

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hey there, welcome back! Nothing to say here apart from the usual! Thanks to all my patrons!

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Beta Reader: JRS (What do I say here again?)

Chapter 33: Company of Seven

The brown-haired princess gritted her teeth in frustration. To say she was furious would be an understatement, she was livid!

‘How dare he?! HOW DARE HE!?’ she felt like she was about to explode, and the source of it all was the damned newly appointed noble, the magic caster Satoru.

She saw the wonderful dress her betrothed gifted her younger sister as her 9th birthday came. The little imp had been smugly flaunting it ever since she got it.

From there, her expectations were high. After all, if his worth limited itself to his money, she could certainly expect an even greater gift for when her own birthday came, right?

Wrong! She got nothing! Absolutely nothing! Her so-called betrothed didn’t even show up at the official feast! It had been such a humiliation! She could almost see the cruel grins nicely hidden behind honeyed words many a noble reserved for her.

She would have considered throwing herself off a tower if it wasn't for her gallant Lord Erik, the blonde and dashing heir of house Blumrush, who gifted her the sweetest roses she ever smelled.

Ever since the two of them met in that garden almost a year ago, they began to talk and speak in secret or else, she was sure, her father would have done everything to stop such a scandal from happening. Even more since her betrothal.

Lord Erik liked books, just like her, but he didn't shy away from his training as a knight either, as his well-toned and muscular body confirmed.

The sweet poetry he wrote for her and whispered in her ears melted her heart every time, as did the many gifts he often presented to her. If her situation was normal, she would have gladly laid with him and gifted him her most prized possession, regardless of her father's wishes. In any other situation, she was sure even her father would have just allowed the marriage to avoid dire consequences and rumors spreading.

But this was no normal situation. She wasn't betrothed to just any noble, she was betrothed to the most ruthless and powerful noble in all of Re-Estize. The one the court named the Executioner. A name both born from the bloodbath he ordered and the habit of always wearing a dark mask. Many frightened whispers said he did so to always be ready to remove some heads if the need arose.

She was frightened by the entirety of it. And even more, she was frightened of the mere thought of what would happen if he ever learnt of her and Erik's secret relationship. The only one who could stop his hand was her father, but even he would have difficulties in doing so if such a scandal came to be public knowledge.

She often whispered of her fears when the gentle knight held her in his arms. He would wipe away her tears with his sweet words

and promises. He told her of how he would challenge the fiend if her fears came to be true. But for all it would have been beautiful to live in such an illusion, the harsh reality left no doubt on what would happen if such a duel came to be.

Lord Erik was a great knight and all, but against the might of the magic caster, who was rumored to be on the same level as the current strongest one in the whole continent, she had little doubt on the outcome.

And even for all the nonexistent love she felt toward her betrothed, she could not help but feel hurt by his constant distance from her.

She was his soon to be wife, for crying out loud! The mother of his future children! What kind of man didn't care for that?!

Then... a single thought hit her, in the silence of her room, a new fear assaulted her. 'NO... no... he wouldn't!... he couldn't... my father would never allow such a thing!' she reassured herself. But still the thought didn't leave her... no... it insinuated her mind.

In the few times she came to visit him in his mansion, for he never showed himself at court, he had always either been with his ward or that other woman a few years her senior. The few interactions she saw him sharing with the two were far warmer than the cold indifference he reserved for her.

Could It be that he planned to have them carry his children and later legitimize them as his heirs? Leaving her as nothing more than a trophy?

On one small note, if that was the case, she would not have to lay with him. But the point still remained! Such a thing would be the ultimate humiliation, something even worse than having to lay with him and produce his offspring!

But that couldn't be, right? He certainly couldn't set her aside for that other common whore and that girl who just barely had her first blood!

She tried to reassure herself that this wasn't her fate, that her father would never allow it. But, if there was something she has learnt in the last year, it was that nothing was assured or set in stone. This world was ever shifting... and the one who decided its movement was not on her side.

{Rampossa's P.O.V.}

The king pushed aside the current papers detailing taxation for the previous year as he felt a headache begin to form. His youngest already gave it a read and had nothing to say about it, so it should have been fine.

Normally he shouldn't even have been the one dealing with such matters, but many of the ministers dealing with economics had been found out to be traitors during the now called Great Purge.

His youngest suggested that it would be wise for some time to let the crown administer these matters, to show their control over their own kingdom after such a huge conspiracy was exposed to the light.

