Note: In celebration of the successful release of 7-star units, this is a special short story edition revolving around Selena. This is outside of the events in the main storyline, but still part of it.

It was only reasonable to give thanks when she was given assistance. Klavier not only defeated the undefeated, but also returned to the people the place that they called home. But they couldn’t give their gratitude since he was away from the public eye ever since the liberation. But that was just him; he loved to be in low-profile, even if it meant to lose the fame and fortune that were waiting in front of him.

Selena sat by the river, watching the water flow from one end to another, evading the difficult paths, eroding the soil that got in its way. The river, no longer red from the stains of blood, now had more life to it. A thread glided through the flow, the hook poking through the fish’s mouth. Her eyes traced the thread as it flung high into the air, dragging the fish out of the secure waters and onto the hands of a fisherman. He threw his catch into the small basket by his side, celebrating the small victory with a hideous smile.

“Hey,” the fisherman greeted, the strawberry blonde hair peeking out of the straw hat. “What brings a mighty warrior like you here?”

“Nothing, really,” she answered. “Just watching the ebb and flow.”

“I see,” he renewed the bait on his rod, tossing the thread down to the river again. “You look quite disturbed.”

“I just have a lot of things in my mind.”

“Interesting,” the man pulled up his rod, getting another fish that bit on his bait. “Do you mind if I tell you a short story?”

“Sure, why not?” she turned her attention to him.

“There was this man, let’s call him Jack,” her mind started to conjure an image of this person as he started to tell his tale.

Jack did not come from the best-off kind of family. His father fell severely ill, rendering him unable to do anymore work, leaving his mother to toil on the farmland in his place. Jack assisted her whenever he could, but he had his sights on something more prestigious - swordsmanship. He couldn’t resist the lure of fame and money attached to it. After all, living by the sword was the ‘in-thing’ at that time.

Jack started his long journey with the innocent ideal of becoming the best samurai he could be, in hopes to return with the medicine his father needed to get better. He minded not the hardships that was thrown to him, from difficult people that spit at his existence to the harsh terrains that he had to brave through. It was through this that he managed to get the money to buy what they needed. In that instant, he rushed his way back home, filled with the hope of finally seeing his father get back to health.

He stripped himself of the armor and the sword, stashing it all in his room lest the battle gear scared his parents as he walked over to their room. His mother turned around, her eyes full of tears as she wrapped her arms around him.

“What happened?” Jack’s voice wavered as his eyes set upon the sight of his sickly father that laid on the bed nearly motionless already. “Dad! Dad! Hang in there!”

“It’s no use,” his mother said. “He can’t move properly anymore.”

“Then I’ll feed it to him,” Jack pulled a pill out of the packaging only to be stopped by the gentle smile on his father’s face.

“It’s okay,” his father said, his words no louder than a soft whisper. “Welcome home, son.”

“Dad?”

“This is the thing my father gave to me when I came of age,” he mustered the remaining strength to carry a pitch black sword on his side. “My hopes and dreams, they’re yours now.”

“Thank you,” Jack mumbled, reluctantly taking up the sword.

As his father let go of the family heirloom, he closed his eyes, taking his one more deep breath before letting it all go. It was then Jack knew that his father had breathed his last.

“…The grief that he experienced soon turned into a lifelong desire to not only protect those whom he loved,” the fisherman said. “But the sword given to him was nothing more than a tool used to protect.

He needed something else to ease the anxiety that his mother experienced. So, he turned to the piano, going through great pains to produce music that came from his heart. But he did more than relax his agitated mom; he became the townsfolk’s musician. He learnt that money or fame didn’t make him happy. It was cherishing those little moments with his friends and family that will.”

“A warrior that became a musician instead?” Selena asked, unable to hide the curiosity in her words.

“Yeah,” the fisherman picked up his equipment. “You probably know him, though there are plenty of people of this kind. Well, I’ve got to go. It’s nice talking to you.”

“Wait, is this story you just told your own life?”

“Who knows?” he returned a grin that flashed his white teeth. “After all, there isn’t a story that is not worth listening to.”

The wisdom that this fisherman suggested his age. He was no teenager, at least from the way he spoke. Maybe if she got his name, there would be that good chance that they would meet again. She looked up, opening her mouth to speak her mind only for that fisherman to have vanished in thin air. Her subconscious knocked her on the head, ranting away her frustrations at the missed opportunity.

“Selena!” her ears pricked at the sound of Lucina’s voice. “There you are!”

“What brings you here?” she asked.

“Themis is asking me if you saw Klavier. He is wearing a straw hat and carrying some fishing tools he took from Will’s closet.”

All color drained from her face.

“Selena?” Lucina asked. “You looked like you saw a ghost.”

“How did I not realize that it was him just now?” she ruffled her hair as her subconscious slapped her face until it hurt. “Yes, I was with him for a while just now!”

“Then where is he?”

That was the question she would like to ask Lucina too.