

04

賀東招二

Illustrator
なかじまゆか

あま

ぎ

甘城

A m a g i B r i l l i a n t P a r k

ブリリアント
パーク



ファンタジア文庫

Amagi Brilliant Park

vol.4

by Gatou Shouji

Novel Updates

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甘城
 Amagi Brilliant Park
 ブリリアント
 パーク
 #04



.....
ミュース
水の精霊。
水芸くらいなら
できます！

.....
サーラマ
火の精霊。炎上上等

.....
シルフィー
風の精霊。
独自の空気感

.....
千斗いすず
秘書室長。
水鉄砲は苦手？

.....
コボリー
土の精霊。
腐葉土が
大好き



「ごめんささい。本当に。ちよつと
お世話です。お大事に……」



甘城
ガリアントパーク

100万PV突破
の衝撃!!

A MAGIBRILLIANT PARK
アウワーリオへようこそ!

みんな~いつも
来てくれてありがとー!
(ホントに同じムばかり……)



^{ゲスト}
最前列の客の
視線がイタイ

……っ (ツイートぼちっ)



風が語り
かけます……
……ハアア!!



あの……日曜日、
即売会があるので
お休みを……



いつになったら
始まるんだ、ショーは!?



Chapter 1 – Bandou Biino’s Peculiar Circumstances

“As always, I’m really sorry, Biino.”

Said Bandou Biino’s father while lying down on the thin senbei futon.

“If dad were much healthier, you wouldn’t have to be burdened with so much troubles.....”

“Father, didn’t you promise me not to say this? Look, the porridge is ready.”

Biino showed a gentle smile.

She placed the freshly-prepared porridge by the futon, and helped her father up who was coughing violently.

At the outskirts of Amagi town was a cheap 30-year-old apartment — a draft blew through the window into the living room as he corrected his posture, all while the bed creaked under his weight. The old tatami gave off a stench, and the ceiling was stained with gloom.

Half a year ago, they moved into this room. It was devoid of decent furniture. The stove in the kitchen was broken on one side and the water heater was silent since the beginning.

“I got some freshly-harvested eggplants from the neighbourhood today. Since it’s tenderly stewed, it’ll be tasty, right?”

“Uh huh... sorry. I'm sorry, Biino.”

Grasping the spoon with his thin hand, Biino's father sipped the porridge.

His actions frail, fingers shivering.

Back then, he managed a Wall Street investment company, involving money amounting to up to a hundred million dollars in only a single day, “selling” and “buying” as he flew around the world in a business class jet, that father. Appropriating big bucks from a clueless client, making the poor sod cry a river. Looking towards Central Park and taking up residence in the high floors of a deluxe apartment, he threw parties for several tens of clients at the end of each week, acting as if he owned the several hundred thousand dollar Ferrari, and made a run for it, that father!

Anyone who'd seen that once-wealthy man, who had now become an invalid in that poverty-ridden apartment no better than an equally-dilapidated tenement straight out of a historical drama and was solely relying on his daughter for support, would lose it.

All while sipping the finely cut stewed eggplant-containing porridge!

And then with a sigh mixed in, he murmured!

“Ohh, delicious...”

Feeling touched, tears spilled out of the corners of her father's eyes. It was like a scene straight out of a drama. For this man to shed tears, doesn't it rarely happen? Not at Wall street, at least.

Alas, what does this happiness people talk about actually mean?

While contemplating this deep question, Bandou Biino looked up to the room's clock.

"Ah, oh no. It's already time for work."

"I see... I see... have you already familiarised yourself with work at the café?"

"If it's the café, I was fired."

"Oh, is that so... so is it the hamburger shop now?"

"I was fired from the hamburger shop, too."

"Err... well then, where is it, I wonder. Right..... newspaper delivery."

A family restaurant, a convenience store, bento factory, pizza home delivery, she had been fired from all of them. Biino, in her own way, persevered through it all, but even she was never able to hold down these jobs for long.

Even so, she had never gone into depression or the like.

Through working hard for her own keep, she planned to somehow complete high school and eventually find decent employment, hopefully, if not for supporting her father.

...Well, It seems her mother eloped with another man, her elder brother was hospitalised in an iron-barred hospital, and her younger sibling was under a distant relative's custody.

“Sorry, Biino... dad doesn't even know where you're working....”

“Don't worry about it, father. I'll tell you this once, I'm now working at an amusement park.”

“An amusement park——?”

“Yup. Amagi Brilliant Park! Although I'd caused some trouble during the interview, I was actually hired, ok? They are very nice people after all, so worry not!”

“Yes. Yes....”

“I got to work there today as well. I've left your lunch and some water by the bedside. Well then, I'm off!”

Announcing with a cheerful smile, Biino left the cheap apartment room.

Making creaking sounds as she descended the staircase, she came across the landlady there. Though an 80-year-old granny, her spine was still straight.

“Bandou-san.”

“Oh, Miss Landlady... Good morning!”

However, the landlady stood in her way, squinted her eyes, strained her lips and said.

“Greetings aside, you’ve yet to pay the rent for last month, yes?”

“Eh? But I’ve been sure to have paid the rent precisely every month.....”

“Hmm, well—, you brat! Making a bare faced lie now, are you!? I'll say this in advance, but my head is working better than you think, you know? ‘She’s old so I can deceive her’, is what you're thinking, right?”

“No way, umm. I’ve punctually made payment. Ah..... that’s right. Here, the receipt I received last week from you.....”

In panic, she rummaged for the receipt in her bag, showing it to the landlady. The landlady then plucked it off of her hand and tore it in front of her eyes.

“Ahh.....”

“You’re always doing this.”

Bubbles of saliva flew out of the landlady’s mouth as she yelled.

“Miss Landlady, that’s impossible!”

Half a year ago, when they first moved in, she was a kind, honest person. Listening to Biino's family situation had even brought her to tears. There were times when the rent payment was a little late, but even then she'd say things like "It's all right, Biino-chan. After all, it's such a rundown apartment, half of the rooms are empty" and gave a smile.

But recently, the landlady's attitude had suddenly become harsh. Even if she paid the rent in time, she merely scowled and didn't say anything. Instead, the landlady kept tormenting her with, "aren't you going to pay yet?".

"It, it's not possible. Miss Landlady, please calm down. It has got to be some sort of misunderstanding....."

"Planning on deceiving me, huh? Of course, it's always like that! At first, I thought you were a good girl.....what a a sly vixen you turned out to be! You've even been making moves on my husband and sons behind my back, weren't you!?"

"No, absolutely not! I mean, I've never even met your sons!"

"Lies! I see through it all! You may make a clear, refreshing face, but..... you're actually deceiving everyone else! Think you can fool me with that smile?."

"No...I'm not, I....."

Then Biino looked at her watch. It was during their times of affluence when she had received this Hermes watch from her father. It was an item a little too

luxurious but, it was something she did not want to pawn off.

“Oh yikes! I’ll be late like this. We’ll continue with the talk of the rent later!”

“Hold it!”

“I’m sorry! That’s it for now!”

Escaping from the outstretched hand of the landlady, Biino hurried to her personal motorised scooter. A 10-year-old Yamaha Vino.^[1] It was almost similar to an inheritance, but it was like a beloved pet dog. It had its charm with a design comprised of curved surfaces.

Leap, board, and ride.

“Hold up, Bandou-san!?”

With the landlady still shouting behind her, Biino sped up the Vino.

As quickly as possible, as far as ‘till the landlady’s voice could no longer reach her, she wanted to run away. What just happened was but only a part of her everyday life, so she’d undoubtedly just leave it as it is and forget it all as she made her way to work.

Even if that lasted only for a moment—.

Saturday morning, Kanie Seiya commuted to the park by bicycle.

The park's staff entrance was an ascending long, looooooong metropolitan shaped slope. It was very exhausting.

As the acting manager —actually the top brass of “Amagi Brilliant Park”, huffing and puffing his way up to work by bicycle was not a pleasant thing, but as far as possible, he wouldn't want to take the bus.

Anyhow, he had a guaranteed 850 Yen wage per hour.

The bare minimum of wages throughout metropolitan Tokyo.

And the overtime pay was included.

I've always wondered how do other managers set their own salary rates.... But in any case, with the park's financial difficulties, not a single Yen can be wasted. Besides, when even the manager himself is not complaining about the meagre salary, the other cast would have few complaints.

Therefore, it is only right to travel by bicycle!

“Huff.....huff.....”

Passing through the employee gate, he parked his bicycle at the bicycle park by the office building. Fastening the chain lock in place, he heard a screeching brak and a collision behind him.

“!?”

Turning around, he witnessed an accident involving a loading truck and a motorised scooter.

The truck driver’s face paled as he got off. An empty motorbike fell on the road. While the rider attempted to distance herself from the spot that she was previously in, she collapsed.

“Oy, you alright!?”

Seiya hurried over to the truck driver, and called out to him,

“Y-yeah... I’m sorry. I’m sorry...”

The bike’s rider got up and slowly unfastened her helmet.

It was Bandou Biino, a new part-timer who was employed after the interview in April. She looked up at Seiya, her large eyes blinking in surprise.

“Oh, good morning, Kanie-san.”

“Eh? Ohh.”

“Ju-just a little carelessness is all, sort of... Umm so, I’m fine! Totally nothing at all!”

“B-but... It looks like you’re bleeding pretty badly...”

It seems some shrapnel had broken through her helmet. While blood was profusely gushing out from her temple, Bandou Biino smiled sweetly.

Biino finally seemed to have noticed that she was bleeding when Seiya pointed it out.

“Eh? Huh? Ah, I’m sorry! But, it’ll dry up eventually! It’s no big deal, it’ll dry up before long!”

“No, whether it dries up or not is...”

“Anyway, I’m alright! That aside, it’ll be a problem if I were to be late! I-I’ll park the bike properly afterwards, Got to report to my post first!”

“No way, an ambulance should —”

“There’s no need! Really sorry for the inconvenience! So, so...”

While staggering, Biino stumbled on the bloodstained asphalt. Seiya was wondering if he should stop her. In front of the bewildered Seiya and truck driver, she took four, five steps and —.

“Gah...gh...”

She suddenly collapsed.

“Ahh...! I told you, didn't I? You need an ambul...”

“Pl-please don't... I already owe you guys too much. Being a nuisance to the park is...”

Biino pleaded with trembling, bloodstained fingertips.

“Then to the infirmary, at least! Come on, pull yourself together!”

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry...”

With the help of the truck driver, Seiya helped her up.



Despite such an incident happening that morning, Bandou Biino returned to

her post right before noon.

Everyone was taken aback by the level of bleeding she suffered, but she was one tough girl. By all rights, she should be sent to a medical institution for checkups, but she obstinately declined, and pushed through with her duties.

“Aren’t those kinds of head injuries frightening?”

Hearing about the situation, Seiya’s secretary, Sento Isuzu asked.

Since they were scheduled to conduct a surprise inspection, Seiya and Isuzu were dressed in plain clothes. Currently, they were headed towards the stage area via the underground passage.

“Maybe she has a subarachnoid haemorrhage, or something like that. What if she suddenly collapses at home tonight, and what if her family questions , a ‘why wasn’t she taken to a hospital!?’ . It’ll be trouble should they go and file a lawsuit.”

“Hmm...that's right. Though I was overwhelmed by a queer force....”

“...I’ve thought about it before, but you usually soften up when dealing with Bandou-san.”

Isuzu said as she peeked at Seiya's sidelong face. But she harboured no feelings of jealousy or suspicion. It was just that, it was quite strange to see how he dealt with Biino .

“No way, not particularly soft to say..... well, perhaps that. Yeah.....how could I put it, it’s just that.....”

Seiya said such as he knitted his words in a bad mood.

The one who made the final decision to employ Bandou Biino was none other than Seiya himself, but even he was starting to regret doing so.

Even until now, he still knew too little about her.

He knew that, like him, she was a high school student studying in Amagi town (but in a different school from Seiya). She had a lucid, bright personality, and an unusual enthusiasm towards her work. In fact, her interactions with the customers were also commendable, and never had any issues regarding Seiya’s dubious position of “acting manager” considering that they were of the same age. Even the matter about the park’s cast being genuine fairies coming from this “Land of Magic”, she accepted it without much question, moreso not making it public.

She had good looks. She had a nice body too.

She possessed an attractive aura, not just male-oriented, more like a homely atmosphere — right, something towards females and children as well. There were also plans to make her a park in the park's sales, and groom her into an idol to bolster their strength.

To put it bluntly, that was about as good a bargain can be in evaluating a fine young lady. However---

“The cases about her bleeding are too damn frequent!”

“Ohh. Indeed.....”

In a strange manner of understanding, Isuzu nodded her head.

“She was bleeding lots during the first day’s interview, and even came for orientation with an open wound after that. These attractions have already seen a hell lot of stabbing incidents..... Quite. Somewhat. I want to put a bit of a distance between us!”

“Even so, Kanie-kun. Humans, everyone have their shortcomings.”

“Her shortcomings are way off the charts though.”

“Besides, there are no casualties amongst the guests.”

“Isn’t it too late if that happens!?”

“But, in any case, it’s fine to keep her around, right?”

“Oh, yeah. Well.....I guess.”

It is indeed. He did not have the luxury and time to think about some part-timer. The more pressing concern was about the park’s visitor count.

He passed through exit gate A3 and went towards the employee access of one of the five areas called “Sorcerer’s Hill”.

It was Saturday, around noon.

He nimbly peeked from the backstage to check the guest count — yep, not bad. Well, on the contrary, it was considerably fine.

Lively music was being played in the park. The customers passing through too had cheerful expressions. Of the attractions that could be seen from here....what! Some of them had queues even.

“I think this is a good vibe.”

Tagging along with him for the inspection, even Isuzu’s voice had a slightly excited tone.

Thanks to the successive support, there was a considerable increase in customers. Of course, it was due to the renovation of the attractions, and the performance starting since of Golden Week were extremely popular.

Particularly, the live shows.

The tenacity shown by Moffle and the cast was a major factor,, but the biggest talking point was still about Rubrum the red dragon, who appeared as the villain. That tremendous, realistic impact was not something that could be explained through 3D imaging and gigantic props.

Children were crying. Parents were scolding them.

Nonetheless, the majority of the visitors gave shrieks of great joy. Since the end of Golden Week, word of mouth had gone around quickly. Even special effects studios from overseas had come with enquiries.

There was a complaint coming from the Land of Magic, Mapleland, that “the dragon performance was attracting too much attention” among many others, but they could not be bothered with this. If there was anything useful, they would be used to the fullest extent

As for attendance, the figures showed that visitor count for this month was 350% of last year’s. Multiplied 3.5 times over!

The figures last year were far too miserable however, and even at this pace, the target annual attendance – 3 million, still remained a distant dream.

“Assessing each week, the attendance has been increasing reliably. About 30 thousand increase from the second week of May, 35 thousand increase for the third. And now, about 42 thousand this fourth week. Plotting these increases on a graph

Isuzu operated her tablet PC and displayed a simple curved graph.

“Based on the calculations, about a hundred million would turn up in the park by the first week of March next year.”

“What kind of figures are these, a pandemic of a killer virus?”

Even for a zombie count in a zombie movie, that rate of increase was too ridiculous to begin with.

“Of course, these are but simple calculations. But it brightens the mood a bit, right?”

It might have been Isuzu’s way of encouragement, but just by thinking about the visitor count made the mood depressing in many ways.

There was certainly an upward trend in attendance. Well, not just a 'trend' per“tendency” to say, but it was evidently rising. Even Seiya himself was a little surprised by this trend (no, surely he actually hoped for things to turn out this way).

Perhaps they might even be able to meet their quota by the end of summer vacation, if the attendance target was like years prior.

But nonetheless, they were still far from 3 million.

“..... Let’s leave the thinking for later. First, the inspections.”

“Nn. Oh...that’s right.”

Seiya changed his mood and walked into 'Sorcerer’s Hill' that was crowded with guests.

As the acting manager, Seiya conducted irregular surprise inspections around

the park.

Are there any problems with the service of the cast?

Were there oversights in any aspects like safety?

Were there any places not thoroughly cleaned?

He was checking such minor details, like a mother-in-law straight out of a soap opera, persistently nagging and doing inspections.

“Are there any problems?”

Briefly looking around, Isuzu noticed Seiya brooding.

“Uh huh...”

None, actually.

For the past three months, the effects of souring his mouth and telling the cast to “do this, do that” had made the larger faults mostly disappear. It may have yielded rather fine results for the park, but he was feeling a little miffed to not be telling people to get to work.

Whether she had realized Seiya’s feelings or not, with a blank look, Isuzu said.

“I think everyone’s doing well.”

“Hmm..... I guess you’re right.”

He reluctantly agreed. There was also no point in coming out just to nitpick. If given the chance, he would also give them their due praise.

“After this will be the attractions, are you gonna check on them?”

“That’s right. We’re taking a gander.....”

With the recent renovations, the two had only been to “Moffle’s Sweet House”.

Yielding to Moffle’s overwhelming insistence, a realm of fairy tales was converted into an action-horror attraction and passed off as a “limited-time event”. But it was met with an unforeseen, immense popularity.

The objective was to purge the mischievous, warmongering rodents. There were various assault weapons, with a realistic touch of mass and material. Much effort was put into the audio and visual effects, and the gaming immersion just kept improving by the day.

Furthermore, rather than it being some kind of superficial horror attraction, it was the seriously hard kind, trauma-inducing to preschoolers. . . and undoubtedly thrilling to teens. Thus, it became extremely popular..

Since it already became a hot topic among the customers, the queues for Moffle's attraction occasionally extended into an hour long wait.

“Whatcha say, fumo? Whatcha say, fumo?”

Taking a break from serving customers, Moffle grinned as he approached Seiya and co.

Previously, he wore a patissier-style costume, but at this point, he was dressed with a ballistic vest and a bandolier, in the style of a field commander.

“The renovation is a huge success, fumo. Take a look, check out that line of customers! And I say, there was a certain

someone

who was against these renovations. Who was it, I wonder. Whoever could it be.....?”

“Ugghh...”

Naturally, the one against it was Seiya, though he ultimately relented as the acting manager, so he had hoped for some gratitude. This bloody rodent...!

“.....It's good that it's popular.”

There's no use starting a brawl here, Seiya muttered in a subdued voice.

“But before long, we must analyze the customer turnover rate. Because once

July comes around, the customers might have to queue for more than an hour. It'll be hard for them to enjoy the thrill of battle now, won't it?"

"Moffu...that...hmm. That's true, fumo..... I'll take that into consideration, fumo."

Ceasing to enjoy his sense of superiority, Moffle folded his arms and started pondering. He was unusually diligent fellow in times like these.

"Come up with some measures to propose by next week's meeting. Understood?"

"Roger that fumo."

""Moffle-san! The group B customers will be entering 'Hamburger Hall' in a minute. Please get ready!""

Chuujou Shiina's voice came from the speakers in the waiting room. She was a part-timer serving as Moffle's assistant.

"Roger that, fumo."

Very soon, a group of customers will come rushing to the attraction's final stage, the last room "Hamburger Hall" for an intense battle. In there, Moffle would appear gallantly, mopping up the Wayward Rodents, and inspire the customers to battle the last boss, "Wayward Rodent Overlord".

Again, for whatever impression it had, it was well received.

“.....To start with, why call the Sweet House ‘Hamburger Hall’?”

“I thought of the setting fumo. It's named such that veteran soldiers would say ‘this room really takes us to the mincer’. Emphasizing realism here, fumo.”

“Damn, you’re demented.”

“Hmph, kids don't understand?. It’s grim and cool fumo.”

“Is that so.....?”

“Well then, I’m off. This is already the tenth battle against the Overlord today.”

Recklessly lifting up a rustic heavy machine gun (probably an M2), Moffle left the waiting room.

“I hope the guests won't be wounded.....”

As Seiya grumbled, Isuzu who had been silent until then opened her mouth.

“Basically, those are but ordinary laser guns. They should be safe.”

“Oh well..... Nevertheless.”

“Yes?”

“Honestly, I think that, somehow, this renovation turned out rather overzealous. It’s a wonder that it is well-received by our patrons.”

Thereupon, Isuzu tilted her head in puzzlement.

“I can see your point with it being crazy. But is something wrong with that?”

“In dealing with diverse customer preference, it’s fine to go with ‘content tailored to specific customers’. For boys under five, the go-to option are railway stories and hero shows with special effects. As for little girls, transforming idols would be best. However, for high school couples on a date, these will be very boring.”

It's one thing with manga, anime and games, but this was a amusement park, supposedly directed at for all ages.. A management style of varying 'target audience' would never be able to ensure that all customers were happy.

“Therefore, we must be aware of every customer group’s preference and make our moves based on them, is that what you're implying?”

“.....Certainly, you could say that.”

“When Moffle first presented his attraction renovation draft, I objected as it limits the customer base it could serve. After all, it promotes violence as it involves shootouts with a grotesque Wayward Rodent using graphically realistic firearms. Well, but honestly, I personally thought that his proposed content was rather enjoyable.

As a highschooler, I myself am quite familiar with the recent games

. But, families and dating customers would not be able to enjoy it, don't you think? As it's strangely oppressive, it would be nothing but a gloomy attraction to some."

"I wonder about that."

Isuzu raised a dissenting opinion.

"A while ago, the line had numerous dating and family customers. But it seems that they were not in-line solely due to Lord Moffle's renovation done.."

"You mean to say that they were actually taking pleasure basking in the squeals of the Wayward Rodents as they are gunning them down?"

"No, it's not that the customers take pleasure in it particularly.....what would be a good way to put it...?"

Isuzu held her chin with her fingertips as she pondered, appearing unsure herself.

"I don't really know how to put it... ... 'This is my kind of fun!', was probably what Lord Moffle was thinking as he was showing his earnest interest on putting this into practice. I wonder if the customers also had a similar kind of thought when they saw it."

"That's naive."

Seiya denied it on the spot. Even he did not know why he became irritated.

“It’s hard to imagine that customers would actually get along with such simple-mindedness. Because ‘I think it’s fun’, huh? If that many visitors could be gathered and attracted just because something was fun, everyone here wouldn’t be facing troubles, right?”

He sneered with a tone of scorn. Isuzu knitted her brows and narrowly peered at Seiya’s visage.

“...What?”

“Nothing. Just a few strange thoughts.”

“?”

“I wonder if you remember, but a long time ago, back when I first brought you to this park, you said something like ‘If you want to show someone a dream, you must first believe in that dream yourself’. At that time, I thought it wasn’t just because of the prediction of some oracle, that I might also seriously take a gamble on you on my own accord.

“.....”

“But the ‘you’ now are saying something the exact opposite.”

He was startled by Isuzu’s remarks.

Rather than being hit in a sore spot, so to say, he felt something closer to that of being diagnosed by a doctor with a serious illness.

“At least Lord Muffle was able to show the customers the dream he believes in. Everyone else, too. Then there’s you – the one person I expected to still believe it – all but unable to do so.”

“Tha...”

That’s because since I’ve become the acting manager, since I’m no longer an outsider,

since I myself am reaching out to 3 million people in this one year, I can no longer speak of such carefree things. Everything boils down to that.--

Seiya’s rebuttal was reasonable.

“Don’t be mistaken. I’m not criticising you.”

Isuzu said, seemingly anxious about something. Despite standing close by, her hands seemed to be inching towards him a little. If those fingertips touched his hand, how comforting would it be? He secretly thought.

“It's just that... I got worried whether you were pushing yourself too hard because of us.”

“...Hmph. Pushing myself too hard? I sure am. But it's none of your concern.”

He laughed it off, but Isuzu couldn’t even muster a little smile.

“An-anyhow!”

Forcibly changing the topic, Seiya struck his hands together.

“What’s become of the attractions’ visitor count? I want to know the results of the renovations.”

“ I’ve been sending them weekly.”

“The latest ones.”

“The latest has yet to be compiled, but.....as for the rough results.”

Isuzu said as she meddled with the tablet PC. Given Seiya’s changing thoughts, it seemed she had decided to let the matter drop here.

“The one with the highest visitor count is expectedly here – ‘Moffle’s Sweet House’. Comparing to pre-renovation, it rose by approximately 5000%.”

“I see.”

Absurd figures like 5000% wouldn’t serve as a good reference since attendance prior to pre-renovations was way too meagre. Nonetheless, an increase from 20 to 30 people a day to over a thousand was a considerable achievement.

“Macaron’s Music Theatre, whose progress is at 3800% is at no. 2 in terms of popularity. Subsequently, Muse and co.’s ‘Aquario’ is at 3200%. The Giant Ferris Wheel with 2300%. The Merry-go-round with 1800%. Coffee Cups with 900%, ‘Doki Doki Coaster’ with 600%.....”

“Hey, hold up.”

Isuzu’s enumeration of figures was interrupted by Seiya.

“Didn’t you miss Tiramie’s place? How is it?”

“‘Tiramie’s Flower Adventure’ is it. That’s, let me see.....about 30%.”

“Come again?”

“30%.”

Seiya could not believe his ears, but Isuzu calmly repeated.

“Is that some kind of mistake? Wasn't it supposed to reap satisfactory results after the Golden Week?”

It was expected to exceed at least 2000%, but the increase in turnout was only at 30.

She had the same taciturn look, but even she appeared to be in discomfiture.

“I’m curious, too. Over these last few days, customer traffic had suddenly declined.....”

“I was worried about that, but I never expected it to be this much.....better check it out.”

“Right now?”

“Of course.”

Seiya and Isuzu proceeded to “Tiramie’s Flower Adventure”. Little did they know of the horrible disaster awaiting them.

“It’s bad, mogu! It’s bad, mogu! Quick, get the emergency medical team, mogu!”

“Seal the entrance, mogu! Promptly guide those customers who already entered outdoors!”

“There’s no fire! I repeat, there’s no fire!”

The Diggery clan’s mole tribe was busy along with the other cast. Seiya hurried over to catch one of the Diggerries for questioning.

“Oy, what the hell happened?”

“Mr. acting manager, just the one I’m looking for, mogu! Just now, the lighting equipment fell down – Tiramie-san took a direct hit, mogu!”

“What the....?”

The word “again?” almost slipped out of Seiya’s mouth. Since the start of the previous month, this was the third accident.

There were strict orders for the thoroughness of safety control, many spot checks, and yet, the incidents still occurred. Practices such as fixing and validation of lighting equipment were routinely conducted. The heck, just what the hell did you do, you idiots!?

.....Desperately enduring the urge to yell, Seiya went to the scene of the accident.

“Tiramie’s Flower Adventure” features a gondola for customers to tour around the flowery world. Previously, the gondola was made to follow a predetermined course. With the renovations however, simple quiz corners were created in various places. The course of the gondola is altered according to each answer. It was a system that changes the flower shows for the meet and greet with the customers.

Similarly, to the other attractions, Tiramie himself would be waiting at the end, presenting various magic shows or prizes, according to the results of the quiz.

At that end area —

“Uooo.....”

The small dog-type mascot Tiramie, was lying down, all bloodied.

“Mi, mii.....”

There was a bucket-sized spotlight lying close by. Guess it was
lights-out

for him. It would have been a serious injury if he were human..... Well, it's a serious injury even for mascots, too though.

“Tiramie-san! Please stay with us, Tiramie-san!”

The part-time assistant, Bandou Biino from before, was jolting the limp Tiramie. Each time, Tiramie would leak out groans of agony.

“It hurts, mii...it hurts, mii. I'm probably gonna die mii.....”

“Please don't say such things! A stretcher is coming very soon! Please stay awake!”

Biino's voice was full of vigor. Even though she was severely injured just this morning, it appears she had forgotten about her very own kerplunk.

“Mii.....a light.....I see a light, mii. Is that.....my hometown, Mapleland's Tiradaho region, mii? The lovely flowers.....there's someone standing over there.....my deceased granny, mii?”

“Tiramie-san, hold on!”

“That’s impossible mii……Biino-chan. But if possible……since I’m dying, I want a belly rub, mii.”

“B-belly? Okay…!”

Biino gave Tiramie a belly rub.

“……Yeeeeaaaaah, a little……it’s becoming comfortable, mii. You saved me, mii.”

“Re, really!? Please keep it up! I’ll put in my utmost efforts to give you a good rub!”

“Yeeeeaaaaah…… yeeeeaaaahhh……feels great mii. A little lower, please,, mii.”

“Lower? A-around here?”

“Yeah, much lower, mii…… Keep up with the stroking. Ah, excellent, mii. Stronger! Harder!”

