

Hajime and Suzu had hidden for more than a day below ground. Long lines of dried tears marred her face and her sleeve was covered in snot. She had been crying and pleading at the boy lying only a few feet away from her, pleading at his unmoving body not to leave her alone in the dark.

He was saved by what appeared to be water, dripping into his mouth from above. Suzu quickly used her barrier to collect some of it and feed it to him. She was quite embarrassed at first, when she had to give it to him mouth to mouth, for Hajime was too weak to swallow at first. She swallowed some of the liquid herself and realized that her Mana had returned almost immediately.

Hajime was still lying on the floor, his breath finally having calmed down. Suzu's gaze fell to his left arm, or what remained of it, after he pushed her out of the way when they met the demon bear.

It was her fault Hajime had lost his arm.

When the demon bunny was caught by the bear she let out a shriek that alerted the bear to their presence.

Unable to even raise a barrier, she just stood there, looking stupidly into it's direction. The bear had swiped at her from afar, and only Hajime had realized the potentially dangerous situation and pushed her out of the way with his broken arm.

At first she was surprised and even slight angry before she remembered that the bunny had broken his arm.

She was about to say "Doesn't that hurt?" but no sound left her throat when she looked at Hajime.

His lower arm had been severed by what seemed to be wind blades shot out from the bear. He hadn't even noticed it, looking at her strangely, before offering her the stump on his left arm.

She will probably never forget the faces he made during that moment. The look of urgency, transforming into disbelief and then outright terror as his eyes fixated on his stump.

The demon bear leisurely made it's way towards them, presumably having decided that these two little creatures that had wandered into it's domain, were merely a tasty snack it could feast on.

Possibly by pure chance, Hajime's arm had fallen towards the bear, who picked it up with it's claws and started chewing.

The sound of bones being crunched and flesh being torn the only droned out even the splashes of the stream Hajime and Suzu had fallen into.

Suzu's stomach grumbling returned her mind to the present. She couldn't believe she could be feeling hungry while remembering such a horrific scene.

She looked into the bag she desperately clung to during the whole ordeal and took out the few belongings she still had.

The few empty vials of Mana Potions would be useful for storing some of the liquid that saved Hajime's life, but she only had three of them.

The dagger that had hung uselessly on her belt proved useful only as she was digging towards the liquid that. Her hands were probably still dirty from the activity. They no longer hurt after having come into contact with whatever spilled out of the make-shift ceiling that Hajime's synergy skills had made. Would he be angry that she broke the uniformity of the square like room... what a silly thought.

She did find some smashed sweets, but they wouldn't exactly fill her. Why didn't she bring any rations or something? She remembered seeing Hajime taking out food out of his backpack up in the dungeon.

Her stomach made some unflattering sounds again. This time it was growling. She heard Hajime stirring and looked into his direction again, her ears reddening from embarrassment.

There he laid, only a few feet from her, in a pool of his own blood. His figure only visible because her eyes had slowly gotten used to the darkness.

The person who saved her life not once, but three times since coming into the dungeon.

Her tears had dried on her face. Suzu couldn't rely on Hajime the entire time.

This time she had to do something for him.

Suzu tightened her grip on the dagger she had unknowingly picked up. She needed to find something to eat.

But she didn't want to leave Hajime alone... didn't want to be alone.

As she suppressed the feelings of hunger, Suzu drew her legs closer and hugged her knees. She turned towards the direction of the tunnel that was created when the both of them escaped underground.

She stuffed some of the smashed sweets in her mouth. Only a little bit. Hoping it could silence her stomach.

She never did let go of her dagger, though.