He couldn't really deny her way of thinking, but still, the weight of this additional job began to add a great toll to his already busy schedule. Fortunately, it had been Renner herself that had mostly looked into it, exposing many loopholes to grant nobles special tax-exempt rights. Something he revoked as soon as his daughter explained to him how detrimental it was to have the richest people in the country not paying taxes and instead raising the ones of their citizens to make up for it.

Oh, dear Gods, how he wished he hadn't done that! Letters of complaints began to arrive left and right, there wasn't a day where at least a dozen nobles didn't ask for a meeting with him to complain about it.

Even his temper had its limits and, by now, he began to not so kindly tell them all that others, like Marquis Satoru, were paying their taxes in full and if they had a problem he could always call him to explain how he does manage to both pay taxes and maintain control over his land.

That usually shut the minor nobility up for good. The fear that name brought to the entire nobility was nothing to scoff at. In his long life Rampossa never saw any noble flee the scene so quickly without obtaining what they wanted or complaining profusely.

He knew that threats weren't the best way of making nobility comply, but he was far too tired of these worthless squabbles.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock to his door. He didn't even have the time to answer when the door opened. Of all the inhabitants of the royal palace, there was only one who dared to display such disrespect towards him, and her presence always brought a smile to his face.

Her long golden hair cascaded along her back, almost reaching her midsection. A short little thing sporting a deep blue gown and a golden crown with shining blue gemstones encased into it.

"Father, I hope I am not disturbing you."

She said in her still childish but serious tone.

"Ah Renner, go ahead."

With those words he gestured for her to take a seat.

“There is no need father, I am here simply to convey my regards one last time before I depart.”

She announced her reason for coming here. Rampossa pressed his lips against each other to avoid saying something he might later regret.

He wasn't happy at all with his daughter's decision to leave the capital once more, seeing how disastrous her last period abroad had been for the kingdom. But at the same time he knew that negating this to her would only antagonize her and push her to find others, probably not so safe, ways of escaping.

But who could blame him? As a father he could not just accept his daughter leaving toward unexplored lands filled to the brim with dangerous demi-humans, no matter the protection.

To make matters even worse, this time, it had been the new marquis, Satoru himself, to ask the princess to accompany him on his trip to the Dwarven Kingdom.

She, on her part, had been ecstatic ever since. To see her so happy and excited about something brought both pain and shame to his heart. He, in all his years, had never managed to make one of his children as happy as the magic caster did. Once again, he asked himself what kind of father he had been to never be able to bring such joy to his own children.

Even if the happiness was related to completely different things from what he expected. A normal child would be excited about seeing more of the world or seeing what kind of entertainment they could see only there and nowhere else. But not Renner, not his Renner. She was far too busy seeing how their government worked, how they could sustain their economy without import or export, how does a demi-human country work and in which classes it is divided. And many other things he could barely remember.

All of this only to increase her understanding of the working of the world outside the mainly human countries. Something even the most invested diplomats would hardly try due to the stigma of the faith on demi-humans. But this was his Renner. Where people saw rocks she could see gold, and she had been right every step of the way to this day.

“Ah, maybe you are still worried about my safety?”

Her sweet voice snapped him back to reality.

“You are too paranoid father, I will have Satoru and Gazef guarding me, not counting Lakyus, my bodyguard, and the two apprentices of Satoru...”

She said for the tenth time since he shared his worries with her.

It was true that such a team could assure his daughter’s safety, but he could not stop worrying. These were mostly unexplored lands, who knew what could happen or what could be hiding there?

Satoru was a magic caster said to be of equal power to Fluder Paradyne, the greatest human magic caster. Gazef was the strongest warrior in the whole kingdom and, judging by his own words, the Aindra heir was a fearsome foe in battle, someone who could even come to surpass him in less than a decade, as the Warrior Captain himself admitted. He knew little of the other three, a commoner of the kingdom, a noble child and a knight of the empire, but if someone could manage to catch Satoru’s eye, he was sure such an individual would be far from ordinary.

“Even if the situation gets too dangerous, remember that Satoru is capable of using the [Teleportation] spell which could send everybody far away from the danger in less than a few instants.”

She continued to assure his fears. And he could do nothing but begrudgingly accept her reasoning.

“Could you begrudge an old man for being paranoid and worried about his youngest daughter, not even 10 years of age, leaving for a dangerous land?”

He asked in a mocking tone addressed to himself. The blond princess just smiled in return.

“I wouldn’t expect anything less of you, father.”