“Eh, umm, err……”

“As thanks, I’ll give Biino-chan a belly rub, too, mii! Come closer. Come on,

closer now!”

“Err, umm. You can’t... such... that sort of.”

“Amazing mii, Biino-chan! More, more...! Let’s rub together, mii! Rub together mii!Oooooohh, yes! Puff me! Puff me! Ahh, it’s coming.....something’s coming.....mii! Mii! Miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!”

“Cut the crap, you shitty dog!”

Upon nearing his climax, Tiramie’s stomach was stomped on by Seiya.

“Ouch.....! Kanie-kun, what the hell are you doing, mii!?”

“Shut up! Stop saying such disgusting things with that cute voice!?”

“Mi, mii.....”

“Look! Even Sento forgot to draw her musket on impulse like usual, and she's backing away!”

Seiya pointed to a wall where Isuzu’s figure could be seen collapsed and was leaning on it. Her hand covering her mouth, her face paled as she remained at a loss for words.

“Hmm. That really is a disgusting look, mii.”

“No shit! And, Bandou!”

“Y, yes!”

At the side, Biino hastily straightened her back as she watched Seiya.

“Shouldn’t you be damn well aware that this Tiramie is some horny bastard!? Don’t just dutifully comply! You should just give him a cold retort and a scornful glare.”

“Nnn? I'll be fine with that too, mii.”

“YOU..... pipe down!”

Seiya squeezed his fist atop Tiramie’s bloodied head and pressed it down.



“Ouchhhhhh! That’s the injury! That’s the injury, mii!”

As if sticking up for the wriggling and struggling Tiramie, Biino forced her way through.

“P-please stop, Kanie-san! Isn't Tiramie-san hurt!? What if he really died!?”

“This guy won't die from something like that. Look at him, all so lively.”

“Hell no, I'm not, mii. But, you might say my useless thing here is the lively one.”

He said that while showing a “Teehee” sort of smile, all bloodied. Ahh, what the heck.

“Look here, don't try to get too serious with indent guys like him.”

“But, Tiramie-san was shielding me from harm. Likewise, I have a share in the responsibility too.....”

That was unexpected. Seiya knitted his brows.

“Is that true?”

“Really, mii! Since the lighting suddenly fell down, I thrust Biino away, mii. Then I got the full brunt.....”

“I was totally useless. I've.....always been a source of trouble.....lots, Tiramie-

san was dragged into it.”

Biino seemed to be unusually disheartened. In that state, Seiya felt unsure if he should be saying something, but daring not to touch on it, he cleared his throat.

“.....Right, fine. Bandou, go get changed or whatever. Tiramie's blood is all over you now.”

“I-I’m alright! I’m used to being covered in blood!”

“Don’t get friggin’ used to it! Get moving!”

“Y-yes!”

Being hurried on, Biino dashed towards the backstage staff entrance in a panic.

Once the iron door closed, Tiramie unsteadily got up.

“Well well.....you’ve made one awful visit, mii. Kanie-kun, curse you, mii.”

“You obviously can’t stand, can you? She’s an exaggerating one.”

“Well, the damage is real, mii. Since I’m lacking blood, maybe I should eat some Liver Nira^[2] tonight. I’d be glad to have the expenses covered, mii.”

“Denied.”

“Who would’ve thunk it, mii.”

Tiramie breathed a sigh, took out a wet tissue from his pouch and wiped the blood on his head.

“.....Though, quite recently, there were numerous injuries, mii. By injuries, I mean incidents. I got rolled up in a squabble between customers last week. And the week before that, I got mowed down and taken by a runaway gondola which was in the midst of an inspection, mii.”

“Some mutt with a strange second life you are. Somehow you're still alive...”

“Pfft. The men of Mapleland are strong against beatings, mii.”

For some reason, Tiramie puffed up his chest. There was nothing praiseworthy about it though.

“These incidents and cases, however...”

Watching the development until then, Isuzu spoke up.

“The frequency is abnormally high. There was a strict order to ensure the thoroughness of safety management, in fact, it was quite strictly monitored compared to the other attractions.”

“Right...”

“It’s true, mii. Even the lighting that came falling was just checked by the Diggerries yesterday, mii. It’s somewhat unthinkable for this to be normal, isn’t it? Sure is strange, mii.”

“The visitor count of this attraction is falling rapidly because of the numerous incidents and cases that kept on happening. One way or another, we could dodge it, but still though, rumors could spread. Moreover, well.....”

Isuzu hesitated.

“You were saying?”

“There’s this feeling that some ominous aura is drifting from this attraction. Some of the customers even sensed it unconsciously and dared not come near here.”

“Aura? I don’t feel any of that sort.”

“I guess so. With Kanie-kun’s spiritual sense, it’s completely unlikely that you would have detected anything.”

“Hmm...”

As to having no spiritual sense, Seiya was able to personally agree. He is entirely devoid of interest for ghost stories of sorts, and he even does not hesitate to walk around places that spooks others. Back in middle school, there

was a girl with a “potent spiritual sense” in his class. And she had said “with your height of arrogance, forget the strong-willed, even spirits dare not approach you”, to him.

Isuzu’s tone was similar to the girl's. To say, it was somehow similar to the impression that he is “lacking delicacy”.

“But, I don’t feel anything weird either, mii. I think it’s all in Isuzu-chan’s imagination ,mii.”

Tiramie said in a carefree voice. This guy has the highest level in lacking delicacy in Amaburi. Along with Tiramie, Seiya had a partner who shared a similar mood - dejection trait.

“What’s the matter, mii? Why the sudden dejection?”

“Nah...it’s nothing.”

“Well, even with my hunches aside —.”

“This situation is rather abnormal. It’s too late when further major incidents occur, and this attraction may be sanctioned with a temporary closure.”

“Uh huh. Even so, you really think so too, huh...”

Thereupon, Tiramie’s expression changed.

“Hell no! Even if it may not seem like it, I’ve been diligently doing my best, mii! No way you’re closing it, mii!”

“My, that’s surprising. I thought you would’ve came up with some excuse to skip out, no?”

“Not a chance, mii! After all, I’m trying to be useful to the park here, mii! And.....and.....”

Tiramie faltered.

“And?”

“Well, never mind, mii. At any rate, I don’t wanna close ,mii!”

Tiramie gave a no go to the closure. In addition, the budget invested into the renovations of “Tiramie’s Flower Adventure” was by no means small and even Seiya would like to avoid leaving it idle.

Nonetheless, as Isuzu had pointed out, it’d be too late if a major incident were to happen.

“First, we’ve got to find the cause of it.”

After some rumination, Seiya said.

“For the next three days, we’ll have a one-time closure of ‘Tiramie’s Flower

Adventure'. During that time, we'll once again go over all of the incidents and cases. There might be something in common. Do not disregard anything you find no matter how trivial or inconsequential it is."

"Mii, in that case."

Interrupting Seiya's directions, Tiramie said,

"If it's something in common between the accidents, then I might have an idea, mii. No need to go looking, mii."

"What the heck? Then why didn't you report it sooner!?"

"It's a little hard to say, mii. Look, I'm a nice person."

"Whatever feelings you have are irrelevant. So, out with it. What're the similarities between the incidents!?"

Tiramie was unable to go on under Seiya's inquisition. He looked right, left, then up to the ceiling, snivelled a "mii", and after breathing a sigh, he finally opened his mouth to murmur.

"...It's Biino-chan, mii."

"Bandou Biino, why?"

"In all the cases and incidents, the common ground is that Biino-chan was

there when they happened, mii.”

“.....”

So even he thought that way, huh?

While the atmosphere was not heavy in any sense, but Seiya, and even Isuzu, went silent for a short while. Ever since that day when Biino came for the interview, there had been this vague sensation similar to what Tiramie had put into words.

That girl – wherever Bandou Biino was around, bleeding would occur.

He did not want to associate it too much with her.

“You mean to say, Bandou caused these incidents?”

“I didn’t say that mii. But, i just shared what i thought, after all Kanie-kun said to not disregard anything ‘no matter how trivial or inconsequential it is’, mii.”

“Hmm.....”

Tiramie thought hard before forcing the responsibility onto Biino. But to suddenly, not have faith in her—.

"But looking back at the reports and written explanations till new—"

Fiddling with the tablet PC, Isuzu said.

“— Since we entered this fiscal year, the cases and incidents which had occurred in this ‘Tiramie’s Flower Adventure’--she was present during all of them. If you put it conversely, during the times when she was not doing any work, no incidents had happened. This is much too unnatural.”

“Is it not simply a coincidence?”

“Of course, but we can’t deny the possibility of it being otherwise.”

“Mii. If you say this is a coincidence, then we may as well treat Oh Sadaharu’s^[3] home run record, too, as just another case of coincidence, mii.”

“That example is rather hard to understand.....”

Well, he did somewhat understand what Tiramie was trying to get at.

“Instead, didn’t it happen at the time Tiramie was there? Rather than Bandou?”

“I want to think so too but (<-- excuse me), unfortunately several of these incidents and cases happened while Tiramie was off. The commonality between the incidents, so to say is that she happened to be present at the place for all of these cases.”

“.....Do we have Bandou’s resume? I want to know her work history up until now.”

Isuzu operated her PC.

“The resume, we have it, but.....as expected from just a part-time high schooler. It was nothing but an academic background.”

“There’s no going around it then. Got to ask her directly.”

Not wanting the other cast to overhear their conversation, Seiya and the rest changed locations.

Moving to the office in the office building, they summoned Bandou Biino who was done getting changed. As there wasn’t a spare uniform, she was dressed in a school jersey.

“Work history...is it?”

“That’s right, mii.”

“I’d like you to do so as frankly as possible. I want to use it for future reference..”

Biino made a downcast countenance to Seiya’s words. It was a dispirited look, but she didn’t seem surprised. It was as if she had already seen this coming, whether it be sooner or later.

“Perhaps...am I fired?”

“No, not really. Just...that... Since there’s been so many serious incidents and cases that happened while you were on duty, there must be something causing them—.”

“Is that so? Then, please fire me.....”

“Hey, slow down there. I just need some info to use as reference here.”

“But if you do, you’ll surely fire me!”

Biino strengthened her tone.

“So far, I have already worked at many places! Newspaper delivery, cafes, fast food restaurants, convenience stores, bento factory, embalming establishments, maid cafés... I was fired from every last one of them! At first, everyone said to me ‘it’s just a coincidence, let’s work hard together, alright?’. But, the incidents just kept on happening.....and eventually, I was fired! It’s no use, I think. After all, whenever I’m around, like in a shop, things really turn up awful.....some even went bankrupt!!”

By the end of her outburst, she already had a tearful voice. Saying “embalming establishment” in the middle of her monologue seemed to have weighed immensely on her mind. Since a retort did not seem appropriate, Seiya, Isuzu, and even Tiramie remained silent (Tiramie had the urge to say something though).

“I know. Maybe, as long as I’m here, something like that might happen again.....Because I, too, like this park very much, I can’t be apologising for being

a nuisance anymore. So.....please fire me.”

With that Biino looked down, about to start sobbing.

Taking a fleeting glance at Isuzu, she knit her brows and shook her head as though saying “don’t ask me”. In Tiramie’s direction, he found his eyes gleaming and looking as though saying “embalming! Tell me more about embalming, mii!” (making a clothes washing gesture, somehow or another, Seiya understood what he meant).

“Yeeah, well...”

Seems like there’s no mistaking it.

The conditions, even now, are still uncertain. Incidents occur at a fairly high rate wherever Biino works. Moreover, based on her story, her workplaces are usually enveloped in a negative vibe. In actuality, it’s ultimately reflected on the plummeting of the visitor count of Tiramie’s attraction.

The reason behind being dismissed by the managers from her former workplaces up until now was clear. In any case, it was simply beyond the dimension of saying , “because of a bad feeling”. It was even still unclear whether there’s some kind of occult-like reason causing it, so for now, firing her was the normal course of action to take.

Nonetheless. No matter how.

In this strange park, with a strange position as acting manager, et cetera, it would be boring of him to make such an obvious decision. No, his position

notwithstanding, he personally felt that it was stupid.

Furthermore, if she was fired here, it'll render employing her at the time of the interview useless! Even though she had caused quite a bloodbath at the interview venue, she was still employed. Purposely!

If she were to be fired here, it'd feel like something was lost.

And Kanie Seiya was a man who had an immense dislike for "losses".

"You're not fired."

Seiya declared.

Biino, as well as Isuzu, were surprised.

"For starters, take a three-day break. In the meantime, we'll figure out the cause. A medium, a diviner, I don't care what. Do anything, we need to start off somewhere."

Thereupon, Tiramie made a questioning expression.

"A medium? Kanie-kun.....this is the 21st

century, you know? It's the age of iPS cells and big data, mii. What sort of ancient babble are you on about in this day and age, mii?"

"I don't wanna hear that from you of all people!"

Seiya forcefully stretched the dog type mascot's cheeks who came from this bogus "land of magic".

"Now that you've mentioned it, that's true, mii. I mean, it hurts, mii. It's not nice to have my cheeks pulled by a man, mii."

"Ah, enough!"

"So even Kanie-kun has come to greatly understand Tiramie's service."

"Hey, you too, don't go sounding impressed!"

Moffle too was an irritating guy in a different way. Like the other cast, even Seiya's stopped holding back against Tiramie. Since Tiramie himself paid it no mind, he already seemed to have consented to how he was treated.

The other person, Biino had teary eyes like she was overcome with emotions and stared hard at Seiya.

"Kanie-san.....th, thank you very much..... I'm.....I'm....."

"Ah, I don't want your thanks. I just don't want to decrease whatever fighting strength this park. In any case, the backstage area has yet to be cleaned today. Just notify me ASAP when something comes up."

"Y, yes!"

“Don’t appear in front of customers, okay?”

“Yes! Then, excuse me!”

After giving a deep bow, Biino left the office.

“I think that’s some fine attitude there, but...”

A short while after the door closed, Isuzu began to talk.

“.....Ultimately, Amaburi is an amusement park. We don’t have mediums here.”

“Uhh, there aren’t after all, huh.....”

He had a feeling that there weren’t any to begin with. In any case, the cast working in this park, even though they said that they are “residents of the Land of Magic”, were unexpectedly just about as ordinary as the good-for-nothing, parasitic people living on the surface.

While there are strong people around, there are many more who are much stronger.

Unfortunately, the park’s purpose is not to defeat some powerful demon king, but to attract customers, which no amount of fighting strength could solve. .

“Can you manage? Your country is basically the Land of Magic, right? Isn't there some convenient stuff like a consultation office or counsellors for girls like Bandou Biino?”

“You've got a point.....I'll try to look it up for a while.”

Isuzu tinkered with her tablet PC.

After a short wait. She sighed.

“Nothing special came up about the agencies around Mapleland, I only got hits on dubious aesthetics and fraudulent commercials.”

Frauds in the Land of Magic, huh.

“.....Anyhow, I can't find any reliable ones. Even the Mapleland ministry of health site had a notice stating 'please be wary of such businesses'.....”

“Looks to me that you guys are actually from some third-world country in South America or Southeast Asia, not from a land of magic. Doesn't it sound more convincing now?”

“.....It feels bad when you poke where it hurts.”

“Aren't you at least gonna try and refute me?!”

“Now, now. We might still find another way aside from relying on Mapleland,

mii.”

Busying himself with his smartphone until then, Tiramie spoke carefreely.

“Hmm. You got something?”

“I’m trying to call Rubu-yan now, mii. Coming from the extensively knowledgeable dragon tribe, perhaps he would know of something good, mii. He’ll swing by since he’s free.”

That was Rubrum the red dragon. In recent days, the pet name “Rubu-yan” had completely stuck among the cast.

“You called him? With that size of his, I honestly wish that he’d avoid wandering around inside as he pleases.....”

““You called?””

“Woah!”

Without warning, a voice came from beyond the window. The window was then entirely covered with a face full of huge scales. Rubrum peered into the office from outside the window.

“You, you scared the hell out of me!”

““Though you may say so.....I look like this after all.””

“Rubu-yan, that’s fast, mii. You came flying again?”

““That’s right. Even the weather is balmy today, and it’s been awhile since I’ve had a bento at the second park. Gazing upon the blue sky over a meal is most pleasant, is it not?””

Rubrum has a large size proportional to his gluttony. He consumes 50 kg of white rice a single day (and a comparative lesser portion of meat and vegetables). According to him, that was considered little. It was likely that last meal was a little picnic to him, consisting of enormous onigiris made from the rice that was meant for the employees.

“It is indeed a splendid idea, but the second park was sold off. Don’t just enter it whenever you please.”

““It’s alright, Kanie-san. Besides, it is mostly untouched. Geological survey had sort of begun at the east side though. Well, but those contractors’ competency isn’t satisfactory. At most, they could only cover a hundred square metres a day. If it were the diggerry guys, they would’ve just embedded some metal pipes, strike them a few times with a hammer and, voila.””

The Diggerry clan’s public works faculty was of a cheat level. Comparing them to human contractors would be injustice.

“Don’t take their standards into consideration. As long as they’ve prepared the necessary building materials and money, wouldn’t those guys even be able to construct an orbital elevator in half a year if they damn well please?”

““Well, you could say so.....Oops, my apologies, young lady. Are you alright?””

Rubrum turned his long neck to look towards his feet and gave a bow.

“?”

Bending out from the window was Bandou Biino who was getting up, profusely bowing down, apologising to Rubrum. As she came out of the office building after her conversation with Seiya a short while ago, she tripped over Rubrum’s foot or tail, falling over.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”



““Ohh, it’s fine, it’s fine. Putting that aside, please take care, because my scales are remarkably firm and edged. If I were to cause so much as a pickle to the tender, fair skin of a JK, breakfast would consequently be most unpleasant. Ah ha ha.””

“What JK? You’re a dragon.”

He sure sounded like a filthy old man.

““You said it, I’m a dragon, after all! I want to be a dragon who shows appreciation to the youth’s culture. If I were to have the time to spare, I would like to flaunt my otagei^[4] moves to those who go to the live shows of voice actors which have been of great popularity these days. I say, were I to do an otagei, the surrounding audience would probably be sent to their demise, however.””

Death by crushing, death by roadkill, death by blood loss. Seiya’s spine felt a chill as he imagined these horrible tragedies.

“Forget about it. That’s a no go. No showing-off, no killing them either.”

““Right. That’s why I’m not going.””

As they were having the above exchange, Biino hastily left the place. The entrance to the underground passage that led to the work area “Sorcerer’s Hill” was located away from the office building. She probably was headed there.

““Hmm……””

After seeing Biino off, Rubrum gave a little roar.

“Rubu-yan, what’s the matter, mii? Isn’t Biino-chan a nice one? But, too bad! She’s mine, mii.”

““Err, is that so?””

“That’s right, mii. I even got her to give me a full belly rub a while ago, mii. Sasuri (rubbing), sasurare (rubbed), Sasuraiger^[5]. That’s to say, we’re already rubbie buddies, mii”

“Oh? First time hearing about that...”

To put it, he sure was a terrible one.

““Hmm, those are some shocking facts, indeed. Though, is that really fine? That girl — let me see, Biino-chan, huh? — yup, that girl’s definitely cursed.””

“Cursed?”

““Correct. A curse. A malediction,”” Rubrum said casually.

Due to the way he spoke that was as if implying that what he was talking about was completely obvious, Rubrum’s words were yet to immediately sink in for Seiya and the rest.

“As expected of Rubu-yan, mii. It was good to have called you over, mii!”

““Eh, is that so? Why, it’s an honour. Ha ha ha””

“No, wait a minute. You know? She...Bandou Biino, is cursed?”

““Yes. We of the dragon tribe have sight that makes us able to perceive people’s curses and blessings. In fact, we can easily see through surface people like you, Kanie-san. Ok, let’s see... let me put it this way. Think of it like how birds can see ultraviolet rays while you humans can’t, get it?””

Or so he says.

Seiya turned to Isuzu. She nodded her head unconfidently.

“I’ve heard of such legends. Whether they’re true or not is uncertain however...”

““Those are not legends. For us dragons this is actually rather ordinary, you know?.””

Rubrum said with a suspicious discretionary tone.

““All living things have upon them blessings and curses, great and small. Each individual’s curses and blessings usually counterbalance each other, but this girl’s quite amazing. Her curse is considerably severe. Enough for even one such as myself to set some distance between us.””

“It’s that bad, huh? A curse so severe to that extent?”

““Correct, and it’s about as dire as Lady Latifa’s.””

Seiya was astonished. It appeared quite obvious to Rubrum, since he understands Latifa’s curse better.

Rubrum, his scales quivered in discomfort, with a sympathetic look on his face breathed out a small flame mingled with a sigh.

““Ohh, nothing, sorry. Well, it all boils down to the fact that this matter and their fate are all personal matters. Pointing it out among ourselves is impolite. If I put it in human terms.... right, it would be something like a middle-aged man’s receding hairline. You can’t just simply say to his face ‘you’re balding’, right? Something like that, I guess.””

“Hmm...”

Easy to understand, or not? Although it might come across as sensitive for some people But this guy is a dragon after all, not human. It’s obvious that it’ll be useless to say that this or that is common sense.

Seiya cleared his throat as he again thought of Latifa’s curse.

“Ahem. Whatever. I take it that Bandou Biino is indeed cursed. In that case, is there something we could do about it?”

““So you’re thinking about treatment, huh. Unfortunately, these hands of mine lack the required knowledge. I was in the faculty of economics back when

I was at university. Hmm.....””

After some thought, Rubrum said.

““I’ve an acquaintance who’s a good doctor, should I refer him?””

Sure enough, the next day, that doctor arrived from the Land of Magic.

Specifically, coming to Shinjuku by the JR Saikyo line, transferring to the Touto line, heading to Amagi station.

“Not that I mind, but why the Saikyo line...?”

While waiting for their guest at Amagi station’s ticket barrier, Seiya grumbled to Isuzu.

“The Schubert Empire which he is from has a line directly connected to Omiya station. The E5 series Shinkansen ‘Super Goblin’ which arrives and departs on tracks 23 and 24 is very popular with Mapleland’s children.”

“Okaaaay.”

“It even mimics the railroad trains as far as to be selling bento boxes. After that, they had released a transforming robot toy, but it didn’t seem to have sold well.”

He wasn't even listening when Isuzu was explaining, and right then, alighting passengers came along from the ticket gate. Mixed in with the quite ordinary surface world people, came a male with a large build wearing a white coat.

No, not a large build male. On the contrary, he wasn't even human. With olive brown skin, a beast with a nose resembling that of a pig. In light of Seiya's knowledge of typical RPGs, that was probably an orc or ogre race. With the effects of the "Lala Patch amulet", he was in a state where the surrounding people of the surface totally paid him no heed.

"He's an ogre. In Japanese, it means 'man-eating beast', but he's safe. Sansai soba is their race's staple food, after all."

"...Rest assured, you say...I wonder. That's some disappointing diet though."

If such an RPG enemy character appeared, surely it would not be an interesting sight?

"Anyway, please try not to be rude when he gets here. We have a favour to ask of him after all."

"I got it."

Isuzu carried a placard to make it easy for their guest to spot them. "Welcome! Obitsar-sama hailing from Schubert. -Amagi Brilliant Park" was handwritten on it.

By the way, Obitsar refers to the doctor referred by Rubrum.

An ogre emerging from the ticket gate was taken aback as he looked her way. Anyway, there was no mistaking it, the ogre who turned up was definitely the one who was referred to by Rubrum.

“Setuco-san.....”

The ogre’s fingers trembled as he called the name.

“Setuco-san!..... No doubt, it’s Setuco-san! I wanted to meet you! Ah, hello, Setuco-san! Setuco-saaaaaan!”

Charge. Contact.

He brushed Seiya aside and grabbed Isuzu’s chest.

“Oh, it really is Setuco-san! This elasticity! This texture! Setuco-san! I, I... so unbearable! Let’s run away! Cast aside anything and everything, let’s run away from it all, together with me.....gwhhoaa!”

The ogre Obitsar was shot point-blank, and blown away.

“Why.....do people like this always appear around me...?”

Isuzu was trembling all over, and Mr. Obitsar was convulsing, twitching even.

“Though I don’t quite get it, even if he’s a middle-aged man with a craving for stirring up sexual harassment, aren’t we still depending on him for the curse?”

How should I put it..... aren't you the one who said, 'please try not to be rude'?
So what are you going to do now?"

"Setuco-san.....that's cruel of you, Setuco-san..."

"Anyway. Who's Setuco-san?"



Being appointed as part of the crew handling the backstage, Biino had been

doing nothing but cleaning and arranging the equipment these past few days.

Thanks to that, the usual incidents, where even the customers tend to get caught in, did not happen. Everything was peaceful, save for one mishap. Wanipee who just happened to pass by slipped on a fallen over can of wax, gliding on the floor making a beeline towards a bunch of cleaning tools, skewing his rear with a mop handle. Wanipee had been admitted to Amagi hospital (and seems like he's gonna get discharged tomorrow due to bed shortage).

“Pii, pii, piiiiiiiii.”

Even now, Wanipee's screams of sorrow still lingered in their ears. After a while, such cries of sorrow took a 180 degree turn and he begun to say things like “such pleasure I've never experienced before, pii!” ...Uh huh, let's just forget about the last part, shall we?.

If that was because of her, based on that large dragon's — Mr. Rubrum's words, it gives the impression that she herself had been cursed in some way. If that had been so, the feeling from earlier — that suspicion to say “I'm the source of disasters”, was correct.

“Haahhh.....”

She subconsciously sighed. After that, she looked around flusteredly and felt relief as there was no one around. She would never show such an expression to others.

Always be bright and cheerful!

That's her own directive to living.

Making a gloomy face is no good. A melancholic mood isn't something that is called good. Seeming to believe that always comes along.

(That's right, me! Don't give in, Bandou Biino!)

With all her might, Biino slapped her cheeks with both hands. *slap slap!* The sharp sounds resounded down the corridor.

Though little, there were several drops of blood on the cleanly polished floor, dripping away.

"Ow....."

The excessively strong slap seemed to have resulted in a nose bleed. In a hurry, she got some tissues to put pressure against her nose, and while she briskly rubbed away the blood stain to get rid of it. A voice came over from a person behind her.

"Bi-Biino-san? Are you okay?"

Watching with worried expressions were Chuujou Shiina and Adachi Eiko.

They were her colleagues who joined the park at the same time.

Shiina was a high school student, a year younger than her, but her

appearance was that of an elementary schooler, very young and petite. She was always cowering; but was an amazing kid who had the singing skills of a genius, and even saved the park with a live show when it was on the verge of crisis during Golden Week. When they first met, she stammered so much that she could not be understood, but recently, she was able to muster some normal responses.

The other person, Adachi Eiko, was a university student who had performed in AVs previously. This AV was probably an abbreviation of “Authorised Version”. The Bible which had been issued by the King of England, King James I in the Seventeenth Century. It might have been a video or something, and that she was one of the characters.. Though Biino herself felt that she would have difficulty interacting with religious people, but Adachi Eiko was a friendly onee-san.

Though working at different posts, they were rookies who started out together in this relatively quirky establishment of a park. Within a few weeks, Biino naturally got along with the two of them. Back then, her coworkers would shun her when the misfortunes piled on, but those two were still willing to be friends with her.

“Eh, Eiko-san, Shiina-chan. What’s up?”

“Oh, no. It’s just that you were muttering under that nosebleedso I was rwwweally worried. I mean, sorry! Really worried.....!”

Shiina fumbled her words as she spoke. This kid wanted to say something but the tension caused her speech to veer off. It’s better to pay it no mind.

Wholeheartedly not wanting to cause worry to the two of them, Biino floated

a smile with her best effort.

“Oh! I’m alright! This, it always happens! I’m okay, okay! Really okay!”

But Shiina and Eiko’s faces didn’t clear up.

“If you say so, though..... We heard from Moffle-san and Macaron-san that some sort of curse is afflicting Biino-san.....”

Said Eiko.

“Every time it gets bloody, honestly it’s a little too.....but I understand these things. So, don’t feel so down.”

Said Shiina.

“Eiko-san. Shiina-chan.....”

That alone made Biino want to cry.

They were so worried for her sake. If it had been her prior workplaces, her colleagues would have given her macabre expressions, and find excuses to shun her.

What nice people.

I don’t want to stop working in the park after all. But considering the park’s

situation, I wonder if quitting is the best option.

