

# Clan Pagoramatu

**Spoilers ahead, proceed with caution**

“Surrender?” [Smythe](#) echoed when she had been told the prince’s words. “We wish to stop fighting. To make peace as equals.”

“Equals?” [Aranata](#) said. “The Aeta have no equals.” I should have recognized that statement for what it was: a warning that our negotiations were doomed from the start. But I had come too far and hoped for too long to see the truth I would not hear. I had hoped the Cielcin would be all like [Uvanari](#). But Uvanari had been beaten, and the prince was not the captive soldier I had killed. “You would have us serve you!” he said. “And for this they will expect me to turn on [Hasurumn](#), on **Pagoramatu**, and the others? Is this the way?”

*Howling Dark*, Chapter 57: The Prince of Hell

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