Hello.

Your most favorite lazy guy in the world is here.

Enjoy the chapter, I'm too lazy to say anything else.

Start:

The two soldiers hid behind crates piled by the side of a building, eyes locked in on Crocodile walking around the other side of the lake. They kept a good distance that allowed visual on him and considered the chances of him having Observation Haki – which, as a Warlord, was definitely a huge chance.

They trailed him until they reached the back of the pyramid. When Taro crouched down behind the building, he accidentally bumped into a barrel with an empty bottle on top of it, making the bottle fall and shatter into pieces. Miyabi's heart dropped, quickly grabbing Taro's arm and pressing against the wall. The man was equally scared, enough to forget breathing as he shut his eyes.

When the noise echoed off, Crocodile whipped his head towards the direction and glared at it. No one would be stupid enough to sneak up on him here.

Then, a grey cat jumped out of the alley with a loud meow, crossing the road and turning its head around, meeting Crocodile's piercing gaze. It was so frightened by the intensity that it scurried away. Crocodile then shrugged, seeing that it was just a cat, then turned back around.

Meanwhile, back at the two soldiers, Miyabi bravely peeked out, then saw that Crocodile had now turned away. She exhaled, indicating the situation to Taro who then relaxed as well, his knees going weak and his back sliding down the wall. They had been extremely lucky that a stray cat got frightened by the noise and went out. Miyabi glared at him, whispering, "Be more careful! You almost got us found out!"

"It's dark here! I didn't see the barrel," Taro retorted. Miyabi pushed her head out a bit more and watched Crocodile go through a door that was seamlessly fixed into the pyramid, making it blend well and look hidden. If Miyabi didn't see him open it, she would've assumed that he just disappeared into thin air.

Taro grabbed her desert robe and tugged it. “Lead! What are you doing? He’ll see you!”

“No, he’s gone,” She shook her head, grabbing that exact hand and dragging him along as she ran out to the back of the pyramid. Taro struggled to properly run behind her with how fast she moved. “W-Wait, don’t drag me!”

When they reached the back of the pyramid, Miyabi began smoothing out her hand on the wall, making Taro scratch his head in confusion. “Uh, Lead? Are you sure Crocodile caressed the wall like that to get in?”

“I will smack the shit out of you if you don’t shut up right now,” Miyabi threatened, not looking away, feeling for any ridges or hints of an opening. “Damn it. It’s so dark, I can’t see clearly.”

Right when she said that, she felt the thin groove and pushed against it, revealing a door that opened without any resistance. The corridor was dimly lit and suspiciously unguarded. Miyabi and Taro looked at each other, then nodded determinedly before going inside, the door closing by itself.

It was eerily silent, making Taro nervous all of a sudden. He raised his hand, about to ask Miyabi to call off the tail and head back. But, when he looked down, he saw that her hands were trembling, yet she was courageously pushing on. So, he swallowed his fear and continued walking with her.

Halfway through, Miyabi was getting more and more suspicious about the fact that the corridor didn't have any guards nor patrollers. Just when she was about to ask Taro to stop, a wooden thud suddenly echoed off, making Miyabi jump. She whipped her head towards Taro, who swiftly picked up his large water canteen that fell. She was grinding her teeth in anger as she whisper-yelled, "Taro, are you freaking serious right now?!"

He held his hands up placatingly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. All this sneaking around is making me a bit thirsty."

She looked around, seeing if someone was going to investigate the noise. When no one came, she exhaled and pinched the bridge of her nose in frustration. "I swear, if you make another noise, you're getting it!" Taro bowed frantically, genuinely sorry about the slip up.

Miraculously, they didn't encounter anyone else and walked down the corridors that rarely had any splitting paths. After a few minutes, they came across a set of large doors, where they heard muffled sounds of glass and wood breaking.

Taro pressed his ear against it while giving the knob a testing twist, only to find it unlocked. He looked at Miyabi, who nodded firmly, before he slowly opened the door a fraction. It was still small, but enough for them to squeeze through without making the hinges creak.

"That wretched bastard!" Crocodile's angry voice bellowed, followed by another glass shattering into pieces.

There was a vast room beyond the door, where a large opening led to a wide staircase below. They tiptoed and knelt down by the edge of the opening, listening to Crocodile continuing his rampage.

