

Half Breed Chronicles

Disclaimer: I don't own, any character from this fic. The settings belong to Maruyama's Overlord Franchise, and the AU: The Witch and the Sorcerer. All Hail to the Witch's intellect and may her godlike mind and devious heart conquer Satoru to the bone.

Chapter 1: The place where I belong.

She hadn't understood, what her father once told her; Not until she had the chance to travel outside her little town. For years she felt a bit inadequate, despite her parents efforts to shelter her. She noticed the differences soon enough.. She had pointy ears, Kinda like her father, but bigger, At first she thought those were just aesthetic differences, her body slimmer and nimbler.. The villagers treated her kindly, the kids, were always curious about her ears, to the point she was self aware of them most of the time. She can't say she had friends. She played with other kids, but she wasn't able to bond.. Several things were off. For some reason the other kids grew, and aged, way faster than her. Her own mother was aging, and she began to fear she will die. Watching her father looking young and her mother like other people's grandmothers.. Farming, like everybody else in the village to survive.. Soon, She was helping her mother and working more in the field.. Her father doing the same.

To Imina, her father, was curious, he seemed sad most of the time, except when he was with his wife, her mother. Perhaps her father was too kind and helpful with the other villagers, Imina suspected that the villagers took advantage of her father's good nature. When Imina questioned her mother about her father's behavior, she was told, Imina's father had his reasons.

One cold winter took Imina's mother from her family. She got angry, she mourned, she lashed at her father for not doing more. He had left the village in the cold winter to look for a priest in the capital, and came back empty handed. For years she blamed her father for her mother's death. She blamed him for not being like the other fathers she watched from afar, she blamed him for her pointy ears.. Why her ears were so big? At

least her father's were short and his mane could hid them if needed. Something he usually did when a Tax collector came from time to time.. Moreover, why had she needed to be hidden when the Tax collector arrived to the village? Her father wasn't exactly talkative, and he spoke in riddles to her.. She needed years to finally understand what her father meant.

If she could name a common ground with her father; It would be Archery and the love for her mother. Imina's father mostly talked about the great being her wife had been, a kindred spirit, loving and caring. His tales about her mother soothed Imina's heart. Go hunting was something she did with her father, most because it was needed to survive the winters.. The better preys the less grain needed. And more grain meant no starving at winter.

2 years after her mother passed away, Imina's watched her father sing and dance at night.. He had told her it was an old costume from the elves, but While watching him doing that, Imina couldn't refrain herself from comparing what the other families did on the graves of their loved owns.. Imina had seen lots of funerals from afar.. her elven heritage made her grow slower, she understood, and her own father will out last her, the same way he outlasted his wife. Her father dancing on her mother's grave felt like a slap on the face.. Despite she was told it was a custom and she had tried to mentally prepare for it.. Dancing, smiling and singing.. Watching her father happy.. Happier than she had seen him in years.. It irked her, she felt as if he was mocking her mother..

That night slowly began the slow derangement of her relationship with her father. Imina lashed out at any little thing. The meals permeated with uncomfortable silence. Little talking during hunting trips, if any. Watching her father being friendly and helpful with the other villagers, now irked her. She still missed her mother, and her father, she couldn't understand him.. Some times he seemed sad, other he was happy.

After a bad harvest.. With foul mood from most of the people at the village, Imina was fed up from her father happy stories about her Mother. It would be a harsh winter. Imina remembered that a cold winter like that one killed her mother.. Why had her father to be so weird?

She shouted and screamed.. Finally letting out all the sadness, and impotence, that she had been keeping bottled for years.. She lashed out her father. She remembers well her last words: " You always say you love me and mom, but you failed as both when we needed you the most, It's because of you that mom died two years ago, and instead of being sad and mourn like any normal person, you dance and laugh on her grave.. And worse of all, you keep helping others instead of focusing on us.. Perhaps if you help me at the fields more, instead of helping neighbors, we would have gotten more reserves for winter. Grow a Spine.. I am done with you father"

And so, Imina's father left in the morning.. He left some silver coins and a letter, That Imina didn't even read, but tore it and threw it to the flames that kept the house warm.