“Th, thank you. But, I think you’d better not come too near me? As
Ru-bu-ya-n

had said, I’m probably a hazard. Just the other day, Wanipee-san was also seriously injured.”

“Right, I’ve heard.”

“But well, it’s just Wanipee-san.”

“It, it’s not good to say such a thing! Well, about Wanipee-san, he wasn’t very dead however. But anyhow, I’m most definitely the cause of it.”

She tried as much as possible to speak in a gentle tone. Yet, Eiko and Shiina maintained their sullen expressions.

“Biino-san..... It’s not very good to be blaming yourself, you know?”

“Zhat’s, that’s right! I, no, because Shiina really thinks so too. A curse or whatever, can’t let it affect others! things’ll surely get better!”

“You two.....”

As she continued to bear with it, tears started to spill out.

This is bad.

Now's not the time. It's not good to make a sad expression. I have to hold out, even if it's just these two. At least in front of them whom I like very much, I have to keep up a cheerful face.

“Ah, ahahaha! Ohh, that's enough you guys. This talk about curses and whatnot is getting kinda stupid!”

Biino said in a forcefully calm voice.

“I'm really okay! Completely okay! Perfectly okay! So don't make such a serious face!”

“Biino-san.....”

“More importantly, we're busy with work, right!? Come now, such a trivial matter is not something to dwell on. Let's quickly get back to our stations! C'mon, yeah!? Come on come on! Let's go, let's go!”

She grabbed a mop and waved it up and down, trying to shoo them away. Eiko and Shiina stepped back, looking perturbed, their worry-ridden expressions never leaving their faces.

“And sooooo! Making these depressing faces is bothersome! Go head out cheerfully! I said, cheerfully!”

“.....But, Biino-san. You're overdoing it.”

Eiko said, but Biino was still relentless with her cheery laughter.

“C’mon it’s nothing like that! Let’s just forget about the curse for now, please?! Let’s go back now to our usual mood! We-well then! I’m gonna go ahead and start cleaning!”

With that one-sided proclamation, Biino darted off from that spot.

She was worried that those two might come chasing after her, but they didn’t go as far as to do so. She took a turn at the corner, and descended the stairs. Reaching a place devoid of anyone, she wiped the tears blurring her vision with her sleeves.

Smile. Smile. Because happiness comes to those who smile.

And yet, the tears never ceased. She had no choice but to bear with it, right?

“Mii.....”

Biino was startled by the voice. She immediately turned around and saw Tiramie standing.

“Ti, Tiramie-san? How long have you been there?”

“I’m on break time, mii. So, that’s where Biino-chan was gone to..... I’m sorry, it’s a sight you don’t want to show other people, right, mii?”

“Oh, not really..... Ah,ahaha. I’m okay, I’m okay! Totally no problem!”

She tried to keep her smile up, but Tiramie did not smile.

“Biino-chan, it’s not good to push yourself too far, mii.”

Mugyu

Tiramie went over and gave her a hug. Rather than the habitual indecency, it was a very natural, very affectionate gesture. Even Biino didn’t think of running away.

Her body sank into the soft, fluffy fur. It was moderately warm, having a pleasant-to-touch sensation. Moreover, the fur had a nice scent.

“Tiramie-san.....?”

“When you’re tired, you should be honest and say so, mii. When you push yourself like that, things’ll eventually become bad, mii.”

“Umm. S-sorry. But, this is a little... Things might become problematic so.....”

“If you don’t like it, then I’ll stop.”

“Err.....”

“Nevertheless, I need you to compose yourself, Biino-chan. No matter how it

seems, you've got yourself one of the world's best healing-type mascots, mii."

"But, that....."

Is unfair, I think.

Biino wavered as she spoke and couldn't say it in the end.

Were this some ordinary guy from out of nowhere, anyone would obviously start yelling "please stop" however, the one embracing her closely now was a soft, fluffy, adorable Mr. fairy. It was sort of like a dakimakura. Though he had technically forced himself upon Biino in an embrace, he felt no guilt as his gentle act was motivated by pure intentions. Moreover, he acted not like the usual "idiot" that he is, riddled with indecent tendencies. He was merely being himself, trying to share her burden as much as he could.

That alone, she understood.

".....Why?"

"Nothing much. If anything, I'm just worried about you, mii. Really, I'll stop if it's annoying, okay?"

"It's enough... This is, embarrassing but..."

While saying these words, Biino did not hold back her shallow voice.

“I’m sorry. Please keep.....this a secret from everyone.”

“Okay.”

“Just for now.....so...”

“Yeah. It’s fine, mii.”

“I’m so sorry. Truly. Just a little. So....”

“Mugyuuu*. Put in more strength, mii.”

“Uuh...ahh... Uwwaaaaaaa...”

Now, she no longer needed to hold it in. Her weeping leaked out. Crumbling down, tears flowing.

Biino, choked with tears, buried her face into the pink fur for a while.

“That’s enough! I can’t stand it anymore. Why has it always gotta be me? This is cruel. Suffering like this the whole time, always making a fool of myself.....am I not allowed to be okay even for once!? Please save me. Someone, anyone, save me.....!!”

“Yeah.”

“Everyone...everyone was fine! Father, mother...even brother! That’s...

everyone had gone weird! Recently, even the landlady, too. I can't take it anymore! Please save me! Some curse! Isn't it awful!? What did I do to deserve this!? I didn't do anything wrong! I'm already at my limit!"

"Mii..."

Biino's weeping continued. Even after a while when the tears have finally stopped, she still remained in that position for a short while with her shoulders trembling the whole time.

She stayed that way for around ten minutes or so. Feeling a little fatigued, she gradually let go of Tiramie.

"I'm sorry....."

"Feeling better now, mii?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"That's great, mii. I hope I wasn't too rough, mii. I want to keep it a secret too, I won't tell anyone, mii."

Tiramie dusted off her shoulders.

"Ah, ahaha....."

Wiping her red, swollen eye corners, Biino smiled. This time, she can manage

even just a small smile.

“Really...thank you, Tiramie-san. Somehow, my mind has cleared up. How could I thank you?”

“Oh, nah. N-no big deal, mii. I hope you wouldn’t worry about it, mii.”

“I-I can’t do such a thing! I need to do something as thanks.”

Biino peered into Tiramie’s pupils with upturned eyes like she was bothered. Thereupon, tiramie gulped, seeming nervous.

“As thanks?”

“Y-yes.”

“Then, then.....let’s carry on where we left off the other day, mii! I want an extreme belly rub this time, mii!”

“Oh, I’d like to decline, sorry.”

“Mii! I guess!?”

It's unknown how long an ogre’s lifespan was, but Mr. Obitsar seemed already quite advanced in age.

It seems he more or less understood the purpose of his visit here, but when it came to things other than that he was spaced out so he would forget the things told to him in less than ten minutes.

By the way, this Setuco-san that he was talking about appeared to be a maid who had worked at Obitsar's residence in the past. Nobody knew what happened between them, but it was probably nothing decent.

“So, Setuco-san. You haven't had dinner yet, right?”

“If it's about food, we just had some a little while ago, and you've already asked that three times.”

Isuzu was quite fed up as she said that.

Already at the park's office building, they went to the recently installed reception office. “I'm hungry”, so he got a katsudon from the staff canteen, yet he consumed only the batter, discarding the pork, which to say, had sparked quite an outrage. And now, he addressed Isuzu as “Setuco-san”. At first, Isuzu would still patiently correct him however, she eventually gave up and settled with giving curt replies.

“Even so, what a miserable place. Rubrum said that the surface world is a paradise brimming with hopes and dreams, and yet...”

“That's just the park's onstage side of the story. The backstage, however, is just an ordinary company office building.”

Seiya explained.

“Hmm, young lad. It’s not that kind of problem I was talking about. Isn’t there something of more importance? Dreams are.....what I mean is, you know.....that.”

“By ‘that’, you mean?”

“Boobies.”

“Hmm? Now then, let’s talk business.”

The discussion was forcefully pressed forward.

“We've invited you today for nothing else other than a magical affliction on one of this park’s employees. We heard from someone that you have a means to deal with it. Err, in brief, it’s a curse.....I believe? We want to hear your opinion on the matter, but.....”

Mr. Obitsar sipped his hojicha, gargled it, rinsing his mouth, as Seiya minced his words. Seiya was worried that he’d just suddenly spit it out somewhere, but thankfully, he eventually gulped it down.

“Well, still listening?”

“Of course. Boobies are mighty fine, right? A fine person, you are.”

“.....Anyway, it concerns the curse and its treatment.”

Mustering all the fortitude and patience his body could offer, Seiya explained a few validated facts.

Latifa’s curse was not touched on in their conversation with the doctor, as Seiya and Isuzu had initially agreed on. According to Isuzu, Mapleland had already made all efforts to deal with Latifa’s curse, and those past attempts had all ended in failure. It won’t make much difference even if they invited dubious doctors from foreign lands this late in the game. Furthermore, the possibility that Mr. Obitsar was actually a spy from some enemy nation (well, such possibility was almost close to zero) cannot be ruled out. So temporarily entrusting Latifa to a character of suspicious background was absolutely unthinkable to Isuzu.

If such was the case, rather than turning to this off-the-point aged ogre, shouldn’t they instead send Bandou Biino to Mapleland to get examined by the trusted staff who had examined Latifa?Seiya had pointed this option out, but then again, Biino’s case was complicated in various ways.

(In any case, Bandou Biino is one of the surface, it seems to be of another kind of curse compared to the princess’s.)

Was what Isuzu had said.

(There are still many things still unknown to us about curses afflicting surface people. Even the staff handling Her Highness’ ‘dispel’ will be unable to do anything with too much difference in the know-how, right?)

So, to say, it was akin to the idea of a surgeon attempting to deal with animal diseases while being unequipped with a veterinarian's set of skills.

It would be a whole different story if she were similar to Moffle and Tiramie, being a fluffy, fairy mascots, but how were those who came from Mapleland who were like Isuzu and Latifa who, as far as appearances go, didn't look any different from “surface people” any different? This question floated in Seiya's head. However, it is most probably true since she had said so. Isuzu had no real reason to be lying.

“...Err, since we're unable to apply for medical insurance, we need to discuss payment. As for the treatment costs, it'd be helpful if you could give us a quotation.....”

“Ahh, enough, such a hassle.”

Obitsar folded his arms and raised a groan.

“We've a patient here, no? Just quickly call her now.”

“Err. For an examination?”

“Obviously! I may not look the part, but even I've been a doctor for the last hundred years. We've been keeping it secret, but the one who had first discovered penicillin was actually me, you know?. Not to mention the recent

S

TAP cells, among other things, is also my brainchild. I just let other people take the credit in exchange for some titty services—.”

“Ugh, I got it, I got it! I’ll be calling her over right now, so please just wait!”

Seiya deliberately raised his voice to interrupt Obistar’s nonsense-spouting spree as aside from it just being improper, it was also getting bothersome.

He was about to gesture Isuzu through eye signals, but she had already had her smartphone at hand and informed Tiramie with a “bring her in”.

“What’s with your attitude!? You think me daft?”

“Oh, no, not really. You must be imagining things.”

“Then, Setuco-san. Is it dinner time yet?”

“Haven’t you just had katsudon?”

Isuzu gave a cold-hearted reply.

“Nnn, really? Then can I now have some post-meal boobs?”

“...Kanie-kun. Mind if I blast him some?”

“Blast him. No! Wait, wait. At least, until we’re done with business, don’t shoot him just yet.”

“Too bad...”

“What’re y’all being so sneaky about? Come on, hurry up, come give me some of those titties now!”

“You! Could you please just shut your trap for now?!”

“Setuco-san, Setuco-san! Isn’t that young one being a little bit too mean!? Hear that, you hear that?”

“Ahh, I’ve had enough of this crap!”

As Seiya was shouting with a considerably livid with expression, the door went “knock, knock”.

“E’llo. I’ve brought the patient with me, mii.”

“Err, umm, excuse me...”

Bringing along Biino who seemed uncomposed, Tiramie came into the reception office.

“Woah! This girl is...”

Once Obitsar laid his eyes upon Biino, he furrowed his brow and made a stern face. It was not the usual perverted clod of an old geezer, but the look of a full-fledged doctor who had gained a great number of experiences throughout his

practice.

(Ohh...?)

(Things look promising.)

In front of the whispering Seiya and Isuzu, Obitsar slowly stood up and walked up to Biino.

“What’s with her? This girl...”

“Y-yes?”

“This girl...errm. This girl...”

After saying so in a grave tone, he strongly grabbed at Biino’s chest.

“Excuse me. You are Setuco-san, correct? For so long now, I wanted to meet you, Setuco-san!”

“Umm, err!?”

“Oorrrrrnnnn! Elope with me, Setuco-san! Okay? Okay? Feel at ease! And while we’re at it, do put some cute clothes on, too! So come with me, okay? Okay? Together we can go anywfgggk, ghhhhaaa!!”

First, Biino was thrust aside, then Isuzu’s bullet homed in the same time

Seiya's kick landed, sending the old geezer Obitsar flying.

"Gghhaaa....."

"Wh-what just happened, mii? Mii, mii?"

Due to the drastic flow of events, Tiramie was in an awful panic. So much that in his unstable state of mind, he first emulated Obitsar's act which was to grab Biino's chest. And then, all while being entranced by that luscious sensation, he was sent flying by a slap to the face, a bullet, and a kick in a similar way as his predecessor.

"Gghhaaaa... I-I don't get it, mii. I'm the victim here mii..."

"Shut up! Are you unable to even talk about anything normal!?"

Despite Seiya's yell, Tiramie was still vacantly staring into empty space.

"Hmm. To start with, who's this Setuco-san, mii? Sure sounds like someone's wife's got one erotic figure, mii. I'd certainly want an introduction mii."

"...That's right, young one! Setuco-san is married!"

"Really, mii? As far as guesses go, then probably her bust is no less than an F cup. She's terrific, mii, this Setuco-san!"

"Ohh, Setuco-san! Setuco-san!"

“Hmm, I’ve simulated the various possibilities Setuco-san’s character could be in my head, mii...docile in looks, getting some good *puffs* in like this and that. Ohh, dear me! What an unexpected mitch you are, Setuco-san. One hell of a married woman, mii!”

“Both of you, shut up! No, it’ll be a problem if that old man over there shuts up, anyhow, have a bit more of a decent talk!”

“Mii. I guess for Biino-chan, it’s sort of too strong a stimulus for a greeting, mii.”

“Eh, umm! I was just a little surprised but...I’m okay now! Yeah, okay. I’m...I’m fine...”

To placate the sobbing Biino, who was suddenly subjected to a stream of sexual harassment, Isuzu took it upon herself to hold her in her arms into a cuddle. .

“It’s alright, Bandou-san. I’m right here for you.”

“O-okay, thank you very much.”

“If that old geezer ever perpetrate these indecent behaviors in the name of this so-called “treatment”, i won't hesitate to shoot him dead where he stands..”

“Shoot!? Shoot to death!?”

“Correct... to death.”

“How troubling. As expected of little miss, to do such a thing would incur myself divine punishment.”

The old man’s cheeks reddened in frivol.

“.....”

“Do you really understand what she meant by being shot to death? Ahh, enough of that. If you can actually perform, a proper examination on her like you claim, then please do so. If not, please just leave already.”

“Oh. Oh...that’s right. Young lady, come over here.”

Finally being in a position to do his job, Obitsar retrieved a stethoscope from his briefcase. Witnessing Obistar’s majestic, practiced movements in doing so, Biino pulled herself together as she nervously stepped forward.

“Umm. Well...please!”

“Uh huh. Then first, please take off your panties.”

Isuzu’s musket flashed — Obitsar was blown by several metres.

“Guuhhhhhh...!”

“I'm shooting to kill you. Half of it. Next time you do that, I will shoot off half your life again, until you have a quarter of your life left.. I'll keep shooting you half to death until you are inches away from death. Understood?”

“Hmm, that's rather harsh...”

“And, Seiya-kun, Tiramie, do kindly wait for us outside.”

Following Isuzu's instructions, Seiya and Tiramie stepped out of the reception office and waited at the rest area at the floor below.

“Somehow, I'm already quite worn out... Were Sento not there, there'd really be no progress in that conversation.”

“There we have it. Old-man trouble, mii.”

“You're one to talk. Don't forget that you yourself even added fuel to the fire! The point is that, that sort of indecency is distasteful!”

“Well, I think this surely is a little heartburn for a high schooler like you, Kanie-kun. I'll properly reflect on my actions later, mii.”

“I don't know if it is for high schoolers particularly, but i do know that it was quite a heartburn indeed..”

“Well, lets just let bygones be bygones, mii.”

Speaking carefreely, Tiramie bought a box of strawberry milk from the vending machine at the rest area. After sucking, relishing, and swallowing the drink, he went *fwaah* as he breathed in deeply.

“Nnnn, delicious, mii!”

“You’re as happy-go-lucky as ever. Seriously... Even I can’t help but wonder if it really is okay to leave it to that sort of old man.”

“It’ll be alright, mii. Rubu-yan’s said it himself, and doesn’t this doctor seem to have quite a track record based on the things he said earlier? So far, he seemed to have lifted curses from various celebrities already, mii.”

“Hmph, so what?.”

In the first place, this “curse” or whatever it is was ambiguous in and on itself, thus it was not easy for Seiya to readily believe it. No, after all, since he himself had become able to use some strange magic, it meant that he couldn't unsparingly deny it.

“Even so, I want Biino-chan to get better, mii. These few days, she had been in quite a slump.”

“Is that so?”

“That’s right, mii. Biino-chan really loves this park, mii. So, she’s been

enthusiastic the whole time, working hard although she was cursed. She was so worried of what would happen to the park if she decided to stay, to the point of worrying too much and overthinking things, mii. It's quite a painful story if you ask me, mii. I want to do something, somehow, for her, mii."

"That's surprising. You actually have that kind of compassion for others."

I thought that he was the type who would only care about womens' asses, and not their hearts.

Guys like Tiramie — those who make advances on women without difference are quite unsentimental towards them. Because if they were to tread into their hearts, they wouldn't be able to have affairs and nor would they be able to easily breaking up with them.

Faithfulness is the obstruction against the number of women that could be conquered.

Many said that people rich with love experiences have a rather profound philosophy in life, but Seiya is one of the few who are skeptical of this popular opinion.

After all, it is rather hard to believe that decent, faithful people are the kind to jump from one relationship to another, many times over.

"Compassion, you say? I'd say that it's more like a bad habit of mine, mii."

Tiramie did not take offense at Seiya's remarks, as he gave a somber sigh.

“You know, I tend to get emotionally invested in my partners a bit too much most of the time, mii. So later in the relationship, I often find myself hurting all over because of that.”

“You’re joking, right?”

“No, I’m being serious, mii. When it comes to girls, I become quite a bothersome man, mii. So I aalllllways maintain a playboy’s façade, guarding my real heart, mii.”

All things considered, his speech sounded all too unconvincing.

Tiramie snorted in protest when he saw that Seiya was unconvinced, of which was evident in the young man’s frown.

“Talking about façades, it seems that I’m not the only one here who got one, mii. Me with my playboy façade, then there’s Kanie-kun with his super-narcissistic one, always keeping people at arm’s length, mii.” .

“Unf...”`

“Yep. just as I thought, mii. Lording over Isuzu-chan, all while saying: ‘do this, do that’ ,with that condescending attitude of yours sure is easier, right? Then I think we’re the same in that regard, mii.”

“Uh huh...that’s some kind of suggestive remark you got there...”

Seiya folded his arms and pondered.

“Good lines spoil when they come from mouths like yours.”

“That’s mean, mii! Even I’d say serious stuff occasionally!”

Tiramie suddenly rose to his feet as Seiya sank down in his chair, brushing Tiramie’s rebuttal off with a wave of his hand.

“Ohh, shut up. By the way, I’m not particularly curious, but i’ll ask anyways. Hmm, how should I put it, based on the things you’ve said so far, doesn't that make you quite attached to Bandou Biino?”

Thereupon, Tiramie blushed and stared into the distance.

“Weeeeell, actually. I’ve sort of come to like her a little, mii.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah.”

“What’s good about Bandou?”

“That’s personal, mii. But, it’s true, I like her!”

Talking about it made Tiramie’s heart go “ueee”, and Seiya could barely watch him without groaning.

“I alone simply can’t heal Biino’s smile, mii. She kept her spirit seem cheerful even though she was actually suffering, and that in itself for me is endearing, mii. Seeing her bear with her unfortunate circumstances made me want to do one thing or another for her, mii! I, I... I want to stay by Biino-chan’s side as much as possible, mii.”

“In that case, how about you refrain from your nasty sexual harassment to start with.”

“Mii. I really think so too, but I’d just go at it on reflex whenever a chance presents itself, mii. Well, I’ll still try, okay? It’s just that, it’s like a seasoned mercenary, who’s been in the trade for the longest time, ducking at the sound of gunshot purely on reflex, mii.”

“I think that example is already suspicious.”

There wasn’t any particular regulation in the park prohibiting workplace relationships. So long as it does not affect the performance of the employees involved in attending to their professional duties. In areas as such, the park leaves its employees to their own devices. But Tiramie was one of the park’s most featured mascots. They wouldn’t want anything to do with a scandal with him involved.

“Well, she’s a minor, so messing around is strictly prohibited. If it’s only something platonic, you may do as you please. So long as you don’t cause any trouble for Bandou, understand?”

“Of course, mii! I still want to keep this a secret from Moffle and the rest, mii. They’ll surely make fun of me once they find out, mii. That said, I still badly

needed to let someone hear about these feelings of mine. I even had this strong urge to go and speak to the tanuki^[6] statues around there just to let things out, mii.”

“I won’t tell anyone, but am I just worth no more than a tanuki statue to you?”

“Something like that I guess, mii.”

“Im sure worth more than that though. Anyways, they’re taking too much of their sweet time. Is the examination still not done yet?”

After fixing his necktie, he directed a glimpse at the reception office.

As Seiya casually grumbled, Tiramie was suddenly alerted by his words.

“Oh, oh crap, mii!”

“?”

“We should have done a proper check on that old man’s diagnostic tools, mii! Surely...surely....Under capital laws, making free use of goods which sales are prohibited in hotels is illegal. There’s no doubt that he’s doing awful things to Biino-chan right now, mii!”

“I don’t really understand, but what kind of goods are you referring to?”

“Vibrators, vibrators, and vibrators! Im referring to those, mii! I disapprove! I would not permit anybody else do Biino-chan in with a vibrator, no one can do

that but me, mii! Aaarrghh! Buzz oooooooooonnnnnnn!

“Hey, hold it! Isn’t Sento in there, too? Calm dow-ahh, damn it!”

Seiya gave chase to Tiramie who began excitedly running to the reception office.

However, this Tiramie’s instantaneous maximum acceleration was absurd. Probably surpassing even 3G, one might say. He immediately lost sight of his back.

A gunshot rang from the room across the distance.

Seiya ran down the hallway, ascended the staircase, and when at last the reception office came into view, Tiramie was already down on the floor in front of the room, limp. Having stepped into the room in the midst of the examination, Isuzu shot at him without a moment’s delay.

“Uuuuunnnnn. Mii, mii...”

“See? Things always turn out like this.”

He was always amazed by the flow of events every time he comes running every time something comes up.

But this time, the situation seemed slightly different. The usual Isuzu would have immediately greeted Tiramie with a hail of bullets, dishing out kills with wrath. This time she was cowering with a pallid face.

“What happened?”

“Umm. The ricochet cracked the glass, and the fragments...”

The nearby glass window was chipped, and one of those fragments — dug into Isuzu’s left arm.

“!?! Woah, isn’t it bad? Go get that treated immediat—.”

“It’s okay. It’s only a flesh wound. But, for this to just happen.....”

Extracting the glass chip and applying pressure on the wound with a handkerchief, Isuzu said. But the red stain still spread rapidly on the white fabric.

“I merely shot at Tiramie. And somehow, things led to these unbelievable coincidences one after another... Doctor Obitsar was just about done asking her about the symptoms and seemed to have gotten the gist of things. Then this happened.”

“It’s not a coincidence?”

“That’s the curse I am talking about. Yes, there’s no mistaking it.”

Their tone was plain serious, no trace of jesting. Even the fortunately unscathed Biino had her lips pursed as she attentively witnessed everything unfold.

“That’s why I was the one referred from the start.”

Said Obitsar, as he tapped the shoulders of the baffled Biino, puffing his chest in an unusually proud manner.

“This young lady is afflicted by an evil spirit.”

“Evil spirit?”

“Uh huh. An evil spirit it is. Even now, it is frivolously watching us from somewhere. Not to mention, all the mayhem that ensued earlier was all thanks to it.”

“Is it still around? Can you see it now?”

As Seiya looked around at their surrounding, Obitsar nodded, with a grim expression plastered on his face.

The exorcism (treatment?) was scheduled after the park’s closing hours.

Based on what the old man, Obitsar, said, there was a possibility that something unexpected, an accident perhaps, might happen during the ritual. so it was indeed a wise choice to do it after the park had already been devoid of guests.

Their venue of choice for the ritual was the stage at the front of of Maple

Castle, situated at the center of the park. Incidentally, this was also where the live performances during the golden week were held.

The night lightings had been enhanced, and it's also an open-air location. Furthermore, Isuzu said that since there was a "barrier" of some sort erected in the immediate vicinity, they could easily find refuge there should the situation calls for it.

"...I understand what I'm here for, fumo. Put it simply, when something happens, I just have to beat the shit outta this wreck of an 'evil spirit', right?"

Said Moffle as his paws made sounds, hitting empty air as he did some shadow boxing.

"Recently, I've been too busy with work, it's frustrating, ron. Since the timing's just right, I'm dying to land a few hits myself. Don't worry! Since I'll stop when it's half dead."

Said Macaron, a former delinquent teeming with fury, with a broad grin.

"We're summoning it soon. Things sure are becoming rather uneasy,"

Seiya complained. As he listened to their muscle-for-brains remarks, he started to wonder if there'd be room for negotiation later. Though since the enemy is some sort of evil spirit, it seemed that negotiations were impossible to begin with.

On the other hand, Tiramie's eyes were gleaming.

“Things sure look promising, mii! It’s always reassuring to have reliable friends like you guys! Don’t worry, guys, leave it to me. I’ve brought with me lots of high explosives!”

“Don’t you use them here! Go dump that crap someplace else!”

By the stage corner, one could see suspicious wooden boxes piled up, could those be the explosives he was referring to? Seiya shouted as his face distorted in rage..

“Ehh, why, mii? When shit goes down, I wanna be helpful, too, mii.”

“Have you forgotten that Sento got injured just this noon? I don’t think that’s a mere coincidence. Suppose this ‘evil spirit’ thing felt like pulling a fast one on us, there’d be no reason not to use those, right?”

Earlier that day, Isuzu’s bullet, which ricocheted and sent glass shards flying, injured her. If that really was the handywork of the evil spirit, it won't find anything better to use than those explosives to harm them..

In contrast to the gravity of Seiya’s statement, Tiramie merely responded with a shrug of a shoulder. .

“Mii. It seems like Kanie-kun doesn't know much about explosives, mii.”

“Huh?”

“The explosives I’ve brought are called semtex and C4, which are close to

plastic charges, mii. These are so stable that throwing them into a fire will only burn it, mii. Of course, even if Isuzu-chan were to shoot it by mistake, it still won't be enough to cause an induced explosion, mii."

"Wow..."

"Long story short, Kanie-kun's worry, that these explosives could just blow up on our faces, i think is quite unfounded. There won't be any explosions, unless these bad boys are fitted with a detonator precisely, that is."

A nihilistic bold smile.

"After all, it's an evil spirit from God-knows-where mii. Isn't it something that's causing Biino-chan mischief? My explosives can't really do much to trash who indulges in bullying the weak, mii."

On that subject, Tiramie was supposed to have been thrown into prison for safecracking some time in the past. During the dungeon uproar, Tiramie was very well-versed with explosives and traps. Thinking back, those remarks were quite persuasive.

"For example, this! Feast your eyes on this item here, mii!"

Tiramie took out from his pouch an item that resembled a tripod attached to a camera. It was a mystery how he was able to stow it away in such a tiny pouch. Probably following the same theory behind Isuzu's musket, or like a how certain cat-type robot character that's been popular nationally does the same. Anyway, there was no end to those guys' meddling with each and everything with their magic.

“What’s with the camera?”

“This is a sensor, mii. It’s a snare called the ‘iTRAP’. This sensor does not react to surface people, only to spirit bodies and fairies, mii.”