Miyabi felt extremely wary that they were this close to him while he was acting like that. She dug into her pockets and took out a baby Den Den Mushi that was actively transmitting, then placed it right by the edge so that it could pick up the sounds below.

Taro’s brows furrowed, but the woman shushed him before he could ask, then resumed listening to Crocodile below. By then, the man had already ceased wreaking the office, and was now standing still.

Crocodile huffed and ran his hand through his disheveled hair, smoothing it back. The floor was littered with shards of glass and pieces of splintered wood, along with puddles of red wine that were caught up in his anger. It painted the room like a murder scene. He clicked his tongue in annoyance and turned to his shelf, his shoes crunching by the debris as he walked.

Behind the displayed books was a secret nook, where he kept a slightly dusty Den Den Mushi. He took it out and placed it right on top of the shelf, then picked up the mouthpiece.

With his back facing the two, Miyabi and Taro peeked down a bit further as the snail purred while ringing. Then, they heard the sound of the other end picking up, and Crocodile spoke. “It’s me, Mr. 0.”

Taro and Miyabi looked at each other with eyes wide in shock. Naruto had briefed them about the codename. They didn’t think they would hit the information jackpot right away. Miyabi pushed the baby snail a bit further to properly catch what they were about to hear.

“The situation has changed. Miss All-Sunday will no longer be acting in command,” He went on, “In fact, I need you and Mr. 1 to head over here at Raindinners. As soon as possible.”

Taro mouthed the woman’s codename to Miyabi, but she put her palm up and continued to listen to the call. There was a brief silence, probably the other side talking to him. Then, he said, “She has done an unforgivable act. Details can wait. Just get here as fast as you can. We can’t discuss this over a call.”

Crocodile placed the mouthpiece back onto the shell.

Taro was both thrilled and anxious, frantically tapping Miyabi's arm and jerking his head towards the door, indicating the need to leave. Miyabi nodded and crawled carefully, Taro letting her go first. But, just as he was about to follow her, he picked up the sound of a very faint rustling sound. He looked from the corner of his eye and spotted what seemed to be sand grains creeping up the stairs.

It instantly materialized into a thick tendril and wrapped his leg before he could even voice out his confusion, clawing helplessly on the floor with a scream when it then pulled him down. Miyabi was almost at the door when it happened, and she gasped out when she met Taro's fearful gaze, but reflexively slapped her hands over her mouth before she could scream.

More sand slithered up in the air and wrapped around his neck, squeezing it enough to hold him upright in front of Crocodile's face without restraining his breath, his legs hovering half a meter above the floor.

"How did you get into this underground room and how much have you heard?" Crocodile demanded. Taro squirmed against the hold, his hands trying to grab the tendril, only for his fingers to pass through to no avail. The Warlord eyed him up and down, and his anger only

increased tenfold when he saw what he was wearing under the desert robe. “A Marine…did that bastard Vice Admiral send you here to spy on me, huh?!”

Taro met his glare yet kept his mouth shut, pulling his lips inward for good measure. Naruto never told them anything, they came here on their own accord, and he’ll accept his fate without so much as uttering the man’s name. Yet, from what Crocodile had mentioned, it seemed that the superior was already on this man’s death list. The man’s scowl was so deep that his expression made Taro shiver from fear despite keeping up a brave face.

“Say something, damn you!” Crocodile bellowed.

Miyabi herself was also frozen in fear, too scared to make a move. She knew Taro would want her to leave, especially after the discovery they had just now. But, her heart ached at the thought of leaving her friend alone with him like this.

Taro refused to open his mouth, irking Crocodile even further. “Then you’ll die just like that.”

The sand tightened further around his neck, completely restraining his breathing. He gasped out and desperately choked for air, his clawing motions growing more desperate and sloppier. Through it all, his eyes moved up to where Miyabi was, and was distraught to see her still there. Despite running out of air, he mouthed her, “Run!”

Miyabi’s breath hitched. Tears flowed down her face as she mustered every ounce of courage to push herself up on her feet and bolted to a run.

Unfortunately for her, Crocodile noticed the man’s action and followed his gaze, spotting the woman as well. He instantly raised his right hand, morphing into a rope of sand rushing towards her and grabbing her around her waist. Miyabi’s fingertips were inches away from the door when he caught her, and she cried out in fear. Crocodile pulled his hand back, the sand dragging Miyabi down the long staircase amidst her horrified pleas.

