

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Hey there! I have been playing Ori and the Blind Forest this last week! God tier game! If you haven't played it try it! It is one of the best games of the last decade for sure.**

**Well, my recommendations aside, enjoy the chapter! And thank you to all the new and old patrons, my thanks goes to every single one of you!**

**THIS CHAPTER HAS NOT BEEN BETAED YET! (I will upload the betaed chapter as soon as I get it!)**

Chapter 40: Of Claws, Tails, Fangs, Eyes and Tusks (part 4)

Shasuryu could not believe his eyes, for all he experienced during his life between the horrors of famine and war, he would never expect to see the leaders of the five remaining tribes reunite in one place to discuss a prosperous future.

And yet, with the arrival of Dragon Tusk and Red Eye this morning, all tribes were reunited into one place just outside the Green Claw village.

Following Princess Renner's suggestion, they organized a great banquet to welcome the guests and start out in a good direction.

The small human had been adamant in everything going right but even with all her courtesies, Shasuryu would not shrug off that sense of dread his instincts were constantly warning him about. The knowledge of the world around them was truly a terrifying one.

The sheer dimension of some countries was simply mind-blowing for him and the rest of the tribe, to think they had lived generations between such huge powers capable of conquering or banishing them without much effort.

The totality of the lizardmen living around the lake could not number above a couple thousands, and that was counting elders and children. The fact that those number weren't even 1% of the number of soldiers those human countries could employ was a dreadful reality he would now have to live with for the rest of his life.

Hell, they were all still alive only because both countries considered the forest too much of a waste of resources to conquer. They weren't even an afterthought in those giants' minds.

That was something he would have to share with his fellow tribes once all of this was settled. He could not risk any of them harming the humans, even more since they were all close to their respective rulers of those mighty countries, such an action would spell doom upon them all.

All of this was about to become a giant headache, he was sure of it. The only sane thing was to settle everything on the back of his mind for now and focus on the imminent problem instead. He was sure that bad blood was not forgotten and many of Dragon Tusk will not look kindly upon their ideas for the future.

It was a hard truth, but a truth, nonetheless. If Dragon Tusk stood stubborn against them, they would have no other choice but destroy them, for the sake of the lizardmen people, blood will mark the waters once more... one last time.

{Renner's P.O.V.}

The blond noble fidgeted on place, an hard task given the small space inside their shared tent. She had just finished retelling all that happened since she left the Green Claw village.

The blue-eyed princess closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This was hard, harder than she thought it would be. There was no risk of being disappointed by someone you had no expectation from, instead, it was far harder for disappointment to come from someone you had great hope in and even cherished as a friend.

“Lakyus.”

Her cold dead tone made the noble flinch and cast her gaze down at her feet.

“Look at me when I'm speaking with you.”

She instructed, this time annoyance joining the coldness of her tone. Lakyus' green eyes meeting her sky blue ones.

“Do you know what you have done?”

The princess asked rhetorically. Really, Lakyus had to do nothing, Dragon Tusk accepting or refusing would have changed nothing. And yet, out of some newly born sense of pride, she had to intervene and make a mess of the situation.

“Now you are responsible for a tribe... now you have entered their politics and affairs while we needed to stay out of them.”

Renner continued verbally beating the girl, the only one she ever considered a friend.

But she could not help being upset this time, there were no excuses for the mess Lakyus made.

Really, even if Dragon Tusk opposed them, the other tribe could easily crush them, even better, they would become more relying on Satoru in such a case, indebting themselves to him even more and helping him toward his goal.

But now it all went down wrong. If problem arose with Dragon Claw, the fault would fall on Lakyus and, by extent, her group. They would bear responsibility while they should have remained as a third party, there only to help an, in time, making the lizardman too reliable on Satoru, resulting in them offering some kind of vassalage to him.

And now Lakyus jeopardized all of her work till this moment just because of her pride.

“Do you even understand what mess we would be in if Dragon Claw decides to be unreasonable?! This isn’t only about you! This is about every last one of us and even Satoru.”

She took a deep breath after her rant, she could not lose her composure now, even with Lakyus.

“I’m sorry, I messed up... I only thought... I just...”

The older girl tried to explain herself, her tone reminding Renner of a kicked dog.

“What? What were you thinking? Illuminate me Lakyus!”