Extending the tripod, he set it up.

“What a shady name...”

It was a typical new product with practically no functional benefit, and just from the use of the lowercase 'i' you could tell it's been influenced by apple products quite a bit.

“This ‘iTRAP’, is conjunct with the directional explosive which I so reverently made mii. See, when you pass by the sensor? For surface people like Kanie-kun, there’s no response. However, when residents of the Land of Magic like me goes pass —.”

First, Seiya walked in front of the sensor.

No reaction.

Subsequently, Tiramie walked in front of the sensor.

Then, the ‘iTRAP’ emitted an alarm —.

Beep beep, *shuuump*.

“Miiiiiii!?”

Out of nowhere, a grenade, about the size of a juice can had been shot out. It spun into flight.

And thereafter, blew up.

The said directional explosive was genuine. Operating under the principles of the Monroe effect, the explosive energy from the moulded charge was discharged unidirectionally, and rushed at Tiramie who tripped the sensor.

Kaboom!

The arrow of flames shot from overhead, instantly setting Tiramie ablaze.

“Tiramie!?”

Moffle and Macaron used the prepared-beforehand fire extinguishers at Tiramie. Even after the fire was put out, Tiramie’s limbs were still shaking.

“Mi, mii... For now, we were able to confirm its functionality mii.”

“What's gotten in you, ron. This isn't like you.”

“Caught in your own trap. That’s normally unimaginable fumo.”

Macaron and Moffle unanimously pointed out.

“I’m kinda serious about it mii. I, want to protect Biino-chan somehow.....”

Viewing Tiramie’s serious gaze, the two of them seemed only slightly surprised. They had a momentary exchange of glances and then snorted like it was nothing.

“Hmm, that Biino. She has yet to arrive ron.”

“Moffu. It should be anytime soon.....”

“Why, here she is.”

Seiya said.

Bandou Biino came around to them from the side on the stage. Accompanying her from the side were Isuzu and old man Obitsar, with some kind of unusual tension drifting in the air.

“It’s gotten all noisy here.”

Isuzu who was escorting Biino said. That declaration was aimed mainly towards the three, Moffle, Macaron, and Tiramie.

“.....Tentatively, I asked her to come down here, but moving without instruction is strictly prohibited. We are outside the barrier, so don't do any nonsense. Bandou-san might cause a problem to the Princess if you do something wrong.”

“Moffu. Got it fumo.”

Moffle said in a voice that was slightly braced.

“Really?”

“Of course fumo.”

“By the way, the Princess is currently peering at us from overhead.”

On that subject, this place is right in front of Maple castle. Looking from up above, Latifa was facing their way waving her hands from the edge of the rampart. Her eyes can't see, but their conversations here were audible.

“Guuuuuuuyyyys, please do your beeeeeeeestt!”

She should have heard the situation, but she did not go as far as to make a serious face. She just had an appearance reminiscent of carefree gallery at a golf course.

“There you have it, better avoid blunders.”

“Moffu.”

“Roger that, ron.”

“Got it, mii.”

The trio said unanimously.

“Alright!”

And old man Obitsar hands rang out with a snap.

“With this, everyone’s gathered? Well then, all hands please strip off your underwear.”

“Cut the crap.”

“No one’s gonna strip for you! Sick shit!”

“Get this damn thing started!”

“Start? Start what?”

“Ritual, the ritual! We’ve got to do something about that evil spirit that haunts Bandou Biino!”

“.....Ohh, right. I almost forgot. Let me see, first of all draw a magic circle, and.....”

Old man Obitsar took out some chalk and slowly began to draw (what appears to be) a magic circle. His hands were trembling all over, he was looking at his memo many times, getting rid of the written characters and rewriting them, his skills were terribly poor.



“An unreliable geezer, huh fumo.”

“Is this really okay ron?”

“No idea. For now, let’s stick to that said competent reputation of his.....”

While Moffle and the rest complained leisurely, Tiramie took Biino’s hand and put in some words of encouragement.

“Biino-chan, do your best mii. The curse will surely be broken mii. Then, a happy everyday awaits!”

“Y, yes. But, is it okay to be going this far.....?”

“What can I say mii. Among the cast, you too are as good as family mii.”

“Th, thank you!”

While viewing that sort exchange from the side, Seiya somehow felt sluggish towards those two’s conversation.

(My, my.....)

It should be a normal pleasant scene but.

This was going out with overtime, and I’m suffering from that deeply moving three penny play. This kind of discussion is fine but, I want to get this treatment started.

(Woah, wait? Isn't it strange?)

What cheap emotional drama. Sure, I like that kind of expression, but isn't the feeling a little strange listening to Biino and Tiramie's conversation?

Moreover, it was himself, and not Tiramie, who was feeling an irritation towards Biino's circumstances.

Indeed, it's strange.

Why can't he help but feel frustrated about Biino? Did she do anything bad?

Seiya casually surveyed the surroundings.

The three, Isuzu, Moffle, and Macaron did not have a particularly strange look. While it wasn't to the extent of it being "moving", but for now it was quite the mood of "let's work hard for the sake of this child". It seems to be irritating only him.

That's why it's odd.

TO begin with, Seiya had not grown accustomed to Biino's matter. It was irritating for some reason. All the more so after she turned out to be the source of trouble.

And yet she was not at fault.

Aren't I supposed to be a bit more of an impartial person? Why am I getting this kind of feeling from Bandou Biino—."

"Oh my, you, don't resist."

Finally finished with drawing the magic circle, Obitsar looked at Seiya and raised his eyebrows.

"Resist? Say what....."

"The curse of course. To be able to be resisted by surface people, that's the first I've seen. Hmm, rather interesting."

"Certainly.....I was feeling some unusual irritation since some time ago, but is this also the influence of the curse?"

"That's correct. While it starts off as just an irritation, it gradually accumulates. Finally, it will transform into rage and resistance that causes harm to that girl."

"Hmmm....."

So, how are Isuzu, Moffle, and the rest okay? On pointing that out, Obitsar said without cause.

"That, mister, is because those guys are fairies."

“Right.”

Moffle and the other guys aside, Isuzu being called a “fairy” has this out of place feeling. With the exception brandishing an eccentric musket, she can’t be told apart from any normal human.

Noticing Seiya’s gaze, Isuzu made a puzzled expression.

“.....Is something wrong?”

“No.....nothing.”

“?”

Obitsar continued with his talk.

“Well, what was it — in a way, surface people are vulnerable to this kind of curse. And about this girl’s family, since they were together for a long time, the influence of the curse is especially great.”

“Which reminds me, the guy who came to stab Bandou, was her elder brother fumo.”

Moffle said, recalling the interview some time ago.

“That as well, is the cause of the curse. So, if this exorcism goes smoothly, this brother would also regain his sanity.”

“Umm, Pl-please hold on.”

Hearing all that, Biino cut in.

“If so, the surface people in the park I’ve gotten along with.....Eiko-san and Shiina-chan are, what does it mean? People like Kanie-san are unusual, is it?”

“That, I don’t know. There’s a whole variety of surface people.”

“.....”

And thereupon, the subject came to a close.

“Alright, alright! Let’s quickly get on with it. Because when I get back today, I’m going to grind through Super Robot Wars.”

“Z, ron? How nice.”

“I want in too, mii.”

To begin the ritual, there were three important points that came from the solemn old man Obitsar.

One thing — participants are to follow Obitsar’s instructions.

One thing — even when the evil spirit appears, you are not to attack without approval.

One thing — Even if Obitsar fondles Isuzu's and Biino's boobs, they are not to get mad.

“Hold up, what's with the third one!? It has nothing to do with the ritual, right!?”

Obitsar clicked his tongue.

“Tch, it was noticed. Some fine perception you have there.”

“No, it doesn't have anything to do with perception.....!”

“Ahh, heard nothing, heard nothing ~. Let's start by the way. There, there. This way, little miss. Stand at the centre of the magic circle. The rest of you guys, stand at your respective vertices.”

In accordance to those cursory instructions, Biino proceeded towards the centre of the magic circle. And then, the other personnel towards the respective vertices of the pentagram.

So, the five of them, Seiya, Isuzu, Moffle, Macaron, and Tiramie occupied the vertices of the pentagram. In fact, Obitsar called them out by “gather the worst five persons”.

“Err, according to the grimoire.....to advance the exorcism ritual, the cooperation between you five is essential.”

“I heard that.....but, specifically?”

“To invoke the operative procedure, the five persons positioned at the five vertices of the pentagram are required to give forth their respective correct words of power. I shall henceforth offer interpretations of the queries posed by this grimoire. And when you all correctly answer everything, the procedure will be invoked, like that.”

In short, Obitsar questions them, and when everyone gives each correct answer, the exorcism ritual progresses.

“It somehow seems difficult mii.....”

“I think this story ends with wrecking the evil spirit ron.....”

“Can’t we get it on already fumo?”

Obitsar ignored the three’s unanimous venting of discontent and began the ritual.

“Eik ulem enli suidaow. Forth with, I tap on the power of the great spirit! Umm.....how do you read this. Right.....truth! The truth is expression! The expression is withal, the truth! An, a.....and then I, Obitsar, child of Golambitsar, two sides of p, p, principle?Of the five to take up this place.”

It was like some kind of student without any reading habits, was prompted by the teacher to read out of the textbook.

Seiya became uneasy, but for the time being, there was a response to the incantation and the magic circle emitted a pale light.

“Person positioned at the vertex of ‘wood’! Thou, child of Zecaron, Macaron!”

“Ron?”

Standing at one point on the pentagram, Macaron said “eh, me?” pointing at himself.

Since a complicated crest of green and brown was shining on the ground where Macaron stood, that was perhaps the spot that symbolised “wood”.

“So, Macaron! Respond to my question! Are you sufficient prepared!?”

“Ye, yeah.....”

“Then, first question!”

Jyan!

“.....Which one of the following is the author of the Fujimi Fantasia Bunko’s ‘Tokyo Ravens’ light novel!?”

1. Kagami Takaya!
2. Azano Kouhei!
3. Gatou Shouji!
4. Irie Kimihito!”

“Eh? Ron? Ehh.....?”

Macaron’s face suspended with bafflement all at once.

“.....Go on, which among the four options is it!? Time’s running out! In 5 seconds! 4! 3.....!”

“Th, thh.....three ron!”

Bubuuuu!

Along with the buzzer sound for an incorrect response, Macaron was assaulted by an intense electric shock from the magic circle.

“Ro, ron? Gh, gwaaaaaaaaahhhhh!”

“Too bad! It’s incorrect! The correct option was number 2, Azano Kouhei! It was also broadcasted by TOKYO MX, besides the other popular series. All of you guys too, give it a read!”

And out of nowhere were applause and cheers.

“Gah.....umph.....”

As the vertice of the pentagram settled down, Macaron protested with fumes rising throughout his body.

“I.....I wouldn’t know that ron! Usually, things like the authors’ names aren’t remembered ron! Even that quite famous ‘

Attack

on Titan’, for which the people who know the name of the author are surprisingly few, right!?”

“Really?”

“Or rather, in the first place, this is an exorcism ritual right!? What’s this multiple-choice quiz for ron!?”

“Even if you say that.....the questions appear in my grimoire. See, like this.”

Obitsar held out the tome in his hands. There was some cryptic, mysterious jargon scribbled, its contents unreadable by any.

Only that the characters were shining with a spectrum of colours. According to this ritual, it was constructed such that the “questions” would appear on the book.

“Anyway, so long as everyone at the vertices of the pentagram does not answer correctly, the ritual can’t be carried on. People, answer seriously!”

“What bullshit.....”

“T, terrifying ritual mii.....”

“Moffu. Seems like this needs much caution.....”

Everyone braced themselves. Biino was caught in suspense.

No, Seiya had been suppressing the oncoming headaches, but at any rate if the ritual went on this way, it's for certain that Bandou Biino's exorcism will not be happening.

“Seems like you understand? Then, if the response comes from anyone other than the answering party, it will be deemed invalid. So, take heed!”

“Right.”

Ohh, what the heck, I don't know anymore. Guess, I'll just go through with this farce.

“Well then, onward! The one situated on the vertex of 'fire'! Thou, Kanie Seiya! Respond to my question!”

“Ohh.....yeah, yeah.....”

He passed on using his magic. There doesn't seem to be any merit to hold back against this old man, still, the 'rules of grenades' apply each time.

He would have to cope with it from his own knowledge.

In any case, yours truly is brilliant! I can get through this challenge effortlessly!

Now, come at me!

“Second question.”

Jyan!

“.....Which of the following racehorses is the 118th Tenno Sho winner?

1. Offside Trap!
2. Silence Suzuka!
3. Stay Gold!
4. Mejiro Bright!”

“.....How the hell do I know!!!!!!!!!!?”

Seiya yelled, his fist firmly clenched.

Aren't I a high school student? How should I know about horse racing!? But in the first place, I don't know about things like Tenno Sho! The heck? So what if it's more than a hundred times? Aren't all horses the same!?

Large quantities of perspiration ran down from his temple and forehead.

Taking a fleeting glance, there was Macaron (who loves gambling) wriggling and flopping his limbs. It was an irritating sight at a glance, but he seems to be impatiently wanting to shout something. Perhaps he knows the answer. But there was no way to know the correct answer from that gesture. Mr. sheep has but two hooves, so I can't tell.....!

“Answer quickly! Only 10 seconds left! 9! 8.....!”

(Ohh, what the heck!)

Seiya invoked his magic.

Reaching Obitsar's mind was nothing but a means of stealing the correct answer. Moreover, no thanks for an electric shock.

In any case, it was magic bestowed upon by Latifa, the Princess of Mapleland. That power is passable no matter their race. Obitsar's voice in his mind was instantly heard.

““.....That girl, Isuzu. Some mighty fine jugs she has. Not quite like Setuco-san, but raw, if possible, I would think (like that).””

Crap. What a waste. That's why grenades are —

“2! 1!Alright, time's up!”

Electric shock.

“Gwwaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

Receiving the penalty, Seiya screamed and fell down.

“Well, too bad! The first 118th

Tenno Sho winning horse is number 1, Offside Trap! During the race in 1998. The then favourite, Silence Suzuka, fractured the left front leg mid-race. After defaulting, it was euthanized due to poor prognosis.....”

For some reason, Obitsar added more things in a pitiful voice, and Macaron with flooding tears came hurling abuses at Seiya.

“Roooooon! You don’t know about that tragedy!? Isn’t it common knowledge to horse racing fans!? And you’re the acting manager ron!?”

“As if I’d have known scrap about horse racing!”

“You pain in the arse!”

“Weren’t you wrong as well!?”

Leaving Seiya and Macaron to their banter, Obitsar silently progressed with the ritual.

“A person has yet to answer correctly..... Come now, let’s keep it going!? The one situated on the vertex of ‘earth’! Thou, Isuzuruha Centollusia! Respond to my question!”

The one standing on the vertex of 'earth', Isuzu stiffened herself. Seiya also knows of Isuzu's real name, but it had a strange feeling hearing it in this manner.

"Alright. Go ahead."

"The third question!"

Jyan!

"Which of the following is the meaning of the chemical symbol 'H
2O'?"

1. Water!
2. Iron!
3. Plutonium!

A trick question was suspected. For a moment, Isuzu wavered, but — eventually, she answered normally.

".....Number 1?"

"Correct."

Pin pon pin pon pin poooooon!

An applause came out of nowhere. A brown light shined strongly on the vertex where Isuzu stood on. Even Isuzu was relieved.

“Well done. Personally, I wanted to listen to Isuzu-chan scream as she suffered from the electric shock..... would’ve been worth it.”

Again, with the applause.Or rather, where is that voice coming from?

“Hey, wait! Compared to mine and Macaron’s, isn’t that question way too easy!? You..... pulling some favours with this!?”

“Don’t know! The grimoire is absolute!”

“That.....”

Obitsar totally ignored it and continued moderating.

“Continuing, thou! The one situated at the vertex of ‘metal’! Child of Gnoffle, Moffle!”

“Moffu.....”

Moffle’s eyes flashed sharply.

“Pffft..... Mine’s a little difficult fumo? This kinda quiz is no problem fumo.”

‘That’s the spirit! Then, respond to my question! Fourth question!’

Jyan!

“.....In Japan’s government administration office, which of the following primarily handles the nation’s financial affairs?

1. Ministry of Foreign Affairs!
2. Ministry of Finance!
3. Ministry of Defence!
4. The Galloping Gourmet Show![\[8\]](#)”

Yet another easy theme. With this, two of the five vertices would be cleared. With a “phew” Seiya felt relieved.

(Whoa, wait.....?)

Moffle did not immediately reply. He furrowed his brows, trembling all over, quivering shoulders, and in intense distress.

Woah, woah! It should be decided on the Ministry of Finance right!? What are you hesitating for? You don’t even know this sort of general knowledge?

“Shii.....Moffu.”

“Time’s running out! 5! 4! 3.....!”

Moffle was troubled to the very end. Crap, don't tell me —

“F, four! The Galloping Gourmet fumo!”

Bubuuuuuu!

Electric shock.

“Gwaaaaaaaaaaa!”

Moffle relentlessly convulsed. Out of nowhere a roar of laughter reverberated from the gallery.

However, despite suffering the intense damage, Moffle's facial expression was somewhat satisfied. Looking like he wants to say “this is fine”.

Seiya shouted at Moffle who had black smoke rising from his whole body.

“Oy.....you dare to choose that ehh!?”

“Mo, moffu.....It's but the work of an entertainer fumo..... If I have such options, any reason not to pick number 4 is.....gfff.”

“Are you daft!?”

“Well,.....that’s a terribly cunning question fumo. That guy who considered that question, is a demon fumo.....”

“.....Enough, you can go to hell.”

“Moffu.....”

Just die, Muffle.

“The one standing on the vertex of ‘water’! Thou, son of Svarlmie, Tiramie! Respond to my question!”

“Mii! I’ll do my best mii!”

As expected, getting into the fighting spirit, Tiramie held up his head.

“Fifth question!”

Jyan!

“Which of the following is the engine of the hypersonic reconnaissance aircraft SR-71(Black Bird) which was operated by the United States primarily during the Cold War era?

1. JT11D-20!
2. JT11D-21!
3. JT11D-22!

4. JT11D-23!”

All at once, Tiramie prostrated and struck his fist against the ground.

“You’ve gotta be shittin’ me, mii!”

That was over the top. Even a military affairs maniac would find google indispensable for such. It’s even at a level where the pilot mounting on site would have a vague recollection.

“In, in the first place a normal person wouldn’t even know the model number of the Black Bird mii! The engine, moreover.....mii! Mii! I, I really don’t know mii!”

“Go on, time’s running.....3! 2...!”

“Mii.....! T, two!”

Bubuuuuuu!

Electric shock.

“Gwaaaaaaaaa!”

“How disappointing. The correct answer is number 1! By the way, the Black Bird uses engines by Pratt & Whitney (roughly).Well then, another round, would Macaron do us the honour of answering!”

“R, ron!?”

“Sixth question!”

Jyan!

The ruthless SE echoed.

Obitsar had insisted that “it’s the grimoire’s theme”, but it seem like there was only malice enshrouded in the questions.

In any case, they were nothing but problems on subjects they were weak at. Or difficult, bad ones that even some walking encyclopaedia would find impossible to deal with.

Obitsar goes on ruthlessly reading out loud, paying no heed to any argument raised.

“Tenth question! What is the model number of the cranial Gatling gun load out of the Lambda Driver-equipped AS (Laevatein)?[\[9\]](#)

1. GAU-12/S!

2. GAU-15/S!

3. GAU-17/S!

4. GAU-19/S!”

“Alright, three mii! Gwaaaaaaa!”

Tiramie bent backwards.

Followed by a round of difficult questions.

“Fifteenth question! What merchandise was in the rookie era Fantasia Bunko’s freebie that had gotten the boss very mad at the Fujimi Shobo’s section chief Morii?

1. Robot Spirits figure!
2. Matsusaka beef!
3. Hermes bag!

“T, two? Gwaaaaaaa!”

Seiya groaned.

Following that, a round of roughly difficult questions.

“Twentieth question! What is the name of the JR Tokai service limited express train which connects Tokyo station to Osaka station in around three hours?

1. Tokaido Shinkansen!

2. Yamanote line!

3. Ginza line!

4. Siberian Express!”

“Four fumo! Gwaaaaaaa!”

Moffle writhed and shrieked (his just deserts).

“Ahh...g, guys...”

Biino who was continuously watching in suspense finally cried out, unable to bear with it any longer.

“Please...please stop already! Why does everyone need to go through this kind of anguish for my sake!? This is ridiculous!”

“Be silent, little miss!”

Obitsar flatly said with a stern glint in his eyes.

“This ritual is a trial. For their anguish and their stout minds that do not yield to it. The might of that determination boosts the energy of the magic circle, it will manifest the evil spirit which haunts you.”



“No way...”

“Besides, look. Those eyes of theirs! There’s no way they’re giving in now! For the sake of helping you, they’re frantically challenging this difficulty. This is what we call the radiance of the soul!”

With a snap, he pointed at Tiramie.

“Mii! Hell yeah! compared to Isuzu-chan’s scoldings, these are nothing in comparison, mii! Tada, bring it, mii!”

With trembling shoulders, Tiramie gave a thumbs up.

Whereas, Seiya, Moffle, and Macaron were already out senseless, with their eyes down in the dumps.

“C-can’t take it anymore ron...”

“When would there be a decent problem...?”

“Moffu. I want some beer.....”

They said in unison.

“Besides, only i was able to get something right. Please hurry up.”

Isuzu grumbled as she sluggishly played a puzzle game on her smartphone.

“Umm, somehow, it feels like the only one that’s really in it is Tiramie-san, but...”

Biino pointed out and thus Seiya and the rest promptly stood straight back up and shook their heads.

“Th, that’s not true, fumo!”

“I, I’ll do my best ron!”

“C, c’mon. Aren’t you a valuable member of our cast?”

The trio said to keep up appearances as Isuzu nodded (without taking her eyes off the screen).

“It’s alright, Bandou-san. As Tiramie had said, I’ve always dished out discipline. That won’t be enough for them to be throwing in the towel.”

“Okay.....”

“Besides, if they try to escape, I’ll give them some punishment.”

Isuzu cunningly flipped out her musket.

“Good grief.....keep it going.”

“I feel sick fumo.”

“Ron. These days, violent heroines are disliked that much.....”

“Twenty-first question!”

Obitsar announced to dispel the stagnating mood.

After that, the ritual (?) continued.

Seiya finally got the correct response by the twenty-seventh question.

Incidentally, the question was “Who was the first Japanese that won a Nobel Prize in physics? 1. Barack Obama. 2. Dalai Lama. 3. Yukama Hideki. 4. Winston Churchill”.

And suddenly this was more than a cakewalk. To begin with, there was only one Japanese person.

“Th, three.....”

“Correct!”

Pin pon pin pon pin pooooooooon!

At Seiya’s feet, the symbol of “fire” on the magic circle seemed to brilliantly shine a bright red. He got disheartened as he sunk to the floor.

“Oh damn.....what were the hardships until now for.....?”

“Don’t know. It all lies in the guidance of the grimoire.”

“Damn you. When you’re done with your business, burn and die.....”

“What did you say!?”

“Oh, no, nothing. Alright, quickly get on with it.”

Seiya waved his hands at the annoyance. “Hmph”, Obitsar snorted, then resumed with the questioning.

“Twenty-eighth question!”

And then, the difficult and wicked questions continued.

Two more revolutions, at the thirty-fourth question, Macaron got it right. Incidentally, the question was “which of the following racehorses is the 118th

Tenno Sho winner? 1. Offside Trap. 2. Silence Suzuka. 3. Stay Gold. 4. Mejiro Bright”.

“Number one ron...”

“Correct!”

Pin pon pin pon pin poooooooooon!

At Macaron's feet, the symbol of "wood" on the magic circle seemed to shine an emerald green.

".....I mean, that was the question Kanie-kun made a mistake on just now ron!"

"Hmm. Oh, really?"

".....This blithering imbecile. A repeat question, enough of this.....cheap quiz game! Such a memory game is vile ron.....!"

"Thirty-fifth question!"

I wonder if that's what you call grey power? Obitsar didn't have any discontent, it was too nonchalant even for a retort.

The questions continued.

Again, making it a revolution, the forty-second question.

Tiramie got it right by a narrow margin. The question was "which of the following is the rapper who wrote the autobiography 'Death is my colour'? 1. Iceburg Slim. 2. Ice-T. 3. Ice Cube. 4. Vanilla Ice.", which he wasn't sure what it was, but --.

“Arrgh, which is it, which is it.....I don’t know any more mii! T, t-t-t.....two mii!”

“Correct!”

Pin pon pin pon pin pooooooooon!

“And, that guesswork answer was on the dot. Rather, it was rather strange that it had been unsuccessful so far.

“Whew.....”

“Come on, only one person left! Moffle-san, do your best!”

“Mo, moffu.....”

“Forty-third question!”

Jyan!

Again, a similar question came to Moffle. “In a famed literary work by Nitobe Inazo, what is the philosophy of Japan’s samurai? 1. Bushido. 2. Kishido. 3. Kendo. 4. Hokkaido”. [\[11\]](#)

“Fou.....”

Moffle stopped midway and hesitated, noticing everyone's menacing gazes.

"Fou.....?"

"Fo, fou....."

Starting with Seiya, everyone gave a look which said "if you don't answer this next one seriously, I'll murder you".

I'm fed up with this. I want to quickly proceed. Despite struggling to answer correctly so far. Yet, you over there, you try to pull another stunt with some weird answers.....surely you understand what will happen to you if you do that, right?

"Moffu....."

Moffle's paw quivered.

Deep conflict came wafting. Most of it was, "responding that the answer is 'one', wouldn't it defeat the significance of being an entertainer?" kind of trivial matter that had him wavering.

"F, fo, fou....."

"Fou.....? Time's running out. Hurry up, please answer. 5 seconds, 4....."

"Fo..."

“Fo?”

“Shi.....! (Sob) one.....one fumo!”

Reading the mood with overwhelming sorrow, Moffle yelled. There were even tears by the corner of his eyes. This guy was ridiculous.

Anyhow, it was correct.

Pin pon pin pon pin poooooooooon!

“Yes, correct! At last, the five elements are completed! The ritual is advanced to the next stage!”

The pentagram symbolising the magic circle gave forth an exceptionally strong radiance.

The swirling lights were glaring. The five elemental symbols jumbled together, converging into the core of the formation. It was teeming with mysterious energy. Countless magical particles danced, flying about in a geometrical pattern within.

A glint.

A powerful glint.

Before long, the five energies melded and wrapped Biino's body.

"Oh, that is.....!?"

"Something's there, mii! Something's there, mii!"

The procedure bound the energies into one, and the five lights flickered fervently.

"Mo, moffu.....!"

Before long, a crevice formed in the space, and along with the scattering of countless fragments of various sizes, a series of large groups of characters manifested, shining brightly in front of them.

""Stage one, four options quiz, clear!""

Were what those characters spelt out.

""Next, stage two! True-false quiz. When a person correctly answers five questions, he's clear! Everyone, do you best!""

".....Th, there you have it! Everyone, do your best!"

All at once, Moffle and the rest left the vertices of the pentagram, tossed away the spirit of respect to the elderly, and rushed towards Obitsar in an assault, mercilessly clobbering him. If not for Isuzu restraining them with her

musket each time, they all would not have ceased their one-sided brawl until Obitsar was unable to stand.

Unfortunately the old man Obitsar clearly looked like an ogre, so he was surprisingly tough.

Although a step away from death, with breathing movements from his shoulders, “you have no choice but to follow my instructions to finish the ritual”, he somehow persuaded Moffle and the rest to challenge the true-false quiz.

The ritual advanced.

Various omissions here.

And stage two clear.

Again, stage three’s fast fingers quiz had the five persons waiting, even this, they had to bite the bullet and clear it.

The magic circle shone, and in the air, the characters “all stages cleared!” emerged. A fanfare resounded out of nowhere and an applause was heard to give praise to the quintet’s strenuous efforts.

“I, is that all.....?”

Seiya muttered. The others were also half dead and dejected.

“Indeed! You’ve done a great job!.....Then, before we get to the invoking process, I’ll announce the rankings! The overall best goes to Sento Isuzu-chan! In second place, Kanie Seiya-kun, and third —“

“That’s enough.”

“But, there’s still the presents from the audience quiz — “

“Just get moving!”

