



Arian Rose  
アリアンローズ

遠野九重

Tohno Konoe

イラスト  
みくに絃真  
Mikuni Kohma

張り合わずに  
おとなしく

人形を  
作ることになりました。

2

って、

留学中は

攻略対象と同居!?  
偏屈な錬金術師

原作回避でいよいよ留学!  
これで乙女ゲーム舞台から  
外れたはず…!



アリコレフェア開催中!  
オリジナル図書カード合計1,200名様抽選プレゼント!

詳しくは帯折り返しをチェック!

# **I Decided to Not Compete and Quietly Create Dolls Instead**

**-Hariawazu ni otonashiku ningyo o tsukuru koto ni shimashita-**

**- Volume 2 -  
10 years old, Summer (1)**

**-Author-  
Tohno Konoe**

**-Artist-  
Mikuni Kohma**

**[ Lynfamily | KitaKami Ooi | Watashi wa Sugoi Desu ]**

**アスア**  
アルティリアを愛してやまない異世界の神。

**アスクラスア**  
アルティリアの未来を阻む神。アスアとは相対する存在。

**ロムズ・ルケミア**  
レレオル王の異母兄。フィルカとは幼い頃からの友人。

**彷徨える伯爵**  
(クリストフ・デュジエンヌ)  
「ルーンナイトコンチェルト」の攻略対象の一人。アルティリアの騎士を自称している。

**マレーネ・オルウイ**  
オルウイ公爵令嬢。見た目は原作のアルティリア似だが、中身はまったくの別人。

**「ルーンナイトコンチェルト」**  
中世風ファンタジー世界の乙女ゲーム。魔法学院が舞台となっている。

**レレオル・ルケミア**  
アルティリアと同じ年の、ルケミアの少年王。

**フィルカ・ルイワス**  
「ルーンナイトコンチェルト」の攻略対象の一人。ルケミアにて天才錬金術師とうたわれている。

**アルティリア・ウイズプ**  
転生先の乙女ゲーム「ルーンナイトコンチェルト」の世界で、原作回避に奮闘中。人形魔法に特化しており、通称「人形姫」と呼ばれている。12歳になり、いよいよ錬金国家ルケミアに留学することに。



# 登場人物紹介

# Chapter 16

The me from two years ago was too distracted.

Even though I had the complete knowledge of the original story, but it was of no use.

Elstat has changed to a spirited noble youth thanks to Father.

I was an idiot to avoid him thinking that he was a boy who couldn't forget his dream.

The Earl raised a white flag after mistaking me for someone else.

Even though I asked the mole doll-kun to dig an underground labyrinth as a precaution for a head on battle.

However,

The current ten year old me is different.

Fufufu.

Having just come to The Alchemy Kingdom Malgaroid, I definitely won't sigh while lamenting [Memories of my previous life have become totally useless].

However, Malgaroid is in fact the hometown for one of the capture target, the genius alchemist \*Phillka Louivas.

The 18 years old him, isn't in the empire yet. He is still at his home.

Moreover, the Louivas house is a distant branch descended from the Wisp house, and it was decided that I am going to be staying there.

In other words, we would seeing each other often no matter what...

— Feel free to fully use your knowledge of the original story!

I felt like hearing that voice from heaven.



[It really is a great to have such a reliable assistant. Thanks to \*\*Imouto-dono, my research is progressing well.] **Guess who :p** (K: Imouto = little sister. More info in the notes below.)

Phillka-san has just returned to the workshop after finishing his lecture at the Royal Medicine Academy.

Phillka-san is a very close friend of \*\*\*Taurus-nisama because of that he also started to call me as Imouto-dono.

[Twenty Green potions, all are of good quality. With this I can probably start the experiment.] **Phillka**

Phillka-san is said to be grumpy and eccentric and that he would not let anyone enter his workshop.

Including Taurus-nisama.

However, the reason I'm allowed to intrude here is because I'm something like a disciple.

[It's way too hot outside.] **Phillka**

His expressions are hard to read as usual, but seems like he is in a good mood.

[I would have been dehydrated, if it wasn't for the water spirit pendant you gave me.] **Phillka**

Being able to tell a joke like this which wasn't his forte, seems like a good change. Or so I feel lately.

[At this rate, how about you just move to my country? If you need someone to look after you, just let my house take care of it. The empire is too cramped for Imouto-dono, isn't it?] **Phillka**

I'm sure this is just flattery used to foster me up, but still things like this makes me happy.

I'm flattered. Let's do my best.



The setting of Phillka Louivas in the game was 《A 23 years old special lecturer of the empire's magic academy. A genius alchemist from Malgaroid kingdom whose clever eyes that seem to see through anything that grabbed hold a lot of hearts of the female students.》

His route was him giving advice to the original heroine often from his experience on the up and downs of life.

From the bearing of the so called "adult".

It would've been great to be able to switch to Phillka-san's route was what was usually said on a certain bulletin board.

But then the 《Rune Knight Concert》 didn't end there. The love route of Phillka laid a ridiculous bomb.

At first it was okay.

Seeing his clumsy approach as someone who has never been in love and lose his composure while doing a major confession would probably make you grin ear to ear.

But that way is even more dangerous.

He got the \*\*\*\*Deredere illness.

To the point of burning with jealousy at the heroine who only just greeted other boys. It was still fine until he asked to quit the academy and get married.

If the answer is, yes then it's a happy ending.

If the answer's no?

Then it's impetuous abduction and confinement.

What happens after that is a heart breaking horror story just because of a wrong choice.

If you knew this you would definitely try to stay away from Phillka.

No matter how much of an alchemist genius he is, there is no way you would want to get close.

I didn't do so because there is a route that ends as being friends. The heroine who received advice from Phillka became a great alchemist who had her name listed in history aka Another End.

It isn't like I really want to master alchemy but the theme of his research is significantly related to the field of my doll magic.

If I can learn about it then I would definitely do it.

And so, I am acting in the direction that results in Another End.

The important thing is to make sure that I don't trigger a love flag.

The solitary genius Phillka wanted a person who would pamper him from the bottom of his heart.

If I were to show something like maternal love or tolerance then I'm out.

Lightly and smilingly exchange a few words, and meticulously doing my best with alchemy.

Also carefully keeping a distance.

It was also helpful that we used to be of the same house and he is my brother's best friend.

I quickly became Phillka-san's assistant.

The people of the academy seems to have been taken aback.

After all, Phillka-san never hired a maid or set up a booth because of extreme dislike of people is a well-established fact.

— Are you dating Phillka Louivas?

It's not once or twice that I'd been asked that.

No, no, no way, no way. Unbelievable.

I absolutely don't have such thoughts.

What's more I'm only ten years old.

An 18 years old probably couldn't care less about me.

Even if he were to lose control and confess to me, I'd already decided a nice refusal line "I think of myself as a younger sister to you. I have never thought of you as a man."



...The me at that time was as if I had a flower garden in my head.

It was probably due to the incident of Elstat and The Earl being smoothly resolved.

Because of that, I was mistaken.

That the capture targets weren't that scary.

I was stupid.

That there was no reason the story of the 15 years old heroine and 23 years old Phillka, would also apply to the 10 years old me and the 18 years old Phillka.

Incidentally, I had unconsciously applied the common sense of marriage and love from my previous life to this world.

[Ojou-sama should probably pay more attention to the feelings of the people around

you a bit more.]*Kajero*

Perhaps, Kajero noticed the sense of crisis much earlier than me.

Also, Cactus-kun probably did too.

After all, he was picking me with his thorns as if he was trying to tell me something.

Think carefully again, this might be what he wanted to say.

# Chapter 17

I've heard about Imouto-dono from Taurus relentlessly.

The beauty of humans all arrive to one point, and my research is about 'The Creation of Perfect Life' is to be brought to realization. This was probably thought as an overestimation by my family and the topic was always dropped halfway, whenever I brought it up.

[Nice to meet you, I am called Altirea Wisp.] *Alty*

The girl who came from the East Empire was exactly the one Taurus only praised about.

Her hair shined as if it was gold in it, and skin so white that makes you doubt if she really was born from the womb like others.

Or so I say but she isn't to the point of being incomparably beautiful among the neighboring young ladies.

Should be among the more beautiful ones, I'd say.

By the way, the top of the most beautiful is the woman knight drawn in a certain painting.

However, regarding spiritual and reality there is a clear line.

[The reason I've come here is to learn alchemy.] *Alty*

Her eyes shone with a strong determination as if they are made out of jewelry.

The me who thought "She is just a child who tagged along with her father to play." was completely taken surprised when I heard that.

[I want to broaden my knowledge other than my doll magic. Also, I think Phillka-sama will also receive benefits by teaching me.] *Alty*

[What do you mean?] *Phillka*

At the moment we were on the second floor of our mansion in the royal capital.  
The mild sunlight makes the corridor shine.

[All of my doll move on their own free will. They will surely be helpful if you want to create life. — Please look over there.] *Alty*

Looking over at where she was pointing at, my eyes widen with surprise from what I saw.

There are over twenty fluffy dogs, tanukis(racoons) , and other creatures in my house. The garden looks like an ‘animal village’ in the fairy tales. They were always tottering here and there under the shade of the tree when sunlight was hot.

But today was different.  
They are doing something they’ve never done before.

Swoosh, swoosh.  
The sound of footsteps  
There was no disorder.

Across the garden, they weren’t disorganized and were in orderly ranks.  
From bears to rabbits, big and small animals are marching while keeping their pace.

What, is this.  
It’s as if I’ve entered a fairy tale.

Two dogs were leading in front. There were also dolls who were riding on their backs.  
On the left was a knight who was holding a bright red sword.  
On the right was black robed gentleman.

Before long the march was divided into two.  
The knight side and the gentleman side passed by each other at a distance that looked like almost bumped into each other.

At that moment, the gentleman turned and glanced towards this way.

— It is magnificent isn’t it?

I felt like I'd heard that voice.

[What is this...]*Alty*

The one who muttered in disbelief was actually the owner of the dolls, Altirea.