That meek demeanor only irked Renner more. The salty taste of disappointment was quite hard to swallow, this was kind of a first

for her. She never imagined this would rile her up so much, but apparently emotions were not as easy to master as she thought when it came down to people she cared for.

“I thought I could avoid a tragedy!”

Finally, the blonde noble cried out.

“Tragedy? Tragedy... the true tragedy would be having all we set up till now fall apart because it looks like we took a side... that would be tragedy! If Dragon Tusk wanted to doom itself so much let them do just that... you cannot save those who don't want to be saved Lakyus!”

She thought such a thing was obvious but apparently her dear friend was still far too naïve on that part even after all she witnessed.

“But I... I wanted to change things! I wanted to give them a chance!”

The young swordswoman rebutted.

“And you would do that even if it meant our own loss? Are a tribe worth the future of four more? Are they worth more than all of us?”

Renner's tone had lost any fire by now, communicating only coldness with each question. Lakyus recoiled at that, she apparently was taken aback by this.

“The road to a good future is paved with corpses... by now I thought you understood that Lakyus... in the end, those without power will die beneath those who have enough strength to carry on, despite the adversities.”

Their gazes clashed, green into blue. A thousand words unsaid and unneeded to convey what the other felt.

“Is that so...”

The noble muttered, all her guilt seemingly gone from her tone.

“If that is what you believe then... I wish you a good day... princess.”

With those last words, the knight left the tent, silence the only company remaining for the lonely princess.

‘Ah, this is quite strange...’ she thought as she felt like brining her hands toward her heart. Something was aching there, a pain she thought forgotten. So familiar and yet so distant, a memory lost to time, resurging like lava from a volcano who slept for a thousand years.

An empty smile graced her face as a lone tear formed in the princess’ left eye.

‘Is this... rejection?’ she never thought she would feel such a thing again... she didn’t remember it hurting so much, being such an unbearable burden for the soul. Maybe that was because, at the time, she did not experience care and love?

Then something else added to the pain, something she was mildly familiar with this time. She felt her tiny fist clench on her chest, as anger flowed through her veins like liquid fire.

‘I will not... stand for this’

{Zaryusu’s P.O.V.}

The lizardman looked down at the fish swimming inside the newly finished farm, it was truly a wonderful thing how he had

only been away for a few days and he could already see hundreds if not thousands of fish eggs on the bottom of the farm.

In just a year those hundreds would turn into perfectly eatable fish while no one knew how many more eggs there would be laid in that same amount of time. And all they needed to do was find and cultivate food for the fish, a job far less difficult and more reliable than actually fishing.

This was the future, now that he saw it with his own eyes he was completely sure of that. He would forever bless the day he left the village and met that group of humans.

Between the princess' ideas, the magic caster's wonderous abilities and the sheer will of Lakyus, all of this was finally achievable.

“it is a wonderful sight, isn't it?”

A gentle voice interrupted his thoughts causing him to tense up as a white lizardman stopped right next to him.

“I had my doubts about it at first, such a thing didn't seem doable, but instead, I must admit I was sorely mistaken.”

She continued as he could sense a hint of bitterness in her tone, an understandable thing considering the circumstances.

“To think that such a simple solution could have been used to solve our food problem... to think about how much bloodshed could have been avoided... how we would have never had to go as far as we did just to survive...”

The albino lizardman continued as she glared down at the farm, unshed tears in those beautiful crimson eyes.

“It is infuriating... and yet, we must go on, carrying this weight upon our shoulders.”

The bitterness in her tone was fading, replaced by solemnity as she looked at her own reflection in the lake.

“All we can hope for now is that the future generations will never have to live through what we did... may the children of tomorrow never know the famine of yesterday...”

Zaryusu stated with a sigh, that sounded like something an old man would say.

“Ah, is that another of your ways to try and sway me Zaryusu? My, my, you are quite persistent.”

The unexpected tease from the female caused him to flinch back in embarrassment, his tail swaying from side to side furiously.

“T-that isn't a.at all what I m-meant! I just... I mean! Of course, y-you are incredibly beautiful, and I would be... I mean!”

The stuttering mess that now was the wielder of Frost Pain elicited a chuckle from the albino lizardman who was now sporting a small blush of her own.

“You know, I thought that the wielder of Frost Pain would be a serious and threatening individual... to think he was such a dork who got flustered by the first female who compliments him... it is kind of adorable.”