“.....How boring. Well then, getting to it.”

Obitsar snapped his fingers.

The magic circle yet again shone and glittered with various colours, important looking patterns and emblems were meanderingly stirring and revolving, the procedure was completing (.....or it appeared to be).

“It seems real for sure this time.....”

Isuzu said. The magic was relieving, but as for Seiya, he braced himself and remained on guard.

“Eta urath noh arno ebahn wah eedoi! I, child of Golambitsar, Obitsar command! Spirit possessing Bandou Biino! Immediately manifest yourself!”

Biino’s whole body was enclosed by the emblem.

“Wah, uwa.....umm!?”

“Don’t move! Hold still!”

Their eyes dazzled like a flash.

When the light dimmed out, there was Biino who lost her strength standing upright, and a figure of a male in a black suit.

He had the appearance of approximately 20 years in age. White skin like it was almost transparent, and shining black hair like it was wet. Despite being a male, his slit eyes gave off a bewitching charm.

That man expressed a charming smile, firmly grasping Biino from behind. Biino seemed to have lost consciousness, as she was senseless with a pale face.

“.....”

Seiya observed that figure, it reminded him of a butterfly which got caught in a spider web

“Th, that guy’s the evil spirit?”

“That’s right. I’d say it’s a temporary form. I’m unable to maintain the existence of the entity. I’ve settled on this form according to my operational procedure.”

“Hmm...”

Seiya had a vague imagination that the form of typical of an evil spirit was — a skeleton clad in a black mantle, inclusive of a hood. The evil spirit possessing Biino even had some sort of divinity. By no means was he even going to be defeated if it was a handsome face. Yes, that person seems to be in poor health. It's not a lose if you haven't lost.

“So, Kanie-kun. What do we do?”

Isuzu said.

Why does it fall on me now? Even I've not spoken with an evil spirit or what not before.

“Uh, uh huh.....what to do, even if you say that.....then...”

“Since the other guy is more handsome than you, you're unusually different, huh? Please stand firm.”

Spot on.

“Wha, what the heck.....! No way! Not a chance!”

Being indifferent towards Seiya's desperate denial, Tiramie relentlessly threw insults at the evil spirit.

“Hey you, damned ethereal! How dare you bring misgivings on to Biino-chan mii! Start with your name mii!”

A frank inquiry. Typical of Tiramie at such times to be unable to read the mood, can't save him, Seiya thought.

““My name? Hmm..... I don't have such...””

The voice of the evil spirit reverberated around. An imaginably beautiful voice.

“Ghh, ggggggrrrr.....”

“Kanie-kun. Don't you think you've kind of lost?”

“D, don't go pointing everything out! Buzz off!”

Seiya protested with slightly teary eyes.

“You, Kanie-kun and Isuzu-chan, shut the hell up mii!.....Hey, evil spirit! Don't go showing off by saying you don't have a name mii! In that case, you shall be called 'evil spirit bichigero' mii!”

“Ron. Ku ku.....bi, bichigero.....kuku.”

Macaron appeared to have been hit by the humour, lying face down with his shoulders shaking.

However, the evil spirit neither laughed nor got angry.

““Very well. You lowlives can call me whatever you like. Words of power rebound from the body. Unseemly speech just pollutes your souls.....””

Seiya took a glance at Obitsar. Nodding with a relatively serious look, “it’s true”, he wanted to say.

“Take great care, Tiramie-don. These words of power are as such. Only that you’ll lose the vigor of your very soul when you express unbecoming speech. It’ll also cause difficulties with the exorcism.”

“Okay then, evil spirit bichigeroron! Leave Biino-chan mii!”

“Those words, do you hear them!?”

“Rather, the filth is intensified fumo.”

“Ro, ron. Bi, bichibichigero.....wahaha! Wahahahahaha.....!”

“I have no idea what Macaron is laughing about.....”

Isuzu dropped her shoulders as Macaron rolled about. But each time he turned to face it, the evil spirit displayed not a trace of embarrassment. Like he was listening to some noise, he took Biino’s slender chin in his hand, softly pressed her cheeks, and whispered affectionately.

““Leave this girl.....? It’s an impossible deal.”

“This isn’t a deal mii! Leave or, we’ll finish you off mii!”

““Pffft, can’t do what I can’t.....””

“Then, eat this mii!”

Tiramie retrieved a metal bat from his pouch and savagely charged at the evil spirit. Judging that this explosive attack would have Biino caught up in it —.

“Hey, stop that!”

Obitsar kept him in check.

The precautions prior to the ritual had said “not to attack without authorization”, but it seemed to have been completely forgotten after that long quiz.

“Nuuuuooooooooo! My rage and love power has been realized mii!”

He leapt. Aiming at the evil spirit’s head, he set the metal bat in a full swing.

However, Tiramie’s bat struck a miss and hit the ground in vain.

“Mii?..... Th, this!”

He swung it more and more. Nonetheless, the attack could not land against the evil spirit.

““It’s futile....””

The evil spirit glanced at Tiramie.

Immediately following, an “accident” happened. The metal bat in Tiramie’s hand slipped out, hit the ground and sprang back into his own face.

“Ghhhwaaaaaaa!”

A nosebleed spouted from Tiramie, and he fainted.

From a third party, it looks like nothing but Tiramie accidentally blowing himself up. In any case, an opponent is an opponent. For some curse, considering that “it happens” was natural.

“Tiramie!? Hey, how dare you ron!”

Macaron was enraged. And from some concealed location, he brandished a bicycle chain and made a decisive assault at the evil spirit.

“Goryah!? Keep still there ron! Feast on thiiiiiiis!”

““Hmph.....””

At the moment the chain was about to hit the evil spirit, Macaron lost his footing.

“R, ron....?”

And he fell down. Wriggling like a whip, the chain struck against Macaron’s face.

“Ghyaaah!”

A bleeding, weltering Macaron.

“Ma, macaron!? Until he screamed like a little shit.....Moffu, damn you!”

“Stop it!”

Subsequently, Obitsar yet again restrained Moffle who was trying to rush in.

“That evil spirit has yet to materialize! Any attacks would be ineffective. Well, on the contrary, the attacks would come rebounding and inflict wounds!”

“In that case, it should be fine if we don’t use weapons fumo. If I amplify my power with my mind and drive in my paws.....!”

Moffle lowered his waist and charged and boosted the ki throughout his

body.

“Let’s rumble fumo! Evil spirit bichigeroron! Come receive a good blow of the soul!”

“I told you to stop!”

“Uooooooooo!”

“Listen to me!”

Moffle charged in. A mystery force resided in his paws, and “hou!”, a bluish-white flame emerged.

(I’ve been thinking about it from before, but that guy grows stronger and weaker depending on the vibe of the location.....)

Ignoring him as Seiya was thinking, Moffle rushed at the evil spirit.

“Even if it’s not materialized, he probably won’t be able to bear this slugging!
Secret art

▪ Divine Demon’s ruination fist! Sweep and grovel in your gory spew
fumooooooooo!”

““How foolish.....”

“Moffu.....?”

With a glare, Moffle tumbled over, went in a half rotation in the air and crashed into the ground, hitting himself in the face with his flame-clad fist. The blow itself had not seemed to have dealt significant damage, but the unleashed essence of the fire enhancement engulfed Moffle's whole body in the flames.

"Hgg, ghhhhghgyaaaaaaaaaa!"

He screamed even more like a little shit compared to Macaron, and rolled over. When the flames went out, Moffle swept and grovelled in his gory spew,

"Mo, moffu....."

"That's why, had I not said so.....!"

Having promptly done away with those three, all that's left was just Seiya, Isuzu, and Obitsar. If this were some RPG, it was the losses of loading a level to rest.

"Ghh.....what could we do? He'll not listen to persuasion; physical attacks are also impossible. We've been struggling with this, and even if we've lured it here, couldn't we have taken some kinds of measures.....!?"

"Yeah. It actually is strange. Typically, the evil spirit that is manifested in this sort of, this level of pain, ought to materialize but.....this guy became like this. This should be considered a powerful spirit."

"If so, what about it?"

Isuzu took out her musket and suddenly pointed it at the evil spirit.

“Hey, Sento, don’t! A gun would.....”

“This Steinberger is a magun that has been handed down my family for generations. It had brought a great number of demons and beasts to their graves. It differs from that of the metal bat and bicycle chain.”

“But.....”

“And now.”

Isuzu loaded her rifle. The musket should have been in the style of a muzzle load, and yet, it somehow had a port that is similar to that of a lever-action rifle.

“This presently loaded is a contingency exorcism bullet I carry around. It’s different from the usual chastisement-use rounds. That wizard – the one calling himself Kurisu Takaya, when his being was destroyed, it was this bullet. Be it an entity, it should have an effect.”

““I see, interesting. It surely is a magun..... But, say you have a spiritual weapon, how could you lay even a scratch on myself?””

The evil spirit sneered.

“If you can use the curse to interfere, try me. Your power to stop this magic bullet is nonexistent.....!”

“Sento, wait —.”

“Resign yourself!”

Isuzu pulled the trigger.

However, the magic bullet did not discharge. In fact, the rifle only scattered tiny sparks, altogether nothing at all.

(A misfire? No —)

Before he could think it over, Seiya’s body was moving.

Springing forward, he hurried to Isuzu. The distance was not far, but it still took about two seconds or so. With a bewildered face, Isuzu looked down into the priming pan of the Steinberger in her hands —.

“.....!”

Seiya shoved her away and hit the rifle from her hands. Following that, the magun exploded before it fell to the ground, sending a deafening sound of explosion to the ears. Wood splinters and metal shards flew around. The glowing gun barrel broke up and flew grazing the tip of Seiya’s nose.

Pushing Isuzu down, Seiya heaved a great sigh.

Whether only small fragments had hit, the pain ran from the several cuts. But

there didn't seem to be a big injury.

“Sento. Are you hurt?”

“.....Err. I'm.....fine.”

Even while saying that, Isuzu appeared to be in a haze. From an appearance standpoint, there doesn't seem to be any conspicuous external wounds. However, the weapon she pulled out like magic from her body was destroyed. Seiya was quite unsure about the theory behind it, perhaps it had sustained some kind of damage.

““Pfft. How disappointing. The power in that girl's rifle is genuine. Enough to plunder my very life force. However, she seemed to have ran into a wall. No matter, for I was able to savour that great despair.....””

“You bastard.....”

Seiya got up and stared at the evil spirit.

He went on the offense.

How long had it been since he has gotten mad? No, even if he was yelling at his ever-screaming subordinates, he seldom felt such rage.

Feeling Seiya's rage, the evil spirit comfortably smiled.

““Now then, what will you do? Can you even land a hit on me? Going to use a cheap weapon from somewhere? Well, whatever. It’s fine to do as you like.””

“Khh.....”

As the evil spirit had said, Seiya couldn’t do anything practical.

He was a sharp minded, cool dude with extraordinary reflexes, but it was on the level of ordinary talk after all. Unlike Moffle who was able to use some strange art or Isuzu with a strange weapon.

“.....You’re right, I’ll try talking.”

Desperately holding back the urge to want to immediately spring at it, Seiya said.

He’ll wait for an opportunity. An opportunity. As long as they speak, he might get some kind of clue.

“Err, what we’re hoping for is not your destruction. It is to cease any haunting activity towards Bandou Biino, or it’s also fine if you could tell us a place of your liking for yourself, but..... Are these terms unacceptable?”

““They’re unacceptable. There are rarely any people who possess these healthy, strong souls.””



“That is to say, you are haunting Bandou Biino by choice, is that what you

mean?”

““Naturally. This girl.....Bandou Biino is a splendid person of the surface. In any kind of difficulty, any kind of adversity, her spirit is unyielding. In no way would she resent her surroundings, no matter the time, the flame in her smile doesn't go out. This kind of girl is really rare, probably nonexistent.”

“I wouldn't really understand.”

““Oh?””

“Compared to that sort of positive character, isn't haunting a person of a more weaker character easier? I see, Bandou Biino is a brave child. However, to bring a person like her into submission would be accompanied by much of a toil.”

Thereupon, the evil spirit slipped out a chuckle and fondly stroked Biino's chin.

““Fufu..... Kanie Seiya, was it? Seems like you're a little companion I could converse with.”

“Compliments are fine. Now, your answer, would you kindly.”

““Similarly to this girl, the despair of the surface people is an unrivalled delicacy to use. Try taking it into consideration. Petty disputes with friends, the gloomy day-to-day life, the despair that weakens the heart, do you take those as inconsequential?””

“Hmm.....”

““You seemed to have understood?””

The evil spirit gave a broad grin. He laughed like he had seen through Seiya’s feelings.

““Correct, there is no worth. The same as weeds. It becomes annoying! A tiny person’s sorrow. A tiny person’s conflict. What in the world are we to do to sate our hunger?No! But the submission of a noble soul, that is a gratification which I long for!””

In other words, what the evil spirit was saying is that for someone like Biino, who is a brave person – a more or less forward-looking person that is not discouraged by difficulty, the feeling of the moment when she yields to despair is good.

““It was enjoyable today too. That girl – Bandou Biino was just barely enduring it. But had finally come to her limits. Crying out all alone.....that crying voice is like having high-grade sake after a long time!””

“Hmm.....”

It was no longer at the stage of being mad.

Seiya recalled a story he had once heard from Latifa.

The fairies of the park, the so-called “real cast” are nourished by the surface

people's "enjoyment-felt heart" – called the Animus. If that's how it works, then wouldn't what this evil spirit feed on be "anti-Animus"? Not the enjoyment-felt hearts, but despair and wrath, to nourish with negative emotions.

In fact, saying that is almost close. If that's how it works —.

"In other words, you're a gourmet, I take it?"

""Kuku..... That's a fairly accurate representation, person of the surface.""

"Uh huh. What to do, what to do..... Yeah."

Gathering his thoughts at super high speeds, Seiya fixed a glare at the evil spirit.

"Some time ago, you said 'it becomes annoying', right?For example, but. Consuming something horribly unappetising expectedly causes one to feel unwell.....isn't it like that? For example, an awfully stunted good-for-nothing, indeed vile sort of despair we were discussing? That which gets yourself damaged, something like that?"

It is a gamble from here on.

That method Obitsar used a while ago was a huge miss but —.

(No choice now.....!)

Decision. Seiya tapped on the “grenade”.

Which means invoking the “one-time other party mind reading magic” bestowed upon by Latifa. Whether or not it would work on such an evil spirit, although not entirely expected to, but —.

He could be heard.

(— Uh-oh! This guy’s a tricky one. I’m currently being influenced by all words of power because of that decrepit’s technique. Potent unmixed despair and wrath, and now animosity — these are my nourishments, but moreover, impurities mixed in are intolerable. In brief, with Animus mixed in —)

The time limit was up. The voice ceased. However —.

“This would suffice.”

Seiya expressed a sadistic smile.

““Hmph. Suffice? I’ve yet to have said anything but.....””

“No, it suffices.Say, evil spirit. Was it bichigeron or something? Well, not that it matters. How about you hear a little personal story. It’s about my school life, but.....”

““Pfft. What are you saying.””

“Just listen.I don’t have any friends in school. I always feel uncomfortable. Well, what the heck. Having that appearance of mine seen was, oh no oh no..... always going to the toilet alone.....”

He looked like he wanted to cry saying these words. However, simultaneously, in the evil spirit’s look, he was sensing some discomfiture or agitation surfacing, overcome by an undesirable, enjoyable mood.

Oh, thought so. No mistaking it.

These conversations are THAT GUYS’s number one thing he’s bad with.

““Stop it.””

“.....In the toilet, eating my lunch alone. Moreover, excuse the coarseness but, I’ve been eating curry buns unusually often. In the restroom, curry bun..... Isn’t it tearfully saddening? Even so, I have no choice but to eat it. Imagine the curry which had grown cold, that texture.”

““Stop it.””

“Besides, some errand guy on ‘essential’ business would occasionally come into the neighbouring stall. You pay attention to the flow of water but.....even so, it can be heard, the sound that is. Listening to such sounds while tasting the curry bun. Can you imagine that?”

Seiya said in a precise and wholehearted manner.

““Stop it.””

“Of course, on occasions, there would be a thoughtless student saying ‘hey, is there some guy eating curry buns in the restroom? Gyaahahahahaha’ and what not in a loud voice. Even throwing toilet paper and the mops all over the place.True despair, it surprisingly right around the corner. Don’t you think so?”

““Stop it.....!””

Ohh.

It’s working. It’s working.

However, this much is nothing but a joke to Yours Truly. More so, it ought to cause some damage to that guy. What should I do.....? What the heck should I do.....!?

“R, ron..... If that’s the case.....”

And Macaron shook his shoulders and got up.

Despite the miserly sight of a leaking nosebleed, hearing Seiya’s confessions seemed to have had some effect.

“I...I would like you to listen to my story too ron. The story of.....breaking up with my wife.”

““Stop it.....!””

He had a premonition of this fierce explosive power. The evil spirit's voice could no longer retain its composure.

“My wife is an idol ron. In the old days and even now, she's a lovely person.....”

““Please stop.””

Don't stop, Macaron.....!

“Well, I was told several times about the bleary livelihood in those active days. Marketing herself as one of the pure, long black hair faction, but in truth, she concurrently went out with five other guys ron.”

That's right, Macaron! Right at him!

““Stop!””

“A band's guitarist, producer at an office, big-wig sponsor, you name it.”

Go! Macaron! Go!

““Stop it.....stop it.....!””

“She also received an escort in the Porsche of an IT corporation's president to

the event grounds. That's amazing. Such a woman had been shaking hands with fans. She's the vilest ron. Terrible.....And what's worse, after that, that woman had the sensibility to have that sort of talk with me and made me her husband. Absurd ron."

""Stop iiiiiiit!""

The evil spirit's silhouette became blurred and was flickering.

"This is despair ron. Am I mistaken? Despair, I know right?"

""Ghh, you.....!""

Set in the damage, set it in.....! Get a load of it!

"Moffu. So, it's my turn fumo!"

Moffle got up swaying and the evil spirit's voice turned inside out.

""Hiiiiiiiiiii""

"Macaron isn't the only one. I've got this and that too fumo. First of all, it's the story of being deeply in love with a woman for many years only for her to be snatched away by some king....."

""St, stop it! I can't.....take an NTR line up!""

“Moffu. It’s good to have a taste of it. Seriously, since the outlook of life can reach preposterous levels.”

““Help me.....!””

“Moffu. Good, feast on this fumo! She and I, for a quarter of a century! And then this tragic conclusion!”

Middle part omitted.

“The number one most severe was asking the maid about the menu every night! That king, the food was nothing but having large zinc content fumo! Do you understand the meaning of it fumo!?”

““Gwaaaaaaaaaaaaa!””

“After each audience session, I always watch them flirting fumo! Right before these looking holes of mine! Each time wanting to cause a coup d’état, and turn the royal capital into a holy conflagration fumo!”

““Stop it! Please stop! Ghhffffaiaaaaaa!””

The evil spirit groaned. Moffle was teary-eyed, suffering about the same.

However, the damage was more towards the evil spirit.

“.....Hey, it’s working fumo. Alright! Who’s up next fumo!”

“Then! It’s finally my turn mii!”

Tiramie forcefully stood up.

““Hiiiiii..... stop it!””

“Girls are a plenty in the world mii! However, I have not received a hundred mails saying ‘just die’ within an hour, so I can’t possibly call it despair just yet mii!”

““I don’t want to hear anymore!””

“Ohh, nay, you’re in for an earful mii! So, I’ve came across many girls who’ve had fallen ill, swallow this worrisome story!”

Middle part omitted.

“—Three times, I’ve moved house mii! I’ve ascertained everything! But, some bloodstained (beeeeeeeep) was put into the mailbox! This, is this despair mii!? Despair mii!?”

““(Nonsensical screaming)””.

Tormented by Tiramie’s girl talk of bygone days, the evil spirit screamed like a little shit. Compared to Macaron and Moffle, it was a much lower scream.

Obitsar who was quietly watching until then raised a somewhat agitated voice.

“Okay.....everybody! A bit more.....a bit more and that guy will materialize! Endure, put up with it — use your heads!”

“Well, old man, you say something too fumo!”

“Ehh? M, me?”

“Isn’t it pointless to have too long a life!? Try saying something ron!”

“That’s some terribly salty talk, please mii!”

Obitsar was troubled.

“Hh, hmm.....Actually, I don’t have much.....”

“Just talk!”

Even after that blow, the fundamental part of despair did not appear. The evil spirit became lull, stiffening his broadly grinning lips.

““Kukuku.....heh, that’s just too bad. When it’s just a single breath away.....fu, fuhahahaha.....!”

But without regard to the circumstances, Obitsar quietly opened his mouth.

“That. I.....can talk about Setuco-san, right?”

“Yeah. I remember mii. That sexy woman, right? The maid.”

“Actually, she doesn’t exist. I created that imaginary maid inside my head.....”

““Ghhhh, gghhaaaaaaaa!””

The evil spirit bent back, screaming.

“I drew an illustration of Setuco-san myself, even tried talking to it, but..... Setuco-san wouldn’t appear from the drawing. On Christmas night, I ate a convenience store bento alone and before falling asleep.....tears flowed. No matter how long, how much I called out, kissed, or embraced it, Setuco-san would never appear.....”

““Guh gah, gah, gah, gheaaaaaaa!””

The evil spirit convulsed and collapsed as if he got struck by lightning.

“(Exhale). Now, this is the tremendous force of despair fumo.”

“This feeling of being no longer able to endure.....is true ron.”

“Around Christmas in particular. What distinct destructive power mii.”

The trio shuddered in terror.

It certainly is similar to distinct destructive power. Obitsar's salty litany of despair had caused the evil spirit bichigeroron (what was it. Whatever it was) fatal spiritual damage, exposing his physical entity.

Flickering in an ambiguous state until then, the figure became exposed, causing white smoke to rise.

"Nice! We can deal physical damage to it like this right!? As of now.....that guy does not have the magical power to operate the curse!"

""Ghh.....!? Idiot! This.....!?"""

Everyone's eyes glowed all at once.

"Okay! The defeat flag fumo! I'll take you up on that 'idiot'--!"

"Tiramie! Go wild ron!"

Without a moment's delay, Tiramie held in his arms the collapsed Biino who was close by, quickly put some distance from the evil spirit, and hoisted the remote detonator he had on hand.

"Hey, bichigeroron! You are already within range of the 'iTRAP' mii! Have a taste of my many night's construction worth of a directional explosive, and REALISE!"

““Hiiii, noooooooooo--.”

“When Biino-chan was suffering, what were you doing? Laughing, after all, ecstatic mii. Even I’m mostly despicable myself, however, I don’t have a hobby of being thrilled with a persons’ misfortune. The point it -- you, are utter trash mii!”

““St, stooooooooo--.”

“Nope! Up yours!”

Click.

Tiramie primed the explosive module, shooting it from the corner of the stage. It rotated as it drew a parabola in the air. The tiny stabiliser guided its approach, the sensor coupled with the “iTRAP”, in a millisecond’s unit ascertaining the target’s movement and shape. The directional moulded explosive detonated.

Flash. Explosion.

A metal jet of thousand degrees swooped down on the evil spirit form overhead, pulverising the body to smithereens.

A shriek of terror was raised, shaking through the park explosively, then drowning out.

“Goodness.....the evil spirit’s presence has vanished. Annihilation success!”

“Mii. Some desecrated fireworks, man.....”



Discarding the detonator, Tiramie muttered bitterly.

The staggering impression of feeling “I told you so! I told you so!” drifted a lot. Inclusive of Seiya, the lot were in total exhaustion that they could not even muster a retort.

After the thick flames from the explosion cleared up, there was a single tiny spider crawling around the place.

“.....What’s with the spider?”

Seiya asked Obitsar.

“That’s what’s left of the evil spirit. Well, more like its original form. That was through many months and years of having each person’s despair and misfortune as nourishment until it became a powerful spirit body.”

“I see.....”

“It is likely something of hundreds of years. However, it’s now powerless. It can’t even cause harm. Crushing it underfoot is also easy.”

“Really? Hey, Bandou.”

With their nursing, they greeted Bandou Biino as she finally woke up.

“Y.....yes.”

“What do we do? It’s no problem if we kill it or set it free. It’s up to you, what’ll it be?”

Having said that, Biino staggered as she came closer.

Bravely looking down at the spider trying to escape, Biino was pondering. Merely one step, if she only finished that step forward, and yet she did not try to do it.

How much suffering had she incurred by that bug in her life so far? That was beyond the imagination of Seiya and the rest.

However—.

Subduing the violent emotions swelled up in her chest, Biino muttered.

“Sorry. Killing it is a little.....”

She seemed pained, in a hazy voice. Still, Seiya had grown fonder of Biino than before. Tiramie was very much deeply moved, with his round and cute eyes almost teary.

“Well then, set free it is.”

“Err, that’s..... In prospect, it might cause trouble for someone. Could we lock it up somewhere? If it suits you, it’s fine if I keep it.”

“The spider?”

“Yes.”

Based on Obitsar’s words, for this spider to grow into that sort of evil spirit requires hundreds of years. It would not be a problem for the time being.

“.....Understood. Provided that it doesn’t escape, got it?”

“Yes.”

Biino said with a little refreshing smile.

“Guys. Really.....thank you very much.”

“Not at all mii. If it’s for Biino-chan’s sake, we’ll do anything mii!”

Tiramie said that as he rubbed his fingertip against his upper lip. The surrounding faces went “ohh well, let’s just give it to him, I guess”, turning their gazes into the distance.

“But, even in my part jobs.....there wasn’t anyone who was so kind to me. You guys are my lifetime benefactors.....!”

“Oh, don’t mii. I’m so embarrassed.”

Biino gently snuggled up to Tiramie.

“Biino-chan, are you able to work in our park without problems this way mii? If so, that’s great mii.”

“Yes! I, for your sakes, can do anything!”

“Any, anything!? That’s troubling mii. But, if so, if so.....”

The blushing Tiramie hesitated whether to hug Biino or something, and at that time --.

“Bi, Biinoooooooo!”

Then came some new guy’s voice.

“?”

“Mii?”

A young man in blue pyjamas was standing there.

His age was about a little before 20. And on his slim handsome face, were tears filling those eyes. He had a vibe similar to that of someone who came slipping out of some hospital. He wore sandals and had an IV needle pricked into his arm.

Who’s that.....?

Everyone knitted their brows.

“Onii-chan!”

Biino rushed towards the young man.

“Mii? O, onii-chan.....?”

In front of the astonished lot, Biino embraced the young man and lovingly burying her cheeks in.

“Onii-chan! So, you’ve regained your sanity!?”

“Sorry, Biino! Some time ago, I.....suddenly came to my senses in the hospital.....! I realised that.....I did terrible things to you..... Somehow, I just don’t understand but I was suddenly given permission to leave the hospital! Really, I don’t know! Why was I behaving like that.....?”

Biino and the ladd embraced each other firmly.

“Err? Everyone from the park had lifted the curse. That’s why even your illness is.....”

“Really, really.....?”

“This is really the old onii-chan, right?”

“Yup. I’d never do anything to hurt you.”

“Onii-chan.....love you.”

After watching all that talk, Seiya and Moffle exchanged looks (Isuzu had yet to faint), raised their brows and tilted their heads.

“Err.....that’s the brother? Could it be, him?”

“Moffu. It’s that brother during the interview alright. Wearing tight briefs, wielding a kitchen knife.....”

He came to the interview, stabbed Biino, then rushed at Seiya and the rest, and got a clocking by Moffle’s uppercut, that pervert. And then all of a sudden, appearing here hugging Biino.

“So, that’s the work of the curse too.....”

“That aside, the more shocking part is that with the curse lifted, he’s just an ordinary cool guy fumo.....”

“Also, for siblings to be overly close is.....”

After a composed display of onii-chan love, Biino suddenly became aware and looked at her surroundings.

“Oh. E, excuse me..... The introduction is overdue. This here is my brother.”

“I, I’ve caused you guys an inconvenience the other day. I’m Biino’s brother. Thanks for looking after my sister.”

While in pyjamas, the brother gave a deep bow.

“And although he’s my brother, we aren’t blood related.”

A nonchalant impact on that uttering.

“Mii, mii!!”

Tiramie bent back wriggling with his limbs flailing about.

“H, hey……”

“It’s here, it’s hereeeee —-! This, is despair mii!”

“Ti, Tiramie!?”