[Hm, didn't you order them to do this?]*Phillka*

[I just told them to get along with the animals and surprise Phillks-sama though...]  
*Alty*

[Not to march like an army to the residence.] *Alty*

The animals at my house are only tamed by me and my mother.

It's surprising enough that they were tamed but to think they would listen to the dolls.

[To draw the attention of the owner by violating the order. Aah, Imouto-dono has such good servants.] *Phillka*

While speaking with the bearings of a genius, I actually was desperately suppressing the urge to shout out loud.

Magic dolls are only able to follow simple orders from their owners. They can't think nor move by their own will.

This is no longer in the same league of doll magic.

Imouto-dono might have unconsciously touched one of the mysteries of alchemy, the creation of life.

The other day, I recall Solute-dono did ask for my opinion on Imouto-dono's magic.

Agreed. The empire which would crush talented individuals to keep the peace would never have someone to measure this power.

[...About teaching you alchemy, would you let me think about it ?]*Phillka*

Me putting on airs again, what a bad habit of mine.

Actually, I really want to take her in as disciple.

I was always alone ever since I was born.

Due to my unbeatable talent in alchemy, my relations with family fell apart and I ended up unable talk with other people.

The ones around me are only animals, weirdos, and those woman who are aiming for the position of 'the genius alchemist wife'.

I would surely live my life alone and die alone.  
I'd already decided that.

But I've finally found another genius.

One who is the same as me.

...I was so happy that I couldn't help but to boast about it to my pen pal.



At the beginning, it was pure joy.

Nevertheless, I wonder when that changed.

The gentleman doll seems to be called Kajero.

He came here as he was worried about her.

(Ojou-sama, this is a book about the story of the earlier Phillka-sama that was found alongside the old book store in the outskirts of the royal capital.) *Kajero*

(Thank you, Kajero.... Phillka-san, have you ever bought it to read?) *Alty*

I might have to make a deal with the doll or so I was told through telepathy.

(Umu, I also want to get my hands on one if possible.) *Phillka*

(I predicted you would say that. It has already been arranged. It would be delivered to the workshop by tomorrow.) *Kajero*

(As expected of Kajero. By the way, that frayed spot on your sleeves, what happened?)  
*Alty*

(I was dragged into a fight of a stray dog and a girl.) *Kajero*

(Come here for a bit. I'll fix it for you.) *Alty*

Between Imouto-dono and Kajero or the other dolls, the inseparable relationship they share seems to exceed even that of a master-servant relationship.

I'm really envious.

There was also my family, although it has been helplessly broken apart, it did exist.

I'm really envious, terribly envious—or so I thought.

...I too, want to become a doll.

I want to only think of you, to become the only one for you, to be praised by you.

I want bonds.

Lock you in some narrow place somewhere, so that we could only see each other, and melt there together forever.

What a disgusting and selfish feeling.

It really makes me want to bang my head on the ground and smash my brain out.

I took a few deep breath to hold down that urge.



[I didn't think that you would be able to create a golem on the first month.]*Phillk*

[It's because Phillka-san is good at teaching.]*Alty*

It was after returning from the Louivas residence from the workshop.

It was already late into the night.

[Then, good night.] *Alty*

Altirea turned her back and walked away.

Really makes me want to grab her small shoulders and drag her into my room.

(...Please have a good night. Phillka-sama.) *Kajero*

As I was thinking that, Kajero gazed at me and it was so sharp as if penetrating me.

Kajero was standing behind me and also looking at Alty's back.

As if a loyal subject protecting the princess.

No, it was exactly that.

(Aah, good night. Also, thank you.) *Phillka*

Thanks to you, I have refrained myself from committing mistakes again today.

# Chapter 18

Phillka-san has a younger sister.

It wasn't shown in the game but I remembered it because it was a hot topic on the WEB radio program.

The voice actor and scenario writer who went as guests got carried away and leaked out all kinds of settings.

For example–

A girl with an awe-inspiring manly appearance which can be mistaken for a handsome boy.

She was probably even more of an \*ikemen than her big brother Phillka, *(TL: ikemen=handsome man)*.

Having been taught the two-handed sword and spear school by a mysterious elder living outside the royal capital, she was already at the expert level at the age of 14.

In order to deliver the elder's, her master's, remains back to his family, she took her talking falcon and crossed the ocean. That was when she was 15 years old.

Although she came back to the Louivas house at 17 years old, she then quickly went on a warrior's training journey.

Since she isn't supposed to appear in the story, she can do everything recklessly. That's why I was really looking forward to it when I found out that I was going to be staying in the Louivas house.

[If you're talking about my sister then she already went somewhere. It's already been two years.] *(Phillka)*

I tried asking whether he had a little sister after looking after the fire into the alchemy furnace in the workshop while waiting for the white potion to cool down.

Phillka-san who talked with his eyes down looked as if he was lamenting about something.

Wanting to cheer him up, I said:

[It's okay. She will definitely come back.] (*Alty*)

As expected I couldn't say [She'll be back shortly].

[Fumu, Hearing this from the demon eyed doll princess, it will definitely be true.] (*Phillka*)

[...What's with that?] (*Alty*)

[The merchants who came from the empire told me about it. It seemed like imouto-dono predicted Mr. Talbot's death or something like that.] (*Phillka*)

Ee-to.

The name Talbot does ring a bell...

Aah! At the party when the earl appeared two years ago!

I told him that he would die if he didn't pay attention to his health though... Just how did such a thing happen, I wonder.

[It's mostly just exaggeration you know.] (*Alty*)

Phillka-san smirked... He seems to be making fun of me.

[Is it just rebuking him for eating too much?] (*Phillka*)

[Yes. He seemed to like Karaage very much.] (*Alty*)

[I heard it is very delicious. There are even people who rode the ship to the empire just to eat it. I also want to try it once.] (*Phillka*)

[Shall we try making it?] (*Alty*)

[Hou- Imouto-dono is also interested in cooking. What a surprise. I heard that Karaage's recipe is not told to outsider though...] (*Phillka*)

[Well, I was the one who taught the guys at the 'Hatoba Inn'.] (*Alty*)

[Wha-] (*Phillka*)

Phillka-san was thunderstruck.

His glasses fell off to the ground due to that.

It's because the balance of the lens and frame is bad. It still needs improvement.

[No, this is possible as imouto-dono was the one who created such a wonderful tool. It's as expected.] (*Phillka*)

Perhaps because of always reading books in dark places, Phillka-san had become nearsighted.

Though the people of this world knew about using lens to make things seem bigger, it seems like the idea to further use it to correct vision irregularities haven't been discovered yet.

I told that to Phillka-san. As expected of the genius alchemist, he developed glasses in no time.

However, Phillka-san was supposed to develop eyeglasses when he is twenty years old in the original story. I do feel a little guilty for stealing his discovery.



I would also like to invite Phillka-san's parents who I have been troubling to dinner together, so I tried asking whether meat dishes was okay.

But his father was too busy with work that we can't even meet.

Saying that we should go home first.

As for his mother, she said she wasn't feeling well and has withdrawn to her room.

Phillka-san also said something like 'This is a critical point.' and went away since early in the morning and was supposed to come back late at night.

I guess karaage is going to be put off for a while.

Was what I thought at that point.

That's when I heard that Phillka-san's sister was coming back.

The source of the information was the staff in the mansion. It seems like Phillka-san and his parents had already known about it.

I am feeling a little uncomfortable.

It's hard to put it into words but this atmosphere is not the feeling of welcoming her back after two years.

It's almost as if they are avoiding it all together.

Just what is going on?

# Chapter 19

Returning from the workshop, leaving cactus-kun and saying good night...

No way!!

Today It's not going to be my routine.  
What are you talking about?

I'm not much of an understanding others type of person.

If you really want something, all you have to do is to repeat the task till you achieve it.

Although it might not be good to stay up late as I am ten years old, we'll overlook it for once.



Even though the sun had already set, summer in Malgaroid is very hot.

If you open the window, the hot air would suffocate you.

I'm glad that I made the water pendant the other week, because of that I can more or less bear it.

The sky looked as if a bottle of milk has been spilled on it.

The night sky was filled with so many stars, that it seemed as if they would come crashing down.

What had been called as The Milky Way in my previous life, is known as "The Flames of the Sky" here in Malgaroid.

According to the legends, it was said that the surface was once ruled by the gods living

in heaven.

They were incredibly cruel. They sometimes even killed humans just to pass time.

Unable to bear with the oppression, they sought help from a sage.

“Please save us from this hell”.

Answering to their plead, the sage fired an Arrow of Light to destroy the heavens.

The traces of the flame are exactly The Flames of The Sky.

By the way,

The sage killed all the gods without leaving a single one, and it seems like their remains have become the source of magic and alchemy.

My doll magic might be too much of a power for a single human, but it's not like I didn't know that my power once belonged to a god.

The things I could do with it are a lot and has been growing even more ever since I started to learn alchemy.

I wonder what would I find at the end of its road.

...With no connection between the future of the Wisp house with myself, I am really curious about it.

Let's give my best today too.

When I jump outside, the wind cushions my fall.

There is no sound even upon landing. Thank you, wind spirit.

I borrowed a section of the backyard that was covered by bushes as my “practice area”.

You can see the result of the practice as the land is gouged a little or that the branches of the trees are twisted in odd angles.

I draw a magic square with a wand that was crafted from oak wood.

This is actually the most primitive alchemy furnace.

This is what alchemy really is.

Like producing orichalcum from scrap iron.

Or creating miracle drugs from muddy water.

In other words, it is to completely transmute the existence of things.

If it's human... I guess they'll perhaps get everlasting life.

(Ojou-sama, here.) *Kajero*

The thing which Kajero handed me was a rusted copper sword. Putting it into the furnace then smear it with dirt.

This is one of the basic practices.

Refining the sword with dirt would remove the rust.

When it starts to shine, let it go back to being rusty. Repeat it like this again and again.

At first 'a reverse process' took almost two hours, but now it has shortened to only one hour.

During the process, the sword would probably crack into pieces. Because if the refining is not done properly then it will shorten the lifespan of the object.