She said smugly as she sat down on the soft grass.

“Y-you are not the first to say such things! It's just... I never met anyone who managed to capture my heart so, in just an instant.”

Now it was Crusch's turn to avert her gaze as her blush intensified even more.

“I-is that so...”

She mumbled back, clearly not knowing how to respond to his comment.

Being the wise lizardman he was, Zaryusu limited himself to enjoy his small victory by sitting in silence next to her.

“Not all is set in stone though, the council has yet to begin.”

After a few minutes it was Crusch who broke the silence eliciting a nod from the other lizardman. He was well aware of that fact, but thanks to Lakyus their biggest threat was taken out. Even if her reluctance in imposing her dominance was worrying.

He had no idea how human civilizations worked, but all the few races he knew were based on a power structure where the strong had to be obeyed and respected for their power and defy could only come from a worthy opponent.

“I am sure that with Lakyus as the new chief of Dragon Tusk things will go alright.”

He tried to be positive even if Crusch didn't seem to share his optimism.

“That child has too much of a soft heart to impose her dominion upon others, you heard her yourself... she wishes for words to dictate the rules of the world instead of violence.”

The tone she used to say those words didn't carry any approval or disagreement in it, she was just stating a fact, something he was already aware of.

“That is a beautiful dream though, to shatter it so brutally would be a cruelty...”

He tried to reason, even if he thought her goal was a fool's errand, he had no right to step on it.

“You think so? When I was entrusted with my people's responsibility, I was barely considerable as an adult myself... reality has no time for dreams and illusions, it will slap you in the face with all its might... and when it happens, you better be ready to catch the incoming blow.”

She rebutted and Zaryusu could do nothing but agree with her sentiment. He experienced himself such a horrible thing during the war, the cruelty of this world truly did not know an end, strength was the only reason he survived it.

“I still wish... there was some way to finally have some peace... even if it is only for a day... a mere moment without worries...”

He said sighing. Silence now ruling between the two.

“Yeah, I would like that as well.”

The albino agreed in a whisper of her own.

They continued staring at the blue lake, enjoying the light breeze and the moment of tranquility. Neither of them noticing their tails intertwining as they shared that moment.

{Re-Bluemalashull}

{Blumrush's P.O.V.}

The Marquis sat behind his desk in contemplation. He was absolutely sure something was missing in the grand scheme of things. The emperor had been far too silent for his tastes, ever since the grand fiasco that resulted in the wiping out of the Noble Faction and a third of the Royal Faction, the few orders he received were mostly for him to stand down and lie low.

At first, he thought it was normal, a smart move even, that was a dangerous time to be a noble, the silent axe of the so called King's Justice had got accustomed in being bathed with noble blood and seeing how he was the biggest traitor of them all, he even feared for his life at first.

Though, when the axe did not come to claim his head, he allowed himself a moment of smugness, for not even the so called strongest Magic Caster in Re-Estize could uncover his treachery, meaning he covered his tracks the best he could.

Unfortunately, the emperor didn't share the sentiment apparently. For all his reports on how he could easily infiltrate the new Marquis' territory or even attempt on his life, the emperor always rejected them without much explanation.

That led the Marquis to two different conclusions, either the emperor was afraid of the magic caster, or the magic caster was working for him as well. The latter of which seemed far more probable. But if that was the case Blumrush's own interests would come to be damaged or, at the very least, put at risk.

For once the Re-Estize kingdom capitulated he would be the one taking over it and rule as the new royal line, this was the unspoken agreement with the emperor for his collaboration. He would help in the takeover and in exchange he would claim the kingdom ruling as a vassal state of Baharuth.

But now he had competition, for the magic caster entered his game now, and he was far ahead of him. The new marquis not only held the greatest plot of land ever given to a single noble, but he also was meant to marry into the actual royal line.

If the emperor wished for a smooth takeover, he would certainly go for the magic caster route now. He just had to eliminate the two male heirs, not really an arduous task, and then the magic caster could claim the throne through his bride. Probably Pespea could protest as he married the eldest princess, but who was he kidding? The magic caster could crush him even without the backup of the empire.

And then, he, Blumrush the double agent, would find himself cut out from any prize for his hard years of work, not even able to protest without exposing his treachery and being obliterated by the newly crowned king and the empire.