“A brother unconnected by blood? Isn’t that enough!? What eroge is that!? Or recent light novel!?I’ve just released my greatest adversary into the wilds mii! And I don’t have the means to stand against it mii!”

“Tiramie, calm down.”

“What do I care, I’m cursed! All of you should be cursed mii! Despair! Despair! And despair!! Now, I want to be an evil spirit! That’s the damage mii!”

Tiramie grabbed the bottle containing what was once the evil spirit, and ranted at it.

“Hey! Bichigero.....err, what was it!? Anyway, evil spirit! Answer me mii! I approve of you mii! So, come back! Come back to life this instant, tempt me with your words!”

“.....”

The spider couldn’t say anything. It merely crawled around in a haste at the bottom of the bottle.

“Can you say something!? How about some water torture mii? Like that? Arrrgh, enough! Somehow, someone.....I need someone to save me mii!!”

Tiramie’s resentful voice echoed through the anterior of Maple castle.

After these events, Bandou Biino’s exorcism ended in a success.

A few days later, they heard that her father who had been lying in a sickbed had suddenly made a recovery, the landlady who had been pestering her returned to being a gentle old woman once more, her home’s economic condition also came to improve, and the family that had been separated also said that they were coming back.

It was an enchanting event.

However, taking into consideration chronologically, immediately following the exorcism's end, her brother who should have been suffering from the curse came rushing down, which was strange, but —.

“There you have it. Depending on the presence or absence of the curse, the cause and effects have also been influenced.”

As Obitsar had said.

“Suppose that exorcism had failed, that lad would not have appeared. He wouldn't even have had permission granted to leave the hospital from the beginning. It is as such. Don't think about it too deeply.”

Due to having witnessed various magical phenomena, Seiya did not question any further.

Even that aside —.

“Say, doctor. I have something to consult but.....”

After the exorcism, Seiya called Obitsar out.

Certainly, he was an off-focus unreliable old man but, the result was that he had helped get rid of Biino's curse. Be it an idiot, a pervert, and difficult to handle. But, that skill was a sight to behold.

“What is it?”

Obitsar who was making preparations to return to some land of magic raised his brows at Seiya’s formal state.

“There’s someone I want you to examine. A noble, though a conflicted girl, but.....”

Of course, the noble in question was Latifa.

Latifa was also a girl plagued by an unidentifiable curse. It was possibly a curse of another kind than the evil spirit, but even so, Seiya had no other choice but to consult with him.

Of course, Mapleland mobilised the nation’s capable but, he heard that Latifa’s curse had not been lifted. Even so, to abandon it because it had a different air. If there’s even a possibility, shouldn’t he try to consult with Obitsar?

Obitsar responded with “very well”, and was accompanied by Isuzu and Seiya to the sky garden. While baffled, listening about the situation beforehand, Latifa face Obitsar and gave a bow.

“Umm.....Doctor. Pl, please.”

“Uh huh. Then, take off your panties.”

“Y, yes.....”

Latifa nervously reached out to the hem of her shirt.

He was beaten by Seiya, shot by Isuzu, and forced to into a contract which states “for any contracts from Mapleland hereafter, by no means will I ever commit an act of sexual harassment”, applied with a seal of blood, which finally got Obitsar to be obedient.

“Even though she got into the momentum of taking them off. How obstinate of you guys!”

“Shut up!!”

“Ohh, boring.....”

Then at last, they got to the ordinary examination.

One hour later —-

“I’m unable to handle it.”

Obitsar said in a very grave voice when he was finished with the examination.

“It really is so after all.....”

Seiya breathed a sigh. Isuzu as well. If there were any chances.....wondering what they were hoping for.

“However.”

Obitsar added on.

“Similar symptoms, similar undulations..... It might have been in a book I read in the past. Way back.....it’s now lost in the distant land of magic. There may be some hints if we were to search for it.”

“Really.....?”

“Indeed. It’s not a lie, though there are also no guarantees.”

“Look it up!”

“Hmm.....well, I guess it’s fine.”

Obitsar said while been overpowered by Seiya who bent forward.

“However, don’t get your hopes up, okay? It really is a vague recollection. If miss princess could at least be cured, then Setuco-san can manifest and be my lover, that manner of being realistic.”

“Anything’s fine. And recompense should you desire.”

“Very well. Then — eventually.”

Saying that, Obitsar left the park.

“Which reminds me, Kanie-kun...”

After finishing the day’s work, Isuzu said.

“What is it?”

“I’ve yet to give my thanks. Thank you for that time.”

“? What are you on about?”

“During the ritual...”

There was hesitation in Isuzu’s voice.

“By ‘ritual’ you mean?”

“Bandou-san’s exorcism.”

“Ohh.”

He only just recalled. At that time, Seiya risked his life to rescue her from the musket which was about to explode at the hands of the evil spirit’s power.

“Since I thought a person like you would be unhesitant to forsake me.”

“What disgrace. I am a very useful man, when the need arises, I can properly protect a girl. Aren’t I a super cool guy? Don’t you even know such an obvious fact?”

Saying it like it was quite matter-of-factly, Isuzu drooped her shoulders.

“Right, well. If it’s you, I guess it goes.....”

“Uh huh.”

Puffing up with pride, Seiya nodded his head.

“By the way, the one who made a breakthrough in destroying that evil spirit was also Yours Truly. I was also persistently nagging at Moffle and the rest to emphasize it some time ago, so it seems they would remain obedient for the time being.”

“Surely the veins in their temples had swelled up, I guess?”

“That is natural as well. In any case, I am just that capable. Can’t be helped that they are envious.”

“Right.....”

“So, you understand? And when you do, don’t mind the long-winded brood

and carry on with your secretarial work. After all, your redeeming feature is such!”

Seiya realised a loud laughter.

Isuzu had not remained meekly obedient.

As per her habit, she drew her musket from below her skirt and thrust it at Seiya.

“I understand that you’re conceited, but get your act together.”

“Woah woah woah woah. Wait! This gun, didn’t it blow up during the ritual? How could it appear at this time!?”

“The ‘Steinberger’ is an heirloom weapon of our family, and my residence storehouse has about 50 of them.”

“Some heirloom you got there.....”

“There are lots of spare. So even if it were be soiled with your blood, there wouldn’t really be an issue.”

“My word. Whether it be gratitude or a threat. This is exhausting.”

Seiya said as he breathed a tired sigh.

“Well, today was tiring. If you’re gonna shoot me, then by all means, fire away. Well then...”

Without paying any mind to Isuzu’s weapon, he made quick strides, intending to leave.

Isuzu called out to his retreating back.

“Kanie-kun...”

“Is there something more?”

Isuzu tried to say something, but instead just swallowed her words. She hesitated a few more times, then eventually gave up and murmured feebly.

“Nothing...good night.”

“Yeah. Thanks for the hard work.”

Saying only that, Seiya walked away from Isuzu.



1 美衣乃 (びいの) Biino, her

name. <https://www.yamahamotorsports.com/scooter/models/vino-classic> . ↩

2 Stir fried pork liver, nira garlic, and chives. Chinese dish, but jap people cooked up their own way as well. ↩

3 Baseball. Holds the world's lifetime record of homeruns in his professional career. ↩

4 Wotagei or otagei refers to a type of dancing and cheering gestures performed by wota, fans of Japanese idol singers involving jumping, clapping, arm-waving ... ↩

5 It's just some leading up to that Sasuraiger part. An old giant robot anime. ↩

6 That brown coloured Japanese racoon dog. ↩

7 TNT. ↩

8 The Galloping Gourmet. A food show from Canada back in '69, with Graham Kerr. Also broadcasted in Japan. ↩

9 FMP, the author's other series. ↩

10 A Japanese brand of masturbation aids. ↩

11 1. Way of the warrior. 2. Way of the knight. 3. Way of the sword. 4. Well, technically the place Hokkaido translates to way of the north sea. But, I guess you know what kind of fun it's trying to poke. ↩

12 It's just 'leave it to me'. ↩

Chapter 2 – Let’s shoot a promotional video!

Good day. This is the Chief of Public Relations, Triken.

I work at a theme park, “Amagi Brilliant Park”, located in the outskirts of Tokyo. A mere humble dinosaur type mascot, hailing from the Land of Magic's, Rex Land.

My workplace “Amagi Brilliant Park” (hereafter, Amaburi) is an amusement park that was on the verge of collapse until last year. A brilliant high schooler, Mr Kanie Seiya, suddenly appeared and became the acting manager, and we had barely managed to survive, hanging on by a thread. As Chief of Public Relations, I, Triken, assist Mr Kanie with various tasks on a daily basis.

Additionally, I'm also known as the odd jobs labourer.

Now then. This year, our beloved Amaburi had various renovation projects in progress.. Therefore, this time, it has been decided that we’ll be producing a PV.

Yes, a PV. A Promotional Video.

Not just for circulation on the net, but also to be broadcasted as a commercial at the Kanto region’s UHF stations.

A new stage project was prepared before the golden week, but it was outsourced. This time, to reduce the budgeted spending, it had been decided that this humble Triken is to be in charge of the production. Well, I’m the chief of public relations after all, though that consists only of myself. What a terrible

park.

At any rate, after much hardships, I created it, the PV that is.

Combining the materials we've had taken so far and the free tunes had proved to be successful in its own way. While it won't be a big hit, well, I think it should be fairly inoffensive.

Despite that, the opinions were unfavourable...

“Hmm, how should I say this..... It's not good or bad, how do I put it. No, rather, this PV feels lacking as a whole.....”

.....So the acting manager Mr Kanie Seiya said.

It's in the office on a May afternoon. We watched the PV that was finally done, but Mr Kanie's expression remained overcast. I suppose, he had something in particular that he wasn't pleased with in my, Triken's production clip.

“Aha. Lacking, you say?”

“It's too conventional. Streaming the park's theme music at the beginning, displaying the respective attractions one after another, the “Amagi Brilliant Park” logo with Maple castle in the background. And then the very scene of a happy family rushing into the park from the entrance with retarded smiles, followed by an introductory clip of each area and.....”

“It’s no good?”

“Well, it’s not exactly bad per say. Just, it’s too much like a textbook advert.....there isn’t an element of surprise.....”

“Hmm.”

“Well, that's about it, Triken. Your boring personality becomes really apparent in this clip as it is.”

“Unnhhh.....”

“This kind of work happens once in a while. The basics are suppressed, but even then, they would still yawn. It’s difficult to say ‘this is bad’. Strictly speaking, because the one producing it is boring, the production also becomes boring. That kind of sense.”

“Cough, cough, cough.....!”

Mr Kanie’s words are excessively brutal. Couldn’t he have phrased it in a softer manner??

However, it’s inevitable. Mr Kanie is such a person. An arrogant, pompous little prick. He’s handsome, intelligent, capable of anything, but is inconsiderate about the feelings of his subordinates. Because of that, he does not have any friends at high school. It’s to be expected.

“Well, Kanie-san. This humble Triken has no taste in films at all, I do not know

how to go about doing it, and without any examples, I won't know how to improve it too."

"I guess..... Nonetheless, I am also busy. I don't have time to give you instructions from scratch..... Ohh, in that case.....Hey, Sento!? You there!?"

Mr Kanie called out to the secretary's post behind the cheap partition.

"I can hear you without you raising your voice..... What?"

The secretary, Ms Sento Isuzu suddenly showed herself.

A beautiful girl with a ponytail with the impression of a tsun. An excellent figure, and a huge rack to top it off. Hmm, this is unbearable. This Triken would like to hunch over every time I see her.

"Discuss with Triken. The PV matter."

".....That's fine. But I don't understand films either."

"It's better than leaving it all to a single person. Also, you can ask the other employees for their opinions. I will vet through at the end."

"But....."

"Alright! Scurry off!"

Forcibly discontinuing the discussion, Mr Kanie returned to his paperwork. Immersing himself in that thick stack of English documents. How amazing it is that he is reading through those bothersome junk! Hmm, this person is an abnormal one after all!

Moving to the public relations department office within the same building, I, Triken and Ms Sento Isuzu had a discussion about the PV. The topic being “how can we improve this PV”.

To be honest, it seems like there are no problems as it is.....

“As I said earlier, my film tastes are nil.”

Ms Isuzu said it with a taciturn look. She doesn't really seem to display any emotions. Whenever she receives sexual harassment by the park's mascots, she would get mad and send them halfway into the void. Typically however, she's usually almost as expressionless as a noh mask.

“I don't know where it is bad in this PV. But when I watch it, I'm certain that it isn't very flashy. As Kanie-kun had said, I think it'd be good to inquire with everyone and apply them earnestly.”

“Hmm, that would be good. They certainly are entertainers after all. However, whose opinions should we seek first?”

“Good point.....”

Guessing that it is due to some deliberation, Ms Isuzu tautly raised her index finger and placed it against her fine-looking lips. She had a habitually expressionless character and yet, she was able to plainly express such a charming action, and I hunch over. How outrageous.

“What? You look scrutinising.”

“Nothing.”

“.....Anyway, for a start, we’ll inquire with the featured mascot.”

“Moffle-san, is it?”

Ms Isuzu nodded in silence.

“Hmm. No can do, fumo.”

Said Mr Moffle right after watching the PV backstage. Given the case that Ms Isuzu is occupied with secretarial work, I, Triken have dropped by, by myself.

“How do I say it.....ordinary? Such work happens once in a while fumo. There's the basics, but it makes people sleepy. The producer's boring nature —.”

It’s exactly what Mr Kanie was saying. I’m hurt.

By the way, Mr Moffle is Amaburi's figurehead mascot. A short, stout, and fluffy 2-head tall wombat and capybara-like rodent appearance, also the park's veteran "Fairy of Sweets".

Oops, sorry for the late explanation.

Including this Triken, Mr Moffle and other mascots have no-one inside of them. Hailing from the Land of Magic, we've come along to the surface world for a matter of reasons, and are genuine fairies. Among the working fairies in the park, Mr Moffle is an elder.

".....Well, that's how it is, fumo. In any case, the customers will get bored as it is. We have to do something."

After doing a drawn-out fault finding of my PV, Mr Moffle concluded.

"It is as you said.....But this Triken can't think up of a specific way to improve it. Any good ideas?"

"Moffu. This....."

Mr Moffle crossed his arms and pondered.

".....I think that's it fumo. The PV is too textbook, or rather.....how about you try including more explosive shots?"

"Explosive, so to say?"

“Moffu. What this PV lacks is.....probably action fumo.”

“Action?”

“Yeah, action. Even customers won’t be pleased with a happy family in smiles parading the park fumo. You got to get more thrilling shots without holding back.”

I see. The PV produced by this Triken contained only the lax and gentle figures of customers. Such as the delighted children riding the merry-go-round, and a couple admiring fireworks with fascination.

“Hmm.....”

“For example, this, the opening fireworks fumo. This couple seems happy, but it is boring. Rather, let's replace the fireworks with explosions.”

“Ex, explosion.....you say?”

“Yeah. We’ll use plenty of gasoline, kabooooooooom. Within the fiery blaze, the couple will run right through with a ‘prepared for death’ expression.....this will go down well fumo. Yeah, it’s gonna be lit.”

Just what is this guy saying?

“B, but.....”

“It’s a hit! Run through the explosions as they go off one by one, then at the end the two people get on a vehicle and dive from a cliff. Mid-air stop motion. Then a violent bam, and then slap the “Amagi Brilliant Park” logo, fumo!”

That, instead, was the opening of Seibu Keisatsu^[1]. Moreover, it is material that youngsters won’t know of. Please look it up on Nico Nico or Youtube.

“But.....won't the ordinary customers be scared off by it.....?”

“Don’t worry! Act like you're bluffed and try it out! It'll definitely be popular!”

Mr Moffle seems to be very confident. Since he said so, even this Triken is unable to refuse.

A featured mascot is very busy after all, so I told him “I would adopt it into practice”, and took my leave.

The vehicle springs forth with a flashy explosions from the back.

And that instant, stop motion. Then the “Amagi Brilliant Park” logo in a wild font falls over the scene. Aggressive themed music. The cast make their appearance one after another —.

With sharp footwork and hooks, a rat-type mascot entombing scoundrels one by one.

《"Blaster Knuckle", the Fairy of Sweets, Moffle》.

With gun slinging splendor and pin-point marksmanship, a sheep-type mascot burying various rogues in succession.

《"White Feather", the Fairy of Music, Macaron》.

With a multiplicity of trap, a Pomeranian-type mascot putting lowlifes six feet under.

《"Stealth Fang", the Fairy of Flowers, Tiramie》.

By the way, those defeated enemies were also the park's cast. Mr Moffle played an active role in the clip, but there was a scene where he was shot to death by Mr Macaron. Though it's quite contradictory, I went through with it.

".....How's that?"

With free materials and the cooperation of the cast in their spare times, the opening scene was hastily made. At the preview, I, Triken tried to ask Ms Sento Isuzu, as she was present.

"Well....."

Ms Isuzu ruminated. I, Triken held my breath anxiously as I slouched.

"I don't really know but, I wonder if it's okay."

“Oh. It’s fine, right?”

“Yes. I believe the appeal is present. Especially something like the scene where Moffle throws up blood and tumbles down in slow motion. It’s fine workmanship.”

Oh. I didn’t think I’d receive a positive comment here. This humble Triken feels encouraged.

“That’s good. Then, I’m going by the rhythm, I will listen to every one of the cast’s views as I make it!”

“However, as I’ve said many times over, I don’t understand filming. I also have a bad feeling that I can hardly describe but.....in any case, please do your best, Triken.”

“Yes! I’ll face it!”

The next one I asked opinions from was the Fairy of Music, Mr Macaron. This pal of Mr Moffle is the park’s number 2. He is a mascot that has a position like Lupin. Bestowing happiness upon everyone with the influence of music, the white and fluffy, Mr sheep.

“Hmm.....it’s complicated ron.”

Mr Macaron said after watching the work-in-progress PV.

“Complicated? Which area.....?”

“Well, the action-packed opening is fine but, the music sucks ron.”

“Oh, I guess, certainly.....”

Truth be told, it’s true. This PV has a relatively cheap BGM since we are using free material that is not in the budget.

“In that sense, it feels like the neighbourhood Daiei or Seiyu^[2] right? You should use more tunes here ron.”

“.....You mean?”

“I guess, hip-hop to start with.”

“.....Okay?”

“Be as aggressive as possible. Like *puff*, mitch, or migga, it’s a feeling of saying unscrupulous things ron. This is the successful youth culture . No doubt that customers will rapidly gather ron!”

“Is that so.....”

“Hey, what’s with that look? Of course, it’ll be good if it appeals to the aged ron. For that, the Enka^[3], right? Enka. That person with an effective fist goes, like this, guuuuuuuu, that feeling of fully expressing oneself., you know.”

“I see.....”

“We’re left with the children-oriented part. Some anime or a series of special effects. I think the hot-blooded route is good ron.”

Mr Macaron said with full confidence. That being said by Mr Amaburi’s number 2 mascot, I could not even dispute it.

“Yes. I shall adopt that then.”

Since I couldn’t tinker with the action scene in the opening, I used that tune from the scenes in the middle parts.

Originally, when introducing the recommended attractions of all the areas such as our Amaburi’s “Sorcerer’s Hill” or “Wild Valley”, amiable music was streamed.

For example, in Mr Moffle’s “Sweet House” introductory clip, he had a lovely piccolo performance with the BGM, but —.

《Yeah, yeah. Fuck tha police, fuck tha FBI too, super fuck tha ‘publicans. Shut the hell up, plug that gap, suck on this. Check out mah dick. Like a towerin’ nuke. Hang on to your shit, yeah!》

— Thus was the hip-hop it had become. Rather than a hit youth culture, it's some kind of rancid tune on political colouring. There rest is just profane.

Then Mr Macaron's "Music Theatre" introductory clip, it was overflowing with emotion in itself with the bagpipe performance, but —

«Caaaaaaaan, I murderrrrr yooooooooouuuuuuuuuuu? I can't speak of my pent up resentmennnnnt! Howeeeeeeeeveeer, howeeeeeeeeveeer, Oooooooooonce agaaaaaaaaiiiinnnn! Theeeee Sorroooooooooowwww! The waaaaaaaay, Amagiiiiiiii!»

— Or some such local performance it had become. It would surely have an effect but, being a children oriented music theatre, it is worrisome to have grown men and women rumbling to fully express themselves.

And then Mr Tiramie's "Flower Adventure" had an elegant Mozart BGM streaming, but —

«Burn! Burn! In a fiery blaaaaaaaazze! Burn! Burn! Of righteousneeeeeeessss! Wiiiiinnggss! Chiiiiimmme, the bells of coooonnnflict! Nooooooooow's the tiiiiiiime! Come oooooonnn, take oooooooffff! The conjoined onslaught, king, raaaaaveeeeeeeennnnn! »

— Or some such theme song it had become. What sounded like four ravens combining to become king raven is becoming of a robot anime but, I don't really know. Also, playing "Burn! Burn!" in the flowery Flower Adventure attraction is questionable, to say the least.

“.....How is it?”

Yet again after Ms Sento Isuzu watched the clip, I, Triken inquired about it.

“Good point.....”

Seriously watching the clip until then, Ms Sento Isuzu pondered. I, again, held my breath.

“I don’t really know but, I wonder if it’s okay.”

“Err, is it okay?”

“The old original BGM seemed weird though? It seems like it's played at the neighbourhood Daiei and Seiyu.....”

It’s somehow exactly what Mr Macaron was saying.

“In any case, this type of music may be more suited.”

“That’s good. Still, this Triken had anticipated a berating.....”

Well, I am encouraged. I would like to hunch over.

“It’ll probably be fine. Keep trying to do your best like this.”

“Yes, please anticipate it!”

Regaining my confidence, I visited the Fairy of Flowers, Mr Tiramie.

Going on from Mr Moffle and Mr Macaron, he comes in as the third most popular mascot of this park. With an appearance of a 2-head tall fluffy Pomeranian, his cuteness is not inferior to the other two.

And as for Mr Tirmaie’s comments —

“Hmm. How should I say it.....it’s lacking libido mii.”

Mr Tiramie said after watching the production clip.

“Libido, you say?”

“Exactly mii. There’s no way to attract people with this kind of PV mii. To put it bluntly, we need to get lewder.”

“Whaaaaaa.....”

That’s right, I almost forgot. Among Amaburi’s head mascots, this Tiramie has especially perverted tendencies. Anything works so long as it’s female, lolis to old hags are a compatibility. From slender anorexic to overweight figures, to say all’s OK, what ill repute.

However, this Triken has some particular tastes with regards to eros too.

I have a least a thousand volumes of AV collection, and have obtained old-fashioned productions that are hard to obtain nowadays, even having personal views of those 70's era life romance pornos. Of course, I have been watching recent works, and am a regular customer at several shops. Even the employees seek my reviews.

Well, I am not popular with real life females after all.

“I approve of the erotic direction. But.....this is the park's PV after all. I do humbly think that it would be wise to avoid contents that requires a censoring mosaic.....”

“I don't mean to go that far mii. Well, in any case, I would want to see those but..... Anyhow, I think you should bring in the sex appeal mii.”

“.....What are you implying?”

“Mini-skirts! Swimsuits! Low-angles!It's important to include those kinds of shots legally, mii!”

“Hmm.....I see!”

I can understand what Mr Tiramie said. Family customers are of course important however, it is the father who brings the family to the park. Correct, winning the fathers' heart is also a prominent role for the PV, is it not.....? Is that what he means?

It is, truly! This Triken hunches involuntarily at Mr Tiramie's discerning eye!

With myself squealing with a voice brimming with zeal, Mr Tiramie went "um, err? Ye, yeah. Well, that's right mii." Replying with a subtle tone of voice.

".....Anyway, I'm itching to view that sort of PV, mii. Keep doing your best, dude."

"Yes. However, the production budget is limited. I cannot afford to employ such a model for new sex appealing shots"

"What are you saying, mii? If it's cute little ones, our park is full of em, mii."

"Ohh, I see."

Ms Isuzu and Lady Latifa, the four elemental spirits including Ms Muse, the girl group who entered as part-timers recently, Ms Ashe the financial officer, and the many other cast. From the smooth washboards to the bouncy jiggy ones, seizing the whole range.

The problem was as soon as "please act in the shot" is said, isn't there an unusually high possibility that this Triken would be massacred by those girls?

"I understand your uneasiness, mii."

Tiramie said as he listened to my concerns.

“Therefore! It’s time for my several years’ worth of prized shots to shine mii!”

“Oh my.”

“Especially these low-angle ones mii. There are a variety at a glance. Lots of them, eh? Let me see.....it’s roughly 1TB worth. I’ve arranged the thumbnails accordingly, so feel free to use them mii.”

What profound charity. I hunch in deep inspiration.

“Just wonderful! Mr Tiramie, thou hath the blessings of Libra bestowed upon!”

Because Libra is a goddess, it would be equivalent to sexual harassment towards a god, but such is not something that I am aware of. Hallelujah!

.....Be that as it may, using these sorts of sexy shots was the difficult part.

Spending the night getting greatly stimulated by the treasured videos of the gracious female cast, I hunched over repeatedly like a shrimp, my spine almost breaking, but unfortunately, we cannot use material which are likely to identify specific individuals (well, rather, they are very useful for the most part, but not in the PV).

Nevertheless, I, Triken fought hard for it.

After much careful selections, I inserted images (in other words the cuts of the ass and boobs uploaded) that are unable to be identified to specific individuals. What great pains it took to cut them away. In order to please all the fathers in society, even the erotic voices from the free materials are included.

After the entrance square and Maple castle are displayed, there will be a close-up of Ms Isuzu's ass. Then an "aaaaaaahhhhhnnnnnnnn" in a titillating voice will set in.

When the Wild Valley's wilderness of overflowing tropical rainforest is displayed, Ms Muse's tensed stomach will come out. And accordingly, like before, an "uuffuuunnnnn" in an amorous voice sets in.

When the nightscape of the beautiful Tama Hills as seen from the ferris wheel is projected, Lady Latifa's smooth, flat swimsuit figure, particularly the less clothed back and ass is displayed. Of course, an "iyaaaaaannnn" voice flows accordingly.

Other than that, it's important to include these kinds of cuts.

"How about it!? Isn't it a masterpiece!?"

I said with a clenched fist when the preview ended and Ms Isuzu who had watched the clip folded her arms while tilting her head in puzzlement.

".....This is it?"

"Yes!!"

“If it appeals to the male customers.....I can’t really complain much. Frankly, it would be a lie if I say that there wasn’t any unpleasantness in it. Still, if you like this kind of clips, then I suppose it can’t be helped.”

Just splendid. It seems to be understood. This Triken would be choked in tears of gratitude.

Simply ignoring me, Isuzu moved the mouse with a stern look, checking the clip many times over.

“.....Even so, the skirt and swimsuit.....most of these costumes are recognizable. I asked a while ago, but.....you did hire models, right?”

“Yes! Certainly!”

I, Triken, unhesitatingly asserted. I will not be suspected here. Lying with good enunciation. No, it must be done.

“Then.....I guess so. But, having that ass showing somehow feels uneasy.....”

“You’re imagining it.”

I declared while slouching. As expected, even Ms Isuzu seems to be overwhelmed by my spirit.

“.....Understood. Let’s keep it going this way.”

“Thank you very much! Thank you very much! Thank you very much!”

Putting out the bulges of my ass and chest in the video, while feeling something that might not come true, and beautiful girl holding up GO signs. Since this Triken is already in this situation, he will not stop!

It feels bad? Yes, but it's rather rewarding.

Thank you very much!

“.....Nonetheless, it's not balanced if it's merely male-oriented, right?”

“What?”

From my state of ecstasy, I came to my senses.

“You should also ask the girls' opinions. Let's try asking Muse and the others for opinions as well.”

Ms Isuzu has the right idea.

The views of “Amaburi's famed trio”, namely Moffle, Macaron, and Tiramie are valuable however, they were all male. With that alone, we will be unable to cope with the demands of the diverse guests. At this point, we should seek the thoughts of those in the female camp, right?

Therefore, the place to where I'm headed, is the "Aquario".

It is a musical-styled indoor attraction. It is where the four great spirits of Earth, Water, Fire, and Wind sing and dance in the beautiful nature — well, the contents are of such. In the relatively new establishment, even the illumination and acoustics are a sure thing. Moreover, owing to the frequent use of wire-action, it is quite a sight to behold, so popularity was great.

Then again, the four great spirits acting as the leads in the "Aquario" were all good-looking girls. Due to the somewhat large degree of exposure on their on-stage costumes, it's natural for the spectating fathers to select the top option of "will want to visit this attraction again" on the survey. Yes. Ultimately, these fathers are similar to this Triken, all hands would hunch at the sight of it.

