

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Intermission chapter. We need some of those here and there to get away from the main plot. Also, I think you will like this. A lot of people have been asking about a certain someone I had plans for. Here you will get a glimpse of this character.

Well, without any further ado, enjoy the chapter!

Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!); SirWertsalot (I hope everyone else is enjoying the new additions to Satoru’s family as much as I am. Who will he adopt next? Will the yandere princess stab them all in their sleep to be alone with Satoru in this world? Stay tuned to find out, next month on The Witch and the Sorcerer. Follow and Review!)

Intermission I: Tales from the Street

The priest walked down the streets of the royal capital of Rolente wearing the same classic blue robes any other one wore. He had a scowl on his face as he looked at the people around him.

He was elegant in his slow pace, as any man of the gods is expected to be. His blond well-brushed hair represented his status, a constant reminder of how superior he was to everyone else. As was expected, people immediately recognized him and stepped out of his way in respect. ‘Just like they should do in the

presence of a man of the gods.’ He thought as his sharp blue eyes scanned the people around him.

Finally, he reached the Great Square, a place filled with sinners obsessed over gold and trinkets. ‘False worshippers of the gods! Only through faith and humility before the gods shall we achieve true happiness; surely not through gold!’ He roared in his mind.

He passed next to the shop of that accursed, heathen magic caster. He was tempted to spit on the door but refrained himself. He would not stoop as low as a common man, guided by anger. He represented the gods and his behaviour should match their teachings.

He calmed down and continued toward his true destination, the shop next to it. He didn’t enter it from the door common people used. No, he wasn’t there to partake in such disgusting practices as commerce. He instead walked around the building and knocked on the wooden door on the back.

A few seconds later, someone opened the door. The one to do so was the most beautiful woman the priest had ever seen. ‘Hair like the sun and eyes like leaves in the heart of spring... ah! What a magnificent angel you are! My Marietta!’ He thought as he felt a smile come to his face replacing his permanent scowl. Yes, only her presence was capable of bringing a smile to his face and making his heart pound like no man or god could.

“O-oh! Priest Obris! W-what can I do for you?”

Asked the beautiful angel. Obris clenched his fists in an attempt to restrain himself from taking that gorgeous woman right then and there.

He saw many women in his life; village girls, whores, noble ladies and princesses. But no one made his heart pound like the first time he saw that blond fifteen-year-old girl in the temple more than ten years ago. Since then, any other woman was nothing but an orc to his eyes.

The priest forced his mind to return to reality.

“It is High Priest Obris now my dear... but Obris will be fine.”

He said in his usual calm and controlled tone.

“Oh! C-congratulations High Priest.”

She said with a smile. It was indeed a great feat to become a high priest at his age, after all most never reached that title before the age of 60, but here he was, a high priest at the age of 42.

“Thank you my dear... can I come in?”

Obris asked, Marietta blushed a little making her look even more innocent and cute in his eyes, if that was even possible.

“O-of course, where are my manners? Please come inside!”

She said letting him enter.

“You managed to get a good house. It must have been very expensive seeing where it is located.”

The man said while looking around.

“Yes, all credit goes to Randel and his hard work! After our son miraculously recovered from his illness. We were able to save enough money for this!”

The woman sounded ecstatic. The man grimaced at the thought of that man. The man who took and tainted HIS Marietta. That

accursed man would pay for what he did. That gold worshipper will feel the wrath of the gods upon him, that he swore.

“It must have been all those times I went praying to the temple! The gods must have bestowed their mercy and blessings upon us!”

The priest’s mood worsened at those words. ‘No, the gods would not heal that man’s child! I am sure of it! He must have sold his soul to some demon to do so!... and I am sure that the one responsible for all of this is that accursed magic caster!’ He raged inside.

He still remembered how his perfect plan fell apart. When he first heard about the little hellspawn’s illness, he felt overjoyed. He waited for the stupid man to come to the temple and ask for a healing spell. It didn’t take long for that to happen.

Of course, he charged the man far more than was expected. It was easy to convince the high priests. He simply had to say that the man was more devoted to gold than the almighty gods and so they accepted his decision to charge more.

Then Marietta came to him with the same request. He was pained when he had to send her away, but he was sure she would see the errors in her way and come back to a true man of the gods like him soon.

Then the hellspawn was healed. Of course, they claimed it was a blessing from the gods, but he knew better. It took him a few months of investigation, but he finally found some desperate people willing to talk. He didn’t gather much apart from the fact that a few days before the hellspawn recovered, a certain magic caster visited their house.