But he would not stand for this! Not at all! That was why he had taken things in his own hands, without the consent of the emperor. After all, you could not trust a snake slithering around your neck to not bite or strangle you.

He had sent his eldest son, Erik, to the capital to sway that little princess the new marquis was meant to marry.

Who would have guessed that the second princess, who represented political suicide by association, would turn out to hold the key for the kingdom throne? Such a strange and voluble world they lived in.

He allowed himself a smirk. The magic caster may think he has won and can bask in his current advantage all he wants. But in the end, the one who will sit on the throne would be him and him alone. In all but name of course, as it would be his son who would become the new king, but that imbecile was only good for swinging around a sword.

That was why even if he died by the hand of the magic caster while trying to seduce the second princess, no one would mourn his death. He already has two other spares to take his place, far more cunning and worthy of being his heir.

Against all odds, though, the swaying was going quite smoothly. Much of that was due to the magic caster himself ignoring the princess for the most part, a foolish and costly move.

Blumrush had heard rumors circulate around, even if he hardly believed such things, this time it might seem the rumors were true. The magic caster truly has tastes for little girls judging by how much time he spends around the third princess while ignoring the second.

That could turn out to be another advantage to exploit.

The foolish magic caster even made it easier for him, leaving like that for only the gods knew where, with the third princess no less. Leaving him full field to play his game.

He took out of his desk pen and paper, he needed to write to his foolish son. He will need to step up his game in the upcoming months of the new marquis' absence.

Sway the girl, claim her purity, even put a child in her belly, if possible, that would surely make the betrothal null, maybe even create a rift between the royal family and the magic caster. There was no man willing to be shamed so, even if he doesn't like his bride to be, his pride will be wounded, nonetheless.

Then Erik will marry the second princess and secure easy access to the royal line of succession while cutting off the upstart magic caster. Even if the man managed to arrange a betrothal with the third princess Blumrush would still come up on top. Yes, the third

princess was despised as a bastard child in all but name, not counting she was still a child without any support. Surely, the emperor will know who to back up in such a situation.

Not even the mighty magic caster would dare to oppose the whole of the empire and kingdom united.

It was all a matter of Erik convincing the princess to give in to his seduction. Once his great scheme was set in motion all would fall into place, like a well-positioned domino no one could stop.

He will rule this kingdom, and no one will stand in his way.

With a last fluent motion, he signed the paper and folded it before setting it inside its envelope and sealing it with the sigil of his house. He would have his most trusted men bring this to his son on the morrow.

A knock on the door interrupted his train of thought. After a few seconds of silence, the door slowly opened, revealing a maid with long chestnut hair carrying a trau with his favorite tea. A brew he imported from the Argland Council State, the exotic flavor fascinated him since he was a young boy.

In the silence of the room, the maid placed his personal cup on his desk before pouring the dark tea in it, filling it to the brim. She immediately made to leave but the marquis had other plans for this fine evening.

“Stop.”

He commanded as the maid froze mid-step, like a lamb who just heard the howl of a particularly hungry wolf.

“You are not done yet here.”

The maid seemed to analyze his words before turning around and slowly reapproaching his desk. The fear in her eyes was clear to see, a sight he so much enjoyed as it fed his need for control.

“You will have Ser Byron come by my office on the morrow to come, understood?”

He stated without a single change of inflexion in his tone, the maid immediately nodded vigorously, the relief in her eyes a welcomed sight in his mind. ‘It is always fun to see them hope to get away just before crushing those hopes into the dirt’ he thought as a gently smile settled on his visage.

“Now set down that tray and get on your knees.”

And as soon as the hope came in her eyes it disappeared, utterly crushed by his last words. The best moment was exactly that shift in Blumrush’s opinion, to see someone’s soul crack under your every word was truly the most satisfying of sights.

On her part the maid seemed to ponder his words for a moment, as if refusal was even an option. ‘It must be a new one’ he thought as now that he observed better the maid seemed indeed quite young and not a very common visage.

Her indecision lasted very little though, she knew what was best for her after all. She set down the tray and crawled on all four under his desk.

Yes, there was nothing better than a little bit of relaxation after a long day of work and plotting.

‘All in due time, now it’s time to relax’ he thought as the maid began to work on her new task.