{Satoru’s mansion}

{Rayne’s P.O.V.}

“Y-you can’t be for real...”

He stuttered out as his fellow apprentice used a muttered spell to let her trunk levitate and follow her around.

“What’s your problem?!”

She angrily retorted.

“We are going on a trip in a forest and up a mountain! How in the world should we transport that?! What could even be so important that you had to bring all that stuff?!”

He asked. Surely, she would see his reasoning this time. She couldn’t deny this too!

“Humph, your ignorance never stops to amaze me! We are going away for literal months! Do you expect me to only wear this all the damn time?”

She gestured to her current outfit before widening her eyes and placing a hand over her mouth.

At first, Rayne didn’t understand what was wrong, but then it hit him too. He never heard her use such vulgar language in front of anyone before. ‘Maybe the adventurers are having an influence on her?’ he wondered as he himself found using such words more

natural in the last few months. Once he even received a pan on the back of his head, courtesy of his mother, for saying it out loud at dinner.

Speaking of which, his mother had been inconsolable ever since the news of his departure were announced. She said that he was too young for such a dangerous trip, and, for a time, it seemed like he would not be allowed to go. That was until, seeing his plight, his father intervened and, after speaking with Satoru, managed to convince his reluctant mother as well. She even sewed him a red scarf for the harsher climate of the Azerlisia Mountains. Said scarf was nicely hidden in his giant, filled to the brim backpack.

“I too have a change of clothes! But that is for emergencies! We learned the [Clean] spell for a reason!”

He protested, making the blond girl scoff.

“Tsk! I know that, you dolt! But even that spell cannot fix your smell! You are still going to stink like a pig in a couple of weeks! I have no intention of shaming myself like that!”

For all he hated to admit it, he found himself at a loss there. Lowborn like him and a highborn like her really lived in two different worlds. For most of his life he didn't even consider smelling as something bad. Sure, when it became unbearable people would bath and remove that stench. But for nobles like Arche, smelling of anything that wasn't their perfumes seemed like a sin or shame far too great to bear.

He could admit that such a thing made passing time with her far more pleasurable than passing time with any other girl he knew. But sometimes he thought that such mindset would only be detrimental for all involved in the end.

He refrained from pointing out that they would probably pass near rivers and the occasion to wash properly would present itself. In almost a year of living together he learnt that such comments would only lead to endless discussions, and he would end up running away from some kind of spell.

“Suit yourself then. I’m just saying, you are going to deal with Master Satoru for it.”

He said, delegating the whole thing to his teacher, and silently apologizing for it. From her part, the girl smugly smiled back at him.

“Eh? You think I’m a fool? Inside this trunk there are many important books that we should study while we are away for such a long time... it would be a great waste of time to just sit down and do nothing during the whole trip.”

That... he hadn’t thought about at all... it was actually a pretty good excuse Master Satoru would probably accept, knowing him. ‘Sometimes I forget how sneaky she can be...’ he internally considered.

Deciding it would be better to drop the whole thing altogether, he turned, only to see Lakyus and her lady knight Leinas transporting various barrels, probably containing supplies for their long trip.

He felt his face burn up as he gazed at the tight shirt the older girl was wearing. Not that it wasn’t decent, but recently his body began to have strange reactions to the presence or thoughts of said girl. He felt pretty embarrassed about it, to say the least.

A hand suddenly descending on his shoulder made him jump.

“Stop fooling around, let us go help them.”

His fellow apprentice ordered, not noticing, or caring about his blush.

As she surpassed him, his eyes could not help but descend on her lower back. He immediately shut them. He had no idea why he had started acting like this all of a sudden, but he was rather disturbed by the naturality with which his body acted.

Forcing his gaze upward he took in a deep breath before releasing it and sensing his tensed muscles relax. Immediately he moved toward the barrels, trying to concentrate on anything else but the resurging memory of the noble's naked and wet body imprinted in his head months ago.

'Shit... I'm really starting to act as a pervert...' he scolded himself before muttering his spells and having two barrels levitate in the air.

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

The undead overlooked his companions moving around the supplies for their incoming adventure. To say he was excited would be an understatement. He was brimming with so much joy that he himself was surprised his Emotional Suppression did not kick in yet.

He could finally leave all these previous months' crap behind and go away for a peaceful vacation. As an undead who didn't need sleep, his perception of time became pretty shrewd over time. It seemed like a lifetime ago when he last left for the empire.