The next step required is not only speed but also keen senses.

The goal is to have the sword go through ten 'reverse process' per day.

This sword has gone through 19 reverse process till now.

Just one more reverse process and it would be done.

Concentrate, concentrate.

Yoshi,

For the first half.

It's cleaner than the new ones sold in shops.

Next, let's degrade it.

...n?



(3<sup>rd</sup> person POV)

The first one who noticed was the knight doll Walf.

(There is something there.) *Walf*

Glancing at Kajero, it seemed as he understood. Then they nodded.

(That side attack, the other side defend.) *Kajero*

Something has broken into the garden of the Louivas mansion.

They completely hid their presence and killing intent so that they don't notice anything.

Kajero was standing as if he is protecting a princess while also ordering the animals in the garden to get into a formation.

Walf kicked the ground and jump out with the speed of a bullet.

There was someone looking at the princess in the shade a little distance away.

There were no evil intentions.

Although, they were just looking here.

(Peeping is no good.) *Walf*

Walf didn't carry his sword. He would definitely thrash them down if they were bad guys.

The situation this time is pretty sensitive so he just went with a body ramming attack.

Though it was with filled with vigorous speed and power-

[Otto!] *A certain peeping tom*

The opponent hugged Walf to restrain him while magically scattering away the impact of the attack.

[Such a cute knight-sama, sorry. It's not like I want to do anything to your \*goshujin-sama.] *Peeping tom*

The guy had a smiling face as if a toast covered with honey.



[\*I am Feria, Phillka Louivas' sister. Don't mind this way of talking and my clothes. I have been traveling lately, so I dressed as a man in order avoid various kinds of troubles you see.] *Peeping tom= Feria*

*(TL: Uhem, here she used 'Boku' which also means I but in a manly way, and also her speech is very boy-like that's why she said not to mind it so as to not confuse her as a boy.)*

A black haired young swordsman gave her name in a sweet voice.

She is pretty good at making a gender-neutral expression, so she probably got hit on by many girls.

This might just be me but, somehow, I sympathize with her.

I was also confessed to by the same sex only in my previous life...

[At first, I was planning to show myself tomorrow morning, you see. I heard a sound in the backyard when I got close. Just that when I decided to look, my sight got stolen by a beautiful princess.] *Feria*

What a cheesy line.

If she was a boy then perhaps I would have punched her.

I'll forgive her since she's a girl. Moreover, I remembered that I used to talk like this in high school, too.

[You were practicing alchemy just now, right? You're pretty amazing, working so hard even this late into the night. Aren't you Phillka- niisama's disciple?] *Feria*

[Yes, Phillka-san is really kind to me.] *Alty*

[Heee-, that brother of mine can also let someone come close to him, huh. There really are such strange things in this world. Perhaps, are you his lover?] *Feria*

How did it come to this again...

I am ten years old, not an age to be suspected of being in a relationship with an eighteen years old, Phillka-san you know.

# Chapter 20

[To think that brother of mine would let someone get close to him. There really are strange things in this world huh. Are you perhaps his lover?] *Feria*

At first, I could only scratch my neck at Feria-san's remark.

Even the people at the academy were the same. Why do people always think like that? [You're wrong. Moreover, isn't it impossible between the 10 years old me and 18 years old Phillka-san?] *Alty*

[\*Fumu, this might be, because of the difference in culture.

As I have traveled to various countries, the people here in Malgaroid mature extremely fast you see.

There are even cases of getting married at eight, so it isn't unusual for them to think of you as a couple. ] *Feria*  
Add 11 to 18 equals 29.

I thought their mother looked very young, but to think that she isn't even 30. [Anyway, I can see that you don't think that way.

But... I don't know about my brother though.] *Feria*

[I-it's okay, I... think.] *Alty*

I should have gone in a scenario of the Another End in the original game.

[If you were to become my sister-in-law, un~ such a lovely doll-like girl, I'll give you a big welcome, and a seriously hard working one at that. Would you like to be my bride?] *Feria*

[That is an attractive proposal, but aren't you a girl, Feria-san?

That ear piercing, it's beautiful and elegant.] *Alty*

[Hee- you noticed, huh.

It's such a small piercing that no one has noticed and said anything about it.] *Feria*

Feria-san's voice has noticeably gotten a degree higher than before  
To have someone who understand a modest girl's appeal, is a happy thing.

I was also like that in my previous life.

Uumu,

As expected, I feel familiar with Feria-san. After all, I was also a prince-sama like character in high school.

I want to get along with her.

Yoshi,

[Feria-san, are you free tomorrow?] *Alty*

[Yes, I'm planning on staying here for a while.] *Feria*

[Then will you show me around the capital?

Actually, I have never done any sightseeing here in Malgaroid, you see.] *Alty*

[That means you haven't seen the "Res fountain gate" or the "Star cup plaza" yet?

What a waste, you ought to have visit them.

I'm okay with that, but what about the academy?] *Feria*

[It's going to be fine. Actually, Phillka-san is supposed to leave the capital for a while.] *Alty*

He said something about an Alchemist Association meeting or the like.

Last month he boasted about neglecting it though I wonder when he changed his mind.

[I can't go to the academy alone anyway. Just at the right moment when I don't know how to spend my time.] *Alty*

[I see. Then please let me escort you tomorrow, I guess.] *Feria*

And just like that me and Feria-san will be going on a date.

[Now then, I better not oversleep tomorrow. It's getting late so, I'll be excusing myself.] *Feria*

[Are you not going into the mansion?] *Alty*

[I'm someone who has ran away from home, you see. It's not going to look good if I just suddenly pop out and return like nothing happened. I'm going to make up with them when father and Onii-sama are present together.] *Feria*

See you, and Feria-san refreshingly left.

I thought while I was waving my hand.

The Father stayed at court and didn't come home, the Mother stayed in her room not showing herself.

Moreover, the brother left the capital with the excuse of a meeting that he didn't plan to attend.

The whole family is definitely avoiding Feria-san.

It doesn't seem like she has a problem in terms of character but I wonder why?

The daughter who ran away came back home, I thought whether it was okay to not have anyone welcome her but-

More like,

Not just towards Feria-san alone, it seems like those of the Louivas house are keeping away from each other.

It has been a while since I've come to live here, but I haven't once seen the whole family

having dinner together. I have never seen them where more than two people face each other. This is too unnatural.

I wonder why I haven't noticed this until now.

I've have been slacking and didn't pay attention to my surroundings.

I should have been slightly better, than the me that just regained my memories.

Like ending the confrontation with the earl or me going to study abroad in Malgaroid.

While my good luck continued with my future safe, I really got more stupid.

...I wonder if the dolls had been burdened with lots of hardships and worries.

# Chapter 21

[-Yaa, Am I late?] Feria

The next day, me and Feria-san met each other at the clock tower of the royal capital, \*Malgarest.

[No, I just got here.] Alty

[That's great. What a cute one piece! That ribbon on the back makes you look like a fairy.] Feria

Feria who said that was wearing the same traveling clothes as yesterday.

But if you were to look carefully, there are some parts that are different like-

[You are wearing a red scarf today. It looks good on you.] Alty

[Thank you. It's a date with a lovely princess after all, I tried putting it on to get me psyched up.] Feria

Feria-san had such a smile which made the girls who were walking on the street can't help but turn to look at her until they were out of sight.

[Well, then. Shall we go, Altirea-san?] Feria

[Please, just Alty is fine. All my close friends call me that.] Alty

[No, to not use honorifics towards a lady who isn't even an acquaintance, even if towards a younger party, is...] Feria

[Isn't it just fine? We are both girls, right?] Alty

A casual phrase came out of my mouth.

However, it seems like it has a bigger meaning to Feria-san as she blinked her eyes in surprise and looked as if she was perplexed about something.

Finally,  
[Aah, that's right, now that you mention it.] Feria

She mumbled happily.



I have mentioned it before. That I was also an \*Ouji-sama character in my high school days. Being admired by the girls around me in their shrill voice was so pleasant that I wasn't able to stop acting like one even at graduation.

On the other hand, I also wanted to be looked at as a girl.

It was a difficult personality but it seems like Feria-san is of the same kind.

That is why I wanted to do something that I myself would find happy at that time to her.

[Wear this? Not you, but me?] Feria

The first place we visit is not the sightseeing spot "Res fountain gate" but a cloth store. The wide interior of the store was lined with dresses and hats, and elegantly dressed ladies can be seen from time to time.

[Since you've already in the royal capital, you no longer have to dress like a boy, right?]

Alty

[That is right, but...] Feria

Feria-san might be saying that, but her eyes betrayed her. They were glued to the tunic and skirt that I brought out.

[It's because I've been wearing this type of clothes for years already that I just don't feel familiar wearing girly clothes.] Feria

[No way, that's not true. Feria-san, I'm sure it'll look good on you since you are so beautiful, or... is it that you don't like it?] Alty

I tried begging with an upward glance.

I do feel too much of a \*burikko, but to achieve my purpose, I won't back off.  
[It's only this time, okay. Only this once.] *Alty*

Anyway, I should keep insistently pushing her.  
Since she wouldn't be able to refuse unless her heart really disliked it.

My old self was also like that.  
[Haa.]

Feria-san sighs as if she had given up.

[ OK. But please don't laugh at me later.] *Feria*

While Feria-san was changing behind the curtain of the fitting room, I idly look around the store.

N?  
The guy talking closely to the female owner, I feel like I've seen him before...

Aah, our eyes met.

He nodded as a greeting. I also responded courteously.  
He walking here.

I wonder if we are acquaintances. He was a young man with a bright smile.

He has short trimmed hair and his skin look a bit tanned wheat color.  
Who was he again? I feel like it's stuck at my throat.

[Long time no see, Altirea-sama. It has been 2 years, hasn't it?

Do you remember me? I'm \*Hial Talbot.] *Hial*  
Aah!

I remembered.

He is the eldest son of that wealthy merchant, Mr. O'ak Talbot, who was eating Karaage

together with Els at the party.

His father's left an impression so strong that his presence was hardly noticed, but I do remember having talked with him for a bit.