Taro gasped out, his drive to free himself growing stronger, yet he couldn’t catch so much as a single grain. But then, ridiculously enough considering the situation, a childhood memory of him making sandcastles with Miyabi.

It was all the hint he needed.

He used one hand to grab his water canteen and raised it in the air, then choked out a battle cry to deliberately get Crocodile's attention. When his eyes drifted back to him, he threw the canteen towards his face, to which Crocodile slashed open with his hook.

"What?!" Crocodile gasped, water dousing them both. Taro then swung his leg back and kicked his sandy arm, the wet sand now tangible for him to break it apart, freeing Miyabi. Without a moment to lose, she frantically crawled up the stairs and rushed towards the door.

Crocodile seethed as he saw her get out of the door, his eyes narrowing into slits as he faced the man, who was bearing a victorious grin despite the struggle for air. He saw that he himself was also drenched and now digging his fingers through the sand, giving himself room to breathe.

The anger in Crocodile's face faded into an amused expression. "You could have used that window of distraction to free yourself. Yet, you chose to help your friend instead. How utterly

idiotic.” He drained the moisture on the sand and raised Taro even higher, the man’s legs suspended feebly, his lips turning blue from the lack of air. “This is why you’ll die tonight. Not as a ‘hero’ as other equally idiotic people would call it, but as a suicidal fool.”

“I-I…” Taro rasped, his voice heavily strained. “I don’t c-care…If it means they’ll k-know that…” he drew in a huge gulp of air as much as he could, then raised his voice as he glared at him, “Mr. 0 is you, Crocodile!”

Crocodile’s eye twitched, forming one solid conclusion. He clenched his fist in fury. “So, you really are his spy.”

Taro rasped out a cry of pain, his arms flailing and jerking as he felt the sand around his neck sucking against skin. Slowly and agonizingly, Crocodile drained the moisture out of his body, his skin gradually drying out until his bones protruded through his shriveled skin and his eyeballs popped out of his sunken lids. He dropped him back onto the floor, hoarse and soundless rasps escaping from his mouth. Crocodile had mummified him to the point of no return, but still clinging on to a small thread of life, prolonging his agony.

“As much as I hated your presence here, you will serve well as food for my pets,” Crocodile walked toward his chair and pressed a hidden button on the armrest. With a click, a hatch on the floor right where Taro was opened, letting him freefall down the bananagators’ feeding den.

The hatch closed, as if it was never there in the first place. The bananagators growled as they descended towards the den. “Now then.” He turned his body into sand and drifted up the stairs and past the doors.

Miyabi was running as fast as she could, panting madly and pushing her legs further as best as she could. She didn’t want to think about the possibility of Taro being killed back there, yet, she repeated only one phrase in her mind.

‘I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry we shouldn’t have followed him I’m sor–’

“Where do you think you’re going?”

She skidded to a stop, sand flowing in mid-air and materializing into Crocodile's towering form. She looked up at him, her stomach dropping in fear. There was no way she was getting out of this alive.

And the fact that he's here in front of her meant one dreadful thing…

"W-Where…" She gulped, "Where's Taro?"

Crocodile hummed questioningly, tilting his head a bit, before it clicked. "Ah, so that's his name. Well, he's with my pets right now." He leaned forward, putting his face right by her ear. Miyabi went rigid when he eerily whispered, "Do you want to join him?"

She held her breath, staring right ahead with wide eyes. Crocodile chuckled, enjoying the terrified look on her face. "Seeing as how you're right by the door now, which I personally commend, I would like to offer you a way out. Simply answer my question, and you can walk out of here with your life and moisture intact."

He straightened himself back up, then demanded, “Name the Vice Admiral and give me his current whereabouts.”

The demands were very simple, something she could just say in one second. And yet, her loyalty for Naruto kept her mouth shut. It didn’t feel right. Sure, Naruto could probably take on this guy considering his crazy strength and powers, but he was a *Warlord* for goodness sake. His level was on-par with the freaking Admirals themselves. There’s no knowing whether Naruto could come out unscathed from that, and not to mention the fact that it was heavily indicated that he already harbored a grudge on him.

But, Taro gave his life just to let her escape. Now, she’s just going to fumble the chance like this?

She grit her teeth and lowered her head in surrender.