That was enough to convince him that he was the one to heal the hellspawn and ruin his plans for Marietta. The higher ups didn't think that way though. After he denounced the magic caster for healing someone without the temple's consent, the Archbishop himself came to him and said that if the magic caster truly healed the boy, it surely wasn't through healing magic since he was an arcane magic caster. If he gave the boy a potion or something like it, the temple had no grounds to stand against him.

This was the answer he received at least, but he knew the truth. He wasn't stupid. He knew that the temple didn't want to confront the magic caster on a direct clash. They were wary of the caster's connections with both the various guilds and the crown itself. 'Bloody cowards! All of them!' He cursed inside at the memory.

"...gh priest! High priest!"

He was brought back to reality by Marietta's sweet tone. He blinked a few times before focusing on her once more.

"Ah! Sorry my dear, I must apologize. These days, my mind tends to slither away to my new duties."

He apologized; she smiled delicately.

"Ah, do not worry. May I ask why you are here?"

"Yes, of course! I didn't see you a lot in the temple in the last months. I just wanted to know if everything was all right. Are you having problems with your faith?"

He asked; she shook her head.

"No, of course not. The fact is that now we live a fair distance from your temple. We usually go to the nearest one to here."

She explained. he nodded in understanding.

“I see. It pains me to not see you as much as before, but I guess it can’t be helped.”

He said, still focussed on those perfect green eyes of hers.

“Can I offer you anything to drink?”

She asked.

“No, thank you. Where is your... husband?”

He hesitated as he asked that question. It was strange for the man to not have already shown himself.

“Oh, he is working in his shop. He has been a little distant lately, but I guess it’s fine. His job gets better every day and with Rayne’s new hobby, he doesn’t have much free time anymore.”

She said. Obris choose that moment to act and in a moment grasped her hand with his, shocking her.

“Do not worry my dear. I will help you leave this horrid life behind. The gods always help the faithful after all.”

She gasped at him, surprised by his sudden change in demeanor

“No! I-“

She tried to say something but the priest interrupted her.

“You are right. If we wait, it will get harder and harder to get you out. We should leave right now.”

As he said that, he tried to move her toward the door with him, but she resisted.

“WAIT! NO!”

She tried to say. He could now see fear in those green eyes ‘Ah! What has he done to you, my little angel? To have such fear of what that horrid man would do to you if you left...’ He reflected with rage at the things that man could have done to her in all those years.

“Do not worry, my dear. In the temple you will be safe and no one would hurt you. Not even that man.”

He said pulling harder, the woman groaned in pain.

“STOP! DON’T HURT HER!”

The new voice stopped the priest. He turned to see a little boy of not even 12 years of age. He stood there, probably attracted by the woman screaming. ‘The hellspawn!’ The priest thought in rage ‘Of course! Even in the absence of his horrid father he would still interfere!’ he thought.

“LEAVE MY MOTHER ALONE!”

He screamed once more advancing toward him.

“Get away, you little hellspawn! By the names of the gods, make another step and you will force my hand!”

The priest roared back, but the kid didn’t stop. The priest prepared himself to cast a spell but was too slow. The boy rose his hand toward the older man and a magic circle appeared shocking Obris.

“[MAGIC ARROW]!”

The arrow made of magic shot toward the shocked man, who had just enough reflexes to jump away to barely avoid it. The spell did still manage to cut his blue perfect robe before impaling itself deep in the wall. Obris had no doubt that he would be bleeding

to death if that thing hit him. But worse yet was that he was forced to release Marietta's hand. The boy used that moment to jump between them shielding his mother and forcing the man back toward the entrance door.

“YOU LITTLE BRAT! HOW DARE YOU?!”

The priest roared in rage; the boy prepared another spell in his hand.

“GO AWAY!”

The boy screamed once more. ‘Damn it all! I didn't expect the brat to be such a threat! Who the hell taught him magic?! OF COURSE! THAT HEATHEN MAGIC CASTER! THIS IS ALL HIS FAULT! ALL HIS FAULT!’ The man raged inside his head. He needed to think about how to approach things with this new information. There was no way he could take Marietta now. He needed help!... Of course! He just needed to say that the kid and magic caster assaulted him! YES! With that, the temple will surely intervene to protect a High Priest such as himself! ‘Just wait Marietta! I will free you!’ He thought.

“THIS IS NOT THE LAST TIME YOU WILL HEAR OF ME! NEXT TIME I WILL HAVE YOU AND YOUR FATHER HANGED!”

He proclaimed before storming out of the house.

As he reached the Great Square once more, he passed in front of that accursed magic caster's shop once more. ‘Today I will have my revenge!’ He thought angrily as he entered the shop and immediately stomped toward the counter. The blond woman behind it awaited him with a small smile.

