandits attacks, thieves, monsters. There were too many ways something could go wrong. Not that those plump nobles would know anything about the hardship of being a farmer.

“No! My Lord, I beg you! Anything but that!”

The man cried out as he sounded more and more defeated. The noble smirked.

“Very well then. As payment, I will take your daughter for myself then! Guards!”

He announced and the guards took a step closer to the family. Mato could clearly see the fear in the farmer’s eyes as they glanced at the guards’ swords; he sighed.

“Oi! Assholes!”

He called out to the guards, who immediately turned, fixing their eyes on him and his boys. There were six of them with Mato today.

“How dare you, commoner! Get lost before I decide to take your head!”

The noble roared in anger at this interruption.

“Can’t do. I have business here.”

He said as he took a step forward. The guards now unsheathed their blades. He just showed them his empty hands. The guards relaxed a little. Then he took out of his sleeve a folded sheet, passing it to the guard who took it and unfolded it.

The guard’s mouth fell half open and a moment later he gulped before his eyes fixed on Mato once more; gone was the wary look, now his gaze was full of unmasked fear.

Seeing the exchange, the fat young noble snatched the paper from his guard’s hands and looked at it himself before paling a little.

“Y-you-“

He began before Mato stopped him with a gesture. He took out another small sheet from his pouch and passed it to the noble.

“This is a discount ticket for our fine establishment. Just leave us to our job and go enjoy your life, would you?”

He said in a friendly tone. The noble looked at him for a few moments before nodding.

“Very well then... Guards! Let’s go!”

He ordered and the three of them left.

Nowadays, it wasn't all that strange for small noble houses to have that reaction when meeting Seven Hands. After what happened to Count Lynet, it was expected that no one other than the most powerful nobles would dare to get in their way.

Mato watched the noble leave the village before turning towards the farmers.

"Do any of you happen to be... Celicia Veyron?"

He asked, as he looked at them. No one answered for a few seconds before the youngest girl raised her hand.

"I-I am Sir!"

She said trembling. He nodded.

"Very well. Can we go inside? I would prefer a more private place to discuss business."

He explained. The middle-aged man was still wary of him. He could read it in his eyes. And who wouldn't? He just made a noble run away like a scared cat even in his own territory. The man nodded nonetheless.

"You boys stay outside and make sure we are not... disturbed by anyone."

He ordered to his men, who nodded in response.

The house was as small as any farmer's house would be. Not any particular decoration or anything, and just barely enough space for four people to live in.

He sat at a table in front of the family and began to pull out of his poach a bunch of paper sheets, just as he had many other times in the previous weeks.

“Well, good afternoon, Mr. Veyron. First, I am an envoy of the organization known as Seven Hands. I hope you have heard of us?”

The man flinched a bit at the name but nodded without saying anything.

“As for the reason why I’m here... you are aware of your youngest daughter’s Talent, are you not?”

He asked, just to be sure. The man nodded again.

“Well, we may have a place for her among our ranks. Her Talent could be particularly useful in the future.”

No one said anything, so Mato tapped the sheets in front of him.

“This is a new thing we came up with some time ago and it’s becoming very popular all around the kingdom; it is called a work contract.”

The eyes of the man were now fixed on the sheets.

“On these sheets, we wrote the contract that we wish to offer to your daughter in exchange for her services; is there any of you who is able to read here?”

He asked. It wouldn’t be the first time he had to propose a contract to someone who couldn’t read.

“I can read... a little.”

The farmer said as he took the sheets in his hands. It didn’t take long before he gave up and asked Mato to explain in detail.

“Very well. To begin with, this is a permanent contract, so it will not expire so long as its terms are not violated; we are offering a tutorage of four years to your daughter. During this period of

time, she will be taught to read, write, and count, along with being introduced to magic and developing her Talent.”

He explained to the stunned family. Before anyone could speak, he continued.

“If she shows decent results during these four years, we will hire her. We can’t say what job she will be assigned to. That depends only on her level of skill at said moment... of course as a worker under the protection of Seven Hands, no harm will come to her outside of possible accidents during jobs. Even then, she has the right to a monetary compensation if the mistake came from our part.”

He said, waiting for a reaction.

“Where would she stay?”

The man asked.

“During her tutelage she will stay in the nearest city. After that, we take the liberty to relocate her wherever we see fit for her to be in that moment... this, of course, doesn’t mean she can’t come to visit you whenever she wants. All our workers have access to Free Days. They are basically days you can use to rest. A normal worker has 4 Free Days each month.”

He explained. The man and woman seemed relieved.

“And how much would she be paid?”

The father asked again. Mato shrugged.

“During her tutelage, nothing. After all, we are teaching her, and she is not exactly doing us any service. After that... it really depends on her skills, but taking in account her Talent, if she

manages to cast 2nd tier magic by the end of her tutelage, I think her monthly pay would be around 15 silver coins.”

The father and mother gasped at those words. That was probably what they earned in a whole year. ‘Got them’ Mato thought.

“Of course, if she is truly talented and she gets to the 3rd and 4th tier then we will be speaking about true money; we currently have only 2 guys who can cast 4th tier and they get paid like 7 gold coins per month.”

He casually said but didn’t miss the look the man gave him.

“So, Mr. Veyron... do we have a deal?”

He asked, offering his hand.

A.N.

And done! Many POVs this time but well... I gotta move on the plot, don't I? A little bit of Renner and Satoru this chapter. I know you missed them being the perfect duo. And oh boy, Satoru did something that will shake the continent in the years to come.

As you can see, Brain isn't as completely dead as he was after Shalltear put him in his place. The trauma was far less devastating. Yeah, he may have gotten destroyed by his rival after years of training, and Satoru didn't help at all there but he didn't see the true gap there is between a true monster and a human.

It will still take time to recover, if he recovers at all that is, but maybe a certain sword fanatic may be just what he needs.

Also, longest chapter of this story till now.

Hope you all enjoyed. I can't wait to read your reviews about this. After all, we've got a lot of stuff going on and we didn't even enter the Empire yet!

Almost forgot! We now got more than 1000 followers! Thank you a lot guys. It really means a lot to me! I never expected for this to get so popular! Thanks to all those who suggested my fic on Reddit and other sites! I wish you all the best!

EDIT: Thanks to MSDeus for pointing out Ninya's true name (Celicia).

Review and stay safe! Till next time!