Speaking of which, he had yet to hear back from Osk and if his investment in the Colosseum was going as expected.

In the last months he heard of the rise of Go Gin, and consequently Osk, in that specific entertainment field. The War Troll apparently defeated the previous Martial Lord and obtained his title. The best thing being that Go Gin managed such a feat while using his Magic Items. If he had to compare it with something in his previous life,

it would be like if the most famous model made their debut with a specific brand of clothes on.

In short, he had an incredible demand for Magic Items from the Empire by now. That had been an unforeseen problem as he was already stretching his line thin with the huge shipment he made toward the Draconic Kingdom. His production could not really stand up to the demand, not even by using every single Magician Guild in the kingdom for production.

So, he found himself forced to set the prices higher in the empire than anywhere else in Re-Estize.

To say he was shocked when the orders barely diminished was an understatement. By now the situation calmed down, but, for a couple months, he had been forced to use the few magic casters in Seven Hands to create Magic Items, not speaking about pushing the Magician Guilds to their limits. Not that he was a heartless exploiter, mind you. He made sure to give all involved a nice juicy bonus for their extra work, he was sure that would placate their spirits.

He shook his head. This was no time to talk about averting economic crises. No, this was the time to relax and enjoy an adventurer like he used to during the good old times.

Everything seemed ready right now, all he needed was for the few remaining members to arrive...

He didn't even manage to finish his thought as the ones he was expecting became visible in the distance. Renner, Gazef and... a bunch of guards?

He was more confused than worried, telling the truth, but as usual, his mask managed to hide every single one of his emotions with stoicism.

Now that he looked better, the usual tranquil smile the young princess sported was nowhere to be seen. That was something that managed to unnerve him.

As the group reached his position, he waved at Gazef who answered in kind. Their relationship had declined quite a lot from what it used to be before the whole purge thing, but they still remained on amicable terms. A shame, really, in Satoru's opinion, but he was unwilling to apologize for the things he had no responsibility for.

"Gazef, Renner, it is nice to see you two. Is everything fine?"

He asked, uncertain of what the situation was. The Warrior Captain just bit his lip as he glanced back at the guards. Renner limited herself to give him a silent stare that he was sure was trying to convey him something. He just didn't understand what exactly the young girl was hesitant about.

But the reason for their strange behavior didn't wait to let herself be known. An older girl, with violet eyes and long light-brown hair came out from the group of guards and advanced toward him at a threatening pace. The scowl on her face simply added to that impression. She stopped a few centimeters from him, head forced up to look at his mask, as her height only allowed her to reach his chest.

His confused mind actually didn't recognize her at first, and he was about to ask for clarifications on her identity. Luckily for him, things jumped into place by observing the symbol of the royal house engraved into her elegant dress.

This was the second princess, his betrothed. He almost felt like facepalming, he was far too carried away by his own thoughts to recognize her at first glance. Something he knew he should correct next time.

“My Princess, to what do I owe the pleasure?”

He asked with all the formality he could put together in his embarrassing position.

“Ah! So, she is Renner to you, but I am your princess?! You should be ashamed of yourself! How dare you not even notify me of your departure! I only learnt today that you would be away for months!”

She blurted out venomously at him, taking him aback for a moment. He should have indeed at least said something, but what was all this fuss about names now? She seemed pretty pissed off he had called her sister by her name... Well, that may have indeed been rude on his part, he was just so used to it by now.

“Umu, indeed, I should have notified you, I deeply apologize for that.”

He apologized as best he could, using all his low-ranking salaryman experience to his advantage. Unfortunately, that move only seemed to embolden the princess in front of him.

“That isn’t all! What in the world are you thinking, bringing with you that woman! And my half-sister! Haven’t you shamed me enough already?! Are you trying to make a trophy out of me?! Well, you will not! Over my dead body!”

Her words became louder and louder. Fortunately they were in a private section of his mansion so that no one could hear them.

The woman she was complaining about was probably Leinas, who was kindly ignoring her in favor of finishing preparing the cart. But while Satoru had been understanding before, now he was starting to lose his good mood. What was all that spite toward her sister? She just spat the title as if it was something disgusting stuck between her teeth.

He glanced at Renner, who just answered with the blankest of stares... No wonder she had such a need for some genuine affection, if this was the treatment she received her whole life. 'How in the world does she think she is... to speak so arrogantly and questioning my choices?' that behavior only intensified his belief in breaking this foolish engagement as soon as possible. He had no intention of sharing more than the barest minimum of times with this young woman as it was necessary.