[I never thought I'd see you in a place like this. I am acquainted to this shop owner as we are wholesaling the empire's clothes. Are you not here with the Wisp duke?] *Hial*  
[Yes, I have come here with someone I know.] *Alty*

[I see. They seem to be in the fitting room I suppose. \*Oya, isn't that one piece the one made by miss Will Ridel?] *Hial*

[Yes, you really seem to know it well.] *Alty*

[The ribbon at the back is pretty noticeable, and it's also handled by our business, you see. Actually, my daughter really likes it. Aah, that's right. Among the clothes delivered here today, there is one which is handmade by miss Will mixed in.] *Hial*

Mr. Hial went back to the female owner while leaving me behind. With the chance of selling something, a merchant acting quick like this is really merchant-like. \*

[This is the newly made one. Actually, it is made by magic threads.] *Hial*  
And so, the browned skin merchant came back.

[...How is it? Is it not weird?] *Hial*

It was at the same time that a sleek lady came out from behind the curtain.



Both of us went quiet at the same time.  
But our reason was different from each other.

Mr. Hial was fascinated by Feria-san who was dressed as a female.

His mouth that should be eloquent, could only stumble around with [ah, Etto, that-].

His face was also boiling red.

This is my first time seeing someone falling in love so easily like this.

Feria-san also seems to be fascinated. However, it isn't Mr. Hial, but the new work of

Miss Will.

It's only natural that Feria-san is attracted by it. This is the kind of cloth that I really really wanted to wear in my previous life though I had to give up on wearing it as it felt like it didn't fit me.

A red checked \*salopette skirt, the straps are crossed at the back and below there, blooms a big ribbon.

With that, it somehow became the design of the 'Red Riding hood'.

However, Feria-san let down her gaze in disappointment. The dress was too small for her tall stature.

...well, Mr. Hial's love should be taken care of by himself as a man. Though he does have a child, his wife did ran away, and he doesn't seem like an unfaithful person.

Let's leave it at that. I want to grant Feria-san her wish.

There is a way.

The magic threads used in this dress is to prevent wrinkles and dirt, but the size can also be altered by using magic on it.

As for why I know about things like this, it may have been obvious already but Will Ridel is me.

Strictly speaking, it's a name created for selling the clothes made by me and the dolls.

...It is actually an insurance for when the Wisp house collapse if according to the original game scenario.

So that I'd be able to live with the familiar handicraft I used to do in my previous life.

Now, it should be the dolls at the Wisp house who made the clothes according to the design left by me, and handing it to Talbot in a route that is impossible to track who miss Will Ridel is.

I never thought I would see it in a foreign land like this.

## Chapter 22

The person I asked for help to re-tailor the clothes for Feria-san is Kajero. It might be due to the impression he gives off as an Italian mafia but for me, he is the best choice.



Let me go a bit off track.

It's about the rumor written in the letter that was sent by the dolls left in behind at the empire.

It's written that the Wisp house's 'West Neighbour', The Rasilez duke's second daughter is an enthusiastic fan of Will Ridel. \*Lermit Rasilez, 19 years old, it appears that she talked about her favorite clothes while in a party.

[You know Miss Ridel's clothe-making style has changed since the middle of last year, right? Before it was more or less very bold girlish clothes, but now it seems to be of a calmer feel.] *Lermit*

What amazing insight. Indeed, ever since last summer, I have left all the sewing work to the craftsman dolls back at the mansion.

[Speaking of which, does anyone have the latest design of Miss Ridel's clothes?

From the beginning, it gives off a different vibe. The 17 years old me, who was uneasy about growing up, had my heart completely stolen.] *Lermit*

Due to Miss Lermit speaking such lines here and there, the 'first versions of Will Ridel' were sold at pretty high prices.

But to say who had a hand in making that happen, it wasn't only me nor the other dolls but the one and only Kajero.



(It has been a while since I've worked with Ojou-sama , hasn't it?) *Kajero*

Starting from the magic threads, the cloth came apart gradually.

(Eeh. We also used to pull an all-nighter together, didn't we?) *Alty*

(\*'All Nighter'? That's a phrase I've never heard of...) *Kajero*

(It means to work continuously throughout the night without sleeping.) *Alty*

As for where we are, it's a room that the female owner let me borrow for a bit. She seems to be Mr. Hial's acquaintance, from how it looks.

It's a good idea to change the size of the dress as all the necessary tools are present here.

Feria-san seem to have run into the fitting room after receiving Mr. Hial's feverish gaze, and didn't seem like she would come out anytime soon, so I just let her be.

By the time she calms down, we would have finished the work.

Then let's give her this as a present.

Giving the clothes that I wanted to wear in my previous life to the girl similar to my previous self, perhaps it's just my lingering feelings.

Well, who cares. As my oldest brother said, "As long as one can, just do it, it's fine even without a reason to."

Ah, but my brother also fooled around that he made a child and it became a big trouble. (Ojou-sama, your hands have stopped moving. My part is already finished. ) *Kajero*

When I snapped back and looked at Kajero, the cape has been extended twice to its original size.

Moreover, the whole balance of the dress is kept as it is. Magic is really amazing.

...I would have frustratingly given up on altering it had been in modern Japan.

Just why are such adorable clothes so small?

(Please do it properly. Are you not feeling well?) *Kajero*

(Uun, I'm fine. Thanks for worrying.) *Alty*

I gently stroked Kajero's cheek.

It didn't feel anything like a stuffed doll, there was warmth similar to a living person.

I thought to myself again that this is such a mysterious world.

(Was it since last night? You have been zoning off.) *Kajero*

Perhaps I started to reminisce about my old life after meeting Feria-dan.

(...It is just like two years ago. Are you feeling ill?) *Kajero*

Kajero asked me anxiously.

However, I didn't know what expression was on his face as it was blocked by the Borsalino hat.

(No, that's not the case. Now, now, let's continue. I will fix the shoulder straps and the ribbon, so please do the rest.) *Alty*

(Understood.) *Kajero*

Doing it together, as expected, it took no time at all.

...Originally, Will Ridel was the name of me and Kajero working together to make clothes.

But then, he went to Spiril.

No, it was indeed Kajero's will, but I was the one who made the decision.

-I want to create a place that Ojou-sama felt it as real. To live in the present, and not in the past.

The me at that time was busy recalling my past memories back, So I didn't notice the

things around me

So that I would be able to live even if the Wisp house were to collapse, and I thought he was showing his enthusiasm.

Actually, was it really like that?

# Chapter 23

*Author: Two years ago, the day he got his body until now.*

*Before moving on to Altirea's story, I would like you to read his, Kajero's story.*

---

If he were to recall his distant memories, what he'd get is nothing but fear and grief.

\*Cursing, curses, evil spirits of rivers and mountains. Leading and seducing those as the king of all evil spirits.

Hated by an exaggerated name, he had long since given up on seeking warmth from anything.

Given a body of fabric, what he first saw was her figure.

There stood a mesmerizing beautiful girl spitting a soft humane smile.

–Hello, \*\*It's a pleasure to meet you.

Even though what she said was normal and was out of courtesy, but he still felt the warmth in it.

However, for that reason, he'd felt like he had finally gotten the existence he'd been yearning for.

The warmth that he'd thought he'd never get in all eternity was now wrapping him all around.

...Hence, he would throw away his "Until now". With just "From now on" is fine.

At that moment, he was reborn.

As just a doll with eternal loyalty for his one and only master.

Or so he had decided in his heart.

...That was the moment when the doll named Kajero was born.



The architecture technology in the alchemy kingdom Malgaroid was far above The Empire standards, so a 5 or 6 stories tall buildings lined up all around in the royal capital, Malgarea is an obvious thing.

However, urban planning seems to be a bit lacking as it is confusing and easy to get lost or end up at the place we started, the sight of houses shadowed by tall buildings. This shop is not in a bad position as others in the worst scenario, but it can get very dark depending on the position of the sun.

And currently it is like that.

I and Kajero are silently continuing the needle work in the dimly lit room.

I didn't use lighting magic as the work seems about to be finished.  
Then Kajero asked me after a while

(Ojou-sama, to you what kind of person is Miss Feria?) *Kajero*

No, I predicted this development.

–Ever since last night, you have been dazing off to the distance.

Silence has continued since the previous conversation but there was an omen floating around, mixed in the atmosphere.

(Etto, how do I say it, let's see.) *Alty*

(Please could you be precise. Ever since we have been with Miss Feria, I can assume from your expression that something is not right.) *Kajero*

It's because she resembles the previous me... I did not say that.

If I did, it would become necessary to explain about my past life as well.

(Forgive me for assuming baseless speculations.) *Kajero*

Stopping his hands and giving a beautiful bow. His voice became rigid that I had to wait for his next words.

(Is Miss Feria perhaps related to Ojou-sama's past?) *Kajero*

...Probably at this time, my expression might be wooden stiff.

Knowing that I tried to force a smile to fix it, but it might have looked even more unnatural than ever.

As intelligent as he is. There is no way, Kajero would not have noticed it.

(There is no way that's right. Yesterday was our first meeting you know.) *Alty*

It was easy to figure it out that this was a lie.

(Eeh, it is just as you've said.) *Kajero*

Kajero, in an meticulous and composed way nodded his head.

(Miss Feria has been on a wandering around for two years but she has never stepped into the Wisp territory. The relation to Altirea Wisp at most, can be said that you just have the same ancestor.) *Kajero*

I can't help but feeling caught right at his doorstep.

I wonder why he intentionally called me "Altirea Wisp" instead of the regular "Ojou-sama".

The reason was soon revealed.

(How about Ojou-sama yourself? You have lived for a longer time than Altirea Wisp, the 'you' living in that body?) *Kajero*

I was stunned for a moment because of the inevitable situation.

I intended to hide my reincarnation. As I thought of the frightening possibilities, I decided to hide it until I come to a proper conclusion of it.

Knowledge about the original story can be deviated with foreseeing the future or clairvoyant, but as I thought it was impossible.