{Green Claw’s Village}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

Would problems ever end? That was what he wondered for the longest time by now. And he wasn't only referring to the lizardmen's case, oh god, he wished that was the worst and most impending thing he had to deal with.

No, instead, the worst thing he had to endure the last days was seeing his little merry band almost fall apart in the last couple days, just after him and Gazef seemed to come to a truce or at least an understanding.

He thought Rayne and Arche's clash would be a temporary thing, for he didn't want to deal with teenagers going through puberty and all their crap. That was something he would leave to the actual parents, thank you very much.

And yet, problems didn't seem to come to an end as just a few minutes ago he overheard an argument between Lakyus and Renner, which seemed much more heated than he ever expected. The two of them have always been the best of friends so he initially didn't worry until the thing risked becoming a shouting match and Lakyus stormed out of the tent.

He felt like facepalming, they didn't even reach the base of the mountains and he was already tempted calling everything off and going home. Everything would be better than dealing with this... why couldn't they just enjoy an adventure properly instead of doing... whatever this was!

But since leaving things to fate didn't seem to work, judging by Rayne's and Arche's situation, he guessed he would try to step in and solve it himself.

They were children, how difficult could it be to end a dispute between them?

He silently moved toward the tent preparing himself for what was to come.

“Renner, it is me, can I talk to you for a moment?”

He called out for the third princess who immediately came out of her tent. ‘Oh, that was easy, guess I am in luck and it wasn’t such a big deal’ unfortunately for him his thoughts were flushed down the toilet when he noticed the lone tear streaming down the young princess’ cheek.

That actually gave him pause, he could only remember one other instance of the princess crying, and it surely wasn’t out of sadness. This was kind of a first-time thing to see, quite strange considering the age of said princess and all the crap she had to go through since he arrived here. If nothing else that attested to her strength of character, but still, no one was invincible apparently.

“Renner, have you been crying?”

The princess tilted her head in confusion at the undead’s inquiry as she checked her eyes and caught the tear slowly rolling down her cheek. She seemed to contemplate it in fascination as it now lied on her finger before wiping it off with a handkerchief.

“It’s nothing.”

She said in her usual tone, but Satoru would not be fooled by this, he knew that arguments were not easy, even less among friends as he experienced his own share of those with his old friends. For one to bring the usually stoic and composed princess on the verge of tears was nothing to be scoffed at.

He sighed as he sat back on the grass and gestured for the princess to join him. Something that she eagerly did, sitting right on his lap instead of next to him as he initially thought. Well, not like he wasn't used to it by now.

He gently began to pat the princess' head the way he knew she enjoyed it. If he wanted to have an open discussion with her he first needed to make her at ease and feel like she was in a safe space to express herself, or some other crap he read into a book about customer service a long time ago.

“So, care to tell me what all that thing with Lakyus was about?”

He asked, getting to the main point of the conversation.

“It is just her being a fool, she is damaging all we have worked to achieve here till now... and all for some sense of pride and need to change the world...”

Her answer was as immediate as it was cold and calculating. He expected nothing less from her though,

“Do you truly believe so?”

Ha asked curious to know if she was actually putting out a façade as many kids, him included back in the day, did when they were mad.

“Yes, she is being a stupid and stubborn brat.”

She confirmed in the same tone she answered him the first time, thought her body pressing against his robes didn't seem to agree with her big words.

“And yet, she is your friend.”

He stated, not receiving any more inputs from his little companion for a while.

“Yes, indeed she is.”

The princess finally stated, even though admitting it seemed to cost her more than she wanted it to.

“Are you angry with her?”

He asked, trying to understand how big the fracture between the two of them was.

He had done such a thing a few times in the aftermath of some of the worst arguments in Ainz Ooal Gown. He always had to play the role of conciliator between the two parts back then. He just needed to apply his logic to a child, not as easy as it sounded.

“No... I’m frustrated with her... she doesn’t understand the mess she made, she is so obnoxious sometimes.”

She muttered under her breath even if Satoru had no problem hearing her words.

“Umu, I see, I got into arguments with a few of my friends back in the days as well you know? Sometimes we can make mistakes, most arguments are born from our inability to acknowledge those mistakes-“

He was interrupted as he felt Renner tug on his robes while giving him a fierce look.

“Do you think I am wrong, Satoru?”