Despite the thick layer of snow and bone-freezing cold, every couple of days, Imina found at her front door dead hares, already gutted and piled up neatly.

[Imina's POV]

Damn dad, now I have food to survive the winter, but we could have hunted together.. Why don't you have a spine and confronted me.

This place feels so lonely, no mom, no dad. I hope you fare well and come back.. I was mad at you.. And i am still mad, But this winter is so cold.

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By the end of the harshest winter in decades in that far corner of the Baharut empire, Imina had survived, along most of the villagers.. Most being forced to dig for roots and look for bark to grind at the windmill for more flour.. Several families teaming up to share the heat of the limited firewood, or parents starving to feed the young ones. Camradery had made the close to the mountains village survive. Some even dared to cook the seeds in desperation.. The next farming season would be harsh.. Weakened bodies plowing the fields.. limited seeds. Imina was aware the village will perish if not this year, the next one. And she wasn't the only one, she kept hearing more and more young ones talking about venturing to the big cities. Out of desperation rather than real interest in leaving the small village. After all for most of them, that place was the only thing they knew.. A few had some information about cities, as they traveled outside. Like the Windmill owner's family. Stories about the big cities and their vices.

Imina wasn't particularly adventurous, but unlike the others, she wasn't particularly attached to her hometown. Better early than migrating in bulk.. Similar to hunting.. The early birds had better chances.

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The first think Imina noticed when she at the line to enter the City, was the way the people looked at her.. It was her ears.. But those looks weren't innocent curiosity as it once was back at her hometown, but something else. The group Imina had traveled with, also noticed how the people stared at her eyes.

Imina's awareness increased, when one of the guards asked the older member of Imina's traveling group whether he was Imina's owner.. Everybody in the group baffled at such statement.. She is a fellow villager, the man answered.

The guard, raised an eyebrow, unsure of what he was going to do with this group of farmers and an elf.. His plate armor clanking slightly. He finally asked Imina if she had her ears healed by a high level priest.

[Imina POV]

"My ears had always been like this, and in our village there aren't any priests" I spat trying to keep myself in check.. How they dare to ask me something like that.. If there were priests at my hometown, Mom wouldn't be dead

-A free elf then- the guard answered to the group

-A half Elf- I rebutted

After a short silence the guard allowed us to enter the City.. I would have thought City guards were a bunch of douches and treated visitors all the same, but they weren't.. Other groups entered the city faster than us.. It seems being a half elf is troublesome

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The more Imina saw, the more she noticed something was off. The silver coins she had would last for a few months, but she needed to get a Job long before that. For farmers, there were few jobs besides working for others as, oh surprise, farmers. The payment to farm other's land wouldn't be enough to sustain themselves according to the city's regular expenses.. What an eye opener for the group. Working for shelter and copper.. Perhaps that was the reason why farmers remained at their own villages instead of mass migrating to the cities. There were other jobs but for that it would ne needed skill and knowledge, the artisans, smiths, bakers among other people... For women, working at a brothel was an option, for strong men sign up to join Baharut's army was an option.. Imina looked her traveling group thin as the big, young and tall ones went to the recruiting office to try their luck to become proffessional army. It was logical, free food, a shelter and training, if they succeeded the payment was good enough to life at the city.

By the 4th day of looking for jobs, Imina was only accompanied by 2 girls and a guy. The guy ended up joining a group of suspicious looking guys before dessapearing into the city streets.. One girl managed to be hired to clean houses, and the other before running completely out of money to avoid spending the night on the streets for whatever fate awaited for young girls that dared to do that, chose to do it in her own terms and asked for a Job at a Brothel.. It was a roof over her head, food and a warm place to sleep.