In his eyes she was just like the megacorporations of his old world. Always ready to spit on everything and everyone they considered below them. As if someone's worthiness was simply decided at birth.

He knew, he just knew how much Renner struggled to get to the point she was now, how much she had to do to avoid her country and family falling apart in a bloody civil war. To see such goodwill and sacrifices only bringing spite just made his nonexistent blood boil.

"I would suggest you to leave princess, I am about to depart now and I can't afford delays."

He said, his etiquette taking over his deeper emotions. But unfortunately, the girl stood her ground.

"I. Will. Not. Accept. This."

She hissed, tapping him with her finger on the chest for every word as if that would somehow make her point clearer.

"Then, I am sorry you feel this way."

He said before turning and marching toward the cart.

"Let us depart, we are done here."

He didn't manage to make even a few steps before he felt something grab at his robe.

“NO! No! We aren't done at all!”

All pretense of courtesy gone, the young woman launched herself against him, clinging at his robe as if she could stop him.

“My Princess! This is not-“

Gazef tried to intervene, but he wasn't allowed to finish.

“Shut your mouth! You are just on his side! I guess fellow commoners would cover each other's backs!”

While this was happening, Satoru was panicking. No, that wasn't the right word, panic would have been just suppressed. It would be more correct to say he was experiencing a severe amount of distress. In all his thirty years of life he had been in contact with just his mother, and more recently Renner, no one else ever touched him apart from handshakes. No one ever even hugged him before. And now he had a complete stranger pressing herself on him.

If it wasn't for his undead body, he was sure that by this time he would be hyperventilating. His undead body, instead, limited itself to freezing up.

‘This is wrong... I... I can't move!’ his mind cried out as he tried to force his body to move, to do anything to get out of that situation.

“Unhand me.”

His words may have been a mere whisper but the dark tone he used made sure they would reach everyone in the room.

“I said... Unhand me!”

This time his tone was more forceful and the energy it carried with it made everyone back off, even the guards who had nothing to do with any of this.

He felt the grip on his robe relent as the weight of the body pressing against him disappeared.

Feeling like he could finally move again, he mentally sighed as he returned to a calmer state of mind.

He turned back to see the second princess staring at him, terror written all over her face.

“Do not ever do that again.”

His tone had returned to normal as he just backed away, leaving everyone frozen as if he just used his [Time Stop] spell.

“I hate being late, so let us depart already.”

He continued as if nothing ever happened, and this time no one moved to stop him.

{Arude Town}

{???

The short cloaked woman entered the tavern. It was a nice establishment, unusual since it was not too far from the bad part of town, but not that much surprising considering who owned the place.

In one of the corners five men were playing a card game while in the other some others were having dinner. Not too far from the counter a girl was playing her flute in a tranquil melody.

The woman covered by a crimson cloak just ignored all of them and went straight for the counter, where a middle-aged man was apparently drinking away his sorrow.

She sat at a respectable distance, waiting for the bartender to approach her. She turned around at the sound of a loud thud, seeing the drinking blond man just fell face first on the countertop.

“Don’t worry about Shell, he is gonna be fine, he has been like this ever since his little girl ran away with her lover.”

She snapped her head back to look in front of her only to meet a flaming red-haired man putting away a couple of mugs.

“Are you the Wailer?”

She asked, her tone dead serious, as usual. The bartender just shrugged.

“Who’s asking?”

He rebutted.

“A friend of a friend.”

The man only snorted at her words.

“Then tell me... friend... what can I do for ya?”

He said, grabbing the used empty mug from in front of the downed blond man before proceeding to start washing it.

“I’ve heard you know things, a lot of things, around here.”

This caught the man’s attention, he glanced at her with a quirked eyebrow.

“I try to do my best... so tell me what haunts you and the Wailer will clear your doubts.”

The woman smiled mockingly under her mask, to her this so-called Wailer was nothing but a child playing his role in some kind of comedy.

“I have not been in this kingdom for some years now... I found it quite changed since I last visited, and I grew curious to know what

happened while I was away... it was a surprise to discover that most of those changes were brought by a single man.”

Her gloved hand disappeared inside her cloak, only to pull out a pouch she placed on the counter.

The bartender became serious as he set aside the half-cleaned mug and opened the pouch, his eyes widened at the sight of silver and gold coins.

“Ah, my young lady, you have come to the right place then... let me tell you about our new Marquis... Lord Satoru... the King’s Justice, the Executioner, the most powerful magic caster in all of Re-Estize.”