Kajero is much more clear headed than I am, so it isn't strange that such a day would come.

(Please do not misunderstand me, I have no intention to investigate 'what' you originally were. Just that I could not believe in my blind guess was correct.

When Ojou-sama was looking at Miss Feria, I can clearly see nostalgia on your face. As if you were trying to get back something that you have lost long ago, and giving it someone else-or so.

It felt like that.

If it is just my delusion, then please don't mind it.

If it is really the truth, please give me some kind of order.

No matter what kind of existence 'you' are, my bond with you is absolute.

Let's work together to clear your lingering attachment.) *Kajero*

Aah, un.

I am self-aware. That this is just a terrible self-satisfaction.

By comparing my past self as Feria-san, I am trying to achieve the feelings that the past me have not experienced.

...I'd always wanted to try making a fairy tale dress that would fit the tall me.

Then I have no right to complain about The Wandering Earl or the original Elstat.

Aren't I same as the people "who want to look properly at themselves" or "the boy who was unable to give up his dream"

A mass ego tied to one's past.

Because I know that, that I remember my reluctance after I'd already asked Kajero for his help. That whether it is alright to involve him in my selfishness.

...Tte, what am I doing, trying to be a good child.

After all the trouble and things, I have caused to the dolls.

They always work hard for my sake, haven't they?

Nevertheless, to think that I didn't want to outright order them, what a selfish thing of me.

I really hate it.

I have become no good for the past two years.

To think that I was in remorse and have not recovered for the past two days.

However, that is why.

At least at this moment, confidently and boldly, I can say it outright.

Making father acknowledge me as a doll master, and repelling the wandering earl—Just like my actions two years ago, while moving the dolls with a clear goal.

(I, the past me, things that I hadn't done, I want to do them all for Feria-san. Kajero,

would you lend me a hand?) *Alty*

It was me who said that but I still feel like I am being ridiculously selfish.

Am I correctly seeing Feria-san as herself?

Let's be careful.

Properly separating the past from the present, I want to get along with Feria-san. I don't want to make our relationship where I force my ideals on her.

Today has only just started. It isn't even noon yet.

Let's talk lots and lots. Let's start from that.

...As the sun moved, the room got a little brighter.

# Chapter 24

After finishing re-tailoring the clothes Kajero disappeared off to somewhere, which made me wonder.

—Just that with his demeanor and small figure, it's quite difficult to believe my own predictions.

I wonder if that was his real intention.

I reflected upon my own anxiety.

...It's hard to guess from his normal behavior.

Rather, he may have asked the question deliberately.

Recently I have been leaving everything up to the dolls and almost never give any instructions. I was hoping they would take charge themselves.

...Though their main consciousness was missing.

Kajero may have been trying to remind me of that.

As I left the room thinking about such things, the female owner "The lady accompanying you is quite amazing" murmured while smiling bitterly.

What does she mean?

I look towards Feria-san, who was back in her original traveling clothes.

Mr. Hial's figure... was nowhere to be seen.

"I was happy to be fawned over, but I can't accept a marriage proposal from someone I just met. Moreover, in such a public area. Well, I am grateful he thinks of me that way but I still want to walk down the path of the sword. So I can't respond to his love, and he seems to have a 5 year old daughter. I also can't afford to raise a child, so in other words, using the common sense of Margaroid, I don't want to take on something I cannot handle... Anyways that's why I declined him and sent him on his way"

H-How realistic.

For a young merchant who spends his time at sea to actually get the urge to court someone, and for the conversation to jump directly to marriage, it's rather sympathizing than exciting.

Even so you're still able to remain so calm...

But that was similar to me.

When I think of situations as being part of an Otome game, the future troublesome matters will just pass through my mind and go away.

"In that case, etto, w-what's up with that?"

Feria-san's interest in Mr. Hial seems to have already disappeared.

Her eyes stared directly at the clothes in my hand.

"I re-tailored it, so wear this and go out with me today"

It would be troublesome if she were to be reluctant, so I gave the clothes to her and immediately pushed her into the fitting room.

"Now, hurry up and get changed, otherwise I will have the dolls assist you"

"Sheesh, you sure are pushy " but she still seems rather happy. "You are exactly how Deje-kun describes you"

Because an unexpected name came out, I unconsciously said "Heh!?" with a raised voice unbecoming of a Duke's daughter.

That person is Christoph Dugenne—The Wandering Earl. He is now attending the Imperial Knight Training School under the name Chris Deje.

"I was surprised, I became acquainted with him when I visited the Imperial capital. He is quite the swordsman. I never met someone who could use the old empire's swordsmanship before"

"The world is quite small... so what did he say about me?"

"That you were the combination of cuteness and resolution, just like the reincarnation of Princess Rustilla... something like that. Anyways, he was complimenting you. Haha, he is a strong rival in love for my elder brother"

Feria-san continued talking causally, but as for me I had a slight headache. Although he is different than his original age his eyes are still somewhat the same, so in truth I did wonder how Phillka-san sees me. If I think about it calmly, maybe he was conscious of me as an opposite gender. I should reconsider how I should associate with him in the future.

Along with the Earl's misunderstanding, the people trapped in ice are also ambiguous. Let's clarify it as soon as possible. In the worst case it will be another challenge, but yes, the chance of winning is far higher compared to two years ago.

Well, it's fine.  
There is no other choice but to solve them all one at a time.



A red checkered salopette skirt.  
Along with a knit cape of the same color.

I didn't just adjust the size.  
Whether it be called a remake, or refining or retaking, Since the point was that it was for sale, I unleashed my hobby which I had been suppressing and did a complete rework.

As a result.  
A "first version of Will Ridel" who Lermite Rasilez is an enthusiast of, ended up with a crazy finish.  
Not only was it cute. Even though hardly any skin is exposed, there was still a strange sense of charm to it.  
Fitting closely with the feeling of a fairy tale type of clothing, the height also brought along a certain sort of complex.  
It could even be said to be the best masterpiece in all the works we have done so far.

"Well, let's go Feria-san"

We stepped out of the store. In the seventh day after the founding festival, and the town was becoming more busy than usual.

"A-aah"

“What’s wrong? You look rather surprised”

“I have played with girls a couple of times during my trip, but I was always the one leading. Somehow this feels fresh. I said I would escort you yesterday, but I wonder if it’s alright to leave it to you”

“Of course”

I nodded strongly. To avoid getting lost, I asked Kajero to handle navigating with my thoughts.

“Feria-san, it’s fine, you don’t actually need to escort me. You don’t have to withhold yourself. I already know since the beginning what you want to do, so there’s no point in hiding it. Please give up and leave it all to me. I am “The Mystic-eyed Doll Princess” after all correct?”

As she blinked in surprise I gave a wink back in response.

I wonder if it’s because of the dress? Please forgive me.

Because the clothes suited Feria-san more than I imagined, I might’ve gone a little overboard.

“It seems people refer to you as that for a reason, I’m convinced... apparently your mystic eye not only has foresight abilities but also has mesmerizing effects. If I was male I would have pushed my elder brother and Deje-kun aside to obtain you”

“Thank you very much, If you ever find it difficult to live in Malgaroid please do come to the Wisp territory. At that time let’s go out with various clothes”

“That sounds nice. Rather, I would like to also come with you when you return home”

“That is also fine, you are very welcomed”

“Well, I will do that then. I will go to the Empire with you. It’s a promise”

“Understood, I will make the preparations... ah, that’s right. May I have your little finger on my right?”

“Hm? Like this?”

“Yes, just like that”

I extended my little finger in the same way  
and took Feria-san’s little finger in mine.

“—Pinky-swear, if you lie, you have to swallow a thousand needles— It’s a way of  
promising in a country far away. It will be bad if you break it alright?”

“A thousand needles? That’s very scary, I’ll be careful not to forget it”

Feria-san jokingly said and began laughing.

I was tempted and also began laughing.

It was a peaceful time.

# Chapter 25

2 years ago.

In the trade city Spiril, High Priest Rofen of the Rokisona Church saw the very hell of this world.

(Who is this “Doll Princess”? This is not something as simple as magic, it’s practically the work of an evil god)

Everything was “clear” to his eyes.

The stuffed dolls decorating the “The Borrowed Water Stage Inn” were all possessed by fallen spirits.

Beings that were deprived of their original form and had once enslaved humans were now resurrected with their intentions inside those bodies.

(Casting aside Altirea Wisp then it’s essentially reviving the horrors of the ancient times)

Up till now Rofen couldn’t be considered a human suitable for the position of High Priest. Using illegal means to maintain his position and exhausting all the wealth he inherited from his parents to indulge in wine and food. The end results were a saggy face and a pig-like body. “Even the old gods are much more ascetic when compared with Rofen” and other sorts of malicious words were said behind his back.

But when he faced the crisis that could rewind history, the slightest remaining priesthood in him burned like a fiery phoenix.

(It was surely for this moment that an ugly person like myself was given such a sanctuary)

When the party ends he must immediately return to the Great Palace of Worship in the imperial capital. There was no time to fight against factions to confront this threat. A compromise was necessary.

...But then the Wandering Earl had made his appearance

Rofen felt greatly relieved but also a bit disappointed when he remembered. He was also familiar with the Empire's dark side. He knew what the Earl was like.

(Of course this would happen, it would be strange if a person with such unique power like Altirea Wisp wasn't targeted by the Earl. She will be pickled in ice and the peace of the Empire and the human world will be preserved. It's just as I've heard, but the Earl should've avoided attacking in such a public area. Does he intend to make a scene with so many people about?)

The Earl doesn't move unless he intends on taking someone's life.

"It is revenge for when the princess returns" the meaning was unknown but it followed the laws of the madman.

His actions weren't unprecedented but---

(What is with this bad premonition?)

Rofen's nose began twitching.

It was because of his intuition that he managed to keep his position up to now. And this time his keen senses also weren't mistaken.

"Although my body has fallen towards the netherworld's magic, may I please have the honor of serving you once again?"

The Earl was kneeling before Altirea Wisp.

Rofen began calculating.

Altirea Wisp, the dolls, and the Wandering Earl.