Imina ended up alone looking for a Job; Thanks to her father, she wasn't in a rush, her purse was decent enough to have enough time to find something she was good at, with decent payment and without the need to forfeit her liberty or her sexuality. Sadly, the days turned into weeks and she didn't find something suitable, Imina only found awareness and mistrust from the citizens. She learned that Elves weren't common at the Baharut Empire, and that those that were, lived at the Capital, as slaves. That enslaved elves had their ears cut, to tag them as slaves.

She finally concluded, she would have better chances if she traveled to the capital.

It took several weeks for a team of workers to arrive to the city, guarding a caravan thst brought some goods from the capital. Imina planned to travel back, a group of

adventurers called Heavy Masher, well, not adventurers but workers as learned Imina while traveling with the Caravan and them, back to Arwintar.

On her way to the Capital, Imina learned a few things.. Adventurers and Workers had free room and earned decent money. The upbringing of an Adventurer or worker meant little, what mattered was their skill. The captain of the group of workers scorting the Carvan to Arwintar was a Dwarf.. And to Imina, she couldn't tell what was the difference between Gringham, The Heavy Masher's leader and the so called humans. He was even more polite than the Windmill owners at her hometown, his manners were normal.. The only difference was his looks, do humans are so shallow to discriminate by only looks? But at least it didn't mind being a Dwarf, or even a half elf if the Adventurer or worker were good enough, and carry their own weight.

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Arwintar was beyond Imina's wildest dreams.. stone paved roads, stone houses, shiny buildings.. The place was huge, so full of possibilities. And she still had 3 silver coins.. The trip to the capital with the caravan was expensive but now she had good chances to become an adventurer.. she could hunt and use the bow and arrow good enough.. That would be useful, right?

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The capital citizens didn't mind her, besides glancing at her, at least it was better than the people from the other city.

Imina arrived to Arwintar's adventurers guild full of hopes. Besides her hunting and skill with the Bow, She also knew how to write and read, that was a plus, and she had to thank her mom for teaching her reading and writing, along other skills Imina despised, as knitting, or dancing.

She got her copper plate, after signing in at the guild. With a soft smile she went straight for the board, she wanted to see what mission request she could get, by herself, or perhaps she would need a team.

-Nothing, why the hell all the missions are requesting Gold ranks or higher? - Imina was pissed, and she took her discomfort to the counter, the very same who helped her signing in less than an hour ago.

-Where are the missions for copper ranks?- said the purple haired girl with a forced smile

Sorry Imina, but perhaps you weren't listening to the introduction. Missions for Cooper, Iron and silver ranks are quite scarce. The Baharut army trainees and the professional deal with most of the monsters cleansing, and guarding the streets and the capital roads and its surroundings, so there's little to do for low rank adventurers. Nonetheless there are still ways.. You need join a team and be at the guild at first hour, if you are patient in a week or two, your team might get a missions.. Considering the numbers of low rank groups and the low demand, The clients are picky. Asking for specific number of adventurers in the group, or specific jobs. Some groups have large numbers of adventurers so they can adapt to any request.. In one of those you might get a chance to be promoted to iron rank in a few months if lucky.

Imina clenched her fists. Getting no jobs wasn't exactly a thrilling start for her chosen job. So she tried to make small talk with some of the adventurers loitering at the guild's headquarters.

She got interesting information, in regards to the adventurers.. Apparently the adventurers guild wasn't at its best position due to the Empire's army overstepping on most of the low and mid rank missions. So there was mostly Jobs for high ranked groups. There was also the problem with the Workers. To Imina so far she thought that Workers and Adventurers only difference was that the latter worked under the guild's patronage and former were freelancers. The truth was that Workers didn't follow established rules and might be hired for devious missions, bordering illegal,so Workers asked higher compensation than their adventurers' equivalent. Unlike Adventurers, Workers were in high risk at every mission, without the back up of a guild that filtered the level of difficulty of the missions, traced the credibility of the patrons; Workers might be crossed or double crossed by their very clients, and so Workers needed to investigate deeply every mission before accepting it.