The man proceeded to tell her the tale of said man. From his humble beginnings to the political intrigue he went through half a year ago.

It had been interesting, even if she already came to know most of this information already by other sources. Still, she was most interested in the public perspective of such a figure. She could tell from the tone of the man that he was a well liked fellow, someone who started building from nothing and climbed the hierarchy to the top.

But that wasn't the information she was asking for. No, what interested her were the apparent information the bartender was clearly glossing over.

“That is good an all but, the point I want to know about is the one you are so carefully avoiding.”

The man stopped his ramblings at her words, giving her a hard look.

“The Wailer does not tell lies young lady, nor does he avoi-“

“Seven Hands.”

She interrupted the man’s excuses, her tone not much more than a whisper but it was enough to put everyone on edge apparently.

The music stopped and the bartender placed his elbows on the counter, getting his face closer to her mask.

“Who the hell are you... to be courageous or foolish enough to speak that name so easily. Take off that mask and I might not throw you out right now.”

His tone was completely different from before, as his dead serious green eyes scanned her every angle. ‘It was about time’ she thought as they were finally getting somewhere with this.

“My reasons to keep this mask on are my own, I am only here to know more of them and how this Satoru is linked to them.”

She explained in a low tone. To her surprise, the man didn’t even wait before shoving back her pouch into her hand.

“Do you know why this tavern has been recently renamed The Deadly Drink, young lady?”

The masked woman didn’t answer, wanting to know where the man was going with this.

“Years ago, I had a younger sister, not much over your age.”

He began as his eyes darkened.

“My father was a worthless piece of trash who owed Marquis Boullope’s son quite a lot of money as he liked to bet... so, one day, he just took my sister and sold her to him... he even got some nice silver coins as a bonus because she had a nice ass according to the noble.”

The man said, not that his was any original story, she already heard hundreds of these.

“Oh, he enjoyed himself, whores and alcohol... he stayed away for three entire days before coming back drunk, without a coin and a new debt on his shoulders... he got into bed and went to sleep like nothing happened.”

The blond man continued as a grin grew on his face, a sick joy written all over it, a joy which didn't reach his eyes.

“So, I took a nice kitchen knife, got to my father's bed and cut his throat open like he deserved... Oh, how he choked on his blood, the desperate gurgling of a shit stain of a man, those sounds still lull me to sleep to this very day.”

She didn't react to his words, that wasn't the worst story she heard, and she doubted this one would make the top ten.

“But then, a few weeks later, I came to know that the Marquis' son had killed a slave... I came to my sister's funeral, I looked at her body, and the only thing I could recognize were her eyes.”

He sighed.

“But you know how things are, there are some people that are just untouchable... or so they like to think... it turns out that some kind of karma really seems to exist in this world after all.”

This time his grin expanded even more, inhumanly so, and coming from her, it was no compliment.

“When I heard that the castle was getting attacked, I could not believe my luck... I joined in of course, I had no care for how or what they were trying to achieve... I only knew that if I didn't, I would have regretted it forever.”

He paused, allowing himself a deep breath.

“I found that fucker... and I just had with me the right thing... a little concoction a friend of mine invented for... well, it is not something

you should worry about... just you know it was a little mixture of arsenic and a few secret ingredients... but I digress... I forced that shit stain's mouth open and poured his last drink down his throat as if my life depended on it."

She heard a chuckle and she turned, seeing the previously slumped blond man grinning at them as he listened.

"I tied that bastard and looked as he proceeded to convulse, vomit and shit himself, remaining conscious the whole time... even as he began shitting out his own organs... a beautiful symphony of pain, death and justice which lasted just a few hours unfortunately."

He concluded his tale as his eyes once more focused on her instead of a distant memory.

"So, young lady, this was a lesson to teach you not to ask such things, or you would risk ending up like my sister or that noble cunt."

He spat the last words as if something disgusting got on his tongue.

The woman nodded and got up. After all, she already got all the information she needed, his reluctance in approaching the point was confirmation enough of her theories.

She passed by the card players who just glanced at her, flashing her a grin before she left the tavern.

It was about time to proceed to the next step.

She will get to the bottom of this.

A.N.

And we are done! This was quite a difficult chapter to write, I won't lie. I hope everything went smoothly since next time we are really starting the next big arc, one of those I couldn't wait to write!

Leave a comment/review with your thoughts!

See you next time and stay safe!