In addition, if the current Duke Wisp and Duke Rozerem also became enemies, was there any chance of winning?

(No, I should probably give up, would the entire Empire even be enough? Then the underworld too, it might also be necessary to involve the countries beyond the seas. I might also have to use a spell that opens the door of another world---)

From that day Rofen began his plan to overthrow the demon known as Altirea Wisp. He flew all over the world and even deemed it necessary to directly visit the crime syndicate's headquarters.

...And thus two years passed.

Rofen looked back on everything that happened and thought.

(The almighty God must also be supporting me, otherwise I wouldn't have met the Sage)

It seemed as if he were guided by destiny itself.

On his journey, Rofen happened to meet one of the persons of legend.

From a long time ago, one of the two heroes who killed the tyrannic old gods.

An immortal sage who supposedly continues to watch over the peace of the human world—.

(Without his help the “Supreme Ten Association” would not have been established)

Consisting of both good and evil, neither pure nor tainted, they were ten organizations that joined forces to protect this world. Furthermore, according to the words of the sage, the Malgaroid royal family even gave their secret seal of approval.

“High Priest, it will be carried out seven days before the founding festival. With the sacrifices “the cursed evil spirit of rivers and mountains” will manifest and annihilate Altirea Wisp. With this you will also be hailed as a hero”

“But sage-dono, is it really possible to summon the king of all evil spirits?”

“Do not worry, High Priest, my ritual is flawless—or do you doubt me?”

Under the penetrating gaze, Rofen couldn't help but prostrate himself.

“T-T-T-There is no such thing! Yes! It will be just as you say!”



When people surrender their destiny to others, they can no longer be considered human.

The sage believed in this.

The man called Rofen was once also a human.

He had moved of his own will and had tried to confront Altirea Wisp. If he had upheld his will the sage might have lent his powers.

But Rofen had parted with his own initiative.

At the beginning he would just consult with the sage about one or two matters. That was acceptable. Everyone sometimes has hesitations and doubts about their own decisions.

But eventually Rofen began to avoid making his own decisions. Without the words of the sage he became unable to move.

The man was no longer a human, all that could be seen was a beast-incarnate.

Thus the sage decided to abandon him.

“T-T-T-There is no such thing! Yes! It will be just as you say!”

He had no eyes for the pig that was groveling on the floor, the sage left the ritual grounds.

In the basement of the alchemist association headquarters. A faction called the Ezizola faction was participating in the coalition and was secretly offered a place.

The sage murmured to himself while walking silently down the dark corridor.

“Approval of the Margaroid royal family, now wouldn’t it be nice if something like that were actually true?”

If one actually gave it some thought, they would be able to tell that the sage was lying from a slight contradiction.

...But it was too late now.

“Ah, no wait, speaking of approval”

The kingdom had already decided on a passive attitude towards Duke Wisp and the doll who called itself Kajero. Initially it seems there was a man who sent assassins after her due to concerns for the future of the country, but now he was “pretending not to see anything”.

“Supreme Ten Association? How many would actually participate in that? Probably not even half. I almost forgot, to actually manifest “the cursed evil spirit of rivers and mountains”? That spirit has long already obtained a body by the name of Kajero. I wonder what will happen if I summon it again? Moreover, it was just an improvised ritual, it will likely just produce unexpected results. Kuku, how amusing, ahh, so amusing”

The lips of the sage are twitching as he continues talking to himself. Eventually he bursts out laughing.

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### Rokisona Church

Their religion was formed after the sage and another killed the old gods. Having followers all over the world.

Their new god is the King of Gods, Rokiso, who is said to watch over the lands.

Furthermore, the new god is fictional and does not exist.

## Chapter 26

The cross-dressing Feria-san had quite the devastating power, the passing men and even the women all looked over here with fascinated expressions.

Fufufu, they are not looking at me but it feels good.

“Uhhh...”

Feria-san groaned with a bright red face and trembled as she grasped her skirt. Just a moment ago she was still talking to me without any problems, but as soon as she became aware of her surroundings she regressed.

“A-As expected I should just switch back to my traveling clothes. I am fine with attracting attention as a male, b-but this is the first time people have stared at me like that when I’m wearing female clothing...”

Her clear black eyes are full of shame.

A dignified woman 7 years older than me is currently on the verge of collapsing. Somehow, I feel a bit thrilled.

“Feria-san, I have somewhere I would like to go”

“W-Where? Anywhere is fine as long as we can leave here”

“Understood, in that case——”

At that time I am sure I had on a very sinister looking smile. My mouth was likely twisted in a very excited manner.

“Let’s go to the Wido Plaza, it’s the most crowded place in the capital Margareta after all”

In other words, we will attract more attention over there than here. Upon realizing that fact, Feria-san looked as if she were about ready to cry.

Of course I would've stopped if she was really against it.

But I knew her true feelings.

Feria-san's heart felt the complete opposite, in reality she was delighted.

She wanted to be seen by more people.

She wanted to be recognized.

Her true feelings were beginning to show in bit and parts of her manners.

"G-Guess it can't be helped, it's repayment for the clothes so I will follow"

She is not honest at all.

The way to Wido Plaza was chaotic and bustling with many people. Merchants, sailors, priests, travelers—it's likely they all gathered here at the kingdom for the upcoming founding festival. As expected, among them are some aggressive and rather annoying type of people.

"Hey-hey, do you know the location of the adventurer's guild? I just arrived at the capital so I do not know—"

"This guy has no sense of direction, You two are from here? Do you mind showing us around then?"

A party of two adventurers.

One had short red hair that stood up on end. He had a dagger on his waist and was wearing thin leather armor.

The other one had long brown hair and was wearing a robe that gave off the impression of a magician.

But what they have in common would be the cheap atmosphere floating around them.

"Ah—, but I am a little hungry— I am actually on an very difficult quest and I haven't eaten anything yet—"

"We are actually hunting griffons, I was told not to say anything regarding this quest but because you two are so cute I will make an exception. How about going somewhere together? I have many heroic stories to tell so you will not be bored. To tell you the truth I am a B+ rank adventurer"

...I want to retort so badly.

Griffons are considered very dangerous in this world. Just the appearance of one is capable of destroying a town.

The information would naturally be controlled to avoid social chaos and panic.

But I can hardly imagine these two actually winning against one.

Even if they are self-proclaimed B+ rank adventurers... it's still impossible.

Although I only heard this my former adventurer father, even a group of A rank adventurers can barely fight one.

In the first place if something like a griffon really did appear, Kajero will detect it before the guild even moves and Walf will drive it away.

“Iya—, you two really are very beautiful— Are you two sisters? I really like imouto-san—”

The redhead reached out towards my head with a grin.

Hiii, lolicon!

I quickly stepped aside. While avoiding his hand I grabbed the redhead's waist and swept his feet. It's a good thing I took a bit of Judo back during my high school days. The spirits who reside in my one piece also lent me their powers. The redhead made a full flip in the air and fell hard onto the stone pavement.

After that—

“Meow—” “Pi—” “Quack—” Incoherent cries sounded out from all directions at once as cats, chickens, and ducks swarmed the redhead. It was tragedy in an instant. Fangs, claws, and beaks turned the self-proclaimed B+ rank adventurer into the messy figure of a fallen warrior.

(...It's because he tried to place his hand on ojo-sama)

When I looked towards the shade the figure of Kajero could be seen. He was keeping watch over me today from the shadows.

Even so, I did hear that aside from the animals at the Louivas House the animals in the capital were also subordinates, but still I never thought that ducks and chickens would come.

The remaining brown hair magician was motionless with his mouth hanging half-opened.

Let's see.

Un.

"Feria-san"

After calling out to her I then grabbed her hand as she was flustered.

"Let's run away right now"

I pulled a little and started running.

In such cases if this were a drama or something we would end up getting lost from running around aimlessly like this, but fortunately I have Kajero.

(Indeed it would be quite cruel to play around with Miss Feria any longer, I will guide you to a less crowded area)

We proceeded along the path regulated through telepathy. Soon we arrived at the place where I am living at right now which is also Feria-san's home, so in other words the Louivas household.

"It's far from the center of the city so it's true it would be quieter over here. No, but well..."

Feria-san is standing reluctantly in front of the gate. She even went out of her way to stay at an inn in the town yesterday, I wonder what she is hesitant about.

"Ah—" "Eh—" as she was groaning and at a standstill the entrance gates suddenly opened by themselves.

Correction, a person had opened it from the inside to go outside.

The person standing there was a woman with long black hair and a delicate pale skin. The mother of Phillka-san and Feria-san who gave birth to them in her early teens—Eska Louivas.

I heard someone gasp but who was it?  
Silence engulfs the scene.  
Eventually, Feria-san's mother whispers something to her servants.

The gates are slammed shut.



I suppose that was an unexpected meeting for the both of them.  
Even so, Eska-san didn't even call out to her own daughter.  
It's as if she were acting like she didn't even see Feria-san.

...As expected, this is worrisome.  
I wonder what happened between Feria-san and her family.

# Chapter 27

...Anyhow Eska-san didn't try going out again afterwards.

"I knew it"

Feria-san murmured dejectedly with a heavy air about her.

"I already knew it would turn out like this"

She gazed at the door that was slammed coldly upon her. It looked like she was trying to endure something.

Anyone would be rattled if they were just ignored and blatantly avoided by their own parent. I think that Feria-san is rather impressive for remaining quite composed even in this sort of situation.

Feria-san didn't move. I felt as if she would've stood there like that for many decades if I left her like this.

Perhaps she lost the energy to even walk?

Or was she waiting for her mother to appear again?

Either way, nothing will change if we continue to stand here.

I would like to do something for her... better yet, should I just force a meeting between Feria-san and Esca-san. There are many ways I could do so with the help of the dolls.

The situation would definitely progress if I do so.

But I wouldn't be able to predict just what will happen.

The risk is too high to just rush straight forth without figuring out the circumstances first.

(Kajero, can you hear me?)

I reached out telepathically to the most dependable doll that was surely within the vicinity.

(Yes, I am at your service)

(I think we should leave here for the time being, what do you think?)

