

So as to why she would have acted the way she did—

“It’s because Eve could tell that your anger wasn’t rational, isn’t it? You were angry like a child is angry. All notions of profit aside.”

In other words, Eve had realized she had tread upon a tail she should not have.

If her opponent had been rationally angry, then Eve could have met her with reason, but trying to reason with an anger of passion would only have had the opposite effect. So Eve had meekly lowered her head.

At which point, Holo, while still angry, had to acknowledge Eve’s sense and let her go.

And yet she could not simply accept the situation.

While logic required Holo to excuse Eve, it was no easy thing. Holo ground her teeth before Eve’s spell-like influence. To break the confrontation off required Lawrence to work some magic of his own.

She certainly was a troublesome princess.

“Well, having had such a passionate confrontation, it should make it easier to talk rationally. Easier for us to find some profit.”

“...And?” Holo glared at him.

Embarrassed, Lawrence slacked his shoulders and sighed softly.

It was a sigh of acquiescence.

“If it was for me that you were so angry... thank you.”

Since ancient times, promises were customarily made verbally, speaking them aloud—save, for some reason, in business.

Even now, Lawrence could not escape the awkwardness he felt when plainly speaking his feelings, but if Holo required this of him, then he would have to do it anyway.

Negotiation required finding compromises for both parties.

“Aye, if you say so.” The venom finally drained from her face, and her ears flicked rapidly.