

After Liam accepted Dain's offer, they walked back through the city's bustling streets toward the Silverhart residence. The contrast between the lively energy of Nystra and the tranquil elegance of Dain's home was striking. The tall buildings, the laughter of street vendors, and the rhythmic sound of horse-drawn carriages gave way to the stillness of the large but modestly elegant Silverhart estate.

The air here was cooler, and the scent of medicinal herbs wafted faintly through the halls.

When they arrived at the room where Liam had first woken up, he hesitated, glancing around.

"Why are we back here?" Liam asked, his tone neutral but curious.

Dain smiled lightly. "Since you've decided to stay with us, I want you to have this room. It's comfortable, and it will give you some privacy."

Liam studied the room again before responding, his expression unchanging. "Thank you. I suppose I'll be in your debt."

Dain waved his hand dismissively, stepping further into the room. "There's no need for that. I'm not looking for repayment. I want you to stay here and feel welcome. After all, I'm a doctor—it's my duty to help people."

Liam blinked, briefly caught off guard by Dain's kindness. "If you say so... Dr. Dain."

Dain chuckled softly. "Just call me Dain. Unless you find that too informal, then Dr. Dain will do."

"Understood, Dr. Dain," Liam replied, maintaining a formal tone but adding a touch of respect in his words.

Dain smiled once more and gestured toward the closet. "I also realized you don't have any clothes. But don't worry, I've made sure Ane placed some for you in there."

Liam glanced at the closet briefly and nodded. "Thank you for your generosity."

As Dain turned to leave, he paused at the door, his hand resting on the handle. "Oh, one more thing. My daughter has been eager to meet you. She's been quite curious ever since I brought you in."

Liam, though outwardly unphased, raised a brow internally at the mention of Dain's daughter. 'A daughter...?'

"She's at school right now," Dain continued, "but I imagine she'll be back later this evening. She was really taken with you when I first found you. You might be around the same age too."

Liam remained silent, unsure what to make of the information, but he didn't dwell on it. There were more pressing things on his mind.

Dain noticed his silence but didn't push further. "In any case, feel free to rest or explore the room. If you need anything, just ask Ane for help."

With that, Dain left the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

Liam was now alone. The room felt larger with just him in it, though it wasn't particularly grand. He looked around, his eyes tracing the intricately carved wooden furniture, the pale blue walls that gave the space a serene atmosphere, and the neatly arranged bed that beckoned for rest.

He moved toward the closet and opened it, finding several sets of neatly folded clothes. They were simple but well-made, tailored for comfort and practicality. He ran his fingers over the fabric for a moment before closing the closet and walking toward the bed.

As he sat down, the mattress gave a soft, inviting creak. Liam laid back, staring at the ceiling, his mind wandering. This place—Nystra—was so different from where he had come from. The elegance of the Silverhart home and the vibrant energy of the city were a world apart from the rugged simplicity of Benbrok.

'Compared to the small house I shared with Grandpa... this is luxury,' Liam thought, a pang of nostalgia creeping into his chest. Memories of his grandfather were coming back to him. The scent of burning wood and the

sight of misty mountains in the morning light seemed distant now, replaced by the soft fragrance of herbs and the polished stone floors beneath his feet.

It felt strange, being here—almost too comfortable. Nystra was beautiful, yes, but it wasn't home. Not the one he remembered, anyway.

His thoughts began to drift, and soon, despite the lingering tension in his body, sleep found him. His breathing steadied, and the exhaustion from his recent battles and ordeals finally caught up with him.

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, Liam allowed himself to rest—not just physically, but mentally. Here, at least for now, he could let his guard down, if only just a little.

Some hours passed since Liam had fallen asleep. The room was bathed in a warm, amber glow as the sun began its descent behind the horizon. The light filtered softly through the window, casting long shadows across the walls. Slowly, Liam stirred from his rest, his mind still hazy with sleep. He blinked a few times, adjusting to the fading daylight that filled the room, and took a deep breath.

The peace in the room was almost unnerving. For a moment, he sat on the edge of the bed, collecting his thoughts, his muscles still heavy from the deep

sleep he hadn't had in what felt like years. But before he could dive deeper into his thoughts, a knock echoed quietly from the door.

Liam remained silent, his body tensing slightly, but before long, the door creaked open slowly. It was Ane.

"Hello, young sir," she greeted softly, her voice calm and professional. "Please allow me to escort you to the dinner table."

Liam blinked in confusion. 'Young sir? Dinner?'

He wasn't accustomed to such formalities, especially not from someone like Ane, who seemed gentle but distant. The concept of being served or called with such respect felt alien to him, a stark contrast to the rough, informal life he'd known in Benbrok.

But despite his initial confusion, he stood up, his body still stiff from rest. "Yes, please," he said in a neutral tone, "but just call me Liam."

Growing up in the small village of Benbrok, Liam had always been more familiar with casual and rough speech, with the villagers often calling him by

his name—sometimes even a nickname, usually tied to his childhood mischief. Being addressed with formal titles felt strange.

Ane inclined her head slightly. "Understood, Liam."

With a soft, graceful motion, Ane turned and led the way out of the room. Liam followed closely behind her, his footsteps light on the polished wooden floors. The corridor they walked through was bathed in the soft glow of evening light, with long shadows stretching out from the walls, giving the place a quiet but comforting atmosphere.

Portraits hung on the walls, all elegantly framed, displaying past members of the Silverhart family. The faint scent of herbs and a lingering warmth made the house feel almost alive.

As they walked, the sound of their footsteps echoed softly down the hall. Ane was quiet, her posture composed, and though her presence was formal, there was a subtle warmth to her demeanor, as if she understood the delicate situation Liam found himself in.

They reached a corner, turning right, where the hall opened into a wider, more spacious area. The decor was more elaborate here—tall windows framed by dark wood, and intricate patterns woven into the tapestries hanging from the

walls. Ane came to a stop in front of a large, ornate door and gently pushed it open, revealing the dining room inside.

The room was elegant but understated, much like the rest of the house. A large wooden table sat in the center, polished to a gleam, with finely crafted chairs surrounding it. Soft candlelight flickered from chandeliers overhead, casting a warm glow over the room. The smell of freshly prepared food drifted through the air, rich and inviting, with hints of roasted vegetables, herbs, and bread.

Liam stepped inside, still feeling out of place in such a refined setting, but he masked it well. His eyes quickly scanned the room, instinctively looking for exits, a habit from his days in the forest. But the inviting atmosphere made it hard to remain on edge.

Ane motioned to one of the chairs. "Please, take a seat. The doctor with his wife and daughter will be joining you shortly."

Liam gave a small nod, taking a seat at the far end of the table, his back straight and his eyes still cautiously observing the space around him. Though the house exuded warmth and hospitality, there was still a part of him that found it hard to completely let his guard down. Years of living in danger, always on the edge of survival, weren't so easily forgotten.

Ane, sensing his discomfort, gave him a soft, reassuring smile before quietly excusing herself from the room, leaving Liam alone with his thoughts once more.