(That would be best for the current situation, the lodging Miss Feria is staying at should suffice. I will guide you to the “Crow”. I have to step away for a bit, but I will leave Walf as your escort so please be at ease)

Surprisingly, Feria-san responded to my offer quite easily. It seems she’s trying her best to calm down the raging waves within her heart, perhaps she couldn’t do anything other than that.

I arrived at an inn with two beautiful crows [Bustle of the Wharf] was written at the entrance’s pavilion.

There are colorful flowers adorning the tables and the cleaning is superb enough to the point that there is no dust inside. The room is also clean and comfortable.

Feria-san approached the bed unsteadily and collapsed face-first onto it just like that. Then she slowly began trembling, even so I couldn’t hear the sounds of her crying or breathing.

The remains of a beauty floating in a sea of white sheets.

Such an ominous phrase crosses my mind.

The room was quiet and it felt like it was cut off from everything in the world.

I only heard the sound of my own heart within my own ears, which made it seem quite loud.

...It might be better to leave her alone for a while.

I was going to sit down on the edge of the bed, but as expected I should probably go out and...

“...Would you listen to my story?”

Feria-san reached out her hand.

Her fingertips brushed up against mine and touched upon what I couldn’t bring myself to do.

“Just a little is fine, if you don’t want to I will stop. I won’t force you, I also question myself just what am I doing clinging to a child seven years younger than me but—”

I know, she was already troubled with what to do so she'll likely be overwhelmed if she didn't talk to someone.

Humans are sometimes unable to stand if they do not lean on someone. I felt a bit happy that she chose me as that person and I placed my hand upon her hand.

Feria-san immediately grasped it.

Tight, too tight, with this amount of strength even if I tried to shake her off I probably wouldn't be released.

— I want you to stay here.

Her thoughts were painfully conveyed over to me.

“Is it really alright? Isn't this annoying?”

“I am also very concerned, because it involves the precious Feria-san. So please do tell me”

By no means was this a one-sided situation where she would complain to me while I accompanied her.

I wanted to talk with her, I wanted to hear what she had to say.

That's why there is no need to hold back.

I wonder if my intentions were conveyed to her.

Feria-san was hesitant at first in the beginning, but eventually she let loose everything she had contained in her heart to me.

“I said this before, but in Malgaroid it is quite normal to get married at about your age. Commoners might get married a bit later but it's still early compared to other countries. The reason why it became like this is due to a war that had been continuing until about 50 years ago, but that's a story for another time. Married at the age of 10, birth at the age of 12, this is the so-called “norm” of daughters from proper families. But I wasn't able to get along with any of them, our encounters were just due to misfortune and also bad luck on my part... in truth, I actually have four fiances”

“Isn't having multiple spouses polygamous?”

“You seem to know a lot of difficult words, it's quite unexpected for a 10-year old. But the present Malgaroid is monogamous”

This means that Feria-san missed the opportunity of marriage four times before.

“The first time was when I was six, the carriage which my fiance was riding on fell off from a cliff. He was the son of a highly prestigious household, so many adventurers were driven to search for the body. They searched for many months but they couldn’t find him. It’s likely he ended up in the belly of some beast. Next is when I was seven, it happened at the engagement announcement party. I thought that something flew from the ceiling and the next moment my fiance’s head was rolling near my feet”

“That must’ve been quite... shocking”

“I’ve never been so scared in my entire life, my entire body felt paralyzed and I couldn’t even crawl let alone escape. Fortunately, the assassin’s target was only my fiance so I was spared. The truth is shrouded by darkness, but it seems it had something to do with troubles surrounding the next King.

But I couldn’t forget what had happened. The next time, either myself, my family members, or even a new fiance could be targeted. It was during that time that I met my master. I might’ve told you already, but even though I look like this I am a user of a rather peculiar sword style.

I liked moving my body to begin with, but I guess I also wanted to escape from reality. I became so engrossed in it that I literally forgot to eat and sleep. There were days when I didn’t even go home. Father and mother were initially mindful about it but they eventually tolerated it.

If I recall the third fiance was when I was around 12-years old. That person was quite strong, it was to the point where he even asked me for an exhibition match. He said these words to me when we first met. [I heard that you are training in a rare sword style, do you mind showing me? If you can win, I will follow you like an eternal servant in our marriage life]

His tone was very patronizing, I suppose he was making light of me since I was a little girl. I was enraged and engaged him in combat without any hesitation. It was like I had completely cast myself aside and my fighting style was quite violent if I recall correctly”

“Did you win?”

“Of course, it was a complete victory, the other party could barely even resist... and as a result, the engagement was canceled”

I wonder if it was because she hurt his pride.

Although it would be rather meager in that case...

“And the next year, he suddenly died due to an illness in the lungs.

It seems he started vomiting blood all of a sudden in the middle of the streets and died just like that. At this point rumors started to spread, the daughter of the Louivas house is cursed... and so on”

The first one died in an accident, the second one was assassinated, the third one died of a disease.

They were all deaths that happened due to reasons unrelated to Feria-san.

But there are just some people who cannot be relieved unless they attribute it to whatever other reason possible—which in this case would be a curse.

“Because of that there wasn’t anyone brave enough to marry me, hence why I am late in marriage”

“But there was another fiance right?”

“I was 15, right after my master died. It was from the second son of a house that divided from the royal family some time ago, the proposal was abnormal. At the time it didn’t appear to be a bad choice. His appearance captured the hearts of many noble daughters from everywhere. Furthermore, he was a swordsman from the same school as me. Although it was at different times, it seems that he was practicing under Master. He told me that I didn’t have to bear his child immediately, he promised me that he was fine with allowing me to do what I wanted for while”

“Aren’t these conditions perfect then?”

If this was the case then why?

“His personality, I was at a complete loss, he appeared gentle on the surface, but if there was anything he didn’t like he would suddenly change. He would immediately release his anger on anything or anyone; there were servants that were even killed and raped. I couldn’t marry such a man, it seems that his promise was only there as a bait to capture me. But because the opponent was a former royal family member, neither father nor mother were able to help me. My brother was also out of the kingdom at that time too.

I was all alone, every night I would stay up in my room holding my knees just thinking and thinking about it—in the end, I ran away from my house”

That was the only choice the isolated and unsupported Feria-san could come to in the end.

...I could tell from her expression that it was something she had never wanted.

“I think it was about half a year ago, I heard that the crimes of that evil man were exposed and he ended up being exiled from the country, so I decided to return to my parents’ home”

# Chapter 28

“I managed to escape from the marriage talks by going overseas, but there was no purpose in the journey itself. At first a raging feeling of “I have to do everything by myself” coursed through me, I started cross-dressing as a male and I was on good terms with the guild by taking requests from them so my life began to stabilize. There weren’t any pursuers from Malgaroid, and in the end, I went about adventuring here and there without any care”

She struggled to escape from a grim future.

Looked for ways she could survive by herself.

And when both sides finally settled down, she spent her days in a place where she couldn’t be found.

...It’s not like I haven’t heard similar stories before.

My own experiences are also somewhat similar.

If there was something like a god of fate somewhere, it definitely is an incredibly meddlesome and cruel one. Jokingly pitting the mirror-like Feria-san and me together by a twist of fate.

“The exile of that man was a good opportunity, so I decided to stop my aimless adventuring and go back home. I wanted to apologize to my parents and older brother for the sorts of hardships and worries I caused by suddenly disappearing. That’s what should’ve happened but... life sometimes just doesn’t go as planned”

Feria-san kept holding my hand even after she finished talking.

She looked right into my eyes.

Like a sinner waiting for judgment, or a lamb waiting for revelation.

I was a little envious of Feria-san. She was walking the same path as me, but she was just a bit ahead of me. She was visiting everyday without entering, and trying her best to reach her goal of reconciliation with her family. Thus, I wanted to support her as a “junior” walking the same path. Let’s have a karaage party with her family once she reaches her goal.

It’ll be quite a heartwarming scene.

Anyhow, I should stop getting ahead of myself here. I should address the problem right in front of me soon as my hand is starting to hurt.

I made up my mind, it's been a while since I brought up Altirea's original story, but ultimately in the end she will suffer from the downfall of her household. The reason was due to her father's close connections to a foreign country and it seems a sort of conspiracy within the Empire was also involved.

From my previous life's perspective as an average citizen, diplomatic and political affairs were something that occurred beyond myself, so my overall awareness towards those matters were rather weak. Not to mention, I would even go as far as to procrastinate in studying for exams or doing summer vacation homework regarding those subjects.

No, this won't do. I usually leave intelligence gathering to Kajero, so naturally I tend to become absentminded midway.

...Anyways, my thoughts wandered off yet again. First of all, let's deal with Feria-san. How should I go about handling this?

For now I can only comfort her, but I would also like to help her obtain the future she wishes for.

In order to achieve that, I need both Feria-san and her mother, Eska-san, to be involved.

And according to the information the knight doll Walf just sent me it might even be possible.

(Eska-san's presence, it appears she hasn't moved at all from the entrance)

I stood up from the bed and grabbed Feria-san's hand pulling her up with me.

"Let's go again, back to Eska-san's place, I'm sure she will still be waiting"

Apparently the parent and child were both staring across the entrance hoping that the other party would approach first.

Perhaps... just like how Feria-san feels guilty towards her parents, Eska-san also feels guilty towards Feria-san. She was unable to help out her own daughter when she was suffering and forced her to have to run away from her own home. She was glad that Feria-san came back for the first time in two years but she didn't know how to handle it and avoided her.

...This was just my own assumption, but I feel it's not too far from the truth. Although I haven't been living at the Louivas house for that long, I still know Eska-san's personality more or less. She was kind but also a bit timid. So it's quite possible she panicked when she came face to face with Feria-san.

"But for her to ignore me like that, she must be mad over—"

"There is no such thing, Feria-san visited the mansion yesterday but also ended up turning back too. Isn't it because your heart still wasn't prepared yet? Eska-san is the same, she was just surprised at the appearance of her daughter after two years. You still have to make up with Phillka-san and your father, what will you do if you get caught up here? It'll work, I can promise you that. You even said so a while ago, I am the Mystic-eyed Doll Princess right? I have already "foreseen" a good future, so please believe in me"

I stared straight into the eyes of Feria-san with unwavering conviction.