He was taken aback by such an hard tone, he was unused to being the subject of her contempt.

“No, not necessarily, though you must acknowledge that the inability of reaching an understanding and giving in to a tempter tantrum would be considered a mistake.”

That was something he had to learn during his years as a salaryman. No matter how right he might be, if he couldn't convey his own points perfectly and reach a common ground he might as well be wrong.

“What would you do then?”

She asked, all her previous irritation gone.

“Umu... that is indeed the right question... every person reacts differently to different situations...”

He said as he brought his hand under his chin as if in deep thoughts.

“Well, I imagine you care about her, don't you?”

The slow nod she gave him had taken some time to arrive making him pause for a few seconds. ‘That is a far less enthusiastic answer than I imagined, then again she probably never argued with a friend before’ that thought actually sparked a memory in his mind.

He remembered how he and Peroroncino had a fallout after the latter broke their No Cash Items Alliance, prompting the others members to do the same. The two of them didn't speak for more than two weeks after that. It had been a hard test for their friendship but it had also cemented it into stone once they talked it out.

“I think you two should talk... state your points, even if you think you are right, don't try to push your opinion on her, let her have the space to breath and make up her own mind about the matter... you are friends after all, friends should stick out for each other regardless of their diverging opinions.”

He explained his point of view prompting a frown of contemplation to appear on her visage.

“Even if someone refuses to see the truth, you should always try to compromise and... take in account their feelings...”

She slowly said, it was a weird way of wording the concept in Satoru’s mind, but if that got his point across, he didn’t really care how she phrased it.

“Yes, friendship must be cherished even though you two might differ in opinion, for friendship isn’t just about agreeing and being gentle with each other... it is about finding someone who would guard your back regardless of the direness of the situation, someone you cherish in your heart despite all their flaws, someone who makes you feel special and appreciated.”

He continued, trying to convey what he felt his friendship with his companions felt like.

“But... isn’t that love?”

The words escaped the princess like a whisper into the wind, even if Satoru didn’t miss them.

It indeed was a good question, what was even the difference between the two? Satoru never experimented love so he might not be an expert in explaining the difference, socially awkward as he was. So, like the good actor he was, he decided to carry one of Ulbert’s best lines, and one that earned him a pat on the back by Touch-Me.

“Friendship... is another kind of love, you see... like a flame burning inside your chest with the desire of sharing happy memories with one another... knowing that even if the world

around you two burns, you will always find a friend to share the moment with.”

He retold the demon’s words, they stuck with him in his mind till this day, those were the few final words his friend left him with before quitting the game.

If he could help someone else by sharing them he would do it, as a final tribute to his friend.

“That is confusing... but I think I get what you are trying to tell me Satoru... thank you.”

He was brought back from his sad memories by the princess’ voice, her lips arching up into a beautiful smile before morphing in her usual devilish grin, something Satoru was far too used to by now.

He gently messed up her hair.

“That’s good to hear, now let Lakyus burn out her own frustration and speak to her when you feel like you are ready and she is in a good enough mood for the conversation.”

He advised the younger princess, he really wanted for her to fix things with the noble girl.

He knew himself how hard it was for someone so socially awkward to make any friends at all. If he could help her by sharing his own memories, he would do it. Now that he thought about it, it might be a good idea to speak with Lakyus too.

He tried to stand up but the tightening of the grip on his robes stopped him, prompting him to look down at the blond girl who was now sporting a little blush as she cuddled on his lap.

“Can... can we stay like this just a little longer?”

She asked shily making Satoru almost smile at her cute demeanor.  
“Sure.”

He assured her as he did his best to comfort the heartbroken girl between his arms. The gentle breeze of the lake caressing his robes and the silence of the shore cuddling his mind.

It was during moments like this that Satoru could say he would not trade his current life for any other in this world.

**A.N.**

**Hello there, you made it till the end, next time we are going for the finale of this mini arc. I am truly excited for it, to see how things will end up for the lizardmen.**

**Also, Renner is going through quite the fascinating phase, don't you think? She has come far from her canon path toward dissociative psychopathy we see in the LNs, but change comes with a cost, and now that she has acquired some new human emotions, she has to deal with the consequences. Will she regress to her original path? Or will she stride forward?**

**Don't forget to leave a review / comment with your opinion!**

**Stay safe! Till next time!**