Imina got some pointers if she wanted to pursue the adventurer's life. She would need to join a group, and leave the capital.. At the outskirts of the empire the changes to get missions for low ranked groups were higher. Traveling around the empire for years was the way how most gold ranked groups got their plates.. From there they could find missions, from nobles and merchants, to scort caravans, protect castles or fend property against potential attack from workers.

Imina was told that before anything else she would need some decent equipment or she will perish in her first mission. Of course the lecture wasn't free, and she was forced to indulge the Gold rank adventurer's curiosity about Imina's heritage.

She was vague, living with her parents, at a small village, at the Empire's far west, her father outliving her mother and she leaving town for a better future. That's it, nice and tight.

Wrong

After some odd seconds of silence, as the gold rank adventurer seemed deep in thought, he said: Most elves, if not all at the Empire are slaves, cut ears and broken souls. They are imported from Slane's Theocracy, and they cost a fortune each, that's the reason most elves are found at the capital, they belong to nobles, rich merchants and successful top rank adventurers. It's unheard of an elf to rebel against their masters. An elf outside the capital could only belong to a country noble house, an important one, as some consider owning elves as means of status.. Have you asked your mother about her own upbringing? Perhaps she was for noble house, fallen from grace and as a token of consideration her family give her the elf

-You are nuts! We were farmers, we suffered every winter.. Rebutted Imina, outraged

Nonetheless, she couldn't say anything else, as snippets from her past began to click.. Her father saying his wife had saved him, her mother's neat handwriting, way fancier than those from the Windmill house, her mother teaching her boring dances

so different than the village's harvest ball ones, the knitting, her demeanor so collected unlike the other housewives and farmers. Her father's sad eyes, his lack of courage.. And despite that, her upbringing had been almost normal.. Perhaps her father had something to do with that, earning the trust of every villager, so Imina could live without prejudice. She felt a knot in her throat and her heart wrenching..

At fast pace she finally arrived at her small dorm, without candles and the curtains closed, in the dark drops fell to the old wooden floor, and a constant sobbing.. Imina finally released what she kept within her heart, now under a new light.. And she had lashed out at her father. Sadness, regret, Pain.. Imina's nails meet red at her own skin, her knuckles completely white.. She had been a complete idiot. Her family had loved her, her father had gave his very best despite whatever trauma he had endured at the Slane's Theocracy, despite his weakened spirit, he did his best for Imina to grow in a favorable environment. An elf branded as slave going to a church to ask for help.. To those uptight priests.. She couldn't even think what her father had to endure or beg for aid to save his wife and utterly fail. Guilt and despair.. And Imina attacked him with those very words.. She had been cruel to the one who give his everything to her and to her mother. Imina still didn't know what was the story of her parents.. If she freed her father, if she ran away, or if she was banished from her noble family.. Whatever it was, she chose to live as a farmer, in a secluded small place, choosing love over status and wealth.. She indeed was a great woman with a golden heart.. Imina thought her eyes were already empty, but new tears fell down her cheeks.

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The morning arrived and Imina found a new resolve.. She couldn't change the past, but she can honour her parent's with her own life.. She would be proud of her heritage. It was the least she could do. Perhaps being low level Adventurer wasn't a career with such a bright future, unless she traveled to the Re-Estize kingdom. There, It was said that Adventurers thrived. Any one could become adventurer, thanks to the cheap magical Items that were sold there.. High quality magic items, affordable, all thanks to a Merchant Magic Caster, rumored to be on the same level as Fluder Paradine, the Empire's chief Magic Caster, and a living legend.

So Imina had to make a choice, going to the Re-Estize Kingdom, and becoming and adventurer in there, or remain at the Empire, not as an Adventurer but as a worker, she

could choose missions to sabotage those related to those filthy enslavers.. People similar to those who tortured or abused of her father. Perhaps she wasn't strong enough to face the high ranks of those twisted Merchants who dared to sell elfs as if they were objects. But she could help in hindering their business. And Maybe, one day, she could become strong enough to demolish the slavery at the Empire. For that she would need a team and resources.