Just that it won't have a satisfactory reputation to mothers.

.....For starters, we'll have the ladies of the "Aquario" watch the PV.

Yes. As expected, a big no-no.

"Wellll, that's not it, it's....."

Said the Spirit of Water, Ms Muse.

"But, it's nothing but action and sex appeal....."

Said the Spirit of Wind Sylphy.

“In all honesty, it’s gross. May I tweet now?”

Said the Spirit of Fire, Salama.

Hmm, disappointment doesn’t come alone. However, this disappointment is comparatively a reward to this Triken. Rather, I would like to be criticised more severely by beautiful ladies.

Nonetheless, I cannot forget the about work. So I hunched as I inquired.

“I see. I understand that everyone’s not convinced.So, what else should be included?”

““Well.....””

Muse and the girls promptly pondered. As much as they’ve tried to voice complaints, it appears that they don’t have an alternative. Even so, at that time —.

“Um, umm.....”

And the Spirit of Earth Ms Kobori raised her hand. She has the most conservative, orderly mood among the four spirits. Even I, Triken, reflexively anticipates.

“What would it be Kobori-san?”

“Th, that.....perhaps.....what was it.....”

Ms Kobori spoke unconfidently.

“Okaaaay.”

“What we thought was that this PV doesn’t have is.....after all, guys. So, that’s.....”

“Okaaaay.”

“Thi, this...! I think that if males with about the same large degree of exposure appears, it’d be great! If possible, passionately intertwining in bikini pants kind of feeling.....! Especially those biceps, and pectorals.....!”

Ms Kobori had likely summoned up all her courage to say all that. I, Triken, went “okaaaaay.....” making agreeable responses at best, but the spirits of the “Aquario” promptly gave their approvals with clenched fists.

“Err.....yeah, you could say that! It’ll surely be a blast!”



“If so.....surely, I’d like to see it.”

“Bikini pants.....sounds good. May I promote them out?”

The Spirits of Water, Wind, and Fire said all sorts of selfish things as they got excited. Even the Spirit of Earth Ms Kobori was smiling in relief.

Hmm, what a blunder. Ms Kobori is the Spirit of Earth anyway. And above all, I’ve heard that she has a thing for humus.

Simply put, she’s a rotten girl.

“Well.....okay. I hunch.....no, I will review it positively.”

That said, my heart was pessimistic about it. I feel an aching in my stomach. What could I possibly do? How do I hire handsome models when the budget is non-existent.

The new images that were sandwiched between key points of the PV are surely full of biceps and pectorals.

That’s right. Those half-nude shots of males are included in addition to the precious “aaaahhhnnn” or whatever voice. Those bikini pants, in accordance to Ms Kobori’s request. Following that, the low-angle photography of snug and tensed fine asses. If those muscle favoring females or denizens of the Shinjuku 2-chome^[4] were to watch it, it’ll be a most magnificent masterpiece, but — in the case of straight men like myself, it’s nothing but a full-on cringe and an eye

burn.

Honestly, I feel like dying.

“.....So, how is it?”

After previewing the finished product, I got Ms Isuzu to go over it.

“Even if you ask”

Ms Isuzu answered in a chagrin.

“Rather than professional bodybuilders, how’s this, having ordinary people in the mix. Whether a considerably aged person or some guy with really weak physique regardless of how you view it.”

“Right. Well. Agreeable.....”

The bodies appearing in the clip had exposed stomachs, ribcages puffing up, nipple hairs were not dealt with.....err, well, the point is that it was a disappointing end.

“Did you really hire models?”

“Yes. No. Err.....”

“Get to the point.”

Being called thereupon, I, Triken, briefly cast my eyes down. Truth be told, I could no longer repress my feelings of hesitation.

“Errrm.....is it not? Well.....there wasn’t a budget to hire models. So.....I made a request for the figures of the guys down at security.....”

Correct. Manning it with a mere four people, they are the guys at Amaburi’s security department. (In outline) Along with security chief Mr Okuro, was a 71-year-old to-be old guard Mr Mori, and a part-time student Mr Arima. Then there seems to be one more part-timer whose name I’ve forgotten.

Nevertheless, literally getting those three guards — Mr Okura, Mr Mori, and Mr Arima to pitch in to help.

The security guys were hesitant and shy as they were frantically taking a pose in bikini pants in front of my camera. There were tears coming out in that disposition.

“By the way, this lovely ass here belongs to section chief Okuro.”

“That, I haven’t heard. Not that I wanted to.”

“Isn’t it?”

“Couldn’t you have at least thought of any others capable? If it’s handsome guys, there should have been others.....”

“But there aren’t. Say, there are, then where at?”

“That’s...”

Ms Isuzu’s words started out and went into a mumble.

“.....Ohh, it’s fine.”

“Could it have been Mr Kanie?”

“Please shut up.”

“Ah! Bull’s-eye eh? This Triken has hit a bull’s-eye.”

“I said to shut up.”

Said Ms Isuzu, suddenly drawing her musket from her skirt. This person gets like this when she’s mad. The bullets fired from her gun hurts a lot if it hits. It was agonizing.

And so, I stopped probing the matter further.

“.....Anyway, about Okuro’s ass. I mean, not the ass, the PV.”

“Yes?”

“I’m not particularly opposed to it. I understand that the budget and time was rigid. What I want to know is the reason for me to give it the GO sign.”

“Haha. I see...”

It appears that Ms Isuzu does not seem confident about the course of action for the PV.

“Don’t worry. When Ms Kobori saw this clip, she gave a ‘GOOD!’ with a thumbs up. Even the other spirit girls were relatively alright with it.”

“Really? Then, it’s fine.....”

Even having said that, she was not fully satisfied.

“,,,,,,Anyway, how about that place? Just in case, try and ask for the views of our employees.....”

“I can’t say that it would suffice. Let’s asks the people who are closer to the visual point of view of the customers.”

“So to say?”

“The recently hired part-timers.”

Welcoming the new year in April, Mr Kanie had employed a large number of new workers. It seemed that he deemed Amaburi's rebuilding insufficient as it was short handed.

And then, following the interview, we welcomed three notable ladies among the recruited part-timers. It's those three that we're inquiring with for their views about the PV.

Without delay, Triken spared time for each and every one of them in the evening to have them watch the PV.

"I think it's a wonderful PV!"

Said part-timer Bandou Biino.

A healthy female high schooler. With a positive work temperament, as well, a part-timer eminently brimming with enthusiasm, but for some reason, every place she's close to had frequent occurrences of bloodbaths. It was said that she was stabbed by a frenzied individual during her interview.

"Explosions! Action! Glamour! Ass! Every one of them ample with dynamism! Especially this — the scene where Moffle spews blood and collapses is stimulating!"

"You, you think?"

"That's why, you should bring in even more of these intense elements, don't

you think? I mean, blood.....right?"

"B, blood.....you say?"

"Right. Humans, they're attracted to things they fear, are they not? I think it'll be superb to have more of those elements. Let's put in more blood sprays! That would totally enrapture the customers, yeah!?"

"Err. Well. Okay. I'll think about it."

I, Triken, could give no more than a vague reply.

I,shink itsh.....I mean, think it's a wonderful PV."

Said part-timer Chuujou Shiina as she bit her tongue.

A usually cowering elementary — nope, high school girl. But her appearance is just about the same as an elementary schooler. The other day, she played a major role in keeping our park afloat in a live show. Incidentally, she's in the same school as Mr Kanie.

"B, but.....but....."

Shiina looked like she has something to add.

“U, umm. No, actually, there’s nothing.”

“Ohh, please do not hesitate. I don’t care about the assessment, so please give your candid opinion.”

“Oh, none at all! Really.....! There’s nothing!”

Painfully shrinking away, Shiina’s wrists fluttered as she waved them. Her face turned red as seen.

“Hmm. That’s good if it’s so, but.....”

I pass on any further questioning. Even Amaburi has such reserved individuals, does it not. This Triken, slouches at the strong emotion.

“Great. I think it’s a wonderful video.”

Said part-timer Adachi Eiko with a sweet grin.

A tender and trim college girl. “Well endowed” too. Rumors has it that she seemed to be a former AV actress. If it’s true, that momentum would have my head stuck in my crotch however, actresses like her did not turn up in this Triken’s database. I dare say it’s some mistake (confident).

“Wonderful?”

“That’s right. But..... whether it’s okay to speak from the standpoint of a part-timer like me.....”

Poking her fingertip to her chin, Eiko deliberated. Her expression is serious.

“No, please speak freely.”

“Yes. Then.....if you would excuse my lack of subtlety, I think this PV is lacking emotional elements.”

“Emotional, huh?”

“Yes.”

“.....”

Eiko expressed a smile as she kept silent. With difficulty, unable to continue the conversation.

“Err. Ohh. If you don’t mind, about the emotional elements, it would help to be given an example.....”

“Okay. I have a pastime of equestrian.”

“What?”

“Equestrian. I’ve had some degree of interest since I was a child.....”

“O, okay.....”

I can't perceive the flow of the conversation, I'm confused. But Eiko continues to speak to the end at her own pace.

“And so, I was invited by a close animal trainer. That day, I received the opportunity to bear witness to the birth of a horse. I've been getting along happily with it since around middle school, the gentle child is called Kikuno Sceptre.....”

“Is, is that so.....”

“The child was a result of the mother's frantic childbirth. It was really..... emotional.”

“Okay.”

“How about that?”



Let's see. That. Whatever kind of reaction is fine, right? The birth of a horse. Well, I surely think it's emotional but —.

The final stage of the PV.

““Amagi! Amagi! Brilliant! Brilliant, paaaaaaaarkkk!””

.....To go along with this theme song, a shocking bloody scene was introduced. Based on Bandou Biino's request.

Given that there wasn't even a budget, along with desperate tendencies, I splashed lots of blood on the cast, and had them blown up, killed off.

Mr Tiramie was prostrate in a pool of blood like a murder victim. Mr Macaron screaming “the hell izz dis!?” in the style of Matsuda Yusaku^[5] as he looked at his bloodied hand. And Moffle throwing up blood, collapsing in slow motion. All to good use.

Chuujou Shiina did not request anything, so I skipped it.

And then, Adachi Eiko's request (?).

With her passionate assistance , I got a video of an actual birth of a horse.

The subject horse called Kikuno Sceptre appeared to going through obstructed labor delivery. Despite the hardships of the veterinarian and the

assistants, the vet finally dug both hands into the birth canal using lots of strength to tug out the foal. Slowly, slowly, it eventually came out.

This Triken, unfortunately, remains unmoved. Putting it bluntly, it was sickeningly grotesque.

The theme song goes on.

““Buir, buri, buri! Brilliaaaaaaaant, paaaaaaarrrk! A land of magiiiiic! Where dreams.....dreams.....dreams are boooooorrrnn!””

Bump, went the bloodied foal when it fell to the ground, as the hook of the theme song flows. That childbirth was not a dream, though the foal was wrapped in a bloody placenta.

Can I go home already?

Although I've had that inclination, it is my job. Since there is a deadline for the latest edition of the PV, I had Ms Isuzu and Mr Kanie watch the video that was in a slightly unrevised state.

Along with Ms Isuzu, Mr Kanie also maintained a lengthy silence, but —

“What, in the bloody hell, is this!?”

Right, figures. This Triken slouches in shame.

“Just when I thought it began with a sudden explosion, then action and violence. Women’s ass, men’s ass shaking about. Blood spew flying around. And at the end, a birth scene of a horse! You guys, have your heads gotten some screws loose!?”

“Err, well. Firstly, please calm down, Kanie-san.”

“Shut up! More importantly.....Sento! You say you’ve been checking! But what have you been doing!?”

However, Ms Isuzu had, many times over, been looking back at the subject of question of a PV with unusually passionate eyes. It seemed that something had pulled a chord at her heartstrings.

“.....A masterpiece. Where dreams are born.....I say it’s a great PV. Where would your complaints be in this?”

“It’s every-frickin-where!!”

And such being the case, the PV which I, Triken, had gone through many ordeals to produce had been rejected, and the initial PV was broadcasted. It appears to be well received.

But since it would be too much of a waste, I have also covertly circulated the version of the PV with everyone’s opinions on a video site.

Yes, that’s right.

It was simply booming in popularity.

It'll hit a 1 million views achievement very soon.

This Triken, as chief of public relations, hunches — no, stands proud.

- [1](#) Police: Western Division. A tv drama series aired in '79. ↩
- [2](#) Two big Japanese shopping brands. ↩
- [3](#) Jap traditional ballads. ↩
- [4](#) A gay neighbourhood. ↩
- [5](#) An actor in Japanese action films during the 70's plus. ↩

Chapter 3 – Family Affair

A certain week's Monday.

For the first time in three days, Sento Isuzu turned up at school and handled the morning lessons flawlessly. Due to her weak constitution, she had not been berated for the numerous absenteeism.

The rainy season was beginning, and the park's busy periods have also lulled. Of course, there were many ongoing renovations and preparations for summer events, but Isuzu intended to attend as many classes as possible.

Nonetheless, Isuzu personally never felt attached to Amagi High School. Should the need arise, she could drop out of school immediately. Because of having such a disposition, she hardly ever opens up to her classmates, and does not feel the necessity to do so.

The chances of her eating lunch with the first-year Chuujou Shiina, a part-timer at the park, were much higher.

Shiina said that she too was weak at socialising, and had almost no friends in school. But then, through Shiina's part-time life at the park, she was picking up reasonable conversational skills, and did not seem to be as lonely as she was back in April. A few times when Isuzu had visited Shiina's class to ask her out for lunch, the latter was seen chatting with her classmates.

That day was the same.

Lunch break. Isuzu casually sets out to Shiina's class, and somehow found the latter sitting together with several classmates, having lunch. Though she looked tense, and it didn't seem like she was really enjoying it, Isuzu was pretty impressed by Shiina's progress.

Inviting her out here would be boorish, right?

Before Shiina noticed, Isuzu quietly left her class. (Now then, what to do, I wonder.....)

Her “superior”, Kanie Seiya had also come to school today. She didn’t particularly mind eating alone, but she would like to discuss about work as well.

She got to the top floor, rooftop entrance of the south school block staircase and sure enough, Seiya was biting at a curry bun alone.

“Wooooaah!?What, it’s you.”

Seiya was surprised for only a moment, but once he saw that it was Isuzu, he heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed he was still vain, but even then, everyone knew that Kanie Seiya was a loner at school.

“Not in the toilet today, huh?”

“Hmph. I’ve decided to eat here as far as possible. The toilet was not as settling as expected.”

Why say that so proudly?

No, with pride being his default mode, it’s useless to nitpick at everything.

“I’m sitting here.”

“Be my guest.”

Pulling a suitable chair, she sat down opposite Seiya. She picked out a whole cucumber from her bento box, sprinkled salt over it and crunched into it. It was a moment of bliss.

“Your lunch is morokyu^[1]won’t you be malnourished?”

“It’s my favourite dish. But of course, I have normal meals too. In the midst of experimenting various menus, I’ve introduced fried mackerel and broccoli.”

“Hmm. Is that so.....”

Isuzu felt a small bit of irritation towards the indifferent response.

Her frequent experimentations with bentos was a known fact, but she was not proficient enough to be able to boast her skills. However, as a secretary, Isuzu had witnessed Seiya spent every day eating a curry bun, and thought that she could produce an extra person’s portion.

Even so, motivation goes down if this attitude persists.

“.....”

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. That aside, this week’s schedule. It’s according to the email sent on the weekend, right?”

“Ohh. Is it.....”

Seiya hesitated a little and trailed off.

“We can proceed with the schedule starting tomorrow onwards. But can we cancel the plans for today?”

“Cancel.....all of it?”

“Yes. We just have the meeting with Moffle, inspections, and paperwork for today, right?”

“I think I can make adjustments.....Is there anything else?”

Isuzu is Seiya’s secretary. She has a perfect grasp of what he is doing for the park daily. He has several merits, one of which was being “extraordinarily industrious”.

It was likely a habit cultivated from his child acting days. Or perhaps a natural attribute that he was born with.

In any case, he was not playing truant. No matter how tired he is, he gets the job done. Even when lacking motivation, or having a fever, he definitely didn’t neglect his work. He drops idle complaints mixed with jokes, but even so it wasn’t any serious discontent. To be honest, it would not be surprising if he would try to find excuses and skip out.

However, that industriousness did pay off in some way, the park’s cast had recognised him as their boss and kept on persevering. While his intelligence, insight, and decisiveness at times of need — are certainly valuable, but it was undoubtedly that attitude of his which made Kanie Seiya a natural born leader.

That very Seiya said that he wanted to cancel those plans. That was indeed unusual.

“Not really..... Just for a little personal business. I thought we’d have a

flexible day today.”

“It’s certainly possible to make adjustments today. Moffle is panicking since he can’t come up with a summer live show design, Macaron is occupied with Muse and the girls’ band, Tiramie is troubling himself with the pool opening plan alongside Genjuro’s bunch.”

By the way, Genjuro is a cast leader operating the park’s “Splash Ocean”. A dolphin type mascot, diligent and wise, and uses an old style gozaru expression in his manner of speech.

“Then it’s fine, right? In that case, I’ll leave today to you.”

“Yeah, I got it.”

Taking out her smartphone, she began sending texts to the concerned personnel. While typing the contents down, Isuzu tried to ask nonchalantly.

“May I ask?”

“What about?”

“This ‘personal business’ of yours. Just in case. As a secretary.”

Right. As a secretary.

That’s all.

Thereupon, Seiya grimaced and waved his hand in annoyance.

“That’s.....well, of no consequence. After all, it isn’t some enjoyable business. Just, some stuff I have to deal with.”

“Really?”

Without further questioning, Isuzu sent a text to the park’s cast regarding the cancellation of today’s plans.

Be that as it may, she still remained curious.

Because of Seiya’s cancellations, Isuzu’s plans for the day were also suspended. No, she should have a mountain’s worth of work, but even those were not urgent.

This for one, is Kanie Seiya's "personal business" of some sort, some investigations should be appropriate.

As a secretary, after all.

Coming to that conclusion, Isuzu put up a front of "reporting to the park" after school, left the main entrance, and tailed Seiya.

As tenacious as it seems, it's because she's his secretary.

For some reason, a depressed looking Seiya came out of the school's main entrance. He was sluggishly trudging towards Amagi station. Similar to the feeling of becoming a spy or something, Isuzu spied on Seiya.

"Umm, Isuzu-senpai?"

At the area passing through the ticket barrier, Chuujou Shiina called out to her from behind. Isuzu's spine straightened from being startled, and she made an effort to feign calmness.

"Chuujou-san. What a coincidence."

"What do you mean coincidence..... Shiina is going home too."

"Right. Now that you mention it, you're off today, right?"

Shiina doesn't work every day. Mostly, she would have a break on the beginning of the week, Monday or Tuesday.

"Yes. And, what are you doing? You've only been sneakily shadowing Kanie-senpai since some time ago....."

"So, it looked like that."

"Yes. Totally."

".....Then, I guess it's inevitable. I shall explain the situation to you."

Isuzu explained. Shiina grasped.

"I see. It certainly is strange. Since Kanie-senpai is that sort of person, I never thought of him to have affairs outside of school and the park."

"Your quick understanding saves me the trouble. So, therefore I'm tailing him."

“Roger that. Then, Shiina will accompany you as well.”

Isuzu was baffled.

“You don’t have to force yourself, you know? Since this stems from my personal — I mean, secretarial motif. I don’t have any reason to involve a part-timer.”

“I’m not forcing myself. In any case, Shiina is free.”

“Ohh.....”

“I’m not working today so, I’d either watch TV when I get home, or go for karaoke alone to train my voice, or..... As far as I see, Isuzu-senpai doesn’t seem very good at tailing. At any rate, I’m accompanying you.”

Isuzu, who lived as an Imperial Guard officer of Mapleland, was certainly poor at tailing and the like.

“That's great. I’ll be counting on your practised self of being timid like rats and cockroaches, living by avoiding public eyes.”

“.....Err. Ah. Yeah.Well, fair enough. Senpai is that type of person.”

“Come on, the train’s here. Let’s go.”

Accompanied by a seemingly greatly dissatisfied Shiina, Isuzu hurried towards the in-bound line platform which Seiya was facing.

Seiya boarded the train on the Touto line, and was arriving at Shinjuku.

Fortunately, it seemed he had not noticed their spying.

Shinjuku had one of the largest stations in the world, and the the tremendous crowd of people is Olympian, Isuzu and co’s tailing had become considerably easier. In the train, looking around restlessly from the neighbouring carriage as to when and where to get off at the station.

“Umm, senpai. Sh, Shiina.....rarely come to places like Shinjuku. It’s fine, right? I can go home, right?”

“Aren’t you a high school student? Don’t say such miserable stuff.”

Notwithstanding that she came along of her own volition to begin with. Voicing such complaints at this late hour was also troublesome.

“Also, Kanie-senpai didn’t even look at his phone on the train. Did you notice that? That’s perhaps something from Iwanami bunko. I don’t know which book though. So austere. So cool.”

As Shiina had pointed out, Seiya was grasping the overhead straps on the train, reading an old-looking paperback. Isuzu saw it; however, it was Schopenhauer’s^[2].

“Well.....it’s fine so long as it’s not something like Moshidora.^[3]”

“Ehh? Isn’t that a good book too?”

“It is. Although I’ve not read it but, a crash course to undertake the role of the park’s manager would be worrisome. What I mean is, I’ll be uneasy if he were to be reading it now of all times.”

“Ohh.....right. That, I follow.”

“Let’s move on.”

Fortunately, Isuzu and co’s shadowing of Seiya had appeared to have gone entirely unnoticed. Without any indication of transferring from Shinjuku, he exited from the west entrance, wandered a home appliance mass retail store, moving for close to 10 minutes at the basement PC parts corner.

“It seems, senpai is troubled, huh..... Ehh, is that what you call a graphics card? Does he plan to buy it?”

“Who knows.....”

Comparing specifications imprinted on the rustic fan, he sighed. He doesn’t seem intent on purchasing it. And then, Seiya moved to the side of the cash register. After zealously checking the prices of some HDD memory, he casually looked to his wristwatch and hurried to the exit of the sale’s floor.

“Guess shopping doesn’t seem to be his intention.”

“Seems like it.....”

It appeared to be merely a stopover. Leaving the mass retail outlet, he

currently headed in the opposite direction of the station, going towards the district with high-rise buildings. He entered a shorter building (though it waaaas around 30 storeys high) before the Tokyo government office, coming to a halt in the enormous atrium inside the building, and he compared the time of his watch to the gigantic clepsydra^[4] at that spot.

“This here’s an ordinary commercial building, isn’t it? What business does he have in such a place?”

“No idea. But.....nevertheless, I’ve started to chat with you for quite a bit now, eh?”

“Is, is that so?”

At a position, out of sight from Seiya, Isuzu and Shiina were whispering as they stealthily waited out.

It seemed like Seiya had an arrangement to meet with someone.

They waited for a few minutes.

Sure enough, the arranged party came in sight.

It was a smartly dressed young lady. Someone whom Isuzu had never seen before. Perhaps more or less fifteen years of age. She was possibly a middle schooler, but can’t say anything more because of her neat, matured features.

When that young lady spotted Seiya, she nimbly made a cheerful expression, ran up to him, and clung to his arm. Even Seiya himself, as naturally as he could, showed a slightly bitter smile.

“Huh.....”

“Wai.....”

Even both Isuzu and Shiina were dumbfounded.

What the hell just happened? Could it be, that that is Kanie Seiya’s lover!?

Well, not that he actually has a wife, but to label her a lover is uncalled-for. But the appearance of that young lady gave a great shock to Isuzu and co, regardless.

“Wh, whwhwhwhwhawtsh gon on! Howz dat. Shomethinz. Sh, shempai!

Whazz it, wha, dis, whaaaaaaa!?”

“Nihongo, speak.”

“Ohwoahwoah.....sowwrrrie!. Err, is that.....Kanie-senpai’s girlfriend?”

“I wouldn’t know. It’s my first time seeing that girl too.”

“Ohh.....in that case, it’s a younger sister, what a punchline.....”

“That shouldn’t be it. Kanie-kun is an only child. There’s no younger sister.”

“But but, isn’t that being too over-familiar? That way, grabbing his arm..... moreover, her chest! Isn’t it pressing against her chest!? That’s one hell of a mitch she is!”

It’s a vulgar slang of Mapleland, I wonder where she picked it up? Well, guess it’s probably those three.

“So, what should we do? Resume tailing him?”

“But of course. There is no guarantee that the girl is not an enemy to the park. By some possibility, she might honey trap Amagi’s plans.

When the need arises, whoever shall be eating a bellyful of the Steinberger’s lead. Kanie-kun, mainly.

Seiya and the young lady got on the lift bound for the top-most floor of the high-rise building. Since they can’t be getting on together, they delayed their pursuit. It was the F&B floor at the top, with an aisle of restaurants and cafes lined up, featuring the landscape of the high-rise building district.

Spending five minutes sneakily searching, the two were discovered in a fancy Italian establishment.

Isuzu and Shiina entered the shop in an inconspicuous manner, took up position at back-to-back seats with a prop interposed, and began listening in.

Other customers were seated behind him, but even Seiya paid it no heed.

It has been a considerably long time since coming to such a place for dining and the like, I think.

Ever since the time in March, the park's operations had him writhing in agony, so he had no time to relax. Back then, he could occasionally go out shopping alone, scoff at mass retailers, and wander around the menswear section at a departmental store.

“Whaaat’s wroooong? Chiiill oooooout.”

Sitting before him, Saki spoke with a lisp.

Tilting her head in some doubt, setting her hair in a gentle swing, and her tiny earrings glittered. Even the clothes she wore were a tad showy. The pale pink was an elegant colour usage, but the skirt was unusually short.

“It’s fine. Just, composing myself.”

Right. The only discontent was drinking tea on the high floors of a building like this. Well, the window is at a distant location, so it’s still tolerable. The lift with the view a while ago was the worst.

Saki puffed her cheeks.

“Geez. I’ve gone to great pains to meet up, and yet why did it become like this? I gave it my all for today, you know? Look, these sandals! I bought them last week! Compliment me, compliment!”

“Hey. Don’t tripover, okay?”

How is this girl like this, why spend money on some heck of sandals or bags? Nothing but those kinds of thoughts came through.

“Boo. More importantly, why did you turn up in your school uniform? You should’ve had time to change into casual wear, didn’t you?”

“Ohh, casual wear huh.....”

Come to think of it, he hadn’t dressed that way for a long time. Outside of the park’s work, he’s usually dressed in a 30-thousand-yen suit, the other times would be nothing but the park manager’s uniform or the school uniform.

“Well, is it not okay? I’m not even going on a date with a girlfriend.”

“Saki thought this was a date, you knooooow?”

“That’s your problem. Think as you like.”

“About that, Seiya-kun is too cold hearted, you know? I asked about your plans and yet each time ‘that day can’t do’ or ‘I’ve got plans’ and so on! You’re a normal person, it’s awful, you knooooow!?”

“Even if you say that, I was really busy. Since April I’d been working.....that, just that. At various crappy workplaces.”

“Because you can do whatever you want to do. Then, how crappy is it?”

“Uh huh. That place is full of gone cases.....well, nowadays they’re in the midst improving but..... Anyway, it’s a situation where you have to aim for a series of championships with the league’s bottom-feeder team.”

Given that fact, his stomach felt heavier. Seiya added milk to his partially drunk coffee.

“Soooo wwweeeeeiiiiirddd. I mean, your workplace is an amusement park, right?”

“Indeed. I’m behind the scenes though.”

“Saaayyyy, next time, can Saki come and play too?”

Seiya almost spurted out his coffee.

“Oh no, no way. Give it up. Besides, it’s not a fun place. It’s something like the yakuza, and also like having a close shave with deviants, even I almost died the other day.....yeah, in any case, don’t.”

“No way, I wanna!”

“Not a chance. Give up.”

“Boooooo. Seiya-kun is so boooooorrring! Even though you used to take me here and there.....”

“I had free time. Now it’s different.”

“Errr.....ahh.....”

Without pestering him anymore, Saki gazed into the distance in silence for a short while. The sense of naivete until then disappeared. Leaving an adult-like gloomy profile.

“You’re only drifting further away like this.....”