“You have about five seconds before I retract that offer and finish you off. I’m not in the mood to be patient right now,” Crocodile added. “Five, four–”

“Uzumaki Naruto!” Miyabi answered, her heart aching with sorrow. “H-His whereabouts, I don’t know – the last thing I saw him was here in Rainbase.”

Crocodile roughly grabbed her chin and forced her head up, his fingers digging into her cheeks. She raised her arms and clutched his wrist, fighting against his rough hold. “I-It’s the truth, I swear!”

“Don’t you dare make a fool out of me – he left Rainbase an hour ago along with my partner!” Crocodile growled. “You can communicate with each other, can you not?!”

“We can! But I-I’ve tried doing so and h-he wasn’t picking up!” She defended. “P-Please…I’ve told you his name! I won’t tell anyone, even him–”

“Silence!” Crocodile demanded, squeezing tighter. “I know better than to trust a marine, especially a sneaky little rat like you.”

Miyabi yelped, tears streaming down her face. Yet, it disappeared into nothing as her entire body began to dry up, the moisture leaving her until she was completely mummified to the bone. Her head fell off her neck and rolled down onto the floor. Crocodile dropped her body unceremoniously and sneered at it, then headed back to his underground room.

When he opened the door, his eye caught something small placed on the edge of the entrance to the stairs. He stared at it, before recognizing what it was with a disbelieving gasp.

A baby Den Den Mushi that the marine spies have left there. There was no other explanation.

He stomped over to it and immediately stepped on it, the snail’s shell shattering into pieces. The snail shrieked then died right after.

Unfortunate events for him kept happening one after the other in just less than a day. Nico Robin's betrayal, the Unluckies' disappearance, and now the miraculous infiltration of two marine spies who left a working Den Den Mushi that definitely picked up the earlier events. No wonder that bastard screamed his identity even though he couldn't breathe anymore.

Crocodile hasn't felt this enraged in his entire life. He grinded his teeth against each other as he clenched his fists. After what he did throughout the years to get Operation Utopia in motion; now that the commencement was close, everything was now falling apart.

They'll know. His identity as the leader of Baroque Works would now be revealed, and his position as a Warlord would definitely be revoked.

"Uzumaki Naruto…" He muttered, gritting his teeth in anger, the thought of just one man bringing him down like this. "Damn you…I will hunt you down and kill you myself!"

Naruto felt the heat in his face before grasping the consciousness of waking up.

He grumbled as he twisted his head and hid into the pillows to snooze. It was only after he heard a woman's loud laugh from outside did he abruptly sat up, yesterday's events returning to him in a single flash.

Meeting Robin again, the confrontation with her outside of town, Crocodile's appearance...

He rubbed his face with both palms, inhaling and exhaling deeply. So much has happened in just one night. Yet, somehow, it didn't end up quite as bad as he had thought it would go.

Yamada groaned, beginning to wake up as well. When he opened his eyes and saw Naruto sitting up, he asked, "Is she still here?"

Naruto shrugged, "I don't know yet." He pulled the covers off him and swiftly got out of the bed. "C'mon, let's hurry so we can go check."

They each took turns to take a bath, relieved to feel the cold water on their bodies after that long trek under the sun. They then hurriedly dressed back up and briskly walked to the receptionist's counter, who greeted them with a warm smile once more.

"Good morning," Naruto huffed, a bit breathless from the anxiety of them not catching up to her and the brisk walk down the stairs. "The woman..."

"Miss Sunday," Yamada supplied, and Naruto nodded gratefully, "Miss Sunday...Is she still here?"

"Oh, no. She already went out a few minutes ago," The woman shook her head sideways with a light frown.

Naruto's shoulders dropped, evidently deflated. She was finally within his reach, and now she slipped away again. After what happened last night, she was technically not a part of Baroque Works anymore, meaning she wouldn't have any other reason to stay on this island.

He spun on his heels, Yamada flinching from how quick he was. "Wait, where are you going?"

"She said she just left, we can still catch up to her!" He told him without turning around, but then Yamada grabbed his shoulder to stop him. He whipped his head around, “Yamada!”

“It’s no use, she could be well on her way out of the city now,” Yamada said, “Do you think she’ll still want to stay here for long? We could be hunted by Cr–” he tossed a glance towards the receptionist who was listening, “-uh, that guy’s lackeys! It would be careless to just walk out there on a whim.”