“Good afternoon sir how-“

She began before being interrupted.

“Where is he!? Where is that heathen magic caster?”

He demanded, attracting the attention of a few customers in the shop.

“I’m afraid Sir Satoru is busy at the moment, maybe lat-“

She tried to explain before the priest banged on the counter with his fist.

“Call him here now! NOW I SAID!”

He was losing every semblance of calm he previously had.

“I can’t do that sir. If you continue to behave like this, I will be forced to have you removed from this esta-“

Once again, the woman was interrupted by the priest, who tried to grab her wrist from across the counter, but she jumped back avoiding him.

“WHERE IS THAT COWARD HIDING?! BRING HIM HERE!”

He roared.

“I AM THE HIGH PRIEST OBRIS! I DEMAN... wait haven’t I seen you before!?!... yes! I remember now! I saw you outside one of those disgusting brothels!”

He said, surprised, as he remembered seeing her when passing nearby more than a year before.

“So not only is he a filthy heathen! He also partakes in whores! What a worthless existence!”

He roared before trying to grab the woman’s wrist once more, but this time he was stopped when two pairs of hands grasped both his right and left arms. He looked around him and noticed

that those hands belonged to the customers in the shop. They seemed to be adventurers. They immediately used their superior physical power to try and drag him out of the shop.

He began to struggle and scream in rage.

“LET ME GO! LET ME GO YOU FILTHY HEATHENS! I WILL HAVE YOU ALL HANGED! AND YOU WHORE! YOU AND THAT ACCURSED MAGIC CASTER WILL BE BURNED LIKE THE HEATHENS YOU ARE! I PROMISE YOU! THIS ISN'T THE LAST TIME YOU WILL HEAR OF ME!”

He roared like a madman before being thrown out of the shop. He took a moment, struggling to get up from the ground. His eyes locked with those of a tall man standing in the alley next to the heathens' shop.

“What are you looking at!?”

He venomously spat at the man, who didn't react and just disappeared in the alley.

As his heart calmed down, he stood up and noticed that the sun was already going down 'Tch! I must return to the temple. There is no way the higher ups will ignore this!' He thought as he began to walk away.

He decided to take a shortcut even if that would force him to pass through a few of the lower district's streets. Fortunately for him, they seemed to be deserted. He passed there a few times before and never saw them so empty. Not like he cared what those low-class commoners did.

“A-are you a priest s-sir?”

He heard a voice ask from his left. He turned to see a young boy with dirty blond hair and ragged clothing 'A beggar?' he thought.

"Yes child, I am a High Priest and I must be going."

He said cutting off the conversation, but before he could move the child grabbed his robe. He grimaced 'I will have to clean this now... filthy rat'.

"WAIT! Can you help my sister? S-she is ill!"

The child said; the priest huffed.

"To request a healing spell, you must go to the temple and pay for it! But certainly, you don't have enough money for that, so go away."

He said trying to free himself from the child's grasp.

"B-b-but I have money!"

The boy exclaimed revealing a pouch from his ragged clothing.

This easily attracted the priest's attention. The pouch was quite big and seemed full. He stopped and crouched to the child's height. He grabbed the pouch from the child's hands and opened it. Inside, there were various silver coins and even two gold coins. 'This can't be, he must have stolen it! Filthy thief! I should take this and return to the tem-' His train of thought was interrupted when a sharp pain assaulted his chest. He let the pouch fall to the ground as he looked down at his chest.

He immediately saw the knife that stabbed him through the heart. He felt his head get dizzy and with his last strength, he traced the hand that grasped the knife with his eyes. It was the child. This disgusting child stabbed him through the heart! His body fell to the ground onto its side. The last thing he saw before

everything went black was the setting sun; as magnificent and yellow as her hair.

‘Marietta...’ he whispered in his head before he stopped breathing.

{Child’s P.O.V.]

He looked at the old man as he fell onto one side and stopped moving. By now he was used to it. The first times it was very unsettling, but now it didn’t bother him anymore. With a quick movement, he extracted the knife from the man’s chest. He also recovered the pouch of money from the ground.

A few seconds later, two men approached him, one tall with brown hair, another short and bald.

“You see! As I told you! These new fire enchanted knives are awesome! No blood at all! The wound closes itself immediately thanks to the fire element! Perfect for a quick silent kill!”

The taller one exclaimed as the child gave him the knife.

“Yeah, I see. Think about when all our guys are armed with those.”

The bald one said before turning towards the child.

“You did a good job lad!”

He said as he ruffled his blond hair, eliciting a smile from the boy. In that moment, a new man showed up behind them.