Of course I don't actually have the power to predict the future. It's all just a very grand lie.

Praying that she didn't notice, I placed all my strength into my gaze.

Eventually, Feria-san's expression began to soften.

"I am truly a useless person, not only do I need to cling to the 10-year old you, but I even need you to support me from behind. It seems only my swordsmanship became stronger in the last two years, my mind is still a long way off. Thank you Alty, you are right. It's far too early to go down here"

"In that case"

"I will try talking to her once more, to be honest I actually noticed already. My mother's presence never left the other side of the entrance, but I still wasn't able to do anything. I hate myself for not taking action, but I am alright now. I will go now, so Alty you wait right here, I feel completely pitiful for putting so much on you all this time. So I will end this off myself, it's the least I can do as the older one"

And with that Feria-san stepped out of the "Bustle of the Wharf" with a look as bright as the sun. She was still attracting quite the amount of attention from the surrounding

people, but it seems she was too preoccupied with what lied ahead and didn't notice.

After seeing her off until her back disappeared beyond the streets, I also began pondering about the future.

To begin with, let's have Kajero gather more intelligence.

Whether father was truly connected with a foreign country. If there was a possibility it would likely be Malgaroid. I often hear rumors about invading the Empire from the sea. It might even be best to return to the Empire at once. If there is some conspiracy in the works against the Wisp House I'll like to prepare in advance. I will do anything that I can, but I'm worried about my father and the servants.

Ah, that's right.

Where is the actual heroine and what is she doing right now?

I want to find out her whereabouts.

...As a general future plan began forming up, a bead of sweat streamed down from my forehead forcing me to close my right eye.

The sun was already at its peak and the heat was becoming gradually worse.

It was already to the point where even the water spirit pendant around my neck couldn't resist it.

But just as I thought about heading back inside to cool off and turned around towards the entrance into the inn.

It was really all too sudden.

It was as surprising as Feria-san's appearance yesterday.

But Feria-san was just secretly looking around, while this was far more direct and dire—

A sword slashed down towards me.

The screams of the surrounding people overlapped under the scorching sun.

# Chapter 29

It was just when I turned back and decided to return to the inn [The Bustle of the Pier].

From the corner right beside me, a man with a fugitive-like loose and disheveled hair<sup>[1]</sup> appeared suddenly.

As if we were long-time acquaintances, he gave a casual “Yo” and took out his sword, brandishing it in a good-natured way that even made me think we were friends. He swung the blade downward.

It was too sudden.

Even though my mind perceived danger, my body did not heed.

If this continues, I’ll lose my life without even getting a chance to speak.

But that didn’t happen.

(Princess, run!)

It was thanks to Walf, who had been hiding close to me as a guard. He faced the phantom killer, holding his flame sword.

— — My memories ahead of this are vivid enough to even puzzle me. Seeing a crisis on my life drawing near, my concentration power must have heightened to its limits.

The phantom killer was not surprised at Walf’s appearance.

He was calm, even grinning to show his filthy, yellowed teeth.

Swords clashed — — And a strange thing happened.

Walf's blazing blade made a creaking sound and froze. The phantom killer's sword was transparent as if it were an icicle. It wasn't ordinary. Perhaps, it was a kind of magical sword. But still, to win against a flame sword, just how much magic does it have?

Walf immediately let go of his sword. His judgement was quick but not fast enough. Frost spread on his fingers, having touched the hilt a little. Walf, who was preserved in ice from neck down, tumbled.

The phantom killer was holding his sword with only his right hand. His free left hand was held up on the heights of his face, but he, for the second time, repeated the action of opening and closing his hand.

There were many instances when such an action that had no connection was the key to invoke magic, and it seems to be exactly that.

Three lances fringed with light appeared in the empty sky.

Their tips were all pointing at——Me.

Walf couldn't move a muscle. Kajero and Cactus-kun aren't here. I didn't bring along any dolls other than them to Malgaroid. Only I can protect myself, but it's not as if I've done nothing up until now. While creating as much distance as possible, I wore the black lace gloves. It was my creation that I'd constantly been improving for the past two years. Woven with the blessing of multiple spirits, you can make a joke out of ordinary magic with just this one thing.

Simultaneously creating a barrier out of each magical power of each attribute, I was able to intercept the lances. Due to the limits of its power, I cannot create it anywhere other than before my eyes, but with thirty layers overlapping, there's no way of it being destroyed in the first place. Even if such a situation arose, I'll be fine. The one piece I'm wearing is special material, it won't lose out to those suits of armor.

It's my time to invoke magic.

——But when I did so, I guess I seemed afraid and petrified of my possible death from his point of view.

“Watch out!”

From the evacuating people, a redhead called out.

Why is he here? Did he follow us?

No way. He must have passed here by chance.

More importantly, he was rushing as if to protect me. Moreover, he was running towards us from the other side of the magical barrier.

There was nothing I could do.

“...Ugh.”

The Light Spears pierced through the thin leather armor. The pike turned up halfway through his back and then disappeared.

The red haired youth fell flat on his back. There was a huge hole on his chest. A deep red stain was spreading on the ground.

I didn't even get the time to be scared or scream. The phantom killer's second sword was drawing near.

I intended to dodge, even if it's a hair's breadth away. However, I was too late. I felt a sharp and hot sensation on my left arm.

I was cut.

The crimson blood trickled and collected quite a bit on the ground. I didn't feel any pain. I wonder if it was because of the nerves.

The phantom killer showed a vulgar smile, his dry skin like a dead tree.

“You're wearing such nice clothes. I was aiming to kill you, but I didn't think you would have averted the sword. It seems a straightforward method won't work.”

Actually, the strike before was to gouge deep into my back. The reason why that didn't happen was solely because of the wind spirits I carried in my one piece.

“This, too, is a request. I don’t have any grudges against you... No, it’s not as if I don’t have any. I’m looking forward to what kind of face Feria will make. Kuku.”

While the phantom killer piled on more words, I felt him gathering magical power in his left hand. It seems he wants to produce those Light Spears again.

There were various kinds of magic, while there were ones that required you to chant a spell, there were also ones that required you to just think of it.

There’s a type that requires you to internally vocalize in order to knead the magical power. It doesn’t matter if the contents spoken are idle talk or anything else. The phantom killer is probably using that.

“In regards to killing you, I’ve got a tacit approval from the Magaloid Royal family. Even the knight corps won’t come.

— — Brace yourself, Doll Princess.”

If the opponent was only holding a sword, I would have turned the tides over. Since the other party knew this, they decide to use magic. Letting slashes slip through while expanding the barrier was a bit too difficult. I’ve already called Kajero but there’s no guarantee I’ll survive long enough for him to reach me. It was a crisis-like situation.

Even so.

Despite the people being killed in front of me and my injuries.

Why am I so calm?

It’s as if my heart is made of walls of steel.

The phantom killer maneuvered both the sword and the spear. It seems he holds a grudge against Feria. I wonder if he’s the fourth fiancé who came up in the conversation a while back. Does he resent the fact that he was disowned after he did everything that he wanted to do? I had the time to make such a deduction.

I wonder if the armor is bestowing strengthened spiritual force. I don’t remember. Well, small talk is for later. I have to buy time.

And I had already thought of the means to do so.

During the time the phantom killer was incessantly talking while weaving his magic, I, too, hastened my own preparations. It's something like a trick, but it'll no doubt stop the opponents movements. If all goes well, it should be able to turn the sword's magic, perhaps even snatch it away.

Just the thought of doing that is enough. As expected, that last thing I want to rely on is my prided technique.

"Just as the rumors said, you're quite different from the other children. How about you show a slightly terrified expression instead?"

"I apologize, but I don't happen to have any courtesies for scumbags."

I unintentionally said it in a harsh manner.

When I use special magic, no matter what I do, the controls of my self restraint tend to waver. My expression must be a cruel and sadistic one.

The pendant on my neck has a water spirit dwelling in it. However, it does not have much practical use for it for doll magic. It's a technique that mixes together with alchemy.

Strictly speaking, be it magic thread, magic formations or alchemy furnaces, they all need preparations. Although, I have the ultimate offering that will bypass the requirements.

The unintentionally spilt blood of a practitioner.

Moreover, I come from a family line that continued to practice magic since a long time before. That magic concentration cannot be compared with ordinary humans.

Right now, the phantom killer's sword is soaked in my blood. I have finished the chant in my heart already.

The prerequisites had been completed.

Afterwards, I only have to put my mind into it, and utter some words.

“You praised my clothes just now, but that sword is exquisite too. It’s transparent and beautiful.

—That’s why, give it to me.”

At the moment.

Despite the nonexistent shade amidst the summer, an awfully cold breeze blew. The frenzy of the people had just perfectly settled and a silence that reeked of falsehood came over.

It was the Spirits.

I turned my body as far as possible and pointed at “that”.

The phantom killer’s sword.

It looks to be extremely endowed with magic. Luckily, when it clashed with Walf’s sword, it became rather worn out. The Spirits immediately made that sword their own.

“Wh-What...!”

It was natural that the phantom killer was at a loss. His body was moving against his will, following what the Spirits wish it to. The left hand that had been raised for the sake of invoking magic was now grasping onto the sword along with his right hand. That blade turned towards his own neck.

It appears that these Spirits were of a high ranked existence. They brought the phantom killer’s body under their control very easily. It was a glad occurrence outside of my calculations.

“No, don’t kill him. Hand him over to Kajero. I have a lot of information to get out of him. For the time being, leave him in the corner.”

The phantom killer nodded to what I said. The person himself did not care about my intention. At the entrance of [The Bustle of the Pier] inn, tautly stretching his muscles,

he took a position of attention<sup>[2]</sup>.

Well then.

The first problem may have been solved but it's far from over. The person who collapsed protecting me.

I would hate for him to die like this.



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