“Still…” Naruto began, but then trailed off, understanding the man’s point. “Fine. Then, let’s just grab breakfast.” On cue, his stomach let out a low rumble, Naruto patting it lightly. “We haven’t eaten since yesterday afternoon.”

Yamada sighed, recognizing his own hunger as well. “I think we passed by a restaurant last night. We can walk down the road where we came from to check.”

Naruto agreed. He turned back to thank the receptionist who waved them off courteously. Then, they both exited the inn and turned to the direction they came from last night. Just as they passed by the edge of the building, a woman’s voice came out of the small alley.

“You kept me waiting for quite a while.”

Both men froze and turned towards it, seeing Robin leaning by the wall, dressed in a light purple dress shirt and dark purple pants underneath a cream colored desert robe. She crossed her arms over her chest, acting annoyed. “And here I thought the notion of women preparing longer than men was true.”

Naruto beamed as he gasped, “Ro-”

Before he could yell her name out loud, a hand sprouted from his chest and pushed his chin up forcefully, shutting his mouth and making him bite his own tongue. Naruto winced.

“I appreciate the enthusiasm, but while we’re out here, it’s going to be Miss Sunday for you,” Robin declared. “Alubarna is a huge city. Plenty of people from various parts of the world.”

Yamada nodded agreeingly. He cleared his throat. “We didn’t really expect you to still be here, Miss Sunday.”

“Why? Because you assumed I ran away at the opportunity?” She chuckled, calmly stepping out of the alley. The hand on Naruto’s chest dissipated into petals, and the man hissed as he rubbed his chin soothingly. Robin leaned towards his face, eyes half-lidded and meeting his confused gaze with her lips curled upwards. She laced her hands behind her back. “You’ve taken me out of the place I was finally settling into, leaving me with nothing and nowhere else to go. Now, take responsibility.”

“R-Responsibility…” Naruto echoed, his mind registering the words. He blinked, then stepped back as he replied, “That’s what I’ve been proposing to do all this time!”

Yamada interjected, taking one step forward. “It’s nice to see that you both are finally going to have a proper discussion, but I believe this is a matter unfit to be settled outside here.”

Robin hummed, straightening herself. “Yes, of course. There’s a restaurant not far from here where we can eat.”

“Great, then let’s go!” Naruto declared.

The three headed to the restaurant together, which was fortunately not crowded yet. Naruto ordered food for all three of them and handed the payment right away before Robin could beat him to it. They settled at a table on the second floor, right by the balcony where they could overlook the roads and see the view as they ate.

Alubarna was bustling with life, just as much as Rainbase was. People wore bright smiles as they talked to other people and worked. It was hard to believe that the country was on the verge of a civil war and its ruin due to the king's supposed crime.

Naruto didn't realize he was staring off into the distance, too immersed in observing the people, until Robin cleared her throat to get his attention. He instantly whipped his head back. She was sitting in front of him while Yamada was on his right.

Robin laced her fingers and placed them on top of the table. "Alright, so what's your plan? You've told me you'll get me into this so-called Sanctuary program."

Naruto answered without giving it too much thought. "Well, we'll have to go back to HQ–"

"No."

Naruto slumped forward, mumbling, "But that's the first step…"

“And an arrest waiting to happen,” Robin huffed. “In the first place, aren’t you supposed to only seek me out once the proposal was approved or something? Has it been approved?”

Naruto averted his gaze. “Uhh…that’s–”

“Fleet Admiral Sengoku fed the documents to his goat,” Yamada bluntly admitted, casually sipping his cup of coffee right after. Naruto jolted upward and grabbed his arm, shaking him angrily. “Yamada! Why would you tell her that?!”

Robin sighed disappointedly. "I expected it at some point." She placed her elbow on the table and leaned her cheek against her palm. "Then again, it's not entirely due to your lack of persuasiveness. I'm quite sure I'm the unwritten exception, and they just didn't expect you to choose me out of every criminal you could've been interested in."

"If they were gonna leave out eligible people from the list, then there's not much of a point in creating it at all," Naruto scoffed.

"It's not exactly for them, it's for the government to benefit from their abilities," Yamada told Naruto. The blonde glared at him annoyedly again. "Hey hey Yamada, you're not really helping me out here you know."