She leaked a small sigh. Was Saki a girl who made such a face? Seiya felt uneasy.

“It’s not so far away. You’re at Meguro. I’m at Amagi. If you feel like it, we can easily meet up.”

“That’s an issue I don’t mind about.....”

Yet another sigh.

“Last time.....Saki wondered whether to call Seiya-kun ‘onii-chan’, I was lost. But Seiya was supposed to be family, and yet doesn’t seem like family.....and in the end, I didn’t call you that.”

“Ohh.....”

“That’s why, even when Seiya-kun left, Saki felt that it was probably her fault, and I occasionally feel that.”

“No, that’s not it. It isn’t Saki.”

It was unexpected that Saki had considered it that way. Seiya hurriedly denied it.

“Buuuut, a long time ago I tried calling you ‘onii-chan’ once, though it didn’t feel like it.”

“That’s.....I have been an only child all along, and suddenly came a little sister, it even felt out of place to be referred to that way. Or perhaps, awkward. It’s quite like that. Other than that, it’s not your fault.”

“Hmm. I see.....”

That said, Saki had a mouthful of her layered cheesecake. Rather than indulging in its sweetness, it was an action of biting and swallowing its nutrients.

“Should I tell mother too?”

“Saori-san? What about?”

“What we were just talking about. Since mother too, seems to be bearing a similar feeling.”

“Ohh...really? Well, I guess so.”

“Isn’t it good?”

“Right. Give her my apologies.”

“I’d really want you to say it directly.....”

“Well, eventually.....”

The young lady before his eyes — Kyuubu Saki is Seiya’s step-sister.

Not blood related.

Between Seiya’s parents, Saki was the child from his father’s, Kyuubu Takaharu, partner from the remarriage.

There was a time when they were living together for a while. They were fellow step-children going through adolescence and yet their relationship as the opposite sex was fairly good, but Saki had been quite emotionally attached to Seiya from the beginning.

Eventually, Seiya moved out, and went under the care of his father’s little sister, Kyuubu Aisu, at her place but, he would meet up with Saki once in a while.

“Kanie” is the surname from his mother’s side.

Formerly “Kyuubu Seiya”. He had a stage name during his child acting times, but a short time after his abrupt retirement, his real name had been disclosed on the internet. The culprit was unknown. In any case, there were too many suspects.

Because of that, on the occasion of his parents' divorce, he became “Kanie Seiya”. Even now, Seiya was very reluctant to be labelled with the surname of his mother whom he felt an antipathy towards. But there was no other way.

“But Seiya-kun has changed a bit riiiiight?”

“? How so?”

“Last time, you were awfully egoistic and condescending, but now.....”

Saki pondered.

“Well, you’re still egoistic and condescending now, yeah?”

Seiya dropped his shoulders.

“What? That’s.....”

“Oh, but hey, something’s different. Last time.....you were somewhat like a villain from an anime, I guess? Thinking of everyone else as idiots. An impression of honest animosity.”

“.....”

“Saki is, well, an idiot after all. Even if Seiya-kun makes fun of me, I wouldn’t mind. But, nowadays it’s.....hmm.....”

Folding her arms, Saki brooded. It seems she is deliberating it in her own way.

Nonetheless, Saki was not that much of an idiot in academic terms. Suppose she lives in the outskirts of Amagi town, if she perseveres a little, it won’t actually be difficult to enrol into Amagi High (which, as a matter of fact, is a prep school).

Whether or not she arrived at a conclusion, Saki clapped her hands together.

“Right! Seiya-kun has.....something like a rival character-like impression now, I guess? You know, like that kind of bad guy who assists a hero along the way, yeah? You’re actually a good person and yet you say things like ‘the one who defeats you, is this, I’ or stuff like that.”

“Right.....”

“Somehow, I feel quite like that today. Is it weeeeirdd?”

“Beats me.”

“Byyy the waaaaay, is aunt Aisu doing fine?”

“And suddenly the subject is completely changed.....”

Saki could count the number of times she had met Aisu, but for some reason she seems to have a one-sided yearning. Occasionally she would say “isn’t she a cool person?” or “I adore her”. A woman in her 20s hard at work at a publisher, that is to say this much makes her the target of envy to girls. Well, the published volume is a magazine of a mah-jong manga which they don’t know much about or something like that.

When Saki inquired with “how’s she doing?”, Seiya remembered the face of the flatmate whom he hadn’t seen for nearly a week.

“Perhaps?”

“Ehh? Just that ‘perhaps’? You’re teeeeerrrible.”

“Coming back on the first train at dawn, and reporting to work just past noon kind of livelihood. The days she didn’t come back were also numerous. I can confirm only that she is living in a manner to reduce the laundry and beer.”

“Thaaat’s unheeeeeaaalthy. Next time, shall Saki make something?”

“You can cook?”

“I can’t. But I can learn.”

“No need. My way is good enough.”

“Booooo!”

Then Saki’s smartphone vibrated.

“Oh, excuse me.”

“Nay.”

She checked the display of the smartphone, composed something short, and quickly replied. It was LINE or something.

After replying, Saki showed a slight manner of thought. And then hesitantly peered at Seiya with upturned eyes.

“It’s from a guy.”

“.....Okay? What happened there?”

She intended to say it curtly, but seems to have failed. As if Saki saw through him, she impishly smiled.

“It’s from father.”

“.....”

Saki seemed to have passed it off as a joke. However, Seiya did not laugh.

“I can’t tell with that alone. Which father.”

“Seiya-kun’s father.”

“.....”

Seiya could not hold back his expression of displeasure.

Saki refers to Seiya’s real father, Kyuubu Takaharu, by “otou-san”. There was just about no hesitation.

Seems like the old man’s doing well with Saki and the mother, Saori-san. Whether his work post has moved or whatever was unknown, but he returns home by dinner for half the week, and it’s said that he also gets lively in conversation.

A great difference compared to my mother and myself.

As for my own memory of my father, we pass each other indifferently, and once in a while he would display his fatherly face, about that much.

“So, it really is like that, huh?”

“Like that, how?”

“About father, you detest him?”

“Not particularly. It matters not.”

He took care not to express a strong irritation. Perhaps it had also failed. Saki’s tone became cautious.

“Umm, hey. Actually, umm. Father also said that he would see you today.”

“Hmmm.....”

He felt pitiful only being able to let out such a voice.

So shameful, indeed. Quite a rebellious brat, aren’t I?

“So.....it’s father, right? Say, if you’re fine with it, how about you join us for a meal after this? Err, just once, alright? I’m asking.....just this once, okay?”

“I will decline.”

“It, it’s a nice shop though. Teppanyaki? Although it’s not so expensive, it’s got some amazing tender meats and —.”

“Didn’t you hear it? I said I refuse.”

He said it in a strong tone. For a moment, Saki went into silence, but before long she appeared to have glossed it over and nodded a few times.

“O, okay.....I thought so. Sorry.”

“Please send the reply.”

“Eh, but I can do that laaater.”

“Right now.”

“Okay.....”

Seiya could not look straight at Saki who was sluggishly operating her smartphone.

He felt terrible aghast. Saki didn't do anything bad, and yet he took on such an attitude.

However, he could not stand it.

In those days before and after retirement, I've been made to suffer by him. Despite this, I requested him for help. But even then, that man did not listen. Being occupied with work and he barely tried to meet up. Even if he was slapped by mother, that man would just say “hey, stop it already” and so forth.

What's wrong now.

So, he wants to pretend he has turned over? And furthermore, making use of Saki. That's right,

making use

of. The guy is going as far as to use this child.

And what about

teppanyaki? Don't you jest. Using the flair of a rich man.

No matter how delicious it is, does it measure up to those croquettes? Latifa's croquettes. That, for sure, is what you call “delicious”. The prided masterpiece of home. Ah, but the croquettes of the shop that Mofle was a regular at were good too. But, teppanyaki? A line of high-class restaurants might be worth a thought. Nothing but yaki soba or hotdogs is much too dull. Do I have to consult with Sento?

Ahh....., even at a time like this nothing but work crosses my mind. I feel disgusted.I mean, what do we do, it's 3 million visitors. It's a problem that make you want to cry.

(.....Huh?)

Then Seiya returned to his senses.

Just, why?

What am I getting angry at now? When I was thinking about the park, I felt stupid to be suddenly immersing myself into a dusky mood until a while ago.

Stupid. It's so stupid.

Formerly, his thoughts of the family issues were of relatively high priority, but nowadays, it is positioned far lower, Seiya realised.

How's father, how's mother.

Do you remember, idiot? Compared to that, it's the park's future.

It's 3 million visitors, you know!? The level where any ordinary guy will have an incontinence of running away!

Also there is a meeting with the cast tomorrow, including those three idiots, about the budget or some plans for a huge row. There's no room for hesitation.

".....Well, sorry!"

Looking up to the ceiling, Seiya said that indifferently.

That attempt was a success.

It turned out too well, so far as leaking out a dry laughter.

Saki stared in wonder.

"Wha, what's the matter with you? You'll actually.....meet with father?"

"Naah, totally don't feel like it!"

"Huh?"

"I'm busy with work anyway! My head's full of work related stuff! Things like that old man is of no consequence!"

For that “of no consequence”, even though the words were the same, the nuance was completely different.

He really meant inconsequential.

Anything’s fine as long as it’s good!

“.....But, well, I’m a nice guy who can be considerate. Convey it to the old man this way. ‘Oh, shut up’.”

Uh huh. This should be enough. I can’t be wasting life.

“Eh? But, I don’t get it!?”

“And so, Saki. Since it’s bothersome, come to the park if you want to see me from next time onwards. It’s weird that I don’t want to introduce them, but they’re my 'comrades'.”

“Comrades.....?”

“Well, you don’t have to meet them. Anyway, can you even drink tea or something in such a shop where it doesn’t even have a scenery?”

The waiter who was just passing by had been looking their way, but Seiya paid him no mind entirely. He placed a 1000-yen bill and a 500-yen coin atop the table and stood straight up.

“Well then, I’m gonna head back. I’ve got one too many documents to clear up.”

“Eh? Come on.....!”

“Today was surprisingly meaningful. Yes, surprisingly. Therefore, I give you my thanks. Ciao!”

“Hey, wai.....! Seiya-kun, you’re sooo meeeeeeaan!”

And with long strides, he left the restaurant.

Saki was grumbling, but Seiya remained unconcerned.

It had all come to an end, and after Kyuubu Saki had settled the bill and left the restaurant, Shiina finally opened her mouth.

“That’s some.....depressing exchange I’ve heard.”

Even Shiina’s way of speaking had an awfully depressing feeling.

“Kanie-senpai has got a sort of elaborately complicated household, huh. Shiina guesses that the girl just now seems like the child from the other parent from the remarriage.....”

“Right..... Come to think of it, she should be his step-sister.”

Isuzu surmised.

Previously when Seiya’s history was investigated, the existence of the girl called Saki was also on the documents. However, to be socialising even now and furthermore that they share such a close relationship had gone unawares.

Isuzu was unsure if to feel relief or disappointment, it was a complicated feeling. Simultaneously, she felt guilty.

Kanie-kun wasn’t doing anything shady. He was just facing his important family matters during a break from work.

Tailing him and listening in, she had come to grips with his important matter.

Moreover, he — in the end, declared that compared to his family matters, the park is more important. Leaving behind the very same words.

Calling us, our no-good hopeless bunch, “comrades”.

“Isuzu-senpai. Are you, perhaps.....crying?”

“No way. Not at all.”

Isuzu really wasn’t crying. Her chest welled up with heat, her face began to feel hot, but it was not to the point of shedding tears.

However —

How about it? If Shiina weren’t around, she might not have understood it for a moment.

The following morning.

Isuzu came to work and met with Seiya ahead of the meeting. It was in the

tawdry office.

As always, in a changeless manner, he went “oh”. Every time he was changing into the manager’s uniform, he was trying to tie his necktie.

“How was yesterday?”

“Mmm?”

“How was that minor business? Were there any problems?”

Contrary to Isuzu’s worry, Seiya didn’t look like he realised anything.

“Oh. Nothing much.”

“I see.”

Seiya was readjusting his necktie many times over in front of the mirror. Isuzu then approached by his side and retightened his necktie.

For a moment, he gasped.

“I think this’ll be fine.”

“O.....ohh.”

Getting a hold of his shoulders, she made a sudden 180° turn and gave him a firm slap on his back.

“Ow!.....What, hey?”

“There we go, let’s do our best today too.”

“.....? Ohh.”

“Come on, look sharp. Seiya-kun.”

His back was pushed towards the conference room. Although Seiya had a questioning thought, he followed through, staggering as he walked along the corridor.

“Sharp? I’m always sharp but..... Or rather, what’s up? Right now, you called me.....”

“Aren’t you gonna be late for the meeting? Seiya-kun.”

“Se.....”

“Is something strange? Sei-ya-kun?”

Seiya hesitated for a moment, but immediately gave a wry smile. And then said so in a pompous tone.

“Oh, hmm. You’re right. Let’s make haste. Moffle and the rest would be annoyingly squealing with complaints.....”

“You don’t say. But, I’ll properly back you up.”

“Right. Counting on you.”

Therefore —

Therefore, let’s do our best together.

I will always be following you. So, whatever happens, I’ll face it alongside you.

So, Seiya-kun.

It’s fine to call you that, right?



[1](#) Cucumber with moromi miso. ↩

[2](#) A german philosopher and author. ↩

[3](#) Moshi Kōkō Yakyū no Joshi Manager ga Drucker no "Management" o Yondara. What If the Manageress of a High School Baseball Team read Drucker's "Management"? It follows high school girl Minami Kawashima who manages her school's baseball team using Peter Drucker's Management: Tasks, Responsibilities, Practices to rally her dispirited teammates. Wiki. ↩

[4](#) A clock that tells time using a regulated flow of liquid. ↩

Chapter 4 – The 5 Head’s Conference (at the yakitori bar “Savage”)

This evening was the monthly “cast leaders’ get-together”.

Cast leaders (CL) are the main personnel of each of the respective 5 areas that form Amaburi.

Moffle was the cast leader of the magic and fairy-tale area, “Sorcerer’s Hill”. To sum up, Macaron, Tiramie, as well as Muse and co. make up the cast of “Sorcerer’s Hill”.

The cast leader has a responsibility to occasionally check on how the cast is working in their area of responsibility, and improving the service and performance. They also possess the right to speak about the contents and human resources of the attraction, as well as advise on managerial policies and so forth towards the acting manager Kanie Seiya (the point is, they can make blatant complaints about Seiya).

For that reason, a cast leader is a very important position in the park with its indispensable standpoint as an intermediary between the on-site and the management teams.

Suppose if Moffle and the other 4 cast leaders conspire to rebel against the management side, the park would be in an immediate stupor.

This evening, the important five “Majestic 5 (self-proclaimed)” have gathered at the yakitori bar “Savage” close to Amagi station!

//part

“Err. Moffu.”

Moffle cleared his throat.

“.....Well then, we will commence our customary get-together fumo. Everyone got your mugs? Well then, cheeeeeerrrrs.”

“Cheeeeeerrss”

“Cheers de gozaru.”

“Pfft.....cheers it is.”

“.....”

With the usual contentedness at the beginning of the get together, they all clicked their mugs.

Moffle gulped down his beer. Recently, he was okay with his first drink being a beer. And in the blink of an eye, he drained the mug and went “puuaaaahh” leaking a breath.

“Takami-chan! Get me a Hoppy^[1] Black fumo!”

“Yup yuuuup!”

From a position that can't be seen in the shop, the barmaid Ms Takami responded. And since Tiramie was not around today, it was thankful that there wasn't a necessity to worry about sexual harassment towards her.

“So then, Moffle-dono. What's the agenda this evening de gozaru?”

Genjurou said that when they started eating and drinking.

Genjurou the dolphin.

One of the 5 areas, the cast leader of “Splash Ocean”.

His appearance was of a dolphin standing upright at 2-heads tall (?). Even on land, he uses his tail fin in place of legs, skilfully toddling in his steps. Two swords hung from his waist, and he had a small sengoku style kabuto helmet atop his head.

That sengoku commander-styled dolphin sat in a well-mannered fashion as he picked up the ika no shiokara.[\[2\]](#)

“Moffu. Not that there is an agenda but..... Well, if anything, it's more of a 'how're things lately?' subject fumo.”

“I see. Affirmative.”

Genjurou said.

“Be that as it may, there is nothing special to talk about. In a fortnight, it would be the opening of our ‘Splash Ocean’s’ pool. The various water attractions finally have the renovations in progress..... Those are great setups and tunings, you know?”

Genjurou’s words were rigid. In his hometown of “Amatsu Yao” of the Land of Magic, the aquatic sprites all talk in this way, but Genjurou, above all, was the type that upholds the etiquette and standards. Based on what was heard before, it seems that he was also from a distinguished family in Amatsu Yao.

“Well, that’s right fumo. Guess after this it’s summer. Though I say that the visitor count over the summer break is dependent on your place, it’s no exaggeration fumo.”

“I am greatly conscious of it de gozaru.”

As per the name, the water attractions are centralised at the “Splash Ocean”. A coaster which plunges into water, a pirate ship adventure play, and a love drama of a beautiful mermaid princess in a Jules Verne^[3] style of retro ocean SF et cetera et cetera.

“Our cast at the ‘Splash Ocean’ together are willing to take on everything this summer. Please do not fear.”

“Oh, yeah. I’m not particularly worried about it, you know?”

“Depending on the visitor count, this Genjurou the dolphin will have Lady Latifa watch as I cut open my belly.”

“No, you don’t have to cut it open.”

“Good heavens. Is the belly of this Genjurou insufficient de gozaru? In that case, all the cast together, until the water in the pool is dyed red.....”

“Moffu, hara-kiri is prohibited fumo! Right now, I’ll just say ‘do your best dude’, okay?”

“My bad, I apologise. This Genjurou was born a thoughtless person. Please forgive me.”

Wa ha ha,

as Genjurou laughed with his appearance bearing a close resemblance to the old-fashioned Satsuma warrior. Knowing this mood, it felt like a light teasing.

Nonetheless, among the members, Genjurou is the most reliable cast leader. He is simply capable. Tightly taking a hold of the reins on his subordinates.

From March until recently when Seiya took the mantle of the acting manager, “Splash Ocean” was an inconspicuous existence. In any case, due to it being the cold season, the water features weren’t popular.

However, last year, the reason the park got to live another day was that the contributions of Genjurou’s area in the summer were also great.

“In that case, you’re in good shape, right fumo? We’re relying on you here on out, Genjurou.”

“Leave it to me, Moffle-dono.”

As Genjurou said that, another person interjected.

“Ehh!? Moffle-kun! When you say that, my area will do our best too, alright!?”

The one who said that was the cast leader of the “Astro World”, one of Amaburi’s areas, “Mirai-kun”.[\[4\]](#)

“Ohh..... Mi-rai-kun-san. That’s natural, I understand fumo.”

“Oh really? Don’t think so, huh? I also quite grasp that you are serious this year though.”

“Thank you fumo.”

He lowered his head, taking care not to be too formal.

“But, hey. After all, we produce good results. I want you to take care at such a matter.”

“Right, I’m sorry fumo. Of course, we’re always relying on Mirai-kun-san’s ability to attract customers.”

Mirai-kun is a senior. Compared to Moffle, he is a cast of longer service.

His outward appearance was that of a globe.

Having a form like a globe with thin limbs, much less 2-heads tall, more towards 1 head.

Furthermore, the map was obsolete, since if you take a closer look at the position of present day Russia, the place was labelled as “Soviet Union”.

Around Siberia and Canada were round and cute eyes, and on the Pacific Ocean was his mouth.

Mirai-kun is the cast leader of one of Amaburi’s areas, “Astro World”. The areas he is in charge of are mainly the cosmos and SF, scientific instruction was its theme.

However, the popularity of Mirai-kun’s “Save the Earth” attraction could not be said to be favourable.

Save the Earth .

First of all, this “Save the Earth^[5]” was a pun. This attraction promptly incorporated environmental issues during the bubble period, it has content which composes that the Earth’s nature is on the verge of a crisis.

The theme is eco. Ecology.

In order to appeal to the customers, state-of-the-art visual and acoustic technology was mobilised. Hence, the good results.

However, it was too much of a sermon. If it were a case of whether it is something children are able to enjoy, then it certainly is a different topic. Moreover, since they practically have not done any renovations, it appeared quite clichéd and stale.

Furthermore, it can be said that Mirai-kun's disposition is also a little like that.

"Moffle-kun. Do you really understand, I wonder. Haven't you been cold to me these days?"

"Moffu. No way, such a....."

"Do you comprehend the importance of my attraction? The Earth is suffering, you know? We have to bring it to the attention of even more customers."

"Yes. I believe it's reasonable fumo."

"Aren't I? You know what I am? What I symbolise?"

That again, huh?

While thinking so, Moffle firmly put up with it and gave the template

response.

“Moffu. The Earth.”

“Right. I am the Earth. I’m Gaia. I imagine you’re too disastrous. You should be more friendly to the Earth. Shouldn’t you?”

Although he says that, Mirai-kun’s attraction competes for the top spot for utility cost within the park. The obsolete lighting equipment and aged air-conditioning being the cause. With wasting that much electricity, eco be damned, were there any.

“Yes. It really is enlightening fumo.”

“Yup, yup. I’ve expectations from you, as well as Kanie-kun, yeah?”

“Thank you very much fumo.”

You senile old shit. Go to hell fumo.

What the hell is Gaia. How about you whisper to me? (Meaning unclear)

Go choke on a gamma burst fumo!

“Oh, Moffle-kun, do you consider me annoying now?”

“What, don’t be absurd fumo.”

“Hmm. Well, whatever then. But let’s do more about the global environment.”

“Yes. I believe so too fumo.”

At that time, Takami had only just come to deliver the Hoppy and yakitori platter. Moffle politely gave his thanks and made additional orders from the menu while at it.

And then —.

“Give me a Bourbon. One of the fine tastes.....”

And ordering with astringency was Jack Randy who serves as the cast leader of “Wild Valley”, one of Amaburi’s areas.

Jack Randy.

A name that resembles that of a somewhat pro baseball second, but a respectable cast of Amaburi. His appearance was that of a 40-ish unshaven middle-aged man, with a fedora over his dress shirt, and a revolver shined from his waist.

His appearance is completely human. Drawing a line between him and the fluffy mascots like Moffle and the rest.

He — Jack Randy was the only main character of the “Tomb Ranger”, the Wild

Valley's attraction.

"Tomb Ranger" is by nature, a movie production of an expedition of an unexplored area adventure.

As the name suggests Wild Valley is a wilderness type of area. A savanna and jungle style programme. The popular attraction where rampant dinosaurs once rampaged the Earth, "Planet Dinosaur" is also here (by the way, the sales department chief Triken was also originally one of its cast. Even now, he would occasionally perform there if time permits. But he usually leaves it to the character costume).

Jack Randy, currently serving as cast leader, was also an old-timer, but since the time he came to the park was not much different from Moffle, he did not have the awkwardness like Mirai-kun.

Randy was a guy that really got into the role.

So, as always, like a character in an original movie (but Moffle hadn't seen it), puffing his cigar with a cool expression. Moreover, that was to comparatively accustom to his work.

Was he a surface person or a resident of the Land of Magic, that which even Moffle and the rest do not know. He hails from a place that they've never heard of. Nonetheless, he hadn't aged since long ago, so he probably wasn't a surface person.

There are lots of fairies of the same appearance as the surface people. Like Isuzu or Latifa for example.

On receiving Randy's order, Takami gave a bitter smile.

"Umm, I'm sorry. We are a yakitori bar. We don't serve Bourbon or such....."

"Hm.....then, I'll have a single malt. Pete's rough."

"That too."

"Whoa, that's troubling. In that case, what do you have for me to drink, missy?"

"Then how about something like an Umeshu sour?"

"That's fine. Make it a double."

"Okay. Thank you very muuuuuch."

Takami drew back as she turned her head.

"Ranny. How're things lately fumo?"

"Nothing in particular here. The usual daily adventure."

The usual motion.

“Did Seiya complain that the renovation plan didn’t turn up fumo?”

“The valley is relatively new. And since the popularity is stable, everyone is reluctant to change it.”

Despite the theme of the area being adventure, the cast there has a dislike for adventure. They’re strangely conservative.

“Moffu. Even so, as the others are doing their best, the attractiveness is falling relatively fumo. It’s about time to take it into serious consideration.”

“Hmph. Yeah, I know.....”

“Do you, now fumo? Well, fine but.....”

“I’m a resilient man in times of predicament.”

And most unexpectedly, when the park was in quite a pinch, the one who called in sick was none other than Randy.

“Moffu.....”

“That aside, how’s the old chap doing? The usual gloomy face?”

Randy, called out to Codain, the cast leader of “Etcet Land”.

Codain’s appearance was that of an earthen figure.

A clay figure.

That textbook-riding clay figure. Two large elliptical eyes. A narrow waist, short limbs, lightly floating in the air kind of appearance —.

As for the barrage style shooting game, large amounts of bullets would be sprayed or a thick beam would be fired.

“.....”

Codain didn't move. Just suspending in silence.

He's a very taciturn guy. Or more like Moffle had never heard this guy speak.

“Codain. How're things recently fumo?”

“.....”

Codain did not reply. Instead, the circular panel located at its abdomen reflected some sort of blue cosmic characters.

“I'm not so sure, but there seem to be nothing particularly problematic, huh fumo.”

“.....”

“M, moffu. I think it will be difficult, Etcet Land's concept is ambiguous

anyway. Come and consult if there's anything."

"....."

Again, blue cosmic characters were displayed on his abdominal panel.

As per the name Etcet Land^[6], it's a place that houses themes of attractions and casts which do not fit in with the other 4 areas. It was mostly experimental projects and shops; the change was extreme. A series of limited-time attractions are booths from other enterprises were also placed there.

"How was Nyason's store lately fumo?"

"....."

Codain did not reply. He simply stood there quietly.

"Moffu. Let's see.....I've been wondering since before, but why are you a cast leader fumo?"

"....."

Codain was silent. Just floating.

"Soooo....."

“.....”

Getting real tired of this. So just this once, since Etcet Land is turning out to be without issues, I shall drop my concerns.

“Now, now, Moffle-dono. Leave it as it is de gozaru.”

Said Genjurou the dolphin hoisting his mug.

“This evening is only a get-together. Isn't it considerate to keep work discussions in moderation?”

“Moffu. Well, you're right fumo.”

“Come, come now, let's drink, eat! Not only does it certainly revitalise the spirit, but also leading to the future of the park de gozaru!”

“Right. Drink, drink fumo.”

“Yeah, for the sake of the Earth too!”

“Hmph. A toast to the days of adventuring..... I mean, the umeshu sour isn't here yet?”

“.....”

Thereafter, the quintet slovenly chatted from beginning to the end. Baseball,

soccer, and then a performer's scandal. And this and that about politics.

After that, they moved to the topic of Seiya's management ability. It appeared popular in general, but Mirai-kun still didn't seem comfortable with discussing about Seiya. Well, that can't be helped. You can find molecules of dissatisfaction anywhere.

The good mood they were in came to a close.

The splitting of the bill was customary, but since Codain was only floating around, he was excluded. It was divided four ways.

They shambled their way to the station and dispersed.

It's like this every month.

(But I haven't had enough drinks.....)

Moffle tried to message the two he always hangs out with. Unfortunately, Macaron had already returned to the dormitory and crashed, and Tiramie could not be contacted.

(Moffu. Maybe I should give up today.....)

Somehow, he grew drowsy. Alright, heading back.

Humming a tune in his spell of intoxication, Moffle headed home on the

streets of the afterhours.

祝

4巻発売!です!

次回から新アトラクション
「バニーハント」登場! (かも)
おたのしみ!

2014.06
なまじまゆか

び、微かながら
がんばります...

いえ、どなた
予定は...

...本当なの?
アーン...



- 1** A beer-flavored almost non-alcoholic drink (0.8% alcohol) that Kokuka Beverage Company began producing and selling in Japan in 1948. ↩
- 2** Made of marine animals. Small pieces of meat in a brown viscous paste of the animal's heavily salted, fermented viscera. ↩
- 3** French novelist, poet, and playwright best known for his adventure novels and his profound influence on the literary genre of science fiction. ↩
- 4** Future ↩
- 5** セーブ・ジ・アース - Seebu ji aasu. A little different from the one before, セーブ・ザ・アース - Seebu za aasu. ↩
- 6** Say, Et cetera. ↩