“Hey, the people are getting unnerved from being forced inside their homes. How much longer will it take?”

He asked the other two.

“Just five more minutes. Make sure no one panics over it. They will be free to get out soon.”

The tall man said. The other nodded before rushing off toward one of the buildings.

“Hey lad! If this asshole’s body is in the sewers within 5 minutes, you can have that whole pouch for yourself.”

The bald man said. The child’s azure eyes shined in excitement.

“Really!?”

He exclaimed in pure euphoria.

“Yeah! Consider it your monthly payment with a plus for a job well done. Now get that body out of here.”

The bald man said.

“Yessir!”

The child cried out before grabbing the dead man by the leg and dragging him away with extreme speed.

It didn’t take long for him to get the body into the nearest sewer for the rats to feast on.

{2 hours later}

He finally came back to the dormitories after washing up. Tomorrow was his free day and he couldn’t wait to spend some of his new money.

He couldn’t believe how much his life changed in just the last 4 months. They picked him up from the street, gave him food, clean clothes and a roof. He was truly thankful toward Seven Hands even if he knew that helping him was no act of charity, but

an investment for the future. Even so, he was still grateful for the opportunity they gave him.

“Hey boyo!”

He heard someone calling him. That voice he knew well. He turned to see a young woman around 17 years old. She had a dark skin tone not often seen in the kingdom. Her hair seemed made out of silver and shined even with the dim light in the room.

“Ah! Miss Edstrom!”

As soon as he greeted her, she chopped him on the head with her hand.

“I already told you, don’t call me miss! I’m not some old hag!”

The child massaged the spot where she hit him.

“Are you done for the week?”

She asked; he nodded.

“Yeah, tomorrow is my free day.”

The child said. She patted his shoulder.

“Good! Me, Cris and Rina thought about going out tomorrow, if you wanna come feel, free to join.”

He nodded. Those were his friends. They were all older than him, but still, it felt nice to have someone to share stuff with. It made the daily job far more bearable. Assassination was sweeter when shared with some friends. If it wasn’t for those three, he may have never gotten over his first kill.

“Yeah sure! Where are we going?”

He asked.

“To the finest inn of all of course! The Magic Lamp!”

She said enthusiastically. The child grimaced.

“Augh! You all get drunk whenever you go there! I don’t want to drag you away or have to pay for you even one more time! Speaking of which... you still need to give me my money back!”

He accused, pointing a finger at the older girl.

She put up a smug grin before patting his head. He pouted making her grin even more.

“Ahh! Come on, don’t be like that! You just say that because you don’t like to drink! As for the money... are you sure you don’t want to touch my perfect bouncy twins to get even?”

She asked with a sultry tone, while showing him even more of her generous cleavage. He blushed intensely. He hated when she teased him.

“N-no! I-I just want my money b-back!”

This time it was her turn to pout.

“Ohhh! You are no fun Climby boy!”

She said as she walked toward her bed.

“You will never get a girl with that attitude.... Ah! Maybe you are into boys!?”

She teased.

“NO I’M NOT! And I’m still just 10. I have time!”

He protested. She shrugged her shoulders.

“If you say so... say have you eaten yet?”

She asked. At the mention of food his stomach rumbled, and he blushed once more.

“I guess not. It is a lucky thing that I took some more food from the kitchens while coming here... what would you do without me?”

She asked rhetorically before passing him some bread and cheese.

“Thanks.”

He said as he smiled at her. She stared at him a few moments before standing up from her bed.

“Okay, I’m gonna go have fun now. You better get ready for tomorrow. Good night Climby boy.”

She waved at him.

“Good night Edstrom.”

He said, waving back at her.

Life sure wasn’t easy, but it was still far better than before. He finally saw some light at the end of the tunnel. And no matter how many bodies he had to trample to get there, he will do it. With his friends’ support, he could achieve anything.

He still remembered his mother’s stories about knights and heroes. He once dreamt of being one. Maybe falling in love with a princess and marrying her one day.

He only now realized how much of a fool he was at that time. This world knew no mercy for the weak and dreamy. Only doom awaited those fools. But he knew better by now. He will climb it all and reach the top no matter what. And he will do it with his friends by his side.

'An honourable white knight? What a worthless, childish dream...'
He thought as he took another bite of his bread.

A.N.

And done! I know! It is shorter than most of my chapters. In my defence, this is not a chapter, but an intermission to show something else while not focusing on the plot every time.

I feel like these kinds of chapters are refreshing every now and then, don't you think? Some world building and character exposition.

Well make sure to let me know what you think in a review!

Until next time, stay safe and have a nice day!