"What are you talking about?" Yamada frowned. "It's what the protocol mainly entails."

"No, that's a different protocol," He argued, "Sanctuary is for those who have been wronged by the World Government, where their 'supposed' crimes will be absolved and they'll be granted safety from everyone pursuing them."

"And you think the World Government would just help wanted criminals like that on a whim without asking for anything in exchange?" He scoffed. Naruto pouted childishly, which earned a small chuckle from the woman, whom they both turned to with surprised looks. “I say, Uzumaki Naruto, I’m quite impressed by how you’ve managed to stay this innocent and naive while being a marine, even earning such a high rank.”

“You’d be surprised,” Yamada snorted, facing Robin and jerking his thumb at Naruto. “He skipped through a few ranks while going up for his crazy strength rather than for his mastery on the rules and protocols.”

Naruto jabbed his elbow on the Lieutenant Commander’s side to shut him up. “In any case, it’s still our best shot. While…yes, the proposal was rejected, but I have Old Man Garp and Aokiji-sensei to back me up. They agreed to do so…”

The familiar name caught Robin’s attention. “Aokiji…”

Naruto paused, letting her speak. “What do you mean ‘Aokiji-sensei’? You’re Garp’s disciple, aren’t you?”

“Oh, well yes, but Aokiji’s too,” He answered. “Old Man Garp saved my life and brought me to the Headquarters, then Aokiji-sensei would take care of me when he got too busy.”

Robin's voice remained neutral, but Naruto could sense her disbelief. "And…so, you're doing this to me — trying to 'save' me, because of him? Did he put you up with this?"

"What? No!" Naruto's brows furrowed. "I mean, I get why you could think that because he told me about it, but I knew about you before I even learned that he was the one who let you go."

Robin studied his face, searching for hints of him lying about that.

"I chose to pursue you for the protocol because I couldn't believe they were willing to do that to you even though you were still just a child. You didn't deserve any of that," Naruto stated somberly.

"So you pity me," Robin uttered.

Naruto shook his head. “I know how it feels to be hunted your whole life. I want to help you get out of that cycle.”

Robin’s brow quirked up. “Hunted? You?”

Naruto rubbed the back of his neck, choosing his words carefully. “N-Not exactly by the World Government, but it’s still the same sentiment.”

Robin hummed, beginning to feel more intrigued towards the man. She wasn’t yet sure if it was all a mastered farce spun from her original story, but considering the man’s unbridled optimism and consistent defiance for his own organization’s wrongdoing, she suddenly found it hard to imagine he was saying all this just to fool her into trusting him.

Maybe…he really did go through a similar situation? Now, she was curious. Most definitely due to focusing on her survival, but she had never heard about another child being hunted down across the world as much as she was before. If she had, perhaps she would’ve sought him out herself, just so she wouldn’t feel lonely–

Oh.

The conversation was paused when the servers finally arrived with their orders, filling up the round table with various dishes that looked absolutely appealing. Naruto's eyes sparkled at the sight, his mouth slightly opening with a bit of drool coming out. Boy, he was starved.

Grabbing his fork, he was ready to stab it through the huge piece of fragrant roasted meat when his baby Den Den Mushi began to ring. "Ugh, really now?"

"It could be urgent. You should pick it up," Yamada told him. Muttering half-hearted complaints under his breath, he excused himself from the table and walked to the far side of the balcony before picking it up.

"Vice Admiral Uzumaki sir, we have a situation."

He instantly recognized the voice as Ensign Takano's. "I'm listening."

"Seaman First Class Miyabi and Seaman Apprentice Taro are currently M.I.A sir. Last night, Team 2 picked up a call from Miyabi-san's Den Den Mushi and overheard something in the background," Takano reported. *"They've confronted Mr. 0 of Baroque Works and confirmed it to be the Warlord, Crocodile."*

Naruto's eyes widened. It couldn't be…Did they tail him last night on their own accord?!

The events last night were enough to conclude that Crocodile was merciless, not even hesitating to kill his own partner the second he deemed her to have betrayed him.

For all he knew, Taro and Miyabi could be dead already…

He clenched his fists and let out a long exhale, but it did little to soothe the fury brewing within him.

End.

Alright, this chapter took a lot out of me.

I’m sleepy, tired, starving, and dehydrated, if you all don’t mind, I’m going to get some food in my system, then sleep.

See you all some other time